

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST
HYMN BOOK

Given to:

Richard Share Mabe

4-27-75

From: Mom and Dad
with our love.

May you find comfort
in the words of this book
as you travel life's road.

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST

HYMN BOOK

FOR

ALL LOVERS OF SACRED SONG

COMPILED BY

D. H. GOBLE

"PRAISE YE THE LORD"

PRINTED AND FOR SALE BY
THE D. H. GOBLE PRINTING COMPANY
GREENFIELD, IND.

PREFACE.

IN presenting this little hymn book as a token of love to the favorable consideration of the brotherhood, we do so with a degree of concern not easily expressed; and caused, not so much as to whether it may prove a remunerative investment, but more especially because its favorable reception would be to us a token of the oneness of mind and feeling existing between us, giving renewed strength to the little hope which we are sometimes permitted to enjoy, that we are of that blessed number for whom Jesus died that they might enter into the joys of his kingdom at the right hand of his Majesty on high.

In the compilation of this book we have endeavored to keep the good of the cause in view, that we might be enabled to present such a collection as would be adapted to the needs and customs of our people in every locality.

Care has been maintained in the selection of hymns and spiritual songs, to not only

include all the old, familiar ones, and favorites of our brethren in the different sections of the country, but especially that no unsound sentiment be found in any selection; and this is the only apology we would offer for numerous small changes made in a number of selections found in this book. We are fully persuaded that we had as well preach unsound doctrine as to sing it with an attempt at devotion.

To the faithful in Christ Jesus everywhere, those who believe in the doctrine of salvation by grace, as taught by all the holy apostles, and prophets of old, is this little book dedicated, to the end that Zion may be comforted and Christ glorified. Amen.

THE AUTHOR.

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EXPLANATION.

THE first number within the curves is the number of the hymn in Thompson's Hymn Book, the second, Beebe's; and the third, Lloyd's.

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST HYMN BOOK.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

1 (29-68-305) C. M. *Cowper.*

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

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

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

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

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.
- 2 (7-6-0) L. M. *Beddome.*
GREAT God, my Maker, and my King,
 Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
 All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
 Declare thee good, proclaim thee just;
- 2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
 Thy threat'nings and thy promises,
 The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
 What angels taste, what devils feel;
- 3 Thy terrors and thy acts of grace,
 Thy threat'ning rod and smiling face,
 Thy wounding, and thy healing word,
 A world undone, a church restored.
- 4 While these excite my fear and joy,
 While these my tuneful lips employ,
 Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
 The tribute of a trembling tongue.

- 3 (2-15-325) C. M. *Dr. Watts' Lyric Poems.*

- K**EEP silence, all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod;
 My soul stands trembling while she sings
 The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
 Hang on his firm decree;
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Chained to his throne, a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men,
 With ev'ry angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' Eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine;
 Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
 Fulfills some deep design.
- 5 Here he exalts neglected worms
 To scepters and a crown;
 And there the foll' wing page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
 Nor God the reason gives;
 Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
 Between the folded leaves.

- 7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb !
- 4 (14-20-1) L. M. *Medley.*
A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When troubles, like a gloomy cloud,
Have gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good !

- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart,
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail,
Oh ! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.
- 5 (33-65-349) L. M. *Watts.*
THY ways, O Lord ! with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And ev'ry dark and bending line
Meets in the center of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least is sure,
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

- 4 They neither know nor trace the way,
But trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne ;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

THE FALL OF MAN.

- 6 (36-423-0) L. M. *Watts.*

- A**DAM, our father and our head, [dead.
Transgressed, and Justice doomed us
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 Call a bright council in the skies,
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak: are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God ?
- 3 In vain we ask ; for all around
Stand silent through the heav'nly ground ;
There's not a glorious mind above,
Has half the strength or half the love.

- 4 But Oh ! unmeasurable grace !
The Son of God takes up our place ;
Down to our world the Savior flies,
And for his unborn children dies.
- 5 Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes !
Ye saints below and saints above,
All bow to his mysterious love.
- 7 (39-0-129) L. M. *Watts.*
- B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there,
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heav'nly land.
- 3 The hypocrite, who tires and faints,
And walks the way of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And finds his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

8 (40-0-0) C. M. *Dr. S. Stennet.*

- WITH tears of anguish I lament,
 Here at thy feet, my God,
 My passion, pride, and discontent,
 And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
 So false as mine has been,
 So faithless to its promises,
 So prone to ev'ry sin.
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands
 Are holy, just, and true ;
 Tells me whate'er my God demands
 Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
 And all her words approve ;
 But still I find it hard t' obey,
 And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Savior, shall I feel
 These strugglings in my breast ?
 When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest ?
- 6 Break, sov' reign Grace, O break the charm,
 And set the captive free ;
 Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
 And haste to rescue me.

THE GOSPEL.

9 (44-98-282) C. M. *Watts.*

- HOW precious is the Book divine !
 By inspiration given !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
 To guide our souls to heav'n.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears ;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the brighter light
 Of an eternal day.

10 (67-122-484) C. M. *Watts.*

- BEST are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound ;
 Peace shall attend the paths they go,
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
 Through their Redeemer's name ;
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

- 3 The Lord, our glory and defense,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.
- 11 (43-99-488) C. M. *Watts.*

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

- 12 (119-275-334) C. M. *Cowper.*

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged into that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 1 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die ;
- 5 And when this lispng, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared.
Unworthy though I be,
For me a glorious free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years
 And formed by pow'r divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine.

13 (62-130-518) S. M. *Watts.*

HOW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet the tidings are!
 Zion, behold thy Savior King;
 He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heav'nly light,
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs
 And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad;
 Let ev'ry nation now behold
 Their Savior and their God.

14 (128-188-0) S. M. *Kent.*

IN union with the Lamb,
 From condemnation free,
 The saints from everlasting were,
 And shall forever be.

2 In cov'nant from of old,
 The sons of God they were;
 The feeblest lamb in Jesus' fold
 Was blessed in Jesus there.

3 Its bonds shall never break,
 Though earth's old columns bow;
 The strong, the tempted, and the weak,
 Are one in Jesus now.

4 With joy lift up your heads,
 Ye highly favored few, [spreads,
 When through the earth destruction
 For what shall injure you?

5 When storms or tempests rise,
 Or sins your peace assail,
 Your hope in Jesus never dies,
 'T is cast within the veil.

- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.
- 17 (101-474-4) C. M. *Dr. Stennet*
AS on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame
The penitent confessed,
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed :
- 3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n !
Thou spotless Lamb of God !
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise—
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.
- 5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Savior, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be."

- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."
- 18 (104-240-299) L. M. *Kent.*
THERE is a period known to God,
When all his sheep redeemed by
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin, [blood
Turn to the fold, and enter in.
- 2 At peace with hell, with God at war,
In sin's dark maze they wander far,
Indulge their lusts and still go on
As far from God as sheep can run.
- 3 But see how heav'n's indulgent care
Attends their wand'rings here and there,
Still near at hand, where'er they stray,
With piercing thorns to hedge their way.
- 4 When wisdom calls they stop their ear,
And headlong urge the mad career;
Judgments nor mercies ne'er can sway
Their roving feet to wisdom's way.
- 5 Glory to God—they ne'er shall rove
Beyond the limits of his love ; ["wills,"
Fenced with Jehovah's "shalls" and
Firm as the everlasting hills.

- 6 Th' appointed time rolls on apace,
Not to propose, but call by grace,
To change the heart, renew the will,
And turn their feet to Zion's hill.
- 19 (99-226-0) 8, 7, 4. *Rippon's Col.*
SONS we are, through God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe :
By eternal destination
Sov' reign grace we here receive :
Lord, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.
- 2 Ev'ry fallen soul by sinning
Merits everlasting pain ;
But thy love, without beginning,
Has restored thy sons again ;
Countless millions
Shall in life through Jesus reign.
- 3 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder,
Ask, O why such love for me ?
Grace has put me in the number
Of the Savior's family ;
Hallelujah :
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!
- 4 Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease,

- Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning,
Guide me in the way of peace !
Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.
- 5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee,
Let the pow'r of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me :
Through thy Spirit
Give the final victory !
- 6 When the angel sounds the trumpet,
When my soul and body join ;
When my Savior comes to judgment,
Bright in majesty divine,
Let me triumph
In thy righteousness as mine.
- 7 When in that blest habitation,
Which my God has fore-ordained,
When, in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand,
Free grace only
Shall resound in heav'n's land.
- 20 (148-1238-372) S. M. *Toplady.*
PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;

Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood ;
So shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known ;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy pow'r,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

21 (0-134-123) P. M. *Altered by Toplady.*

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !
Let all the nations know,

To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim :

The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye, who esteemed as naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it free, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The sov'reign grace of Heav'n ;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is giv'n :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace ;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 7 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad !
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

22 (161-0-0) C. M. *Watts.*

- N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.
- 2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Prepares the heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh ;
Renews the spirit of the mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

23 (134-0-174) C. M.

SALVATION through our dying Head,
Shall ever stand complete :

- He paid whate'er his people owed,
And canceled all their debt.
- 2 He sends his Spirit from above,
Our spirit to renew,
Displays his pow'r, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too,
- 3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiv'n ;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heav'n.
- 4 Salvation now shall be my stay ;
"A sinner saved," I'll cry,
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.
- 24 (150-302-180) C. M. *Watts.*

- V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmur'ing word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now,

Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

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

PARDON.

- 25 (171-250-0) L. M. *Watts.*

FROM deep distress and troubled tho'ts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries ;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there.
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for break of day,
So waits my soul before thy gate :
When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain :
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace ;
Through the redemption of his Son
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

- 26 (178-0-154) S. M. *Watts.*

MY sorrows like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

- 2 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace,
Thy thunder silent lies !
- 4 O'ercome by matchless love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all
And weep, and love, and cry.
- 5 " Rise," says the Savior, " rise,
Behold my wounded veins ;
Here flows a sacred crimson flood,
To wash away thy stains."

- 'Twas Jesus my all, as he hung on the tree
 Who opened the channel of mercy for me.
 6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I
 own,
 And the cov'nant love of thy crucified Son:
 All praise to the Spirit whose whisper
 divine, [ness mine!
 Seals mercy and pardon and righteous-
 29 (0-296-87) C. M. *Primitive*

IN vain we seek for peace with God,
 By methods of our own;
 Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
 Can bring us near the throne.
 2 The threat'nings of thy broken law
 Impress the soul with dread;
 If God the sword of justice draw,
 It strikes the spirit dead.
 3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
 Hath answered these demands;
 And peace and pardon from the skies
 Came down from Jesus' hands.
 4 Here all the ancient types agree,
 The altar and the Lamb;
 And prophets in their vision see
 Salvation through his name.

- 5 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,
 'Tis on thy cross we rest;
 Forever be thy love adored,
 Thy name forever blest.

ADOPTION.

- 30 (219-205-0) S. M. *Watts.*
BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
 The Father has bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God.
 2 'Tis no surprising thing
 That we should be unknown;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's everlasting Son.
 3 Nor doth it yet appear,
 How great we must be made;
 But when we see our Savior there
 We shall be like our Head.
 4 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from guilt and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.

- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own
- 31 (220-265-0) C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*
SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim ;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father, God ! how sweet the sound !
How tender and how dear !
Not all the harmony of heav'n
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal thy name
On my expanding heart,
And show that in Jehovah's grace,
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring I believe,
And, Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

CHRIST.

- 32 (240-151-0) L. M. *Watts.*
ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd
abroad.
From everlasting was the Word ;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By his own pow'r were all things made,
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Adam fell,
He led the host of morning stars :
Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?
- 4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms!
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they
- 5 Mortals, with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such defence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CHRIST

- 36 (294-323-292) C. M. *Watts.*

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace !
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet ;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend ;
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around ;

- Sweetly the sacred odor spreads
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy,
They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
To all eternity.
- 37 (308-330-68) C. M. *Steele.*
- C**OME, ye that love the Savior's name,
And joy to make it known ;
The sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Savior, crowned
With glories all divine ;
And tell the wand'ring nations round
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite pow'r and boundless grace
In him unite their rays ;
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise ?

- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise ;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid 't reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their pow'rs the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.
- 38 (298-277-280) L. M. *Newton.*
POOOR, weak, and worthless, tho' I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend ;
Jesus, the Savior, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransomed me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controlled ;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies :
Oh, what a friend Christ is to me !

- 39 (309-331-0) C. M. *W—*
ALL-HAIL the pow'r of Jesus' name
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call :
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above.
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall :
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

40 (319-368-0) 7's, *Toplady.*

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure ;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

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

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-strings break in death,

When I soar to worlds unknawn,
 See thee on thy judgment throne—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

41 (322-358-74) L. M. *Cenneck.*

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

2 The way the holy prophets went ;
 The road that leads from banishment ;
 The King's highway of holness ;
 I'll go ; for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not ;
 My grief and burden long have been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
 I sinned and stumbled but the more ;
 Till late I heard my Savior say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb
 Shalt take me to thee as I am ;

My sinful self to thee I give :
Nothing but love shall I receive.

- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Savior I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the way to God."

42 (0-359-78) S. M. *Hart*

" I AM," saith Christ, " the Way :"
Now, if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

- 2 " I am," saith Christ, " the Truth :"
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

- 3 " I am," saith Christ, " the Life :"
Let this be seen by faith ;
It follows, without further strife,
That all besides is death.

- 4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceived, nor die.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

43 (267-434-51) L. M. *Tiebout's Collection.*

WHEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transformed to love.

- 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my
In ev'ry groan I bear a part ; [heart,
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see ! he bows his head and dies !
- 3 Come, Christians, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood !
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains,
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh, that I thus could always feel !
Lord, more and more thy love reveal !
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

46 SUFFERING AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart and charms my ear,
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

44 (270-271-49) 8's 7's, 4's. *Burder*

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Savior cry.

2 It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heav'nly pleasures, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food?

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST. 47

Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant
As the Savior's flesh and blood:
"It is finished!"
Christ has borne the heavy load.

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
Saints on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION
OF CHRIST.

45 (278-446-33) L. M. *Watts.*

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.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richest blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
The Prince of glory dies for men;

- But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again.
- 4 The rising King forsakes his tomb,
Up to his Father's courts he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns ;
Singing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 Say, "Live forever, wond'rous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting
[grave ?"
- 46 (281-417-0) S. M. Watts.
- COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt ;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

- 3 Down to the shades of death
He bowed his awful head ;
Yet he arose, to live and reign,
When death itself is dead.
- 4 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more ;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.
- 5 There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne ;
The Father sees his will fulfilled,
And smiles upon his Son.
- 6 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.
- 47 (0-454-0) 8's & 7's. Rippon's Col.
- HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above !
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices ;
Jesus reigns the God of love :
See, he sits on yonder throne ;
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth :

Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine's an everlasting crown :
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.

4 Savior, hasten thine appearing ;
 Bring—oh bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away :
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

48 (284-443-0) C. M. *Watts.*

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
 That clothed himself in clay,
 Entered the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our Immanuel rose ;
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoiled our hellish foes.

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 He bowed his awful head ;
 Yet he arose, to live and reign,
 When death itself is dead.

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 Since our Immanuel rose ;
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoiled our hellish foes.

- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With scars of honor in his flesh,
 And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach his blest abode ;
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.
- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise ;
 Let heav'n and all created things
 Sound our Immanuel's praise.
- 49 (512-449-466) S. M. *Watts.*
- W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day,
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

SALVATION.

- 50 (0-546-150) 8, 8, 6. *Ebenezer.*

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found
And knew not where to go :
O'erwhelmed in sin, with anguish slain,
'Twas said I must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe.

- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near ;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain—
"The sinner must be born again,"
Still sounded in my ear.

- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head ;
I no relief could find :
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare ;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way ;
It was the time of love :
He then relieved me from my pain,
And showed me I was born again,
To dwell with him above.
- 6 To heav'n my joyful praises flew,
Singing that song forever new ;
To Christ my voice did raise :
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumbered millions born again
Shall shout thine endless praise.
- 51 (384-471-171) C. M. *Watts.*
SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;

But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

52 (374-563-155) L. M. *Watts.*

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting sinner live !
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean :
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, before thy face :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;

And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

53 (376-562-31) C. M. *Watts.*

ALAS ! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Jesus die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine
The glorious sufferer stood.

- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree !

- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Savior died
For man the rebel's sin.

- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay

The debt of love I owe ;

Here, Lord, I give myself away,

'Tis all that I can do.

54 (382-641-0) L. M. *Harrison*

O COULD I find some peaceful bow'r
Where sin hath neither place nor pow'r;
This traitor vile, I fain would shun ;
But can not from his presence run.

2 When to the throne of grace I flee,

He stands between my God and me ;

Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,

I feel him working in my breast.

3 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,

Which keeps my faith and hope so low ;

I long to dwell in heav'n my home,

Where not one sinful thought can come.

55 (372-567-0) C. M. *Stennet.*

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,

A guilty rebel lies ;

And upward to thy mercy-seat

Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 O let not justice frown me hence,—

Stay, stay the dreadful storm !

Forbid it that Omnipotence

Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice

To pay the debt I owe,

Tears should from both my weeping eyes

In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead,

To expiate my guilt,

No tears but those which thou hast shed ,

No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,

And all my sins forgive ;

Justice will well approve thy word,

That bids the sinner live.

56 (0-480-173) C. M. *Newton.*

SALVATION ! what a glorious plan,

How suited to our need !

The grace that raises fallen man

Is wonderful indeed !

2 'Twas wisdom formed the vast design,

To ransom us when lost ;

And love's unfathomable mine,

Provided all the cost.

- 3 Strict Justice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant sealed ;
And Truth and Power undertook
The whole should be fulfilled.
- 4 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Pow'r, and Love,
In all their glory shone,
When Jesus left the courts above,
And died to save his own.
- 5 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Pow'r, and Love,
Are equally displayed ;
Now Jesus reigns enthroned above,
Our Advocate and Head.
- 6 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhorred ;
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

57 0-591-209) L. M. *Watts.*

- W**E are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground :
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand ;
And all his springs in Zion flow
To make the young plantation grow.

- 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume ;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad
To entertain our Savior-God :
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

58 (338-0-375) S. M. *Davies*

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, come !
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense ;
And may I daily, hourly feel,
Thy quick'ning influence.
- 3 Melt, melt this frozen heart ;
This stubborn will subdue ;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form my soul anew.

4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I would devote
The remnant of my days.

59 (366-0-345) C. M. *Cowper*

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that cause my mourn,
And so disturb my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
O come and tear it from its throne,
I'll worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

60 (346-752-416) S. M. *Toplady.*

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord
Bid ev'ry string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "For me."

5 Tarry his leisure then,—
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
Reveal his love with power.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee ;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

61 (359-190-201) 7s. *Cenneck.*

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished seed, be glad !
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls he comes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blessed,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Christ, your Father's elder Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord ! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee .

62 (349-684-396) C. M. *Watts.*

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

63 (361-500-105) C. M. *Watts.*

WHY should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring
 Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal the heirs of heav'n?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood;
 And bear thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come;
 And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

FAITH.

64 (426-378-()) S. M. *Watts.*

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

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

3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine;
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
 The burden thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the shameful tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

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

65 (428-0-0) C. M. *W. Thompson.*

FAITH is the Spirit's evidence,
A witness to the soul ;
It claims no merits in itself,
But comes to Christ for all.

2 Its substance is the Lord of life,
The Christian is its home ;
It leads the soul to full supplies,
And points out joys to come.

3 It claims in Christ a legacy,
And helps the child to see :
This faith, dear Savior, is thy gift,
O give this faith to me.

66 (431-0-0) C. M.

LOST in the ruins of the fall,
I lay in awful night,
Till Great Jehovah changed my heart,
And gave me heav'nly light.

2 Born of the Lord, I rose from death,
Flew to the Prince of Peace ;
He loved the risings of my soul,
And showed a smiling face.

3 Born of the Lord, I feel a pow'r
That draws to Jesus' blood,

Loosens my soul from chains of guilt,
And leads it to my God.

4 Born of the Lord, I can't allow
That sin should rule my heart ;
But long that ev'ry evil thought
Might evermore depart.

5 Born of the Lord, my happy soul
In flames of love arise ;
Love my dear Father and his flock,
And love his holy ways.

6 Born of the Lord, I soon shall fly,
Fly to his bright abode ;
Rise to the honors of his throne,
And live and reign with God.

67 (0-580-0) C. M. *Watts.*

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came,
They, with united breath,

- Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod ;
(His zeal inspired their breast ;)
And foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heav'n.

THE CHRISTIAN.

68 (448-0-0) C. M.

- S**ING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing !
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still ;
With joyful hope still fix your eye
On Zion's heav'nly hill.
- 69 (447-773-369) L. M. *Doddridge.*
- B**ESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Savior divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart,
To fix on Christ the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, will be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.
- 70 (463-0-0) C. M. *W. Thompson.*
- B**Y nature born to pain and death,
O what a lot is this ?

- But born again, O glorious thought!
And born for endless bliss.
- 2 Born here an heir to grief and woe,
A rebel to my God;
But by the Spirit born again
For heaven's high abode.
- 3 Born here both dead, and blind, and deaf,
And bound with Satan's cord;
But born again to live and see,
And hear, and praise the Lord.

71 (477-746-339) C. M. *Newton.*

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;

- Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
- 5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

CHRISTIAN LOVE AND UNION.

72 (680-609-196) S. M. *Fawcett.*

- B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear :
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectat'ion lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
In blessed eternity.

73 (681-193-620) C. M. *Wesley*

- B**LEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
But we are joined in heart.
- 2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
We wait his will to know,
That we in his right steps may tread,
And follow him below.

- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace ;
Expect his fullness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 74 (683-861-194) L. M. *Newton.*
- K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n
To know the Savior's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus :
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below ;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten to the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

75 (330-608-283) C. M. *Stennett.*

AND have I, Christ, no love for thee,
Nor passion for thy charms ?
Nor wish my Savior's face to see
And dwell within his arms ?

2 Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose gen'rous bosom glowed
With friendship all divine ?

3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell,
And while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel ?

4 Such base ingratitude as this,
What heart but must detest ?
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In ev'ry human breast.

5 A very wretch, Lord, I should prove,
Had I no love to thee ;
Rather than not my Savior love,
O may I cease to be.

76 (329-677-0) S. M. *Watts.*

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

77 (224-0-395) C. M. *Baltimore.*

FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

- 2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God.
- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.
- 4 When I am made in love to bear,
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.
- 5 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
Or dark desertion's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.
- 6 And when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath
In fellowship with God.
- 7 When I, at last, to heav'n ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

- 78 (227-980-0) C. M. Watts.

- M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee !
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?
- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.
- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

79 (228-973-342) S. M. *Watts.*

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I can not live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thy embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

80 (236-328-308) C. M. *Doddridge*

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

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

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

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

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

81 (237-1129-58) L. M. *Gregg.*

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star;

- He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

BAPTISM.

82 (620-1114-238) 8s.

- I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dare the holy man refuse;
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heav'ns! your Maker lies
In deeps concealed from human view;

- Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you;
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But lo! from yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like, th' eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amazed they see the pow'r divine,
Around the Savior's temples shine.
- 4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
Whatsounds are those which roll along?
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song:
"This is my well-beloved Son,
I see well pleased what he hath done."
- 5 Thus as th' eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accents broke,
And bids us hear the Son of God:
O hear the awful word to-day,
Hear all ye nations and obey!
- 83 (623-1108-229) 8's 7's. *Fawcett.*

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,

- Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod ;
Flee to him your only Savior,
In his mighty name confide ;
In the whole of your behavior,
Own him as your sov'reign guide.
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that can befall you
While you make his way your choice ;
Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in my name ;"
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay ;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo ! your Captain leads the way.
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies ;
Be interred at his commanding,
After his example rise.
- 84 (624-1118-223) C. M. *Stennett.*

THUS was the great Redeemer plunged
In Jordan's swelling flood,

- To show he must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave ;
Thus was his sacred body raised
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread,
Would die, be buried. rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.
- 85 (644-0-348) C. M. *Kirkham.*
- D**IDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold ;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, let men defame,
And treat me with disdain ;
Still may I glorify thy name,
And count their slander gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign ;

Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

86 (0-1122-219) S. M.

DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came our souls to save,
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way,
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path in sight.

3 The Holy Ghost came down
The baptism to approve;
The ordinance of Christ to crown,
And stamp it with his love.

4 Dear Savior, we will tread
In thine appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

87 (0-1119-224) L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine;
O teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
We joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain;
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain

3 We're plunged beneath the mystic flood;
Oh, plunge us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise with thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

88 (641-1150-0) 7's. *Leeland.*

CHRISTIANS, if your hearts are warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are prized,
Rise, believe, and be baptized.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse for sinners due;
Children, prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Savior's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross;
If the Savior's love you feel
Let the world behold your zeal.

- 4 Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the foul;
Fire and water both agree,
Winter soldiers never flee.
- 5 Ev'ry season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere;
When the storm prevents your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.
- 6 Read his sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray;
Meditate his law by night,
This will give you great delight.

LORD'S SUPPER.

89 (648-1171-245) C. M. *Stennett*

LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place;

- 2 I that was all defiled in sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son
And trampled on his blood.

- 3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Savior takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 "Eat, O my friends!" the Savior cries,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumphed too."
- 5 With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,
Join all your praising pow'rs:
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Savior is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.
- 90 (652-1159-240) L. M. *Watts*
- 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 betrayed him to his foes.

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine,
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn,
And justice poured upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To seal the pardon of our guilt;
When for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.

91 (653-1165-44) C. M. *Watts*

HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God,
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, both by blood,
Are food for aying souls.

- 3 While all our hearts and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast;
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"
- 4 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- 6 Pity the nations, O my God!
Constrain thy flock to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 92 (656-1160-43) C. M. *Watts.*

HOW condenscending and how kind
Was God's exalted Son!
Our mis'ry reached his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

- 2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth his dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murm'ring word.

- 3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Savior knew
The way of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary
Nor lets his saints forget.
- 5 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' saving love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.
- 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

93 (365-0-252) C. M.

THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living Vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.

- 2 O bless the Savior, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed:
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Savior, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

94 (654-1163-50) L. M. *Watts.*

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the grace of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down!
Did e'er such love and sorrows meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 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.

FEET WASHING.

95 (0-0-258) C. M.

- D** ID Christ the great example lead
For al' his humble train,
In washing the disciples' feet,
And wiping them again ?
- 2 And did my Lord and Master say
" If I have washed your feet,
Ye also ought to watch and pray,
And wash each other's feet ? "
- 3 O blessed Jesus, at thy board
I have thy children met ; [poured,
The bread I've broke, the wine I've
We've washed each other's feet

- 4 In imitation of my Lord,
Who blood for me did sweat,
I yield unto his sacred word,
And wash the pilgrims' feet.
- 5 Yea, blessed Jesus, I like thee,
Would Christians often meet ;
The least of all the flock would be,
And wash his children's feet.
- 96 (0-0-259) L. M.
G IVE me thy Spirit, O my God,
Then I can well all trials meet,
Deny myself and all my pride,
And wash thy weakest servant's feet.
- 2 Give me thy Spirit, O my God,
Then shall I in thy footsteps trace,
And show to all who read thy word,
That I'm indeed renewed by grace.
- 3 Give me thy Spirit, O my God,
Then through my few remaining days
I'll yield obedience to thy word,
And as I go, I'll sing thy praise.
- 97 (0-1178-261) L. M. *Altered.*
C OME, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And walk according to his word ;

- Let true humility abound,
And in his footsteps to be found.
- 2 Remember when Christ was below,
What condescension he did show ;
He did his dear disciples greet,
And condescend to wash their feet.
- 3 If I your Lord and Master be,
And you my blest example see,
You should each other kindly greet,
And ought to wash each other's feet.
- 4 And we who do this duty see,
With others we'll not disagree ;
In lowest stoop we will them greet,
We'll eat our herbs, and they their meat.
- 98 (0-0-262) L. M.
- O** THAT the Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet ;
Greater than Christ I would not be,
But learn from him humility.
- 2 Wash me, and seal me thus thine own,
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
But wash my head, my hands, my heart,
Wash me, and mine thou ever art.

ORDINATION.

99 (669-0-553) C. M. *Doddridge.*

- L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give :
Now let them, from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart
And fill a Savior's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego ;
Those that have tasted his rich grace,
And seek his will to know.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste
Th' account to render there ; [faults,
And shouldst thou strictly mark our
Lord, where should we appear ?
- 5 May that same Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer be ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

100 (673-0-556) S. M.

YE messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey ;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Savior's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's num'rous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success ;
Assured that he who sends you forth,
Will your endeavors bless.

101 (675-0-528) L. M. *B. Francis*

BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring—

Their tribute of united praise,
For heav'nly news and peaceful days.

- 2 We sing the conquest of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word ;
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme ;
And, while we feel thy heav'nly love,
We burn like seraphim above.
- 4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise
With us an equal song of praise ;
They are the noblest work of God,
But we the purchase of his blood.
- 5 Still in thy work would we abound,
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground ;
Thy sheep with welcome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above ;
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

102 (420-0-538) L. M. *Rippon.*

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee sov'reign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring at thy command
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And sweet devotion bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

103 (677-0-0) C. M. *W. Thompson.*

NOT to control the church of God,
Nor bind, or rule her sons,
But to associate below
With Zion's little ones,

2 We meet to counsel, and advise,
And hear from all around,
And sing and pray, and preach and hear,
And so our joys abound.

3 These seasons still from year to year
Our comforts do restore:
While love and union sweetly roll
Our Savior we adore.

4 If thus to meet on earth below
So warms our hearts with love,
What raptures will his children feel
When they shall meet above!

104 (0-1205-0) 8's & 7's.

HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
View with me th' autumnal gloom,

- Learn from thence your fate to-morrow ;
 Dead perhaps, laid in the tomb.
 See all nature fading, dying,
 Silent, all things seem to mourn,
 Life from vegetation flying,
 Brings to mind the mould'ring urn.
- 2 Oft when autumn's tempest rising,
 Makes the lofty forest nod,
 Scenes of nature how surprising,
 Read in nature nature's God.
 See the sov'reign, sole Creator,
 Lives eternal in the skies,
 Whilst we mortals yield to nature,
 Bloom awhile, then fade and die.
- 3 Lo ! I hear the air resounding,
 With expiring insects' cries ;
 Ah ! their moans to me how wounding,
 Emblems of my age and sighs.
 Hollow winds about me roaring,
 Noisy waters round me rise,
 Whilst I sit my fate deploring,
 Tears fast streaming from my eyes.
- 4 What to me is autumn's treasure,
 Since I know no earthly joy ?
 Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
 Time must youth and health destroy.

- Pleasures once I fondly courted,
 Shared each bliss that health bestows,
 But to see where then I sported,
 Now embitters all my woes.
- 5 Age and sorrow since have blasted
 Ev'ry youthful, pleasing dream ;
 Quiv'ring age with youth contrasted,
 O, how short their glories seem !
 As the annual frosts are cropping
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
 So my friends are yearly dropping,
 Through old age and dire disease.
- 6 Former friends, O, how I've sought them !
 Just to cheer my drooping mind ;
 But they're gone like leaves in autumn,
 Driv'n before a dreary wind.
 Spring and summer, fall and winter,
 Each in swift succession roll,
 So my friends in death do enter,
 Bringing sadness to my soul.
- 7 Death has laid them down to slumber ;
 Solemn thought to think that I
 Soon must be one of that number !
 Soon—ah, soon with them to lie !
 When a few more years are wasted,
 When a few more scenes are o'er,

- When a few more griefs are tasted,
I shall fall to rise no more.
- 8 Fast my sun of life declining,
Soon will set in endless night:
But my hope, pure and refining,
Rests in future life and light.
Cease this fearing, trembling, sighing,
Death will break the sudden gloom;
Soon my spirit, flutt'ring, flying,
Must be borne beyond the tomb.

MORNING HYMNS.

105 (0-0-433) C. M.

- L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

106 (413-0-435) S. M. *Watts.*

- L**ET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God,
I'd spend my daily breath.
- 2 I would address thy throne
When morning brings the light;
I'd seek thy blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine iron rod!
- 4 Because they dwell at ease
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I, with all my cares,
Would lean upon the Lord;
Would cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which his safety stands
No earthly pow'r can move.

107 (407-0-438) C. M.

LORD, in the morning I will send
My cries to reach thine ear ;
Thou art my Father and my Friend,
My help forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day
Near thee in perfect peace ;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray, and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide ;
Warn me of ev'ry foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all danger safe,
And tread the tempter down ;
My trust, my hope, joy, and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.

5 Then let my moments sweetly run,
My hours thus pass away,
Till ev'ning shade and setting sun
Conclude in endless day.

EVENING HYMNS.

108 (402-0-444) L. M. *Watts.*

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days ;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home :
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 Faith in his name forbids my fear,
O may thy presence ne'er depart ;
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground ;
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

109 (405-1216-440) S. M. *Leland.*

THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear ;

- O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
And on our beds we rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we press on to reach the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

110 (539-962-0) C. M. *Wesley.*

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!

- The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New joy the poor receive:
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble souls believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye babes, his praise proclaim,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye lost, behold your Savior come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 111 (574-291-503) C. M. *Cennick.*
- THOU, dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

While the blissful seats of heav'n
 Sweetly echo with his name,
 "Hallelujah!"
 Sinners here may do the same.

113 (497-856-487) S. M. *Dr. S Stennett*

HOW charming is the place
 Where my Redeemer, God,
 Unveils the beauties of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad.

2 Not the fair palaces
 To which the great resort,
 Are once to be compared with this,
 Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
 With radiant glory crowned,
 Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
 And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
 The humble saints present;
 He listens to their broken sighs,
 And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sov'reign will,
 He graciously imparts;
 And in return accepts with smiles,
 The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Among the children of thy **grace**,
 The servants of my God.

114 (519-0-508) C. M. *Cennick.*

WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
 Behold thee all serene?
 Blessed in perpetual Sabbath day,
 Without a veil between!

2 Assist me, while I wander here
 Amidst a world of cares;
 Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my prayers.

3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
 No more hell's captive led;
 And pardon a repenting child,
 For whom the Savior bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the **soul**
 That gives itself to thee,
 Take all that I possess below,
 And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
 To be my guide and friend,
 To light my path with endless joys—
 A Sabbath without end.

115 (530-882-360) O. M. *Newton.*

- A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened soul to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Christ has died."
- 5 O wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor, tempest-tossed soul, be still;
My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks: I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

116 (533-0-0) S. M.

- A**ND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
- 2 Preserved by pow'r divine
To feel salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.
- 3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last?
- 4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hide our life above.
- 5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming pow'r,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we shall sin no more.
- 6 Let us take up the cross
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things lost,
So we but Jesus gain.

117 (551-0-537) C. M. *Newton.*

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known ;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Savior's name ;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more ;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

118 (499-897-543) C. M. *Newton*

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display,
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;

And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Instruction give to mourners round
To come and fill the place.

119 (501-835-300) C. M. *Watts.*

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
" In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day !"

2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place
And joy a constant guest !

With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blessed !

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Savior reigns.

120 (515-0-467) C. M. *Watts.*

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.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blessed be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save his chosen race.

The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

121 (521-0-465) C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne :
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blessed—
The brightest of the sev'n ;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heav'n.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day,
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ,
And in our Lord rejoicing go,
Up to eternal joy

122 (554-960-95) S. M. *Hammond.*

AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name

- 2 Sing of his saving love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.
- 123 (559-148-114) C. M. *Watts.*
- L**ET ev'ry quickened ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Come, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bid your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

- 124 (583-408-512) L. M. *Watts.*
- F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 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.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim
And shout for joy the Savior's name.
- 4 In ev'ry land begin the song,
To ev'ry land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds your voices raise
And fill the world with sounding praise.
- 125 (590-0-406) C. M.
- C**OME, humble souls, ye mourners, come,
And wipe away your tears:
Adieu to all your sad complaints
Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Savior's love:

- Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.
- 3 Thanks to my God for ev'ry gift
His bounteous hands bestow ;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow
- 4 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.
- 5 Transporting hope ! still in my soul
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Immortal and divine !
- 126 (592-543-89) C. M. *Watts*

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these ;
Since I have known the Lord.

- 3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart ;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?
- 6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I can not doubt thy will ;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.
- 127 (600-1036-149) S. M. *Stennett*
- COME, ye that love the Lord,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escaped
The snares of death and hell.
- 2 The flatt'ring joys of sense
Assailed my foolish heart,
While Satan with malicious skill
Guided the pois'nous dart.

- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again ;
My anguish sprung from op'ning life,
And pleasures sprung from pain.
- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief
Oppressed my gloomy mind ;
I looked around me for relief
But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cried,
He heard my plaintive sigh ;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he raised,
My bleeding wounds he healed,
Pardoned my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon sealed.
- 7 O may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God,
Nor ever lack a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

128 (616-682-356) C. M. *Watts.*

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.
- 129 (0-614-208) C. M. *Primitive.*
- HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word ;
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart ;
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love ;

- 4 When love in one delightful stream
Through ev'ry bosom flows,
And union sweet, and dear esteem
In ev'ry action glows !
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.
- 130 (0-501-482) C. M. *Watts*
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.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Rosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever be
In this poor dying state ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?

- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.
- 131 (394-913-492) S. M. *Newton.*
HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.
- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed ;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give :
O, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.
- 132 (398-200-0) S. M. *Kent.*
WHAT cheering words are these ?
Their sweetness who can tell ?
In time and in eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,

- 'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.
- 3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow ;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on saving love :
And 'tis as well in God's account
When they the furnace prove.
- 5 'Tis well when at his throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray ;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

133 (399-794-0) S. M. *Watts.*

- T**O God the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present his saints,
Unblemished and complete,

- Before the glory of his face,
With joy divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen race
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 6 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and pow'r belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.
- 134 (599-0-0) C. M.
- G**O on, ye pilgrims, while below
In the sure paths of peace,
Determined nothing else to know
But Jesus and his grace.
- 2 Observe your Leader, follow **him**,
He in this world has been
Often reviled, but like a **lamb**,
Did ne'er revile again.
- 3 O take the pattern he has **giv'n**
And love your enemies ;
And learn the only way to **heav'n**
In self-denial lies.
- 4 Remember, you must watch and pray,
While journ'ying on the road ;

Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the truth
That feeds th' immortal mind ;
For fruitless leaves, no more dispute.
But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing night and day,
Your crown is yet before ;
Defy the trials of your way,
The storms will soon be o'er.

135 (357-0-0) L. M. *Doddridge*

THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state ;
O'er all the earth his pow'r extends,
All heav'n before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with pow'r presides,
And mercy all his empire guides ;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast ;
No more, ye strong, your valor trust ;
No more, ye rich, survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone :
That God, your God, to you is known,

That you have owned his 'sov'reign sway ;
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth, and pow'r, we find
In one Jehovah all combined ;
On him we fix our roving eyes.
And all our souls in raptures rise.

6 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall ;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blessed, designs to love ?

DISMISSION.

136 (593-1198-505) L. M. *Hart.*

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good—
Cleanse all our sins in Jesus' blood ;
Give ev'ry fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

137 (775-1201-510) 8's, 7's, 4's. *Toplady.*

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace :

- Let each heart thy love possessing
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O, refresh us !
Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day.
- 138 (777-0-0) L. M. *Herbert*
- L**ORD, grant a smile before we part,
And warm and animate each heart,
That we may tell our friends around
We sought our God where God was found.
- 2 Then shall we long to come again,
Because we know 'tis not in vain,
And where we sought our God by prayer
We found our precious Jesus there.

- 139 (776-1199-506) 's. M. *Hart*
- O**NCE more before we part
We'll bless the Savior's name ;
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart,
Sing, ev'ry tongue, the same.
- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow ;
Go on and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.
- 3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful shore
Where all thy saints are bound.
- 140 (0-0-509) 8's, 7's, 4's.
- L**ORD, before we leave thy temple,
Comfort ev'ry fainting heart ;
Assure us we shall reign in glory,
One with thee no more to part ;
Reign in glory, etc.
Praising God with all the heart.
- 2 There, in sweet, triumphant splendor,
We shall all thy love explore ;
And through one eternal Sabbath,
Shout thy name for evermore ;
All in raptures, etc.
We shall wonder and adore.

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.

141 (748-1228-639) O. M. Watts.

- WHY do we mourn departing friends ?
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
 As fast as time can move ?
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb ?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blessed
 And softened ev'ry bed,
 Where should the dying members rest
 But with their dying Head ?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way,
 Up to the Lord we too shall fly
 At the great rising-day.

142 (766-1265-0) 8's, 6's. Rippon's Col.

- WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall
 come,
 To fetch thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand ?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all ;
 But can I bear the piercing thought ?
 What if my name should be left out
 When thou for them shall call ?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
 In this accepted day ;
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear ;
 And grant me faith I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall
 To see thy smiling face ; [sound,
 Then loud among the crowd I'll sing,
 While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.

143 (0-1247-637) C. M. *Toplady*

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away ;

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

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

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid ;

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand.
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience day by day
His Spirit's quickening breath ;

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

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

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

144 (726-1225-640) L. M. *Watts.*

WHY should we start and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

145 (730-1227-598) C. M. Watts

THERE is a house not made with hands
Eternal and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall,
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
And while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

146 (752-0-657) C. M. Watts.

MUST friends and kindred droop and
And helpers be withdrawn? [die?

While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend;
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road
Till all our trials end.

3 O, may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be weaned from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our soul to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

147 (755-1232-664) S. M. Watts.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And always from the skies

Looks down, and watches all my dust
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' saving love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

148 (0-1224-591) C. M. *Watts.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes ;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

149 (747-0-645) C. M. *Watts.*

HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound !
My ears, attend the cry :
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs ;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.

- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more!
- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

150 (739-0-0) C. M. *Watts*

- L**ET death dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my days move on so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which can not fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
- 3 Jesus the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.
- 4 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion, and my friend;
To him be highest glory paid
In ages without end.

151 (0-657-361) C. M. *Rippon's Col.*

- F**ATHER, what'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessing of thy grace impart,
And make me live in thee:
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

DOXOLOGIES.

152 (781-1306-699) L. M. *Kent.*

- P**RAISE 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.

153 (779-0-0) C. M.

- T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,

Be everlasting honors paid,
Henceforth, for evermore.

154 (784-0-0) 8's, 4's, 7's.

GLORY, honor, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb forever ;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

155 (767-1308-0) L. M.

HOSANNA to King David's Son
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

156 (0-1311-0) S. M. *Watts.*

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

MISCELLANEOUS.

157 (697-0-336) C. M. *Fawcet.*

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;

May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtues know.

2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,

Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food, nor health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage

Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

158 (701-983-367) S. M. *Watts*

WHEN overwhelmed with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift my eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the cover of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'd abide ;
Thou art the tow'r of my defense,
The refuge where I'd hide.

4 O give me, Lord, the lot
Of those who fear thy name !

If endless life be their reward,
May I possess the same.

159 (709-733-390) S. M. *Newton.*

I WOULD, but can not sing,
I would, but can not pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but can not love,
Though loved by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but can not rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be.
I would, but can not—Lord, relieve,
My help must come from thee!

6 But if indeed I wou'd,
Though I can nothing do,

Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour
I was as destitute of will
As now I am of pow'r.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou hast begun?
And with the will afford me strength
In all thy ways to run?

160 (724-990-268) G. M. *Watts.*

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if he appear
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,

- Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Should bear me conqu'ror through.
- 161 (725-991-355) C. M. *Stennett.*
- WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

- 162 (774-0-0) S. M. *Thompson.*
- HOSANNA ! Jesus reigns !
All pow'r is in his hand ;
The trumpet of his gospel sounds
Salvation through our land.
- 2 The King of kings he is—
His honors spread abroad ;
The Lord of lords ; and he should be
By heav'n and earth adored.
- 3 Let old and young combine
To sing his lofty praise ;
The heav'nly hosts and saints on earth
Their sweetest anthems raise.
- 163 (811-827-322) 8's, 7's. *Rippon.*
- GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He, whose word can not be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode :
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What shall shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See ! the streams of living water
Springing from eternal love,

- Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove :
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage ;
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 2 Round each habitation hov'ring,
 See the cloud and fire appear !
 For a glory and a cov'ring,
 Showing that the Lord is near ;
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day ;
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them on the way.
- 4 Blessed inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood ;
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God :
 'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings,
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.
- 5 Savior, if of Zion's city,
 I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name :

- Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show,
 Solid joys and lasting treasures
 None but Zion's children know.
- 164 (813-934-329) 8's, 7's. *Robinson.*
- COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my 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,—O, fix me on it!
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let that grace, Lord, 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 my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

165 (817-0-337) 7's, 6's. *Tibbout.*

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 And from the flowing fountain
 Drink everlasting love?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasure in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before;
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not to fear.
 His promises are faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give;
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace he will support me,
 To conquer, though I die;
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you both adieu;
 And, O my friends, still trust him,
 And on your way pursue.

4 Where'er you meet with troubles
 And trials on the way,
 Cast all your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray:
 Gird on the gospel armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love;
 And when the combat's ended
 He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you want more knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to send:
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last, loud trumpet
 Shall rend the vaulted skies,
 And bid the entombed millions
 From their cold beds arise,
 Our ransomed dust, revived,
 Bright beauties shall put on,

And soar to the blest mansion
Where our Redeemer's gone.

- 7 Our eyes shall then with rapture
The Savior's face behold ;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold ;
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing ;
Our tongues shall chant the glories
Of our immortal King.

166 (721-318-0) L. M. *Kent.*

WHEN overwhelmed with doubts and
fear,
Great God, do thou my spirit cheer,
Let not mine eyes with tears be fed,
But to the Rock of Ages led.

- 2 When storms of sin and sorrow beat,
Lead me to this divine retreat ;
Thy perfect righteousness and blood,
My Rock, my Fortress, and my God.
- 3 When guilt lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of fierce temptation roll,
I'll to this Rock for shelter flee,
And take my refuge, Lord, in thee.

- 4 When sick, or faint, or sore dismayed,
Then let my hope on thee be stayed ;
Thy summit, rising to the skies,
Shall shield my head when dangers rise
- 5 Sheltered by thine omnipotence,
What potent arm shall pluck me hence ?
On ev'ry side I'm guarded well
With love and grace immutable.
- 6 High as my sin, yea, higher too,
This everlasting Rock I view ;
Replete with free eternal grace,
Made from of old my dwelling place.
- 7 When called the vale of death to tread,
Then to this Rock may I be led ;
Nor fear to cross that gloomy sea,
Since thou has tasted death for me.

167 (821-751-411) 11's. *K —.*

- H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of
the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he
hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In ev'ry condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;

At home and abroad, on the land, on the
sea, [strength ever be.

“As thy days may demand, shall thy

3 “Fear not, I am with thee. O be not dis-
mayed! [aid :

For I am thy God, and will still give thee
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand, [hand.

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent

4 “When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,

The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless ;

And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 “When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flames shall not hurt thee ; I only
design [refine.

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to

6 “E'en down to old age, all my people
shall prove

My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love:

And when hoary hair shall their temples
adorn, [be borne

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

7 “The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,

I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor
to shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake !”

168 (823-0-524) P. M.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to ev'ry creature,
To the ruined sons of nature :

CHO.—Jesus reigns ! he reigns victorious,
Over heav'n and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns !

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying :
Mourning souls, here's grace forever,
Now revealed in Christ the Savior :
Jesus reigns, etc.

3 Here, ye sons of grief and sorrow,
With your weight of guilt and terror,

- Here is life and free salvation
Published to ev'ry nation :
Jesus reigns, etc.
- † For his people Jesus died,
And for them was crucified,
Conquered death, and rose to heaven,—
Life eternal in him 's given :
Jesus reigns, etc.
- 5 Christ can cleanse, and make you holy,
Save you from your sins and folly ;
Make you live and rest forever
With a gracious God and Savior :
Jesus reigns, etc.
- 6 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Endless riches without money ;
Mercy like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain :
Jesus reigns, etc.
- 7 For this love, let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Speak the great Messiah's praises :
Jesus reigns, etc.
- 8 Souls renewed, of ev'ry nation,
To the bounds of the creation,

- Sing the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion :
Jesus reigns, etc.
- 9 Sing, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ is our complete redemption ;
May we sing the joyful story
In the higher worlds of glory :
Jesus reigns, etc.
- 169 (824-671-285) 7's.
THIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity !
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.
- 170 (827-1090-161) S. M. *Newton.*
BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,

172 (852-383-0) P. M. *Kent.*

THE voice of the Shepherd his flock
shall convene, [green,
And lead them to pastures all fertile and
But unto the stranger they will not draw
near, [lo there."
Who calls to deceive them, "Lo here, and

2 The blood of the Shepherd his flock did
redeem; [by him;
Grace, mercy, and peace came to sinners
'Tis he who hath told them of such to
beware, [there."
Who cry like deceivers, "Lo here, and lo

3 He calls them by name, and before them
he goes, [from their foes:
To guide, guard, and succor his lambs
And, glory to Jesus, his church is his care,
Though oft they do halt 'twixt "Lo
here, and lo there."

4 Those gospel pretenders the wall will
leap o'er, [the door;
And enter the sheep-fold, though not by
And fraught with delusion, and hardened
to fear, [there."
Shall cry in confusion, "Lo here, and lo

5 The Scriptures declare that deceivers
shall come, [run;
And thousands to final destruction shall
But saints by their calling shall still
persevere, [and lo there."
While hirelings are bawling, "Lo here,
6 The way to the Father is Jesus the Son,
In all that he suffered, in all that he's
done; [clare,
And this shall the heralds of Jesus de-
Till folded in Zion his sheep shall appear.

173 (855-0-0) P. M.

COME, my heart, and let us try
For a little season,
Ev'ry burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.
What is this that casts thee down?
Who are they that grieve thee?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve thee.

2 Christ by faith at times I see,
And he doth relieve me;
But my fears return again,
Those are they that grieve me;
Troubles like the raging seas,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,

- Plagued with such a sore disease,
How can I be cheerful ?
- 3 Think on what your Savior bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood from ev'ry pore
To procure thy pardon.
View him hanging on the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying ;
See, he suffers this for thee,
Therefore, cease from crying.
- 4 Joseph took his body down,
Wrapped it in linen,
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.
Soon he rises from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory :
See how glory shines around ;
He has gone before you.
- 5 Brethren, don't you feel the flame ?
Mourners, come, behold him !
Let us join to praise his name,
Let us never grieve him.
Soon we 'll join to sing above,
Soon we 'll be in heaven ;
There we 'll swim in seas of love,
And forever praise him.

- 174 (858-909-570) 8's, 7's. *Newton.*
- S AVIOR ! visit thy plantation ;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again :
Lord, revive us, Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee !
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high !
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die :
Lord, revive us, etc.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Ev'ry part looked gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirit nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen :
Lord, revive us, etc.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee :
Lord, revive us, etc.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Filled with zeal, and love, and truth ?

- Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth !
Lord, revive us, etc.
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear, are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show :
Lord, revive us, etc.
- 7 Younger plants, the sight how pleasant !
Covered thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nipped them in the bud :
Lord, revive us, etc.
- 8 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain :
Lord, revive us, etc.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer ;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares :
Lord, revive us, etc.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;

And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh :
Lord, revive us, Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

175 (862-488-3) C. M. *Newton.*

- AMAZING grace, how sweet the sound !
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved :
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine,
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

176 (867-0-594)

AN alien from God, and a stranger to
grace, [to trace ;
I wandered through earth its gay pleasures
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
O Savior, direct me to heaven my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade
away. [decay ;
They bloom for a season. but soon they
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are
giv'n, [heav'n.
Salvation on earth and a mansion in
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, [home.
The saints in those mansions are ever at

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing
charms, [arms;
The Savior invites me, I'll go to his
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is
room, [home.
O there may I feast with his children at

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, [home.
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven my

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies,
adieu, [view,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I
I feast on the pleasures that flow from
his throne, [my home.
The footstool of heaven, sweet heaven,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, [home.
O when shall I share the fruition of

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will
say, [my throne,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on
And dwell in my presence forever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be
o'er; [more ;
The saints shall unite to be parted no
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high
dome, [home.
They dwell with the Savior forever at
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

177 (870-0-681) 8's, 6's.

HOW happy 's ev'ry child of grace
 Who feels his sins forgiv'n ;
 This world, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek a place in heav'n ;
 A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet O by faith I see,
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 A heav'n prepared for me.

2 A stranger in this world below
 I calmly sojourn here,
 Nor can its happiness or woe
 Provoke my love or fear ;
 Its evils in a moment end,
 Its joys as soon are passed ;
 But O, the bliss to which I tend,
 Eternally shall last!

3 What is there here to court my stay
 And keep me back from home,
 When angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come ?
 Shall I regret to leave my friends
 Here in this world confined?
 To God himself my soul ascends ;
 Farewell to all behind.

4 O what a blessed hope is ours
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs
 And antedate that day ;
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ concealed,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessel's filled.

5 O would he more of heav'n bestow,
 And let this vessel break,
 And let my ransomed spirit go
 To see the God I seek ;
 In rap'rous love on him to gaze
 Who gives that sight to me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 In vast eternity.

178 (873-676-200) s. M. *Watts*

COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place ;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.

- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly hill,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ; [ground
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.
- 179 (875-1243-0) 8's, 7's, 4's. *Robinson.*

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

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;

- Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 Feed me with the heav'nly manna,
In this barren wilderness ;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be my robe of righteousness ;
Fight and conquer
All my foes by sov'reign grace.
- 4 When I pass through death's dark shadow,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on heaven's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.
- 180 (325-191-0) C. M. *Toplady.*

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see :
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy redeeming love
Into my soul convey ;
Thyself bestow, for thee alone,
My All-in-all, I pray.

- For these have all their snares ;
 Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,
 And see my name enrolled in heav'n,
 And I am free from care.
- 3 Give me the Bible in my hand,
 A heart to read and understand,
 And faith to trust the Lord :
 I'd sit alone from day to day,
 Nor urge my company to stay,
 Nor wish to rove abroad.

183 (882-1087-148) L. M. *H. K. White.*

- W**HEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
 The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
 One Star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem ;
 But one alone the Savior speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode ;
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.

- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and dang'rous thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and for evermore,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.
- 184 (891-1033-381) 7's. *Newton.*
- T**HIS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought,
 Do I love the Lord, or no ?
 Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse
 Who have never heard his name.
- 3 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild :
 Filled with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child ?

- 4 If I pray, or near, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do,
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 5 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon the work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.
- 185 (902-764-394) 7's. *Cowper*
- H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis the Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes! she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee!
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more.
- 186 (137-477-169) C. M. *Doddridge.*
- S**ALVATION! O, melodious sound,
To wretched, dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.

3. But may a poor, bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?
- 4 The luster of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears ;
But unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Savior God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise :
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

187 (318-313-0) C. M. *Doddridge*

- S**AVIOR divine ! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust !
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm,
And bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair ;
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years
Does our great Surety clear.

- 4 Thatspotless robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around ;
Nor by the piercing eye of God,
One blemish shall be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are giv'n ;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heav'n.
- 6 With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down ;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promised crown.
- 188 (906-0-284) C. M.
- J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee !
When will my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been ;
Such sparkling light by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

- 4 If heav'n be then so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 't is that I should dread
To die and go from hence.
- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
- 6 Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still go on,
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, three in one.

189 (911-0-141) C. M. *Burnham*

- J**ESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee:
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wond'rous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

- 4 I own I 'm guilty, own I 'm vile,
Yet thy salvation 's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God,
I pray remember me.
- 190 (941-0-0) C. M. *Thompson*
- T**IME like a fleeting shadow flies,
My house of clay must fall;
This tabernacle must decay,
And vanish as a scrawl.
- 2 My youth and age, my months and years
Like grass and flow'rs, decay;
Before the mower's scythe of death
They soon will pass away.
- 3 But far beyond death's gloomy vale
A heav'nly building stands;
Prolific streams of glory flow
In those celestial lands.

- 4 To that bright world, that house above,
My longing spirit soars,
Where God, my heav'nly Father, lives,
And ev'ry saint adores.
- 5 Then let this earthly mansion fall
And set my spirit free ;
Why should I wish to stay below,
And stay so long from thee ?
- 6 I'm but a pilgrim far from home,
While here on earth I stay ;
My brightest moments are but night,
Compared with endless day.
- 7 Then let me wait, and live by faith,
Till I am called away ;
And to that brighter world ascend,
That house which can't decay
- 8 Let all my fleeting moments pass ;
Earth's painted toys may fade :
O, Jesus, my eternal life,
Support me through the shade.
- 9 Then to that world of light and love,
Immortal and divine,
Bring this poor pilgrim from the tomb,
This trembling soul of mine.

- 191 (0-493-0) C. M. *Sonnets.*
- B**ENEATH the sacred throne of God
I saw a river rise ; [blood
The streams were peace and pard'ning
Descending from the skies.
- 2 Angelic minds can ne'er explore
This deep, unfathomed sea ;
'Tis void of bottom, brim, or shore,
And lost in Deity.
- 3 I stood amazed, and wondered when,
Or why this ocean rose,
That wafts salvation down to men,
His traitors and his foes.
- 4 That sacred flood, from Jesus' veins,
Was free to take away
A Mary's or Manassch's stains,
Or sins more vile than they.
- 5 Free to the sinner, dead to God,
Who sought the road to hell,
That trampled on a Savior's blood,
And on his buckler fell.
- 6 Triumphant grace, and man's free will,
Shall not divide the throne ;
For man's a fallen sinner still,
And Christ shall reign alone.

192 (0-1213-0) C. M. *Watts.*

LORD, what is man, poor, feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

2 O what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

3 That God, who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wond'rous is his love!

193 (0-0-125) C. M.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring;

Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

4 "Whoever will"—O gracious word!—
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

194 (0-0-590) C. M. DOUBLE.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deiv'rer come.

And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

- 3 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away ;
But let me with my Savior reign
In that eternal day.

195 (888-0-0) C. M.

O HAPPY time, long waited for,
The comfort of my heart,
Since I have met the saints once more
May we in union part.

- 2 Temptations cease to break my peace,
And all my sorrows die ;
When I with you my love renew,
O what a heav'n have I.
- 3 My sorrows past, and I at last
Have heav'nly comforts found,
My heart and treasure is above,
And I for heaven bound.

4 If fellowship with saints below
Is to our souls so sweet,
What heav'nly raptures shall we know
When round the throne we meet ?

5 While here we sit and sing his love
With raptures so divine,
Our joys are more like theirs above,
While in their songs we join.

6 Our hearts are filled with holy zeal,
We long to see the King,
We long to see those heav'nly hills,
Where saints and angels sing.

196 (0-1283-0) C. M. *Watts.*

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode ;
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God !

- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in
With wonder and with love.

- 4 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall ;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' eternal All.
- 5 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss,
While *less than nothing* I would boast,
And *vanity* confess.
- 6 The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie ;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high

197. (694-697-0) C. M. *Rippon's Col.*

IF God is mine, then present things,
And things to come are mine ;
Yea, Christ, his Word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

- 2 If he is mine, then from his love
He ev'ry trouble sends ;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.
- 3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell
He will support my trembling hope,
Their utmost force repel.

- 4 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honor flee—
Sure he who giveth me himself,
Is more than wealth to me.
- 5 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale :
He is a solid comfort when
All other comforts fail.
- 6 O, tell me, Lord ! that thou art mine ;
What can I wish beside ?
My soul would at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

198 C. M. *T. J. Bazemore.*

SOMETIMES that which I most desire,
Is not the best for me ;
But God doth lead me through the fire,
To glorious victory.

- 2 Whate'er God's righteous, sov'reign will
Denies on earth to me,
Submissive, I shall trust him still,
And he my guide shall be.
- 3 For he doth know what's best for me,
'Mid all this worldly strife,
And will my Friend and Father be,
In ev'ry phase of life.

- 4 Then why should I distrust my Lord,
And trust in mine own heart?
Why should I not believe his word,
And from all else depart?
- 5 I know if I draw nigh to God,
He will draw nigh to me;
But if I stray, he'll use the rod,
That I may righteous be.
- 6 And thus he shows his care for me,
And doeth all things well;
In goodness and in equity,
His love to me doth tell.
- 7 And when the storm of life is past,
And all these scenes are o'er,
He'll take me to himself at last,
To reign for evermore.
- 199 (903-485-143) L. M.
HAIL, sov'reign Love! that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised his rich, unbounding grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

- 3 But thus th' eterna Counsel ran:
"Almighty Love, arrest the man!"
I felt the arrow of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 4 Indignant Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 5 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel-form appeared;
She led me on with gentle pace,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.
- 6 On him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to bell:
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.
- 7 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me safe on heaven's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.
- 200 (905-1022-380) L. M.
I AM a stranger here below,
And what I am 'tis hard to know,
I am so vile, so prone to sin,
I fear that I'm not born again.

- 2 When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind,
All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me fear that I am wrong.
- 3 I find myself out of the way ;
My thoughts are often gone astray ;
Like one alone I seem to be :
Oh ! is there any one like me ?
- 4 So far from God I seem to lie,
Which makes me often weep and cry ;
I fear at last that I shall fall,
For if a saint the least of all.
- 5 I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in my way ;
Thus filled with doubts, I ask to know
Come, tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 6 So, by experience, I do know
There's nothing good that I can do ;
I can not satisfy the law,
Nor hope nor comfort from it draw.
- 7 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost,
If not free grace, then I am lost.

- 201 (0-491-12) L. M. *Gadsby's Coi*

SELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely
And boast their moral dignity ;
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Each noteshall echo, Grace, free grace.

- 2 'Twas grace that quickened me when dead ;
'Twas grace my soul to Jesus led ;
Grace brings a sense of pardoned sin,
And grace subdues my lusts within.
- 3 Grace reconciles to ev'ry loss,
And sweetens ev'ry painful cross,
Defends my soul when danger's near ;
By grace alone I persevere.
- 4 When from this world my soul removes
To mansions of delight and love,
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
And shout, Free grace, free grace alone.

- 202 (3-17-0) L. M. *Beddome.*

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will ;
Tumult'ous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murmur'ing thought arise ;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;

- But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heav'n, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat ;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

203 (11-1-302) L. M. *Dr. Watts' Poems.*

- E**TERNAL Pow'r, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God !
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds !
- 2 The lowest step around thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet ;
In vain the tallest angel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !

- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;
But O ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heav'n, but man below ;
Be short our tunes, our words be few ;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.
- 204 (0-0-333) L. M.
- F**ROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place of all on earth most sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

- 5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and guilt seem there no more ;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet.
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still ;
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.
- 205 (0-0-82) L. M.
I KNOW that my Redeemer lives :
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love ;
He lives to plead my cause above ;
He lives my hungry soul to feed ;
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives to give me full supplies ;
He lives to bless me with his eyes ;
He lives to comfort me when faint ;
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 4 He lives to crush the fiends of hell ;
He lives, and doth within me dwell ;
He lives to heal and keep me whole ;
He lives to guide my feeble soul.

- 5 He lives to banish all my fears ;
He lives to wipe away my tears ;
He lives to calm my troubled heart ;
He lives all blessings to impart.
- 6 He lives, my kind and gracious Friend ;
He lives, and loves me to the end ;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 7 He lives, all glory to his name !
He lives, my Jesus, still the same :
O sweet the joy this sentence gives,
" I know that my Redeemer lives."
- 206 (684-619-0) 8's. *Baldwin.*
FROM whence doth this union arise.
That hatred is conquered by love ?
It fastens our souls in such ties
That nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It can not in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love :
Where Jesus has gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

- 4 Oh ! why then, so loath for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we can not remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above ;
And when these vile bodies of clay,
Are fashioned like Jesus above ;
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
Singing, Hallelujah, Amen ;
Amen, even so let it be.

207 (0-0-297) 8's.

- I**T IS a glorious mystery—'tis a wonder,
That ever I should saved be—'tis &c.
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
'tis a wonder, wonder, wonder,
The love of God unspeakable—'tis &c.
- 2 Great mystery, that God should place
His love on one of Adam's race,
That I should also share a part,
And find a mansion in his heart.
- 3 Great mystery, I can't tell why
That Christ for sinful worms should die ;

- Should leave the boundless realms of bliss,
And die for sinners on the cross.
- 4 Oh ! why was I not left behind,
Among the thousands of mankind,
Who run the dang'rous, sinful race,
And die, and never taste his grace ?
- 5 'Twas love that spread the gracious feast ;
'Twas love that made my soul a guest ;
'Twas love that brought him from above ;
'Twas love, Oh ! matchless, boundless love.
- 6 Not all the heav'nly hosts can scan
The glories of this noble plan ;
Oh ! 'tis a glorious mystery,
And will be to eternity.

208

L. M.

- T**HE angels that watched round the tomb
Where, lo ! the Redeemer was laid,
When deep in mortality's gloom,
He hid for a season his head ;
- 2 That veiled their face while he slept,
And ceased their sweet harps to employ,
Have witnessed his rising, and swept
The chords with the triumph of joy.

- 3 Dear saints, who once languished below
 But long since have entered your rest
 I pant to be glorified, too,
 And lean on Immanuel's breast.
- 4 The grave in which Jesus was laid,
 Has buried my guilt and my fears,
 And while I contemplate its shade,
 The light of his presence appears.
- 5 O, sweet is the season of rest
 When life's weary journey is done,
 The blush that spreads over its west
 The last ling'ring ray of its sun.
- 6 Though dreary the empire of night,
 I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
 And see immortality's light
 Arise on the shades of the tomb.
- 7 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
 When these aching heart-strings shall
 break,
 When death shall extinguish these eyes,
 And moisten with dew the pale cheek.
- 8 No terror the prospect begets,
 I am not mortality's slave,
 The sunbeam of life as it sets,
 Leaves a halo of peace in the grave.

- 209 (929-1288-275) C. M.
 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
 That rises to my sight !
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight !
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow ; [vales,
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
 With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day ;
 There God the Sun forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore ;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest ?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest ?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Can here no longer stay ;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

210 (88-0-0) S. M. *Osborn.*

I TRY, and try again,
 To publish Jesus' worth,
 And fain I would, but never can,
 Set half his riches forth.

2 The love his bosom feels,
 His tongue alone can tell :
 And till the Lord this love reveal,
 None understand it well.

3 'Tis deep, unfathomed love,
 And charms the hosts on high,
 Yet will in man no wonder move,
 Without an opened eye.

4 His blood, so freely spilt,
 Is loud proclaimed to all ;
 Rich balm to heal the deepest guilt,
 Yet few regard the call.

5 Sweet health his grace imparts,
 And grace divinely free ;
 Rich grace to cleanse the foulest heart,
 Yet few say, " Give it me."

6 Some footsteps of thy grace
 My tutored heart can find,
 And view some beauties of thy face,
 And yet I'm almost blind.

211 (908-1251-382) P. M. *Primitive.*

WHEN sorrows encompass me round,
 And many distresses I see,
 Astonished, I cry, Can a mortal be found,
 Surrounded with troubles like me ?

2 Few seasons of peace I enjoy,
 And they are succeeded by pain ;
 If e'er a few moments of praise I employ
 I have hours and days to complain.

3 O ! when will my sorrows subside ?
 O ! when will my sufferings cease ?
 O ! when to the bosom of Christ be con-
 veyed

To the mansions of glory and bliss ?
 4 May I be prepared for that day,
 When Jesus shall bid me remove,
 That I may in raptures go shouting away
 To the arms of my heav'nly Love.

5 My spirit to glory conveyed,
 My body laid low in the ground,

- I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed,
But all join in praising around.
- 6 No sorrow be vented that day
When Jesushath called me home ; [say,
With singing and shouting let each brother
"He's gone from the evil to come."
- 7 If souls disembodied can know,
Or visit their brethren beneath, [go,
My spirit shall join you, while singing you
And leave all my cares in the grave.
- 8 Immersed in the ocean of love,
My soul, like an angel shall sing, [above,
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from
And make all creation to ring.
- 9 Our bodies, in dust, shall obey,
And swifter than thought shall arise ;
Then, changed in a moment, go shouting
To mansions of love in the skies. [away.
- 212 (909-603-328) P. M. *Newton.*

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see ; [flow'rs
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
Have all lost their sweetness to me :
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;

- But when I am happy in him
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice :
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned ;
No changes of season, or place,
Would make any change in my mind :
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song ;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me to thee upon high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

213 (910-174-20) P. M.

HAIL the blest morn! when the great
 Mediator [scends;
 Down from the regions of glory de-
 Shepherds! go worship the Lord in the
 manger, [attend.

Lo! for his guards the bright angels
 CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the
 morning, [thine aid.

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
 Star in the east! the horizon adorning,
 Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Lo! on his cradle the dew-drops are
 shining, [stall:
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the
 Angels adore him with slumbers reclining,
 Maker, Redeemer, and Savior of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him some costly devo-
 tion,
 Odors of Eden, and off rings divine?
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from
 the ocean, [the mine?
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the
 poor.

214 (935-0-199) P. M.

O TELL me no more of this world's
 vain store, [o'er;
 The time for such pleasures with me now is
 The heav'nly ground where true joys
 abound, [is found.

My faith sees the landscape where Jesus
 2 The souls that believe with Jesus shall
 live, [ceive;
 And me in that number I hope he'll re-
 Why should I delay?—he calls me away,
 Saying, "Follow thy Savior, his voice is
 to-day."

3 No language can show what he will bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort—go
 after him, go:
 Lo! onward we move to regions above;
 None guesses how glorious our journey
 will prove.

4 Great spoils we shall win o'er death, hell,
 and sin; [within;
 'Midst many afflictions shall feel Christ

- When death shall us try, "Receive us,"
 we'll cry [whv
 For Jesus has loved us—no mortal knows
- 5 By grace we do find, to him we re so
 joined. [hind;
 He'll not live in glory and leave us be-
 So this is the race we're running through
 grace [embrace.
 Henceforth. till admitted, our Lord to
- 6 Now, this is my prayer, Poor mourners
 may share [to prepare;
 Those blessings; O give them their hearts
 In trouble they cry, in prison they lie;
 Lord, open their prison—thy promise
 apply.
- 7 Then sweetly they'll sing the grace of
 our King: [bring:
 In Zion, as converts, good news they will
 In fellowship sweet thy children shall
 greet
 These lambs as thy chosen, at Jesus' feet.
- 8 Thy Spirit impart—renewing the heart;
 The sinners who feel it to action will start;
 Then send them thy word—the witness
 afford, [of the Lord.
 To lead, guide, and teach them the way

215 (930-679-145) P. M.

- O HOW happy are they,
 Who their Savior obey,
 And whose treasures are laid up above!
 Tongue can not express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine
 When the favor divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart first believed
 What a joy I received!
 What a heaven in Jesus' name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Savior of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song;
 Oh that more his salvation might see:
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

- 5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
Ev'ry sin, and temptation, and pain !
I could scarcely believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the sin-cleansing blood!
Of the Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blest—
Overwhelmed in the fullness of God.
- 7 Lo! the day's drawing nigh
When, my soul, thou shalt fly
To the place thy salvation began;
Where the Three that are One,
Father, Spirit, and Son,
Laid the scheme of redemption for man.

216

P. M.

WHAT wondrous love is this, O, my
soul? [the Lord of bliss
What wondrous love is this that caused
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul?

- 2 When I was sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down beneath God's
righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.
- 3 Ye winged seraphs, fly, bear the news,
Ye winged seraphs, fly, like comets
through the sky,
Fill vast eternity with the news.
- 4 To God and to the Lamb I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb, and to the
Great I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.
- 5 Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise;
Ye sons of Zion's King, with hearts and
voices sing, [praise.
And strike each tuneful string in his
- 217 P. M. *Sallie M. Bartley.*

THERE is a name whose music thrills
The soul with pure delight;
Before the everlasting hills
It stood, and now its glory fills
All length and breadth and height.

2 Before the morning stars their song
Together sang on high,

- In rapture it was borne along,
Unuttered by a mortal tongue,
But known to Deity.
- 3 Through all the ages it has been
A tow'r of strong defense,
A solid rock whereon to lean,
A sure relief from guilt and sin,
Our perfect righteousness.
- 4 It takes the sting of death away,
And glorifies the grave ;
It turns the darkest night to day,
And sinners born again can say
It has the power to save.
- 5 It is the all-prevailing name
Of Jesus, Priest, and King,
The Lamb of God, on Calv'ry slain,
Who will in his triumphant reign
His saints to glory bring.
- 218 12's.
- Y**OU may sing of the beauties of moun-
tain and dale, [the vale ;
Of the silvery streamlet and flow'rs of
But the place most delightful this earth
can afford, [the Lord.
Is the place of devotion—the house of

- 2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's
early dawn, [is just gone ;
Of the sky's soft'ning graces when day
But there's no other season or time can
compare [of prayer.
With the house of devotion—the season
- 3 You may value the friendships of youth
and of age, [and sage ;
And select for my comrades the noble
But the friends that most cheer me on
life's rugged road, [dren of God.
Are the friends of my Master—the chil-
- 4 You may talk of your prospects of fame
or of wealth, [of health ;
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly
bliss ! [tnis.
Take away ev'ry other, and give me but
- 5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my
God, [word ;
I will turn to thee often to hear from thy
I will walk to the altar with those that I
love, [above.
And delight in the prospect revealed from
- 219 8's, 7's.
- T**HARRY with me, O, my Savior,
For the day is passing by ;

- See the shades of ev'ning gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
- 2 Many friends were gathered round me
In the bright days of the past ;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here at last.
- 3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows ;
Paler now the glowing west ;
Swift the night of death advances—
Shall it be the night of rest ?
- 4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness
While I sleep, still watch by me
- 5 Tarry with me, O my Savior !
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning ; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest !

220

8's.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.

- In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless :
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight :
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

221

8's, 9's.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there ?

- 2 We speak of the pathway of gold
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there ?
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care ;
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there ?
- 4 We speak of the service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there ?
- 5 Dear Lord, amid sorrow and woe,
My spirit for heaven prepare,
That shortly I, also, may know
And feel what it is to be there.
- 6 There anthems of praise we will sing,
When safe in that haven of rest,
To Jesus, our Savior and King,
Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

222 (892-0-0) 8's, 6's.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before my eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd to those regions fly!

- I'd rise superior to my pain—
With joy outstrip the wind ;
I'd cross death's cold and stormy main,
And leave the world behind.
- 2 While I'm in prison here below,
In anguish, pain, and smart,
Ofttimes those troubles I forego,
When love surrounds my heart :
In darkest shadows of the night
Faith mounts the upper sky ;
I there behold my heart's delight
And would rejoice to die.
- 3 O come, my Savior, come away,
And bear me through the sky,
Nor let the chariot wheels delay—
Make haste, and bring it nigh :
I hope to see thy glorious face,
And in thy image shine,
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.
- 4 Then will I tune my harp of gold
To my eternal King ;
In ages that can ne'er be told,
Will make his praises ring.
All hail, triumphant Son of God,
Who died on Calvary,

And saved me, with his precious blood,
From endless misery !

- 5 Ten thousand, thousand join in one
To praise th' eternal Three,
Prostrate before thy dazzling throne,
In deep humility :
They rise and tune their harps of gold ;
And sweet th' immortal lyre,
In ages that can ne'er be told,
Shall raise thy praises higher.

223 (0-1218-597) 8's, 6's. *Primitive.*

A FEW more days on earth to spend,
And all my toils and cares shall end,
And I shall see my God and Friend,
And praise his name on high :
No more to sigh or shed a tear,
No more to suffer pain or fear,
But God, and Christ, and heav'n appear
Unto the raptured eye.

- 2 Then, O my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest.

O happy day ! O joyful hour !
When freed from earth my soul shall tow'r
Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r,
To be forever blest.

- 3 My soul anticipates the day ;
I'll joyfully the call obey
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above :
There I shall see my Savior's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fullness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

224 (904-0-144) 7's, 6's. *Newton.*

HOW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

- 2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin ;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within :

'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness—all combined ;
 And none, but a believer,
 The least relief can find.

3 From men, great skill professing,
 I sought a cure to gain ;
 But this proved more distressing,
 And added to my pain :
 Some said that nothing ailed me,
 Some gave me up for lost ;
 Thus ev'ry refuge failed me,
 And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length this great Physician,
 How matchless is his grace !
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First, gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had sealed—
 Then bid me look unto him ;
 I looked, and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death :
 Come, then, to this Physician,
 His help he 'll freely give ,

He makes no hard condition—
 To Jesus look and live !

225 (907-0-384)

MIXTURES of joy and sorrow I daily
 do pass through, [down with woe ;
 Sometimes I'm in the valley—then sinking
 Sometimes I am exalted—on eagles' wings
 I fly ; [reach the sky
 Rising above Mount Pisgah, I almost

2 Sometimes my hope is little—I almost
 lay it by ; [to die ;
 Sometimes it is sufficient if I were called
 Sometimes I am in doubting, and think I
 have no grace ; [is the place.
 Sometimes I am a shouting, and Bethel

3 Sometimes I shun the Christian, for fear
 he 'll talk to me ; [most to see ;
 Sometimes he is the neighbor I long the
 Sometimes we meet together—in seasons
 dry and dull ; [fills my soul.
 Sometimes I find a blessing of joy that

4 Sometimes I read my Bible—it seems a
 sealed book ; [look.
 Sometimes I find a blessing wherever I do

Sometimes I go to meeting, and wish I'd
 staid at home; [glad I come.
 Sometimes I find my Jesus, and then I'm

- 5 O how I am thus tossed—thus tossed to
 and fro: [I do go!
 How are my hopes thus crossed wherever
 O Lord, thou never changes—it is be-
 cause I stray; [me in the way.
 Lord, guide me by thy Spirit, and keep

226 (887-594-0) 8's. *B. Francis.*

MY GRACIOUS Redeemer I love,
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name:
 To gaze on his glories divine
 Shall be my eternal employ,
 And feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.

- 2 He freely redeemed with his blood
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell;
 To shine with the angels of light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing;
 To view with eternal delight
 My Jesus, my Savior, my King.

- 3 O when shall my spirit exchange
 This cell of corruptible clay
 For mansions celestial, and range
 Through realms of ineffable day?
 Oh, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
 To join in thy praises above,
 To gaze on thee, world without end,
 And feast on thy ravishing love?

- 4 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
 Shall ever molest me again—
 Perfection of glory reigns there—
 This soul and this body shall shine
 In robes of salvation and praise,
 And banquet on pleasures divine,
 Where God his full beauty displays.

227 (829-0-691) 8's, 7's.

DARK and thorny is the desert
 Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
 But beyond this vale of sorrow
 Lie the realms of endless day:
 Dear young soldiers, do not murmur
 At the troubles of the way—
 Meet the tempest—fight with courage,
 Never faint, but watch and pray.

- 2 Jesus, Jesus will defend you ;
 Trust in him and him alone ;
 He has shed his blood to save you,
 And will bring you to his throne.
 There, on flow'ry fields of pleasure,
 And the hills of endless rest,
 Joy, and peace and love shall ever
 Reign and triumph in your breast.
- 3 But methinks a sweeter concert
 Makes the crystal arches ring,
 And a song is heard in Zion
 Which the angels can not sing.
 Who can paint these sons of glory,
 Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
 Who with golden harps forever
 Sound redemption through the sky ?
- 4 There, upon the golden pavement,
 See the ransomed march along !
 While the splendid courts of glory
 Sweetly echo with their song.
 Hail ! you happy, happy spirits !
 Welcome to the blissful plain !
 Glory, honor, and salvation !
 Reign, sweet Jesus ! ever reign !

- 228 (928-1217-596) 11's. *Primitive.*
- I WOULD not live away ; I ask not to
 stay [the way :
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 The few lucid mornings that dawn on us
 here, [with fear.
 Are followed by gloom, or beclouded
- 2 I would not live away thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without and corruption within :
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled
 with fears, [tent tears.
 And the cup of thanksgiving with peni-
- 3 I would not live away ; no, welcome the
 tomb, [its gloom :
 Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me
 arise, [skies.
 To hail him in triumph descending the
- 4 Oh, who would live away—away from
 his God, [abode ?
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful
 Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
 bright plains, [reigns ;
 And the noontide of glory eternally

- 5 Where saints of all ages in harmony
meet, [greet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to
While anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll, [the soul.
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
- 229 (939-948-680) 8's, 6's, 5's. *Swain.*
- O** THOU in whose presence my soul
takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call; [night,
My comfort by day, and my song in the
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with
thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love? [weep,
Say, why in the valley of death should I
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from
Or cry in the desert for bread? [thee,
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows
they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye
The Star that on Israel shone? [seen
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

- 5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around; [vine,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the
When autumn with plenty is crowned,
- 6 As roses of Sharon, as lilies that grow
In vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks does the beauty of excellence
glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 7 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles
shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 9 Love is in his eye-lids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high,
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And praise him with fullness of joy.
- 10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels
And myriads wait for his word; [rejoice,

He speaks, and eternity, filled with his
voice,

Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

230 (0-0-419) 11's, 5's, 11's.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature
complaints, [saints!

How sweet to my soul is communion with
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,

And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
peace, [not cease;

And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love can
Though oft from thy presence in sadness
I roam,

I long to behold thee in glory at home:
Home, home, etc.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion
with thee; [may foam,

Though now my temptations like billows

All all will be peace when I'm with thee

Home, home, etc. [at home:

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my
day;

In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home:
Home, home, etc.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy
grace, [thy face;
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy
throne, [home:
And find even now a foretaste of my
Home, home, etc.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to
shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the
tomb, [home:
With glorified millions to praise thee at
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my home.

231 (0-1052-330) 7's. Rippon.

JESUS I lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll—
While the tempest still is high!

- Hide me, O my Savior! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art!
Freely let me take of thee!

- Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!
- 232 (0-0-176) 8's, 8's, 8's, 6's.
- S**ALVATION! O mysterious plan!
Nor saints, nor angels ever can
Unfold the love of God to man,
The boundless love of Jesus:
On Calv'ry's scene I wond'ring gaze,
And raise to heav'n the voice of praise,
But O how faint are mortal lays,
To speak the love of Jesus!
- 2 The deeds that wondrous grace performs,
Can ne'er be told by mortal worms;
Assist my song, ye heav'nly forms,
To praise the name of Jesus.
Let heav'n and earth the tidings spread;
The Savior died and left the dead;
For sinful man he groaned and bled,
And from destruction freed us.
- 3 How welcome is this blissful sound
To guilty souls in fetters bound!
'Twas in this state myself I found,
And feared Jehovah's ire:
Beneath the sword of justice slain,
And sinking down to endless pain,

- Convinced I must be born again,
Or burn in quenchless fire.
- 4 Trembling I fell beneath his eye,
And raised to heav'n the ardent cry ;
" O Jesus ! save—I sink—I die—
O hasten to deliver ! "
- Sweet beams of mercy, love, and grace,
O'erspread his charming, smiling face ;
My soul received the kind embrace
That seals me his forever.

233 8's, 7's, 5's, 9's J. E. Goodson, Jr.

- W**E shall sleep, but not forever—
We shall rest beneath the trees ;
We shall wake to live forever
In the land where Jesus is :
Then weep not for me,
Then weep not for me,
For I am going o'er death's river,
And you soon will follow me.
- 2 Yes, I feel death's chills upon me,
And my friends are all in tears,
But my Savior still upholds me,
And has banished all my fears :
Then weep not for me, etc.

- 3 O the grave lies cold before me,
And we're called awhile to part,
Yet his words, " I'll never leave thee,"
Live—still live within my heart :
Then weep not for me, etc.
- 4 O to meet again in heaven,
What a blessing it will be !
" Here with all our sins forgiven,
And from death forever free :
Then weep not for me, etc.

FAREWELL HYMNS.

- 234 (0-825-625) L. M. *Primitive.*
- O** HAPPY day, when saints shall meet,
To part no more ! the thought is sweet !
No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below when Christians part.
- 2 O happy place ! I still must say,
Where all but love is done away ;
All cause of parting there is past,
Their social feast will ever last.
- 3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there in ev'ry heart shall reign ;
There separation can't compel
The saint to bid the sad farewell

- 1 On earth, when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet,
Time's rapid moments soon compel
With grief to say, Dear friends, farewell.
- 5 The happy season soon will come, [home;
When saints shall meet in heav'n, their
Eternally with Christ to dwell,
Nor ever hear the sound, Farewell.
- 235 (0-0-629) C. M.

BRETHREN, I bid you all farewell,
And from my very heart,
Affectionately I do tell
That you and I must part.

- 2 And if I see you not again,
I trust that I can say,
My labor shall not be in vain,
That I have spent this day.
- 3 I trust I can to record call
All you that hear me now;
I have declared God's counsel all,
As he did me endow.
- 4 I now depart, I leave you here,
I leave you with the Lord;
And may we all henceforth appear,
And be of one accord.

- 5 And if we part to meet no more,
While we on earth remain,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore,
And never part again.
- 6 There we shall join to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in his holy ways;
So, brethren, fare you well.

236 (0-0-626) C. M.

YE pilgrims, that are wand'ring home,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
Sweeter to me than honey-comb,
Is Christ's exalted name.

- 2 Let us with undissembled love,
Like children in one band,
March to our Father's house above,
And to the promised land.
- 3 My little flock, I bid adieu,
Our parting is to-day;
O may we all to Christ prove true,
And try to watch and pray.
- 4 There is one thing that wounds my heart,
And grieves my soul full sore:
To think we must in body part,
Perhaps to meet no more.

- 5 We need not wait but few more days
Then he will call us home,
Where fear of parting ne'er will come,
In that bright world above ;
- 6 Where we 'll surround the throne of God,
And sing redeeming love ;
And there I hope to see your face,
And join to praise the Lord.
- 237 (931-0-0) P. M.
JESUS, grant us all a blessing ;
Send it down, Lord, from above ;
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in thy love :
Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.
- 2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been ;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin :
Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.
- 3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us—ev'ry one :
Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

- 238 (0-821-616) C. M. *Primitive.*
DEAR friends, farewell, I do you tell,
Since you and I must part ;
I go away, and here you stay,
But still we're joined in heart.
- 2 I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harms.
- 3 If I'm called home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me :
I hope to sing and praise my King
To all eternity.
- 4 Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Its sacred sweets disclose.
- 5 I long to go ; then farewell woe ;
My soul will be at rest ;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heav'nly feast.
- 6 O may we meet and be complete,
And long together dwell,
And serve the Lord with one accord,
And so, dear friends, farewell

239

L. M. *Joseph B. Moon.*

- G**REAT God, dismiss us in thy love,
Direct our minds and thoughts above;
Though we asunder here must part,
In tender love unite each heart.
- 2 Be with us, Lord, where'er we go;
Direct in all we say and do;
Keep us from hurtful snares and sin;
Watch o'er us till we meet again.
- 3 Be with us through the time of life;
Keep us from envy, hate, and strife;
From malice let our lives be free,
And know and worship only thee.
- 4 Be with us in that trying hour
When life shall cease, and death have pow'r;
Safe guide us all to heaven, then
We'll praise thee evermore; **AMEN.**
- 240 (900-823-618) 11's.
- F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, the
time is at hand [band;
When we must be parted from this social
Our sev'ral engagements now call us away;
Separation is needful, and we must obey.

- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for
awhile, [smile,
We'll soon meet again if kind Providence
But when we are parted and scattered
abroad, [Lord.
We'll pray for each other and trust in the
- 3 Farewell, younger brethren, just listed
for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near:
Although you must travel this dark wilder-
ness, [you to rest.
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead
- 4 Farewell, my dear brethren; farewell, all
around; [shall sound;
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump
To meet you in glory I give you my
hand,
The Savior to praise in a pure social band.

DOCTRINAL HYMNS.

- 241 (200-206-0) C. M. *Kent.*
- B**EFORE the day-star knew its place,
Or planets went their round,
The church in bonds of sov'reign grace,
Was one with Jesus found,

- 2 In all that Jesus did on earth,
His church an int'rest have ;
Go, trace him from his humble birth
Down to the silent grave.
- 3 'Twas for his saints he tasted death ;
All glory to his name !
And when he yielded up his breath,
With him his saints o'ercame.
- 4 With him his members on the tree
Fulfilled the law's demands ;
'Tis "I in them, and they in me,"
For thus the union stands.
- 5 Since Jesus slept among the dead,
His saints have naught to fear ;
For with their gracious, suff'ring Head,
His members sojourned there.
- 6 When from the tomb we see him rise,
Triumphant o'er his foes.
He bore his members to the skies,
And with him they arose.
- 7 Ye saints, this union can't dissolve,
By which all things are yours,
Long as eternal years revolve,
Or Deity endures.

- 242 (129-0-0) L. M *Keni.*
- GOD, in the riches of his grace,
Did from eternity ordain
A seed elect of Adam's race,
Eternal glory should obtain.
- 2 God, in the riches of his grace,
Hath Christ exalted over all ;
His goings forth, of old, we trace
The sinner's Surety in the fall.
- 3 God, in the riches of his grace,
Hath Abra'm's seed exalted high ;
While his redeemed shall see his face,
And reign with him above the sky.
- 4 God, in the riches of his grace,
Hath to the charge of Jesus laid
The sin of all that chosen race,
Whose debt of suff'ring Jesus paid.
- 5 God, in the riches of his grace,
Hath, in the gospel, Christ displayed,
Whose blood hath sealed the sinner's peace,
And bruised the venom'd serpent's head.
- 6 God, in the riches of his grace,
We'll to eternity adore ;
And wonders still on wonders trace,
But ne'er his depth of love explore.

243 (111-183-0) L. M.

TWIXT Jesus and the ch
 Subsists a bond of sov
 That hell, with its infernal train,
 Shall ne'er dissolve, or rend in twain.

- 2 This sacred bond shall never break,
 Though earth should to her center shake;
 Rest, doubting saint, assured of this,
 For God has pledged his holiness.
- 3 He swore but once—the deed was done;
 'Twas settled by the great Three One;
 Christ was appointed to redeem
 All that the Father loved in him.
- 4 Hail, sacred union, firm and strong—
 How great thy grace, how sweet the song,
 That rebel worms should ever be
 One with incarnate Deity!
- 5 One in the tomb, one when he rose,
 One when he triumphed o'er his foes—
 One when in heav'n he took his seat,
 While seraphs sung at hell's defeat.
- 6 Blessed be the wisdom and the grace,
 Th' eternal love and faithfulness,
 That's in the gospel scheme revealed,
 And is by God the Spirit sealed.

244 (108-202-0) L. M. *Kent.*

- T**WAS with an everlasting love
 That God his own elect embraced
 Before he made the worlds above,
 Or earth on her huge columns placed
- 2 Long ere the sun's refulgent ray
 Primeval shades of darkness drove,
 They on his sacred bosom lay,
 Loved with an everlasting love.
- 3 Then, in his love and his decrees,
 Christ and his bride appeared as one,
 Her sin, by imputation, his,
 Whilst she in spotless splendor shone
- 4 Believer, here thy comfort stands,
 From first to last salvation's free;
 And everlasting love demands
 An everlasting song from thee.

245 (0-1296-0) 11's.

- A**CHILD of Jehovah, a subject of grace,
 I'm of the seed royal, a dignified race,
 An heir of salvation, redeemed with blood,
 I'll own my relation, my Father is God!
- 2 He loved me of old, and he loveth me still—
 Before the creation he gave me by will,

- A portion worth more than the Indies of
gold, [nor sold.
Which can not be wasted, nor mortgaged,
- 3 He gave me a Surety, a covenant Head,
To live in my name, and to die in my stead,
He gave me a righteousness wholly divine,
And viewed all the merits of Jesus as mine.
- 4 He gave a Preceptor infallibly wise, [plies;
And treasures of grace to be sent in sup-
Yea, all that I ask for my Father hath
given [heav'n.
To help me on earth, and to crown me in
- 5 He gave me a will to accept what he gave,
Though I was averse to his purpose to save;
He wrote in his will my repentance and
faith, [death.
And all my enjoyments for life and for
- 6 My trials and sorrows, my comforts and
cares, [prayers,
The spirit of prayer and the answer of
The steps that I tread, and the station I fill,
My Father determin'd and wrote in his will.
- 7 My cross and my crown are both willed
by my God, [with blood;
He swore to his will, and then sealed it
'Tis proved by the Spirit, the witness within,
'Tis mine to inherit, I'll glory begin.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 246 (223-0-0) C. M. Watts.
- THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Savior's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints;
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

247 (234-0-0) 8s. 7s. 4s

EVERY moment brings me nearer
 To my long-sought rest above;
 Higher mounts my soul, and higher—
 O, how happy to remove!
 Then, forever,
 I shall sing redeeming love.

2 Soon shall I be gone to glory—
 Join the bright angelic race;
 There repeat the pleasing story:
 "I was saved by sov'reign grace;"
 And forever,
 View my loving Savior's face.

3 Though my burden sore oppress me,
 And I shrink beneath my pain,
 Jesus will ere long release me,
 And your loss will be my gain:
 Precious Savior!
 With my Lord I shall remain.

248 (864-0-0) 8s.

I SAW the Jewish temple purged,
 While men of business, not of prayer,
 Fled from the place, by terror urged—
 Jesus the Nazarene was there.

2 I saw the solemn fun'ral train,
 The widowed mother's silent tear;

When lo!—she clasp her son again—
 The Nazarene had touched his bier.
 3 "Hadst thou been here he had not died,"
 The weeping, doubting sister said.
 "Lazarus, come forth!" the Savior cried;
 The Nazarene restored their dead.
 4 I saw the crowds to fury giv'n; [mean?
 What could such mortal madness
 Why imprecate the wrath of Heav'n?
 Why crucify the Nazarene?
 5 Silent the gentle sufferer stood,
 And pitying heard the frenzied cry:
 "On us and ours be all his blood—"
 Jesus the Nazarene must die.
 6 How devils smiled when Jesus bled!
 Vain hope: they thought mankind were
 When bowing low his gentle head, [lost,
 The Nazarene gave up the ghost.
 7 But when amazement reigned in hell,
 When Jesus, bursting from the grave,
 Bade to the world this myst'ry tell:
 "The Nazarene has died to save,"
 8 I saw the world consumed in flame;
 The just from sin and sorrow free;
 The wicked sink in endless shame—
 Such was the Nazarene's decree.

9 I heard the trumpet long and loud;
Then straight a godlike form was seen:
He rode enthroned upon a cloud—
'Twas the despised Nazarene.

10 I heard the happy heav'nly throng
Praise him who bought them with his
blood;
I heard the everlasting song:
"Jesus the Nazarene is God."

249 (880-0-0) C. M. *Swain.*

LOVE is the sweetest bud that blows,
Its beauty never dies;
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies.

2 Pure, glowing red, and spotless white.
Its perfect colors are;
In Jesus all its sweets unite
And look divinely fair.

3 The finest flower that ever blowed
Opened on Calv'ry's tree,
When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd
For love of worthless me.

4 Its deepest hue, its richest smell,
No mortal sense can bear;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell
How bright the colors are.

5 Earth could not hold so rich a flower,
Nor half its beauties show;
Nor could the world and Satan's power
Confine its sweets below.

6 On heaven's bank supremely fair
This flower of wonder blooms—
Transplanted to its native air—
And all the shore perfumes;

7 But not to heaven's shore confined;
The seeds from which it grows,
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the church below.

8 And soon on yonder banks above
Shall every blossom here
Appear a full ripe flower of love,
Like him transplanted there

250 (529-0-476) C. M. *Haskins.*

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come
To worship at thy feet.
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak;
To hear the Savior's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek—
Now make our hearts rejoice.

- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Savior flee.
- 5 This house with grace and glory fill;
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal—
Thy glorious righteousness.

251 (381-0-0) c. M.

- O** COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon thy word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew, from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine;
And never, never more depart,
But be forever mine.

- 4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'd adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.
- 5 Through boundless grace I then shall
An everlasting day, [spend
In the embraces of my Friend,
Who took my guilt away.
- 6 That worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due;
While every ransomed soul shall gaze
On scenes forever new.
- 252 (344-528-0) 8s. *Toplady.*
- A** DEBTOR to mercy alone—
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'ring to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Savior's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,

Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

- 3 My name from the palm of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indellible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv 'n—
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heav 'n.

253 (0-0-6) L. M.

LONG ere the sun began his days,
Or moon shot forth her silver rays
Salvation's scheme was fixed, 'twas done,
In cov 'nant by the THREE IN ONE.

- 2 The Father spake, the Son replied;
The Spirit with them both complied;
Grace moved the cause for saving ' man,
And wisdom drew the noble plan.
- 3 The Father chose his only Son
To die for sins that man had done;
Emmanuel to the choice agreed,
And thus secured a num 'rous seed.
- 4 He sends his Spirit from above,
To call the objects of his love;

Not one shall perish or be lost; [cost.
His blood has bought them—dear they

- 5 What high displays of sov 'reign grace!
What love to save a ruined race!
My soul, adore his lovely name,
By whom thy free salvation came.

254 (0-0-66) L. M.

JESUS is all I wish or want;
For him I pray, for him I pant;
Let others after earth aspire,
Christ is the treasure I desire.

- 2 Possessed of him, I ask no more;
He is an all-sufficient store;
To praise him all my powers conspire—
Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 3 If he his smiling face but hide,
My soul no comfort has beside;
Distressed I after him inquire—
Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 4 And while my heart is racked with pain,
Jesus appears and smiles again.
Why should my Savior thus retire?
Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 5 Come, humble souls, and view his charms,
Take refuge in his saving arms,

And sing, while you his worth admire,
 "Christ is the Savior I desire."

255 (0-0-73) S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul!
 He sheds those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
 Each sin demands a tear;
 In heav'n alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

256 (0-0-188) C. M.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue;
 Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
 For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes;
 Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials, too,
 I'll go at his command;
 Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Emmanuel's land.

4 And when my Savior calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be:
 Hinder me not; come, welcome, death,
 I'll gladly go with thee.

257 (0-0-425) L. M.

POOOR and afflicted, Lord, are thine;
 Among the great unfit to shine;
 But though the world may think it strange,
 They would not with the world exchange.

2 Poor and afflicted, yet they trust
 In God, the gracious, wise, and just;
 For them he deigns this lot to choose,
 Nor would they dare his will refuse.

3 Poor and afflicted, oft they are
 Sorely oppressed with want and care;
 Yet he who saves them by his blood,
 Makes every sorrow yield them good.

4 Poor and afflicted—yet they sing,
 For Christ, their glorious, conq'ring King,
 Through suff'rings perfect, reigns on high,
 And does their every need supply.

- 5 Poor and afflicted—yet ere long,
They'll join the bright celestial throng,
And all their suff'rings then shall close,
And heav'n afford them sweet repose.
- 6 Poor and afflicted, filled with grief—
O Lord, afford us kind relief,
To cheer the heart that heaves a sigh,
And wipe the tears from every eye.

258 (0-910-453) C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh;
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath;
The Christian's native air;
The watch-word at the gate of death;
He enters heav'n with prayer.

259 (0-0-483) S. M.

ASSIST thy servant, Lord,
The gospel to proclaim;
Let power and love attend the word,
And every breast inflame.

- 2 Bid unbelief depart;
With love his soul inflame;
Take full possession of his heart,
And glorify thy name.

‡ May stubborn sinners bend
To thy divine control;
Constrain the wand'ring to attend.
And make the wounded whole.

260 (0-0-511) L. M.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

261 (0-1290-602) L. M.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought;

- 1 So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wand'rer there a home may find,
Within the Paradise of God.

262

C. M.

- W**HY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave this world of woe
For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose lives to God were giv'n?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heav'n.
- 3 Their toils are past—their work is done,
And they are fully blest;

- They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow—
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"
- 263 (0-1257-0) L. M. *Margaret Mackay.*
- A**SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his cruel sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Savior's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;

But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

264 (0-807-0) C. M.

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful shelt'ring dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe;
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes and fury roam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed;
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,

I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

265 (0-597-0) C. P. M. C. W

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

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

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

266 S. M. D. *Dwight.*

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

- 1 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n
Till cares and toils shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 3 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliv'rance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

267

C. M.

Mrs. Brown

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,

- And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempest driv'n.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

268

C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once wept sorr'wing here!
But now they taste unmingled love
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,

And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.

269

8s. 6s.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;

Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone
O Lamb of God, I come!

270

7s. 6s.

I NEED thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.

- 2 I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's only plea
- 3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
- 4 I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way;
To guide my doubting footsteps;
To be my strength and stay.
- 5 I need thee, precious Jesus;
I need a friend like thee;
A friend to soothe and pity;
A friend to care for me.
- 6 I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,

To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

7 I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very blind;
A weak and foolish wand'rer,
With dark and evil mind.

8 I need thy cheering presence,
To tread the thorny road;
To guide me safe to glory;
To bring me home to God.

271

8s. 7s. 4s. *Hastings.*

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,

Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

272 (687-605-217) C. M.

Watts.

LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bonds of unity!

2 When streams of love from Christ the
Spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole;

3 'T is like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's priestly head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'T is pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

273 (146-558-0) C. M. *Steel*

HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Fogotful of his word!

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wand'rer homel

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine!

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Savior, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

274 13s. 12s. 9s.

I HAVE sought round this verdant
earth for unfading joy;
I have tried every source of mirth, but
all, all will cloy;
Lord, bestow on me grace to set my spirit
free; [joy.
Thine the praise shall be; mine, mine the

2 I have wandered in mazes dark, of doubt
and distress; [bless;
I have not had a kindly spark my spirit to
Cheerless unbelief filled my lab'ring soul
with grief; [peace?
What shall give relief? What shall give

3 I was brought to thy gospel, Lord, from
folly away; [taught me to pray;
Made to trust in thy holy word, which
Here I found release, here my wearied soul
found peace,
Hopes of endless bliss, eternal day.

4 I'm a stranger and pilgrim here in this
world of woe, [I go;
But I find my Redeemer near, as onward
Jesus is my friend, he'll be with me to
the end,
And from foes defend my path below.

5 I have heard my Redeemer say, "My
promise is sure; [hardness endure."
I have taught thee to watch and pray, all
Jesus, be my guide, in thy promise I'll
confide;

Keep me near thy side, my life, my way.

6 I will praise thee, my heav'nly King, I'll
praise and adore, [God of power;
My heart's richest tribute bring to thee,
And in heav'n above, saved by thy re-
deeming love,

Loud the strains shall move forever more.

7 Hallelujahs through heav'n will ring, sal-
vation the theme; [and the Lamb;
Glory, honor, and praise we'll sing to God
Crowns of glory wear, palms of vict'ry
we shall bear;

Shouts of triumph there never shall end.

275

8s. 7s.

TH**E**R**E** is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain,
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.

'T is not where kindred souls abound

Though that on earth is heaven,

But where I first my Savior found,

And felt my sins forgiven.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the waves' commotion.

Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;

In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error!

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried, "O save me, Lord, from death!
Immortal Jesus, hear me!"

Then, quick as thought, I felt him mine
My Savior stood before me;

I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory, glory!"

4 O, sacred hour! O, hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me!

Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee!

And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,

Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

276

10s. 6s. 8s.

WH**A**T this that steals, that steals
upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?

That soon shall quench, shall quench this
vital flame?

Is it death? Is it death?
If this be death I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see,
All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep
not for me,

All is well, all is well;
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am
free,

All is well, all is well;
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Savior from mine eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies,
All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye
saints in glory,

All is well, all is well;
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing
story,

All is well, all is well;
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my
room,

They wait to waft my spirit home,
All is well, all is well.

4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and
Master calls me,

All is well, all is well;
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,
All is well, all is well;
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glitt'ring crown appears in view,
All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood-
washed throng,

Saved by grace, saved by grace;
I've come to join, to join your rapt'rous
songs,

Saved by grace, saved by grace;
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heav'n and glory now are mine,
O hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well, all is well.

277

9s. 10s.

A HOME in heav'n! what a joyful
thought!

As the poor man toils in his weary lot;
His heart oppressed, and with anguish
riv'n,
From his home below to a home in heav'n.

- 2 A home in heav'n! as the suff'rer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home what a joy is giv'n,
With the blessed thought of a home in
heav'n.
- 3 A home in heav'n! when our pleasures
fade, [laid,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are
And our strength decays, and our health
is riv'n, [heav'n.
We are happy still with our home in
- 4 A home in heav'n! when the sinner
mourns, [turns;
And with contrite heart to the Savior
O then what bliss in that heart forgiv'n,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heav'n!
- 5 A home in heav'n! when our friends are
fled [dead;
To the cheerless home of the mould'ring
We wait in hope of the promise giv'n,
We will meet again in our home in heav'n.

278

L. M.

DEAR is the spot where Christians
sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;

- O, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.
- 2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before.
- 3 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love
The friends not lost, but gone before.
- 4 To Jordan's bank, whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

279

S. M.

O SING to me of heav'n
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS—There'll be no sorrow there;
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heav'n above where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my dying brow,

Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heav'n begin below.

3 When the last moments come,
O, smooth my dying face,
To catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.

4 Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be giv'n;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heav'n.

280 8s. 7s. *S. F. Smith*

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of ev'ning
As it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shall know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 't is God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;

Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee.
Where no farewell tears are shed.

281 8s. 9s. *T. B. Ausmus.*

O BEAUTIFUL hills of Galilee!
Amid whose scenes the Savior
dwells,
Your flow'rs that bloom so beautifully,
Of heaven's lasting beauties tell.

CHO.—We're traveling home; one by one,
Across death's river our friends are
gone,
And we are following, one by one.

2 "Then, O poor soul, if you would be
Thus clothed in robes as pure as they,
Lay all else down, come, follow me;
My love shall last through endless day."

3 My soul replies, "'T is not for me," [eyes;
With tears fast streaming from mine
That voice still calls, "Come, follow me,
We're going home beyond the skies.

4 "I come your maladies to heal,
I left my Father's home on high;
His wondrous love I thus reveal, [nigh.
And thus are trembling souls brought

5 "I go away—I'll come again,
My Holy Spirit hov'ring round,
To show that for you I was slain, [sound."
And guard you till the trump shall

282 (0-668-0) 8s. 7s.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken,
Blessed Lord, "thy will be done."

3 Fill us now with deep contrition,
Take away these hearts of stone,
And make all with true submission,
Meekly say, "Thy will be done."

4 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

5 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth and God of heaven,
Evermore "thy will be done."

283 (715-0-0) P. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers giv'n;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'T is found above in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv'n;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is dark, but heav'n.

3 Where faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects giv'n;
And views the tempest passing by,
And ev'ning shadows quickly fly.
And all serene in heav'n.

4 There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n;
There joys divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heav'n.

284 (714-0-0) S. M. *Montgomery*

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

285 (0-588-288) C. M.

WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Savior is the Lord.

286

S. M.

A FEW more years shall rob,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb:

- 2 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;

- Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
- 4 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

287

6s. 4s.

S. F. Adams

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

- 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heav'n;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethels I'll raise;
So, by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

WHEN the storm in its fury on Gal-
ilee fell,
And lifted its waters on high,

- And the faithless disciples were bound
in the spell,
Jesus whispered, "Fear not, it is I."
- 2 The storm could not bury that word in
the wave; [fly;
'T was taught through the tempest to
It shall reach his disciples in every age,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."
- 3 When the spirit is broken with sorrow
and care,
And comfort is ready to die,
Then the darkness shall pass, and the sun-
shine appear,
By the life-giving word, "It is I."
- 4 When death is at hand, and this cottage
Is left with a tremulous sigh, [of clay
The gracious Redeemer will light all the
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I." [way,
- 289 11s. *Wm. Hunter.*

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with
sorrow and care; [will I cry,
From the ends of the earth unto thee
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher
than I."

2 When Satan, my foe, shall come in like a
flood, [of good,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain
I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did die,
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher
than I!"

3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage
here, [pear:
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me ap-
From the swellings of Jordan to thee will
I cry, [than I!"
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher

290

8s. 7s.

C. Wesley.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
And thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.

Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

291 (0-0-685) 12s. 11s.

HOW charmingly pleasing the fond
recollection
Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
When blessed with parental advice and
affection, [on high.
Surrounded with mercy and peace from

I still view the chairs of my father and
 mother, [on each hand,
 The seats of their offspring, as ranged
 And the richest of books, which excels
 every other,
 The family Bible that lay on the stand:

CHORUS—The old-fashioned Bible, the dear,
 blessed Bible, [stand.
 The family Bible that lay on the

2 The Bible, that volume of God's inspira-
 tion, [us delight;
 At morning and ev'ning would yield
 The prayers of our father, a sweet invo-
 cation, [night.
 For mercy by day, and for safety by
 O, hymns of thanksgiving, with har-
 mon'ous sweetness, [band,
 As warmed by the hearts of the family
 Hath raised us from earth to that raptur-
 ous dwelling, [stand:
 Described in the Bible that lay on the

3 Ye scenes of enjoyment, long have we
 been parted, [no more;
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents
 In sorrow and sadness I live broken-
 hearted,
 And wander alone on a far-distant shore.

O, why should I doubt a dear Savior's
 protection, [hand?
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful
 O, let me with patience receive his cor-
 rection, [stand:
 And think of the Bible that lay on the

4 Though age and misfortune press hard on
 my feelings, [Lord;
 I'll flee to the Bible and trust in the
 Though darkness should cover his merci-
 ful dealings, [word.
 My soul is still cheered by his heavenly
 And now from things earthly my soul is
 removing, [bright band,
 I shall soon be in glory with heav'n's
 And in rapture of joy be forever adoring
 The God of the Bible that lay on the
 stand:

292 (0-589-0) 8s. 7s. 4s.

O N the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive,
 God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?

Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, *thy* God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Savior will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

293 (0-398-60) P. M. *Gadsby's Col.*

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Savior reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above: [Lift up, &c]

- 3 His kingdom can not fail;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given: [Lift up, &c.]
- 4 He all his foes shall quell;
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy: [Lift up, &c.]
- 5 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.

294

C. M.

John R. Dally

THERE is a blissful home on high,
From sin and sorrow free,
Beyond the gaze of mortal eye,
In love's unbounded sea.

- 2 There Christians all shall meet ere long,
And all their voices raise
Together in a joyful song
Of never-ending praise.
- 3 There we shall our Redeemer greet,
And see him as he is,

And dwell forever at his feet,
And know that we are his.

- 4 There we shall need no lamp by night,
For night shall never come;
Our God is the unfailing light
Of that sweet, happy home.

295

C. M.

Vanmeter

RELIGION! what a vast estate,
On guilty worms bestowed!
Not all the riches of the great,
Are worth this gift of God!

- 2 How transient is all earthly bliss!
How poor is shining gold!
And mortal crowns, compared with this,
How worthless to behold!
- 3 In all things else let me be crossed,
Lord, give this pearl to me;
Without it I'm forever lost,
To all eternity.

296

C. M.

Vanmeter

THERE is a stream whose current
flows
As ceaseless as the sun;
Onward, with sorrows, pains, and woes,
Its troubled waters run.

- 2 Still onward, pressing to its source—
The ocean, whence it came;
Nor stayed by circumstance nor force,
Is this resistless stream.
- 3 On its broad bosom as it glides,
Are heedless mortals borne;
And in the boundless ocean hides
The friends for whom we mourn.
- 4 The high, the low, are swept away,
The youth, in all his prime;
The meek, the mournful, and the gay,
By the great *Stream of Time!*
- 5 Eternity! unfathomed sea!
Where all our hearts are drowned!
As boundless as infinity!
Thither the stream is bound.
- 6 Soon shall its current land us there,
Soon shall our days be o'er;
And the archangel shall declare,
That *Time shall be no more!*

297

(342-503-103) L. M.

Rippon's Col

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cried, "Sweet Spirit,
come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail; [gale."
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious

298 (545-0-0) 8s. 7s. 4s. *Toplady's Col.*

DEAREST Savior, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them
From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them—
Every soul be Jesus guest!
O receive us,
Let us find the promised rest.

299 (465-579-0) C. M. *Watts*

HOW can I sink with such a prop,
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives,
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

300 (872-0-0) L. M. *Swain.*

AND am I blessed with Jesus' love,
And shall I dwell with him above,
And will the joyful period come
When I shall call the heav'ns my home?

2 Think, O my soul! what must it be
A world of glorious minds to see,
Drink at the fountain-head of peace,
And bathe in everlasting bliss!

3 To hear them all at once proclaim
Eternal glories to the Lamb,
And join with joyful heart and tongue
That new, that never-ending song!

4 And does the happy hour draw near
When Christ will in the clouds appear,
And I without a veil shall see
The Man, the Christ, who bled for me?

5 If in my soul such joys abound
While weeping faith explores his wound,
How glorious will those scars appear
When perfect love forbids a tear!

6 Think, O my soul, if 't is so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet,
What must it be to wear a crown
And sit with Jesus on the throne!

301 (441-0-0) C. M.

LONG have I tried terrestrial joys,
But here can find no rest—
Far from earth's vanity and noise—
"To be with Christ is best."

2 'T is desert here, and thorns and foes
Do all the road infest;
The danger of the journey's short—
"To be with Christ is best."

3 When earth can no delights afford,
He spreads a heav'nly feast;
Such dainties crown his royal board—
"To be with Christ is best."

4 By this I fly the desert through,
And feel my soul refreshed;
What can obstruct me when I know,
"To be with Christ is best?"

5 There an eternity with thee,
I'll think myself well blest;
I see thee here; but O! to be,
"To be with Christ is best!"

302 (615-0-0) 7s. *Benedict.*

HALL! ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
Ye who love the Savior's name,
Who are cleansed by pard'ning blood,
Go with us, the way is good.

2 Glories bright we have in view,
While we on our way pursue;
March with joy the heav'nly road,
Go with us, the way is good.

3 Doubting souls, dismiss your fears,
Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Christ for you has spilt his blood,
Go with us, the way is good.

4 Burdened souls, oppressed with grief,
Jesus freely grants relief;
He'll remove your heavy load,
Go with us, the way is good.

5 Ye who know your Savior's love,
Now your faithfulness approve;
Follow him in Jordan's flood,
Go with us, the way is good.

6 Saints, begin the heav'nly song,
Join in concert, every tongue;
Walk with joy the heav'nly road,
Go with us, the way is good.

303 (924-0-0) P.M. *Altered by W. Thompson.*

WHAT a mercy of mercies is this!
No tongue can e'er express
Such unspeakable bliss!
Jesus died to redeem his lost race.

2 What will, Oh! what will become of me—
My doom I plainly see—
If death approaches me,
And the Savior's not found in my heart?

3 But welcome, most welcome death to me!
I claim the victory;
For Christ has set me free,
If the Savior is found in my heart.

4 Farewell to affliction and pain!
I soon with Christ shall reign!
For dying is my gain,
If the Savior is found in my heart.

5 Now we hope, yes, we hope soon to meet,
And our joys be complete,
There to worship at his feet,
And to reign with the Savior above.

304 (292-324-0) 8s. 7s. *Madan's Col.*

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 saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation—
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us forever;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thy own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thy all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

305 (863-0-0) 12s. 11s.

How sweet to reflect on the joys that
await me, [rest,
In yon blissful region, the haven of
Where glorified spirits in raptures will
greet me, [the blessed.
And lead me to mansions prepared for
2 Encircled with light and with glory en-
shrouded, [above,
My happiness perfect, my mind's eye

And the steps of time beat lightest,
O my Father, lead thou me.

CHORUS—O my Father, lead thou me;
O my Father, lead thou me.

2 When the night of life is darkest,
And my soul shall tempted be;
When to sorrow's voice I listen,
O my Father, lead thou me.

3 Be life's pathway smooth or stony,
Let my faith still cling to thee;
Be life's future bright or stormy,
O my Father, lead thou me.

308

8s. 7s.

Horatius Bonar.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 O, what peace we often forfeit!
O, what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

3 Have we trials and temptation?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

309 (0-667-0) 8s.

'T IS hard, when we are sick and poor,
And they who loved us love no
more;
When riches, health, and friends are gone,
To say, "O Lord, thy will be done:"
Yet, Lord, I would to thee resign,
And say, "My Father's will be mine."

2 'T is hard, when in our soul's distress,
All, all around is wilderness;
When herbs and quenching streams,
there's none,
To say, "My Father's will be done:"
Yet, Lord, I would to thee resign,
And say, "My Father's will be mine."

3 And yet, how light our sorrows be
To his in dark Gethsemane,
Who drank the cup, with stifled groan,
And said, "My Father's will be done."
Dear Lord, may I to thee resign,
And say, "My Father's will be mine."

310 (0-616-277) L. M. *Primitive.*

JESUS, what shall I do to show
How much I love thy charming name?
Let my whole heart with rapture glow,
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.

2 Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee
Can give such sweet, such vast delight,
What must the joy, the triumph be,
To dwell forever in thy sight?

311 (0-601-0) 8s. 7s. *Gadsby's Col.*

DEAREST Savior! we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,—
Give us all the eye of faith.

2 From the law's condemning sentence,
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canst give repentance;
Thou alone our wounds canst heal.

312 (0-353-75) S. M. *Primitive.*

IN Sharon's lovely Rose
Immortal beauties shine;
Its sweet refreshing fragrance shows
Its origin divine.

2 How blooming and how fair!
O may my happy breast
This lovely Rose forever wear,
And be supremely blest.

313 (0-1156-153) L. M. *Hart.*

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

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

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

4 For sinners, Lord, thou camest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe thy grace is free;
O magnify that grace in me.

314 (0-1289-0) C. M. *Primitive.*

THERE is a place of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorr'wing tears shall
cease,

And all be hushed to rest.

2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

315

11s.

I LOVE thee, my Savior, I love thee,
my Lord, [word;
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy
With tender emotion I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them
from woe.

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was
blind, [find;
Then taught me the way of salvation to
And when I was sinking in gloomy de-
spair, [fear.
Thy mercy relieved me, and bid me not

3 My Jesus is precious—I can not forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to
declare;
His love overwhelms me, had I wings
I'd fly, [the sky.
To praise him in mansions prepared in

316 (0-1133-0) L. M.

Stennett.

BEHOLD the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!
How plain he marked the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood!

317 (0-1135-0) L. M.

Beddome.

WE to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Savior's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

318 (0-1136-0) L. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

319 (0-1140-0) L. M.

AMAZING grace! and shall I still
Prove disobedient to thy will?
Ah! no: dear Lord, the wat'ry tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come.

320 (0-1141-0) L. M.

POSTLES trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go:
My Jesus in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.

321

7s.

D. H. Gobie.

DEAR Redeemer, keep me free,
 [Precious Jesus, Jesus, free in thee,]
 From all evil every hour,
 By thy Spirit's, Spirit's healing power.

CHO.—Savior, hear, draw me near,
 Keep me in thy tender care,
 Safe from every chilling blast,
 Then I'll rest in, rest in thee at last.

2 O, the comfort and the joy,
 Of thy presence, presence, nor alloy!
 Then to thee how sweet to sing!
 Dearly blessed, blessed Lord and King

3 Yea, with contrite heart each day
 Sing thy praise in, praise in richest lay;
 And when life on earth is done,
 May I dwell with, dwell with thee at home,

4 There to join th' angelic throng,
 And the blood-washed, blood-washed
 saints in song,
 And in richest diadem,
 Singing, "Glory, glory and Amen;

5 "Glory to the great I AM,
 Highest honor, honor to the Lamb;
 Halleluia and amen,
 Praises, glory, glory, yea, amen."

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Perfections of God.....	1- 5
The Fall of man.....	6- 8
The Gospel.....	9- 24
Pardon.....	25- 29
Adoption.....	30- 31
Christ.....	32- 33
Incarnation of Christ.....	34- 35
Characteristics of Christ.....	36- 42
Suffering and Death of Christ....	43- 44
Resurrection and Ascension.....	45- 49
Salvation.....	50- 57
Graces of the Holy Spirit.....	58- 63
Faith.....	64- 67
The Christian.....	68- 71
Christian Love and Union.....	72- 76
Communion with God.....	77- 81
Baptism.....	82- 88
Lord's Supper.....	89- 94
Feet Washing.....	95- 98
Ordination.....	99- 101

Awake and sing the song.....	122
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound.....	50
Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue... ..	16
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....	4
Before the day-star knew its place....	241
Before thy throne, eternal King.....	101
Behold the grave where Jesus lay....	316
Behold, what wondrous grace.....	30
Beneath the sacred throne of God....	191
Beset with snares on every hand.....	69
Beside the gospel pool.....	170
Blest are the souls that hear and know.	10
Blest be the dear uniting love.....	73
Blest be the tie that binds.....	72
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	21
Brethren, I bid you all farewell.....	235
Broad is the road that leads to death..	7
By nature born to pain and death....	70
Children of the heavenly King.....	61
Christians, if your hearts are warm..	88
Come, all harmonious tongues.....	46
Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord.	97
Come, Christian brethren, ere we part.	260
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	58
Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine.....	87
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove....	130
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast.	171
Come, humble souls, ye mourners....	125
Come, let us join with one accord....	121

Come, my heart, and let us try.....	173
Come, thou Fount of every blessing..	164
Come, thou long-expected Jesus.....	304
Come, we that love the Lord.....	178
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy....	112
Come, ye that love the Lord.....	127
Come, ye that love the Savior's name.	37
Compared with Christ, in all beside... ..	180
Dark and thorny is the desert.....	227
Dearest Savior, help thy servant.....	298
Dearest Savior, we adore thee.....	311
Dear friends, farewell, I do you tell..	238
Dear is the spot where Christians sleep	278
Dear Redeemer, keep me free.....	321
Dear Shepherd of thy people, here... ..	118
Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....	255
Did Christ the great example lead... ..	95
Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame... ..	85
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord... ..	136
Down to the sacred wave.....	86
Ere the blue heavens were stretched..	32
Eternal Power, whose high abode....	203
Eternal Source of every joy.....	102
Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	318
Every moment brings me nearer.....	247
Faith is the Spirit's evidence.....	65
Farewell, my dear brethren, the time..	240
Father, I long, I faint to see.....	196
Father of mercies, in thy word.....	11

Special Occasions.....	102-104
Morning Hymns.....	105-107
Evening Hymns.....	108-109
Public Worship.....	110-135
Dismission.....	136-140
Death and the Resurrection.....	141-151
Doxologies.....	152-156
Miscellaneous.....	157-233
Farewell Hymns.....	234-240
Doctrinal Hymns.....	241-245
Additional Hymns.....	246-321

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A child of Jehovah, a subject of grace.....	245
Adam, our father and our head.....	6
A debtor to mercy alone.....	252
A few more days on earth to spend....	223
A few more years shall roll.....	286
A home in heaven! what a joyful....	277
Alas! and did my Savior bleed.....	53
All-hail the power of Jesus' name....	39
Amazing grace! and shall I still.....	319
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound..	175
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	62
An alien from God, and a stranger to..	176
And am I blessed with Jesus' love....	300
And are we yet alive.....	116
And have I, Christ, no love for thee..	75
And let this feeble body fail.....	194
And may I hope that when no more..	27
And must this body die.....	147
Apostles trod this holy ground.....	320
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat... 115	
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep!.....	263
As on the cross the Savior hung.....	17
Assist thy servant, Lord.....	259
At anchor laid, remote from home....	297

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	151
From all that dwell below the skies...	124
From all that's mortal, all that's vain.	77
From deep distress and troubled.....	25
From every stormy wind that blows..	204
From whence doth this union arise....	206
Gentle Shepherd, gently lead us.....	306
Gently Lord! O gently lead us.....	271
Give me the wings of faith to rise....	67
Give me thy Spirit, O my God.....	96
Give to the Father praise.....	156
Glorious things of thee are spoken... 163	
Glory, honor, praise, and power.....	154
God, in the riches of his grace.....	242
God moves in a mysterious way.....	1
Go on, ye pilgrims, while below.....	134
Grace, 't is a charming sound.....	15
Great God, dismiss us in thy love... 239	
Great God, my Maker, and my King..	2
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah....	179
Hail, sovereign Love! that first began.	199
Hail the blest morn when the great... 213	
Hail ye followers of the Lamb.....	302
Hail, ye sighing sons of sorrow.....	104
Hark! from the tombs a doleful.....	149
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.....	185
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices..	47
Hark! the voice of love and mercy... 44	
Hear the royal proclamation.....	168

He dies! the friend of sinners dies... 45	
Hosanna! Jesus reigns.....	162
Hosanna to king David's Son.....	155
Hosanna to the Prince of light.....	48
How beauteous are their feet.....	13
How can I sink with such a prop?....	299
How charming is the place.....	113
How charmingly pleasing the fond....	291
How condescending and how kind....	92
How did my heart rejoice to hear....	119
How firm a foundation, ye saints of... 167	
How happy's every child of grace....	177
How lost was my condition.....	224
How oft, alas! this wretched heart... 273	
How precious is the Book divine.....	9
How shall I my Savior set forth.....	181
How sweet and awful is the place....	91
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.	129
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.	71
How sweet to reflect on the joys that..	305
How tedious and tasteless the hours..	212
Humble souls, who seek salvation....	83
Hungry, and faint, and poor.....	131
I am a stranger here below.....	200
"I am," saith Christ, "the Way"... 42	
If God is mine, then present things..	197
I have sought round this verdant... 274	
I know that my Redeemer lives.....	205
I love thee, my Savior, I love thee... 315	

I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	266
I love to steal a while away.....	267
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord....	128
In all my Lord's appointed ways.....	256
I need thee, precious Jesus.....	270
Infinite excellence is thine.....	36
In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands...	82
In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair	289
In Sharon's lovely Rose.....	312
In thy great name, O Lord, we come..	250
In union with the Lamb.....	14
In vain we seek for peace with God...	29
I saw the Jewish temple purged.....	248
It is a glorious mystery.....	207
I try, and try again.....	210
I would, but can not sing.....	159
I would not live alway, I ask not to...	228
Jerusalem, my happy home.....	188
Jesus! and shall it ever be.....	81
Jesus, grant us all a blessing.....	237
Jesus, I love thy charming name.....	80
Jesus is all I wish or want.....	254
Jesus! lover of my soul.....	231
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	41
Jesus, our Savior, and our God.....	33
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend....	189
Jesus, what shall I do to show.....	310
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding..	282
Joy to the world! the Lord is come..	34

Just as I am without one plea.....	269
Keep silence, all created things.....	3
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake..	74
Let death dissolve my body now....	150
Let every quickened ear attend.....	123
Let sinners take their course.....	106
Let worldly minds the world pursue..	126
Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....	99
Long ere the sun began his days.....	253
Long have I tried terrestrial joys....	301
Lord, at thy table I behold.....	89
Lord, before we leave thy temple....	140
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing....	137
Lord, grant a smile before we part....	138
Lord, in the morning I will send.....	107
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.	195
Lord, what is man, poor, feeble man..	192
Lost in the ruins of the fall.....	66
Love divine, all love excelling.....	290
Love is the sweetest bud that blows ..	249
Lo! what an entertaining sight.....	272
Mid scenes of confusion and creature.	230
Mixtures of joy and sorrow, I daily do.	225
Must friends and kindred droop and..	146
Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	268
My dear Redeemer and my Lord.....	35
My God, my life, my love.....	79
My God, my portion, and my love....	78
My God, the spring of all my joys...	160

My gracious Redeemer I love.....	226
My sorrows like a flood.....	26
Nearer, my God, to thee.....	287
Not all the blood of beasts.....	64
Not all the outward forms on earth...	22
Not to control the church of God....	103
Not with our mortal eyes.....	76
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal.	117
O beautiful hills of Galilee.....	281
O could I find from day to day.....	251
O could I find some peaceful bower... 54	
O for a closer walk with God.....	59
O for a thousand tongues to sing.....	110
O happy day, when saints shall meet..	234
O happy time, long waited for.....	195
O how happy are they.....	215
O land of rest, for thee I sigh.....	264
O love divine, how sweet thou art....	265
Once more before we part.....	139
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand....	209
On the mountain's top appearing....	292
O sing to me of heaven.....	279
O tell me no more of this world's....	214
O that I knew the secret place.....	246
O that the Lord would count me....	98
O thou in whose presence my soul....	229
O what amazing words of grace.....	193
O when shall I see Jesus.....	165
O where shall rest be found.....	284

Pity a helpless sinner, Lord.....	313
Poor and afflicted, Lord, are thine....	257
Poor, weak, and worthless, though I..	38
Praise God, from whom all blessings...	152
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire... 258	
Prepare me, gracious God.....	20
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet....	55
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	293
Religion is the chief concern.....	157
Religion! what a vast estate.....	295
Rock of ages cleft for me.....	40
Salvation! O, melodious sound.....	186
Salvation! O mysterious plan.....	232
Salvation! O the joyful sound.....	51
Salvation through our dying Head....	23
Salvation! what a glorious plan.....	56
Savior divine! we know thy name....	187
Savior! visit thy plantation.....	174
Self-righteous souls, on works rely... 201	
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive....	52
Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord....	68
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely....	280
Sometimes that which I most desire... 198	
Sons we are, through God's election... 19	
Sovereign of all the worlds on high... 31	
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of..	220
Sweet rivers of redeeming love.....	222
Tarry with me, O my Savior.....	219
Tell me no more of earthly toys.....	182

The angels that watched round the ...	208
The day is past and gone.....	109
There is a blissful home on high.....	294
There is a fountain filled with blood...	12
There is a house not made with hands.	145
There is a land mine eye hath seen...	261
There is a land of pure delight.....	148
There is a name whose music thrills..	217
There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	283
There is a period known to God.....	18
There is a place of hallowed peace ...	314
There is a spot to me more dear.	275
There is a stream whose current flows.	296
The righteous Lord, supremely great..	135
The voice of the Shepherd his flock...	172
This is the day the Lord hath made...	120
This is the feast of heavenly wine.....	93
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb....	111
Thus far the Lord has led me on.....	108
Thus was the great Redeemer plunged	84
Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of.	28
Thy ways, O Lord! with wise design...	5
Time like a fleeting shadow flies.....	190
'T is a point I long to know.....	184
'T is hard, when we are sick and poor.	309
'T is religion that can give.....	169
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.....	153
To God the only wise.....	133
'T was on that dark, that doleful night	90

'T was with an everlasting love.....	244
'Twixt Jesus and the chosen race.....	243
Vain are the hopes the sons of men..	24
Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will...	202
We are a garden walled around.....	57
Welcome, sweet day of rest.....	49
We seek a rest beyond the skies.....	285
We shall sleep, but not forever.....	233
We speak of the realms of the blest..	221
We to this place are come to show ...	317
What a friend we have in Jesus.....	308
What a mercy of mercies is this.....	303
What cheering words are these.....	132
What's this that steals.....	276
What wondrous love is this.....	216
When I can read my title clear.....	161
When I survey the wondrous cross....	94
When languor and disease invade ...	143
When marshaled on the nightly plain.	183
When, O dear Jesus, when shall I ...	114
When on the cross my Lord I see....	43
When overwhelmed with doubts and..	166
When overwhelmed with grief.....	158
When sorrows encompass me round...	211
When the day of life is brightest...	307
When the storm in its fury on Galilee.	288
When thou, my righteous Judge.....	142
Why do we mourn departing friends..	141
Why should our tears in sorrow flow...	262

Why should the children of a king...	63
Why should we start and fear to die..	144
With tears of anguish I lament.....	8
Ye messengers of Christ.....	100
Ye pilgrims that are wandering home.	236
You may sing of the beauties of.....	218
Your harps, ye trembling saints.....	60