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Presented by

the Rev. J. Julian, D.D.

A.D. 1907.



H. 8. 2. 17.

Julian  
collection



THE  
*Mrs. Julia*  
INVALID'S

**H Y M N - B O O K .**

*Hymns*

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"My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee,  
and my soul which thou hast redeemed."—*Ps. lxxi. 23.*

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The profits of this Hymn-book shall be appropriated to a charitable institution.

ADDRESS  
TO  
THE INVALID.

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THE following selection of Hymns has been made for the use of persons in great bodily weakness. At such a period, when it may often be truly said, "the grasshopper is a burden," the variety of a large collection becomes wearisome, and the small print, and weight of the volume, inconvenient.

The present object is to afford, in large print, a few hymns, which seem most likely to cheer and animate the weak; and to strengthen the faith, and clear the view of that glorious doctrine of the Atonement, which alone can give peace to the guilty conscience, and cause a sinner to triumph in Christ, as the Lord Jehovah, in whom he has both righteousness and strength, 1 Cor. i. 30; and when flesh and heart fail, to enable him to say, "He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

Then it is, that THE NAME OF THE LORD is a strong tower, into which the righteous (or justified) "enters and is safe;" and "they that know *this name*, will put their trust in *it*," and set it up for their banner; and when the sense of redeeming love and undeserved mercy causes such to cry out, "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" he can only say, with David, "I will take the cup of salvation, and will *call upon the name of the Lord.*" Psalm cxvi. 10.—Acts ii. 21.

The Lord God has himself condescended to explain the meaning of His own glorious name, so that no poor, helpless, dying sinner need be at a loss to understand that "there is forgiveness with Him"—and peace and everlasting security to all who take shelter in *His name*. In this way, "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err." It is recorded in the 33d and 34th chapters of Exodus, that when Moses said to the Lord, "I beseech thee, shew me thy glory," the Lord answered, "*I will make all my goodness pass before thee; and will proclaim the name of the Lord be-*



fore thee, and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will shew mercy to whom I will shew mercy. And it shall come to pass, that when my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a clift of the rock. Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live: behold there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock, and I will cover thee with my hand while I pass by." And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and PROCLAIMED THE NAME OF THE LORD—"The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin,\* and that will by no means clear the guilty," &c.

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\* Verse 7th. In the Hebrew, the word translated "iniquity," signifies *sins wilfully committed*; that translated "transgression," signifies *sins of omission*; and that translated "sin," signifies *sins through error or ignorance*. Thus provision is made for the pardon of *all manner of sin*.

“In the face of Jesus Christ” is “the glory of God” manifested. In Him is all the goodness of Jehovah displayed. “He is the Rock; his work is perfect.” He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life: **THE AMEN**, the faithful and true Witness, in whom all the promises of God are, yea and Amen! In whom mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other. The severity of God’s justice and holiness must be maintained inviolate, as well as his other attributes; for “*He is glorious in holiness;*” sin must not escape unpunished; the sinner could not live in his sight: “he would by no means clear the guilty;” and the iniquity of the father must have rested on him and on his children, from generation to generation, had not Christ interposed—the *Angel of the covenant*, of whom God said, “*my name is in Him.*” He undertook to fulfil all the demands of justice, and of the holy, broken law; and to suffer, in his own Person, all the punishment. He who is “over all, God, blessed for evermore,” took upon him the

nature of sinful man, and made his soul an offering for sin. And here the love of God to a sinful world is manifest; "he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He freely gave his "beloved Son, in whom" he is "well pleased;" and not only gave him, but "it pleased the Lord to bruise him." And wherefore? "He was bruised for our iniquities; he was wounded for our transgressions, and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity \* of us all."

By the actual suffering of the Son of God, and *the transfer of guilt to Him*, who, standing in the stead of *the guilty*, suffered the punishment which justice must have inflicted, every sinner, who believes, is "cleared," while the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever—the truth of Jehovah—is maintained inviolate.

"Christ hath delivered us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us."

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\* See Note, page v.

He hath said, " Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom." *The debt has been paid.* The prisoner is set at liberty : the curse has been removed : the blessing has been given : justice is fully satisfied : mercy is triumphant : love reigns : and " the LORD of peace," the Holy Comforter, descends from above to abide with the purchased possession, as the earnest and pledge of eternal redemption. " Now the God of peace fill you with all joy and peace in believing : that ye may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost."

It is evident, that the whole work of a sinner's salvation and redemption *is of God.* The whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, might be brought to bear upon this subject ; but this is not the place for quotations. All that is intended is to remind the Invalid, that when Christ died on the cross, and cried, " It is finished," *nothing remained to be done for his justification.* " Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." " Him that cometh to me," saith Christ, " *I will in no*

*wise cast out.*” “WHOSOEVER will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely.” “He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.” “This is the will of him that sent me, that every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day.” It is worthy to be remarked, that in this memorable conversation with his disciples, recorded in John vi, the Lord Jesus confirmed this assurance of life everlasting to every one that should believe on him, NINE TIMES—at verses 39, 40, 44, 47, 50, 51, 54, 57, 58; as if he had said, I will make it impossible for you hereafter to doubt or to be afraid; “*I am the resurrection and the life; and because I live, ye shall live also.*” Peter well understood him, when he said, (verse 68) “Lord, to whom should we go? *thou hast the words of eternal life.*” And after the resurrection of the Lord, when the angel came and opened the prison doors, Acts v. 20, and brought the apostles forth, he said to them, “Go, stand in the temple, and speak



to the people, *all the words of this life?* Accordingly, Peter preached to them Jesus and the resurrection :—“ the God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree ; him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and forgiveness of sins.”

Is any Invalid, who reads this, oppressed under a sense of unworthiness and sin ? Let but this glorious Gospel, with all its freeness and fulness, be received, and peace, and consolation, and joy—light and salvation, will be poured into his soul, and cause every desponding fear to give way—and, *with Peter*, he will be able to say, (1 Peter i. 3,) “ Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again (John iii. 7.) to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away ; reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, which is ready to be re-

vealed in the last time: *wherein ye greatly rejoice*, though now for a season (if need be) ye are in heaviness, through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold, that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ; whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable, and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

In these verses, the experience of every true believer (more or less) is described; and the hymns are selected to exhibit the same—the love, joy, peace, confidence, assurance—the self-loathing and resignation to the divine will—the desire that Christ may be glorified by him, whether by life or by death—all springing from the same blessed source and almighty agency, set forth in the 2d verse of the same chapter—1 Peter i. 2, "Elect, according to the foreknowledge of God, the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto

obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." May the glorious truth of the everlasting Gospel be thus felt, understood, and acknowledged, by *every Invalid* who reads these lines.—May the love of God, the Father, who sent his Son to die "for the ungodly," be shed abroad in their hearts, by the power of the Holy Ghost!

May the "grace" of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, "who loved us, and gave himself for us"—with "mercy and peace," be multiplied to them! May they be encouraged by His gracious invitation, to go boldly to the throne of grace, where he is our "advocate with the Father," and "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for us!"

And may the animating, comforting, directing, strengthening, and refreshing influences of the Eternal Spirit—God, the Holy Ghost—be poured forth abundantly upon them! Amen.



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**THE**  
**INVALID'S HYMN-BOOK.**

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THE  
INVALID'S HYMN-BOOK.

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I.

*“ My words shall not pass away.”*

MATT. XXIV. 35.

1

THE moon and stars shall lose their  
light ;  
The sun shall sink in endless night ;  
Both heav'n and earth shall pass away ;  
The works of nature all decay ;—

2

But they who in the Lord confide,  
And shelter in his wounded side,  
Shall see the danger overpast,  
Out-live each storm, and reign at last.

3

What thou hast said must be fulfill'd,  
O God of truth ! on this we build :  
Thy word shall stand, thy truth pre-  
And not one jot or tittle fail. [vail,

## II.

*“Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,” &c. ISAIAH lv. 50.*

## 1

ADAM'S ruin'd sons and daughters!  
 Hear the voice of God, and live;  
 Come ye, come ye to the waters;  
 Come, for God will freely give:  
 Here the spring of life is found;  
 Streams of mercy here abound.

## 2

Why your substance vainly spending  
 To procure what is not food?  
 To the Saviour's voice attending,  
 You will find substantial good:  
 Jesus is the Saviour given;  
 Jesus is the bread from heaven.



## III.

*"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself."*—PROV. xxii. 3.

## 1

To the ark away, or perish ;  
Sinners, to the ark away ;  
Vain the hope that thousands cherish,  
Of deliv'rance in that day,  
When destruction  
Cometh, that no arm can stay.

## 2

Sinners, be advised, and haste ye  
To the ark that open lies ;  
Why, O why, in folly waste ye  
Precious time that quickly flies ?  
Soon your laughter  
Will be turn'd to mournful cries.



## 3

Hear the Lord himself invite you  
To his arms, a refuge sure ;  
O believe him, lest he smite you  
With a curse that none can cure.  
When he thunders,  
Who his anger can endure ?

## 4

They are safe, and none beside them,  
Who the Saviour's word obey ;  
They are safe, for he will hide them  
In the dark and gloomy day ;  
He will hide them  
'Till the storm has passed away.

## 5

Then a bright and glorious season  
Shall succeed, and never end ;  
Hear him, then, for there is reason ;  
Jesus is the sinner's friend :  
Safe his people ;  
Nothing shall his saints offend.

## IV.

*"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."*—JOHN vi. 36.

## 1

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power !  
He is able,  
He is willing—doubt no more.

## 2

Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome !  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

## 3

Let not Conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
 All the fitness he requireth,  
 Is, <sup>to feel your</sup> ~~that you have~~ need of him :  
 This he shews you  
 By his Spirit's rising beam.

## 4

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall !  
 If you tarry 'till you're better,  
 You will never come at all :  
 Not the righteous—  
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

## 5

Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies !  
 On the bloody tree behold Him,  
 Hear him cry before he dies,  
 "IT IS FINISH'D !"  
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6

Lo ! th' incarnate God ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood :  
 Venture on Him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude :  
     None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7

Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb :  
 While the blissful seats of heaven,  
 Sweetly echo with his name,  
     Hallelujah !  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

V.

*“Is there no balm in Gilead?—is there  
 no Physician there?”—JER. viii. 22.*

1

DEEP are the wounds which Sin has  
 made ;  
 Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
 In vain, alas ! is Nature's aid ;  
 The work exceeds all Nature's pow'r.

2

Sin, like a raging fever, reigns  
With fatal strength in ev'ry part ;  
The dire contagion fills the veins,  
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3

And can no sov'reign balm be found?  
And is no kind Physician nigh,  
To ease the pain and heal the wound  
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?

4

There is a great Physician near :  
Look up, O fainting soul ! and live :  
See, in his boundless grace appear  
Such ease as Nature cannot give.

5

See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
Life, health, and bliss abundant  
flow ;  
'Tis only this blest, sacred flood,  
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

6

Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,  
 For here a sov'reign cure is found,  
 A cordial for the fainting heart,  
 A balm for ev'ry painful wound.

## VI.

*“Come unto me all ye that are weary  
 and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”*  
 MATT. xi. 28.

1

How sad our state by nature is !  
 Our sin how deep its stains !  
 And Satan binds our captive minds  
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2

But there's a voice of Sov'reign grace,  
 Sounds from the sacred word,  
 “Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
 And trust upon the Lord.”

3

My soul obeys th' Almighty call,  
 And runs to this relief ;  
 I would believe thy promise, Lord ;  
 O ! help my unbelief.

4

To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
 Incarnate God, I fly ;  
 Here let me wash my spotted soul  
 From crimes of deepest dye.

5

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
 Into thy arms I fall : [ness,  
 Be thou my strength and righteous-  
 My Jesus, and my all.

## VII.

*"A Fountain opened for sin and un-  
 cleanness."*—ZECHARIAH xiii. 1.

1

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

## 2

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That Fountain in his day :  
And there may I, as vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

## 3

Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
'Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

## 4

E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.

## 5

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisp'ing, stamm'ring  
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

B



## VIII.

*“ And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.”*—LUKE xxiii. 43.

## 1

JESUS sav'd the dying thief—

Welcome news for one like me !  
Now I know there is relief,

When the world no hope can see :  
Sav'd by grace, by Sov'reign grace,  
By the cross I'll take my place.

## 2

Saviour of the dying thief !

Lo ! a wretch as vile as he,  
Fill'd with shame, remorse and grief,  
Draws his hope, O Lord, from thee :  
In the view of so much grace,  
Can despair at all have place ?

## 3.

Nothing but the richest grace  
Could relieve a wretch like me ;

This alone could reach my case,  
 And I see this grace in thee :  
 Saviour of the dying thief !  
 In thy love I find relief.

## IX.

*“ He said, IT IS FINISHED, and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.”—*  
 JOHN xix. 30.

## 1

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;  
 Rending rocks the words attesting,  
 Shaking earth, and veiled sky :  
 “ It is finish’d,”  
 Was the Saviour’s dying cry.

## 2

That which Prophets long predicted,  
 That which Jewish sacrifice  
 Only shadow’d, not effected,—  
 That which Justice satisfies,  
 Now is finish’d !  
 So the dying Saviour cries.

## 3

Now redemption is completed,  
 Sin aton'd, the curse remov'd ;  
 Satan, death, and hell defeated,  
 As the resurrection prov'd :  
 All is finish'd !  
 Here our hope may rest unmov'd.

## 4

Oh ! the life, the peace, the pleasure,  
 Which these gracious words afford ;  
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;  
 "It is finish'd !"   
 Let our joyful songs record.

## 5

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs !  
 Sound aloud Immanuel's name ;  
 All creation swell the chorus ;  
 Dwell on this delightful theme,  
 "It is finish'd !"   
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !

## X.

*“And they sung a new song.”—REV. v. 9.*

1

AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

2

Sing of his dying love ;  
Sing of his rising pow'r ;  
Sing, how he intercedes above,  
For those whose sins he bore.

3

Sing, on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
In Christ, th' eternal king.

4

Soon shall you hear him say,  
“Ye blessed children, come ;”  
Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his pilgrims home.

B 2

## XI.

*"In whom we have redemption through  
his blood."*—EPH. i. 7.

1

Now begin the heav'nly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name :  
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

2

Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3

Mourning souls, dry up your tears ;  
Banish all your guilty fears ;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4

Ye, alas ! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove ;  
Stop and taste redeeming love.

## 5

Welcome, all by sin opprest,  
Welcome, to his sacred rest ;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

## 6

When his Spirit leads us home,  
When we to his glory come,  
We shall all the fulness prove,  
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

## 7

He subdued th' infernal pow'rs,  
His tremendous foes and ours,  
From their cursed empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love.

## 8

Hither, then, your music bring ;  
Strike aloud each cheerful string ;  
Mortals, join the hosts above ;  
Join to praise redeeming love.

## XII.

*"Christ the Foundation."*—ISAIA. xxviii. 16.

## 1

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,  
 I'd cling to Jesus crucified,  
 And build on Him alone :  
 For no foundation is there giv'n  
 On which I'd place my hope of heav'n,  
 But Christ, the corner stone.

## 2

Possessing Christ, I all possess ;  
 Wisdom, and strength, and righteous-  
 And sanctity complete ;      [ness,  
 Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh,  
 Before the Ruler of the sky,  
 And all his justice meet.

## XIII.

*“God forbid that I should glory, save in  
the cross.”—GAL. vi. 14.*

1

WE sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the cross ;  
The sinner's hope let men deride ;  
For this we count the world but loss.

2

Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, “GOD IS LOVE.”  
He bears our sins upon the tree—  
He brings us mercy from above.

3

THE CROSS ! it takes our guilt away ;  
It holds the fainting spirit up ;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.

4

It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.



The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
 The measure and the pledge of love;  
 The sinner's refuge here below;  
 The angels' theme in heav'n above.

## XIV.

*"When I am weak, then am I strong."*  
 2 COL. xii. 10.

## 1

O GIVE me, Saviour, give me still,  
 My poverty to know;  
 Increase my faith; each day in grace  
 And knowledge may I grow.

## 2

Open still more the mystery  
 Of thy dear bleeding cross;  
 And for this precious pearl, let me  
 Count all things else but dross.

3

O! how transcendent is that grace,  
 Which thou dost then bestow ;  
 When nothing in myself I feel,  
 But misery and woe !

4

'Tis then, indeed, my gracious Lord,  
 Thy suff'ring state I see,  
 And through that veil, with joy behold  
 Thy tend'rest love to me.

## XV.

*"Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not,  
 thou hast no part in me."*—JOHN xiii. 8.

1

For ever here my rest shall be,  
 Close to thy bleeding side ;  
 This all my hope, and all my plea,  
 That Christ for sinners 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

Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve ;  
Till hope in full enjoyment die,  
And all my soul be love.

## XVI.

*"Who hath blessed us with all spiritual  
blessings."*—EPHES. i. 8.

## 1.

IN Christ my treasure's all contain'd ;  
By Him my feeble soul's sustain'd ;  
From Him I all things do receive ;  
Thro' Him my soul does hourly live.

## 2

With Him I daily love to walk ;  
Of Him my soul delights to talk ;  
On Him I cast my ev'ry care ;  
Like Him one day I shall appear.

## 3

Bless Him, my soul, from day to day ;  
Trust Him to bring thee on thy way :  
Give Him thy poor, weak, sinful heart :  
With Him, O never, never part.

## 4

Take Him for strength and righteous-  
ness ;  
Make Him thy refuge in distress ;  
Love Him above all earthly joy,  
And Him in every thing employ.

## 5

Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs ;  
To Him your highest praise belongs ;  
Him, who for you doth heav'n prepare ;  
Him, whom you'll praise for ever there !

## C

## XVII.

*“That at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow, and every tongue should confess, that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.”—PHIL. ii. 10, 11.*

1

JOIN all the glorious names,  
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore ;  
All are too mean to speak his worth—  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2

Jésus, my great High Priest,  
Offer'd his blood, and died ;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside.  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

## 3

My great Almighty Lord !  
My conqueror and my king !  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing :  
Thine is the power ; behold I sit  
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

## 4

I love my Shepherd's voice ;  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My wandering soul among  
The thousands of his sheep.  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names ;  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

## 5

To this great Surety's hand,  
Will I commit my cause ;  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws.  
Behold my soul at freedom set ;  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

6

Now let my soul arise,  
 And tread the tempter down ;  
 My Captain leads me forth,  
 To conquest and a crown.  
 A feeble saint shall win the day,  
 Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

## XVIII.

*"The good Shepherd giveth his life for  
 the sheep."*—JOHN X. 11.

1

SHEPHERD of the chosen number,  
 They are safe whom thou dost keep ;  
 Other shepherds faint and slumber,  
 And forget to watch the sheep :  
 Watchful Shepherd !  
 Thou dost wake while others sleep.

2

When the lion came, depending  
 On his strength, to seize his prey,  
 Thou wast there, thy sheep defending,  
 And didst then thy power display ;  
 Mighty Shepherd !  
 Thou didst turn the foe away.

3

When the Shepherd's life was needful  
 To redeem the sheep from death ;  
 Of their safety ever heedful,  
 Thou for them didst yield thy breath :  
 Faithful Shepherd !  
 Love like thine no other hath.

## XIX.

*"To you, therefore, that believe, he is precious."*—1 PETER ii. 7.

1

JESUS ! I love thy blessed name ;  
 'Tis music to my ear ;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
 That earth and heav'n might hear.

2

Yes, thou art precious to my soul ;  
 My transport, and my trust :  
 Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is sordid dust.

3

All my capacious powers can wish,  
 In thee doth richly meet :



Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

5

I'll speak the honours of thy name,  
With my last labouring breath ;  
And, fearless, with thy rod and staff,  
Will pass the vale of death,

## XX.

*“ And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.”—*  
LUKE ii. 10. 11.

1

SWEETER sounds than music knows,  
Charm me in Immanuel's name ;  
All her hope my spirit owes  
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

## 2

When he came, the angels sung,  
"Glory be to God on high ;"  
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue !  
Who should louder sing than I ?

## 3

Did the Lord a man become,  
That he might the law fulfil ?  
Bleed and suffer in my room ?  
And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

## 4

No ; I must my praises bring,  
Tho' they worthless are, and weak ;  
For should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak.

## 5

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,  
Every precious name in one,  
I will love thee without end.

## XXI.

*"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."*

CANTICLES i. 3.

1

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ears !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his  
And drives away his fears. [wounds,

2

It makes the wounded conscience  
whole,

And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3

Dear name ! the rock on which I build !  
My shield and hiding place !  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace !

4

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

5.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought,  
 But when I see thee as thou art,  
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

6

'Till then, I would thy praise proclaim,  
 With ev'ry fleeting breath !  
 And may the music of thy name,  
 Refresh my soul in death !

## XXII.

*" All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."*

ISAIAH lxi: 6.

1

No more, O God, I boast no more,  
 Of all the duties I have done ;  
 I quit the hope I held before,  
 And trust the merits of thy Son.

2

Now, for the love I bear his name,  
 What was my gain, I count as dross :  
 My former pride I call my shame,  
 And nail my glory to his cross.

c 2

3

Yes, and I must, and will esteem  
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake :  
 May I at last be found in him,  
 And of his righteousness partake.

4

The best obedience of my hands,  
 Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
 But Jesus answer'd thy demands ;  
 I plead, O Lord, what He has done.

## XXIII.

*“ Rejoice in the Lord alway : and again  
 I say, rejoice.”*—PHIL. iv. 4.

1

REJOICE, the Lord is King ;  
 Your GOD and King adore ;  
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
 And triumph evermore.  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.

## 2

JESUS, the SAVIOUR, reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.

## 3

His kingdom cannot fail ;  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;  
The keys of death and hell,  
Are to our Saviour giv'n :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.

## 4

He sits at God's right hand,  
'Till all his foes submit,  
And bow at his command,  
Or fall beneath his feet :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.

5

He all our foes shall quell,  
 And Satan's works destroy,  
 And every bosom swell.  
 With pure seraphic joy :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.

6

Rejoice in glorious hope,  
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
 And take his pilgrims up  
 To their eternal home : [voice ;  
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's  
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

## XXIV.

*" Looking unto Jesus."*—HEBREWS xii. 2.

1

LAMB of God! we fall before thee,  
 Humbly trusting in thy cross :  
 That alone be all our glory ;  
 All things else we count but loss.

2

Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
Only source of all that's good ;  
Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favour,  
Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

3

Jesus gives us true repentance  
By his Spirit sent from heav'n ;  
He pronounces the blest sentence—  
“ Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n.”

4

Faith he gives us to believe it ;  
Grateful hearts, his love to prize :  
Want we wisdom ? he must give it,  
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

5

Jesus gives us pure affections ;  
Wills to do what he requires :  
Makes us follow his directions,  
And what he commands, inspires.

6

All our pray'rs, and all our praises,  
Humbly offer'd in his name ;



He that dictates them, is Jesus ;  
 He that answers, is the same.

7

When we live on Jesus' merit,  
 When we worship God aright ;  
 Father ! Son ! and Holy Spirit !  
 Thee we savingly unite !

8

Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favour,  
 Great or good whate'er we call,  
 Have we only in the Saviour ;—  
 Jesus Christ is "all in all."

## XXV.

*"Who is a God like unto thee, who  
 pardoneth iniquity, transgression, and sin ?"*  
 —MICAH vii. 8.

1

GREAT GOD of wonders ! all thy ways  
 Are worthy of thyself—divine :  
 But the fair glories of thy grace,  
 Beyond thine other wonders shine.  
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

## 2

Crimes of such horror to forgive!  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare!  
This is thy grand prerogative,  
And none shall in the honour share.  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

## 3

In wonder lost, with trembling joy  
I take the pardon of my God;  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;—  
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood.  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

## 4

O may this great, this matchless grace,  
This god-like miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
And all the angelic choirs above!  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

## XXVI.

*“Jesus answered, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.”—JOHN XIV. 23.*

1

THY mansion is the Christian's heart,  
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!  
Bid the unruly throng depart,  
And leave the consecrated door.

2

Devoted as it is to thee,  
A thievish swarm frequents the place;  
They steal away my joys from me,  
And rob my Saviour of his praise.

3

There, too, a sharp, designing trade,  
Sin, Satan, and the world maintain;  
Nor cease to press me, and persuade  
To part with ease, and purchase pain.

4

I know them, and I hate their din,  
Am weary of the bustling crowd;  
But while their voice is heard within,  
I cannot serve thee as I would.

5

Oh ! for the joy thy presence gives ;  
 What peace shall reign when thou art  
 here !

Thy presence makes this den of thieves  
 A calm, delightful house of pray'r.

6

And if thou make thy temple shine,  
 Yet, self-abas'd, will I adore ;  
 The gold and silver are not mine ;  
 I give thee what was thine before.

## XXVII.

*" They came to a place which was named  
 Gethsemane."*—MARK xiv. 32.

*" Jesus oft resorted there with his disci-  
 ples."*—JOHN xviii. 2.

1

JESUS, while he dwelt below,  
 (As divine historians say,)  
 To a place would often go—  
 Near to Kedron's brook it lay—  
 In this place he lov'd to be ;  
 And 'twas nam'd Gethsemane.

2

'Twas a garden, as we read,  
At the foot of Olivet,  
Low, and proper to be made  
The Redeemer's lone retreat.  
When from noise he would be free,  
Then he sought Gethsemane.

3

Thither, by their master brought,  
His disciples likewise came,  
There the heavenly truths he taught,  
Often set their hearts on flame :  
Therefore they, as well as he,  
Visited Gethsemane.

4

Here they oft conversing sat ;  
Or might join with Christ in pray'r :  
Oh ! what blest devotion's that,  
When the Lord himself is there ;  
All things to them seem'd t' agree,  
To endear Gethsemane.

## 5

Here no strangers durst intrude,  
But the Prince of Peace could sit,  
Cheer'd with sacred solitude,  
Wrapt in contemplation sweet :  
Yet how little could they see,  
Why he chose Gethsemane.

## 6

Full of love to man's lost race,  
On his conflict much he thought ;  
This he knew the destin'd place :  
And he lov'd the sacred spot.  
Therefore 'twas he liked to be  
Often in Gethsemane.

## 7

They his followers, with the rest,  
Had incurr'd the wrath divine :  
And their Lord, with pity prest,  
Long'd to bear their loads, and mine !  
Love to them, and love to me,  
Made him love Gethsemane.

8.

Many woes he had endur'd ;  
 Many sore temptations met,  
 Patient, and to pain inured ;  
 But the sorest trial yet  
 Was to be sustain'd in thee,  
 Gloomy, sad Gethsemane !

9

Came at length the dreadful night :  
 Vengeance, with its iron rod,  
 Stood, and with collected might,  
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.  
 See, my soul, thy Saviour see,  
 Grov'ling in Gethsemane !

10

View him in that olive-press,  
 Squeez'd and wrung, till whelm'd  
 in blood ;  
 View thy Maker's deep distress ;  
 Hear the sighs and groans of God !  
 Then reflect, what sin must be,  
 Gazing on Gethsemane.

## 11

Poor disciples ! tell me now,  
Where's the love ye lately had ?  
Where's that faith ye all could vow ?  
But this hour is too, too sad ;  
'Tis not now for such as ye  
To support Gethsemane.

## 12

Oh ! what wonders love has done !  
But how little understood !  
God well knows, and God alone,  
What produc'd that sweat of blood.  
Who can thy deep wonders see,  
Wonderful Gethsemane ?

## 13

There my God bore all my guilt ;  
This thro' grace can be believ'd :  
But the horrors which he felt,  
Are too vast to be conceiv'd.  
None can penetrate through thee,  
Doleful, dark Gethsemane !



## 14

Gloomy garden! on thy beds,  
 Wash'd by Kedron's waters foul,  
 Grow most rank and bitter weeds:  
 Think on these, my sinful soul!  
 Would'st thou sin's dominion flee?  
 Call to mind Gethsemane.

## 15

Sinners, vile like me, and lost,  
 (If there's one so vile as I,)  
 Leave more righteous souls to boast:  
 Leave them, and to refuge fly;  
 We may well bless that decree,  
 Which ordain'd Gethsemane.

## 16

We can hope no healing hand,  
 Leprous quite throughout with sin;  
 Loath'd incurables we stand,  
 Crying out, "unclean, unclean:"  
 Help there's none for such as we,  
 But in dear Gethsemane.

## 17.

Eden, from each flow'ry bed,  
 Did for man short sweetness breathe;  
 Soon, by Satan's counsel led,  
 Man wrought sin, and sin wrought  
 But of life the healing tree [death:  
 Grows in rich Gethsemane.

## 18.

Hither, Lord ! thou didst resort  
 Oft times with thy little train ;  
 Here would'st keep thy private court ;  
 Oh ! confer that grace again :  
 Lord, resort with worthless me,  
 Oft times to Gethsemane !

## 19

True ; I can't deserve to share  
 In a favour so divine ;  
 But since sin first brought thee there,  
 None have greater sins than mine :  
 And to this my woeful plea,  
 Witness thou, Gethsemane !

## 20

Sins against a holy God ;  
 Sins against his righteous laws ;  
 Sins against his love, his blood ;  
 Sins against his name and cause ;  
 Sins immense, as is the sea—  
 Hide me, O Gethsemane !

## 21

Here's my claim, and here alone—  
 None a Saviour more can need :  
 Deeds of righteousness I've none ;  
 No, not one good work to plead :  
 Not a glimpse of hope for me,  
 Only in Gethsemane.

## 22

Saviour ! all the stone remove  
 From my flinty, frozen heart ;  
 Thaw it with the beams of love ;  
 Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart :  
 Wound the heart that wounded thee ;  
 Melt it in Gethsemane !

23

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One almighty God of love,  
 Hymn'd by all the heav'nly host,  
 In thy shining courts above,  
 We, poor sinners, GRACIOUS THREE!  
 Bless thee for Gethsemane.

## XXVIII.

## HOPE IN THE COVENANT.

*“Wherein God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, (the oath and promise) in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us.”—HEBREWS vi. 17, 18.*

1

How oft have Sin and Satan strove  
 To rend my soul from thee, my God!  
 But everlasting is thy love,  
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.

D

## 2

The oath and promise of the Lord  
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace:  
 Eternal power performs the word,  
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.

## 3

Amidst temptations sharp and strong,  
 My soul to this blest refuge flies ;  
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
 While tempests blow, and billows rise.

## 4

The Gospel bears my spirit up ;  
 A faithful and unchanging God  
 Lays the foundation of my hope,  
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

## XXIX.

*“ Salvation to our God, which sitteth  
 upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.”—  
 REV. vii. 10.*

## 1

GLORY to God on high !  
 Let heaven and earth reply ;  
 Praise ye his name !

Angels his love adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore,  
And saints cry evermore,  
Worthy the Lamb!

## 2

All they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising his name :  
We, who have felt his blood  
Sealing our peace with God,  
Sound his dear fame abroad ;  
Worthy the Lamb!

## 3

Join all the ransom'd race,  
Our Lord and God to bless ;  
Praise ye his name !  
In Him we will rejoice,  
Making a cheerful noise,  
And shout with heart and voice,  
Worthy the Lamb!

Though we must change our place,  
 Yet shall we never cease  
 Praising his name.

To Him we'll tribute bring,  
 Hail Him our gracious king,  
 And without ceasing sing,  
 Worthy the Lamb!

### XXX.

*“Exceeding great and precious promises.”—PETER i. 4.*

#### 1

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
 Lord!  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent  
 word,  
 What more can he say, than to you  
 he has said,  
 You, who unto Jesus for refuge have  
 fled?

2

*In every condition, in sickness, in  
health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding with  
wealth,  
At home, or abroad, on the land, on  
the sea,  
As thy days may demand, shall thy  
strength ever be.*

3

*When thro' the deep waters I cause  
thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee  
overflow,  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles  
to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-  
tress.*

4

*When through fiery trials thy path-way  
shall be,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy  
supply ;*

D 2



The flame *shall not hurt thee* ; I only  
design

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold  
to refine.

## 5

*Fear not—I am with thee—oh !* be  
not dismay'd ;

I—I am *thy God*, and will *still give*  
*thee aid* ;

I'll *strengthen* thee, *help* thee, and  
cause thee to stand,

*Upheld* by my *righteous, omnipotent*  
*hand*.

## 6

Even down to old age, all my people  
shall prove

My *sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable*  
*love* ;

And when hoary hairs shall their tem-  
ples adorn,

Like lambs they *shall still in my*  
*bosom be borne*.

7

The soul that *on Jesus hath lean'd*  
 for repose,  
*I will not, I will not give up to its foes;*  
 That soul, though all hell should en-  
 deavour to shake,  
 I'll never\*—**NO, NEVER—NO, NEVER**  
**FORSAKE.**

## XXXI.

*"All Scripture is given by inspiration  
 of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for  
 reproof, for instruction in righteousness."*—  
 2 TIM. iii. 15.

I

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
 And brings the truth to sight;  
 Precepts and promises afford  
 A sanctifying light.

---

\* The repetition here of the word "*never*,"  
 is more powerfully expressed in the Greek.

## 2

A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun ;  
It gives a light to ev'ry age ;  
It gives, but borrows none.

## 3

The hand that gave it, still supplies  
The gracious light and heat ;  
His truths upon the nations rise ;  
They rise, but never set.

## 4

Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heav'nly day.

## 5

My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view,  
In brighter worlds above.

## XXXII.

HEBREWS iv. 2; ix. x. &c.  
 EXODUS xii. 21—23. LEV. xvi. 7—15,  
 20—22. xiv. 4—7.

1

ISRAEL, in ancient days,  
 Not only had a view  
 Of Sinai in a blaze,  
 But learn'd the Gospel too :  
 The types and figures were a glass,  
 In which they saw a Saviour's face.

2

The paschal sacrifice,  
 And blood-besprinkled door,  
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
 And once applied with pow'r,  
 Would teach the need of other blood,  
 To reconcile an angry God.

3

The lamb, the dove, set forth  
 His perfect innocence  
 Whose blood of matchless worth  
 Should be the soul's defence ;  
 For he who can for sin atone,  
 Must have no failings of his own.

## 4

The scape-goat on his head  
The people's trespass bore,  
And to the desert led,  
Was to be seen no more ;  
In him my Surety seem'd to say,  
" Behold, I bear your sins away."

## 5

Dipt in his fellow's blood,  
The living bird went free :  
The type, well understood,  
Express'd the sinner's plea :  
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,  
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

## 6

Jesus ! I love to trace,  
Throughout the sacred page,  
The footsteps of thy grace,  
The same in ev'ry age !  
O grant that I may faithful be  
To clearer light, vouchsafed to me !

## XXXIII.

*“Thou art my strong habitation, whereunto  
I may continually resort.”—Ps. lxxviii. 3.*

1

Rock of ages ! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure ;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2

Not the labour of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know—  
Could my tears for ever flow ;  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3

Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour ! or I die.

## 4

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

## XXXIV.

*“ A refuge from the storm, a shadow from  
the heat,”* &c.—ISAIAH XXV. 4.

## I

JESUS ! lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O receive my soul at last !

2

Other refuge have I none ;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee !  
 Leave, Ah ! leave me not alone ;  
 Still support and comfort me !  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing !

3

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
 More than all in thee I find ;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind !  
 Just and holy is thy Name ;  
 I am all unrighteousness ;  
 Vile, and full of sin I am ;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4

Plenteous grace with thee is found—  
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
 Let the healing streams abound ;  
 Make and keep me pure within.

E



Thou, of life the fountain art ;  
 Freely let me take of thee ;  
 Spring thou up within my heart ;  
 Rise to all eternity.

## XXXV.

*“How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.”—HEB ix. 11—14.*

1

Not all the blood of beasts  
 On Jewish altars slain,  
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
 Or wash away the stain.

2

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,  
 Takes all our sins away ;  
 A sacrifice of nobler name,  
 And richer blood than they.

3

My faith would lay her hand  
 On that dear head of thine,

While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4

My soul looks back to see  
The burden thou didst bear  
When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
And trusts her guilt was there !

5

Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his dying love.

## XXXVI.

*“Unto us a child is born, unto us a son  
is given : and the government shall be up-  
on his shoulder : and his name shall be  
called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty  
God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince  
of Peace.”—ISAIAH ix. 6.*

1

HARK ! the herald angels sing ;  
Glory to the new-born King !

Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconcil'd.  
 Joyful, all ye nations rise ;  
 Join the triumph of the skies ;  
 With th' angelic host proclaim,  
 " Christ is born in Bethlehem."

## 2

CHRIST, by highest heav'n ador'd ;  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord !  
 Late in time behold him come,  
 Offspring of a virgin's womb :  
 Veil'd in flesh the godhead see ;  
 Hail, the incarnate Deity !  
 Pleas'd as man, with men to dwell,  
 JESUS, our IMMANUEL !

## 3

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of  
 Peace !  
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !  
 Light and life to all he brings,  
 Ris'n with healing in his wings :

Mild, he lays his glory by ;  
 Born, that man no more may die ;  
 Born, to raise the sons of earth ;  
 Born, to give them second birth.

2

Come, "Desire of Nations," come !  
 Fix in us thy humble home ;  
 Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed ;  
 Bruise in us the serpent's head :  
 Adam's likeness now efface ;  
 Stamp thine image in its place :  
 Second Adam from above,  
 Reinstatè us in thy love.

## XXXVII.

*"O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave,  
 where is thy victory? The sting of Death  
 is sin, and the strength of sin is the law ;  
 but thanks be to God, who giveth us the  
 victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—*  
 1 COR. xv. 55.

1

"CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to day,"  
 Sons of men and angels say ;

Raise your joys and triumphs high ;  
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

## 2

Love's redeeming work is done ;  
Fought the fight, the battle won ;  
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er ;  
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

## 3

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell :  
Death in vain forbids his rise ;  
Christ has open'd Paradise.

## 4

Lives again our glorious King ;  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?  
Jesus died our souls to save ;  
Where's thy victory, O Grave ?

## 5

What tho' once we perish'd all,  
Partners of our parents' fall ;  
Second life we all receive,  
Who in Jesus Christ believe.

6

Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n !  
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n !  
 Thee we greet triumphant now ;  
 Hail, the resurrection—thou !

7

King of glory !—Lord of bliss !  
 Everlasting life is this—  
 Thee to know—thy power to prove,  
 Here, and in thy courts above.

## XXXVIII.

*“The Lord is risen indeed.”*

LUKE xiv. 34.

1

“THE Lord is ris'n indeed :”  
 And are the tidings true ?  
 Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,  
 And saw him living too.

2

“The Lord is ris'n indeed :”  
 Then Justice asks no more ;  
 Mercy and Truth are now agreed,  
 Who stood opposed before.

3

“ The Lord is ris'n indeed :”  
 Then is his work perform'd ;  
 The captive Surety now is freed,  
 And Death, our foe, disarm'd.

4

“ The Lord is ris'n indeed :”  
 Then Hell has lost his prey ;  
 With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,  
 To reign in endless day.

5

“ The Lord is ris'n indeed :”  
 He lives, to die no more ;  
 He lives, the sinners' cause to plead,  
 Whose curse and shame he bore.

6

“ The Lord is ris'n indeed :”  
 This yields my soul a plea ;  
 He bore the punishment decreed,  
 And satisfied for me.

## 7

“The Lord is ris’n indeed :”  
 Attending angels hear ;  
 Up to the courts of heav’n with speed,  
 The joyful tidings bear.

## 8

Then take your golden lyres,  
 And strike each cheerful chord ;  
 Join all the bright celestial choirs,  
 To sing our risen Lord.

## XXXIX.

*“Father, I will, that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am ; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me.”—JOHN xvii. 24.*

## 1

AWAKE, sweet gratitude ! and sing  
 Th’ ascended SAVIOUR’S love ;  
 Sing how he lives to carry on  
 His people’s cause above.



## 2

With cries and tears, he offer'd up  
His humble suit below,  
But with authority he asks,  
Enthron'd in glory now !

## 3

For all that come to God by him,  
Salvation he demands,  
Points to their names upon his breast,  
And spreads his wounded hands.

## 4

His great atoning sacrifice  
Gives sanction to his claim ;  
“ Father, I will that all my saints  
Be with me where I am.”

## 5

Eternal life, at his demand,  
To ev'ry saint is giv'n ;  
Safety below, and after death,  
The plenitude of heav'n !

## XL.

*“Thou hast ascended on high ; thou hast led captivity captive ; thou hast received gifts for men ; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.”—PSALM lxxviii. 18.*

## 1

THE happy morn is come :  
 Triumphant o'er the grave  
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,  
 Almighty now to save.  
 Captivity is captive led,  
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead !

## 2

Who now accuseth them  
 For whom the Surety died ?  
 Or who shall those condemn  
 Whom God hath justified ?  
 Captivity is captive led,  
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead !

## 3

Christ hath the ransom paid ;  
 The glorious work is done ;

On him our hope is laid ;  
 The victory is won.  
 Captivity is captive led,  
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead !

4

Hail, the triumphant Lord !  
 The resurrection thou !  
 Hail, the incarnate Word !  
 Before thy throne we bow !  
 Captivity is captive led,  
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead !

## XLI.

*" I know that my Redeemer liveth."*

JOB. xix. 25.

1

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives :  
 (This thought transporting pleasure  
 And standing, at the latter day [gives,)  
 On earth his glories shall display.

2

And tho' this weak and mortal frame  
 Sink to the dust from whence it came—  
 Tho' buried in the silent tomb,  
 And worms my skin and flesh consume—

3

Yet on that happy rising morn,  
 New life this body shall adorn ;  
 These active pow'rs refin'd shall be,  
 And God my Saviour I shall see.

4

Tho' perish'd all my cold remains ;  
 Tho' all consum'd my heart and reins ;  
 Yet, for myself, these wond'ring eyes  
 God shall behold, with glad surprize.

## XLII.

*“ In whom are hid all the treasures of  
 wisdom and knowledge.”*—COL. ii. 3.

1

Go, worship at Immanuel's feet !  
 See on his face what wonders meet !  
 Earth is too narrow to express  
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2

The whole creation can afford  
 But some faint shadows of my Lord ;  
 Nature, to make his glories known,  
 Must mingle colours not her own.

## 3

Is he compared to wine or bread?  
 Dear Lord! our souls would thus be  
 fed:

That flesh, that dying blood of thine,  
 Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

## 4

Is he a tree? The world receives  
 Salvation from its healing leaves;  
 That righteous branch, that fruitful  
 bough,

Is David's root and offspring too.

## 5

Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields  
 Such fragrancy in all her fields;  
 Or if the lily he assume,  
 The vallies bless the rich perfume.

## 6

Is he a vine? His heav'nly root  
 Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:  
 O let a lasting union join  
 My soul to Christ, the living vine!

## 7

Is he a head? Each member lives,  
And owns the vital powers he gives—  
The saints below, and saints above,  
Join'd by his spirit and his love.

## 8

Is he a fountain? There I bathe,  
And heal the plague of sin and death ;  
These waters all my soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

## 9

Is he a rock? How firm he proves !  
The Rock of Ages never moves ;  
Yet the blest streams that from him  
flow,  
Attend us all the desert through.

## 10

Is he a door? I'll enter in ;  
Behold the pastures large and green !  
A paradise divinely fair !  
None but the sheep have freedom there.

## 11

Is he design'd the corner-stone,  
For men to build their heav'n upon?  
I'll make him my foundation too,  
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

## 12

Is he a temple? I adore  
Th' indwelling majesty and power;  
And still to this most holy place,  
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.

## 13

Is he a star? He breaks the night,  
Piercing the shades with dawning light:  
I see his glories from afar:  
I know the bright, the morning star.

## 14

Is he a sun? His beams are grace;  
His course is joy and righteousness:  
Nations rejoice when he appears  
To chase their clouds, and dry their  
tears.

15

O ! let me climb those higher skies,  
 Where storms and tempests never rise ;  
 There he displays his powers abroad,  
 And shines and reigns th' incarnate  
 God.

16

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
 Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears ;  
 His beauties we can never trace  
 'Till we behold him face to face.

## XLIII.

*"The Captain of their Salvation."*

HEB. ii. 10.

1

CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,  
 Display thy glorious banner high ;  
 The summons send from coast to coast,  
 And call a num'rous army nigh !

2

The solemn Jubilee proclaim ;  
 Proclaim the great Sabbatic day ;  
 Assert the glories of thy name ;  
 Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey !



3

Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud  
 The peaceful blessings of thy reign;  
 And when they speak of sprinkling  
 blood,

The mystery to the heart explain!

4

Lord! shed thy light, make plain the  
 way,

That leads to Zion's lofty tow'r:  
 Pierc'd by thy beams, let night be day;  
 So shall we sing and praise thy pow'r!

## XLIV.

*"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."*—JOHN xiv. 26.

1

COME, Holy Spirit, come!  
 Let thy bright beams arise!  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 The darkness from our eyes.

## 2

Convince us of our sin,  
 And point to Jesus' blood,  
 And to our wond'ring view reveal  
 Th' amazing love of God !

## 3

Cheer our desponding hearts  
 With visitations sweet ;  
 Give us to lie with humble hope  
 At our Redeemer's feet !

## 4

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart !  
 To purify the soul,  
 To pour fresh light on ev'ry part,  
 And new create the whole.

## XLV.

*" Lovest thou me."*—JOHN xxi. 16.

## 1

HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord !  
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

## 2

I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And, when wounded, heal'd thy  
wound ;  
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light—

## 3

“ Can a woman's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.”

## 4

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

## 5

Lord ! it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint ;  
Yet I love thee, and adore—  
O for grace to love thee more !

## XLVI.

ISAIAH xlix. 13—16.

1

O ZION! afflicted with wave upon  
wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no  
man can save ;  
With darkness surrounded, by ter-  
rors dismay'd,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is  
decay'd.

2

Loud roaring, the billows now nigh  
overwhelm,  
But skilful's the pilot who sits at the  
helm ;  
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r  
thee defends ;  
In safety and quiet thy warfare he  
ends.

3

O fearful ! O faithless ! in mercy he  
cries,

My promise, my truth—are they light  
in thine eyes ?

Still, still I am with thee, my promise  
shall stand ;

Through tempests and tossing I'll  
bring thee to land.

4

Forget thee I will not, I cannot ; thy  
name

Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever  
remain ;

The palms of my hands, whilst I look  
on, I see

The wounds I received when suffering  
for thee :

5

I feel at my heart all thy sighs and  
thy groans,

For thou art most near me—my flesh  
and my bones ;

In all thy distresses, thy head feels  
the pain,  
Yet all are most needful, not one is  
in vain:

## 6

Then trust me, and fear not, thy life  
is secure,  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is  
my pow'r ;  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to  
refine,  
To make thee at length in my like-  
ness to shine.

## 7

The foolish, the fearful, the weak are  
my care,  
The helpless, the hopeless—I hear  
their sad pray'r ;  
From all their afflictions my glory  
shall spring,  
And the deeper their sorrows, the  
louder they'll sing.

## XLVII.

*"I am the way."*—JOHN xiv. 6.

1

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,  
He whom I fix my hope upon ;  
His path I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.

2

The way the holy prophets went—  
The way that leads from banishment—  
The King's high-way of holiness—  
I'll go—for all his paths are peace.

3

This is the way I long had sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief my burden long had been,  
Oppress'd with unbelief and sin.

4

The more I strove against their power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,  
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul ; I am the way."

5

Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb!  
 Shalt take me to thee as I am;  
 Nothing but sin I thee can give;  
 Nothing but grace shall I receive.

6

Then will I tell to sinners round,  
 What a dear Saviour I have found;  
 I'll point to his redeeming blood,  
 And say—"Behold the way to God!"

## XLVIII.

*"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."*—

EPH. iii. 17.

1

My Saviour! thou didst shed  
 Thy precious blood for me;  
 Oh! dwell within my worthless heart,  
 And let me live to thee!

F



2

Thou callest me, O Lord !  
 To come to thee, and live ;  
 I therefore come with all my sins ;  
 I know thou canst forgive.

3

Jesus, my gracious Lord !  
 I long to see thy face ;  
 To know thee more and more by faith,  
 And daily grow in grace.

4

And when this life is o'er,  
 Oh ! may I dwell with thee,  
 Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,  
 Who liv'd and died for me !

## XLIX.

“ *The Lord is my helper.* ”—HEB. xiii. 6.

1

OFT as I look upon the road  
 That leads to yonder blest abode,  
 I feel distress'd, and fearful :  
 So many foes the passage throng,  
 I am so weak, and they so strong,  
 How can my soul be cheerful ?

## 2

But when I think of Him, whose pow'r  
Can save me in a trying hour,  
And place on Him reliance :  
My soul is then asham'd of fear ;  
And though ten thousand foes appear,  
I bid them all defiance.

## 3

The dangerous road I then pursue,  
And keep the glorious prize in view,  
With joyful hope elated :  
Strong in the Lord, in Him alone ;  
When he conducts, I follow on,  
With ardour unabated.

## 4

O Lord! each day renew my strength,  
And let me see thy face at length,  
With all thy people yonder :  
With them in heaven, thy love declare,  
And sing thy praise for ever there,  
With gratitude and wonder!

## L.

*“Christ is all and in all.”—COL. iii. 11.*

## 1

POOR, weak, and worthless tho' I am,  
I have a rich, almighty Friend ;  
Jesus, the Saviour is his name ;  
He freely loves, and without end.

## 2

He ransom'd me from hell with blood ;  
And by his pow'r my sins controll'd ;  
He found me wand'ring far from God,  
And brought me to his chosen fold.

## 3

He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthron'd with him above the skies :  
Oh ! what a friend is Christ to me !

## 4

But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns—  
(And well my eyes with tears may swim)  
To think on my perverse returns :  
I've been a faithless friend to Him.

## 5

Often my gracious friend I grieve,  
Neglect, distrust, and disobey ;  
And often Satan's lies believe,  
Sooner than all my friend can say.

## 6

He bids me always freely come,  
And promises whate'er I ask ;  
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,  
And count my privilege a task.

## 7

Before the world that hates his cause,  
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with  
shame ;  
Loath to forego the world's applause,  
I hardly dare avow his name.

## 8

Sure, were not I most vile and base,  
I could not thus my friend requite ;  
And were not he the God of grace,  
He'd frown, and spurn me from his  
sight.

## LI.

*"The loving-kindness of the Lord."*

PSALM lxiii. 7.

1

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me;  
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;  
He sav'd me from my lost estate;  
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3

Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes—  
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along;  
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood;  
His loving-kindness, O how good!

## 5

Often I find my sinful heart,  
 Prone from my Jesus to depart ;  
 But tho' I have him oft forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.

## 6

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
 O ! may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death !

## 7

Then let me mount, and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day ;  
 And sing, with rapture and surprize,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

## LII.

*"But it is good for me to draw near to God."*

PSALM lxxiii. 28.

## 1

As when a child, secure of harms,  
 Hangs at the mother's breast,  
 Safe folded in her anxious arms,  
 Receiving food and rest ;

And while thro' many a mournful path  
The travelling parent speeds,  
The fearless babe, with passive faith,  
Lies still, and yet proceeds.

2

Should some short start his quiet  
break,

He fondly strives to fling  
His little arms about her neck,  
And seems to closer cling.  
Poor child! maternal love alone  
Preserves thee first and last ;  
Thy parent's arms, and not thy own,  
Are those that hold thee fast.

3

So souls that would to Jesus cleave,  
And hear his secret call,  
Must ev'ry fair pretension leave,  
And let the Lord be all.  
Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,  
The shepherd softly cries ;  
Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep,  
The listening sheep replies.

4

Thy whole dependance on me fix,  
 Nor entertain a thought  
 Thy worthless schemes with mine to  
 But venture to be nought. [mix,  
 Fond self-direction is a shelf ;\*  
 Thy strength, thy wisdom flee !  
 When thou art nothing in thyself,  
 Then thou art close to me.

## LIII.

*“ Which hope we have as an anchor of the  
 soul.”*—HEBREWS vi. 19.

1

HOPE is the anchor of the soul ;  
 It enters that within the vail ;  
 And though the waves of trouble roll,  
 The anchor holds, and will not fail.

2

The night is dark, the sea runs high ;  
 The mast before the tempest bends ;  
 A shore bestrew'd with wrecks is nigh,  
 And on the anchor all depends.

---

\* viz. *A shelving rock which is dangerous to  
 mariners.*



## 3

The vessel drifts if that give way,  
 And founders on the fatal shore  
 Where death and night maintain their  
 sway—

Where light and life are seen no  
 more.

## 4

At such a time, in such a state,  
 A single anchor holding all,  
 No wonder if our fear be great ;  
 No wonder if our hope be small.

## 5

But one sweet word dispels our fear,  
 The word of Him "who cannot lie;"  
 His truth is pledg'd, his pow'r is near ;  
 His truth and pow'r all ills defy.

## 6

Hope, O my soul, thine anchor is,  
 Both sure and steadfast ; be thou  
 strong ;  
 The word that makes thee bold is HIS,  
 Who reigns yon shining host among.

## LIV.

“*The Beggar.*”—MATT. vii. 7, 8.

1

ENCOURAG'D by thy word  
Of promise to the poor,  
Behold a beggar, Lord !  
Waits at thy mercy's door !  
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,  
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2

The beggar's usual plea,  
Relief from men to gain,  
If offer'd unto thee,  
I know thou would'st disdain ;  
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,  
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3

I have no right to say,  
That though I now am poor,  
Yet once there was a day  
When I possessed more :  
Thou know'st that from my very birth,  
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

## 4

Nor can I dare profess,  
As beggars often do,  
Though great is my distress,  
My faults have been but few :  
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,  
It would be what I well deserve.

## 5

'Twere folly to pretend  
I never begg'd before ;  
Or if thou now befriend,  
I'll trouble thee no more ;  
Thou often hast relieved my pain,  
And often I must come again.

## 6

Though crumbs are much too good  
For such a dog as I,  
No less than children's food  
My soul can satisfy.  
O do not frown and bid me go !  
I must have all thou canst bestow.

## 7

Nor can I willing be  
 Thy bounty to conceal  
 From others, who, like me,  
 Their wants and hunger feel :  
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,  
 And try to send a thousand more.

## 8

Thy thoughts, thou only wise !  
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,  
 Far as the arched skies  
 Above the earth extend :  
 Such pleas as mine men would not bear,  
 But God receives a beggar's prayer.

## LV.

*"Ask what I shall give thee."*

1 KINGS iii. 5.

## 1

BEHOLD the throne of grace !  
 The promise calls me near ;  
 There Jesus shews a smiling face,  
 And waits to answer prayer.

2

That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to God,  
An all-prevailing plea.

3

My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold ;  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What else can he withhold ?

4

Beyond thy utmost wants,  
His pow'r and love can bless ;  
To praying souls he always grants  
More than they can express.

5

Since 'tis the Lord's command,  
My mouth I open wide ;  
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,  
That I may be supplied !

6

Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love ;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.

7

Teach me to live by faith ;  
Conform my will to thine ;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

8

If thou these blessings give,  
And wilt my portion be,  
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave,  
To them who know not thee.

---

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend ;  
Life and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend :  
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

## LVI.

*"Pray without ceasing."*—1 THESS. v. 17.

## I

PRAYER was appointed to convey  
 The blessings God designs to give;  
 Long as they live should Christians  
 pray,  
 For only while they pray they live.

## 2

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;  
 If cares distract, or fears dismay;  
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
 The remedy's before thee—pray.

## 3

This prayer supports the soul that's  
 weak,  
 Tho' thought be broken, language lame,  
 Pray if thou canst or canst not speak,  
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

## LVII.

*“Praying always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.”—EPH. vi, 18.*

## 1

PRAYER is the new-born infant's cry,  
The sign of entrance into life ;  
'Tis trouble not unmixed with joy ;  
'Tis peace, though in the midst of  
strife.

## 2

Pray'r is the winged messenger,  
That bears his sighs from earth to  
heav'n ;  
That brings them to his Father's ear,  
Nor thence returns 'till grace is giv'n.

## 3

Pray'r is the vanquish'd rebel's cry,  
When sounds of mercy reach his ear,  
“ O save me, save me, lest I die !”  
A cry of mingled hope and fear.



## 4

Pray'r is a voice that sweetly pleads  
For saints beneath their Father's rod;  
The Spirit's voice that intercedes,  
"According to the will of God."

## 5

Pray'r is a weapon sent from heav'n,  
Employing which, the saints prevail—  
Prevail with Him by whom 'tis giv'n;  
A weapon this that cannot fail:

## 6

Of temper proof, it stands the test—  
The test of every trying hour;  
And they who know its value best,  
Admire the most its wondrous pow'r.

## 7

Then let us pray, and never faint;  
The prayer of faith can all things do;  
Employing this, the feeblest saint  
Can meet and vanquish ev'ry foe.

## LVIII.

*“Casting all your care upon him.”*

1 PETER v. 7.

1

THE privilege I greatly prize,  
Of casting all my care on Him—  
The mighty God, the only wise,  
Who reigns in heaven and earth su-  
preme.

2

How sweet to be allow'd to call  
The God whom heav'n adores, my  
friend!  
To tell my thoughts, to tell him all,  
And then to know my pray'rs ascend.

3

Yes, they ascend; the feeblest cry  
Has wings that bear it to his throne;  
The prayer of faith ascends the sky,  
And brings a gracious answer down.

4

Then let me banish anxious care,  
 Confiding in a Father's love ;  
 To him make known my wants in  
 pray'r,  
 Prepar'd his answer to approve.

5

My Father's wisdom cannot err ;  
 His love no change nor failure knows ;  
 Be mine his counsel to prefer,  
 And acquiesce in all he does.

## LIX.

*"Him that cometh to me, I will in no  
 wise cast out."*—JOHN vi. 37.

1

PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,  
 Who would believe thy gracious  
 Word ;  
 But own my heart, with shame and  
 grief,  
 A sink of sin and unbelief.

## 2

Lord, in thy house I read there's  
room,  
And venturing hard, behold I come ;  
But can there, tell me, can there be,  
Among thy children, room for me ?

## 3

I eat the bread, and drink the wine ;  
But oh ! my soul wants more than  
sign ;  
I faint unless I feed on thee,  
And drink the blood as shed for me.

## 4

For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to  
bleed ;  
And I'm a sinner vile indeed !  
Lord, I believe thy grace is free :  
O magnify that grace in me !

## LX.

*“Ask, and it shall be given unto you,” &c.*

MATT. vii. 7—8.

## 1

GOD of my life, to thee I call,  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

## 2

Friend of the friendless and the faint !  
Where should I lodge my deep com-  
plaint?—  
Where but with thee, whose open  
door  
Invites the helpless and the poor.

## 3

Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
Does not the word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

4

Poor, though I am, despis'd, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
 And he is safe, and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to  
 plead.

## LXI.

*“ Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy  
 may be full.”*—JOHN xvi. 24.

1

JESUS, lead me by thy power,  
 Safe into the promis'd rest ;  
 Hide my soul within thy bosom,  
 Let me lean upon thy breast :  
 Feed me with thy heav'nly manna,  
 Bread that angels eat above ;  
 Let me drink from thee, the fountain !  
 Draughts of everlasting love.

2

Through the desert wild conduct me,  
 With a glorious pillar bright,  
 In the day a cooling comfort,  
 And a cheering fire by night :

Be my guide in every peril ;  
Watch me hourly, night and day,  
Else my foolish heart will wander  
From thy Spirit far away.

## 3

Nothing can preserve my going,  
But salvation full and free ;  
Nothing can my soul dishearten,  
But my absence, Lord, from thee :  
Nothing can delay my progress,  
Nothing can disturb my rest,  
If I can, whate'er the danger,  
Lean my spirit on thy breast.

## 4

In thy presence I am happy ;  
In thy presence I'm secure ;  
In thy presence, all afflictions  
I can easily endure ;  
In thy presence, I can conquer,  
I can suffer, I can die ;  
Far from thee, I faint and languish ;  
O ! my Saviour, keep me nigh.

## LXII.

*“I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.”—*

2 TIMOTHY i, 12.

1

GRACIOUS GOD, thy children keep ;  
 Jesus, guide thy silly sheep ;  
 Fix, Oh ! fix, our fickle souls :  
 Lord, direct us—we are fools.

2

Bid us in thy care confide ;  
 Keep us near thy wounded side ;  
 From thee let us never stir,  
 For thou know'st how soon we err.

3

Lay us low before thy feet,  
 Safe from pride and self-conceit ;  
 Be the language of our souls,  
 “Lord, protect us—we are fools.”

4

We are fools, but thou art wise,  
 Son of David, op'n our eyes ;



Hold thy lambs secure from harms,  
In thy everlasting arms.

## 5

O ! defend thy purchas'd flock ;  
See th' insulting Ishmael's mock ;  
Guard us from a world of sin,  
Foes without, and worse within.

## 6

Dangerous doctrines from without ;  
Lies and errors round about ;  
From within a treacherous heart,  
Prone to take the tempter's part.

## 7

Look upon th' unequal war ;  
Saviour, do not go too far ;  
Crafty is the foe, and strong ;  
Saviour, do not tarry long.

## 8

By thy word we fain would steer,  
Fain thy Spirit's dictates hear ;

Save us from the rocks and shelves—  
Save us chiefly from ourselves.

9

Never, never may we dare  
What we're not, to say we are :  
Make us well our vileness know ;  
Keep us very, very low.

10

May we all our wills resign,  
Quite absorpt and lost in thine ;  
Let us walk by thy right rules ;  
Lord, instruct us !—we are fools.

## LXIII.

*“ Abide in me : as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, so, neither can ye, except ye abide in me.”*  
—JOHN XV. 4.

1

HOLY SAVIOUR ! Friend unseen !  
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,  
Help me, throughout life's varying  
scene,  
By faith to cling to thee.

## 2

Blest with this fellowship divine,  
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;  
E'en as the branches to the vine,  
My soul would cling to thee.

## 3

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,  
Here she has found her place of rest,  
An exile still, yet not unblest,  
While she can cling to thee.

## 4

Without a murmur, I dismiss  
My former dreams of earthly bliss,  
My joy, my consolation this,  
Each hour to cling to thee.

## 5

What though the world deceitful  
prove,  
And earthly friends, and joys remove,  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still would I cling to thee.

## 6

Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste, with thorns o'er-  
grown ;  
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
Whispers, " Still cling to me."

## 7

Then faith and hope may all be tried,  
I ask not, need not aught beside ;  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to thee !

## 8

They fear not Satan, nor the grave ;  
They feel thee near, and strong to save ;  
Nor dread to cross o'er Jordan's wave ;  
Because they cling to thee.

## 9

Blest is my lot—whate'er befall,  
What can disturb me, who appal,  
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,  
Saviour ! I cling to thee ?

## LXIV.

*“ My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord.”*—HEB. xii. 3.

## 1

WHEN the Lord rebukes his servant,  
 'Tis to save and not destroy ;  
 'Tis to make my spirit fervent,  
 'Tis to give me real joy ;  
 'Tis to make me better know  
 That my rest is not below.

## 2

Shall I then repine at trials,  
 By my Father's love decreed ?  
 What if God had pour'd the vials  
 Of his wrath upon my head ?  
 Death of sin the wages is ;  
 All is mercy, short of this.

## 3

Since the Lord has giv'n me reason  
 To expect a place above ;

In affliction's sharpest season,  
Let me own that "God is love;"  
Let me own that all he does,  
From paternal kindness flows.

## 4

Shall I murmur at his dealings?  
Shall I not his kindness trust?  
Since he knows my frame and feelings,  
And remembers I am dust;  
Shall I not receive the rod,  
And confess the hand of God?

## 5

Hear me, Lord, in my petition;  
O sustain me, lest I faint!  
Teach me patience and submission;  
Keep thy servant from complaint,  
And in ev'ry trying hour,  
Lord, uphold me by thy pow'r!

## LXV.

*“Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.”—*  
 ROMANS viii. 33—34.

## 1

FROM whence this fear and unbelief?  
 Hast thou, O Father, put to grief  
 Thy spotless Son for me?  
 And will the righteous Judge of men  
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,  
 Which, Lord, was charg’d on thee?

## 2

Complete atonement thou hast made,  
 And to the utmost farthing paid,  
 Whate’er thy people ow’d;  
 How then can wrath on me take place  
 If shelter’d in thy righteousness,  
 And sprinkled with thy blood?

## 3

Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest ;  
The merits of thy Great High Priest  
    Speak peace and liberty ;  
Trust in his all-atoning blood,  
Nor fear thy banishment from God,  
    Since Jesus died for thee.

## LXVI.

*“ Every good gift, and every perfect gift,  
is from above, and cometh down from the  
Father of lights, with whom is no vari-  
ableness, neither shadow of turning.”—*  
JAMES i. 17.

## 1

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my  
    mind,  
And smiling day once more appears,  
Then, my Redeemer ! then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.



## 2

Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

## 3

Oh ! let me then at length be taught  
What still I am so slow to learn ;  
That God is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

## 4

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !  
Yet when my faith is sharply tried,  
I find myself a learner yet,  
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

## 5

But, O ! my Lord, one look from thee  
Subdues the disobedient will ;  
Drives doubt and discontent away,  
And thy rebellious worm is still.

## 6

Thou art as ready to forgive,  
As I am ready to repine ;  
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,  
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

## LXVII.

*"I am poor and needy ; yet the Lord  
thinketh upon me."*—PSALM xl. 17.

## 1

WHEN pining sickness wastes the  
frame,  
Acute disease, or tiring pain—  
When life fast spends her feeble flame,  
And all the help of man proves vain ;

## 2

Joyless and dark all things appear ;  
Languid the spirits, weak the flesh ;  
Med'cines can't ease, nor cordials  
cheer ;  
Nor food support, nor sleep refresh :

## 3

Then, then to have recourse to God,  
To pour a prayer in time of need,  
And feel the balm of Jesus' blood,  
This is to find relief indeed.

## 4

And this, O Christian! is thy lot,  
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith;  
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)  
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

## 5

When flesh decays, and heart thus  
fails,  
He shall thy strength and portion be;  
Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,  
And softly whisper, "Trust in me."

## 6

Himself shall be thy helping friend,  
Thy good Physician, nay, thy Nurse;  
To make thy bed shall condescend,  
And from affliction take the curse.

7

Should'st thou a moment's absence  
 mourn,  
 Should some short darkness intervene;  
 He'll give the power, 'till light return,  
 To trust him, with the cloud between.

## LXVIII.

*"Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities,  
 in reproaches."*—2 COR. xii. 10.

1

WHAT! take pleasure in distresses,  
 Glory in reproach alone!  
 He who can do this, possesses  
 Something to the world unknown—  
 Something that can furnish joys,  
 When the world its smile denies.

2

Love to Him who once was offer'd  
 On the cross, and bore its shame,  
 Who, on earth a victim suffer'd,  
 And a curse for men became—  
 Love to him can furnish joys,  
 Nobler far than earth supplies.

H

## 3

This can make reproach a blessing,  
Pain a pleasure, loss a gain ;  
Joyful hope in Christ possessing,  
What is loss and what is pain ?  
What is shame, and what is death—  
What to him who lives by faith ?

## 4

Far from earth he has his treasure ;  
'Tis laid up with God above ;  
What tho' earth afford no pleasure,  
Happy in his Father's love,  
He can smile, though all around,  
Stript of ev'ry joy be found.

## 5

He is blest, and they who blame him,  
Know not whence true joys arise ;  
When his Master comes to claim him,  
Then his foes will own him wise ;  
When the world exists no more,  
Heav'n will yield him boundless store.

## LXIX.

*“The heart is deceitful above all things,  
and desperately wicked.”—JER. xvii. 9.*

1

ASTONISH'D and distress'd,  
I turn my thoughts within !  
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,  
The seat of every sin,

2

What crowds of evil thoughts !  
What vile affections there !  
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,  
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3

Almighty King of Saints,  
These tyrant lusts subdue ;  
Expel the darkness of my mind,  
And all my pow'rs renew.

4

Then shall my cheerful voice  
Its loud hosannas raise ;  
My soul shall glow with gratitude,  
My lips proclaim thy praise.

## LXX.

*“Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.”—ROM. xvi. 2.*

## 1

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is thy Gospel weak ;  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

## 2

Wide as the reach of Satan's rage  
Doth thy salvation flow :  
'Tis not confined to sex or age,  
The lofty or the low.

## 3

Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,  
He'll form your souls anew ;  
His Gospel, and his heart have room  
For rebels such as you.

## 4

His doctrine is Almighty love :  
 There's virtue in his name,  
 To turn the raven to a dove,  
 The lion to a lamb.

## LXXI.

*“ What manner of man is this ! ”*

MARK iv. 41.

## 1

Who is this that calms the ocean ?  
 Thus they cried who were on board,  
 When they saw the wild commotion  
 Cease as Jesus spoke the word ;  
 When the sudden calm they saw,  
 Wonder fill'd their minds, and awe.

## 2

He who bids the tempest riot  
 On the deep, and make it swell,  
 He alone the storm can quiet,  
 Saying to it, “ Peace, be still ”—  
 He whose pow'r to all gives birth—  
 All in heav'n and all in earth.

H 2



## 3

He who calms the sea when raging,  
 Stills the tumult of the soul ;  
 By his word the storms assuaging,  
 Storms too furious for control ;  
 But he binds them with his hand,  
 And they cease at his command.

## 4

Ye who all your hope deriving  
 From yourselves, have labour'd long  
 To allay the storm by striving,  
 But have found the wind too strong ;  
 From the hopeless labour cease—  
 Jesus gives the troubled peace.

## LXXII.

*“So he bringeth them to their desired haven.”*

PSALM cvii. 30.

## 1

HALF a wreck, by tempests driven,  
 Yet this feeble bark survives,  
 Dash'd against the rocks, and riven,  
 In the midst of death it lives :

See it press'd on ev'ry side,  
See it still the storm outride.

2

Can a bark like mine, so shatter'd,  
Ever reach yon friendly shore?  
Tempest-toss'd so long, and batter'd,  
Can it stand one conflict more?  
Should another storm assail,  
Mast, and planks, and all must fail.

3

So they would, but one that's greater  
Than the storm and waves is here ;  
He it is, whose name is sweeter  
Far than music to my ear ;  
He preserves my shatter'd bark ;  
He makes light, when all is dark.

4

Jesus is the Lord, who hears me  
When the tempest roars around ;  
He it is whose presence cheers me,  
When I hear the dreadful sound ;  
Trusting in his grace and pow'r,  
Need I fear the darkest hour ?

## 5

What though ev'ry plank is starting,  
 Waves are running mountain high,  
 Thunders rolling, lightnings darting,  
 And no saving hand seems nigh!—  
 Let me still no danger fear,  
 Jesus, though unseen, is near.

## LXXIII.

*“As thy days, so shall thy strength be.”*

DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

## 1

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,  
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;  
 His faithful word declares to thee,  
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

## 2

Let not thy heart despond and say,  
 “How shall I stand the trying day?”  
 He has engag'd by firm decree,  
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

## 3

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,  
And, if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,  
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

## 4

Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

## 5

When thou art call'd to bear the cross,  
Or some affliction, pain, or loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty,  
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

## 6

When ghastly Death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears sub-  
due ;  
He comes to set thy spirit free,  
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

## LXXIV.

*"I will put my trust in Him."*—HEB. ii. 13.

1

OH cast away thy fears !  
Hope, and be undismay'd ;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy  
tears ;  
God shall lift up thy head.

2

Through waves, through clouds  
and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou his time, so shall the night  
Soon end in joyful day.

3

He ev'ry where hath sway,  
And all things serve his might ;  
His ev'ry act pure blessing is ;  
His path unsullied light.

## 4

When he makes bare his arm,  
What shall his work withstand?  
When he his people's cause defends,  
Who then shall stay his hand?

## 5

Leave to his sov'reign sway  
To choose and to command;  
With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own  
How wise, how strong his hand.

## 6

Thou comprehend'st him not—  
Yet earth and heaven tell,  
God sits as sov'reign on the throne;  
He ruleth all things well.

## 7

Thou seest our weakness, Lord;  
Our hearts are known to thee;  
O! lift thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee!

8

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

LXXV.

*“As one whom his mother comforts, so will  
 I comfort you.”—ISAIAH lxvi. 13.*

1

BEHOLD, how gracious is our God;  
 Hear the consoling words,  
 In which he cheers our fainting heart,  
 And peace and joy awards.

2

Cease ye, when days of darkness come,  
 In sad dismay to mourn,  
 As if the Lord would leave his saints  
 Forsaken and forlorn.

3

Can the fond mother e'er forget  
 The infant whom she bore?  
 And can its feeble cries be heard,  
 Nor move compassion more?

4

She may forget—Nature may fail  
 A parent's heart to move ;  
 But Zion on his heart shall dwell  
 In everlasting love.

## LXXVI.

*“ What I do, thou knowest not now, but  
 thou shalt know hereafter.”*—JOHN xiii. 7.

1

RIGHTEOUS are the works of God ;  
 All his works are holy ;  
 Just his judgments, fit his rod,  
 To correct our folly.

2

All his dealings wise and good ;  
 Uniform, tho' various ;  
 Cross they seem, by reason view'd,  
 Tho' full of grace, and glorious.

3

These are truths—and happy he,  
 Who can well receive them ;  
 Brethren, though we cannot see,  
 Still we should believe them.

1



4

Why thro' darksome paths we go,  
 We may know no reason ;  
 But we shall hereafter know,  
 Each in his due season.

5

Could we see how all is right,  
 Where were room for credence ?  
 But by faith, and not by sight,  
 Christians yield obedience.

6

Let all fruitless searches go,  
 Which perplex and grieve us ;  
 We determine nought to know,  
 But a bleeding Jesus.

## LXXVII.

*"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in  
 the great waters, and thy footsteps are not  
 known."*—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

1

God moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform ;

He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

## 2

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.

## 3

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

## 4

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

## 5

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour :  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

## 6

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain :  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

## LXXVIII.

*“ My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.”—Ps. lxxiii. 26.*

## 1

Do flesh and nature dread to die ?  
 And tim'rous thoughts and hearts en-  
 slave ?  
 Yet grace can raise our hopes on high,  
 And quell the terrors of the grave.

## 2

What! shall we run to gain the  
 crown,  
 Yet grieve to think the goal so near;  
 Afraid to have our labours done,  
 And finish this important war ?

3

Do we not dwell in clouds below,  
And little know the God we love ?  
Why do we like this twilight so,  
When 'tis all noon in worlds above ?

4

There shall we see him face to face ;  
There shall we know as we are  
known ;  
And Jesus, with his glorious grace,  
Shines in full light amidst the throne.

5

When we put off this fleshly load,  
We're from ten thousand mischiefs  
free ;  
For ever present with our God,  
Where we have longed and wished  
to be.

6

No more shall pride or passion rise,  
Or envy fret, or malice roar,  
Or sorrow mourn with downcast eyes ;  
Sin shall defile our souls no more.

7

'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,  
 To go where tempters cannot come ;  
 Where saints and angels ever blest,  
 Dwell, and enjoy their heav'nly home.

8

O for a visit from my Lord !  
 To drive my fears of death away,  
 And help me through this darksome  
 To realms of everlasting day. [road,

## LXXIX.

JOHN i.—HEB. i.—COL. i.—PHIL. iii.  
 9.—EPH. ii. 8, 9.—TITUS iii. 5—7, 12,  
 13.—Gal. ii. 20.

1

WHAT think you of Christ ? is the test  
 To try both your state and your  
 scheme ;

You cannot be right in the rest,  
 Unless you think rightly of him.

2

Some take him a creature to be ;  
 A man, or an angel at most :

Sure these have not feelings like me,  
Nor know themselves wretched and  
So guilty, so helpless, am I, [lost ;  
I durst not confide in his blood,  
Nor on his protection rely,  
Unless I were sure he is God.

## 3

Some call him a Saviour in word,  
But mix their own works with his plan,  
And hope he his help will afford,  
When they have done all that they can :  
If doings prove rather too light,  
(A little they own they may fail)  
They purpose to make it full weight,  
By casting his name in the scale.

## 4

Some style him the " Pearl of great  
Price,"  
And say, he's the fountain of joys :  
Yet feed upon folly and vice,  
And cleave to the world and its toys :

Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,  
 And while they salute him, betray ;  
 Ah ! what will profession like this,  
 Avail in his terrible day !

5

If ask'd, what of Jesus I think ?  
 (Tho' still my best thoughts are but  
 poor,)

I say, he's my meat and my drink,  
 My life, and my strength, and my store,  
 My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,  
 My Saviour from sin, and from thrall,  
 My hope, from beginning to end,  
 My portion, my Lord, and my all.

### LXXX.

HEB. iv. 14, 15.

1

WITH joy we meditate the grace  
 Of our High Priest above ;  
 His heart is made of tenderness ;  
 His very name is " Love."

2

Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
 He knows our feeble frame ;

He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

## 3

But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood.

## 4

He, in his days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;  
And still vouchsafes to feel afresh,  
What ev'ry member bears.

## 5

He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

## 6

Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his pow'r ;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,  
In ev'ry trying hour.



## LXXXI.

*“What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?”—MARK iv. 41.*

1

WHY those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus  
 Holds the helm, and guides the  
 ship;  
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,  
 Sent to waft us through the deep;  
 To the regions,  
 Where the mourners cease to weep.

2

Could we stay where death was  
 hov'ring?  
 Could we rest on such a shore?  
 No, the awful truth discov'ring,  
 We could linger there no more:  
 We forsake it,  
 Leaving all we lov'd before.

3

Though the shore we hope to land on,  
 Only by report is known;

Yet we freely all abandon,  
Led by that report alone ;  
And, with Jesus,  
Thro' the trackless deep move on.

## 4

Led by that, we brave the ocean ;  
Led by that, the storms defy ;  
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
Knowing that our Lord is nigh ;  
Waves obey him,  
And the storms before him fly.

## 5

Render'd safe by his protection,  
We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;  
Trusting to his wise direction,  
We shall gain the port at last ;  
And with wonder,  
Think on toils and dangers past.

## 6

O ! what pleasures there await us !  
There the tempests cease to roar :

There it is that those who hate us,  
 Can molest our peace no more ;  
 Trouble ceases  
 On that tranquil, happy shore.

## LXXXII.

*“The whole family in heaven and earth.”*

EPH. iii. 15.

1

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

2

Our brother the haven has 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 heav'n they spend,  
For ever and ever shall last.

## LXXXIII.

*"I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth in me should not walk in darkness."*—JOHN xii. 46.

## 1

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's pow'r ?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tow'r.

## 2

Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field?  
Why must I either flee or yield,  
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

## 3

When creature comforts fade and die,  
Worldlings may weep, but why should  
I?  
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

## 4

Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,  
My soul a famine need not dread,  
For Jesus is my living bread.

## 5

I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied;  
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

## 6

Tho' sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my righteousness.

## 7

Tho' faint my pray'rs and cold my love,  
 My steadfast hope shall not remove,  
 While Jesus intercedes above.

## 8

Against me earth and hell combine,  
 But on my side is power divine ;  
 Jesus is all, and he is mine.

## LXXXIV.

*“ Why art thou cast down, O my soul—  
 and why art thou disquieted within me ?  
 Hope thou in God,”* &c.—Ps. xlii. 11.

## 1

WHY throbs my flutt'ring heart ?  
 Why heaves the anxious sigh ?  
 My soul, why thus depress'd ?  
 Why swells my tearful eye ?  
 Why art thou thus dismay'd ?  
 Why fear thy cross to take ?  
 The Lord will ne'er thee leave ;  
 He never will forsake.

2

Tho' poverty, chill, frown,  
Thy treasure's safe secur'd;  
Tho' sorrows close thee round,  
They all can be endur'd ;  
For what hast thou to fear ?  
What harm can thee o'ertake ?  
The Lord will ne'er thee leave ;  
He never will forsake.

3

Tho' disappointment's blast  
Thy fondest hopes o'erthrow,  
Yet thou shalt own, at last,  
That mercy dealt the blow :  
The Father frowns in love,  
Thy wayward will to break,  
Then can the Lord thee leave ?  
Or can he e'er forsake ?

4

“ Come unto me,” he cries,  
“ Ye weary sinners, come ;  
“ Your burden on me lies,  
“ I bore it to the tomb.”

His oath on record stands ;  
His word and truth 's at stake ;  
He never can thee leave ;  
He never will forsake.

## LXXXV.

*"It is good for me that I have been afflicted."*

PSALM cxix. 71.

## 1

IN the floods of tribulation,  
While the billows o'er me roll,  
Jesus whispers consolation,  
And supports my sinking soul :  
Thus, " the lion yields me honey ;  
From the eater food is giv'n ;"\*  
Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward  
Singing, as I wade to heav'n—  
Sweet affliction ! Sweet affliction !  
That brings Jesus to my soul !

---

\* Judges xiv. 8.



2

'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings

With increased brightness play ;

'Mid the thornbrake, beauteous flow'r-

Look more beautiful and gay : [ets

So, in darkest dispensations,

Doth my faithful Lord appear,

With his richest consolations,

To re-animate and cheer.

Sweet affliction ! Sweet affliction !

Thus to bring my Saviour near !

3

Floods of tribulation heighten ;

Billows still around me roar ;

Those who know not Christ, ye fright-

But my soul defies your pow'r. [en,

In the sacred page recorded,

Thus his word securely stands :

“ Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,

“ Nought shall pluck thee from my

hands.”

Sweet affliction ! Sweet affliction !

That to such sweet words lays claim!

## 4

All I meet I find assist me,  
 In my path to heav'nly joy,  
 Where, tho' trials now attend me,  
 Trials never more annoy ;  
 Wearing there a weight of glory,  
 Still the path I'll ne'er forget,  
 But—reflecting how it led me  
 To my blessed Saviour's seat—  
 Cry, Affliction ! Sweet Affliction !  
 Haste ! bring more to Jesus' feet !

## LXXXVI.

*“ I know, O Lord, that thy judgments  
 are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast  
 afflicted me.”—PSALM cxix. 95.*

## 1

O LORD ! my best desire fulfil !  
 And help me to resign  
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
 And make my pleasure thine.

## 2

Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears ?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears ?

## 3

No, rather let me freely yield  
What most I prize to thee ;  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold from me.

## 4

Thy favour, all my journey through,  
Thou art engag'd to grant ;  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.

## 5

Wisdom and Mercy guide my way—  
Shall I resist them both ?  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crush'd before the moth.

## 6

But, ah! my inward spirit cries,  
 Still bind me to thy sway!  
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
 Drives all these thoughts away.

## LXXXVII.

*"My meditation of Him shall be sweet."*

PSALM civ. 34.

## 1

WHEN languor and disease invade  
 This trembling house of clay,  
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
 And long to fly away:

## 2

Sweet to look inward, and attend  
 The whispers of his love;  
 Sweet to look upward, to the place  
 Where Jesus reigns above:

## 3

Sweet to look back, and see my name  
 In life's fair book set down;  
 Sweet to look forward, and behold  
 Eternal joys my own:

## 4

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine  
 My sins on Jesus laid ;  
 Sweet to remember, that his blood  
 My debt of suff'ring paid :

## 5

Sweet, in his righteousness to stand,  
 Which saves from second death ;  
 Sweet, to experience, day by day,  
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath :

## 6

Sweet, on his faithfulness to rest,  
 Whose love can never end ;  
 Sweet, on his covenant of grace  
 For all things to depend :

## 7

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
 To trust his firm decrees ;  
 Sweet, to lie passive in his hands,  
 And know no will but his :

## 8

Sweet, to rejoice in lively hope,  
 That when my change shall come,

Angels shall hover o'er my bed,  
And fetch my spirit home.

9

Then shall my dis-imprison'd soul  
View Jesus, and adore ;  
Be with his likeness satisfied,  
And grieve, and sin no more :

10

Shall see him wear that very flesh,  
On which my guilt was laid ;  
His love intense, his merit fresh,  
As though but newly slain.

11

Soon, too, my slumb'ring dust shall  
hear  
The trumpet's quick'ning sound ;  
And, by my Saviour's pow'r rebuilt,  
At his right hand be found.

12

These eyes shall see him in that day,  
The God that died for me—  
And all my rising bones shall say,  
Lord, who is like to thee ?

13

If such the views which grace unfolds,  
 Weak as it is below ;  
 What raptures must the church above  
 In Jesus' presence know !

14

If such the sweetness of the stream,  
 What must the fountain be,  
 Where saints and angels draw their  
 bliss  
 Immediately from thee ?

15

O may the unction of these truths  
 For ever with me stay ;  
 Till, from her sinful cage dismiss'd,  
 My spirit flies away !

## LXXXVIII.

*"The Lord is my Shepherd."*—Ps. xxiii. 1.

1

JESUS is the Lord my Shepherd !  
 Then let fear be far away ;  
 From the lion and the leopard,  
 And from ev'ry beast of prey,

He will guard his helpless sheep ;  
Jesus loves his own to keep.

2

When the foe desir'd to have me,  
Jesus said—" This sheep is mine,"  
And resign'd his life to save me—  
Jesus! what a love is thine !  
All-victorious in its course,  
Nothing can withstand its force.

3

In the path of life he leads me,  
By the stream that gently flows ;  
In the verdant pasture feeds me,  
Where no plant injurious grows ;  
There I hear my Shepherd's voice ;  
There he bids my soul rejoice.

4

When thro' death's dark valley going,  
Fearful though the way appear,  
I will dread no evil, knowing  
Thou, my Shepherd! still art near :  
When I see thy rod and staff,  
Then I know thy sheep is safe.

K



## LXXXIX.

ISAIAH xxxi. 5.

1

As eagles flutt'ring o'er their nest,  
 Protect their callow brood ;  
 The Lord shall guard the souls that  
 rest

In his atoning blood :  
 With tend'rest care he passes o'er  
 His people, to defend ;  
 He saves from the destroyer's pow'r,  
 And saves them to the end.

2

Ev'n I, thy meanest servant, I  
 Thy kind protection prove ;  
 Jesus ! thou to my help dost fly,  
 On wings of softest love :  
 And while thy love is my defence,  
 Who e'er would injure me,  
 Must first o'erpow'r omnipotence,  
 And force their way through thee !

## XC.

*"The Lord will provide."*—GEN. xxii. 14.

## 1

THOUGH troubles assail,  
And dangers affright ;  
Though friends should all fail,  
And foes all unite ;  
Yet one thing secures us,  
Whatever betide,  
The Scripture assures us,  
The Lord will provide.

## 2

The birds without barn  
Or storehouse are fed,  
From them let us learn  
To trust for our bread ;  
His saints, what is fitting,  
Shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written,  
The Lord will provide.

## 3

We may, like the ships,  
By tempest be toss'd  
On perilous deeps,  
But cannot be lost ;  
Though Satan enrages  
The wind and the tide,  
The promise engages,  
The Lord will provide.

## 4

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

## 5

When Satan appears  
To stop up our path,

And fill us with fears,  
We triumph by faith ;  
He cannot take from us,  
Though oft he has tried,  
This heart-cheering promise,  
The Lord will provide.

## 6

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

## 7

No strength of our own,  
Or goodness we claim ;  
Yet since we have known  
The Saviour's great name,

In this, our strong tower,  
 For safety we hide ;  
 The Lord is our power,  
 The Lord will provide.

8

When life sinks apace,  
 And death is in view,  
 The word of his grace  
 Shall comfort us through ;  
 No fearing or doubting,  
 With Christ on our side,  
 We hope to die trusting,  
 The Lord will provide.

## XCI.

*“ The Son of Man hath not where to lay  
 his head.”—MATTH. viii. 20.*

1

How do thy mercies close me round !  
 For ever be thy name ador'd !  
 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 ;  
Yes, he himself becomes my guard ;  
He smooths my bed, and gives me  
sleep.

## 4

Jesus protects—my fears begone !  
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 beneath the Almighty's shade ;  
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;  
 Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is  
     staid,  
 Wilt keep my soul in perfect peace.

## 7

Me for thine own, thou lov'st to take,  
 In time and in eternity :  
 Thou never, never, wilt forsake  
 A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

## XCII.

*"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power  
 of his might."*—EPH. vi. 10.

## 1

GUIDE me, O ! thou great Jehovah !  
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
 Hold me with thy pow'ful hand :  
     Bread of Heaven !  
 Feed me 'till I want no more.

2

Open, Lord, the sacred fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong Deliv'rer !  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death, and hell's destruc-  
tion,\*  
Land me safe on Canaan's side !  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee !

4

Musing on my habitation,  
Musing on my heav'nly home  
Fills my soul with holy longing ;  
Come, Lord Jesus ! quickly come !  
Vanity is all I see ;  
Lord, I long to be with thee !

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\* Hosea xiii. 14.



# THE INVALIDS

## XCIH.

*“ I will trust, and not be afraid.”*

ISAIAH xii. 2.

I

BEGONE, unbelief !

My Saviour is near,  
And for my relief,

Will surely appear :  
By prayer let me wrestle,  
And he will perform ;  
With Christ in the vessel,  
I smile at the storm.

2

Though dark be my way,  
Since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis his to provide ;  
Tho' cisterns be broken,  
And creatures all fail,  
The word he has spoken  
Shall surely prevail.

## 3

His love in time past,  
Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last  
In trouble to sink ;  
Each sweet Ebenezer\*  
I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure  
To help me quite through.

## 4

Determin'd to save,  
He watch'd o'er my path,  
When, Satan's blind slave,  
I sported with death ;  
And can he have taught me  
To trust in his name,  
And thus far have brought me,  
To put me to shame ?

## 5

Why should I complain  
Of want or distress,

---

\* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

Temptation or pain ?  
He told me no less :  
The heirs of salvation,  
I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation  
Must follow their Lord.

## 6

How bitter that cup  
No heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up,  
That sinners might live ;  
His way was much rougher  
And darker than mine ;  
Did Jesus thus suffer,  
And shall I repine ?

## 7

Since all that I meet  
Shall work for my good ;  
The bitter is sweet,  
The med'cine is food ;

Though painful at present,  
 'Twill cease before long,  
 And then, oh ! how pleasant  
 The conqueror's song !

## XCIV.

*“As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever.”—*

PSALM CXXV. 2.

1

ZION stands by hills surrounded,  
 Zion, kept by pow'r divine :  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Tho' the world in arms combine :  
 Happy Zion !  
 What a favour'd lot is thine !

2

Ev'ry human tie may perish !  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;  
 Heav'n and earth at last remove ;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

L

## 3

Zion's friend in nothing alters,  
 Tho' all others may and do :  
 His is love that never falters,  
 Always to its object true.

Happy Zion !  
 Crown'd with mercies ever new.

## 4

If thy God should show displeasure,  
 'Tis to save, and not destroy ;  
 If he punish, 'tis in measure ;  
 'Tis to rid thee of alloy.

Be thou patient ;  
 Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

## 5

In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more  
 bright ;  
 But can never cease to love thee ;  
 Thou art precious in his sight :  
 God is with thee,  
 God, thine everlasting light.

## XCV.

*“Let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.”—1 PETER iv. 19.*

## 1

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry favour  
This day show'd by my God,  
I will bless my Saviour.

## 2

O! my Lord, what shall I render  
To thy name, still the same,  
Gracious, good, and tender?

## 3

Leave me not, but ever love me :  
Let thy peace be my bliss ;  
Till thou hence remove me.

## 4

Visit me with thy salvation ;  
Let thy care still be near,  
Round my habitation.

5

Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,  
 Safely keep, while I sleep,  
 Me with all thy power.

6

And, whene'er in death I slumber,  
 May I rise with the wise,  
 Counted in their number.

### XCVI.

*"Surely I come quickly. Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus."*—REV. xxii. 20.

1

STRANGERS and sojourners below,  
 We travel through this wilderness ;  
 Seeking the promis'd rest to know  
 In Christ, the fountain of true bliss :  
 We seek a place beyond the skies,  
 An everlasting Paradise.

2

No earthly bliss is worth our stay,  
 Or struggle for another breath ;  
 These comforts vanish and decay,  
 And yield no solid joy in death ;

While others vain delights pursue,  
We taste God's love, for ever new.

## 3

His cross inflicts the deadly blow,  
And crucifies each rebel sin ;  
Peace, love, and joy, hence richly flow,  
And cause sweet harmony within :  
Dependant on the God of pow'r,  
We glory in a suff'ring hour.

## 4

The new Jerusalem appears ;  
Her citizens resplendent shine ;  
For God hath wip'd away their tears,  
And fill'd them with the life divine,  
With them may we his glory see,  
And praise him through eternity !

## XCVII.

*“ And I said, O that I had wings like a  
dove,” &c.—PSALM lv. 6.*

## 1

O HAD I the wings of a dove,  
I'd make my escape and begone ;



I'd mix with the spirits above,  
Who encompass yon heavenly throne:  
I'd fly from all labour and toil,  
To the place where the weary have rest;  
I'd haste from contention and broil,  
To the peaceful abode of the blest !

## 2

How happy are they who no more  
Have to fear the assaults of the foe!  
Arriv'd on the heavenly shore,  
They have left all their conflicts below:  
They are far from all danger and fear,  
While remembrance enhances their  
joys,  
As the storm, when escap'd, will en-  
dear  
The retreat that the haven supplies.

## 3

Around that magnificent throne,  
Where the Lamb all his glory displays,  
United for ever in one,  
His people are singing his praise :

How holy, how happy are they !  
No tongue can express their delight !  
My soul, now unwilling to stay,  
Prepares for her heavenly flight.

## 4

But why do I wish to be gone ?  
Do I want from the danger to flee ?  
And shall I do nothing for one,  
Who was once such a sufferer for me ?  
Ah ! Lord, let me think of the day,  
When thou wast " rejected of men,"  
And put the base thought far away,  
And never be fearful again.

## 5

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

## XCVIII.

*“ For here have we no continuing city, but  
we seek one to come.”*—HEB. xiii. 14.

1

**“ WE’VE no abiding city here :”**  
This may distress the worldling’s mind,  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2

**“ We’ve no abiding city here :”**  
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;  
But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
**“ We seek a city yet to come.”**

3

**“ We’ve no abiding city here :”**  
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
Let not this world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.

4

**“ We’ve no abiding city here :”**  
We seek a city out of sight,  
Zion its name—“ the Lord is there ;”  
It shines with everlasting light.

5

“We’ve no abiding city here :”  
Methinks I hear the worldling say,  
“Your hope is vain, ye fools, forbear,  
For pleasure lies another way.”

6

No wonder men should reason thus,  
And count our expectation vain ;  
But did they know the truth like us,  
They’d soon adopt a different strain.

7

Did they, like us, by faith discern  
The glorious city of our God,  
They too, like us, would quickly learn  
To walk in Zion’s heav’nly road.

8

Zion !—Jehovah is her strength !  
Secure she smiles at all her foes ;  
And weary travellers, at length,  
Within her sacred walls repose.

9

O ! sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are  
blest !

L 2

Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

10

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here, to do his will be *mine*,  
And *his* to fix my time of rest.

## XCIX.

*“There remaineth, therefore, a rest unto  
the people of God.”—HEB. iv. 9.*

1

As when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
His heart revives, if cross the plains,  
He eyes his home, though distant still.

2

While he surveys the much-loved spot,  
He slightsthe space that lies between;  
His past fatigues are now forgot,  
Because his journey's end is seen.

## 3

Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

## 4

The thought of home his spirit cheers;  
No more he grieves for troubles past;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

## 5

'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell,  
With Jesus in the realms of day;  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And he shall wipe my tears away.

## 6

Jesus, on thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to our abode;  
Assur'd our home will make amends  
For all our toil while on the road.

## C.

*“Why art thou cast down, O my soul?  
and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope  
thou in God: for I shall yet praise him  
for the help of his countenance.”—PSALM  
xlii. 5.*

## 1

**BE** still, my heart! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns and snares;  
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word.

## 2

Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want, if he provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?

## 3

When first before his mercy-seat,  
Thou didst to him thy all commit:  
He gave thee warrant from that hour,  
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.

4

Did ever trouble yet befall,  
 And he refuse to hear thy call ?  
 And has he not his promise past  
 That thou shalt overcome at last ?

5

Like David, thou may'st comfort draw ;  
 "Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw,  
 Goliah's rage I may defy,  
 For God, my Saviour, still is nigh."

6

He who has help'd me, hitherto,  
 Will help me all my journey through ;  
 And give me daily cause to raise  
 New Ebenezers to his praise.

## CI.

*"Delight thyself also in the Lord ; and  
 he shall give thee the desires of thine  
 heart."*—PSALM xxxvii. 4.

1

O LORD ! I would delight in thee,  
 And on thy care depend ;



To thee in every trouble flee,  
My best, my gracious friend !

2

When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same ;  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in thy name !

3

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
Which has a fountain near ;  
A fountain which will ever run  
With waters sweet and clear ?

4

No good in creatures can be found,  
But may be found in thee ;  
I must have all things, and abound,  
While God is God to me.

5

O ! that I had a stronger faith,  
To look within the vail,—  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose word can never fail.

## 6

He, who has made my heav'n secure,  
Will here all good provide ;  
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?  
What can I want beside ?

## CII.

*“ For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”—ROM. viii. 38, 39.*

## 1

Now I have found the blessed ground,  
Where my soul's anchor may remain—  
The Lamb of God, who for my sin,  
Was a propitiation slain :  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heav'n and earth have pass'd  
away.

2

O love divine, thou vast abyss !  
My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness ;  
From condemnation I am free :  
While Jesu's blood, thro' earth and  
    skies,  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

3

Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Tho' strength, and health, and friends  
    be gone ;  
Tho' joys be withered all, and dead,  
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn ;  
Steadfast on this my soul relies,—  
Father ! thy mercy never dies.

4

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay ;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away,  
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

## CIII.

*“The Lord is merciful, and gracious,  
slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.—  
Like as a father pitieth his children, so the  
Lord pitieth them that fear him.”—Ps.  
ciii. 8, 13.*

## 1

My soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

## 2

High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

## 3

His pow'r subdues our sins ;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

## 4

The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble frame.

## 5

Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flow'r ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

## 6

But thy compassions, Lord !  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy word of promise sure.

## 7

My soul ! repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

## CIV.

*“By faith ye stand.”*

1

I SHALL dwell above yonder sky,  
 When countless ages have gone by ;  
 I shall enjoy the heavenly light,  
 When the sun sets in endless night !

2

Oh ! my Saviour, 'tis to thee  
 My grateful praise must offer'd be ;  
 'Tis from thee my hopes do spring ;  
 'Tis by thee I've power to sing  
 I shall dwell above yonder sky !

3

Oh ! my Saviour, once I groan'd,  
 The slave of sin, by God disown'd ;  
 But now thy blood hath ransom'd me,  
 Broke my chains, and set me free,—  
 I shall dwell above yonder sky !

4

Oh ! my Saviour, thou wilt keep,  
 And guide and feed thy purchas'd  
 sheep,

Wilt soothe me in affliction's hour,  
 And shield me from the tempter's  
 pow'r,—

I shall dwell above yonder sky !

5

Oh ! my Saviour, speed the day,  
 When death shall seize his lawful prey;  
 Then with my body sin shall die,  
 And spotless to thy throne I'll fly,—  
 I shall dwell above yonder sky !

### CV.

*“ While we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord—willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.”—2 COR. v. 6.*

1

COME on, my partners in distress,  
 My comrades through this wilderness,  
 Who still your bodies feel ;  
 A while 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 happy 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 spirit 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.



## CVI.

*"I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go."*—

CANTICLES iii. 4.

## 1

O TELL me no more  
Of this vain world's store ;  
The time for such trifles with me now  
is o'er,

## 2

A country I've found,  
Where true joys abound ;  
To dwell I'm determined on that hap-  
py ground.

## 3

The souls that believe,  
In paradise live ;  
And me in their number will Jesus  
receive.

4

My soul, don't delay ;  
He calls thee away ;  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless  
the glad day.

5

No mortal doth know  
What he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort  
do after him go.

6

So onward I move,  
And, but Christ above,  
None guesses how wondrous the  
journey will prove.

7

Great spoils I shall win,  
From death, hell, and sin,  
'Midst outward afflictions, shall feel  
Christ within ;

## 8

Perhaps, for his name,  
Poor dust as I am,  
Some works I shall finish, with glad  
loving aim ;

## 9

I still (which is best)  
Shall on his dear breast,  
As at the beginning, find pardon and  
rest.

## 10

And when I'm to die,  
Receive me ! I'll cry,  
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell  
why.

## 11

But this I do find,  
We two are so join'd,  
He'll not live in glory, and leave me  
behind.

## 12

Lo ! this is the race  
I'm running thro' grace,  
Henceforth, 'till admitted to see my  
Lord's face.

## 13

And now I'm in care,  
My neighbours may share  
These blessings ; to seek them will  
none of you dare ?

## 14

In bondage, O why,  
And death will ye lie,  
When one here assures you, free grace  
is so nigh ?

*(The following three Hymns are translated from the German, which will account for the irregularity of the diction. It is believed, that they were composed originally by Luther—and are evidences of the spiritual mind, which thus enabled him to triumph in Christ, over death, hell and the grave.)*

## CVII.

*“When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory.”—COL. iii. 4.*

## 1

JESUS' life of grief and sorrows,  
All his sufferings, death and pain,  
Prove in life our consolation,  
And in death our joy remain :  
Hallelujah !  
Christ's our life, hence death is gain.

## 2

*On his precious death and merit,  
All our hopes are safely built ;  
We rejoice in his salvation,  
Freed from sin's condemning guilt :  
Sing his triumphs ;  
'Twas for us his blood was spilt.*

## 3

Jesus yieldeth up his spirit ;  
Lo ! he bows his head and dies !

From his death we life inherit ;  
 Hence our happiness takes rise :  
*We now glory,*  
*Only in this sacrifice.*

## 4

Jesus' body once interred,  
 Sanctifies his people's rest,  
 And the place which keeps their bodies,  
 Since earth lodg'd that heav'nly  
 guest,  
 Now is hallow'd ;  
 We lie down in hope most blest.

## 5

Our Redeemer rose victorious ;  
 Oh ! what joy doth this afford !  
 Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,  
 Rais'd to glory like our Lord !—  
 Blessed Saviour !  
 Ever be by us ador'd !

## 6

Conqu'ring Lord ! to heav'n ascended,  
 To prepare for us a place,

Pleading thine own blood and merit ;  
 Hence our faith rests on thy grace :  
 Then in glory,  
 We shall see thee face to face !

7

Jesus ! at thy blest appearing,  
 Freed from weakness, grief, and  
 We, restored to thy likeness, [pain,  
 Then shall join thy happy train :  
 Make us ready,  
 Lord ! thy glory to obtain.

## CVIII.

*“ So shall we ever be with the Lord.”*

1 THESS. iv. 17.

1

WHAT shall I feel, when I,  
 The glorious choir espy,  
 In bliss unceasing ?  
 Already in my heart,  
 Rays from bright Salem dart,  
 With hopes most pleasing.

## 2

I hear th' enraptur'd song,  
Rais'd by the blessed throng  
Of the redeemed !  
Seated upon the throne,  
The Lamb once slain, alone  
Is worthy deemed.

## 3

Rejoice, my soul, thou soon,  
When here thy race is run,  
Shall have the favour,  
To go and join the blest,  
And there at home to rest  
With Christ thy Saviour.

## 4

Then shall our woe and grief,  
Find a most sure relief  
In joys unbounded :  
Triumphant songs shall be  
To the blest Trinity  
For ever sounded.



## 5

How blest when we can say,  
All else is fled away,  
    And love prevaileth !  
No longer Faith and Hope  
We need to bear us up ;  
    Love never faileth !

## 6

See how the victors go,  
In raiment white as snow,  
    With glory crowned !  
He grants to them, thro' grace,  
Around his throne a place,  
    On whom Death frowned.

## 7

The Bridegroom now appears ;  
He wipes off all our tears,  
    And ends all sadness ;  
To Him I had resign'd  
Myself, and now am join'd  
    In perfect gladness.

## 8

O Lord ! grant my request,  
To be in heaven at rest,  
When 'tis thy pleasure ;  
Then, to eternity,  
I ne'er shall parted be  
From thee my treasure !

## 9

At thy through-pierced feet,  
I'll humbly take my seat,  
*There's* heav'n's enjoyment :  
To give thee thanks and praise,  
For all thy love and grace,  
Be my employment !

## 10

While here, I live by faith,  
Relying on thy death,  
For thou'rt my Saviour ;  
Then I shall sweetly rest,  
Reclining on thy breast,  
In peace for ever.

## CIX.

*“The Church, which is his body.”*

EPHESIANS i. 22, 23.

1

CHRIST, my Rock, my sure defence,  
Jesus, my Redeemer, liveth !

O! what pleasing hopes from thence  
My believing heart deriveth !

Else death's long and dreary night  
Would my guilty soul affright.

2

Christ is risen from the dead ;  
Thou shalt rise too, saith my Saviour !

Of what should I be afraid ?  
I with him shall live for ever !

Can the HEAD forsake His Limb,  
And not draw me unto him ?

3

No, my soul, he cannot leave ;  
This, this is my consolation ;

And my body in the grave,  
Rests in hope and expectation,  
That this mortal flesh shall see  
Incorruptibility.

## 4

Closely, by love's sacred bands,  
I am joined to him already,  
And my faith's outstretched hands,  
To embrace my Lord are ready :  
Death itself shall never part  
Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

## 5

Flesh I bear, and therefore must  
Unto death be once reduced,  
This I own, but from the dust  
I shall be to life produced,  
And convey'd to endless bliss,  
Live, where my Redeemer is !

## 6

In my body, when restor'd  
To the likeness of his body,  
I shall see my God, my Lord,  
My beloved in his glory ;  
In my flesh eternally,  
My Redeemer I shall see.

7

These, my eyes, most certainly,  
Shall behold and know my Saviour ;  
I—no stranger—no, ev'n I,  
Him to see shall have the favour ;  
Grieving, pining, in that day,  
Ever shall be done away.

8

What here sickens, sighs, and  
groans,  
There o'er death shall prove victorious ;  
Earthly, here are sown my bones ;  
Heav'nly they shall rise, and glorious :  
What is natural, sown here,  
Shall, once spiritual, rise there.

9

Let us raise our minds above  
This world's lusts, vain, transitory ;  
Cleave to Him ev'n here in love,  
Whom we hope to see in glory :  
May our minds tend constantly,  
Where we ever wish to be !

Amen !

## CX.

*“For from the top of the rocks I behold  
him.”—NUMBERS xxiii. 9.*

## 1

METHINKS I stand upon the rock  
Where Balaam stood, and wond’ring  
look

Upon the scene below :  
The tents of Jacob goodly seem ;  
The people happy I esteem,  
Whom God has favour’d so.

## 2

The sons of Israel stand alone ;  
Jehovah claims them for his own—  
His cause and their’s the same :  
He saved them from the tyrant’s hand,  
Allots to them a pleasant land,  
And calls them by his name.

## 3

Their toils have almost reach’d a close,  
And soon they’re destined to repose  
Within the promis’d land ;

Even now its rising hills are seen,  
Enrich'd with everlasting green,  
Where Israel soon shall stand.

## 4

O ! Israel, who is like to thee ?  
A people saved, and called to be  
Peculiar to the Lord.  
Thy shield, he guards thee from the  
foe :  
Thy sword, he fights thy battles too :  
Himself thy great reward.

## 5

Fear not, though many should oppose,  
For God is stronger than thy foes,  
And makes thy cause his own :  
The promised land before thee lies ;  
Go up, and take the glorious prize,  
Reserved for thee alone.

## 6

In glory there the King appears :  
He wipes away his people's tears,  
And makes their sorrows cease ;

From toil and strife they there repose,  
And dwell secure from all their foes,  
In everlasting peace.

## 7

Fair emblem of a better rest,  
Of which believers are possest,  
Beyond material space :  
Methinks I see the heavenly shore,  
Where sin and sorrow are no more,  
And long to reach the place.

## 8

Nor shall I always absent be  
From Him my soul desires to see  
Within the realms of light ;  
Ere long my Lord will rend the veil,  
And not a cloud will then conceal  
His glory from my sight.

## 9

Sweet hope ! it makes the coward  
brave ;  
It makes a freeman of the slave,  
And bids the sluggard rise ;

## N



It lifts a worm of earth on high ;  
 It gives him wings, and bids him fly  
 To mansions in the skies.

## CXI.

*“ The heavenly Jerusalem.”*

REV. XXI. & XXII.

1

JERUSALEM ! my happy home !  
 Name ever dear to me !  
 When shall my labours have an end,  
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?

2

When shall these eyes thy heaven-  
 built walls,  
 And pearly gates behold ?  
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold ?

3

O when, thou city of my God,  
 Shall I thy courts ascend,  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And Sabbaths have no end ?

## 4

There happier bowers than Eden's  
bloom,

Nor sin, nor sorrow know :

Blest seats ! through rude and stormy  
scenes,

I onward press to you.

## 5

Why should I shrink at pain or woe ?

Or feel at death dismay ?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,

And realms of endless day.

## 6

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,

Around my Saviour stand ;

And soon my friends in Christ below,

Will join the glorious band.

## 7

Jerusalem ! my happy home !

My soul still pants for thee ;

Then shall my labours have an end,

When I thy joys shall see.

## CXII.

*"He hath done all things well."*

## 1

Now in a song of grateful praise,  
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise ;  
With all his saints I'll join to tell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

## 2

All worlds his glorious pow'r confess ;  
His wisdom all his works express ;  
But Oh ! his love what tongue can  
tell !

My Jesus hath done all things well.

## 3

How sov'reign, wonderful, and free  
Has been his love to sinful me !  
He plucked me as a brand from hell ;  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

## 4

I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,  
And yet he undertook my cause ;

To save me, tho' I did rebel—  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

## 5

Ah! since my soul hath known his  
love,

What mercies has he made me prove!  
Mercies which do all praise excel;  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

## 6

And when to that bright world I rise,  
And join the anthems of the skies,  
Above the rest this note shall swell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

## CXIII.

*“Even so, come, Lord Jesus.”*

REV. xxii. 20.

## 1

FLY, ye seasons, fly still faster:  
Let the glorious day come on,

When we shall behold our Master  
Seated on his heav'nly throne ;  
When the Saviour  
Shall descend to claim his own.

## 2

What is earth with all its treasures,  
To the joy the Gospel brings ?  
Well may we resign its pleasures ;  
Jesus gives us better things :  
All his people  
Draw from heav'n's eternal springs.

## 3

But if here we taste of pleasure,  
What will heaven itself afford ?  
There our joy will know no measure,  
There we shall behold our Lord ;  
There his people  
Shall obtain their bright reward.

## 4

Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster ;  
Swiftly bring the glorious day ;

Jesus, come! our Lord and Master!  
 Come from heaven without delay;  
 Take thy people,  
 Take, O! take them hence away.

### CXIV.

*"Now is come salvation, and strength,  
 and the kingdom of our God, and the power  
 of his Christ."*—REV. xii. 10.

#### 1

He comes, he comes! the Saviour dear;  
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near;  
 His light'nings flash, his thunders roll;  
 How welcome to the faithful soul!

#### 2

From heav'n 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, all ye people of the sky,  
And all the saints of the Most High ;  
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
For ever, and for ever reigns.

## CXV.

*“ Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.”—REV. iv. 11.*

## 1

FATHER ! how wide thy glory shines !  
How high thy wonders rise !  
Known through the earth by thou-  
sand signs,  
By thousand through the skies !

2

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy  
pow'r ;

Their motions prove thy skill !  
While on the wings of ev'ry hour  
We read *thy patience* still !

3

But when we view the great design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms ;

4

*Here* the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dare a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The wisdom or the grace.

5

Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;  
Bright seraphs chaunt Immanuel's  
name,  
And try their choicest strains,

N 2



## 6

O ! may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song !  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

## CXVI.

*“ Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,  
to receive power, and riches, and wisdom,  
and strength, and honour, and glory, and  
blessing,”* &c.—REV. v. 12.

## 1

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

## 2

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

## 3

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

## 4

The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## CXVII.

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

## 1

Now may the God of peace and love,  
Who from th' imprisoning grave,  
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Omnipotent to save ;

## 2

Through the rich merits of that blood  
Which he on Calvary spilt,  
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure  
On which our hopes are built;

## 3

Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace,  
To accomplish all his will,  
And all that's pleasing in his sight.  
Inspire us to fulfil.

## 4

For his, our blessed Shepherd's sake,  
We ev'ry blessing pray,  
With glory let his name be crown'd  
Through heav'n's eternal day.

## CXVIII.

*“Now God himself, and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, direct our way unto you. And the Lord make you to increase and abound in love toward one another, and toward all men. To the end he may establish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints.”—1 THESS. iii. 11—13.*

## 1

I GIVE immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all my comforts here,  
And better hopes above.  
He sent his own eternal Son  
To die for sins that man had done.

## 2

To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,

Who bought us with his blood,  
From everlasting woe.  
And now He lives, and now He  
reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

## 3

To God the Spirit's name,  
Immortal worship give ;  
Whose new-creating pow'r  
Makes the dead sinner live.  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.



# **APPENDIX.**

**THE Editor is glad of this opportunity of adding a few original Hymns to this collection. They have been kindly sent by a dear Invalid, whose principal motive in communicating them, is the hope that the " Lord who raiseth those that are bowed down—who healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds," may condescend to direct them so to the hearts of sufferers, as to produce relief and comfort.**

I.

*"He openeth their ear to discipline."*

JOB xxxvi. 10.

1

CHAMBER of sickness ! much to thee

I owe,

Though dark thou be ;

The lessons it imports me most to  
know,

I owe to thee !

A sacred seminary thou hast been,

I trust, to train me for a happier scene.

2

Chamber of sickness ! suffering and  
alone,

My friends withdrawn,

The blessed beams of heavenly truth  
have shone

On me, forlorn,



With such a hallowed vividness and  
power,

As ne'er were granted to a brighter  
hour.

## 3

Chamber of sickness! midst thy si-  
lence, oft

A voice is heard,

Which though it fall like dew on  
flowers, so soft,

Yet speaks each word

Into the aching heart's unseen recess,  
With power no earthly accents could  
possess.

## 4

Chamber of sickness! in that bright  
abode,

Where there is no more pain,  
If, through the merits of my Saviour-  
God,

A seat I gain,

This theme shall tune my golden harp's  
 soft lays,  
 That in thy shelter passed my earthly  
 days.

## II.

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

*"I will be with him in trouble."*

Ps. xci. 15.

1

FATHER! when thy child is dying,  
 On the bed of anguish lying,  
 Then, my ev'ry want supplying,  
 To me thy love display!

2

Let me willingly surrender  
 Life to thee, its gracious lender;  
 Can I find a friend more tender?  
 Why should I wish to stay?

3

Ere my pulse has ceased it's beating,  
 Ere my sun has reached it's setting,  
 Let me, some sweet truth repeating,  
 Shed round one parting ray.

## 4

Ere my chain's last link be broken,  
Grant some bright and cheering token,  
That for *me* the words are spoken,  
    "Thy sins are washed away."

## 5

If the powers of hell surround me,  
Let not their assaults confound me!  
All for which thy law once bound me,  
    Thyself hast died to pay.

## 6

When, no remedies availing,  
Fiercer pangs my frame assailing,  
Show that flesh and heart are failing,  
    Be thou my strength and stay!

## 7

When, tho' tender friends be near me,  
Their kind pity cannot cheer me,  
And they strive in vain to hear me,  
    Turn not thy face away!

8

When, each face beloved concealing,  
Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing,  
Then, thy radiant smile revealing,  
Unfold eternal day !

9

When the lips are mute which blest me,  
And withdrawn the hand that pressed  
me,  
Then, let sweeter sounds arrest me,  
Calling my soul away !

10

Thou who bad'st to Death defiance,  
Fix on Thee her firm reliance,  
Let her tranquil, sweet affiance  
Thy victory display !

11

Guide her to that world of spirits,  
Where, through thine atoning merits,  
E'en thy weakest child inherits  
Joys which can ne'er decay.

## III.

## HYMN FOR THE WEARY.

1

My only Saviour ! when I feel  
O'erwhelmed in spirit, faint, opprest,  
'Tis sweet to tell thee, while I kneel  
Low at thy feet— *Thou art my rest.*

2

I'm weary of the strife within ;  
Strong powers against my soul contest ;  
O let me turn from self and sin,  
To thy dear cross— *There, there is rest!*

3

I'm weary of this suffering frame,  
With languor and with pain distress ;  
Yet my impatience oft I blame—  
At all times, *Thou canst give me rest.*

4

When with a trembling heart I try  
My state, by truth's unerring test,  
Oft it condemns me, yet I fly  
To thee for freedom— *Thee for rest.*

5

Fain would I learn to "cease from  
man ;"

They're "broken cisterns" at the best ;  
To form no earthly wish nor plan,  
But cleave to thee—*and in thee rest.*

6

O! sweet will be the welcome day,  
When from her toils and woes releas'd,  
My parting soul in death shall say,  
"Now, Lord! *I come to thee for rest.*"

## IV.

*"In the multitude of the sorrows that I  
had in my heart, thy comforts have refresh-  
ed my soul."*—PSALM xciv. 19.

1

THROUGH the long and lonely night,  
Amidst languor, and pain, and fear,  
The darkness is turned to light,  
My Saviour! if thou art near ;  
And I feel I can patiently suffer still,  
And my only prayer is to do thy will.

## 2

But, if left to nature's sway,  
How wearisome prove the hours !  
How vain is it then to essay  
Philosophy's boasted powers !  
My Saviour ! no voice less efficient  
than thine,  
Can teach the poor sufferer not to  
repine.

## 3

But e'en when the mind is worn  
With the pressure of long disease,  
And the feeble frame is torn  
With anguish no med'cine can ease,  
If thy presence be granted, the soul is  
blest :  
She flies to thy bosom, and there finds  
rest.

## 4

And then, her one desire  
Is to be conformed to thee,  
And to pass through the furnace fire,  
That her dross consumed may be ;

For if with them there, as of old thou  
wert,  
Thy children can pass through the  
flames unhurt.

## 5

And oh ! when the heart is taught  
That in love each correction is sent ;  
That thy tenderness changes not,  
But is proved by thy chastisement ;  
Though the tear of distress unforbid-  
den may flow,  
Submission and thankfulness mingle  
with woe—

## 6

For the sense of thy pardoning love  
Is shed o'er the soul like balm,  
And she looks to the realms above,  
And she feels a heavenly calm ;  
She knows that her treasure is laid  
up in store,  
And that soon, very soon, she will  
suffer no more.



## V.

*"It is I; be not afraid."*—MATT. xiv. 27.

## 1

WHEN waves of trouble round me  
swell,

My soul is not dismayed :  
I hear a voice I know full well,—

*" 'Tis I—be not afraid."*

## 2

When black the threatening skies  
appear,

And storms my path invade,  
Those accents tranquillize each fear,

*" 'Tis I—be not afraid."*

## 3

There is a gulf that must be crossed ;  
Saviour, be near to aid !

Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,

*" 'Tis I—be not afraid."*

## 4

There is a dark and fearful vale,  
Death hides within its shade,  
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,  
“ ’Tis I—be not afraid.”

## VI.

## UNDER DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.

“ *Acquaint thyself with him, and be at peace.*”—JOB xxii. 21.

## 1

ART thou acquainted, oh my soul !  
With such a Saviour, such a friend ;  
Whose power can all events control,  
And from all evils can defend ?

## 2

Why art thou then opprest with fears?  
Knowledge of him should give thee  
peace ;  
Should check these mournful thoughts  
and tears,  
And bid these sad misgivings cease.

## 3

Is it the *past* that gives thee pain?  
Sins, errors, falls, dost thou deplore?  
The atoning blood pleads not in vain;  
Thy God remembers them no more.

## 4

Do *present* troubles vex thy mind?  
Sufferings of body, mental care?  
In God a refuge thou wilt find,  
And oh! what sweet relief in prayer!

## 5

Dost thou the unknown *future* dread,  
Sorrows in life, or death's dark vale?  
In both shall light around be shed;  
Thy God's sure promise cannot fail.

## 6

Dost thou, with dread still greater,  
shrink  
From pain, for those on earth most dear?  
And oft, with sickening anguish, think  
On all they yet may suffer here?

## 7

Oh, faithless, unbelieving heart !  
 So slow to trust that tenderest friend ;  
 Who *then* will needful strength impart,  
 Who, "loving, loves unto the end."

## 8

No longer doubt, nor fear, nor grieve,  
 Nor on uncertain evils dwell ;  
 Past, present, future, calmly leave  
 To Him, who will "do all things well."

## VII.

COMPOSED UNDER SEVERE PAIN.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to  
*faint.*"—LUKE xviii. 1.

## 1

OFTEN, my God ! when most I need  
 Thy pitying aid, I seek it least ;  
 And fail thy promises to plead,  
 When weary and with pain oppress.

## 2

For Satan, then, with guileful power,  
Draws near and tempts me to delay;  
Suggesting still, from hour to hour,  
“Thou art too sick, too weak to pray.”

## 3

“Nor mind nor body now can bear  
“The high employment; wait awhile!”  
Oh! what could comfort me like prayer?  
What cheer me like my Saviour's  
smile?

## 4

I will approach thee—I will force  
My way through obstacles to thee;  
To thee for strength will have recourse,  
To thee for consolation flee!

## 5

Not willingly dost thou so grieve  
And chasten thy still pardoned child;  
Wilt thou not soon my pain relieve,  
And cheer me with thy accents mild?

## 6

Oh, cast me—cast me not away,  
 From thy dear presence, gracious Lord!  
 My burden at thy feet I lay ;  
 My soul reposes on thy word.

## 7

To those who faint and have no might,  
 Thou freely givest strength and power;  
 Now grant me favour in thy sight,  
 And aid me in my suffering hour.

## VIII.

*“ To depart and be with Christ is far better. ”*

PHIL. i. 23.

## 1

Oh ! how I long to reach my home,  
 My glorious home in heaven !  
 And wish the joyful hour were come,  
 The welcome mandate given !

## 2

Oh ! how I long to lay aside  
 These worn-out weeds of clay ;

And, led by my celestial guide,  
T'explore yon azure way!

3

Oh! how I long to be with Christ,  
Where all his glory beams!  
To be from this dark world dismissed,  
Which his dear name blasphemes.

4

Oh! how I long that world to hail,  
Where sin can ne'er defile!  
Where not a cloud shall ever veil  
From me my Saviour's smile.

5

Oh! how I long to join the choir,  
Who worship at his feet!  
Lord! grant me soon my heart's desire;  
Soon, soon, thy work complete.

## IX.

*“Endure hardness, as a good soldier of  
Christ.”—2 TIM. ii. 3.*

1

My Lord and Master! 'tis enough!  
Sufficient is thy grace;

I turn not from the path, tho' rough,  
Thou deign'st for me to trace.

2

'Twas watered once with many a rill,  
And decked with flow'rets gay ;  
They're gone! but Thou art with me  
still,

To charm this rougher way !

3

Nature sees nothing to allure ;  
But my baptismal sign  
Has pledged me "hardness to endure,"  
Stamped with thy cross divine.

4

To set my face e'en as a flint,  
Nor cast one look behind ;  
For in this path, the blessed print  
Of thine own steps I find.

5

Then let life's dearest ties grow weak ;  
Each cherished idol fall !  
Let every earthly cistern break,  
That Thou may'st be my all !



## X.

*“ Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me.”*

## 1

AGAIN the orient light is shining!  
 Again on thee, my God! reclining,  
     Would I pursue my way;  
 Would follow where thy voice shall  
     call me,  
 Would cling to Thee whate'er befall me;  
 And oh! let thy mild look recall me,  
     When I would go astray.

## 2

Nor pain, nor languor can deprive me  
 Of comfort, if thy grace revive me;  
     And tho' my cross I take,  
 Those who will follow thee, must  
     bear it;  
 And thou will condescend to share it;  
 Oh, let me, Lord! with thine compare it,  
     Borne meekly for my sake.

## 3

It may be, thro' thy gracious presence,  
That smile, which is of joy the essence,

Bliss may on me be shed ;  
My favored soul, in thee delighting,  
Thy loveliness her love exciting,  
Thy spirit all her powers uniting,  
With joy her path may tread.

## 4

But if dejected, faint, and weary,  
My path, to-day, seem rough, and  
dreary ;

Oh ! let thy pitying love,  
That source of sweetest comfort, cheer  
me !

And tell me thou art ever near me,  
To strengthen, guide, defend, and  
hear me,

My all in all, to prove !

## 5

Should any earthly things distress me ?  
Should sufferings, cares, or fears de-  
press me

When Thou thy love hast given?  
When Thou wilt leave not, nor forsake me,  
But meet for thine own presence  
make me,  
And soon will come thyself and take  
me,  
To dwell with thee in heaven?

## 6

Oh no! with such a God and Saviour,  
Sweet peace should stamp my whole  
behaviour,  
Whate'er my present lot;  
Let me, in peace, my path pursuing,  
My strength, by hourly prayer, re-  
newing,  
And oft the glorious future viewing,  
Go on, and falter not!

## XI.

LOOK UPWARDS, IN DEPRESSION OF MIND.

TAKE courage, O, my soul! This  
life, which seems

Often to thee, so wearisomely long,  
*Would*, if thy FAITH were active, fruit-  
ful, strong,

Pass o'er thee lightly, as young Fancy's  
dreams.

On that fair city, where the sun's  
bright beams

Are needed never; where the white-  
robed throng

Pour forth their hallowed extacies in  
song,

To gaze with steadier vision thee be-  
seems.

On "things not seen," thou'rt bid to  
fix thine eye;

To feel a stranger and a pilgrim  
here;

r

Of small account life's transient griefs  
appear  
When Faith unfolds heaven's joys  
and brings them nigh ;  
Then bright and blest each hour of  
Time would be,  
Fraught with the glories of Eternity.

## XII.

PRAYER AGAINST IMPATIENCE AND  
IRRITABILITY.

1

LORD ! when I see thee as thou art,  
No sufferings then will wake a sigh ;  
Grant the one wish that fills my heart,  
To *glorify* thee, ere I die.

2

When I would murmur and complain,  
Fix on *thy cross* my tearful eye ;  
Mine is far lighter to sustain ;  
Oh ! make me *patient*, ere I die.

## 3

What countless blessings thou hast  
given,  
Though health it please thee to deny ;  
Thy precious blood—a home in  
heav'n !—  
Oh ! make me *thankful*, ere I die.

## 4

Thou art my stem, my life, my root ;  
Sap to thy feeblest branch supply ;  
Those who “abide in thee” bear  
fruit—  
Oh ! make me *fruitful*, ere I die.

## 5

Too often do I go astray ;  
Unstable—weak—alas ! am I ;  
Oh ! keep me in *thyself*, my way ;  
Make me *consistent*, ere I die.

## 6

Oh ! prove, by making all things new,  
*Thou* dost within me rule, not I ;

Let grace the carnal mind subdue,  
And make me *heavenly*, ere I die.

## 7

None without holiness can see  
Thy glorious beauty, eye to eye ;  
But if my heart *thy* temple be,  
I *shall* be *holy*, ere I die.

## 8

Let ev'ry grace combine to prove,  
Thy spirit seals me, from on high ;  
Faith, meekness, resignation, love—  
Let *each* adorn me, ere I die.

## 9

Shew that I am *in thee* "complete ;"  
In me thy mercy magnify ;  
Let all around thy praise repeat,  
By me awakened, ere I die.

## 10

Thou art the Lord, my Righteousness,  
No other wedding robe need I ;  
Jehovah's eye no spot will trace ;  
In it arrayed, I'm fit to die.

## 11

This, this *alone* can safety give  
 When death's appalling hour draws  
 nigh ;  
 If it be "Christ" to me "to live,"  
 It will be "gain" indeed "to die."

## XIII.

*"Come unto me all ye that are weary."*

MATT. xi. 28.

## 1

WITH tearful eyes I look around ;  
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;  
 Yet, midst the gloom I hear a sound,  
 A heav'nly whisper—"Come to me."

## 2

It tells me of a place of rest ;  
 It tells me where my soul may flee ;  
 Oh ! to the weary, faint, opprest,  
 How sweet the bidding—"Come to  
*me !*"



## 3

When the poor heart with anguish  
learns  
That earthly props resigned must be,  
And from each broken cistern turns,  
It hears the accents—“*Come to me.*”

## 4

When against sin I strive in vain,  
And cannot from its yoke get free,  
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,  
The words arrest me—“*Come to me.*”

## 5

When nature shudders, loath to part  
From all I love, enjoy, and see,  
When a faint chill steals o'er my  
heart,  
A sweet voice utters—“*Come to me.*”

## 6

“Come, for all else must fail, and  
die;  
“Earth is no resting-place for thee;

“Heav’nward direct thy weeping  
 eye ;  
 “I am thy Portion—*Come to me.*”

7

O, voice of mercy ! voice of love !  
 In death’s last fearful agony,  
 Support me—cheer me—from above !  
 And gently whisper—“*Come to me.*”

## XIV.

“*We are saved by hope.*”

1

OH ! were it not for that sweet hope,  
 Of future rest and bliss,  
 How would the fainting soul bear up,  
 In such a world as this ?

2

I have no *heavy* cross to bear ;  
 No complicated woes ;  
 No overwhelming grief or care,  
 To rob me of repose.

## 3

My outward wants are all supplied,  
By Heaven's indulgent hand ;  
Nor is one boon, save health, denied,  
Which Reason could demand.

## 4

But yet, 'tis true that e'en to me,  
Life is a toilsome race ;  
This body of infirmity  
So oft retards my pace.

## 5

The inward strife that ceases not,  
My failures, and my fears,  
Render this dark terrestrial spot  
To me a vale of tears.

## 6

Still, many a promise is bestow'd  
To suit a case like mine,  
Which sheds across my tearful road,  
A cheering ray divine.

7

These promises sustain my heart ;  
 I keep the prize in view,  
 And through the comfort they impart,  
 Though "faint," I yet pursue.

8

For at the end of this dark vale,  
 Some golden streaks I see,  
 Which tell (though faint, as yet, and  
 pale,)  
 The morning breaks for me.

9

They tell that "light" for me "is  
 sown,"  
 And joyful gladness, too ;  
 And I shall meet them at the throne  
 Of Him I long to view.

## XV.

IN SOLITUDE AND SICKNESS.

1

*CEASE* thou from man ; Oh ! what to  
 thee,  
 Can thy poor fellow-mortals be ?

P 2

Are they not erring, finite, frail ?  
What can their utmost aid avail ?

## 2

Their very love will prove a snare ;  
Then, when thy heart becomes aware  
Of its own danger, it will bleed  
For leaning on a broken reed,

## 3

Why does thy bliss so much depend  
On earthly relative, or friend ?  
There is a friend who changes never,  
The love He gives, is given for ever.

## 4

*He* has withdrawn thee, now, apart,  
To teach these lessons to thy heart ;  
Has darkened all thy earthly scene,  
That thou *on Him alone* may'st lean.

## 5

His precious love the balm supplies,  
For which thy wounded spirit sighs ;  
That only med'cine can make whole,  
The weary, faint, and sin-sick soul.

6:

Go to that Friend, poor, aching heart!  
 He knows how desolate thou art;  
 He waits—he longs to see thee blest,  
 And *in Himself*, to give thee rest.

## XVI.

SELF-EXAMINATION UNDER FEAR OF SELF-  
 DECEPTION.

*“ Perplexed, but not in despair.”*

2 COR. iv. 8.

1

SEARCHER of hearts! to thee are  
 known  
 My conflicts, doubts, and painful  
 fears,  
 Thou clearly seest, thou alone,  
 That which to me perplex'd appears.

2

'Tis of momentous consequence,  
 That here I should not be deceived;  
 Sickness is come—I *may* go hence—  
 O! let my doubts be now relieved.

## 3

I have no line wherewith to sound  
The dark, mysterious depths within ;  
Such contradictions there abound,  
As oft my comfort undermine,

## 4

Still the sweet hope that thou hast  
deign'd  
Me with thy saving health to bless,  
'Midst all my conflicts is maintain'd,  
The dearest treasure I possess.

## 5

'Tis the one cheering beam that gilds  
My clouded, solitary path ;  
And the pure, lambent light it yields,  
Seems sent in mercy, not in wrath.

## 6

That hope has stood full many a  
shock  
'Midst sickness, sorrow, weakness,  
pain ;

An anchor fastened to that rock  
No sinner ever sought in vain.

## XVII.

*“Thy will be done.”*

## 1

My God and Father ! while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough  
way,  
Oh ! teach me from my heart to say  
“Thy will be done !”

## 2

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me “be still” and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
“Thy will be done !”

## 3

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
“Thy will be done !”



## 4

If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield thee what was thine;  
    "Thy will be done!"

## 5

Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father! still I strive to say,  
    "Thy will be done!"

## 6

If but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,  
My God! to thee I leave the rest—  
    "Thy will be done!"

## 7

Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say  
    "Thy will be done!"

8

Then when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,  
“Thy will be done!”

## XVIII.

## MORNING HYMN

“*Looking unto Jesus.*”—HEB. xii. 2.

1

LORD, I would rise each morning,  
In *thy* blest path to tread :  
Such light from thence is dawning,  
I ne'er can be misled :  
That heavenly track pursuing,  
My soul fresh strength will gain ;  
That bright example viewing,  
Some likeness will attain.

2

Each grace with mild effulgence,  
Through thy demeanour shone ;

Self-pleasing, self-indulgence,  
To thee were never known ;  
'Twas as "*a man of sorrows,*"  
Thy years were passed below ;  
From this the sufferer borrows  
A balm for every woe.

## 3

Privation, self-denial,  
Fatigue, opprobrium, scorn,  
Each varied form of trial,  
By thee were hourly borne ;  
Full oft thine heart was wounded,  
E'en by that chosen few,  
Towards whom thy love unbounded  
Nor change, nor limit knew.

## 4

Whole nights of prayer succeeded  
Thy long laborious day ;  
Thy fervent spirit needed  
No solace but to pray ;

Thy mortal strength fast wasted,  
But thy untiring soul,  
With ceaseless ardour hasted  
To reach the glorious goal.

## 5

If life e'er seems appalling,  
O'er cast with pain and gloom,  
Whether past griefs recalling,  
Or fearing woes to come ;  
Be this reproof sufficient ;  
What thoughts must *thine* have been,  
When by thine eye omniscient,  
*Jerusalem* was seen !

## 6

What anguish there awaited  
The spotless Lamb of God !  
Who, scorned, blasphemed, and hated,  
Poured out his precious blood !  
There, to ensure my pardon,  
He sorrowed unto death,  
And in that mournful garden,  
Fainted *my* load beneath.

## 7

Lord ! I can ne'er unravel  
The mystery of thy woes ;  
Of thy pure spirit's travail  
The agonizing throes ;  
But oh ! that cross and passion  
Should check each weak complaint,  
That unknown tribulation,  
Should bid *me* not to faint.

## 8

Since *thou* hast deigned to suffer,  
Let suffering still be mine ;  
My path can ne'er be rougher,  
Ne'er half *so* rough as thine ;  
Oh, when my heart seems sinking,  
Let this my cordial be,  
*I* of *thy* cup am drinking,  
To be conformed to thee.

## XIX.

## FOR A DYING BED.

1

*Oh, weep not for me ! I can never be  
blest  
Till my sorrowful spirit in Jesus shall  
rest !  
Till this body of sin and of death be  
destroyed,  
And the soul for his glory alone, be  
employed.*

2

*Oh, weep not for me ! now my joys  
will begin ;  
I shall know the full meaning of  
ceasing from sin ;  
I shall know how the saints are made  
perfect in love ;  
And be spotless and pure as the  
angels above.*

## 3

Oh, weep not for me ! soon my death-  
pangs will cease,  
And this suffering body will slumber  
in peace ;  
My soul, even now, " is in haste to  
be gone,"  
And her robe with the undefil'd saints  
to put on.

## 4

Oh, weep not for me ! the glad moment  
is come  
Which tells me I now am made meet  
for my home ;  
My Saviour has willed I should now  
be removed,  
His face to behold, whom unseen, I  
have loved.

## 5

Oh, weep not for me ! I can welcome  
the pains  
Which break every bond that my  
spirit detains ;

And ere long, by his own gracious  
hand, the last tear  
Will be wiped from these eyes which  
so often weep here.

## XX.

MEDITATION ON THE MIDNIGHT PRECEDING  
GOOD FRIDAY.

## 1

OH! my Redeemer! can I sleep,  
With heart at ease, with spirits light,  
When Thou, for me, such watch didst  
keep  
On this sad night?

## 2

Shall I not "watch with thee, one  
hour?"  
And strive, by importuning prayer,  
Through faith, and love's constrain-  
ing power,  
Thy griefs to share?



3

This night, there fell on thee the shock,  
By thine omniscience long foreseen,  
Of treachery 'midst thy little flock,  
Yet Thou, serene,

4

With words of holiest tenderness,  
Didst only strive their grief to calm ;  
Their fainting hearts to soothe, and  
bless,  
With heavenly balm !

5

Oh ! what a passover they shared !  
Nor them alone didst thou include ;  
For us that feast was then prepared,  
Faith's mystic food.

6

The rich refreshments then bestow'd,  
Endued with undecaying power,  
Have nourished the whole church of  
God  
Down to this hour.

7

Thence would I follow thee, in thought,  
To that lone spot, so dark for thee,  
For us with light and gladness fraught,  
Gethsemane !

8

Thy unknown anguish suffered there—  
'Thy sweat of blood—the wrath of  
God—  
All were endured, that *we* might share  
Thy bright abode.

9

And when that last, sad morning came,  
Following a night of agony,  
When Thou ! God's undefiled Lamb,  
Wert led to die ;

10

What sounds, what sights, surrounded  
Him  
Whose praise tunes every harp in  
heaven !  
No wonder contrite tears should dim  
The record given

## 11

What torture to a soul so pure,  
*Sin* in its *worst excess* to see !  
 Yet this, all this didst *thou* endure,  
 My *God !* for *me !*

## 12

How can I choose but weep, and wake,  
 When *such* a night, and morn, were  
 thine !  
*Thou all the punishment didst take,*  
 The *guilt* was mine.

## XXI.

“ *Be ye also ready.*”

## 1

WERE I, this very night, to hear  
 The words, “ Thy soul shall be re-  
 quired,”  
 Oh ! could I listen without fear ?  
 Would death be dreaded, or desired ?

## 2

Alas ! alas ! I'm so involved  
 In *present* objects, thoughts, and cares,

That, were my earthly house dissolv'd,  
I should be taken unawares.

## 3

I fear I might shrink back, distress,  
And, shudd'ring, look from side to side,  
Loth to forsake my earthly nest,  
And cross the dark unfathom'd tide.

## 4

Why, has the thought of death's bright  
hour,  
The happiest hour the soul can hail,  
Thus lost for me its quick'ning pow'r?  
Why thus do sense and fear prevail?

## 5

O Thou! who hast the golden key  
Of death and life, of hell and heav'n,  
Let not my call to come to thee,  
In unpreparedness be given!

## 6

Loosen, by thine effectual power,  
Each too attractive earthly tie;

## 9

Keep me each night, each morn, each  
 hour,  
 Ready alike to live or die !

## XXII.

MEDITATION ON ST LUKE, CHAPTER VII.  
 VERSE 36, TO THE END.

1

DRAW still more near, my gracious  
 Lord !

The contrite sinner's Friend ;  
 Pour life and power on every word  
 Here by thy Spirit penned.

2

Meekly *I* stand, like her of old,  
 Whose love o'ercame her fears ;  
 My hands thy sacred feet enfold—  
 I bathe them with my tears.

3

I seem to meet that look divine,  
 Full of unfathomed love ;  
 To hear that heavenly voice benign  
 The Pharisee reprove.

4

I hear thee tell how much *I* owe,  
 Tell, thou hast *all* forgiven ;  
 And then, fresh tears unbidden flow ;  
 My very heart seems riven.

5

With speechless joy I hear thee say,  
 Thou wilt not, Lord, despise,  
 That heart which at thy feet I lay,  
 Faith's only sacrifice.

## XXIII.

ON BEING PREVENTED GOING TO CHURCH  
 BY ILLNESS.

*“Truly our fellowship is with the Father,  
 and with his Son Jesus Christ.”*—1 JOHN  
 i. 3.

1

THIS is enough—although 'twere  
 sweet,  
 Thee in thy house of prayer to meet ;  
 Amid th' assembly of the saints,  
 For which, at times, my spirit faints.

2

But oh! my God! I love thy will!  
 I will not murmur—but “be still;”  
 I will not sigh for joys once mine,  
 Which thou hast bidden me resign.

3

May those who haste to meet thee  
 there,  
 Thy richest, choicest blessings share;  
 Yet thou hast still a blessing left  
 For me, though lonely and bereft.

4

“Bereft”—Oh no! If thou, my God!  
 With me will take up thine abode,  
 And grant me fellowship with Thee,  
 Not sad, nor lonely can I be.

5

My Father's smile—my Saviour's love,  
 Foretastes by faith of joys above;  
 These, with THE BLESSED SPIRIT'S  
 peace,  
 Shall bid each thought regretful cease.



# INDEX.

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## A.

	<i>Hymn.</i>
Adam's ruined sons and daughters.....	ii
Awake, and sing the song.....	x
Awake, sweet gratitude.....	xxxix
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....	li
As when a child secure.....	lii
Astonish'd and distress'd.....	lxix
Afflicted saint, to Christ draw nigh.....	lxxiii
As eagles fluttering o'er.....	lxxxix
As when the weary traveller gains.....	xcix

## B.

Behold the throne of grace.....	lv
Behold, how gracious is our God.....	lxxv
Be still, my heart.....	c
Begone, unbelief.....	xciii

## C.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched.....	iv
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.....	xxxvii
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	xliv
Come on, my partners.....	cv
Christ, my rock.....	cix
Come, let us join.....	cxvi
Captain of thine enlisted host.....	xliii



*Hymn.*

## D.

Deep are the wounds which sin has made,	v
Do flesh and nature dread.....	lxxviii

## E.

Encouraged by thy word.....	liv
Ere I sleep.....	xcv

## F.

For ever here my rest shall be.....	xv
From whence this fear and unbelief.....	lxv
Fly, ye seasons.....	cxliii
Father, how wide.....	cxv

## G.

Great God of wonders, all thy ways.....	xxv
Glory to God on high.....	xxix
Go, worship at Immanuel's feet.....	xlii
God of my life, to thee I call.....	lx
Gracious God, thy children keep.....	lxii
God moves in a mysterious way.....	lxxvii
Guide me, O! thou great Jehovah.....	xcii

## H.

How sad our state by nature is.....	vi
Hark! the voice of love and mercy.....	ix
Had I ten thousand gifts beside.....	xii
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	xxi
How oft have Sin and Satan strove.....	xxviii
How firm a foundation, ye Saints.....	xxx
Hark! the Herald-Angels sing.....	xxxvi
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord.....	xl

	<i>Hymn.</i>
Hope is the anchor of my soul.....	liii
Half a wreck, by tempests driven.....	lxxii
How do thy mercies.....	xci
He comes! he comes!.....	cxiv
Holy Saviour! friend unseen.....	lxiii

## I.

In Christ my treasure's.....	xvi
In the floods of tribulation.....	lxxxv
Israel in ancient days.....	xxxii
I know that my Redeemer.....	xli
I shall dwell above... ..	civ
I give immortal praise.....	cxviii

## J.

Jesus saved the dying thief.....	viii
Join all the glorious names.....	xvii
Jesus, I love thy glorious name.....	xix
Jesus, while he dwelt below.....	xxvii
Jesus! lover of my soul.....	xxxiv
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	xlvii
Jesus, lead me by thy power.....	lxi
Jesus, thy blessings are not few.....	lxx
Jesus is the Lord my shepherd.....	lxxxviii
Jesus' life of grief and sorrows.....	cvii
Jerusalem! my happy home.....	cxi

## L.

Lamb of God, we fall before thee.....	xxiv
---------------------------------------	------

## M.

My Saviour, thou didst shed.....	xlviii
----------------------------------	--------

	<i>Hymn.</i>
My soul, repeat his praise.....	ciii
Methinks I stand.....	cx
N.	
Now begin the heavenly theme.....	xi
Not all the blood of beasts.....	xxxv
Now I have found the blessed ground....	cii
Now in a song.....	cxii
Now may the God of peace.....	cxvii
No more, O! God, we boast.....	xxii
O.	
O! give me, Saviour.....	xiv
O Zion! afflicted.....	xlvi
Oft as I look upon the road.....	xlix
Oh! cast away thy fears.....	lxxiv
O Lord! I would delight in thee.....	ci
O Lord! my best desire fulfil.....	lxxxvi
O! had I the wings of a dove.. ..	xcvii
O! tell me no more.....	cvi
P.	
Poor, weak, and worthless.....	i
Prayer was appointed.....	lvi
Prayer is the new-born infant's cry.....	lvii
Pity a helpless sinner.....	lix
R.	
Rock of ages.....	xxxii
Righteous are the works of God.....	lxxvi
Rejoice, the Lord is king.....	xxiii
Rejoice for a brother deceased.....	lxxxii

## S.

*Hymn.*

Shepherd of the chosen number .....	xviii
Sweeter sounds than music knows.....	xx
Strangers and sojourners below.....	xcvi
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....	<i>page 97</i>

## T.

The moon and stars shall lose their light,	i
To the ark away.....	iii
There is a fountain filled with blood.....	vii
The Spirit breathes upon the word.....	xxxix
The Lord is risen indeed.....	xxxviii
The happy morn is come.....	xl
The privilege I greatly prize.....	lviii
Though troubles assail.....	xc
Thy mansion is the Christian's heart.....	xxvi

## W.

We sing the praise of Him who died.....	xliii
When the Lord rebukes his servant.....	lxiv
When darkness long.....	lxvi
When pining sickness.....	lxvii
What! take pleasure in distresses.....	lxviii
Who is this that calms the ocean.....	lxxi
What think you of Christ.....	lxxix
With joy we meditate the grace.....	lxxx
Why those fears.....	lxxxix
Why should I fear the darkest hour.....	lxxxiii
When languor and disease invade.....	lxxxvii
We've no abiding city.....	xcviii
What shall I feel when I.....	cviii
Why throbs my flutt'ring heart.....	lxxxiv

## Z.

Zion stands by hills surrounded .....	xciv
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**THE Hymns** of this collection have been copied, whenever it was possible, from editions of the original authors ; and the greatest care has been taken to avoid any alterations that were not absolutely necessary for sense, or for propriety's sake.

The practice now become common of altering, in the most arbitrary and unnecessary manner, the compositions which have long been the standards of our Psalmody, seems not only to involve the charge of dishonesty, but to lead to results highly dangerous to our faith.



## INDEX TO APPENDIX.

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	<i>Hymn.</i>
Art thou acquainted, O my soul..... ..	vi
Again the orient light is shining..... ..	x
Chamber of sickness..... ..	i
Cease thou from man..... ..	xv
Draw still more near, my gracious Lord.	xxii
Father! when thy child is dying..... ..	ii
Lord! when I see thee as thou art..... ..	xii
Lord! I would rise each morning..... ..	xviii
My only Saviour! when I feel..... ..	iii
My Lord and Master! 'tis enough..... ..	ix
My God and Father..... ..	xvii
Often, my God, when most I need..... ..	vii
Oh! how I long to reach my home..... ..	viii
Oh! were it not for that sweet hope..... ..	xiv
Oh! weep not for me..... ..	xix
Oh! my Redeemer, can I sleep .... ..	xx
Searcher of hearts..... ..	xvi
Through the long and lonely night..... ..	iv
Take courage, O! my soul..... ..	xi
This is enough, although 'twere sweet....	xxiii
When waves of trouble round me swell...	v
With tearful eyes I look around..... ..	xiii
Were I, this very night, to hear..... ..	xxi

## ERRATA.

- Page 20, for 2 *Col.* read 2 *Cor.*  
— 30, for *conscience*, read *spirit*.  
— 51, for *be*, read *lie*.  
— 70, for *hope*, read *help*.  
— 63, for *o'er*, read *e'en*.  
— 130, for *hearts*, read *heart*.  
— 142, for . *put* ,

Hymn lxxviii of the Collection should, of right, be in the Appendix, being composed by the same Author.







