

A *judicial Collection*

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS and HYMNS,

Extracted from various Authors.

AND PUBLISHED

By the Reverend Mr. M A D A N.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

With an APPENDIX.

Let the Word of CHRIST dwell in you richly in all Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts to the LORD. Col. iii. 16.

Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your Heart to the LORD. Eph. v. 19.

Worthy is the LAMB that was slain, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing. Rev. v. 12.

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MDCCLXXI.

P R E F A C E.

*I*T is a true Observation I have somewhere met with, that there is no Part of divine Worship in which we more resemble the Saints in Light, than when we are singing the Praises of our GOD. As this is so delightful an Exercise to all truly serious Persons, I can't but think that every Attempt to render it as edifying as possible, will be acceptable.

The Psalmist says, Ps. xlvii. 7. Sing ye Praises with Understanding. But this can not be done where the Song aboundeth with Phrases, either abstruse in themselves, or beyond the Capacities of the Generality.

Again, it must be allowed that there are Matters of private Judgment and mere Opinion, concerning which it is far better to think and let think, than to dispute; these should not appear, if by any Means they can be avoided, in a Book, chiefly designed for Social Worship: for we cannot join as we ought in Teaching and Admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, if they are mix'd with any Subject matter for Difference and Disputation.

Neither can any Plan for this, or indeed for any Part of Worship be right, that is not laid upon the true Foundation, for all the Praise that shall ascend unto our GOD, now and for ever, even CHRIST JESUS THE RIGHTEOUS. In this Respect we must say, Other Foundation can no Man lay, than that is laid, which is JESUS CHRIST, 1 Cor. iii. 11. Hence it is, that the Psalms of David are so transcendently delightful; they are full of CHRIST. David tells us Ps. xlv. 1. His Tongue was the Pen of a ready Writer, because he spoke of the Things he made touching the King. And our Hymns, as well as our Prayers and Sermons, if not made touching this everlasting King, are no better than Nadab and Abihu's strange Fire,

an Abomination to the LORD. Whatsoever ye do in Word or Deed, do all in the Name of the LORD JESUS, giving Thanks to GOD and the Father by Him. Col. iii. 17.

First then, I have endeavoured to select such Hymns as may be most Useful for Edification, in respect of Plainness and Simplicity of Expression. Not but too many will think I have not succeeded in this Point, and that there are Expressions, here and there, as abstruse as if they were writt'n in Arabic. But let those Readers turn to 1 Cor. ii. 14. and there they will find the true Reason why they don't understand them, namely, because they are the very Words, or have a very near Relation to the very Words of that divine Book which was given by the Inspiration of the Spirit of GOD. In order to guide such, I have put Marginal References where I thought needful, to keep them, if haply they may be kept, from despising the Words of GOD himself, and ignorantly fall into the grievous Sin of ridiculing the Scriptures. But these may be also useful for others, and if rightly attended to, will point out many very edifying Paraphrases, in various Parts of this Book, upon the sacred Text.

2dly, I have endeavoured to avoid inserting any thing that could tend to doubtful Disputations, therefore have contrived as far as possible in collecting this little Volume, to lay aside all those Notions about Non-essentials, concerning which, the best People have and do differ, that with one Heart, as well as one Voice, all Christians may join in the Praises of our common LORD—I say all Christians, for Fundamentals there are which we must insist upon, and which if any Man doth not maintain and believe, we cannot allow him to be a Christian.

Therefore the Devil, must not be surprized to find, the Dignity of fallen Man, together with the moral
Rec-

Rectitude of His Nature, the Sufficiency of Reason, and of the Light of Nature, and every other Article and Circumstance of the Infidel Creed, utterly expunged.

The Arian will be much disappointed, if he expects to find any thing herein, that in the least countenances the Nonsense as well as the Blasphemy of a created or derivative God, or one Sentiment that tends to eclipse the glorious Beams of the SELF-EXISTENT SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

*The Socinian and Mahometan must renounce their * Koran, before they will be able to look upon the Great Prophet, JESUS of NAZARETH, as IMMANUEL, GOD WITH US, a Truth that lies at the Root of Christianity, consequently is taught throughout this Book.*

As for Papists, either professed or doctrinal, they will find nothing about the Merit of Works, either before or after Justification, but the Whole of the Salvation of Sinners is ascribed to the Atonement and Merit of the Blood and Righteousness of JEHOVAH in our Nature, imputed thro' Grace, and applied by Faith, to the Sinner's Heart and Conscience, justifying his Person, and renewing and sanctifying his Nature, thro' the Operation of the HOLY SPIRIT, of which he is thereby made a Partaker.

Hence the Antinomian must expect but little Contentment in perusing the following Hymns, for they maintain, that without Holiness, (personal Holiness) wrought in the Soul of a Believer, by the SPIRIT OF GOD, delivering him from the † Dominion, and from

** Koran, from the Arabic *Karāa* to read, signifies a Book. The *Koran* is that Book which the Followers of Mahomet look upon as their Bible; which corresponds with the Socinian Writers in allowing JESUS to be a Prophet, and no more.*

† Rom. vi. 14.

*the * Love of all Sin, (whether inward or outward) no Man shall see the Lord.*

Nor will the mere Formalist, whatever outward Profession he makes, whether Churchman or Dissenter, have much Taste for these Songs of Sion; for they maintain—

No outward Forms can make us clean,
The Leprosy lies deep within.

3dly, As due Care is taken to make the Matter of these Hymns as Scriptural as possible, so thou wilt find, gentle Reader, (and mayst thou find its Power and Sweetness in thy Soul) that JESUS the Great High Priest and blessed Apostle of our Profession, is the grand Subject (either mediately or immediately) of every Song, as He doubtless is of the whole Revelation of GOD—the Testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of Prophecy, Rev. xix. 10. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; none can come to the Father, but by Him, John xiv. 6. CHRIST is all and in all, Col. iii. 11. He is the ALPHA and OMEGA, the FIRST and LAST; the BEGINNING and END, Rev. i. 8. xxi. 6. He therefore, in the Unity of the Eternal GODHEAD, together with the Father and the Holy Spirit, three divine Persons in one Self-existent JEHOVAH, is the GOD of the Christians. To this glorious LORD GOD of Heaven and Earth, may we be enabled to sing Praises with Understanding! and to the Harmony of our Voices, add that of our Hearts and Lives! May these maintain a happy Concord with the Word and Will of Christ Jesus! untill we meet before the Throne of GOD and the LAMB, and with an innumerable Company of blessed Angels and the Spirits of just Men made perfect, shout forth the never ending Praises of Him that was dead, and is alive again, and hath Redeemed us unto GOD by his Blood. So be it LORD JESUS! Amen, and Amen.



* Rom. vii. 22.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS and HYMNS.

HYMN I.

ISAIAH, LV. Ver. 1. &c.

I.

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis GOD invites a fallen Race)
Mercy and free Salvation buy,

Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel-Grace.

II.

Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's Call,
Return, ye weary Wand'ers, home,
And find my Grace reach'd out to all.

B

See

III.

See, from the Rock a Fountain rise !
 For you in healing Streams it rolls ;
 Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
 Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, Sin-sick Souls.

IV.

Nothing ye in Exchange shall give ;
 Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
 Frankly the Gift of GOD receive,
 Pardon and Peace, in JESUS find.

Hymns & Sacred Poems · 1740 ·

HYMN II. *v. 1. p. 245.*

V E N I C R E A T O R.

I.

COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,*
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
 Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
 In these cold Hearts of ours.

II.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly Toys ;
 Our Souls how heavily they go
 To reach eternal Joys !

III.

In vain we tune our formal Songs ;
 In vain we strive to rise !
 Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
 And our Devotion dies.

IV.

Dear LORD ! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying Rate ;
 Our Love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great ?

“Come

• Matt. iii. 16.



V.

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs :
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts

BK 2 7c 34

H. Y M N III.

Pfalm li. 10.

I.

O For an Heart to praise my God !
 An Heart from Guilt set free,
 An Heart that's sprinkled with the Blood *
 So freely spilt for me !

II.

An Heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's Throne,
 Where only CHRIST is heard to speak, †
 Where JESUS reigns alone.

III.

An humble, lowly, contrite Heart,
 Believing, true, and clean, §
 Which neither Life, nor Death, can part
 From Him that dwells within. ||

IV.

An Heart in ev'ry Thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with Love divine,
 † Perfect, and right and pure, and ** good,
 A Copy, LORD, of Thine.

V.

Thy tender Heart is still the same, ††
 And melts at human Woe :

JESU,

• Heb. x. 22. 1 Pet. i. 2. † Job xxii. 22.
 § Ps. lxxiii. 1. || 2 Cor. xiii. 5. † Ps. ci. 2.
 ** Luke viii. 15. †† Heb. xiii. 8.

JESU, for Thee, distrest I am,
I want thy Love to know.

or?

VI.

Thy Nature, gracious LORD, impart;
Come quickly from above,*
Write thy new Name upon my Heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1742

HYMN IV. *2. 2p. 77*

God glorious, and Sinners saved.

I.

FATHER, how wide thy Glory shines !
How high thy Wonders rise !
Known thro' the Earth by thousand Signs ;
By thousand thro' the Skies.

II.

Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy power,
Their Motions speak thy Skill :
And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour
We read thy Patience still.

III.

But when we view thy great Design
To save rebellious Worms ;
Where Vengeance and Compassion join
In their divinest Forms :

IV.

Here the whole DEITY is known,
Nor dares a Creature guess
Which of the Glories brightest shone,
The Justice or the Grace.

Now

V.

Now the full Glories of the LAMB.

Adorn the heav'nly Plains,
Bright Seraphs learn IMMANUEL's Name,
And try their choicest Strains.

VI.

O, may I bear some humble Part
In that immortal Song,
Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,
And love command my Tongue.

Isaac Watts

B. K. 1 no 46

H Y M N V.

PSALM LXXXIX. 14, 15, 16, 17.

I.

O What shall I do, my SAVIOUR to praise;
So faithful and true, so plenteous in Grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest Believer, that hangs upon him!

II.

How happy the Man, whose Heart is set free,
The People that can be joyful in Thee!
Their Joy is to walk in the Light of thy Face,
And still they are talking of JESUS's Grace.

III.

Their daily Delight shall be in thy Name,
They shall, as their Right, thy Righteousness
(claim :
Thy Righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
(thy Blood,
Bold shall they appear in the Presence of God.

IV.

For thou art their Boast, their Glory and Pow'r,
 And I also trust to see the glad Hour,
 My Soul's new Creation, a Life from the Dead,
 The Day of Salvation, that lifts up my Head.

V.

Yea, LORD, I shall see the Blifs of thine own,
 Thy Secret to me shall soon be made known :
 For Sorrow and Sadness, I Joy shall receive,
 And share in the Gladness of all that Believe.

Hymns & Sacred Poems 1742

HYMN VI.

v. 2 p. 176.

INVITATION.*

I.

SINNERS, obey the Gospel-Word,
 Hasten to the Supper of your LORD,
 Be wise to know your gracious Day,
 All Things are ready, come away!

II.

Ready the Father is to own,
 And kifs his late returning Son ; §
 Ready the loving SAVIOUR stands,
 And spreads for you his Bleeding Hands.

III.

Ready the Spirit of his Love
 Just now the stony Heart to move ; ||
 'T' apply and witness with the Blood,
 And wash and seal you Sons of GOD. †

IV.

Ready for you the Angels wait, ‡
 To triumph in your blest Estate :
 Tuning their Harps, they long to praise
 The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

* Luke xiv. 16. § Luke xv. 20. || Ez. xi. 19.
 † 2 Cor. i. 22. ‡ Luke xv. 7.

Come, then ye Sinners to your LORD,
To Happiness in CHRIST restor'd;
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The plenitude of Gospel-Grace.

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1749.

H Y M N VII.

v. 5. p. 63.

Rev. iv. 11. and v. 11, 12.

I.

COME, let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

II.

Worthy the LAMB that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the LAMB, our Hearts reply,
For he was slain for us!

III.

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine;
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

IV.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the LAMB.

Isaac Watts

BAK 1 no 62

H Y M N

HYMN VIII.

Nativity of CHRIST.

I.

HARK! the Herald-Angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
 God and Sinners reconcil'd.

II.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,
 Join the Triumphs of the Skies;
 With th' angelic Host proclaim,
 "CHRIST is born in *Bethlehem!*" †

III.

CHRIST by highest Heav'n ador'd,
 CHRIST the everlasting LORD;
 Late in Time behold him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

IV.

Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity!
 Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear,
 JESUS our EMMANUEL here. §

V.

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! ||

VI.

Mild he lays his Glory by,
 Born that Men no more may die;
 Born to raise the Sons of Earth,
 Born to give them second Birth.

Come,

† Luke ii. 10, 11. § II. vii. 14. || Luke ii. 10.

VII.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble Home :
 Rise the Woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

VIII.

Adam's Likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine Image in its Place ;
 Second *Adam* from above,
 Re-instate us in thy Love.

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1739.

HYMN IX.

v. 1. p. 183.

PHIL. iv. 4.

I.

REJOICE, the LORD is King ;
 Your LORD and King adore ;
 Mortals, give Thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

I.

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.

III.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n :
 The Keys of Death and Hell *
 Are to our JESUS giv'n :
 Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He

IV.

He sits at God's Right Hand,
 Till all his Foes submit,
 And bow to his Command,
 And fall beneath his Feet :
 Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

V.

He all his Foes shall quell,
 Shall all our Sins † destroy,
 And every Bosom swell
 With pure Seraphic Joy :
 Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

VI.

Rejoice in glorious Hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his Servants up
 To their Eternal Home :
 We soon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice,*
 The Trump of God shall sound Rejoice.

Hymn for our Lord's Resurrection . 1746 .

H Y M N X. ~ 4. 1. - 140

The poor Sinner.

I.

GOD of my Salvation, hear,
 And help me to believe ;
 Simply do I now draw near,
 Thy Blessing to receive ;
 Full of Guilt, alas ! I am,
 But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee : †
 Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

Nothing.

† Hos. x. 8. † John iii. 8. * Thes. iv. 16.
 † II. liii. 5.

II.

Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
 Nor can thy Grace procure ;
 Empty send me empty not away,
 For I, thou know'st, am poor ;
 Dust and Ashes is my Name,
 My all is Sin and Misery :
 Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

III.

Without Money, without Price,
 I come thy Love to buy ;
 From myself I turn my Eyes,
 The Chief of Sinners I.
 Take, O take me as I am,
 And let me lose myself in Thee :*
 Friend of Sinners spotless LAMB,
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

Hymns Sacred Poems. 1742

H Y M N XI.

v 2 p. 200.

MALACHI iv. 2.

I.

O Sun of Righteousness arise,
 With healing in thy Wings ;
 To my diseas'd, my fainting Soul,
 Thy Light Salvation brings.

II.

These Clouds of Pride and Sin dispel,
 By thine all-piercing Beam,
 Lighten mine Eyes with Faith, my Heart
 With holy Hope inflame.

III.

My Mind by thy all-quick'ning Pow'r,
 From low Desires set free,

Unite

* Phil. iii. 9.

Unite my scatter'd Thoughts, and fix
My Love entire on Thee.

IV.

FATHER, thy long-lost Son receive;
SAVIOUR, thy Purchase own:
Blest COMFORTER, with Peace and Joy,
Thy new-made Creature crown.

Psalm Hymns - 1741. 1. 24. 12

H Y M N XII.

Believer's Hymn.

1 Theff. v. 16. Rejoice evermore.

I.

REJOICE evermore,
With angels above,
In JESUS'S Pow'r,
In JESUS'S Love,
With glad Exultation
Your Triumph proclaim,
Ascribing Salvation
To GOD and the LAMB.*

II.

Thou, LORD, our Relief
In Trouble hast been,
Hast saved us from Grief,
Hast kept us from Sin;
The Pow'r of thy Spirit
Hath set our Hearts free,
And now we inherit
All Fulness in Thee.

III.

All Fulness of Peace,
All Fulness of Joy,
And spiritual Bliss
That never shall cloy:

To us it is given
 In JESUS to know,
 A Kingdom of Heaven,
 An Heaven below.

IV.

No longer we join,
 Where Sinners invite,
 Or envy the Swine
 Their brutish Delight ;
 Their Joy is all Sadness,
 Their Mirth is all vain,
 Their Laughter is Madness,
 Their Pleasure is Pain.

V.

O may they at last
 With Sorrow return,
 The Pleasure to taste
 For which they were born:
 Our JESUS receiving,
 Our Happiness prove,
 The Joy of Believing,
 The Heaven of Love.

*Hymns for those that call, & those that have Redemption 1747
 v. 4. p. 241.*

H Y M N XHI.

Héb. xi. 14, 15, 16.

I.

O Tell me no more,
 Of this World's vain Store ;
 The Time for such Trifles
 With me now is o'er.

II.

A Country I've found,
 Where true Joys abound ;

To dwell I'm determin'd
On that happy Ground.

III.

The Souls that believe,
In Paradise live,
And me in that Number
Will JESUS receive.

IV.

My Soul don't delay,
He calls thee away ;
Rise, follow thy SAVIOUR,
And bless the glad Day.

V.

No Mortal doth know,
What He can bestow,
What Light, Strength, and Comfort ;
Go after Him, go.

VI.

And when I'm to die,
" Receive me," I'll cry,
For JESUS hath lov'd me,
I cannot say why !

VII.

And now I'm in Care,
My Neighbours may share
These Blessings : To seek them
Will none of you dare ?

VIII.

In Bondage, O why !
And Death will you lie,
When One here assures you
Free Grace is so nigh !

H Y M N XIV.

I.

LORD and GOD of heav'nly Pow'rs,
 Hallelujah.
 Their's, and O benignly our's, Hallelujah.
 Glorious King, let Earth proclaim, Hallelujah.
 Worms attempt to chaunt thy Name, Hallelujah

II.

Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow, Hallelujah.
 Hear the World's Atonement Thou, Hallelujah.
 JESUS, in thy Name we pray, Hallelujah.
 Take, O take our Sins away, Hallelujah.

III.

Thee to laud in Songs divine, Hallelujah.
 Angels and Archangels join, Hallelujah.
 We with them our Voices raise, Hallelujah.
 Echoing thine eternal Praise, Hallelujah.

IV.

Holy, Holy, Holy LORD ! Hallelujah.
 Live, by Heav'n and Earth ador'd, Hallelujah.
 Full of Thee, they ever cry, Hallelujah.
 " Glory be to GOD, on high," * Hallelujah.

Hymns & Sacred Poems - 1739

H Y M N XV.

v. 1. p. 114

Blind Bartimeus, Luke xviii. 35.

I.

LORD, if now thou passest by me,
 Stand and call me unto Thee,
 Freely, fully, justify me,
 Give me Eyes thy Love to see ;

C 2

Love

* Luke ii. 14.

Love, that brought Thee down from Heaven,
 Made my GOD a Man of Grief ;
 Let it shew my Sins forgiven ;
 Help, O help mine Unbelief !

II.

Long I for thy Love have waited,
 Begging fat by the Way-side,
 Still I am not new created,
 Still I am not sanctify'd.
 Thou, O LORD, in great Compassion,
 Hast in Part my Sight restor'd :
 Shew me all thy full Salvation,
 Make the Servant as his LORD.

*Hymn on the Lord's Supper. 1745.
 v. 3. p. 274*

H Y M N XVI.

Pf. cxxxi. Matt. xi. 29.

I.

L ORD, if Thou the Grace impart,
 Poor in Spirit, meek in Heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 Rooted in Humility.

II.

From the Time that thee I know,
 Nothing shall I seek below,
 Aim at nothing great or high,
 Lowly both in Heart and Eye.

III.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Chang'd into a little Child,*
 Pleas'd with all the LORD provides,
 Wean'd from all the World besides.

IV.

FATHER ! fix my Soul on Thee,
 Ev'ry Evil let me flee.

Nothing

* Mark x. 15.

Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy, happy in thy Love!

V.

O ! that all may seek and find,
Ev'ry Good in Jesus join'd !
Him let *Israel* still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore,

Psalm & Hymns 1743.

v. 8. p.

247

H Y M N XVII.

Is. xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

I.

JESUS my all, to Heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my Hope upon ;
His Track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow Way, 'till Him I view.

II.

The Way the holy Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Banishment,
The King's Highway of Holiness
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.

III.

No Stranger may Proceed therein,
No Lover of the World and Sin,
No Lion, no devouring Care,
No Sin, nor Sorrow shall be there.

IV.

No, nothing may go up thereon,
But trav'ling Souls, and I am one :
Way-faring Men to *Canaan* bound,
Shall only in the Way be found.

V.

This is the Way I long have sought,
And moan'd because I found it not ;

My Grief a Burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from Sin.

VI.

The more I strove against it's Pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my SAVIOUR say,
"Come hither, Soul," † I am the Way.

VII.

Lo! glad I come, and Thou bless'd LAMB,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am!
Nothing but Sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but Love shall I receive. ||

VIII.

Then will I tell to Sinners round;
What a dear SAVIOUR I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And say, "Behold the Way to God." †

H Y M N XVIII.

I.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose Glory fills the Sky;
Peace on Earth and Men forgiv'n,
Man, the well beloved of Heav'n.

II.

CHRIST our LORD and God we own,
CHRIST the FATHER'S only SON,
LAMB of GOD for Sinners slain,
SAVIOUR of offending Man.

Bow

• Rom. vii. 14, &c. † John xiv. 6. † Heb.
xiv. 4. † John i. 29.

III.

Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear, the World's Atonement Thou,
JESU' in thy Name we pray,
Take, O take, our Sins away.

IV.

Pow'rful Advocate with GOD,
Justify us by thy Blood ;
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement Thou.

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1739

v. 1. p. 115.

H Y M N XIX.

Pf. xxiii. John. x. 11.

I.

THE LORD my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care,
His Presence shall my Wants supply ;
And guard me with a watchful Eye ;
My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,
And all my Midnight Hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads ;
Where peaceful Rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant Landkip flow.

III.

Though in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overspread,
My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
For Thou, O LORD, art with me still ;
Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

The

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
 Thro' devious lonely Wilds I stray,
 Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,
 The barren Wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
 And Streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison

HYMN XX.

1 Cor. xv. 52. 1 Thes. iv. 16.

I.

“**C**OME to Judgment, come away,
 (Hark, I hear th' Arch-angel say,
 Summoning the Dead to rise)

“Haste, resume, and lift your Eyes,

“Hear ye Sons of *Adam* hear,

“Man before thy GOD appear.”

II.

Come to Judgment, come away,
 This the last, the dreadful Day :
 Sov'reign Author Judge of all,
 Dust obeys thy quick'ning Call,*
 Dust no other Voice will heed,
 Thine the Trump that wakes the Dead.

III.

Come to Judgment, come away,
 Ling'ring Man no longer stay,
 Thee let Earth at length restore,
 Pris'ner in her Womb no more,
 Burst the Barriers of the Tomb,
 Rise to meet thine instant Doom !

Come

IV.

Come to Judgment, come away,
Wide dispers'd howe'er ye stray,
Lost in Fire, or Air, or Main,*
Kindred Atoms meet again,
Sepulcher'd where'er ye rest,
Mix'd with Fish, or Bird, or Beast.

V.

Come to Judgment, come away,
Help, O CHRIST, thy Work's Decay ;
Man is out of Order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out of all the World :
LORD, thy broken Comfort, raise,
And the Music shall be Praise.

from Herbert. Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1739.

HYMN XXI.

v. l. p. 11.

Lam. i, 12.

I.

ALL ye that pass by,
To JESUS draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that JESUS should die &
Your Ransom and Peace,
Your Surety he is ;
Come see if there ever was Sorrow like His.

II.

For what ye have done
His Blood must atone, (Son.
The FATHER hath punish'd for you his dear
The LORD, in the Day ||
Of his Anger, did lay
Our Sins on the LAMB and he bore them away.

III.

He answer'd for all,
O come at his Call,
And low at his Cross with Astonishment fall ||

But lift up your Eyes,
At JESUS's Cries,
Impassive He suffers ! Immortal He dies !

IV.

For you and for me
He pray'd on the Tree,
The Pray'r is accepted, the Sinner is free ;
The Sinner am I,
Who on JESUS rely,
And come for the Pardon GOD cannot deny.*

V.

My Pardon I claim,
For a Sinner I am,
A Sinner believing in JESUS's Name ; §
He purchas'd the Grace,
Which now I embrace,
O FATHER, thou know'st he hath dy'd in my
(Place.

VI.

His Death is my Plea,
My Advocate see,
And hear the Blood speak || that hath answer'd
Acquitted I was, (for me,
When he bled on the Cross :
And by losing his Life he hath carry'd my
(Cause.

*Hymns & Sacred Poems . 1749 .
v. 4. p. 371.*

H Y M N XXII.

Luke xiv. 16.

I.

COME Sinners to the Gospel Feast,
Let every Soul be JESU's Guest,
Ye

* Tit. i. 2. Heb. vi. 18. § Rom. ix. 33.
.. || Heb. xii. 24.

Ye need not one be left behind,
For GOD hath bidden all Mankind.

II.

Do not begin to make Excuse,
Ah! do not ye his Grace refuse;
This World's vain Cares and Lusts forsake,
What JESUS freely gives ye take.

III.

Have me excus'd, why will ye say,
From Health, and Life, and Liberty,
From all that is in JESUS giv'n,
From Pardon, Holiness, and Heav'n!

IV.

Come then ye Souls by Sin oppress'd,*
Ye restless Wand'ers after Rest,
Ye poor and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In CHRIST an hearty Welcome find.

V.

Come, and partake the Gospel-feast,
Be sav'd from Sin in JESU'S Rest;
O taste the Goodness of our GOD,
And eat his Flesh and drink his Blood.†

VI.

See him set forth before your Eyes, §
Behold the bleeding Sacrifice!
His offer'd Love make haste, embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by Grace.

VII.

Ye who believe his Record true,
Shall sup with Him, and He with you; ||
Come to the Feast, be sav'd from Sin,
For JESUS waits to take you in.

Hymns for those that seek & those that have Redemption

v. 4 p. 274.

This

1747.

• Matt. xi. 28. † John vi. 51, 53. § Gal.
 iii. 1. ‡ Rev. iii. 20.

VIII.

This is the Time, no more delay,
 This is the glorious Gospel-day ;
 Come in this Moment at his Call,
 And live for Him who dy'd for all.

H Y M N XXIII.

When they saw the STAR they rejoiced.

Matt. ii. 10.

I.

SONS of Men, behold from far,
 Hail the long expected Star,
Jacob's Star, that gilds the Night,
 Guides bewild' red Nature right.

II.

Fear not hence that there should flow,
 Wars or Pestilence below ;
 Wars it bids and Tumults cease,
 Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

III.

Mild He shines on all beneath,
 Piercing thro' the Shades of Death,
 Scatt'ring Error's wide-spread Night,
 Kindling Darknefs into Light.

IV.

Nations all far off and near,
 Haste to see your God appear ;
 Haste, for him your Hearts prepare,
 Meet him manifested there.*

They

V.

There behold the Day-spring rise,*
 Pouring Eye-sight on your Eyes ;
 God in his own Light survey,
 Shining to the perfect Day.

VI.

Sing ye Morning-stars again, †
 God descends on Earth to reign !
 Deigns for Man his Life t' employ,
 Shout, ye Sons of God, for Joy !

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1739.

v. 1. p. 184.

H Y M N XXIV.

Hosea, xiv. 2.

Take with you Words, and turn to
 the Lord, say unto him, Take away
 all Iniquity and receive us graciously.

I.

JESU, Friend of Sinners, hear,
 Yet once again I pray,
 From my Debt of Sin set clear,
 For I have nought to pay.
 Speak, O speak the kind Release,
 A poor backsliding Soul restore ; §
 Love me freely, seal my Peace,
 And bid me sin no more: ||

D

Sin's

* Luke i. 78. † Job xxxviii. 7. § Hos. xiv. 4.
 || John viii. 11.

II.

Sin's Deceitfulness hath spread,
 An Hardness o'er my Heart ;
 But if thou thy Spirit shed,
 The stony shall depart :
 Shed thy Love, thy Tenderness,
 And let me feel they soft'ning Pow'r ;
 Love me freely, seal my Peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

H Y M N XXV.

M O R N I N G.

I.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
 Our fallen Spirit's Hope,
 After thy lovely Likeness LORD,
 O when shall we wake up !

II.

Thou, O our God, Thou only art
 The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
 Quicken our Souls, instruct our Hearts,
 Our sinking Footsteps stay.

III.

All that Thou dost on Earth bestow,
 Of Heaven, vouchsafe to give ;
 Give us, O LORD, Thyself to know,*
 In Thee to † walk, and live.

IV.

Fill us with all the Life of Love,
 In mystic Union join §
 Us to Thyself, and let us prove
 The Fellowship divine.

Open

† Col. ii. 6. * John xvii. 3. § John xv. 5.

V.

Open the Intercourse between
 Our longing Souls and Thee,
 Never to be broke off again
 Thro' all Eternity.

VI.

Grant this, O LORD! for Thou hast dy'd
 That we might be forgiv'n,
 Thou hast the Righteousness supplied,
 By which we merit Heav'n.

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1740

v. 1. p. 225.

H Y M N XXVI.

E V E N I N G.

I.

JESUS, the all-atoning Lamb,
 Lover of lost Mankind,
 Salvation in whose only Name
 A sinful World can find :

II.

We ask thy Grace to make us clean,
 We come to Thee, our GOD ;
 Open, O LORD, for this Day's Sin,
 The Fountain of thy Blood.*

III.

Hither our spotted Souls be brought,
 And ev'ry idle Word,
 And ev'ry Work, and ev'ry Thought,
 That hath not pleas'd our LORD.

IV.

Hither our Actions, righteous deem'd,
 By Man, and counted good,
 As filthy Rags by GOD esteem'd, †
 'Till sprinkled with thy Blood.

H Y M N

* Zech. viii. 1. † Isa. lxiv. 6.

H Y M N XXVII.

The Wisdom of God Foolishness with
Men. 1 Cor. i. 23, 24.

I.

O SAVIOUR, Thou thy Mysteries
Hast often cover'd from the Wise,
And Babes thy Glory shew'd ;*
'Thy Wisdom far surpasses all,
What studious Mortals Wisdom call,
Thou holy LAMB of GOD.

II.

'The nat'ral Man can't right conceive †
'The glorious Things which we believe,
How thou did'st us redeem ;
The Things thy Spirit teacheth us,
'The Merit of thy Blood and Cross,
Are Foolishness to him.

III.

They this World's Wisdom seek and gain,
That Wisdom which thou callest vain,
But Oh ! are Strangers still
To that which makes our Spirits wise,
And sets before our waiting Eyes,
What is our SAVIOUR'S Will.

IV.

Thrice happy then are we, who prove
'The Peace of God, his Truth and Love,
Things freely to us giv'n,
These Earnests are of greater Blis,
'The Earnests of that Happiness
Thy Saints enjoy in Heav'n.

H Y M N

* Matt. xi. 25.

† 1 Cor. ii. 14.

HYMN XXVIII.

The Sinner converted. Is. xxxviii. 17, 19.

*Thou hast in Love to my Soul delivered it from the
Pit of Corruption; for thou hast cast all my
Sins behind thy Back. The Living, the Liv-
ing, he shall praise thee, as I do this Day.*

I.

WHEN with my Mind devoutly prest,
Dear SAVIOUR, my revolving Breast
Would past Offences trace;
Trembling I make the black Review,
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
The Power of changing Grace!

II.

This Tongue, with Blasphemies defil'd,
These Feet to erring Paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly League agree;
Who could believe such Lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding Ways
Should ever lead to Thee!

III.

These Eyes, that once abus'd their Sight,
Now lift to Thee their wat'ry Light,
And weep a silent Flood;
These Hands ascend in ceaseless Pray'r;
O wash away the Stains they wear,
In pure redeeming Blood!

IV.

These Ears, that pleas'd could entertain
The midnight Oath, the lustful Strain,
When round the festal Board;

Now deaf to all th' enchanting Noisè,
 Avoid the Throng, detest the Joys,
 And press to hear thy WORD.

V.

Thus art Thou served in ev'ry Part—
 O wouldst Thou more transform my Heart,
 This drossy Thing refine ;
 That Grace might Nature's Strength controul,
 And a new Creature—Body—Soul—
 Be, LORD, for ever thine.

H Y M N XXIX.

Farewel to the World.

I.

WORLD adieu ! thou real Cheat,
 Oft have thy deceitful Charms
 Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit,
 Foolish Hopes, and false Alarms :
 Now I see, as clear as Day,
 How thy Follies pass away.

II.

Vain thy entertaining Sights,
 False thy Promises renew'd,
 All the Pomp of thy Delights
 Does but flatter and delude :
 Thee I quit, for Heav'n above,
 Object of the noblest Love.

III.

Farewel Honour's empty Pride,
 Thy own nice, uncertain Gust,
 If the least Mischance betide,
 Lays thee lower than the Dust :
 Worldly Honours end in Gall,
 Rise To-day—To-morrow fall.

Foolish

IV.

Foolish Vanity—Farewel—

More inconstant than the Wave,
Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,

Purest Tempers they deprave :
He, to whom I fly from thee,
JESUS CHRIST shall set me free.

V.

Let not, LORD ! my wand'ring Mind

Follow after fleeting Toys,
Since, in Thee alone, I find

Solid and substantial Joys :
Joys that never over-past,
'Thro' Eternity shall last.

VI.

LORD ! how happy is a Heart

After Thee while it aspires !

True and faithful as Thou art,

Thou shall answer it's Desires :

It shall see the glorious Scene

Of thine everlasting Reign.

*Antoinette Bouquon to John Byron
Hymns & Sacred Poems 1739.*

HYMN XXX.

v. 1. 1. 17.

The Triumph of Faith.

I.

HEAD of the Church triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee ;

Till Thou appear,
Thy Members here,

Shall Sing like those in Glory :

We lift our Hearts and Voices

With blest Anticipation,

And

And cry aloud,
 And give to GOD
 The Praise of our Salvation.

II.

While in Affliction's Furnace,
 And passing thro' the Fire,
 Thy Love we Praise,
 Which knows our Days,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our Hands exulting,*
 In thine Almighty Favour,
 The Love divine
 Which made us Thine
 Shall keep us Thine for ever.

III.

Thou dost conduct thy People
 Thro' Torrents of Temptation,
 Nor will we fear,
 Whilst thou art near,
 The Fire of Tribulation.
 The World with Sin and Satan
 In vain our March opposes,
 By Thee we shall
 Break thro' them all,
 And sing the Song of Moses.†

IV.

By Faith we see the Glory,
 To which Thou shalt restore us,
 The Cross despise
 For that high Prize
 Which Thou hast set before us.

And

* Psalm xlvii. 1.

† Exod. xv. 13.

And if thou count us worthy,
 We each as dying Stephen,*
 Shall see Thee stand
 At God's Right-hand,
 To take us up to Heaven.

Hymns for Annis of Double . In the year 1745 .

2. 4. 1. 79 .

H Y M N XXXI.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

I.

COME ye that love the LORD,
 And let your Joys be known,
 Join in a Song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround the Throne.

II.

The Sorrows of the Mind
 Be banish'd from the place ;
 Religion never was design'd †
 To make our Pleasures less.

III.

Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our GOD ;
 But Children of the heav'nly King
 Will speak their Joys abroad.

IV.

The Men of Grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial Fruits, on earthly Ground,
 From Faith and Hope may grow.

V.

The Hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred Sweets,

Before

* Acts vii. 55. † Prov. iii. 17. 1 Pet. i. 8.

Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.*

VI.

Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry,
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL'S Ground
To fairer Worlds on high.

Isaac Watts

Bk 2 no 30.

H Y M · N XXXII.

Resurrection of CHRIST.

I.

CHRIST the LORD is ris'n To-day
Sons of Men and Angels say,
Raife your Joys and Triumphs high,
Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.

II.

Love's redceming Work is done,
Fought the Fight, the Battle won ;
Lo ! our Sun's Eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! He sets in Blood no more.

III.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
CHRIST hath burst the Gates of Hell ;
Death in vain forbids his Rise,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

IV.

Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy Sting !
Once he died our Souls to save,
Where thy Victory, O Grave !

Soar

* Rev. xxi. 18, 21.

V.

Soar we now where CHRIST has led,
 Follow'ing our exalted Head,
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Our's the Cross, the Grave, the Skies.

VI.

What tho' once we perish'd all,
 Part'ners of our Parent's Fall,
 Second Life we * all receive,
 In our Heav'nly *Adam* live.

VII.

Hail the LORD of Earth and Heav'n !
 Praise to thee by both be given !
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail ! the † RESURRECTION—THOU !

VIII.

King of Glory ! Soul of Bliss !
 Everlasting Life is this—
 Thee to ‡ Know—Thy Pow'r to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1739.

H Y M N XXXIII.

v. 1. p. 185

A S C E N S I O N.

I.

HAIL the Day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes !
 CHRIST awhile to Mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native Heav'n.
 There the pompous Triumph waits,
 " Lift your Heads, eternal Gates !
 " Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
 " Take the King of Glory in !"

Him

* 1. Cor. xv. 22. † John xi. 25. ‡ John xvii. 3.

II.

Him, tho' highest Heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the Earth he leaves ;
 Tho' returning to his Throne,
 He can ne'er forget his own.
 Still for them he intercedes,
 Prevalent his Death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares their Place, †
 SAVIOUR of the ransom'd Race. ||

III.

Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our Head To-day, §
 See, thy faithful Servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to Thee ! ‡
 Grant, though parted from our Sight,
 High above yon azure Height,
 Grant our Hearts may thither rise,
 Foll'wing thee beyond the Skies.

IV.

Ever upwards may we move,
 Wafted on the Wings of Love ;
 Looking when our LORD shall come,
 Longing, gasping after Home !
 There may we with Thee remain,*
 Partners of thine endless Reign ;
 There thy Face unclouded see,
 Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in Thee !

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1739.

v. 1. p. 187.

H Y M N

† John xiv. 2. || Heb. vi. 20. § 2 Kings ii. 3.
 ‡ Acts i. 9, 10, 11. * 1 Thess. iv. 17.

HYMN XXXIV.

The Same.

PSALM xxiv. 7.

Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, and be
ye lift up, ye Everlasting Doors, &c.

I.

OUR LORD is risen from the Dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high,
The Pow'rs of Hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.

II.

There his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay,
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors give Way !

III.

Loose all your Bars of massy Light,
And wide unfold the etherial Scene ;
He claims these Mansions as his Right,
Receive the King of Glory in !

IV.

Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The LORD that all his Foes o'ercame,
The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's Name.

V.

Lo ! his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay,
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors give Way !

E

Who

Who is the King of Glory, who ?
 The LORD of glorious Pow'r possesst,
 The King of Saints and Angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest !

Parsons Hymns - 1743

7. 8. 1. 48.
 H Y M N XXXV.

PSALM XCV. I.

I.

A WAKE, and sing the Song *
 Of Moses and the LAMB,
 Wake ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue
 To praise the SAVIOUR'S Name,

II.

Sing of his dying Love,
 Sing of his rising Pow'r,
 Sing how He interceeds above
 For those whose Sins He bore.

III.

Sing 'till we feel our Hearts
 Ascending with our Tongues,
 Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,
 And Grace inspires our Songs.

IV.

Sing on your heav'nly Way,
 Ye ransom'd Sinners sing,
 Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day
 In CHRIST th' eternal King.

V.

Soon shall ye hear Him say,
 " Ye blessed Children come ;" †
 Soon will He call ye hence away,
 And take his Wand'ers Home. ||

H Y M N

HYMN XXXVI.

PSALM xciii.

I.

YE Servants of GOD,
 Your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful Name :
 The Name all-victorious
 Of JESUS extol ;
 His Kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

II.

GOD ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save,
 And still he is nigh,
 His Presence we have,
 The great Congregation
 His Triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing Salvation
 To JESUS our King.

III.

Salvation to GOD,
 Who sits on the Throne,
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the SON :
 Our JESUS's Praises
 The Angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their Faces,
 And worship the LAMB.

Then

IV.

Then let us adore
 And give Him his Right,
 All Glory and Pow'r,
 And Wisdom, and Might ;
 All Honour and Blessing,
 With Angels above,
 And Thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite Love.

*Hymns to the sun in a tumult. 1745.
 v. 4. p. 51.*

H Y M N XXXVII.

PSALM cxiii. 3,

From the rising of the Sun, unto the
 going down of the same, the Lord's
 Name is to be praised.

I.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
 Let the CREATOR'S Praise arise ;
 Let the REDEEMER'S Name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

II.

Eternal are thy Mercies LORD,
 Eternal Truth attends thy Word ;
 Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
 Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

*Isaac Watts
 Psalm 119.*

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

I.

NOW to the Pow'r of God Supreme,
 Be everlasting Honours giv'n :
 He saves from Hell, (we bless his Name)
 He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

II.

Not for our Duties or Deserts,*
 But of his own abounding Grace,
 He works Salvation in our Hearts,
 And forms a People for his Praise.

III.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun
 To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,
 He gave us Grace in CHRIST his Son, †
 Before he spread the starry Sky.

IV.

JESUS, the LORD, appears at last,
 And makes his FATHER'S Councils known, ‡
 Declares the great Transactions past,
 And brings immortal Blessings down.

*Isaac Watts
 BK 1 no 137.*

H Y M N XXXIX.

The New Creation. Rev. xxi. 5.

I.

ATTEND, while God's eternal Son
 Doth his own Glories shew ;
 " Behold ! I sit upon my Throne,
 " Creating all Things new.

E 3

" Nature

* Tit. iii. 5. † Eph. i. 4. ‡ Eph. i. 9.

II.

“ Nature and Sin are past away,
 “ And the old Adam dies :
 “ My Hands a new Foundation lay,
 “ See a new World arise !”

III.

Mighty REDEEMER, set us free
 From our old State of Sin,
 O make our Souls alive to Thee,
 Create new Pow'rs within !

IV.

Renew our Eyes, and form our Ears,
 And mould our Hearts afresh ;
 Give us new Passions, Joys, and Fears,
 And turn the Stone to Flesh !

V.

Far from the Regions of the Dead,
 From Sin, and Earth, and Hell,
 In the new World thy Grace hath made,
 May we for ever dwell !

Isaac Watts

PK 2 No 130

H Y M N XL.

I.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,†
 Come, with us in thy cleansing Blood ;
 Give us to know thy Love, then Pain
 Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

II.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but Thee :
 Seal Thou our Breasts, and let us wear †
 That Pledge of love for ever there.

How

• 1 John i. 7. Rev. i. 5. † 2 Cor. i. 22.

III.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st Man to Glory bring !
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading Crown !

IV.

Ah, LORD ! enlarge our scanty Thought,
To know the Wonders thou hast wrought,
Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell
Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

V.

First-born of many Brethren Thou, †
To Thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow; §
Help us to Thee our All to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live ! ||

H Y M N XLI.

I.

O Love divine, how sweet Thou art !
When shall I find my longing Heart
All taken up by Thee ?
Oh make me pant and thirst to prove *
The Greatness of redeeming Love,
The Love of CHRIST to me.

II.

God only knows the Love of God,—
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor stony Heart !
For Love I'd sigh, for Love I'd pine,
This only Portion, LORD, be mine,
Be mine this better Part !

O

† Rom. viii. 29. § Phil. ii. 9, 10.

|| Rom. xiv. 8. * Ps. xlii. 1.

III.

O that we could for ever sit, †
 With Mary, at the Master's Feet,
 Be this our happy Choice !
 Our only Care, Delight, and Bliss,
 Our Joy, our Heav'n on Earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's Voice. ||

IV.

Thy only Love may we require,
 Nothing on Earth beneath Desire,
 Nothing in Heav'n above ;
 Let Earth and all its Trifles go,
 Give us, O LORD, thy Love to know,
 Give us thy precious Love !

Hymns Sacred Poems - 1749.

v. 4. p. 341.

H Y M N XLII.

The Second Advent. Rev. i. 7.

I.

LO ! He comes with Clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd Sinners slain :
 Thousand thousand Saints attending,*
 Swell the Triumph of his 'Train :
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

II.

Ev'ry Eye shall now behold Him,
 Rob'd in dreadful Majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd, and nail'd Him to the Tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the True MESSIAH see.

Ev'ry

† Luke x. 38, &c. || John iii. 29. * Jude xiv.

III.

Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,
 Heav'n and Earth shall flee away ; *
 All who hate Him, must, confounded, ||
 Hear the Trump proclaim the Day ;
 Come to Judgment !
 Come to Judgment ! come away !

IV.

Now Redemption long expected,
 See ! in solemn Pomp appear !
 All his Saints, by Man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the Air ! †
 Hallelujah !

See the Day of God appear !

V.

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit, ||
 Hasten, LORD, the gen'ral Doom ! §
 The New Heav'n and Earth t' inherit, †
 Take thy pining Exiles Home :
 All Creation, **
 Travails !* groans ! and bids Thee come !

VI.

Yea ! Amen ! Let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal Throne !
 SAVIOUR, take the Pow'r and Glory ;
 Claim the Kingdom for thine own !
 O come quickly ! *
 Hallelujah ! Come, LORD, come !

v. 1. 2. 6. *Hymns of Intercession*. 1758

v. 5. p. 143.

H Y M N

* Rev. xx. 11. ||| Mic. vii. 16, 17. † 1 Thes. iv. 17. || Rev. xxii. 17. § Vide Burial Service. † Rev. xxi. 1. ** Rom. viii. 22, 23.
 * Rev. xxii. 20.

H Y M N XLIII.

The Same. Rev. xi. 15.

I.

HE comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe !
 The seventh Trumpet speaks him near ;
 His Lightnings flash, his Thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful Soul,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 welcome to the faithful Soul.

II.

From Heav'n, angelic Voices sound,
 See the Almighty JESUS crown'd !
 Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
 And Glory decks the SAVIOUR'S Face,
 Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks
 the SAVIOUR'S Face !

III.

Descending on his Azure Throne,
 He claims the Kingdoms for his own ;
 The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
 And hail him their triumphant LORD :
 Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail
 him, their triumphant LORD.

IV.

Shout all the People of the Sky,
 And all the Saints of the MOST HIGH :
 Our GOD, who now his Right obtains,
 For ever and for ever Reigns.
 Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever Reigns.

Hymns of Intercession. 1758

2. 5. p. 144

The

V.

The FATHER praise, the SON adore,
 The SPIRIT bless for evermore ;
 Salvation's glorious Work is done,
 We welcome Thee GREAT THREE IN ONE !
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, wel-
 come Thee GREAT THREE IN ONE !

Hymns of Intercession . 1758

H Y M N XLIV.

v. 5. p. 141.

Hymn to the TRINITY.

I.

HAIL holy, holy, holy LORD !
 Be endless Praise to Thee !
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In co-eternal Three.

II.

Enthron'd in everlasting State,
 E'er Time its Round began,
 Who join'd in Council to create
 The Dignity of Man.*

III.

To whom † Isaiah's Vision shew'd,
 The Seraphs veil their Wings,
 While Thee JEHOVAH, LORD and GOD,
 Th' angelic Army sings.

IV.

To Thee by mystic Pow'rs on high
 Were humble Praises given,
 When *John* beheld with favour'd Eye ||
 Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.

V.

All that the Name of Creature owns,
 To Thee in Hymns aspire ;

May

* Gen. i. 26, 27. † Is. vi. 2, 3. || Rev. iv. 1. &c.

May we as Angels on our Thrones *
For ever join the Choir !

VI.

Hail holy, holy, holy LORD !
Be endless Praise to Thee ;
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

H Y M N XLV.

Another.

WE give immortal Praise,
To GOD the FATHER'S Love,
For all our Comforts here,
And better Hopes above :

He sent his own
Eternal SON,
To die for Sins
That Man had done.

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.

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.

* Rev iii. 21.

Almighty God, to Thee,
 Be endless Honours done ;
 The undivided THREE,
 And the mysterious ONE !
 Where Reason fails
 With all her Pow'rs,
 There Faith prevails
 And Love adores.

Isaac Watts
BK 3 no 38
ord. 13.

H Y M N XLVI.

Another.

I.

PRAISE be to the FATHER given,
 CHRIST He gave
 Us to save,
 Now the Heirs of Heaven.

II.

Pay we equal Adoration
 To the SON,
 He alone
 Wrought out our Salvation,

III.

Glory to the eternal Spirit,
 Us He seals.*
 CHRIST reveals,†
 And applies his Merit.

IV.

Worship, Honour, Thanks and Blessing,
 ONE in THREE,
 Give we Thee,
 Never, never ceasing !

Hymns to the Trinity. 1746.

F. 4. 3. p. 346 **H Y M N**

* Eph. i. 13. † Cor. xii. 3.

HYMN XLVII.

The brazen Serpent.

Num. xxi. 9. John iii. 14.

I.

WITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd,
 When Isr'el's mourning Tribes com-
 And sigh'd to be reliev'd, (plain'd
 A Serpent stait the Prophet made
 Of molten Braſs, to View display'd,
 The Patients look'd and liv'd.

II.

But oh ! What Healing to the Heart,
 Doth JESU's greater Cross impart,
 To those who seek a Cure ?
 Isr'el of old, and we no less,
 The same indulgent Grace confess,
 Whilst Life and Breath endure.

III.

To Reason's View, so strange Effect,
 Self-righteous Souls will still reject,
 And perish in their Pride !
 Not so the Stung with Sin and Law,
 These all their rich Salvation draw,
 From JESU's bleeding Side.

IV.

May we then view the matchless Cross,
 And other Objects count but Loss,
 No other Gain explore !
 Here still be fix'd our feasted Eyes,
 Teeming with Tears of glad Surprize,
 And thankfully adore !

V.

Hail, great IMMANUEL, balmy Nam
 Thy Praise the Ransom'd will proclaim,
 Thee we Physician call ;
 We own no other Cure but Thine,
 Thou the Deliverer Divine,
 Our Health, our Life, our All.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Zech. xiii. 1.

I.

HOW sad our State by Nature is,
 Our Sin how deep it stains !
 And Satan binds our Captive Souls
 Fast in his slavish Chains.

II.

But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace
 Sounds from God's sacred Word ;
 Ho ! ye despairing Sinners, come
 And trust upon the LORD.

III.

O may we hear th' Almighty Call,
 And run to this Relief !
 We would believe thy Promise, LORD,
 O help our Unbelief !

IV.

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,
 Teach us, O LORD, to fly :
 There may we wash our spotted Souls
 From Crimes of deepest Dye !

V.

Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King,
 Our reigning Sins subdue ;

Drive

Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,*
With his infernal Crew.

VI.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless Worms,
Into thine Hands we fall ;
Be Thou our Strength and Righteousness,
Our JESUS, and our All !

Isaac Watts

BK 2 no 90.

H Y M N XLIX.

1 John iv. 16. latter Part.

I.

LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
Joy of Heaven to Earth come down !
Fix in us thine humble Dwelling,
All thy faithful Mercies crown :
JESUS ! Thou art all Compassion,
Pure unbounded Love Thou art,
Visit us with thy Salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling Heart !

II.

Breathe ! O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled Breast !
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd Rest : ||
Take away the Love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be, †
End of Faith, as its Beginning, ‡
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

III.

Come ! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Life receive !

Suddenly

* Rev. xii. 9. || Matt. xi. 28. † Rev. i. 8.
‡ Heb. xii. 2.

Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy Temples leave ! *
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as thine Hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious Love.

IV.

Finish then thy new Creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be,
 Let us see thy great Salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by Thee !
 Chang'd from Glory into Glory, §
 'Till in Heaven we take our Place,
 'Til we cast our Crowns before Thee, ||
 Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise.

Hymns for those that seek return that have Redemption

v. 4. p. 219.

1747

H Y M N L.

Thanksgiving.

I.

MEEET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and King :
 Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,
 To rehearse his solemn Praise.

II.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
 Angels help the cheerful Sound ;
 Publish thro' the World abroad
 Glory to th' eternal God.

III.

Praises here to Thee we give,
 Gracious Thou our Thanks receive ;
 Holy FATHER, sov'reign LORD,
 Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd !

Ps. lxxviii. 1.

F 3

Tho'

* 2 Cor. vi. 16. § 2 Cor. iii. 18. || Rev. iv. 10.

IV.

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we still in JESU'S Name ;
SAVIOUR, Thee we ever blefs,
Thy our LORD and GOD confefs.*

Hymns & Sacred Poems - 1740. v. 1. p. 286.

H Y M N LI.

M O R N I N G.

I.

RISE, my Soul ! adore thy Maker ;
Angels Praise,
Join thy Lays,
With them be Partaker.

II.

Sov'reign LORD of ev'ry Spirit,
In thy Light
Lead me right,
Thro' my SAVIOUR'S Merit.

III.

Thou this Night was't my Protector,
With me stay
All the Day
Ever my Director.

IV.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all Good,
Life and Food,
Reign ador'd for ever !

V.

Glory, Honour, Thanks and Blessing,
ONE in THREE
Give we Thee,
Never, never ceasing !

H Y M N

H Y M N LII.

E V E N I N G.

I.

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry Favour
 This Day shew'd
 By my GOD,
 I will bless my SAVIOUR.

II.

Leave me not, but ever love me ;
 Let thy Peace
 Be my Blifs,
 'Till thou hence remove me.

III.

Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tow'r,
 Safely keep,
 While I sleep,
 Me with all thy Pow'r.

IV.

So, whene'er in Death I slumber,
 Let me rise
 With the Wise,
 Counted in their Number !

H Y M N LIII.

I am the Door. John x. 9.

I.

THOU art the Door which open stands,
 Our Hope, Almighty LORD, thou art,
 To Thee we'd stretch our willing Hands,
 To Thee lift up each guilty Heart.

We

II.

We know thy Promise cannot fail—
 May we thy saving Mercy prove!
 Let not our * Unbelief prevail,
 Nor † bar the Door against thy Love.

H Y M N LIV.

CHRIST is ALL and in ALL. Col. iii. † 1.

I.

TO all my VILENESS, CHRIST is GLORY
 (bright—
 To all my MIS'RIES, infinite DELIGHT—
 To all my IGN'RANCE, WISE without compare.
 To my DEFORMITY, the Eternal FAIR—
 SIGHT to my BLINDNESS—To my MEAN-
 (NESS, WEALTH—
 LIFE to my DEATH—and to my SICKNESS,
 (HEALTH—
 TO DARKNESS, LIGHT—my LIBERTY in
 (THRALL—
 What shall I say—my CHRIST is ALL in ALL!

H Y M N LV.

The Pilgrim's Song.

I.

RISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
 Thy better Portion trace;
 Rise from transitory Things,
 Tow'rd's Heav'n, thy native Place:

Sun

* Heb. iii. 19. † Rev. iii. 20.

Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
 Time shall soon this Earth remove :
 Rise, my Soul, and haste away
 To Seats prepar'd above.

II.

Rivers to the Ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their Course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the Sun,
 Both speed them to their Source :
 So a Soul that's * born of God
 Pants to view his glorious Face, ||
 Upwards tends to his Abode,
 To rest in his Embrace.

III.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn, †
 Press onward to the Prize ;
 Soon our SAVIOUR will return
 Triumphant in the Skies :
 Yet a Season and you know
 Happy Entrance will be giv'n,
 All our Sorrows left below, §
 And Earth exchange'd for Heav'n.

H Y M N LVI.

Public Thanksgiving.

I.

SHOUT to the LORD, and let our Joys
 Thro' the whole Nation run ;
 Ye British Skies, resound the Noise
 Beyond the rising Sun.

Thee

* John i. 12, 13. || Ps. xlii. 1, 2. † Heb. xi. 13.
 § Is. xxxv. 10.

II.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,
 Thee our glad Voices sing,
 And join with the celestial Choir
 To praise the eternal King.

III.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
 And on the starry Skies,
 Sits smiling at the weak Designs *
 Thine envious Foes devise.

IV.

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
 And with an awful Frown,
 Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,
 And shakes their Babel down.

V.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
 From their malicious Pow'r ;
 Let Britain with united Songs
 Almighty Grace adore.

Isaac Watts

BK 2 no 92

H Y M N LVII.

Panting after God. Pf. xlii. 1.

I.

THOU hidden Love of God whose Height,
 Whose Depth unfathom'd no Man knows,
 I see from far thy beautiful Light,
 Inly I sigh for thy Repose :
 My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At Rest, till it finds Rest in Thee.

Is

* Pf. ii. 4

II.

Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
That strives with Thee my Heart to share !
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone :
The LORD of ev'ry Motion there :
Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,
When it has found Repose in Thee.

III.

Oh hide this Self from me, that I
No more, but CHRIST in me may live ! *
My vile Affections crucify,
Nor let one darling Lust survive :
In all Things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !

IV.

O Love ! thy sov'reign Aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted Care :
Chase this self-will through all my Heart,
Through all its latent Mazes there :
Make me thy duteous Child, that I
Ceaseless, may Abba, FATHER, cry. §

V.

Each Moment draw from Earth away
My Heart that lowly waits thy Call,
Speak to my inmost Soul and say,
I am thy Love, thy GOD, thy All !
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taste thy Love be all my Choice !

Gerhard Tersteegen

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1739.

v. 1. p. 71.

H Y M N

• Gal. iii. 20. § Gal. iv. 6.

H Y M N LVIII.

Calling to follow JESUS.

I.

COME, my FATHER'S Family,*
 Ye ransom'd of the LORD,
 Come, ye Sinners, who with me
 Are ev'ry where abhorr'd; †
 Let us gladly trace his Steps,
 Who suffer'd Death among the Jews,
 Whom the friendless Soul accepts, ††
 Whom all beside refuse,

II.

JESUS, the despis'd and mean,
 Our Master let us own †
 He the Sacrifice for Sin,
 The SAVIOUR He alone :
 Let us take and bear his Cross, §
 Despis'd Disciples let us be :
 Mock'd and slighted, as he was
 For you, my Friends, and me.

III.

None but JESUS will we sing,
 None else will we adore :
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Shall be for evermore :
 None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,**
 Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim,
 None but JESUS call we ours,
 None but the bleeding LAMB !

H Y M N

* Eph. iii. 15. † Matt. x. 22. John xvii. 14.
 †† Mat. ix. 13. † Mat. xxiii. 8. § Mat. xvi. 24.
 Gal. vi. 14. ** Rev. xx. 10. xxii. 9.

H Y M N LIX.

For the LORD's Day.

I.

THE LORD of Sabbath let us praise,
 In Concert with the Blest,
 Who Joyful in harmonious Lays,
 Employ an endless Rest.

II.

Thus, LORD while we remember Thee,
 We blest and pious grow :
 By Hymns of Praise we learn to be,
 Triumphant here below.

III.

On this glad Day a brighter Scene
 Of Glory was display'd
 By God, th' eternal WORD, than when
 This Universe was made.

IV.

He rises, who Mankind hath bought
 With Grief and Pain extreme :
 'Twas great to speak the World from Nought—
 'Twas greater to redeem !

H Y M N LX.

But the greatest of these is Love.

1 Cor. xiii. 13.

I.

HAPPY the Heart, where Graces reign,
 Where Love inspires the Breast :
 Love is the Brightest of the Train,
 And perfects all the rest.

G

Know

II.

Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our Fear :
 Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
 If Love be absent there.

III.

'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet
 In swift Obedience move,
 The Devils know and tremble too——
 But Satan cannot love.

IV.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
 When Faith and Hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
 In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

V.

When join'd to that harmonious Throng,
 That fills the Choirs above,
 'Then shall we tune our golden Harps*
 And ev'ry Note be——LOVE.

Small att,

H Y M N LXI. *Bk 2 no 38*

PSALM cxxxiv.

I.

YE Servants of God, Whose diligent Care,
 Is ever employed in Watching and Pray'r ;
 With Praises unceasing Your JESUS proclaim,
 Rejoicing, and blessing His excellent Name.

II.

'Tis JESUS commands, Come all to his House,
 And lift up your Hands And pay Him your
 Vows ;
 And whilst ye are giving Your JESUS his Due,
 The LORD out of Heaven Shall sanctify you.

• Rev. xiv. 2.

Psalms & Hymns . 1743 .

v. 8 p. 252 .

HYMN LXII.

Life and Eternity.

I.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name ;
 And humbly own to Thee,
 How feeble is our mortal Frame,
 What dying Worms we be !

II.

Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,
 As Months and Days increase !
 And every beating Pulse we tell
 Leaves but the Number less !

III.

The Year rolls round, and steals away
 The Breath that first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the Grave !

IV.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground,
 To push us to the Tomb,
 And fierce Diseases wait around,
 To hurry Mortals home !

V.

Great God ! On what a slender Thread
 Hang everlasting Things !
 The eternal States of all the Dead
 Upon Life's feeble Strings !

VI.

Infinite Joy, and endless Woe,
 Attend on ev'ry Breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the Brink of Death !

Waken

Waken, O LORD, our drowfy Sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road :
 And if our Souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with GOD !

Isaac Watts

H Y M N LXIII. *BK 2 no 55.*

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

I.

MY drowfy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?
 Awake my fluggish Soul :
 Nothing hath half thy Work to do ;
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

II.

Go to the * Ants—for one poor Grain,
 See how they toil and strive !
 Yet we who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
 How negligent we live !

III.

We, for whom GOD the SON came down,
 And labour'd for our Good,
 How careless to secure that Crown
 He purchas'd with his Blood ?

IV.

LORD, shall we live so fluggish still,
 And never act our Parts ?
 Come, LORD, thy † gracious Word fulfil,
 And warm our frozen Hearts !

V.

Give us with active Warmth to move,
 With vig'rous Souls to rise,
 With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love
 To fly and take the Prize.

Isaac Watts

H Y M N

BK 2 no 25.

* Prov. v. 6. † Matt. iii. 21. latter Part.

H Y M N LXIV.

Pf. cxxxix. 7.—13.

I.

LORD, where shall guilty Souls retire,
 Forgotten and unknown?
 In Hell they meet thy vengeful Ire,
 In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.

II.

Should they suppress their vital Breath,
 'T' escape the Wrath Divine,
 Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
 And make the Grave resign.

III.

If wing'd with Beams of Morning Light
 They fly beyond the West,
 Thine Hand, which must support their Flight,
 Would soon betray their Rest.

IV.

If o'er their Sins they seek to draw
 The Curtains of the Night,
 Those flaming Eyes that guard thy Law,
 Would turn the Shades to Light.

V.

The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour,
 Are both alike to Thee:
 O may we ne'er provoke that Pow'r
 From which we cannot flee!

*Isaac Watts**Psalms 139.*

G 3

H Y M N

H Y M N LXV.

PSALM cxlv. 7. &c.

I.

SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
 My GOD, my heav'nly King ;
 Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
 In Sounds of Glory sing.

II.

God reigns on high, but not confines
 His Goodness to the Skies ;
 Thro' the whole Earth his Goodness shines
 And every Want supplies.

III.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
 On Thee, for daily Food ;
 Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat,
 And fills their Mouths with Good.

IV.

How kind are thy Compassions, LORD !
 How slow thine Anger moves !
 But soon He sends his pard'ning Word,
 To cheer the Soul He loves.

V.

Creatures, with all their endless Race,
 Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim :
 May we, who taste thy richer Grace,
 Delight to bless thy Name !

Isaac Watts

Psalm 145.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXVI.

PSALM cxlvii.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD; 'tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise;
His Nature and his Works invite,
To make this Duty our Delight.

II.

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names:
His Wisdom's vast and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

III.

Great is the LORD, and great his Might,
And all his Glories, infinite:
He crowns the Meek, rewards the * Just,
And treads the Wicked to the Dust.

IV.

His Saints are lovely in his Sight,
He views his Children with Delight:
He sees their Hopes, He knows their
And looks and loves his Image there.

V.

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise him all Creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST.

Jean Watt,

Psalm 147

H Y M N

H. Y M N LXVII.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness,
Sanctification, and Redemption.

1 Cor. i. 30.

I.

BURY'D in Shadows of the Night,
We lie, 'till CHRIST restores the Light;
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

II.

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
'Till the atoning Blood appears ;
Then they awake from deep Distress,
And sing the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

III.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains :
He sets the Pris'ner free, and breaks
The iron Bondage from our Necks.

IV.

Poor helpless Worms in thee possess
Grace, Wisdom, Power, and Righteousness ;
'Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole Selves, O LORD, to Thee !

Isaac Watts

BK 1 no 97

H Y M N

H Y M N LXVIII.

Mal. iv. 2.

But unto you that fear my Name, shall
the Sun of Righteousness arise with
Healing in his Wings.

I.

HOW heavy is the Night,
That hangs upon our Eyes,
Till CHRIST with his reviving Light !
Over our Souls arise !

II.

Our guilty Spirits dread
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n ;
But in his Righteousness array'd,
We see our Sins forgiv'n.

III.

Unholy and impure
Are all our Thoughts and Ways ;
His Hand infected Nature cure
With sanctifying Grace.

IV.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain ;
He sets the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the cursed Chain.

V.

LORD, we adore thy Ways
That bring us near to God :
Thy sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

Isaac Watts

BK 1 no 98. H Y M N

H Y. M N LXIX

Offices of CHRIST.

I.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That Mortals ever knew,
That Angels ever bore :

All are too mean *
To speak his Worth,
Too mean to set
Our Saviour forth.

II.

But, O what gentle Terms ?
What condescending Ways,
Doth our REDEEMER use
To teach his heav'nly Grace !

My Soul, with Joy
And Wonder see
What Forms of Love
He bears for thee.

III.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our Tongues would bless thy Name :
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came :

The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell subdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.

IV.

JESUS, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;

Thou

* Phil. ii. 9.

Thou guilty Sinner seek
No Sacrifice beside :

His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

V.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,
Our Conqu'ror and our King,
Thy Scepter and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace we sing.

Thine is the Pow'r ;
O may we fit,
In willing Bowls,
Beneath thy Feet !

Ann W atts

B K 12c 150

H Y M N LXX.

The Same.

I.

ARRAY'D in mortal Flesh,
Lo the GREAT ANGEL stands,
and holds the Promises
And Pardons in his Hands :
Commission'd from
His Father's Throne,
To make his Grace
To Mortals known.

II.

Be thou our Counsellor,
Our Pattern and our Guide !
And through this desert Land
Still keep us near thy Side !

O let our Feet
 Ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek
 The crooked Way !

III.

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,*
 Who's watchful Eye doth keep
 Poor wand'ring Souls among
 The Thousands of his Sheep,
 He feeds his Flock,†
 He calls their Names,
 His Bosom bears
 The tender Lambs.

IV.

To this dear Surety's Hands,
 My Soul, commend thy Cause,
 He answers and fulfils
 His FATHER'S broken Laws :
 Believing Souls
 Now free are set ;
 For CHRIST hath paid,
 Their dreadful Debt.

V.

Then let our Souls arise,
 And tread the Tempter down :
 Our Captain leads us forth
 To Conquest and a Crown.
 March on ! nor fear
 To win the Day,
 Tho' Death and Hell
 Obstruct the Way.

Isaac Watts

BK 1 no 150.

H Y M N

* John x. 27. † Isa. xl. 11.

H Y M N LXXI.

I.

COME thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing !
 Tune mine Heart to sing thy Grace !
 Streams of Mercy never ceasing,
 Call for Songs of loudest Praise :
 Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
 Sung by * flaming Tongues above ;
 Praise the || Mount—I'm fixt upon it,
 Mount of God's † unchanging Love !

II.

Here I raise my ‡ *Eben-Ezer*,
 Hither by thine Help I'm come :
 And I hope, by thy good Pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at Home :
 Jesus fought me, when a Stranger,
 Wand'ring from the Fold of God,
 He, to rescue me from Danger,
 Interpos'd with precious Blood.

III.

O ! to Grace, how great a Debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that Grace, now like a Fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee !
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's mine Heart—O take, and § seal it !
 Seal it from thy Courts above !

H

H Y M N

* Heb. i. 7. || Heb. xii. 18.—25. † Mal. iii. 6.
 James i. 17. ‡ 1 Sam. vii. 12. § 2 Cor. i. 22.
 Eph. i. 13.

HYMN · LXXII.

FOR EASTER DAY.

I.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
 To set in Blood no more :
 Adore the Scatt'rer of your Fears,
 Your rising Sun adore !

II.

The Saints, when He resign'd his Breath,
 Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes ;
 He breaks again the Bands of Death,
 Again the Dead arise !

III.

Alone the dreadful Race He ran,
 Alone the Wine-Press trod ;
 He dy'd and suffer'd as a Man :
 He rises as a GOD !

IV.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
 Forbid an early Rise,
 To Him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
 And opens Paradise.

HYMN · LXXIII.

A Prayer for Faith.

I.

FATHER, I stretch mine Hands to Thee,
 No other Help I know :
 If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
 Ah ! whither shall I go !

What

II.

What did thine only Son endure
 Before I drew my Breath !
 What Pain, what Labour to secure
 My Soul from endless Death !

III.

Author of Faith, to Thee I lift
 My weary, longing Eyes ;
 Preserve in me that precious Gift !—
 My Soul without it dies !

*Psalm & Hymns. 1741.
 v. 2. p. 13*

H Y M N LXXIV.

Happy is the Man that feareth always.

Prov. xxviii. 14.

I.

GOD of all Grace and Majesty !
 Supremely Great and Good !
 If I have Favour found with Thee
 Thro' the atoning Blood !
 The Guard of all thy Mercies give,
 And to my Pardon join
 A Fear lest I should ever grieve
 The gracious Sp'rit Divine.

II.

If Mercy is indeed with Thee,
 May I obedient prove,
 Nor e'er abuse my Liberty,
 Or sin against thy Love :
 This choicest Fruit of Faith bestow
 On a poor * Sojourner :

And

* 1 Chron. xxix. 15.

And let me pass my Days below
In Humbleness and Fear. †

III.

Still may I walk as in thy Sight,
My strict Observer see,
And Thou by rev'rent Love unite
My Child-like Heart to Thee.
Still let me till my Days are past
At JESU'S Feet abide :
So shall He lift me up at last,
And seat me by his Side.

*Hymns & Sacred Poems - 1749 -
v. 5. p. 372*

H Y M N LXXV.

John xiii. 9.

I.

JESUS Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my Sins were Thine, §
Thy Death hath bought of God my Peace,
Thy Life hath made Him mine :
My dying SAVIOUR and my God !
Fountain for Guilt and Sin !*
Sprinkle me ever with thy Blood ||
And cleanse and keep me clean !

II.

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 !
Th' Atonement of thy Blood apply,
Till Faith to Sight improve,

Till

† 1 Pet. i. 17. § Is. liii. 6. Latter Part.

* Zech. xiii. 1. || 1 Pet. i. 2.

Till Hope shall in Fruition die,
And all my Soul be Love !

Hymns & Sacred Poems . 1740 .

H Y M N LXXVI.

v. 1. p. 283 .

Isaiah xl. 29.

I.

SON of God ! thy Blessing grant,
Still supply my ev'ry Want,
Tree of Life thine Influence shed,*
With thy Sap my Spirit feed !

II.

Tend'rest Branch, alas ! am I,
Wither without Thee, and die :
Weak as helpless Infancy—
O confirm my Soul in Thee !

III.

Unsustain'd by Thee I fall,
Send the Strength for which I call !
Weaker than a bruised Reed,
Help I every Moment need.

IV.

All my Hopes on Thee depend,
Love me ! save me to the End !
Give me the continuing Grace—
Take ~~the~~ everlasting Praise !

Hymns on the Lord's Supper . 1745 -

H Y M N LXXVII.

v. 3. p. 250

Isaiah ix. 2.

I.

LIGHT of those whose dreary Dwelling
Borders on the Shades of Death,

H 3

Coms

• Rev. ii. 7. John xv. 5.

Come ! and by thy Love's Revealing,
 Dissipate the Clouds beneath :
 The new Heav'n and Earth's Creator,*
 In our deepest Darkness rise !
 Scatt'ring all the Night of Nature,
 Pouring Eye sight on our Eyes !

II.

Still we wait for thine Appearing,
 Life and Joy thy Beams impart,
 Chasing all our Fears, and clearing
 Ev'ry poor benighted Heart :
 Come, and manifest the Favour
 God hath for the ransom'd Race ;
 Come ! Thou gracious GOD and SAVIOUR !
 Come ! and bring the Gospel-Grace !

III.

Save us in thy great Compassion,
 O Thou mild pacific Prince !
 Give the Knowledge of Salvation, †
 Give the Pardon of our Sins !
 By thine all-restoring Merit,
 Ev'ry burthen'd Soul release,
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring Spirit,
 Guide into thy perfect peace !

Hymns for the Nativity.
v. 4. p. 116.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

2 Kings x. 15.

I.

COME let us ascend,
 My Companion and Friend,
 To a Taste of the Banquet Above :
 If thine Heart be as mine,
 If for JESUS it pine,
 Come up into the Chariot of Love.

* Rev. xxi. 1, 5. † Luke i. 77.

II.

Who in JESUS confide,
 They are bold to outride
 The Storms of Affliction beneath :
 With thy Prophet they soar *
 To that Heav'nly Shore,
 And † outfly all the Arrows of Death.

III.

By § Faith we are come
 To our permanent Home,
 By || Hope we the Rapture improve :
 By ‡ Love we still rise,
 And look down on the Skies—
 For the ** Heaven of Heavens is Love !

IV.

Who on Earth can conceive
 How happy we live
 In the †† City of GOD the great King !
 What a Concert of Praise,
 When our JESUS's Grace,
 The whole heav'nly Company sing !

V.

What a rapturous Song
 When the glorify'd Throng
 In the Spirit of Harmony join ?
 Join all the glad Choirs,
 Hearts, Voices and Lyres,
 And the Burthen is Mercy divine.

VI.

Hallelujah they cry,
 To the King of the Sky.

To

* 1 Kings ii. 11. † John xi. 25, 26. § Heb. xi. 1.
 || Heb. vi. 19. ‡ 1 Cor. xiii. 13. ** 1 John iv. 16.
 Latter Part. †† Phil. iii. 20. Heb. xii. 22.

To the great everlasting I AM,
 To the LAMB that was slain,
 And liveth again,
 Hallelujah to God and the * LAMB !
Hymns & Sacred Poems . 1749 .

v. 5. h. 457
 H Y M N LXXIX.

Ezekiel xi. 19. xxxvi. 26.

I.

Almighty God of Truth and Love !
 In me thy Pow'r exert,
 The Mountain from my Soul remove,
 The Hardness of mine Heart :
 My most obdurate Heart subdue,
 In Honour to thy SON,
 And now the gracious Wonder shew
 And take away the Stone.

II.

I want a Principle within
 Of jealous, godly Fear ;
 A Sensibility of Sin,
 A Pain to feel it near :
 I want the first Approach to feel
 Of Pride or vain Desire,
 To catch the Wand'rings of my Will,
 And quench the kindling Fire.

III.

From Thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy Goodness grieve !
 The filial Awe, the † fleshly Heart,
 The tender Conscience give :
 Quick as the Apple of an Eye,
 O God, † my Conscience make,

Awake

* Rev. vii. 9, 10. † Ezek. xi. 19.

Awake my Soul when Sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake !

Hymns Sacred Poems . 1749 . v . 5 p . 373 .

H Y M N LXXX.

Jer. ii. 19.

Thy Backsliding shall reprove thee.

I.

JESU ! let thy pitying Eye
Call back a wand'ring Sheep :
False to Thee like Peter I
Wou'd fain like Peter weep :
Let me be by Grace restor'd,
On me be all Long-suff'ring shewn,
Turn and look upon me LORD.*
And break mine Heart of Stone !

II.

SAVIOUR ! Prince ! enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart, †
Give me, through thy dying Love,
The humble contrite Heart :
Give, what I've long implor'd,
A Portion of thy Love unknown—
Turn, &c.

III.

See me, **S**AVIOUR, from above,
Not suffer me to die,
Life, and Happiness, and Love,
Drop from thy gracious Eye :
Speak the reconciling Word,
And let thy Mercy melt me down—
Turn, &c.

Look,

* Luke xxii. 61. former Part. † Acts v. 31.

IV.

Look, as when thy Grace beheld
 The § Harlot in Distress,
 Dry'd her Tears, her Pardon seal'd,
 And bad her go in Peace :
 Foul like her, and self-abhorr'd,
 I at thy Feet for Mercy groan—
 Turn, &c.

V.

Look, as when condemn'd for them,
 Thou didst thy Foll'wers see,
 “ Daughters of Jerusalem ||
 “ Weep for yourselves—not me :”
 Am I by my God deplor'd !
 And shall I not myself bemoan—
 Turn, &c.

VI.

Look, as when thy languid Eye
 Was clos'd that we might live ;
 “ FATHER ! (at the Point to die †
 My SAVIOUR gasp'd) *Forgive !*
 Surely with that dying Word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, *Tis done !—*
 O my bleeding—loving LORD !
 Thou break'st mine Heart of Stone !

Hymns & Sacred Poems · 1749 · v. 4. p. 405

H Y M N LXXXI.

Praise to the REDEEMER.

I.

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair
 We wretched Sinners lay,
 Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
 Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

§ Luke vii. 50. || Luke xxiii. 28. † Luke
 xxiii. 34. former Part.

II.

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless Grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing Love !)
He came to our Relief.

III.

Down from the flaming Seats above,
With joyful Haste he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

IV.

Oh ! for this Love let Rocks and Hills
Their lasting Silence break,
And all harmonious human Tongues,
The SAVIOUR'S Praises speak !

V.

Angels assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold ;
But when you raise your highest Notes
His Love can ne'er be told !

Isaac Watts

H Y M N LXXXII.

BK 2 no 79.

PSALM C.

I.

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy,
Know that the LORD is GOD alone !
He can create, and He destroy.

II.

His sov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men ;

And

And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

III.

We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heavens our Voices raise ;
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with founding Praise.

IV.

Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vast as Eternity thy Love,
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts

Psalm 100

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Humiliation.

I.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the Man, whose guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

II.

Soon as we draw our Infant Breath,
'The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death !
'Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part,

III.

Behold ! we fall before thy Face :
Our only Refuge is thy Grace ;
No outward Forms can make us clean,
'The Leprosy lies deep within.

IV.

JESUS our God ! thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone ;
LORD ! let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make our down-cast Hearts rejoice !

Isaac Watts

Psalm 51.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

PSALM cl.

I.

PRAISE the LORD, who reigns above,
 And keeps his * Court below,
 Praise the holy God of Love,
 And all his Greatness shew :
 Praise him for his noble Deeds,
 Praise him for his matchless Pow'r ;
 Him from whom all Good proceeds,
 Let Earth and Heaven adore.

II.

Publish, spread to All around,
 The great IMMANUEL's Name,
 Let the Trumpets martial Sound,
 HIM LORD of Hosts proclaim :
 Praise him ev'ry tuneful String,
 All the Reach of heav'nly Art,
 All the Powers of Music bring,
 The Music of the Heart.

III.

Him, in whom they move, and live,
 Let every Creature sing,
 Glory to their Maker give,
 And Homage to their King :
 Hallow'd be his Name beneath,
 As in Heaven on Earth ador'd,
 Praise the LORD in every Breath ;
 Let all Things praise the LORD !

*Psalms & Hymns - 1743 -**v. 8 p. 262*

I

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXV.

PSALM xcix. 1.

I.

GOD is King, ye Lands rejoice,
Lift, ye Isles, a thankful Voice :
Ev'ry Throne by His controul'd,
Well secures the passive World.

II.

Higher than the Sons of Pride,
He bids raging Waves subside ;
Whate'er Strifes the Nations fill,
'The Whole centers to his Will.

III.

O how deep his Counsel lies ! *
How unfathomably wise !
Ev'ry Way his Will is done,
Ev'ry Way his Pow'r is shown.

IV.

Thoughts are vain against the LORD,
All subserve his standing Word ;
Satan lets, and Men object,
Yet the Thing they thwart, effect,

V.

Subjects of the LORD, be bold ;
JESUS will the Kingdom hold ;
Wheels encircling Wheels must run,
Each in Place to bring it on.

VI.

Blest is Faith, that trusts his Pow'r,
Blest is Faith, that waits his Hour :
Haste, great Conqu'ror, bring it near,
Let the glorious Clofe appear !

H Y M N LXXXVI.

Rev. iii. 20.

Behold I stand at the Door and knock, &c.

I.

WE Magnify thy Grace, O LORD,
 How plenteously hast thou prepar'd
 A Supper for thy Saints !
 All Things are ready, thou hast said,
 A Table Thou hast richly spread
 To answer all our Wants.

II.

Now, LORD allure our Souls to Thee,
 O kindly bid us come and see,
 And taste how Good thou art ;
 Knock with the † Hammer of thy Word,
 Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, LORD,
 LORD, break into each Heart !

III.

Darkness and Unbelief remove,
 Replenish all our Souls with Love.
 Cast out the Pow'r of Sin ;
 Jesus, attend our feeble Pray'r,
 And for Thyself our Hearts prepare,
 Come in, our LORD, come in !

IV.

Let Comfort, Love, and Joy, and Peace,
 Like Rivers flow, and still increase,
 Unto the Ocean driv'n :
 LORD, condescend to sup with me,
 And grant that I may be with Thee,
 And sup at last in Heav'n !

H Y M N

• Luke xiv. 16, 17. † Jer. xxiii. 29.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

CHRIST'S Commission.

I.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune ;
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds,
Celestial Grace has done.

II.

Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid Him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyss of Woes.

III.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
No Terror cloaths his Brow :
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

IV.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When CHRIST was sent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

V.

Now, Sinners dry your Tears,
Let hopeless Sorrows cease :
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

VI.

May we obey the Call !
And lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation He hath brought,
And love, and praise his Name.

Isaac Watts

BK 2 No 104. H Y M N

HYMN LXXXVIII.

For New Year's Day.

Luke xiii. 6.—11.

I.

THE LORD of Earth and Sky,
 The GOD of Ages praise !
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless Days ;
 Who lengthens out our Trial here,
 And spares us yet another Year.

II.

Barren and wither'd Trees.
 We cumber'd long the Ground,
 No Fruit of Holiness
 On our dead Souls was found !
 Yet did he us in Mercy spare,
 Another and another Year.

III.

When Justice bar'd the Sword
 To cut the Fig-Tree down,
 The Pity of our LORD
 Cry'd, " Let it still alone,"
 The Father mild inclin'd his Ear,
 And spar'd us yet another Year.

IV.

JESUS thy * speaking Blood
 From GOD obtain'd the Grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer Space :
 Thou didst in our Behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another Year !

I 3

Then

* Heb. xii. 24.

V.

Then dig about our Root,
 Break up our fallow Ground,
 And let our gracious Fruit
 To thy great Praise abound :
 O let us all thy Praise declare,
 And Fruit unto * Perfection bear !

Hymns & Sacred Poems . 1749 . v . 5 . p . 55

H Y M N LXXXIX.

Another.

I.

COME let us anew
 Our Journey pursue,
 Roll round with the Year,
 And never stand still till the MASTER appear :
 His adorable Will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our Talents improve,
 By the Patience of Hope and the Labour of
 Love.

II.

Our Life is a Dream,
 Our Time as a Stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive Moment refuses to stay :
 The Arrow is flown,
 The Moment is gone,
 The † Millennial Year
 Rushes on to our View, and Eternity's here !

III.

O that each in the Day
 Of his Coming may say,

“ I

* Luke viii. 14. † Rev. xx. 4.

“ I have * fought my Way thro’
 “ I have finish’d the Work Thou didst give
 me to do!”

O that each from his LORD
 May receive the glad Word,
 “ Well and faithfully done,
 “ † Enter into my Joy, and sit down on my
Hymns for New Years Day, 1750 Throne.
 v. 5 p. 14.

H Y M N X C.

Isaiah xxxv. 10.

I.

CHILDREN of the heav’nly King,
 As ye Journey sweetly sing:
 Sing your SAVIOUR’S worthy Praise,
 Glorious in his Works and Ways ;

II.

Ye are travelling home to God,
 In the Way the Fathers trod ; †
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their Happiness shall see.

III.

O, ye banish’d Seed, be glad !
 CHRIST our Advocate is made ;
 Us, to save, our Flesh assumes,
 Brother to our Souls becomes. §

IV.

Shout, ye little Flock, and blest,
 You on JESU’S Throne shall rest !
 There your Seat is now prepar’d,
 There your Kingdom and Reward.

Fear

* 2 Tim. iv. 7.

† Matt. xxv. 21.

‡ Jer. vi. 16.

§ Heb. ii. 11.

V.

Fear not Brethren, joyful stand
 On the Borders of your Land !
 JESUS CHRIST, your FATHER'S SON, †
 Bids you undismay'd go on.

VI.

LORD ! obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below :
 Only Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee !

Antiphona

H Y M N XCI.

Phil. ii. 9, 10, 11.

I.

LET Earth and Heav'n agree,
 Angels and Men be join'd
 To celebrate with me
 The SAVIOUR of Mankind :
 T' adore the all-atoning LAMB,
 And bless the Sound of JESU'S Name.

II.

JESUS ! transporting Sound ;
 The Joy of Earth and Heav'n,
 No other Help is found,
 No other || Name is giv'n,
 By which we can Salvation have ———
 But JESUS came the World to save.

III.

JESUS ! harmonious Name !
 It charms the Hosts above !

They

† John xx. 17. || Acts iv. 12.

They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his Love !
 'Tis all their Happiness to gaze,
 'Tis Heav'n to see our JESU'S Face.*

IV.

His Name the Sinner hears,
 And is from Sin fet free ;
 'Tis Music in his Ears,
 'Tis Life and Victory :
 New Songs do now his Lips employ, †
 And dances his glad Heart for Joy !

*Hymns on God's Everlasting Love. London 1741.
 v. 3. p. 71*

H Y M N X C II.

T E D E U M.

I.

HOW can we adore,
 Or worthily praise,
 Thy Goodness and Pow'r,
 Thou God of all Grace !
 With Honour and Blessing,
 Before Thee we fall,
 Most gladly confessing
 Thee FATHER of all.

II.

The Heavens and Earth,
 And Water and Air,
 To Thee owe their Birth,
 Subsist by thy Care ;
 Whilst Angels are singing
 Thy Praises above,
 We Mortals are bringing
 Our Tribute of Love.

Thou

* 1 Cor. xiii. 12. † Ps. xl. 3.

III.

Thou SAVIOUR, art one
 With God the Supreme,
 His eternal Son,
 And equal with Him :
 Invested with Glory,
 On high dost thou sit,
 While Angels adore Thee,
 And bow at thy Feet.

IV.

How great was thy Love !
 How wond'rous thy Grace !
 Thou can'st from above
 To save a lost Race ;
 And, Man to deliver,
 Of Woman wast born,
 That ev'ry Believer
 To God might return.

V.

How soon will thy Seat
 Of Judgment appear !
 Prepare us to meet
 And welcome Thee there,
 Thy * witnessing Spirit
 In us shed abroad,
 And bid us inherit
 The Kingdom of God.

H Y M N

* 1 John v. 6. latter Part.

H Y M N XCIH.

The Christian Race. Heb. xii. 1, 2.
former Part.

I.

AWAKE our Souls (away our Fears,
Let every trembling Thought be gone)
Awake and run the heav'nly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

II.

True, 'tis a strait and Thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint ;
But we forget the mighty God,
'That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

III.

O mighty God, thy matchless Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young ;
And firm endures, while endless Years
Their everlasting Circles run.

IV.

From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Believers drink a fresh Supply,
While such as trust their native Strength,
Shall fade away, and droop, and die.

V.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
Oh may we mount to thine Abode !
On Wings of Love, to Jesus fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road !

Samuel Watts

R.K. 1 no 48.

H Y M N

H Y M N X C I V.

The Pilgrim's Hymn. A Dialogue.

I.

TELL us, O Women, we would know
 Whither so fast ye move ;
We, call'd to leave the World below,
Are seeking one above.

II.

Whence came ye, say, and what the Place
 That ye are trav'ling from ?
From Tribulation, we thro' Grace,
Are now returning Home.

III.

• Is not your native Dwelling here ?
 Like you not this Abode ?
*We seek * a better City far,*
A City built by God.

IV.

Thither we travel, nor intend
 Short of that Bliss to rest ;
Nor we, till in the Sinners Friend
Our weary Souls are bless'd.

V.

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
 SAVIOUR, we ask no more ;
Hail Lamb of GOD, for Sinners slain,
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore !

H Y M N

* Heb. xi 10.

H Y M N XCV.

PSALM cxvii.

I.

YE Nations who the Globe divide,
 Ye num'rous Nations, scatter'd wide,
 To GOD your grateful Voices raise :
 To ALL his boundless Mercies shown,
 His Truth to endless Ages known,
 Require our endless Love and Praise.

II.

To Him who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear SON who deign'd to die,
 Our Guilt and Errors to remove :
 To that blest Spirit who Grace imparts,
 Who rules in all Believing Hearts,
 Be ceaseless Glory, Praise, and Love.

Hymns & Sacred Poems 1739

v. 1 p. 124.

H Y M N XCVI.

Ephes. ii. 13.

I.

OF Him who did Salvation bring,
 LORD, may we ever think and sing !
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive :
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

II.

Eternal LORD, Almighty King,
 All Heav'n doth with thy Triumphs ring !
 Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
 Devils with Force, and Men with Love !

K

To

III.

To purge our Sins, CHRIST shed his Blood,
 He dy'd to bring us near to GOD :
 Let all the World fall down and know,
 That none but GOD such Love could show.

H Y M N XCVII.

Heb. x. 4, 10.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

I.

NOT all the Blood of Beasts
 On Jewish Altars slain,
 Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
 Or wash away the Stain.

II.

But CHRIST the heav'nly LAMB,
 Takes all our Sins away :
 A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
 And richer Blood than they !

III.

My Faith would lay its Hand *
 On that dear Head of Thine,
 While like a Penitent I stand
 And there confess my Sin.

IV.

My Soul looks back to see
 The Burdens Thou didst bear, †
 When hanging on th' accursed Tree,
 And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing

V.

Believing we rejoice
 To see the CURSE remove ; †
 We bless the LAMB with chearful Voice,
 And sing his bleeding Love.

*Isaac Watts**BK 2 No 142*

H Y M N XCVIII.

TO JESUS CHRIST.

I.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just,
 Oh tune our Souls to Praise thy Name,
 JESUS ! Unchangeable, the Same :

II.

If Angels, whilst to Thee they sing,
 Wrap up their Faces in their Wing,*
 How shall we sinful Dust draw nigh
 The great, the awful DEITY !

III.

Glory to Thee, auspicious LAMB !
 Thou holy LORD, Thou great I AM !
 With all our Pow'r thy Grace we bless,
 Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness !

IV.

Live, ever glorious JESUS ! live,
 Worthy all Blessings to receive !
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit
 With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet !

H Y M N

† Gal. iii. 13. * Is. vi. 2, 3. compared with
 John xii. 41.

HYMN XCIX.

The Same.

I.

HOLY LAMB, who Thee receive,
 Who in Thee begin to live,
 Day and Night they cry to Thee,
 As Thou art, so let us be !

II.

Fix, O fix each wav'ring Mind,
 To thy Cross our Spirits bind ;
 Earthly Passions far remove,
 Perfect * all our Souls in Love.

III.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be,
 Full of Guilt and Misery !
 Thine we are, thou SON of GOD !
 Take the Purchase of thy Blood,

IV.

Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r divine,
 Love unspeakable are Thine ;
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
 Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav'n !

*in Roberts. Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1740.
 v. 1. p. 280*

HYMN C.

Unfruitfulness.

I.

LONG have we sat beneath the Sound
 Of thy Salvation, LORD,
 But still how weak our Faith is found,
 And Knowledge of thy Word !

Oft

* 1 John ii. 5.

II.

Oft we frequent thine holy Place,
 Yet hear almost in vain :
 How small a Portion of thy Grace
 Do our false Hearts retain.

III.

Our gracious SAVIOUR and our GOD,
 How little art Thou known,
 By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
 And Blessings of thy Throne ?

IV.

How cold and feeble is our Love,
 How negligent our Fear !
 How low our Hope of Joys above,
 How few Affections there !

V.

Great God, thy sov'reign Aid impart,
 To give thy Word Success ;
 Write thy Salvation on our Heart,
 And make us learn thy Grace.

VI.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way
 That leads to Joys on high :
 Where Knowledge grows without decay,
 And Love shall never die.

Isaac Watts

BK 2 No 165.

H Y M N C I.

CHRIST'S Compassion for the Tempted,

Heb. ii. 17, 18.

I.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
 Of our High Priest above ;

His Heart is made of Tendernefs,
His Bowels melt with Love.

II.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame ;
He knows what fore Temptations mean,
For he hath felt the fame.

III.

He in the Days of feeble Flefh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears :*
And in his Measure feels afrefh, †
What ev'ry Member bears.

IV.

He'll never quench the fmoaking Flax, ‡
But raife it to a Flame :
The bruifed Reed He never breaks,
Nor fcorns the meaneft Name.

V.

Then, let our humble faith address
His Mercy and his Pow'r ;
We fhall obtain delivering Grace
In the diftreffing Hour.

Isaac Watts

BK 1 No 125

H Y M N

* Heb. v. 7. † Heb. iv. 15. ‡ If. xlii. 3.
Matt. xii. 20.

H Y M N CII.

Matt. xi. 25.

I.

'T IS thy good Pleasure LORD,
That we are call'd to Thee ;
The Power of thy Word,
Thy Truth can make us * free.

II.

Things from the Prudent hid,
From † mighty Men conceal'd,
To us, from Blindness freed,
Thy Love hath now reveal'd.

III.

LORD, let us know Thee more,
Remove each dimming Veil,
Increase our little Store
'Till § Heart and Flesh shall fail.

IV.

Increase our Faith and Hope,
|| Perfect our grateful Love,
Then, JESUS, † call us up,
The Heav'n of Heav'ns to prove.

V.

To know Thee ** as we're known,
To see Thee Face to Face,
To †† stand around thy Throne,
And sing—TRIUMPHANT GRACE.

H Y M N

* John viii. 32. † 1 Cor. i. 26. § Ps. lxxiii. 26.
|| 1 John iv. 17. † Rev. xi. 12. ** 1 Cor.
xiii. 12. †† Rev. v. 9.—14.

H Y M N CIII.

Invitation. Luke xiv. 12.

I.

HITHER ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
 A sin-disorder'd trembling Throng :
 To you the Gospel calls, to you
 MESSIAH'S Blessings all belong.

II.

Reason's and Virtue's boasting Sons *
 Derive no Blessings from his † Tree :
 For Sinners only JESUS dy'd—
 Then sure I hear He dy'd for me !

III.

'Twas with our Griefs MESSIAH groan'd ;
 'Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try'd !
 Our Punishment he took, he bore,
 And Sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd !

IV.

Awake each Heart, arise each Soul,
 And join the blissful Choirs above :
 May nothing tune our future Song,
 But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly Love !

H Y M N CIV.

MORNING or EVENING.

I.

O GOD, how endless is thy Love !
 Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new ;
 And Morning Mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early Dew.

Thou

* Matt. ix. 12. . † Acts v. 30. . 1 Pet. ii. 24.

II.

'Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours ;
Thy Sov'reign Word restores the Light,
And quickens all our drowfy Pow'rs.

III.

LORD may we yield to thy Command,
To Thee still consecrate our Days !
Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise !

Isaac Watts

H Y M N C V.

BK 1 No 81.

For the LORD'S Day.

I.

THIS is the Day the LORD hath made :
He calls the Hours his own ;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround the Throne.

II.

To Day CHRIST rose, and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell ;
To-day the Saints his Triumphs spread,
And all his Wonders tell.

III.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O LORD, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy Throne !

IV.

Hosanna in the highest Strains
The Church on Earth can raise ;
The highest Heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler Praise.

Isaac Watts

Psalm 118.

H Y M N

H Y M N C VI.

Another.

I.

SWEET is the Work, O God, our King,
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing:
To shew thy Love by Morning Light,
And talk of all thy Truth by Night.

II.

Sweet is the Day of Sacred Rest,
No mortal Care should seize our Breast ;
O may our Hearts in Tune be found,
Like David's Harp, of Solemn Sound !

III.

Our Hearts should triumph in Thee, LORD,
And bless thy Works, and bless thy Word ;
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy Counsel ! how divine !

IV.

O may we see, and hear and know,
What Mortals cannot reach below :
May all our Pow'rs find sweet Employ.
In CHRIST's eternal World of Joy !

Isaac Watts

Psalm 92.

H Y M N C VII.

A Blessed GOSPEL.

I.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful Sound,
Peace shall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps surround.

Teir

II.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
 'Thro' their REDEEMER's Name ;
 His Righteousness exalts their Hopes,
 Nor Satan * dares condemn.

III.

The LORD our Glory and Defence,
 Strength and Salvation gives :
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy GOD for ever lives.

Isaac Watts

H Y M N CVIII.

Psalms 89.

First and Second Adam.

I.

DEEP in the Dust, before thy Throne,
 Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own ;
 Great GOD ! we own th' unhappy Name,
 Whence sprung our Nature and our Shame.

II.

But whilst our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
 Behold the Terrors of thy Law :
 We sing the Honours of thy Grace,
 That sent to save a ruin'd Race.

III.

We sing thine everlasting SON
 Who join'd our Nature to his own :
 Adam the second from the Dust, †
 Raises the Ruins of the First.

IV.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound, †
 There have the Sons of Adam found
 Abounding Life ; there glorious Grace
 Reigns thro' the || LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS !

H Y M N

* Rom. viii. 34. † 1 Cor. xv. 22. † Rom. v. 20.
 || Jer. xxiii. 6.

Isaac Watts

BK 1 no 124.

H Y M N CIX.

PSALM lxxxiv.

Longing for the House of God.

I.

LORD of the Worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The Dwellings of thy Love,
 Thine earthly Temples are !
 To his Abode,
 My Soul aspire,
 With warm Desire,
 To see thy God.

II.

O happy Souls that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy Men that pay
 Their constant Service there !
 They praise CHRIST still ;
 And happy they
 That love the Way
 To Zion's Hill !

III.

They go from Strength to Strength,
 Through this dark Vale of Tears ;
 'Till each arrives at length,
 'Till each in Heav'n appears.
 O glorious Seat
 Of God our King !—
 LORD, thither bring
 Our willing Feet !

IV.

The LORD his People loves :
 His Hand no Good withholds

From

From those his Heart approves,
 From * praying † humble Souls,
 Thrice happy he,
 O GOD of Hosts,
 Whose Spirit trusts
 Alone in Thee !

Isaac Watts

Psalm 84.

H Y M N CX.

Adoring CHRIST.

I.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
 JESUS CHRIST, our Joy and Peace,
 Let our Praise to Him be giv'n,
 High at GOD's Right-hand in Heav'n !

II.

Master, see ! to Thee we bow,
 Thou art LORD and only Thou ;
 Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
 Glory of thy Church, and Head.

III.

Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee we praise, our Priest, our King :
 Worthy is thy Name of Praise,
 Full of Glory, full of Grace.

IV.

Thou hast the glad Tidings brought
 Of Salvation by Thee wrought ;
 Wrought for all thy Church ! and we
 Worship in their Company.

L

We,

• Matt. vii. 7. † Is. lvi. 15.

V.

We, thy little Flock, adore
Thee, the LORD for evermore !
Ever with us, shew thy Love,
Till we join with those above !

Am. C. 1.

H Y M N C X I.

Praise to CHRIST.

I.

HAIL thou once despised JESUS :
Hail thou Galilean King !
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free Salvation bring !
Hail thou glorious GOD and SAVIOUR,
Who hast borne our Sin and Shame,
By whose Merits we find Favour,
Life is giv'n thro' thy Name !

II.

Paschal LAMB by GOD appointed,
All our Sins were on Thee laid !
By Almighty Love appointed,
Thou hast full Atonement made :
Ev'ry † Sin may be forgiv'n
Thro' the Virtue of thy Blood,
Open'd is the Gate of Heav'n, §
Peace is made 'twixt Man and God.

III.

JESUS Hail ! enthron'd in Glory,
There for ever to abide !
All the heav'nly Hosts adore Thee
Seated at thy FATHER'S Side :

There

• If. liii 6. † 1 John i. 7.

§ Heb. x. 20.

There for Sinners † Thou art pleading †
 “ Spare them yet another Year” — †
 Thou for Saints art interceding §
 Till in Glory they appear.

IV.

Worship, Honour, Pow’r, and Blessing,
 CHRIST is worthy to receive —
 Loudest Praises without ceasing
 Meet it is for us to give !
 Help ye bright angelic Spirits,
 Bring your sweetest noblest Lays,
 Help to sing our JESU’S Merits,
 Help, to chant IMMANUEL’S Praise.

HYMN CXII.

Another.

I.

COME, let us all unite to praise
 The SAVIOUR of Mankind,
 Our thankful Hearts, in solemn Lays,
 Be with our Voices join’d.

II.

But how shall Dust his Worth declare,
 When Angels try in vain,
 Their * Faces veil when they appear
 Before the SON of MAN :

III.

O LORD we cannot silent be,
 By Love we are constrain’d
 To offer our best Thanks to Thee —
 Our SAVIOUR and our Friend !

Thro’

† If. liii. v. 2. Latter Part. † 1 John ii. 1.

‡ Luke xiii. 8. § Heb. vii. 25. * If vi. 2.

IV.

Tho' feeble are our best Essays,
 Thy Love will not despise
 Our grateful Songs of humble Praise,
 Our well-meant Sacrifice.

V.

Let ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness shew,
 And spread abroad thy Fame,
 Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o'erflow,
 And bless thy sacred Name.

VI.

Worship and Honour, Thanks and Love,
 Be to our JESUS giv'n !
 By Men below—by Hosts above—
 By all in Earth and Heav'n !

H Y M N CXIII.

S A L V A T I O N.

I.

SALVATION ! O the joyful Sound !
 What Pleasure to our Ears !
 A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
 A Cordial for our Fears.

II.

Salvation ! let the Echo fly,
 The spacious Earth around—
 While all the Armies of the Sky
 Conspire to raise the Sound :

Jeanne Watts

BK 2 no 88.

H Y M N

HYMN CXIV.

CHRIST our great Melchisedec.

I.

THOU dear REDEEMER, dying LAMB !
 We love to hear of Thee ;
 No Music like thy charming Name,
 Nor half so sweet can be !
 O may we ever hear thy Voice,
 In Mercy to us speak !
 And in our Priest will we rejoice,
 Thou great § Melchisedec !

II.

Our Jesus shall be still our Theme,
 While in this World we stay,
 We'll sing our Jesus's lovely Name,
 When all Things else decay.
 When we appear in yonder Cloud, ¶
 With all his favour'd Throng, †
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And CHRIST shall be our Song.

HYMN CXV.

Delivered for our Offences—Raised again
 for our Justification. Rom. iv. 25.

I.

HE dies ! the FRIEND of Sinners dies !
 Lo ! * Salem's Daughters weep around !
 A solemn † Darkness veils the Skies !
 A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground !

I. 3

Come

§ Pl. cx. 4.

¶ Col. iii. 4.

† Jude 14.

* Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

† Matt. xxvii. 45. 51.

Come Saints, and drop a Tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your Load;
 He shed a thousand Drops for you,
 A Thousand Drops of richer Blood!

II.

Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for Men!
 But lo! what sudden Joys we see!
 Jesus the Dead revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the Tomb!
 (The Tomb in vain forbids his Rise!)
 Cherubic Legions guard him home,
 And shout Him welcome to the Skies!

III.

Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
 Sing how He spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
 And led the Monster Death in Chains!
 Say "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
 "Born to redeem! and strong to save!"
 Then Ask the Monster—"Where's thy Sting?
 "And where's thy Victory, boasting
 (Grave!"

Isaac Watt,

Ed. 1744

HYMN CXVI.

Gal. iii. 28. Col. iii. 11.

I.

CHRIST, from whom all Blessings flow,
 Comforting thy Saints below,
 Hear us, who thy Nature share,
 Who thy mystic Body are.
 Join us, in one Spirit join:
 Let us still receive of Thine,

Still for more on Thee we call,
Thee who fillest all in all.

II.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
Diverse Gifts to each divide;
Plac'd according to thy Will,
Let us all our Works fulfil:
Never from our Office move,
Helpful to the others prove,
Use the Grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the blessed God.

III.

Many are we now, and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
There is neither Bond, nor Free;
Male nor Female, LORD, in Thee!
Love, like Death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all Distinctions void,
Names and Sects, and Parties fall,
Thou, O CHRIST, art All in All!

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1740.

v. 1. p. 361

HYMN CXVII.

THANKSGIVING.

I.

MY Soul repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great:
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

II.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd,
Above the Ground we tread,

So far the Riches of thy Grace,
Our highest Thoughts exceed.

III.

The Pity of the LORD,
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel :
He knows our feeble Frame.

IV.

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.

V.

But thy Compassions, LORD,
To endless Years endure ;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Word of Promise sure.

Isaac Watts
Psalms 103.

H Y M N CXVIII.

I John iii. 11.

I.

○ Let thy Love our Hearts constrain,
Jesus the Crucified !
What hast Thou done our Hearts to gain,
Languish'd, and groan'd and died.

II.

Us into closest Union draw,
And in our inward Parts
Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,
Let Love command our Hearts.

Who

III.

Who would not now pursue the Way
Where JESU'S Footsteps shine !
Who would not own the pleasing Sway
Of Charity divine ?

IV.

O let us find the Ancient Way,
Our wond'ring Foes to move,
And force the Heathen World to say,
" See how these Christians love !"

H Y M N CXIX.

Nativity of CHRIST.

I.

COME, thou long expected JESUS !
Born to set thy People free ;
From our Fears and Sins release us,
Let us find our Rest in Thee !
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the Earth thou art ;
Dear Desire of every Nation †
Joy of every longing Heart !

II.

Born thy People to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King ; †
Born to reign § in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring ;
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our Hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient Merit,
Raise us to thy glorious Throne !

Hymns for the Nativity.

v. 4. p. 116.

H Y M N

* Matt. i. 21.

† Hag. ii. 7.

‡ Matt. ii. 2.

§ Luke xvii. 21.

H Y M N CXX.

I.

TO God the only wise,
Our SAVIOUR, and our King,
 Let all the Saints below the Skies
 Their humble Praises bring.

II.

'Tis His Almighty Love,
 His Counsel and his Care,
 Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
 And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

III.

He will present his Saints
 Unblemish'd and compleat *
 Before the Glory of his Face,
 With Joys divinely great.

IV.

Then all the chosen Seed
 Shall meet around the Throne,
 Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
 And make his Wonders known.

V.

To our Redeeming God,
 Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
 Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
 And everlasting Songs !

Isaac Watts

BK 1 no 51.

H Y M N

* Eph. v. 27.

HYMN CXXI.

PSALM V.

I.

O LORD ! incline thy gracious Ear,
 My plaintive Sorrow weigh !
 To Thee for Succour I draw near,
 To Thee I humbly pray.
 Still will I call with lifted Eyes,
 " Come, O my God, and King,"
 Till Thou regard my ceaseless Cries,
 And full Deliv'rance bring.

II.

On Thee, O God of Purity,
 I wait for hal'wing Grace ;
 None without * Holiness shall see
 The Glories of thy Face :
 In Souls unholy and unclean †
 Thou never canst delight ;
 Nor shall they, if § unfav'd from Sin,
 Appear before thy Sight.

III.

But as for me with humble Fear,
 I will approach thy Gate,
 Tho' most unworthy to draw near,
 Or in thy Courts to wait ;
 I trust in thine unbounden Grace
 Which is so freely giv'n,
 And worship t'ward thine holy Place,
 And lift my Soul to Heav'n.

IV.

Lead me in all thy righteous Ways,
 Nor suffer me to slide,

Point

* Heb. xii. 14. † Ps. v. 4. § Matt. i. 21.

Point out the Path before my Face,
 My God be Thou my Guide !
 O may I ne'er to Evil yield,
 Defended from above,
 And kept, and cover'd with the Shield
 Of thine Almighty Love !

Psalm & Hymn . 1743 .

H Y M N ^{7.8.1.9} CXXII.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

I.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
 At thy Feet we humbly bow :
 Oh ! do not our Suit disdain,
 Shall we seek Thee, LORD, in vain ?

II.

LORD, on Thee our Souls depend :
 In Compassion now descend :
 Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
 Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

III.

In thine own appointed Way,
 Now we seek Thee—here we stay,
 LORD, we know not how to go
 Till a Blessing Thou bestow.

IV.

Send some Message from thy Word,
 That may Joy and Peace afford ;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full Salvation to each Heart.

V.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the Time of Joy return ;

Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in Faith and Hope !

VI.

Grant that All may seek and find
Thee a GOD sincere and kind ;
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee !

William Henry

H Y M N CXXIII.

For Persons joined in Fellowship.

I.

TR Y us, O GOD, and search the Ground
Of ev'ry sinful Heart :
Whate'er of Guilt in us is found,
O bid it all depart !

II.

When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not * comfortless,
But guide our Feet into the Way
Of everlasting Peace.

III.

Help us to help each other, LORD,
Each other's Cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly Aid afford,
And feel his Brother's Care.

IV.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little Stock improve,
Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love.

M

The

* John xiv. 18.

V.

Then when the mighty Work is wrought,
 Receive the ready Bride : *
 Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
 With all the Sanctified.

Hymns & Sacred Poems 1742 v. 2 p. 136

H Y M N CXXIV.

Another.

I.

JESUS, LORD, we look to Thee,
 Let us in thy Name agree,
 Shew Thyself the Prince of Peace,
 Bid our Jars for ever cease.

II.

By thy reconciling Love,
 Ev'ry Stumbling-block remove,
 Each to each unite, endear,
 Come and spread thy Banner here.

III.

Make us of one Heart and Mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
 Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
 Altogether like our LORD. †

IV.

Let us each for other care,
 Each his Brother's Burden bear,
 To thy Church the Pattern give,
 Shew how true Believers live.

V.

Let us then with Joy remove
 To thy Family above,
 On the Wings of Angels fly,
 Shew how true Believers die !

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1749.
v. 5. p. 52.

H Y M N

* Rev. xxi. 9. latter Part. † Matt. xi. 29.

H Y M N CXXV.

It is finished ! John xix. 30.

I.

“ ’TIS finish’d,” the REDEEMER said,
 And meekly bow’d his lying Head;
 Whilst we this Sentence scan,
 Come, Sinners, and observe the Word,
 Behold the Conquests of our LORD,
 Compleat for helpless Man.

II.

Finish’d the Righteousness of Grace,
 Finish’d for Sinners pard’ning Peace ;
 Their mighty Debt is paid :
 Accusing Law, cancel’d by Blood,
 And Wrath of an offended GOD
 In sweet Oblivion laid.*

III.

Who now shall urge a second Claim ? †
 The Law, no longer can condemn,
 Faith a Release can shew :
 Justice itself a Friend appears,
 The Prison-house a Whisper hears,
 “ Loose him and let him go.” ‡

IV.

O Unbelief, injurious Bar !
 Source of tormenting fruitless Fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply ?
 Where’er thy loud Objections fall,
 “ Tis finish’d,” still may answer all,
 And silence ev’ry Cry.

H Y M N

* Jer. xxxi. 34. † Rom viii. 34. ‡ John xi. 44.

HYMN CXXVI.

God's Goodness to his People.

PSALM xxiii.

I.

THE LORD supplies his People's Need,
 JEHOVAH is his Name :
 In Pastures fresh he makes them feed
 Beside the living Stream.

II.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
 When they forsake his Ways,
 And leads them, for his Mercy's Sake,
 In Paths of Truth and Grace.

III.

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
 His Presence is their Stay :
 A Word of his supporting Breath
 Drives all their Fears away.

IV.

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
 Doth still their Table spread,
 Their Cup with Blessings overflows,
 His Oil anoints their Head.

V.

The sure Provisions of our God,
 Attend us all our Days :
 O may his House be our Abode,
 And all our Work his Praise !

Beach's atts

Psalm 23.

HYMN

H Y M N CXXVII.

To the HOLY GHOST.

Extracted from the Ordination-Office.

COME HOLY GHOST, our Souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial Fire,
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sev'nfold Gifts impart.
 Thy blessed Uction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love.
 Enable with perpetual Light
The Dulness of our blinde! Sight:
 Anoint and chear our soiled Face,
With the Abundance of thy Grace.
 Keep far our Foes, give Peace at Home!
Where Thou art. Guile, no Ill can come.
 Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And thee, of both to be but One;
 That through the Ages all along,
This, this may be our endless Song;

Praise GOD, from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise Him all Creatures here below;
 Praise Him above ye heav'nly Host,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Social Worship.

I.

JESU attend, Thyself reveal,
 Are we not met in thy great Name?

M 3

Thy

Thee in the * Midst we wait to feel,
 We wait to catch the spreading Flame.
 II.

Thou GOD that answerest by Fire, †
 The Sp'rit of † Burning now impart !
 And let the Flames of pure Desire
 Rise from the Altar of each Heart !
 III.

Truly our § Fellowship below,
 With Thee, and with thy FATHER is,
 In Thee || eternal Life we know,
 And Heav'n's unutterable Blis !
 IV.

In Part we only know Thee here,**
 But wait thy Coming from above,
 Then shall we, LORD, behold Thee near,
 And we shall all be lost in Love !

H Y M N CXXIX.

An Act of Faith.

Habukkuk iii. 17, &c.

I.

AWAY my unbelieving Fear !
 Fear shall in me no more take Place !
 My SAVIOUR doth not yet appear,
 He hides the Brightness of his Face :
 But shall I therefore let Him go,
 And basely to the Tempter yield ?—
 No—in the Strength of JESUS no—
 I never will give up my Shield.

Altho'

* Matt. xviii. 20. † 2 Kings i. 10, 12.
 † Is. iv. 4. with Matt. iii. 11. latter Part. § 1 John
 i. 3. || John xvii. 3. ** 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

II.

Altho' the Vine its Fruit deny,
 Altho' the Olive yield no Oil,
 The withering Fig-tree droop and die,
 The Field illude the Tiller's Toil,
 The empty Stall no Herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating Race,
 Yet will I triumph in the LORD,
 The GOD of my Salvation praise.

III.

Barren altho' my Soul remain,
 And no one Bud of Grace appear,
 No Fruit of all my Toil and Pain,
 But Sin and only Sin is here : |||
 Altho' my Gifts and Comforts lost,
 My blooming Hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my SAVIOUR trust,*
 And glory that He dy'd for me.

IV.

In Hope, believing against Hope, †
 JESUS, my § LORD and GOD I claim,
 JESUS my Strength shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in JESU'S Name : ||
 To me He soon shall bring it nigh, †
 My Soul shall then outstrip the Wind,
 On Wings of Love mount up on high,
 And leave the World and Sin behind.

*Hymns & Sacred Poems . 1742 .
 v. 2. p. 198.*

H Y M N

||| Rom. vii. 18. former Part. • If. i. 10.
 † Rom. iv. 18. § John xx. 28. || Acts iv. 12.
 † Luke xxi. 28.

H Y M N CXXX.

As the Sufferings of CHRIST abound in us, so our Consolation also aboundeth by CHRIST. 2 Cor. i. 5.

I.

COME on my Part'ners in Distress,
My Comrades thro' the Wildernets,
Who still your Bodies feel !
Awhile forget your Grievs and Fears,
And look beyond the Vale of Tears
To that celestial Hill.

II.

See where the * LAMB in Glory stands,
Incircled with his radiant Bands,
And join th' angelic Pow'rs :
For all that Height of glorious Bliss,
Our everlasting Portion is,
And all that Heav'n is ours.

III.

Who † suffer for our Master here,
We shall before his Face appear,
And by his Side ‡ sit down ;
To patient Faith the Prize is sure,
And those that to the End endure §
The Cross, shall wear the Crown.

IV.

Thrice blessed Bliss !—Inspiring Hope !
It lifts the fainting Spirits up !
It brings to Life the Dead !

Our

* Rev. v. 6, 9.

† 2 Tim. ii. 12.

‡ Luke xiii. 29.

§ Matt. x. 22.

Our Conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last.
 Triumphant with our Head.

V.

That great mysterious DEITY
 We soon with open Face shall see—
 The Beatific Sight
 Shall fill the heav'nly Courts with Praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden Blaze
 Of everlasting Light !

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1749. v. 5. p. 168.

H Y M N CXXXI.

W H I T - S U N D A Y .

John xiv. 16—21.

I.

JESU we hang upon the Word
 Our longing Souls have heard from Thee,
 Be mindful of thy Promise, LORD !
 Thy Promise made to all, and me,
 Thy Foll'wers who thy Steps pursue,
 And dare believe that GOD is True.

II.

Thou saidst I will the FATHER pray,
 And He the * PARACLETE shall give,
 Shall give him in your Hearts to stay,
 And never more his † Temples leave ;
 Myself will to my Orphans come,
 And make you mine Eternal Home.

III.

Come then dear LORD ! Thyself reveal,
 And let the Promise now take Place !

Be

* i. e. Comforter. † 1 Cor. vi. 19.

Be it according to thy Will,
 According to the Word of Grace !
 Thy sorrowful Disciples cheer,
 And send us down the COMFORTER !

IV.

He visits now the troubled Breast,
 And oft relieves our sad Complaint,
 But soon we lose the † transient Guest,
 But soon we droop again, and faint,
 Repeat the melancholy Moan—
 “ Our Joy is fled, our Comfort gone !”

V.

Hasten Him, LORD, into each Heart,
 Our sure inseparable Guide—
 O might we meet, and never part !
 O might he in our Hearts abide !
 And keep his ‡ House of Praise and Pray’r,
 And rest, and reign for ever—There !

Hymns of Petition & Thanksgiving 1746.

HYMN CXXXII.

4. 4. 172

FUNERAL HYMN.

On the Death of a Believer.

I.

A H lovely Appearance of Death,
 No Sight upon Earth is so fair ;
 Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
 Can with this dead Body compare :
 With solemn Delight I survey
 The Corpse when the Spirit is fled,
 In Love with the beautiful Clay,
 And longing to lie in its Stead.

How

† Jer. xiv. 3. ‡ Is. lvi. 7. Matt. xxi. 13.
 former Part, with 1 Cor. iii. 16.

II.

How blest is our Brother, bereft
 Of all that could burthen his Mind ?
 How easy the Soul that hath left
 This wearisome Body behind !
 Of Evil incapable thou,
 Whose Relicks with Envy I see :
 No longer in Misery now,
 No longer a Sinner like me.

III.

This Earth is affected no more
 With Sicknes, or shaken with Pain !
 The War in the Members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again :
 No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
 Shall redden this innocent Clay,
 Extinct is the animal Flame,
 And Passion is vanish'd away.

IV.

This languishing Head is at Rest,
 Its Thinking and Aching are o'er :
 This quiet immoveable Breast
 Is heav'd by Affliction no more :
 This Heart is no longer the Seat
 Of Trouble and torturing Pain :
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

V.

The Lids he so seldom could close,
 By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal Repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
 These Hollows from Water are free ;

The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
And Evil they never shall see.*

VI.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a Prison I breathe,
And still for Deliverance pine,
And press to the Issues of Death:
What now with my Tears I bedew,
I wait the good Time to become,
My Spirit created anew,
My Fleth be consign'd to the Tomb!

Funeral Hymns.

v. 5/1. 193

H Y M N CXXXIII.

Another.

I.

HOSANNA to Jesus on high!
Another is enter'd his Rest,
Another is 'scaped to the Sky,
And lodg'd in IMMANUEL's Breast;
'The Soul of our Brother is gone
To heighten the Triumph above,
Exalted to Jesus's Throne,
Exalted by Jesus's Love!

II.

How happy the Angels that fall §
'Transported at Jesus's Name!
The Saints whom he soonest shall call
To share in the † Feast of the LAMB!

No

* Zeph. iii. 15. § Rev. v. 14.

† Rev. xix. 9.

No longer inprison'd in Clay,
 Who next from his Dungeon shall fly ?
 Who first shall be summon'd away ?
 My merciful GOD—Is it I ?

III.

O JESUS ! if this be thy Will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy Counsel of Mercy reveal,
 And whisper the Call to my Heart :
 O give me a Signal to know,
 If soon Thou wouldst have Me remove,
 And leave the dull Body below,
 And fly to the Regions of Love.

*General Hymns
 v. 5. p. 190*

H Y M N CXXXIV.

Another.

I.

AND let this feeble Body fail,
 And let it faint or die !
 My Soul shall quit the mournful Vale,
 And soar to Worlds on high :
 Shall join the disembod' d Saints,
 And find its long-sought Rest,
 That only Bliss for which it pants,
 In the REDEEMER'S Breast.*

II.

In hope of that immortal Crown,
 I now the Cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at Toil and Pain :

N

* Alluding to Luke xvi. 22.

I suffer on my * threescore Years
 Till my Deliv'rer come,
 And wipe away his Servant's Tears, †
 And take his Exile home.

III.

O what hath Jesus bought for me !
 Before my ravish'd Eyes,
 Rivers of † Life divine I see,
 And Trees of Paradise !
 I see a World of Spirits bright,
 Who taste the Pleasures there !
 They all are ‡ rob'd in spotless White,
 And conqu'ring Palms they bear.

IV.

O what are all my Suff'rings here,
 If, LORD, Thou count me meet,
 With that enraptur'd Host t' appear,
 And worship at thy Feet !
 Give Joy or Grief, give Ease or Pain,
 Take Life and Friends away !
 But let me find them all again,
 In that eternal Day !

Funeral Hymns -
 7. 5. 1. 28

H Y M N CXXXV.

PSALM CXXX.

I.

OUT of the Depth of Self-Despair
 Help us, O LORD, to cry :
 Our Mis'ry mark, attend our Prayer,
 And bring Salvation nigh.

If

* Ps. xc. 10. † Rev. xxi. 4. ‡ Rev. xxii. 1, 2.
 † Rev. xxv. 8. ‡ Rev. vii. 9.

II.

If Thou art rig'rously severe,
 Who may the Test abide !
 O where shall sinful Man appear !
 Or how be justified !

III.

But O ! Forgiveness is with Thee,*
 That Sinners may adore,
 With filial Fear thy Goodness see,
 And never grieve Thee more.

IV.

Ye faithful Souls, confide in GOD,
 Mercy with him remains,
 Plenteous Redemption in his Blood,
 To wash out all your Stains.

V.

His Israel himself shall clear,
 From all their Sins redeem :
 The LORD our Righteousness is near,
 And we are Just in Him.†

Hymns & Sacred Poems · 1740

v. 1. p. 255

H Y M N CXXXVI.

PSALM I.

I.

BLEST is the Man, and none but He,
 Who walks not with ungodly Men,
 Nor stands their evil Deeds to see,
 Nor sits the Innocent t' arraign,
 The Persecutor's Guilt to share,
 Oppressive in the Scorners' Chair.

Obe-

* Pf. cxlv. 18.

† 2 Cor. v. 21.

II.

Obedience is his pure Delight.

To do the Pleasure of his LORD,
His Exercise by Day and Night
To teach his Soul-converting Word ;
The * Law of Liberty to prove,
The perfect Law of Life and Love.

III.

Fast by the Streams of Paradise,
He as a pleasant Plant shall grow :
The Tree of Righteousness shall rise,
And all his blooming Honours shew ;
Spread out his Boughs and flourish fair,
And Fruit † unto Perfection bear.

IV.

His verdant Leaf shall never fade,
His Works of Faith shall never cease ;
His happy Toil shall all succeed
Whom God Himself Delights to bless :
But no Success th' Ungodly find,
Scatter'd like Chaff before the Wind.

V.

No Portion and no Place have they
With those whom God vouchsafest approve :
Cast in the dreadful Judgment Day,
Who trample on the SAVIOUR'S LOVE,
Who Here their Bleeding LORD || deny,
Shall perish, and for ever die.

Psalm & Hymn 1743.

1. 8 p. 3.

H Y M N

* James i. 25. ii. 12. † Luke viii. 14.
|| 2 Pet. ii. 1.

HYMN CXXXVII.

For one under Temptation.

I.

JESU, lover of my Soul,
 Let me to thy Bosom fly,
 While the nearer Waters 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 !

II.

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 mine Help from Thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless Head
 With the Shadow of thy * Wing,

III.

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 & full of Sin I am,
 Thou art full of Truth and Grace. ||

N 3

Men-

* Ps. xvii. 8. + Rom. vii. 18. § Job xl. 4.
 || John i. 14.

IV.

Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my Sin :
 Let the healing Streams abound,
 Make, and keep me pure within :
 'Thou of Life the || Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee,
 Spring 'Thou up within mine Heart,
 Rise to all Eternity ! †

Hymns & Sacred Poems · 1740 · v. 1. p. 259.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

Prayer for Seriousness.

I.

THOU God of glorious Majesty !
 To Thee, against Myself, to Thee
 A Worm of Earth I cry :
 An half † awaken'd Child of Man,
 An Heir of endless Bliss or Pain,
 A Sinner born to die.

II.

Lo ! on a narrow Neck of Land,
 'Twixt two unbounded Seas I stand,
 Secure—inferrible !
 A Point of Time, a Moment's Space,
 Removes me to that heav'nly Place,
 Or shuts me up in Hell !

III.

O God ! mine inmost Soul convert !
 And deeply on my thoughtful Heart,
 Eternal Things impress !

Give

‡ Jer. ii. 13. † John iv. 14. † Jonah. i. 6,
 Eph. v. 14.

Give me to feel their solemn Weight,
 And tremble on the Brink of * Fate,
 And † wake to Righteousness !

IV.

Before me place in dread Array,
 The Pomp of that tremendous Day,
 When Thou with ‡ Clouds shalt come

• I am glad of an Opportunity to rescue this significant Word out of the Hands of the Infidels, who use it together with *Luck, Fortune, Chance, Destiny*, to promote their favourite Scheme of excluding the particular Providence of the Wise Disposer of all Events from the Government of the Affairs of Men.

But the Word Fate (*Fatum*) signifies—*What is SPOKEN*, from the Latin Word *FARI* to *Speak*. *FATE* then eminently relates to what hath been *spoken* by the most HIGH GOD: So *Minutius Felix*, that able Lawyer and great Scholar in *St. Cyprian's* Time, says, *Nihil aliud est FATUM quam quod de unoquoque Nostrum Deus FATUS est. FATE is nothing else than what GOD hath SPOKEN, concerning every one of us.* Even the Heathens had this Idea of it; for says *Statius*, *FATUM est quod Dii FANTUR. FATE is that which the Gods speak.*

In this truly Christian and excellent Hymn, the Word *Fate* may be supposed to relate to that awful Word which GOD *spake*, when He declared to fallen Man, *Dust thou art, and unto Dust shalt thou return.* Gen. iii. 19. latter Part. In this View, the Word *Fate* may properly signify *Death*, and Diseases may be said to appear more or less *Fatal*, as they seem more or less likely to fulfil God's Word, by bringing us to the Dust.

§ 1 Cor. xv. 34. † Matt. xxiv. 30.

To

To judge the Nations at thy Bar,
And tell me, LORD, shall I be there
To meet a joyful Doom !

V.

Be this my one great Business Here,
With serious Industry and Fear,
My future Bliss t'insure !
Thine utmost Counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous Will,
And to the End endure !

VI.

Then, SAVIOUR, then my Soul receive,
Transported from the Vale to live
And reign with Thee above,
Where Faith is sweetly lost in Sight,
And Hope in full supreme Delight,
And everlasting Love.

Hymns & Sacred Poems. 1749. v. 4. p. 316.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

Desiring Perseverance.

I.

THOU JESUS, art our King !
Thy ceaseless Praise we sing,
Praise shall our glad Tongue employ,
Praise o'erflow our grateful Soul,
While we vital Breath enjoy,
While eternal Ages roll.

II.

Thou art th' eternal Light,
That shin'st in * deepest Night,

Won-

* John i. 4, 5. Is. lx. 1, 2.

Wond'ring gaz'd † th' angelic Train
 While 'Thou bow'dst the Heav'n beneath ;
 GOD with GOD wert Man with Man,
 Man to save from endless Death !

III.

Thou with our Pain didst mourn,
 'Thou hast our § Sicknefs borne :
 All our Sins on Thee were laid ;
 Thou with unexampled Grace
 All the mighty Debt hast paid,
 Due from all the ransom'd Race !

IV.

Enthron'd above yon Sky,
 Thou reign'ft with GOD most high :
 Prostrate at thy Feet we fall !
 Pow'r supreme to Thee is giv'n,
 Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
 Thee, the LORD of Earth and Heav'n !

V.

Arise ! stir up thy Pow'r,
 Thou deathless Conqueror !
 King of all ! with pitying Eye
 Mark the Toil, the Pains we feel !
 'Midst the Snares of Death we lie,
 'Midst the ‡ banded Pow'rs of Hell !

VI.

O LORD ! O GOD of Love !
 Let us thy Mercy prove !
 Help us to obtain the Prize,
 Help us well to close our Race ;
 That with Thee above the Skies,
 Endless Joy we may possess !

*from the German "Dich Jesu loben wir"
 first appeared 1738.*

*Hymns & Sacred Poems .1739. H Y M N
 v. 1. p. 155.*

† Luke ii. 13. § Isa. liii. 4. Matt. viii. 17.
 ‡ Eph. vi. 12.

HYMN CXL.

Heb. xii. 2.

I.

HOW glorious the LAMB
Is seen on his Throne !
His Labours are o'er,
His Conquests put on :
A Kingdom is giv'n *
Into the LAMB's Hand,
In Earth and in Heav'n,
For ever to stand.

II.

Ye Sinners below
Then trust in the LORD,
Look up to his † Arm,
His Honour, his Word :
Athirst for his Favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your SAVIOUR,
And Joy evermore !

HYMN CXLI.

God hath said, I will dwell in them.

2 Cor. vi. 16.

I.

SAVIOUR ! and can it be,
That Thou shouldst dwell with me !
From thine high and lofty Throne,
Throne of everlasting Bliss,

Will

* Dan. vii. 13, 14.

† Isa. liii. 1.

Will thy Majesty * stoop down,
To so mean an House as this !

II.

I am not worthy LORD,
So foul, and self-abhorr'd,
Thee, my GOD, to entertain
In this poor polluted Heart :
I am a frail sinful Man,
All my Nature cries § “ Depart !”

III.

Yet come ! thou heav'nly Guest,
And purify my Breast !
Come ! thou great and glorious King !
While before thy Cross I bow,
With Thyself Salvation bring,
Cleanse the House by ent'ring now !

Hymn on the Lord's Supper - 1745

H Y M N CXLII.

v. 3. p. 216

Self-Dedication.

I.

FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE !
As by the Cœlestial Host,
Let thy Will on Earth be done !
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious LORD of Earth and Heav'n !

II.

If so poor a Worm as I
May to Thy great Glory live,
All mine Actions sanctify,
All my Thoughts and Words receive !

Claim

* H. lvii. 15. § Luke v. 8.

Claim me for thy Service—claim
All I have, and all I am !

III.

Take my Soul and Body's Pow'rs,
Take my Mem'ry, Mind and Will,
All my Goods, and all mine Hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and Speak and do :
Take my Heart—but make it new !

IV.

FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE,
As by the Coelestial Host,
Let thy Will on Earth be done !
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious LORD of Earth and Heav'n !

Hymns on the Lord's Supper 1745.

v. 3. p. 333

H Y M N CXLIII.

For the Arians, Socinians, Deists, Pela-
gians, &c.

I.

SOLE self-existing God most high,
From all Eternity the same,
No longer let thy Foes deny
Thy Godhead, and revile thy Name ;
JESUS, JEHOVAH, JAH descend,
And bid the Hour of Darkness end !

II.

The Star † (in thy Right-hand no more)
Which on the imbitter'd Waters fell,
How has he shed his baleful Pow'r,
Wasted the Earth, and peopled Hell,

While

† Arius. See Rev. viii. 10.

While Millions drink the *Arian* Lie;
Or poison'd by *Socinus* die !

III.

Less pestilent the Men who dare
Thy Coming in the Flesh gainsay,
And sitting in the Scorners's Chair,
Cast all thine Oracles away,
Led by their own *sufficient* Light
To Horrors of eternal Night.

IV.

How long shall Antichrist blaspheme,
And trample on thy written Will ?
How long shall the *Pelagian* Dream,
The Doom of fallen Spirits seal ;
And Error in ten thousand Forms
Destroy the Souls of wretched * Worms ?

V.

Destroy the Souls—which cannot end !
Tho' Satan may a while deceive,
That Liar old, and murd'rous Fiend,
Who tells them, " They at last shall live ;
Extinguishes th' eternal Fire,
And makes the deathless Worm expire. †

VI.

What but th' Essential Truth Divine
Can all this Gloom of Hell disperse !
JESUS, the FATHER's Glory, shine,
To teach our dark'ned Universe,
In every new born Soul to prove,
That 'Thou art GOD, and GOD is LOVE ! §

Hymns of Intercession . 1758

v. 5. p. 139.

O

GLORIA

* Job: xxv: 6. † M. lxvi. 24. Mark ix. 44.
§ 1 JOHN iv. 16.

G L O R I A P A T R I.

O FATHER of Heaven ! be ever ador'd !
 Thy Mercy we find, in sending our LORD,
 To ransom and bless us, thy Goodness we praise
 For sending in JESUS Salvation by Grace.*

II.

O SON of his Love ! who deignedst to die,
 Our Curse to remove, our Pardon to buy ;
 Accept our Thanksgiving, Almighty to save,
 Who openest Heav'n to all that believe.

III.

O Spirit of Love, of Health and of Pow'r !
 Thy † Working we prove : thy Grace we adore,
 Whose inward ‡ Revealing applies our LORD's
 (Blood,
 || Attesting and § sealing us Children of God.

PRAISE GOD from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise Him all Creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly Host,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 One GOD whom we adore ;
 Be Glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

SING we to our GOD above,
 Praise, eternal as His Love ;
 Praise Him, all ye heav'nly Host,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

* Eph. ii. 8. † Eph. iii. 20. ‡ 1 Cor. ii. 10.
 || 1 John v. 6. latter Part, § Eph. iv. 30.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 One GOD whom we adore :
 Join we with the heav'nly Host
 To praise Thee evermore :
 Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
 THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
 Holy, holy, holy LORD,
 All Glory be to Thee.

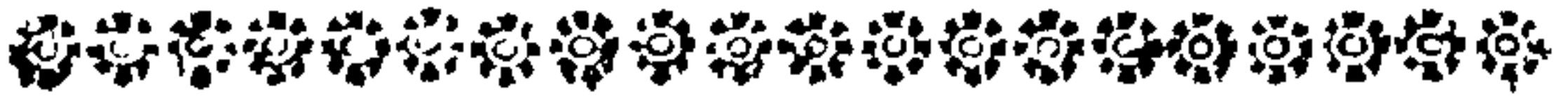
TO GOD who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear SON, who deign'd to die,
 Our Guilt and Misery to remove,
 To that blest Sp'rit who Life imparts,
 Who rules in all believing Hearts,
 Be endless Glory, Praise and Love.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Be Praise amidst the heav'nly Host,
 And in the Church below ;
 From whom all Creatures drew their Birth,
 By whom Redemption blest the Earth,
 From whom all Comforts flow.

GIVE to the FATHER Praise,
 Give Glory to the SON,
 And to the Spirit of his Grace
 Be equal Honour done.

TO GOD the FATHER'S Throne,
 Perpetual Honour raise :
 Glory to GOD the SON,
 To GOD the Spirit Praise :
 With all our Pow'rs,
 Eternal King,
 Thy Name we sing
 While Faith adores.

Or,
Eternal King,
With all our Pow'rs,
Thy Name we sing,
While Faith adores.



Sacramental Hymns.

H Y M N CXLIV.

I.

COME, HOLY GHOST, thine Influence
And realize the Sign, (shed,
Thy Life infuse into the Bread,
Thy Pow'r into the Wine.

II.

Effectual let the Tokens prove.
And made by heav'nly Art,
Fit Channels to convey thy Love
To ev'ry Faithful Heart.

*Hymns on the Lord's Supper . 1745.
v. 3 p 266*

H Y M N CXLV.

1 Cor. xi. 23—27.

I.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful Night,
When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose
Against the SON of God's Delight.
And Friends betray'd Him to his Foes :
Before

II.

Before the mournful Scene began,
 He took the Bread, and bless'd, and brake:
 What Love thro' all his Actions ran!
 What wond'rous Words of Grace he spake!

III.

“ This is my Body broke for Sin,
 “ Receive and eat the living Food.”
 Then took the Cup, and bless'd the Wine!
 “ This the New Cov'nant in my Blood.

IV.

“ Do this, (he cry'd) till Time shall end,
 “ In Mem'ry of your dying Friend;
 Meet at my Table, and record
 “ The Love of your departed LORD.”

V.

JESUS, thy Feast we celebrate,
 We * thew thy Death, we sing thy Name;
 Till Thou return, and we shall eat
 The Marriage Supper of the LAMB. †

Ann Wally

H Y M N CXLVI.

Bk 3 1. 1.

I.

JESUS invites his Saints,
 To meet around his Board!
 Here pardon'd Rebels sit and hold
 Communion with their LORD.

II.

For Food he gives his Flesh:
 He bids us drink his Blood:
 Amazing Favour! Matchless Grace
 Of our redeeming GOD!

O 3

Let

* 1 Cor. xi. 26. † Rev. xix. 9.

III.

Let all our Pow'rs be join'd
His glorious Name to raise !
Pleasure and Love fill ev'ry Mind,
And ev'ry Voice be Praise.

Isaac Watts

BK 3 no 2

H Y M N CXLVII.

CHRIST our Passover is sacrificed for us.

1 Cor. v. 7.

I.

THOU very Paschal LAMB,
Whose Blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
'Thy ransom'd People lead !

II.

Angel of Gospel Grace,
Fulfil thy Character,
To guard and feed thy chosen Race,
In Israel's Camp appear !

III.

Throughout the Desert-way
Conduct us by thy Light !
Be Thou a cooling Cloud by Day,
A chearing Fire by Night.

IV.

Our fainting Souls sustain
With Blessings from above,
And ever on thy People rain
The Manna of thy Love !

Hymn at the Lords Supper 1745

v 3 p 257

H Y M N

H Y M N CXLVIII.

I.

CHRIST, our Passover, for us
 Is offer'd up and slain!
 Let Him be remember'd thus
 By ev'ry Soul of Man:
 We are bound among the rest
 His Oblation to proclaim:
 Keep we then the solemn Feast,
 And Banquet on the LAMB.

II.

JESUS, Master of the Feast,
 The Feast itself Thou art,
 Now receive thy meanest Guest,
 And comfort every Heart:
 Give us * living Bread to eat,
 Manna that from Heav'n comes down;
 Fill us with immortal Meat,
 And make thy Nature known.

III.

In this barren Wilderness
 Thou hast a Table spread,
 Furnish'd out with richest Grace,
 Whate'er our Souls can need:
 Still sustain us by thy Love,
 Still thy Servants Strength repair,
 Till we reach the Courts above,
 And feast for ever there!

Hymns on the Lord's Supper 1745

v. 3. p. 275.

H Y M N

* John vi. 50, 51.

H Y M N CXLIX.

I.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding Love
 We thus recall to mind,
 Send the Answer from above,
 And let us Mercy find ;
 Think on us, who think on Thee,
 And ev'ry struggling Soul release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace.

II.

By thine agonizing Pain,
 And bloody Sweat, we pray,
 By thy dying Love to Man,
 * Take all our Sins away :
 Burst our Bonds, and set us free,
 From all Iniquity release,
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace.

III.

Let thy Blood, by Faith apply'd,
 The Sinner's Pardon seal,
 Speak us freely justify'd,
 And all our Sicknets heal :
 Thy Passion on the Tree,
 Let all our Grievs and Troubles cease :
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace !

IV.

Never let us hence depart,
 Till Thou our Wants relieve,

Write

Write Forgiveness in our Heart,
 And all thine Image give :
 May our Souls still cry to Thee
 Till * perfected in Holiness ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace !

Hymns on the Lord's Supper . 1745.

H Y M N C L.

v 3 . p . 228 .

Luke xiv. 15.

I.

HAPPY the Man to whom 'tis given
 To eat the Bread of Life in Heaven—
 This Happiness in CHRIST they prove,
 Who feed on his forgiving Love.

Hymns on the Lord's Supper

1745

v 3 . p . 265

H Y M N C L I.

I.

COME HOLY GHOST, set to thy † Seal,
 Thine inward Witness give,
 To all our waiting Souls reveal
 The Death by which we live.

II.

Spectators of the Pangs divine
 O that we now may be ;
 Discerning in the sacred Sign
 His Passion on the Tree :

III.

Repeat the SAVIOUR'S dying Cry
 In ev'ry Heart so loud,
 That ev'ry Heart may now reply,
 " This † was the SON of GOD ! "

Hymns on the Lord's Supper . 1745.

H Y M N

* 2 Cor. vii. 1. † Eph. i. 13. § Matt. xxvii. 54

HYMN CLII.

I.

THANKFUL for our ev'ry Blessing
 Let us Sing,
 CHRIST the Spring,
 Never, never ceasing.

II.

Source of all our Gifts and Graces,
 CHRIST we own,
 CHRIST alone,
 Calls for all our Praises.

III.

He dispels our Sin and Sadness,
 Life imparts,
 Cheers our Hearts,
 Fills with Food and Gladness.

IV.

He himself for us hath given,
 Us He feeds,
 Us He leads
 To * a Feast in Heaven.

Graces Dublin 1747 2.3.1 367.

HYMN CLIII.

I.

OThe Depth of Love divine !
 Th' unfathomable Grace !
 Who shall say how Bread and Wine
 Grace into Man conveys !
 How the Bread CHRIST'S Flesh imparts,
 How the Wine transmits his Blood,
 Fills his Faithful People's Hearts
 With all the Life of God !

Sure

II.

True and real is the Grace,
 Whose Manner be unknown ;
 Deep secret in thy Ways,
 And secret as in One :
 As taste the heav'nly Pow'rs, †
 LORD, we ask for nothing more ;
 Thine to blest—'tis only ours
 To wonder and adore.

*Hymns on the Lord's Supper. 1745
 v. 3. p. 255.*

H Y M N CLIV.

I.

HOW long, O LORD, shall we
 In vain lament for Thee !
 Come, and comfort them that mourn ;
 Come, as in the ancient Days,
 In thine Ordinance return,
 In thine own appointed Ways !

II.

Come to thine House again,
 Nor let us seek in vain :
 This the Place of meeting be,
 To thy waiting Flock repair,
 Let us here thy * Beauty see,
 Find Thee in the House of Prayer !

III.

Let us with solemn Awe
 Nigh to thine Altar draw,
 Taste Thee in the broken Bread,
 Drink Thee in the mystic Wine ;
 Now the gracious Spirit shed,
 Fill our Hearts with Love divine !

*Hymns on the Lord's Supper 1745 H Y M N
 v. 3. p. 269.*

† Heb. vi. 5. * Pf. xxvii. 4.

H Y M N CLV.

I.

LAMB of God, for whom we languish,
Make thy Grief, our Relief,
Ease us by thine Anguish !

II.

O our agonizing SAVIOUR !
By thy Pain, let us gain
God's eternal Favour !

III.

In thine own Appointment blefs us,
Meet us here, now appear,
Our Almighty JESUS !

IV.

Let the Ordinance be * sealing,
Enter now, claim us Thou
For thy constant Dwelling.

V.

Fill the Heart of each Believer :
We are Thine, Love divine,
Reign in us for ever.

*Hymns on the Lord's Supper . 1745 .
v . 3 . p . 270 .*

H Y M N CLVI.

I.

IN JESUS we live, in JESUS we rest,
And thankful receive his dying Request,
The Cup of Salvation his Mercy bestows,
And from his dear Passion our Happiness flows.

II.

With mystical Wine he comforts us here,
And gladly we join, 'till JESUS appear,
With

* 2 Cor. i. 226

With hearty Thanksgiving his Death to record,
 (LORD:†
 The Living, the Living should sing of the
 III.

He hallow'd the Cup which now we receive,
 The Pledge of our Hope with JESUS to live,
 (Where Sorrow and Sadness shall never be
 (found)

With Glory and Gladness eternally crown'd.
 IV.

The Fruit of the Vine, (the Joy it implies)
 Again we shall join to drink in the Skies ;
 Exult in his Favour, our Triumph renew,
 And I, faith the SAVIOUR, will drink it with

*Hymns at the Lords Supper 1745 (you:**
v. 5. p. 286

H Y M N CLVII.

On the Crucifixion.

I.

HEARTS of Stone, relent, relent;
 Break, by JESUS' Cross subdu'd,
 See his Body mangled, rent,

Cover'd with a Gore of Blood !
 Sinful Soul, what hast thou done ?
 Murther'd GOD's eternal SON :

II.

Yea, our Sins have done the Deed,
 Drove the Nails that fix'd him there;
 Crown'd with Thorns his sacred Head,
 Pierc'd him with the Soldier's Spear,
 Made his Soul a Sacrifice :
 For a † sinful World he dies !

III.

Shall we let him die in vain ?
 Still to Death pursue our GOD !

P

Open

¶ Is. xxxviii. 19. * Matt. xxvi. 29. † John
 vi. 51. † John ii. 2.

Open tear his Wounds again,*
 Trample on his precious Blood?
 No ! with all our Sins we'd part,
 SAVIOUR, give a broken † Heart !

*Hymns on the Lords Supper . 1745 .
 v. 3 . p. 232*

H Y M N CLVIII.

Another.

Matt. xxvii. 50.—54.

I.

TIS done ! th' atoning Work is done !
 JESUS the great REDEEMER dies !
 All Nature feels th' important Groan :
 Loud echoing thro' the Earth and Skies ;
 The Earth doth to her Center quake,
 And Heav'n as Hell's deep Gloom is black !

II.

The Temple's Veil is rent in twain,
 While JESUS meekly bows his Head,
 The Rocks resent his mortal Pain,
 The yawning Graves give up their Dead,
 The Bodies of the Saints arise,
 Reviving as their SAVIOUR dies.

III.

And shall not we his Death partake ;
 In sympathetic Anguish groan ?
 O SAVIOUR let thy Passion shake
 Our Earth, and rend our Hearts of Stone !
 To second Life our Souls restore,
 And wake us that we sleep no more !

Hymns on the Lords Supper . 1745

v. 3 . p. 234 .

H Y M N

* Heb. vi. 6. † Is. lxi. 1.

HYMN CLIX.

Another.

I.

GOD of unexampled Grace,
REDEEMER of Mankind,
 Matter of eternal Praise,
 We in thy Passion find ;
 Still our choicest Strains we bring,
 Still the joyful Theme pursue,
 Thee the Friend of Sinners sing,
 Whose Love is ever new.

II.

Endless Scenes of Wonder rise
 With that mysterious Tree,
 Crucify'd before our Eyes
 Where we our Maker see :
JESUS, **L**ORD, what hast Thou done !
 Publish we the Death Divine,
 Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own,
 Never was Love like Thine !

III.

Never Love nor Sorrow was
 Like that our **J**ESUS shew'd ;
 See him stretch'd on yonder Cross
 And crush'd beneath our Load !
 Now discern the **D**EITY,
 Now his heav'nly Birth declare !
 Faith cries out, 'Tis He, 'tis He,
 My **G**OD that suffers there !

LORD

IV.

LORD we bless Thee for thy Grace,
 And Truth which never fail,
 Hast'ning to behold thy Face,
 Without a dimming Veil ?
 We shall see our heav'nly King,
 All thy glorious Love proclaim,
 Help the Angel-quire to sing
 Our dear triumphant LAMB.

Hymns on the Lords Supper 1745
v. 3. p. 229.

H Y M N CLX.

I.

ALL hail thou suff'ring SON of GOD,
 Who didst these Mysteries ordain ;
 Communion of thy Flesh and Blood,
 Sure Instruments thy Grace to gain ;
 Type of the heav'nly * Marriage-feast,
 Pledge of our everlasting Rest.

II.

JESUS, thine own with Pity see,
 Our helpless Unbelief remove ;
 Impow'r us to remember Thee,
 Give us the Faith that works by Love :
 The Faith which Thou hast giv'n Increase,
 And fill us with thy glorious Peace.

Hymns on the Lords Supper 1745

H Y M N CLXI.

v. 3. p. 295

I.

FATHER, GOD, who see'st in Me,
 Only Sin and Misery,
 See thine own anointed One,
 Look on thy beloved SON.

Turn

II.

Turn from Me thy glorious Eyes
To that bloody Sacrifice,
To the full Atonement made,
To the utmost Ransom paid.

III.

To the Blood that † speaks above,
Calls for thy forgiving Love :
To the Tokens of his Death,
Here exhibited beneath.

IV.

Hear his Blood's prevailing Cry,
Let thy * Bowels then reply ;
Then thro' him the Sinner see,
Then in JESUS look on Me !

*Hymns on the Lord's Supper 1745.
v. 3. p. 302*

H Y M N CLXII.

I.

GOD of all redeeming Grace,
By thy pard'ning Love compell'd,
Up to Thee our Souls we raise,
Up to thee our Bodies yield.

II.

Thou our Sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son ;
While to Thee alone we live,
While we die to Thee alone.

III.

Just it is, and good, and right,
That we should be wholly Thine,
In thine only Will delight,
In thy blessed Service join.

P 3

IV.

O that ev'ry Thought and Word
Might proclaim how good Thou art,
Holiness unto the LORD,*
Still be written on our Heart !

*Hymns on the Lord's Supper . 1745.
v. 3. p. 321.*

H Y M N CLXIII.

I.

(Due,

ALL Praise to the LORD, all Praise is his
To-day is his Word of Promise found

(true ;

We, we are the Nations presented to GOD,
Well-pleasing Oblations thro' JESUS's Blood.

II.

Poor Gentiles from far to JESUS we came,
And offer'd we are to GOD thro' his Name ;
To GOD thro' the Spirit ourselves may we give,
While sav'd by the Merit of JESUS we live.

*Hymns on the Lord's Supper 1745
v. 3. p. 320.*

H Y M N CLXIV.

I.

OUR Lives our Blood we here present,
If for thy Sake they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sov'reign Counsel, LORD,
'Thy will be done, thy Name ador'd.

II.

Give us thy Strength thou God of Pow'r,
'Then let Men scorn, and Satan roar ;
'Thy faithful Witnesses we'll be :
'Tis fix'd—We can do all through Thee—

H Y M N

* Exod. xxviii. 36.

H Y M N CLXV.

I.

GIVE Thanks to God most high,
 The universal LORD,
 The sov'reign King of Kings,
 And be his Grace ador'd :
 His Power and Grace
 Are still the same,
 And let his Name
 Have endless Praise.

II.

How mighty is his Hand,
 What Wonders hath he done !
 He form'd the Earth and Seas,
 And spread the Heav'ns alone :
 Thy Mercy, LORD,
 Shall still endure,
 And ever sure
 Abides thy Word.

III.

He saw the Nations lie,
 All perishing in Sin,
 And pity'd the sad State
 The ruin'd World was in :
 Thy Mercy, LORD,
 Shall still endure,
 And ever sure
 Abides thy Word.

IV.

He sent his only SON
 To save us from our Woe,
 From Satan, Sin, and Death:
 And ev'ry hurtful Foe :

His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

Isaac Watts Psalm 136

H Y M N CLXVI.

Eph. iii. 17, &c.

I.

COME JESUS, come descend and dwell,
By Faith, and Love, in ev'ry Breast:
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The Joys that cannot be express'd.

II.

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the *Height, and Breadth, and Length
Of thine unmeasurable Grace.

III.

Now to the God whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,
Be everlasting Honours done,
By all the Church, thro' CHRIST his SON!

Isaac Watts

BK 170 135.

H Y M N CLXVII.

I.

COME to the Feast, for CHRIST invites,
And promises † to feed;
'Tis here his closest Love unites
The Members to their Head.

'Tis

* Eph. iii. 18, 19. † John vi. 51.

II.

'Tis here He nourishes his own,
 With * living Bread from Heaven,
 Or makes himself to † Mourners known,
 And shews their Sins forgiven.

III.

Still in his instituted Ways
 He bids us ask the Pow'r,
 The Pard'ning or the Hall'wing Grace,
 And wait th' appointed Hour.

IV.

'Tis not for us to set our God
 A Time his Grace to give,
 The Benefit whenc'er bestow'd
 We gladly should receive.

V.

Who seek Redemption thro' his Love,
 His Love shall them redeem :
 He came § self-emptied from above
 That we might live thro' Him.

VI.

Expect we then the quick'ning Word,
 Who at his Altar bow ;
 But if it be thy Pleasure, LORDS,
 O let us find Thee now !

Hymns on the Lords Supper - 1745.

v. 3. p. 258.

H Y M N CLXVIII.

I.

ALL Glory and Praise,
 'To the Ancient of Days, ||
 Who was born, and was slain to redeem a lost
 (Race.

* John vi. 33. † Mat. v. 4. § So the
 Greek signifies. Phil. ii. 7. former Part. || Dan.
 vii. 9. with Rev. i. 13, 14, 15.

II.

Salvation to God,
 Who carried our Load, (Blood,
 And purchas'd our Peace with the Price of his

III.

And shall He not have
 The Lives which He gave
 Such an infinite Ransom for ever to save ?

IV.

Yes, LORD, we are Thine,
 And gladly resign
 Our Souls to be fill'd with the Fulness Divine.

V.

We'd yield Thee thine own,
 We'd serve Thee alone,
 Thy Will upon Earth as in Heaven be done.

VI.

How, when it shalt be,
 We cannot foresee,
 But oh ! let us live, let us die unto Thee !

Hymns on the Lord's Supper 1745
v. 3. p. 334

H Y M N CLXIX.

I.

OUR Shepherd alone
 The LORD let us bless,
 Who reigns on the Throne
 The Prince of our Peace :
 Who evermore save us
 By shedding his Blood :
 All hail, holy JESUS,
 Our LORD and our GOD !

We

II.

We daily will sing
 Thy Merits, thy Praise,
 Thou merciful Spring
 Of Pity and Grace ;
 Thy Kindness for ever
 To Men we will tell :
 And say, our dear SAVOUR
 Redeems us from Hell.

III.

Preserve us in Love,
 While here we abide :
 Nor never remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide, --
 Thy glorious Salvation,
 Till joyful we see
 The * beautiful Vision
 Completed in Thee !

H Y M N CLXX.

I.

FATHER of Earth and Heav'n,
 Thine hungry Children feed,
 Thy Grace be to our Spirits giv'n,
 That true immortal Bread ;
 Grant us and all our Race,
 In JESUS CHRIST to prove,
 The Sweetness of thy pard'ning Grace,
 The Manna of thy Love !

Graces . Dublin 1747 .

v. 3. p. 357 .

H Y M N

* Is. xxxiii. 17; former Part.

H Y M N CLXXI.

At Dismission.

FATHER, thro' thy SON receive
 Our grateful Sacrifice,
 All the Wants of All that live
 Thine open Hand supplies :
 Fills the World with plenteous Food—
 For the Riches of thy Grace,
 Take thou, univertal King,
 The univertal Praise.

Graces. Dublin 1747.

v. 3. p. 368.



A P P E N D I X.

H Y M N CLXXII.

A Hymn for CHRISTMAS Day.

I.

LIFT up your Heads in joyful Hope,
 Salute the happy Morn ;
 Each Heav'nly Pow'r
 Proclaims the glad Hour,
 Lo JESUS the Saviour is born ;

II.

All Glory be to GOD on high,
 To Him all Praise is due ;
 The Promise is seal'd,
 The SAVIOUR's reveal'd,
 And proves that the Record is true.

III.

Let Joy around like Rivers flow,
 Flow on, and still increase ;
 Spread o'er the glad Earth,
 At JESUS his Birth,
 For Heaven and Earth are at Peace.

IV.

Now the Good-will of Heaven is shewn
 Tow'rd's Adam's helpless Race :

O.

MESSIAH

MESSIAH is come
To ransom his Own,
To save them by infinite Grace.

V.

Then let us join the Heavens above
Where hymning Seraphs sing,
Join all the glad Pow'rs,
For their LORD is Ours,
Our PROPHET, our PRIEST, and our KING.

H Y M N CLXXIII.

Redeeming Love.

I.

NOW begin the Heav'nly Theme,
Sing aloud in JESU'S Name,
Ye, who JESU'S Kindness prove
Triumph in REDEEMING LOVE.

II.

Ye, who see the FATHER'S Grace
Beaming in the SAVIOUR'S Face,*
As to Canaan on ye move
Praise and Let's REDEEMING LOVE.

III.

Mourning Souls dry up your Tears,
Banish all your guilty Fears,
See your Guilt and Curse remove,
Cancell'd by REDEEMING LOVE.

IV.

Ye, alas ! who long have been,
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,
Now from Bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste REDEEMING LOVE.

Wcl.

* 2 Cor. iv. 6.

V.

Welcome all by Sin oppress'd,
 Welcome, to his sacred Rest,
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but REDEEMING LOVE.

VI.

He subdu'd th' Infernal Pow'rs,
 His tremendous Foes and ours,
 From their curs'd Empire drove,
 Mighty in REDEEMING LOVE.

VII.

Hither then your Musick bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful String,
 Mortals join the Hosts above,
 Join to praise REDEEMING LOVE.

H Y M N CLXXIV.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

I.

WHO hath our Report believed ? (a)
 SHILOH come is not received (b)
 Not received by his own, (c)
 Promis't BRANCH from Root of JESSE, (d)
 DAVID's Offspring sent to bless ye, (e)
 Comes too meekly to be known. (f)

II.

Tell me, O thou favour'd Nation,
 What is thy fond Expectation ?
 Some fair, spreading lofty Tree ? (g) Let

(a) Is. liii. 1. (b) Gen. xlix. 10. (c) John i. 11.
 (d) Is. xi. 1. Jer xxiii. 5. (e) Rev. xxii. 16.
 Acts iii. 26. (f) Zech. ix. 9. Matt. xxi. 5.
 (g) The Scripture Image of a Splendid Mighty
 Monarch. Dan. iv. 10.

Let not worldly Pride confound thee,
'Mong the lowly Plants around thee,
Mark the **LOWEST**—that is **HE**.

III.

Like a tender Plant that's growing (*i*)
Where no Waters, friendly flowing,
No kind Rains refresh the Ground :
Drooping, dying we shall view Him,
See no Charm to draw us to Him,
There no Beauty will be found.

IV.

Lo ! **MESSIAH** unrespected ! (*k*)
MAN of **GRIEFS**, **DESPIS'D**, **REJECTED** !
Wounds His Form disfiguring, (*l*)
Marr'd His Visage more than any, (*m*).
For he bears the Sins of **MANY**, (*n*)
All our Sorrows carrying. (*o*)

V.

No Deceit his Mouth had spoken, (*p*)
BLAMELESS He no Law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the **WORST** : (*q*)
For, because the **LORD** would grieve Him,
We, who saw it, did believe Him, (*r*)
For his own Offences curst.

VI.

But while Him our Thoughts accused : (*s*)
He for us alone was bruised,
Stricken, smitten for our **OUR GUILT** :

With.

(*i*) Is. liii. 2. (*k*) Is. liii. 3. (*l*) Zech.
xiii. 6. (*m*) Is. lii. 14. (*n*) Is. liii.
12. (*o*) Is. liii. 4. (*p*) Is. liii. 9. (*q*) Is.
liii. 12. (*r*) Is. liii. 4, 10. (*s*) Is. liii. 4, 5.

With His Stripes, OUR Wounds are cured,
By His Pains, OUR Peace assured, (t)

Purchas'd with the BLOOD He spilt. (u)

VII.

Love amazing : so to mind us, (x)

SHEPHERD come from Heaven to find us, (y)

Silly Sheep all gone astray, (z)

Lost, UNDONE by our Transgressions,

Worrie than stripp'd of all Possessions,

DEBTORS without HOPE to pay. (a)

VIII.

FEAR our Portion, SLAVES in Spirit,—(b)

He redeem'd Us by His MERIT

To a GLORIOUS LIBERTY : (c)

Dearly first His Goodness bought us, (d)

TRUTH and LOVE then sweetly taught us, (e)

TRUTH and LOVE have made us free. (f)

IX.

Blessed be the Pow'r who gave us,

FREELY gave His SON to save us, (g)

BLESS'D the SON who freely came :

HONOUR, BLESSING, ADORATION, (h)

Ever, from the whole Creation,

Be to GOD and to the LAMB.

(t) Rom. v. 1. Is. liii. 5. (u) 1 Pet. i. 19.
 (x) Ps. viii. 4. (y) Matt. xviii. 11, 12, 13.
 (z) Is. liii. 6. (a) Luke vii. 42. (b) Rom.
 viii. 15, 21. Heb. ii. 15. (c) Rom. viii. 21.
 (d) 1 Cor. vi. 20. John x. 11. (e) John i. 17.
 (f) John viii. 32. (g) John iii. 16. 1 John
 iv. 9. (h) Rev. v. 9. 13.

H Y M N CLXXV.

The Christian's Triumph in the Righteousness of the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

I.

JESU thy Blood and Righteousness,
My * Beauty are, my glorious Drefs,
Midst flaming Worlds in these array'd,
With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

II.

When from the Dust of Death I rise
To claim my † Mansion in the Skies,
Ev'n then, shall this be all my Plea :
" JESUS hath *liv'd* and *dy'd* for me."

III.

Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
For who ought to my § Charge shall lay !
Fully thro' Thee absolv'd I am
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

IV.

Thus *Abraham*, the Friend of GOD,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
SAVIOUR of Sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the † Chief I am.

V.

This spotless Robe the same appears
When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years !
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of CHRIST is ever new.

VI.

O let the ‡ Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid thy banish'd Ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious Drefs,
JESUS, the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

* If. xxviii. 5.—lxi. 10. Rev. vii. 13, 14.
† John xiv. 2. § Rom. viii. 33. † 1 Tim. i. 15.
‡ John v. 25. Eph. ii. 1.

HYMN CLXXVI.

God forbid that I should Glory, &c:
Gal. vi. 14.

I.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I count my Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

II.

Forbid it LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of CHRIST, my God:
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them for thy Blood.

James Watts
BK 3 no 7.

HYMN CLXXVII.

Thy Word is Truth, John xvii. 17-

I.

MY hiding Place, my Refuge, Tow'r
And Shield, art thou, O LORD,
I firmly anchor all my Hopes,
On thy unerring Word.*

II.

Engrav'd, as in eternal Brass,
The mighty Promise shines,
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze
Those everlasting Lines.

III.

The Sacred Word of Grace is strong,
As that which built the Skies,
The Voice which rolls the Stars along,
Spake all the Promises.

My

IV.

My hiding Place, my Refuge, Tow'r
 And Shield, art Thou, O LORD,
 I firmly anchor all my Hopes
 On thy unerring Word.

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

Ascribing to God the Praise of our
 Salvation.

I.

HOW empty was our former Boast,
 Our Foolishness of Pride,
 When in ourselves we put our Trust,
 And on our Works rely'd!

II.

Strong in the Freedom of our Will,
 Firm in our Nature's Pow'rs,
 We thought to gain the Heav'nly Hill,
 And seize the Crown as ours.

III.

Our good Desires, our Hearts sincere,
 Our best Endeavours stood,
 T' atone for our Tran'gressions here,
 In Place of JESU'S Blood.

IV.

Alas for us : we knew not then
 His BLOOD and RIGHTEOUSNESS,
 Thro' which alone the Sons of Men
 Are sav'd by richest Grace.

V.

But now, O gracious God, thy Love
 Hath taught us better Things ;
 Our All is giv'n us from above,
 From Thee Salvation springs.

Freely

VI.

Freely thy Love delights to save,
And ransoms without Price,
But only that which JESUS gave
Our bleeding Sacrifice.

VII.

We own the sole procuring Cause
That precious Blood divine :
May we, since JESUS dy'd for us,
May we live ever Thine !

*Hymns & Sacred Poems . 1749 .
v. 5 p. 375 .*

H Y M N C L X X I X .

A Funeral Hymn.

I.

IN this World of Sin and Sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a Care,
From Eternity we borrow
* Hope, that can exclude Despair :
Thee, triumphant GOD and SAVIOUR !
In the Glass of Faith we see :
O assist each faint Endeavour !
Raise our earth-born Souls to Thee.

II.

Place that awful Scene before us
Of the last tremendous Day,
When to Life Thou shalt restore us,
Ling'ring Ages, haste away !
Then this vile and sinful Nature
Incorruption † shall put on
Life renewing, glorious SAVIOUR !
Let thy gracious Will be done.

As the Hymn is set to

H Y M N

* Rom viii. 24, 25. † 1 Cor. xv. 53.

HYMN CLXXX.

I.

O LORD, how great's the Favour !
 That we, such Sinners poor,
 Can thro' thy Blood's sweet & Savour
 Approach thy Mercy's Door,
 And find an open || Passage
 Unto the Throne of Grace,
 There wait the welcome Message
 That bids us go in Peace.

II.

LORD, we are helpless Creatures,
 Full of the deepest Need,
 Throughout defil'd by † Nature,
 * Stupid, and inly † dead ;
 Our Strength is perfect Weakness,
 And all we have is § Sin,
 Our || Hearts are all Uncleanness,
 A † Den of Thieves within.

III.

In this forlorn Condition,
 Who shall afford us Aid ?
 Where shall we find Compassion,
 But in the ** Church's Head ?
JESUS, thou art all Pity,
 Oh take us to thine † Arms,
 And exercise thy Mercy,
 To save us from all Harms.

We'll

§ Eph. v. 2. || Heb. x. 19, 20. † Eph. ii. 1, 2, 3. * Job xi. 12. Psal. lxxiii. 22. † Col. ii. 13. § Rom. vii. 18. || Matt. xv. 19. † Jer. xvii. 9. with Mark vii. 21, 22. ** Eph. v. 23. † Deut. xxxiii. 27. If. xl. 12.

IV.

We'll never cease repeating,
 Our numberless Complaints,
 But ever be intreating
 The glorious King of Saints :
 Till we attain the Image
 Of Him we inly love,
 And pay our grateful Homage
 With all the Saints above.

V.

Then we, with all in Glory,
 Shall thankfully relate
 Th' amazing, pleasing Story,
 Of JESU'S Love so great :
 In this blest Contemplation
 We shall for ever dwell,
 And prove such Consolation
 As none below can § tell.

H Y M N CLXXXI.

I.

WHAT shall we render unto Thee,
 Thou glorious LORD of Life and Pow'r !
 Teach us to bow the humble Knee,
 Teach us with Thankfulness t' adore ;
 To praise Thee as thy Saints above,
 To praise Thee for thy wond'rous Love.

II.

When like lost || Sheep, we wander'd wide,
 And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye ;
 When borne along th' impetuous Tide,
 Of this Word's Sin and Vanity ;

Our

Our JESUS from the Heav'ns came down,
To save us by his Grace alone.

III.

He bore our Sins upon the † Tree
(To seek and save the * lost He came)
There was he bound to set us free
From Death and everlasting Shame :
The Captive Flock from Hell was freed,
And † ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

IV.

Before the Father's awful Throne :
Our merciful High Priest, He stands,
And § interceding for his own,
The purchas'd Remnant now || demands,
His People's everlasting Friend,
Who, loving—loves them to the † End.

V.

May † we, his banish'd ones, rejoice,
Him for our LORD and GOD to own,
To take Him as our only Choice,
And cleave to Him, in Love, alone ;
Be growing up in Holiness,
Then meet Him in the Realms of Peace.

VI.

Then shall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away ;
No Sin, no Sorrow shall be found,
No Night o'er-cloud the endless Day.
O praise Him ! all beneath, above,
O praise Him ! praise the GOD of Love !

H Y M N

† 1 Pet. ii. 24. • Matt. xviii. 11. † Mat. xx.
28. § Rom. viii 34. || John xvii. 24. † John
xiii. 1, † 2 Sam. xiv. 13, 14.

HYMN CLXXXII.

*Having loved His own, which were in the World,
He loved them unto the End. John xiii. 1.*

I.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend :
Whose Love is as great as His Pow'r,
And neither knows Measure nor End.

II.

'Tis JESUS the FIRST, and the LAST,
Whose SPIRIT shall guide us safe Home :
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

Jonah's Prayer.

Jonah, Chapter II.

I.

ALOUD I cry'd—Aloud I pray'd,
When in the Fish's Belly lay'd,
And Hell's deep Gloom I saw !
The foaming Billows dash'd around,
But, Oh, more awful still I found
The Terrors of thy LAW.

II.

The Sea-weeds wrapp'd about my Head,
The hoary Deep thy Wrath display'd,
And still increas'd my Fear :
Wave follow'd Wave with dreadful Noise,
And seem'd to drown my feeble Voice,
But yet my God could hear :

R

Could

III.

Could hear a guilty Wretch complain,
 And when I thought my Sighs were vain
 A kind Deliv'rance send :
 Tho' flying from His gracious Sight,
 I, Rebel like, defy'd His Might,
 He prov'd the SINNERS FRIEND.

IV.

The High and Lofty ONE look'd down,
 The LORD took pity on his own,
 And deign'd my Life to save :
 His injur'd Goodness took my Part,
 His Pity heal'd my broken Heart,
 His Hand unlock'd my Grave.

V.

Thanksgiving, Love, and humble Praise
 Shall fill the Remnant of my Days,
 Shall bow my grateful Knee :
 My gracious SAVIOUR, and my GOD
 I'll praise Thee for thy chast'ning Rod
 Which brought me back to Thee.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

The Believer's earnest Expectation and
 Hope. Phil. i. 20.

I.

HE is a GOD of Sov'reign Love
 That promis'd Heaven to * me,
 And taught my Thoughts to soar † above
 Where happy ‡ Spirits be.

Prepare

* John xii. 26. † Col. iii. 1, 2. ‡ Heb. xii. 23.

II.

Prepare me, LORD, for thy Right Hand,
 Then come the joyful Day !
 Come Death, and some || celestial Band,
 To bear my Soul away.

III.

Then, my † Beloved, take my Soul
 Up to thy blest Abode,
 That, † Face to Face, I may behold
 My SAVIOUR and my GOD.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

PSALM cxlviii.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD, y' immortal Choir,
 That fill the Realms above :
 Praise Him who form'd you of his Fire,
 And feeds you with his Love :
 Shine to his Praise, ye crystal Skies,
 The Floor of his Abode,
 Or veil in Shades your Thousand Eyes,
 Before your brighter God.

II.

Thou restless Globe of golden Light,
 Whose Beams create our Days,
 Join with the Silver Queen of Night,
 To own your borrow'd Rays ;
 Winds, ye shall bear his Name aloud,
 Through the ethereal Blue ;

For

|| Luke xvi. 22. † Cant. ii. 16.

† Job. xix. 27. † Cor. xiii. 12.

For when his || Chariot is a Cloud,
He makes his Wheels of you.

III.

Thunder and Hail, and Fire and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And speak his awful Hand :
Shout to the LORD, ye surging Seas,
In your eternal Roar ;
Let Wave to Wave resound his Praise,
And Shore reply to Shore.

IV.

Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,
To him that bids you grow ;
Sweet Clusters bend the fruitful Vines
On ev'ry thankful Bough :
Thus while the meaner Creatures sing,
Ye Mortals, take the Sound :
Echo the Glories of your King,
'Thro' all the Nations round,

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

I.

TH' extent of JESU'S Love
What Heart can comprehend ?
A * Breadth whose Distance none can prove,
A Length without an End :
The first-born & Seraphs try
The Myst'ry to explore ;
Yet cannot trace it out : for why ?
The Curie they never bore.

The

II.

The Grace unsearchable,
 Transcending human Thought,
 Who, who, in Earth or Heav'n can tell,
 Or find the Wonder out ?
 All the angelic Choir
 Unite to give Him Praise :
 And Saints redeeming Love admire,
 And loud Hosannahs raise.

III.

To CHRIST we lift our Voice,
 Who have † Redemption found :
 And in His Name alone rejoice,
 Whence all our Joys abound :
 This cures the burden'd Mind,
 This calms the troubled Heart ;
 This manifests the SAVIOUR Kind,
 And bids our Fears depart.

H Y M N. CLXXXVII.

I.

WHEN I travail in Distress,
 Or Grief of any Kind,
 Burden'd with Uneasiness,
 And Anguish on my Mind ;
 One sweet Ray of heav'nly Light
 Dispels the Clouds which intervene,
 Turns to Day the gloomy Night,
 And quite renews the Scene.

II.

My Complaints with Speed remove,
 My Sorrows turn to Joy,

R 3.

Songs

† Eph. i. 7.

Songs of Melody and Love
 Again my Tongue employ :
 Then I find the * resting Place,
 To all the carnal World † unknown,
 There I taste the glorious Peace
 Felt by the § Saints alone.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

PSALM XC.

I.

O God our Help in Ages past,
 Our Hope for Years to come,
 Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
 And our eternal Home.

II.

Before the Hills in Order stood,
 Or Earth receiv'd its Frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless Years the same.

III.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight
 Are as an Ev'ning gone,
 Short as the Watch that ends the Night
 Before the rising Sun.

IV.

The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood,
 With all their Cares and Fears,
 Are carry'd downward by the Flood,
 And lost in foll'wing Years.

Time

* Matt. xi. 28. † Prov. xiv. 10. ‡ Is. xlviii. 23.
 § John xiv. 27.

V.

Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
 Bears all it's Sons away,
 They fly forgotten as a Dream
 Dies at the op'ning Day.

VI.

O God our Help in Ages past,
 Our Hope for Years to come,
 Be thou our Guard while Life shall last,
 And our perpetual Home.

*Isaac Watts
 Psalm 90.*

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

*The Lord hath laid on Him the Iniquity of us
 all. Is. liii. 6.*

I.

ARISE my Soul ; with Wonder see,
 What Love divine for thee hath done,
 Behold thy Sorrow, Sin, and Grief,
 Are laid on God's eternal SON.

II.

See ! from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
 Sorrow and Love flow mingling down,
 Did e'er such Love, such Sorrow meet,
 Or Thorns compose so-bright a Crown !

III.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
 That were a Present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

*Isaac Watts
 BK 3 no 7.*

H Y M N.

H Y M N CXC.

PSALM xcvi. 2.

The Darknefs of Providence.

I.

LORD we adore thy dark Designs,
The deep Abyfs of Providence,
Too deep to found with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Senſe.

II.

Now thou array'ſt thine awful Face !
In angry Frowns without a Smile ;
Saints, thro' a Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compassion ſtill.

III.

Thro' Seas and Storms of deep Diſtreſs
They fail by Faith, and not by * Sight :
Faith guides them in the Wilderneſs,
Thro' all the Briars and the Night.

IV.

Dear FATHER ! if thy lifted Rod
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below,
Still we muſt † lean upon our GOD
Thine Arm ſhall bear us ſafely thro'.

Russell Watts

H Y M N CXCI. *BK 2 no 109*

PSALM cxiii.

I.

YE Saints and Servants of the LORD,
The Triumphs of his Name record,
His ſacred Name for ever bleſs :
Where'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing Beams or ſetting Rays,
Due Praise to his great Name addreſs ;

GOD

* 2 Cor. v. 7. † Cant. viii. 5.

II.

God thro' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day,
But Shadows of his Glory are,
With Him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created Power compare.

III.

Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet He to Earth vouchsafes his Care ;
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion of the greatest there.

IV.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD whom Heaven's triumphant Host
And suff'ring Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory as in Ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When Earth and Heav'n shall be no more.

Jate & Brady

H Y M N CXCII. *Psalm 113.*

I.

BLEST be the Father and his Love,
To whose celestial Source we owe,
Rivers of endless Joys above,
And Rills of Comfort here below !

II.

Glory to Thee, great SON of GOD !
Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

Jane Watts

Oct 3rd 28

adort.

We

III.

We give the Sacred SPIRIT Praise,
Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
And into boundless Glory flow.

IV.

Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, we adore,
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom or a Shore.

Isaac Watts

Bk 3 no 26

H Y M N CXCVIII.

1707

I.

O JESU, our LORD,
Thy Name be ador'd,
For all the rich Blessings convey'd thro' thy
Word.

II.

In Spirit we trace
Thy Wonders of Grace ;
And cheerfully join in a Concert of Praise.

III.

The ANTIENT OF DAYS
His Glory displays,
And shines on his Chosen with cherishing Rays.

IV.

The Trumpet of GOD
Is sounding abroad
The Language of Mercy, Salvation thro' Blood.

V.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey ;
And share in the Blessings of this Gospel-day.

VI.

The People, who know
The SAVIOUR, below
With burning Affection to worship him glow.

VII.

Their Anguish and Smart
And Sorrows depart,
Who find his Salvation inscrib'd on their Heart.

VIII.

This Blessing be mine
Thro' Favour divine :
But, O my REDEEMER, the Glory be thine !

IX.

This Work is of Grace ;
Thine, thine be the Praise :
And mine to adore Thee and tell of thy Ways.

H Y M N CXCIV.

I.

GLORY and Honour be to Thee,
Thou self-existent Deity ;
Thee we revere, and Thee adore,
In Mercy infinite, and Pow'r.

II.

To Thee, our joyful Hearts we raise,
To Thee, we bring our Songs of Praise,
Whose bounteous Care and Love imparts
Celestial Blessings to our Hearts.

III.

Unto the holy Triune God,
Who hast on us, poor Worms, bestow'd
Such Favour, such amazing Grace,
We pay our Homage, Thanks and Praise:

H Y M N CXCV.

COME Thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise !
FATHER All-glorious,
O'er all Victorious,

Come, and reign over us
 ANTIEN^T of DAYS !

JESUS our LORD arise,
 Scatter our Enemies,
 And make them fall !
 Let thine Almighty Aid
 Our sure Defence be made—
 Our Souls on Thee be stay'd—
 LORD hear our Call !

Come Thou Incarnate WORD,
 Gird on thy Mighty * Sword—
 Our Pray'r attend !
 Come ! and thy People bless,
 And give thy Word Success,
 SPIRIT of Holiness
 On us descend !

Come Holy COMFORTER,
 Thy sacred Witness bear, ||
 In this glad Hour !
 Thou who Almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 SPIRIT of POW'R !

To the Great ONE in THIRTY
 Eternal Praises be
 Hence—evermore !
 His Sov'reign Majesty
 May we in Glory see,
 And to Eternity
 Love and Adore.

* Ps. xlv. 3. || Rom. viii. 16. i John v. 6. latter Part.

