

HYMNS, &c.
COMPOSED ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS

By JOSEPH HART

A NEW EDITION

With new indexes.

2020

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COMPOSED ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS

By J[OSEPH] HART

*O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath
done MARVELLOUS THINGS: His right
hand, and His holy arm, hath gotten him the
victory. Psalm 98:1.*

THE SIXTH EDITION,
With the Author's Experience,
the Supplement, and Appendix.

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Preface (2020)

Joseph Hart was born in 1712 in London, and died there on May 24, 1768.

Joseph Hart became pastor of the Independent Church in Jewin Street, London, in 1759. He served this large church until his death in 1768.

In 1759, he published this book; he added a supplement in 1762 and an appendix in 1765.

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PREFACE

To the First Edition.

The following hymns were composed, partly from several passages of scripture laid on my heart, or opened to my understanding, from time to time, by the Spirit of God, or else hinted to me by other Christians; (of which latter there are indeed but very few) partly from impressions felt under different frames of spirit at the times when they were respectively written; and partly from spontaneous impulses, or serious reflections on such is as accidentally occurred to my mind. There are also passages interspersed here and there, that were written many years ago on various occasions, and now thought worthy, after a long suppression, of being revived and brought to light; but these likewise are very few.

They were begun almost two years ago; but have been greatly impeded, and often interrupted by disorder and darkness of soul, afflictions and temptations of various kinds, and other hindrances. They are published not only in the same *order*, but almost in the same *manner* in which they were first written: For though they have since undergone a cursory revisal, and have been lightly retouched, the alterations I have made in them are neither very numerous nor material.

I desire wholly to submit them, with myself, to the all-wise disposal of that God, the sweet enlivening influences of whose blessed Spirit I often felt while they were competing. All I would humbly wish is that Jesus of *Nazareth*, the mighty God, the friend of sinners, would be pleased to make them, in some measure (weak and mean as they are) instrumental in setting forth his glory, propagating and enforcing the truths of his gospel, cheering the hearts of his people, and exalting his inestimable righteousness, upon which alone the unworthy author desires to rest the whole of his salvation.

Though the rich displays of God's free sovereign grace, and electing love to me the chief of sinners may be seen, by an enlightened eye, in several parts of the compositions; and though one of them in particular (No. XXVII. Page 39 entitled, *The Author's own Confession*) be written professedly with that view; I shall nevertheless lay hold on the present occasion to make my public acknowledgement of God's unmerited grace to me, by giving a brief and summary account of the great things he hath done for my soul: I say, a brief and summary account; for a minute and circumstantial detail of them would more than fill an ample volume.

As I had the happiness of being born of believing parents, I imbibed the sound doctrines of the gospel from my infancy; nor was I without touches of heart, checks of conscience, and meltings of affections by the secret strivings of God's Spirit with me while very young: But the impressions were not deep, nor the influences lasting, being frequently defaced and quenched by the vanities and vices of childhood and youth.

About the twenty-first year of my age, I began, to be under great anxiety concerning my soul. The spirit of bondage distressed me sore; though I endeavoured (as I believe most under legal convictions do) to commend myself to God's favour, by amendment of life, virtuous resolutions, moral rectitude, and a drift attendance on religious ordinances. I drove to subdue my flesh by fasting, and other rigorous acts of penance and mortification; and whenever I was captivated by its lusts (which indeed was often the case) I endeavoured to reconcile myself again to God by sorrow for my faults; which, if attended with tears, I hoped would pass as current coin with heaven; and then I judged myself whole again, and to stand on equal terms with icy foes, till the next fall; which generally succeeded in a short time.

In this uneasy restless round of sinning and repenting, working and dreading, I went on for above seven years; when, a great domestic affliction befalling me, (in which I was a moderate sufferer, but a monstrous sinner) I began to sink deeper and deeper into conviction of my nature's evil, the deceitfulness and hardness of my heart, the wickedness of my life, the shallowness of my Christianity, and the blindness of my devotion. I saw that I was in a dangerous state; and that I must have a better religion than I had yet experienced, before I could, with any propriety call myself a Christian. How did I now long to feel the merits of Christ applied to my soul by the Holy Spirit! How often did I make my strongest efforts to call God *my God!* But alas! I could no more do this, than I could raise the dead. I found now, by woeful experience, that faith was not in my power; and the question with me now was, not whether I *would* be a Christian or no; but whether I might; not whether I should repent and believe: but whether God would give me true repentance and a living faith.

After some weeks palled in this gloomy, dreadful state, the Lord was pleased to comfort me a little, by enabling me to appropriate, in some measure, the merits of the Saviour to my own soul. This comfort increased for some time: And my understanding was also wonderfully illuminated in reading the holy scriptures; so that I could see Christ in many passages, where before I little imagined to find him; and was encouraged to hope I had an interest in his merits, and the benefits by him procured to his people.

In this blessed state my continuance was but short: For, rushing impetuously into notions beyond my experience, I hasted to make myself a Christian by mere doctrine, adopting other men's opinions before I had tried them; and set up for a great light in religion, disregarding the internal work of grace begun in my soul by the Holy Ghost. This *liberty*, assumed by myself, and not given by Christ, soon grew to *libertinism*; in which I took large progressive strides, and advanced to a dreadful height, both in principle and practise. In a word, I ran such dangerous lengths both of carnal and spiritual wickedness that I even out-went professed infidels, and shocked the irreligious and profane with my horrid blasphemies, and monstrous impieties. Hardness of heart was, with me, a sign of good confidence; carelessness went for trust, empty notions for great faith, a feared conscience for assurance of faith, and rash presumption for Christian courage.

My actions were, in a great measure, conformable to my notions: For having (as I imagined) obtained by Christ a liberty of sinning, I was resolved to make use of it; and thought the more I could sin without remorse, the greater hero I was in faith. A tender conscience I deemed weakness; prayer I left for novices and bigots; and a broken and contrite heart was a thing too low and legal for me to *approve*, much more to *desire*. Not to dwell on particulars, I shall only say (what, though shocking to hear, is too true!) that I *committed all uncleanness and greediness*.

In this abominable state I continued, a loose backslider, an audacious apostate, a bold faced rebel, for nine or ten years, not only committing acts of lewdness myself, but infecting others with the poison of my delusions, I published several pieces on different subjects, chiefly translations of the ancient heathens; to which I prefixed prefaces, and subjoined notes of a pernicious tendency; and indulged a freedom of thought far unbecoming a Christian.

But God, who is rich in mercy, and whose grace is, like himself, almighty, did not altogether give me up to hardness and impenitence: I felt, from time to time, meltings of heart and inward compunction; and had a secret hope at the bottom (which often rose above my gross corruptions) that I mould not always go on in this abandoned manner, and run as reprobate to final perdition.

About seven or eight years ago, I began by degrees to reform a little, and to live in a more sober and orderly manner. And now, as I retained the form of sound words, and held the doctrines of free grace, justification, and other orthodox tenets, I was tolerably confident of the goodness of my state; especially as I could now also add that other requisite, a moral behaviour. Surely, thought I, though I have been so profligate and profane, yet as I am now reclaimed, and; in not only found in principles, but sober and honest in practise, I cannot but be in the right way to the favour of God.

For several years, I went on in this easy, cool, smooth, and indolent manner, with a lukewarm insipid kind of religion, yet not without some secret whispers of God's love, and visitations of his grace, and now and then warm addresses to him in private prayer. But alas! all this while my heart was whole; the fountains of the great deeps of my sinful nature were not broken up. I was therefore conscious that the written word of God was against me, especially those parts of it, that represent the children of God as a poor, afflicted, mourning, broken-hearted people; of which characteristic I was destitute; Nor was the blood of Christ effectually applied to my soul. I looked on his death indeed as the grand sacrifice for sin: and always thought on him with respect and reverence; but did not see the inestimable value of his blood and righteousness clearly enough to make me abhor myself, and count all things else but dung and dross. On the contrary, when I used to read the scriptures (which I now did constantly, both in *English* and the original languages) though my mind was often affected, and my understanding illuminated by many passages that treated of the Saviour; yet I was so far from seeing or owning that there was such a necessity for his death, and that it could be of such infinite value as is represented, that I have often resolved (O the horrible depth of man's fall, and the desperate wickedness of the human heart!) that I never would believe it; and have been tempted to tell God himself, that he could not make me, without injuring my reason, and imposing on my understanding, by downright violence and perversive power.

About three or four years ago, I fell into a deep despondency of mind, because I had never experienced grand revelations and miraculous discoveries. I was very melancholy, and shunned all company, walking pensively alone, or sitting in private, and bewailing my sad and dark condition, not having a friend in the world, to whom I could communicate the burden of my soul; which was so heavy, that I sometimes hesitated even to take my necessary food. But after many a gloomy doleful hour spent in solitude and sorrow, not without strong and frequent cries and tears to God, and beseeching him to reveal himself to me in a clearer manner, I thought he asked me, in the midst of one of my prayers; whether I rather chose the visionary revelations of which I had formed some wild idea, or to be content with trusting to the low despised mystery of a crucified man? I was enabled to prefer the latter; and felt great comfort in expecting the future effects of my choice.

But gloom of mind, and dejection of spirit still frequently overwhelmed me: From which I used to be relieved, by pouring out my soul to Christ, and beseeching him, with cries and groans and tears, to reveal himself to me; praying at the same time it might be done without pain; for I was so much a coward, that I preferred ease to every other consideration. I was often answered by such portions of scripture as these: *Behold I come quickly; and my reward is with me — That which thou hast already, hold fast till I come.*

To the *latter* of these, I closed my hands fast, and cried, I would sooner part with every drop of blood than let go the hopes I already had in a crucified Saviour: and to the *former*, I used to reply, (after considering the words, *My reward is with me*) “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.” For though I expected some fore visitation; yet, believing that Christ would bring strength and power with him, I waited, and longed for his coming.

The week before *Easter* 1757, I had such an amazing view of the agony of Christ in the garden, as I know not well how to describe. I was loft in wonder and adoration; and the impression it made was too deep, I believe, ever to be obliterated — I shall say no more of this; but only remark, that notwithstanding all that is talked about the sufferings of Jesus, none can know anything of them, but by the Holy Ghost; and, I believe, he that knows most, knows but very little. It was upon this I made the first part of Hymn 1. *On the Passion*: which however, I afterwards mutilated and altered.

I used to be often terribly cut down with those words: *And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.* Matthew xxv. 30. Which sometimes sunk me almost to utter despair; and then again I used to receive some comfort. At length despair began to make dreadful head against me: hopes grew fainter, and terrors stronger: Which latter were increased by a faithful letter I received from a friend, who had also run great lengths of impiety with me formerly, but was now reclaimed.

The convictions I now laboured under, were not like those legal convictions I had formerly felt, but far worse, horrible beyond expression. I looked on myself as a gospel-sinner; one that had trampled under foot the blood of Jesus: and for whom there remained no more sacrifice for sin. I shall not enlarge here, choosing rather to suppress than exaggerate; as I do not lay stress on my own sufferings, or those of any other man, except the man Christ Jesus; but surely what I felt was very grievous. For so deep was my despair, that I found in me a kind of wish, that I might only be damned with the common damnation of transgressors of God's law. But, oh! I thought the hottest place in hell must be my portion. All the evangelical promises were so far from comforting me, that they were my greatest tormentors; because they would only increase my condemnation.

This distress and anguish of soul was likewise attended with great infirmity of body. One morning I was waked with intolerable pain, as if balls of fire were burning my reins. Amidst this excruciating torture, which lasted near an hour, one of the first things I thought on, was, the pierced side of Jesus, and what pain of body, as well as soul, he underwent. Soon after *fiery* stroke, I was seized in the evening with a *cold* shivering, which I concluded to be the icy damp of death, and that after that must come everlasting damnation. In this condition I went to my bed; but dared not close my eyes, even when nature was overcharged, lest I awake in hell.

While these horrors remained, I used to run backwards and forwards to places of religious worship, especially to the tabernacle in *Moorfields*, and the chapel in *Tottenham Court*: Where, indeed I received some comfort, (which, though little, was then highly prized, because greatly needed) but in the general almost everything served only to condemn me, to make me rue my own backslidings, and envy those children of God, who had continued to walk honestly ever since their first conversion. Notions of religion I wanted no man to teach me; I had doctrine enough; but found by woeful experience, that dry doctrine, though ever so sound, will not sustain a soul in the day of trial.

In this sad state I went moping about (and that I could, was next to a miracle) having some little hope at the bottom under all, which now and then would glimmer, but was soon overwhelmed again with clouds of horror, till *Whitsunday*, 1757; when I happened to go in the afternoon to the *Moravian* chapel in *Fetter Lane*, where I had been several times before. The minister preached on these words; *Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.* Rev. iii. 10. Though the text, and most of what was said on it, seemed to make greatly against me; yet I listened with much attention, and felt myself deeply impressed by it. When it was over, I thought of hastening to *Tottenham Court* chapel; but presently altering my mind, returned to my own house.

I was hardly got home, when I felt myself melting away into a strange softness of affection; which made me fling myself on my knees before God. My horrors were immediately dispelled, and fresh light and comfort flowed into my heart, as no words can paint. The Lord by his Spirit of love came, — not in a visionary manner into my brain, but with such divine power and energy into my soul, that I was lost in blissful amazement. I cried out, “What me, Lord?” His Spirit answered in me, “Yet, thee.” I objected: “But I have been so unspeakably vile and wicked.” — The answer was, *I pardon thee fully and freely. Thy own goodness (for I had now set about a thorough amendment, if peradventure I might be spared) cannot save thee, nor shall thy wickedness damn thee. I undertake to work all my works in thee and for thee: and to bring thee safe through all.* The alteration I then felt in my soul, was as sudden and palpable, as that experienced by a person staggering, and almost sinking under a burden, when it is immediately taken from his shoulders. Tears ran in streams from my eyes for a considerable while; and I was so swallowed up in joy and thankfulness, that I hardly knew where I was. I threw my soul willingly into my Saviour’s hands; lay weeping at his feet, wholly resigned to his will, and only begging that I might, if he was graciously pleased to permit it, be of some service to his church and people.

Thenceforth I enjoyed sweet peace in my soul; and had such clear and frequent manifestations of his love to me, that I longed for no other heaven. My horrors were banished, and have not, I think, returned since with equal violence. And though I can see little signs, as yet, of his granting my request concerning usefulness;* though I am very barren of good, and full of evil; though I have many sore trials and temptations in my soul; yet it pleases the Lord to reveal himself often in me, to open the mysteries of his cross, and give me to trust in his precious blood.

*. Note. This was written before the author’s call to the ministry.

Not long after this my — Shall I call it *re-conversion*? — I was terribly infected with thoughts, so monstrously obscene and blasphemous, that they cannot be spoken, nor so much as hinted; and, I believe, such as hardly ever entered into the heart of any other man; though I am sensible that most of God's children are sometimes attacked in like manner: But mine were foul and black beyond example, and seemed to be the masterpieces of hell. They haunted me some months; and used to make me weep bitterly, and cry earnestly to my God to remove them: Which at last he was pleased to do in a great measure; though they would often be returning still, like intruding visitants, but are not permitted to come with much power. In short, I feel myself now as poor, as weak, as helpless, and dependent as ever; but now my weakness is my greatest strength; I now rejoice, though I rejoice with trembling.

I soon began to be visited by God's Spirit in a different manner from whatever I had felt before. I had constant communion with him in prayer. His sufferings, his wounds, his agonies of soul were impressed upon me in an amazing manner. I now believed my name was sculptured deep in the Lord Jesus' breast, with characters never to be erased. I saw him with the eye of faith, stooping under the load of my sins; groaning and grovelling in *Gethsemane* for me. The incarnate God was more and more revealed to me; and I had far other notions of his sufferings, than I had entertained before. Now I saw that the grief of Christ was the grief of my maker; that his wounds were the wounds of the Almighty God; and the least drop of his blood now appeared to me more valuable than ten thousands of worlds. As I had before thought his sufferings to little, they now appeared to me to be too great, and I cried out, in transports of blissful astonishment; "Lord, 'tis too much, 'tis too much; surely my soul was not worth so great a price."

I had also such a spirit of sympathetic love to the Lord Jesus given me, that after I had left off to sorrow for *myself*, for some months I grieved and mourned bitterly for *him*. I looked on him whom I had pierced, and felt such sharp compunction, mixed at the same time with so much compassion, that the pain and the pleasure I experienced, are much better felt than expressed.

Jesus Christ, and he crucified, is now the only thing I desire to know. In that incarnate mystery are contained all the rich treasures of divine wisdom. This is the mark, towards which I am still pressing forward. This is the cup of salvation, of I wish to drink deeper and deeper. This is the knowledge, in which I long to grow; and desire at the same time a daily increase in all true grace and godliness. All duties, means, ordinances, etc. are to me then only rich, when they are enriched with the blood of the Lamb; in companion of which, all things else are but chaff and husks.

PHARISAIC ZEAL, and ANTINOMIAN SECURITY, are the two engines of Satan, with which he grinds the church in all ages, as betwixt the upper and the nether millstone. The space between them is much narrower and harder to find, than most men imagine. It is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen; and none can show it us but the Holy Ghost. Here, let no one trust the directions of his own heart, or of any other man; lest by being warned to shun the one, he be dashed against the other. The distinction is too fine for man to discern: Therefore, let the Christian ask direction of his God. These two hideous monsters continually worry and perplex my soul: nor is the former, though appearing in a holier shape, one whit less, but (if possible) more odious to me than the latter. Therefore, from the wonderful dealings of God towards me, I endeavour to draw the following observations.

On the one hand, I would observe: that it is *not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God which showeth mercy.* — That none can make a Christian, but he that made the world — That it is the glory of God to bring good out of evil — That whom he loveth, he loveth unto the end. — That though all men seek, more or less, to recommend themselves to God's favour by their works, yet *is him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.* — That the blood of the Redeemer, applied to the soul by his Spirit, is the one thing needful. — That prayer is the task and labour of a Pharisee; but the privilege and delight of a Christian. — That God grants not the requests of his people, because they pray; but they pray, because he deigns to answer their petitions. — That self-righteousness, and legal holiness rather keep the soul from, rather than draw it to Christ — That they who seek salvation by them, pursue shadows; mistake the great end of the law, and err from the *way, the truth, and the life.*

— That God's design is to glorify his Son alone, and to debase the excellency of every creature. — That no righteousness besides the righteousness of Jesus (that is, the righteousness of God) is any avail towards acceptance.— That to be a moral man, a zealous man, a devout man, is very short of being a Christian. — That the eye of faith looks more to the blood of Jesus than to the soul's victory over corruptions. — That the dealings of God with his people, though similar in the general, are nevertheless so various. that there is no chalking out the paths of one child by those of another; no laying down regular plans of Christian conversion, Christian experience, Christian usefulness, or Christian conversation. — That the will of God is the only standard of right and good — That the sprinkling of the blood of a crucified Saviour on the conscience, by the Holy Ghost, sanctifies a man: without which the most abstemious life and rigorous discipline is unholy. — Lastly, That faith and holiness, with every other blessing, are the purchase of the Redeemer's blood; and that he has a right to bestow them on whom he will, in such a manner, and in such a measure, as he thinks best; though the spirit in all men lusteth to envy.

On the other hand, I would observe; that it is not so easy to be a Christian as some men seem to think. — That for a living soul really to trust in Christ alone, when he sees nothing in himself but evil and sin, is an act as supernatural, as for *Peter* to walk the sea.

— That mere doctrine though ever so sound, will not alter the heart; consequently that to turn from one set of tenets to another, is not Christian conversion. — That as much as *Lazarus* coming out of his grave, and feeling himself restored to life, differed from those who only saw the miracle, or believed the fact when told them; so great is the difference between a soul's real coming out of himself, and having the righteousness of Christ imputed to him by the precious faith of God's elect, and a man's bare believing the doctrine of imputed righteousness because he sees it contained in scripture, or assenting to the truth of it when proposed to his understanding by others. — That a wholehearted disciple can have but little communion with a broken-hearted Lord. — That if *any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his*. — That a prayerless spirit, is not the spirit of Christ; but that prayer to a Christian is as necessary and as natural as food to a natural man. — That the usual way of going to heaven is through much tribulation. — That the sinner, which is drawn to Christ, is not he that has learned that he is a sinner by head knowledge, but that feels him self such by heart contrition. — That he that believeth hath an unction from the Holy One. — That a true Christian is as vitally united to Christ, as my hand or foot to my body; consequently suffers and rejoices with him. — That a believer talks and converses with God. — That a dead faith can no more cherish the soul than a dead corpse can perform the functions of life — That where there is true faith, there will be obedience and the fear of God.

— That he that lives by the faith of the Son of God, eateth his flesh, and drinketh his blood. — That *he that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life.* — That many imagine themselves great believers, who have little or no true at all: And many, who deem themselves void of faith, cleave to Christ by the faith of the operation of God. — That faith, like gold, must be tried in the fire, before it can be safely depended on. — Lastly, that Christians are sealed by the Holy Ghost to the day of redemption: and to this seal they trust their eternal welfare, not to naked knowledge or speculative notions, though ever so deep. They dread to dream they are rich, when they are blind and poor; to have a name to live, and yet be dead; or to be forced to fly for precarious refuge to the conjectural scheme of universal salvation, with those who hope to be saved, because they *think* there will be none lost.

For my own part, I confess myself a sinner still; and though I am not much tempted to outward gross acts of iniquity, yet inward corruptions and spiritual wickedness continually harass and perplex my soul, and often make me cry out, “O wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death!” From me they are not yet removed; though I once hoped, with many others, that I should soon get rid of them. All I can do is to look to Jesus through them all; cling fast to his wounded side; long to be clothed with his righteousness; pray him to plead my cause against these spiritual enemies that rise up against me; and, though I feel myself leprous from head to foot, believe that I am clean through the word which he hath spoken unto me. In short, I rejoice, not because the spirits are always subject to me (for, alas! I find they are often too strong for me to control) but because my name is written in heaven.

I am daily more and more convinced, that the promises of God, to *his people*, are absolute; and desire to build my hopes on the free electing love of God in Christ Jesus to my soul, before the world began; which I can experimentally and feelingly say, he hath delivered from the *lowest hell*. He hath plucked me as a brand out of the fire. Though my ways were dreadfully dangerous to the last degree, his eye was all along upon me for good. He hath excited me to love much, by forgiving me much. He hath showed me, and still daily shows me, the abominable deceit, lust, enmity, and pride of my heart, and the inconceivable depths of his mercy; how far I was fallen, and how much it cost him of sweat and blood to bring me up. He hath proved himself stronger than I: and his goodness superior to all my unworthiness. He gives me to *know* and to *feel* too, that without him I can do nothing. He tells me (and he enables me to believe it) that I am all fair, and there is no spot in me. Though an enemy, he calls me his friend; though a traitor, his child; though a beggared prodigal, he clothes me with the *best robe*, and has put a ring of endless love and mercy on my hand. And though I am often sorely distressed by spiritual internal foes, afflicted, tormented, and bowed down almost to death, with the sense of my own present barrenness, ingratitude, and proneness to evil; he secretly shows me his bleeding wounds; and softly, but powerfully whispers to my soul, "I am thy great salvation."

His free distinguishing grace is the bottom on which is fixed the rest of my poor weary tempted soul. On this I ground my hope, oftentimes when unsupported by any other evidence, save only by the spirit of adoption received from him. He hath chosen me out from everlasting, in whom to make known the inexhaustible riches of his free grace and long differing. Though I am a stranger to others, and a wonder to myself; yet I know *him*, or rather am known of him. Though poor in myself, I am rich enough in him. When my dry, empty, barren soul is parched with thirst, he kindly bids me come to him, and drink my fill at the fountain head. In a word, he empowers me to say, with experimental evidence: *Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.* Amen and Amen.

April, 1759.

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The Dedication.

[10's]

Jesus, Jehovah, Lord of heaven and earth,
 To whom I owe my first and second birth;
 Whose hands first formed me, and whose precious blood
 Redeemed my soul, and gives me peace with God;
 My faithful Friend, my Father reconciled,
 Accept an offering from thy feeble child:
 Whose helpless hand this token, mean and small,
 Would fondly give to Thee, who givest him all.
 Take both the gift and giver to thy care:
 May both thy bounty, and thy love declare,
 By Thee he both directed to fulfil
 The holy counsels of thy heavenly will.

The Fast Hymn.

[L. M.]

- 1 The mighty God that reigns on high,
Inhabiting eternity;
Who makes the heaven of heavens his throne,
The holy high, and lofty One,
- 2 Before the splendor of whose rays
The brightest angel veils his face,
While all the host with one accord
Cry holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 3 This God (so humble is his love)
Stoops to behold the things above;
But lower still that love can go,
And stoop to visit worm below.
- 4 His royal state aside he laid,
Came down to earth, a man was made.
To make poor men the sons of God,
And pay the debt his brethren owed.
- 5 With sinners (condescension great!)
With sinners Jesus deigned to eat;
And tempted in the desert vast,
For sinners he vouchsafed to fast,
- 6 Hunger and thirst with willing mind
He underwent, nor once repined;
Content beneath our load to groan,
And make our woes and wants his own,
- 7 Now, Christian, offer prayer and praise;
Acknowledge him in all thy ways,
Nor alms nor fastings disesteem;
For God accepts them all in him.
- 8 Fear not; thy gracious God in love
Thy prayers will hear, thy fasts approve,
For what good thing can he deny,
Who gave his only Son to die?

HYMNS.

1. On the Passion.

[L. M.]

- 1 Come all ye chosen saints of God,
That long to feel the cleansing blood
In pensive pleasure join with me,
To sing of sad *Gethsemane*.
- 2 *Gethsemane, the olive press!*
(And why so called, let Christians guess.)
Fit name! fit place! where vengeance strove
And gripped and grappled hard with love.
- 3 Twas here the Lord of life appeared,
And sighed and groaned, and prayed, and feared;
Bore all incarnate God could bear,
With strength enough; and none to spare.
- 4 The power of hell united pressed,
And squeezed his heart, and bruised his breast.
What dreadful conflicts raged within,
When sweat and blood forced through the skin!
- 5 Dispatched from heaven an angel stood,
Amazed to find him bathed in blood,
Adored by angels and obeyed
But lower now than angels made.

- 6 He stood to strengthen, not to fight,
Justice exacts its utmost mite.
This victim, vengeance will pursue:
He undertook, and must go through.
- 7 Three favoured servants, left not far,
Were bid to wait and watch the war:
But Christ withdrawn, what watch we keep!
To shun the sight, they sunk in sleep.
- 8 Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he sought some help from man;
Or wished, at least, they would condole
(Twas all they could) his tortured soul.
- 9 Whate'er he sought for, there was none;
Our Captain fought the field alone:
Soon as the chief to battle led,
That moment every soldier fled.
- 10 Mysterious conflict! dark disguise!
Hid from all creatures' peering eyes:
Angels astonished, viewed the scene,
And wondered yet what all could mean.
- 11 O *Mount of Olives*, sacred grove!
O garden, scene of tragic love!
What bitter herbs thy beds produce!
How rank their scent! how harsh their juice!
- 12 Rare virtues now these herbs contain;
The Saviour sucked out all their bane.
My mouth with these if conscience cram,
I'll eat them with the Paschal Lamb.
- 13 O *Kedron*, gloomy brook, how foul,
Thy *black* polluted waters roll!
No tongue can tell (but some can taste)
The filth that into thee was cast.

14 In *Eden's* garden there was food
Of every kind for man, while good;
But banished thence, we fly to thee,
O garden of *Gethsemane*.

PART 2.

- 15 And why dear Saviour, tell me why,
Thou thus wouldst suffer, bleed, and die?
What mighty motive could thee move?
The motive's plain, 'twas all for love.
- 16 For love of whom? Of sinners base,
A hardened herd, a rebel race
That mocked and trampled on thy blood,
And wantoned with the wounds of God.
- 17 When rocks and mountains rent with dread.
And gaping graves gave up their dead;
When the fair sun withdrew his light,
And bid his head to shun the sight.
- 18 Then stood the wretch of human race,
And raised his head, and showed his face;
Gazed unconcerned when nature failed,
And scoffed, and sneered, and cursed, and railed.
- 19 Harder than rocks and mountains are,
More dull than dirt and earth by far.
Man viewed unmoved thy blood's rich stream.
Nor ever dreamed it flowed for him,
- 20 Such was that race of sinful men,
That gained that great salvation then,
Such and such only, still we see,
Such they were all: and such are we.

- 21 The Jews with thorns his temples crowned,
And lashed him when his hands were bound;
But thorns, and knotted whips, and bands
By us were furnished to their hands.
- 22 They nailed him to the accursed tree.
They did, my brethren, so did we.
The soldier pierced his side, 'tis true,
But we hare pierced him through and through.
- 23 O love, of unexampled kind!
That leaves all thought so far behind:
Where length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
Are lost to my astonished sight,
- 24 For love of me the Son of God
Drained every drop of vital blood
Long time I after idols ran;
But now my God's a martyred man.

2. Unsettledness.

[L. M.]

- 1 Lord, what a riddle is my soul!
Alive when wounded, dead when whole,,
Fondly I flee from pain; yet ease
Cannot content, nor pleasure please.
- 2 Thou hidest thy face; my sins abound,
World, flesh, and Satan, all surround:
Fain would I find my God, but fear
The means, perhaps, may prove severe.

- 3 If thou the least displeasure show,
And bring my vileness to my view;
Timorous and weak I shrink and say,
Lord keep thy chastening hand away.
- 4 If reconciled I see thy face,
Thy matchless mercy, boundless grace.
Tortured with bliss, I cry, Remove
That killing sight; I die with love.
- 5 My dear Redeemer, purge this dross,
Teach me to hug and love the cross.
Teach me thy chastening to sustain.
Discern the love, and bear the pain.
- 6 Nor spare to make me clearly see
The sorrows thou hast felt for me;
If death must follow, I comply:
Let me be sick with love and die.

3. The Doubting Christian.

[C. M.]

- 1 If unbelief's that sin accursed,
Abhorred by God above,
Because of all opposers worst.
It fights against his love:
- 2 How shall a heart that doubts like mine,
Dismayed at every breath,
Pretend to live the life divine;
Or fight the fight of faith?

- 3 Conscience accuses from within?
And others from without;
I feel my soul the sink of sin
And this produces doubt.
- 4 When thousand sins of various dyes,
Corruptions dark and foul,
Daily within my bosom rise,
And blackened all my soul.
- 5 I groan, and grieve, and cry, and call
On Jesus for relief,
But that delayed, to doubting fall,
Of all my sins the chief.
- 6 Such dire disorders vex my soul,
That ill engenders ill:
And when my heart I feel so foul,
I make it fouler still.
- 7 In this distress, the course I take
Is, still to call and pray;
And wait the time, when Christ shall speak,
And drive my foes away.
- 8 For that blest hour I sigh and pant,
With wishes warm and strong.-
But dearest Lord, lest these should faint,
Oh! do not tarry long.

4. To the Holy Ghost.

[S. M.]

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds;
And open all our eyes.

- 2 Cheer up desponding hearts,
 Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
 At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breast the flames
 Of never-dying love.
- 5 Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 5 Show us that loving man,
That rules the courts of bliss:
 The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
 The eternal Prince of Peace.
- 6 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part.
 And new create the whole.
- 7 If thou, celestial dove,
 Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall,
 To conscience, wrath, and law!
- 8 No longer burns our love;
 Our faith and patience fail;
Our sin revives; and death and hell,
 Our feeble souls assail.
- 9 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
 Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

5. To the Holy Ghost.

[C. M.]

- 1 Blest Spirit of truth, eternal God,
 Thou meek and lowly dove,
Who fillest the soul, through Jesus' bloody
 With faith, and hope, and love:
- 2 Who comforts the heavy heart,
 By sin and sorrow pressed;
Who to the dead canst life impart,
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
 And gives true peace and joy,
Which Satan's power cannot control,
 Nor all his wiles destroy.
- 4 Come from the blissful realms above,
 Our longing breasts inspire,
With thy soft flames of heavenly love,
 And fan the sacred fire.
- 5 Let no false comfort lift us up,
 To confidence that's vain:
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
 For whom the Lamb was slain.
- 6 Breathe comfort, where distress abounds,
 Make the whole conscience clean;
And heal with balm from Jesus' wounds,
 The festering sores of sin.
- 7 Vanquish our lusts, our pride remove;
 Takeout the heart of stone.
Show us the Father's boundless love,
 And merits of the Son.

8 The Father for the Son to die,
The willing Son obeyed;
The witness thou, to ratify
The purchase Christ has made.

6. To the Holy Ghost.

[886. 886.]

1 Descend from heaven, celestial Dove,
With flames of pure seraphic love,
Our ravished breasts inspire;
Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead;
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed,
In all our hearts abroad.
Point out the place where grace abounds;
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.

3 Conduct, blest guide, thy sinner-train
To Calvary where the Lamb was slain;
And with us there abide.
Let us our loved Redeemer meet,
Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,
And view his wounded side.

4 From which pure fountain if thou draw
Water to quench the fiery law,
And blood to purge our sin.
We'll tell the Father in that day,
(And thou shalt witness what we say)
We're clean, just God, we're clean.

5 Teach us for what to pray, and how;
And since, kind God, 'tis only thou
 The throne of grace can move,
Pray thou for us that we, through faith,
May feel the effects of Jesus' death,
 Through faith that works by love.

6 Thou, with the Father and the Son,
Art that mysterious three in one,
 God blest for evermore;
Whom though we cannot comprehend,
Feeling thou art the sinner's friend,
 We love thee, and adore.

7. Christ Very God and Man.

[C. M.]

1 A man there is, a real man,
 With wounds still gaping wide,
(From which, rich streams of blood once ran)
 In hands, and feet, and side.

2 ('Tis no wild fancy of our brains,
 No metaphor we speak:
The same dear man in heaven now reigns,
 That suffered for our sake.)

3 This wondrous man of whom we tell,
 Is true Almighty God.
He brought our souls from death and hell
 The price, his own heart's blood.

4 That human heart he still retains,
 Though throned in highest bliss;
And feels each tempted member's pains
 For our affliction's his.

5 Come then, repenting sinner, come;
 Approach with humble faith:
Owe what thou wilt, the total sum
 Is cancelled by his death.

6 His blood can cleanse the blackest soul
 And wash our guilt away
He shall present us sound and whole
 In that tremendous day.

8. Salvation by Christ Alone.

[C. M.]

1 How can ye hope, deluded souls,
 To see, what none e'er saw,
Salvation by the works obtained
 Of *Sinai's* fiery law?

2 There ye may toil, and weep, and fast;
 And vex your heart with pain;
And when ye're ended, find at last
 That all your toil was vain.

3 That Law but makes your guilt abound,
 Sad help! and (what is worst)
All souls, that under *that* are found,
 By God himself are cursed.

4 This curse pertains to those who break
 One precept e'er so small.
And where's the man, in thought or deed.
 That has not broken all?

5 Fly then, awakened sinners, fly,
 Your case admits no stay;
The fountain's opened now for sin,
 Come, *wash* your guilt away.

6 See how from Jesus' wounded side
The water flows, and blood!
If you but touch that purple tide,
You make your peace with God.

7 Only by faith in Jesus' wounds
The sinner gets release:
No other sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but this.

9. Of Sanctification.
Acts 15:9.

[C. M.]

1 The Holy Ghost in Scripture saith
Expressly in one part,
(Speaking by *Peter's* mouth) "By faith
God purifies the heart."

2 Now what in holy writ he says.
In part, or through the whole.
The self-same truths, by various ways,
He teaches in the soul.

3 Experience likewise tells us this
Before the Saviour's blood
Has washed us clean, and made our peace,
We can do nothing good.

4 But here, my friends the danger lies;
Errors of different kind
Will still creep in; which devils devise
To cheat the human mind.

- 5 "I want no work within," (says one)
" 'Tis all in Christ the head."
Thus careless he goes blindly on,
And trusts in faith that's dead,
- 6 " 'Tis dangerous" (another cries)
"To trust to faith alone;
Christ's righteousness will not suffice
Except I add my own."
- 7 Thus he, that he may something do
To shun the impending curse,
Upon the old, will patch the new,
And makes the rent still worse.
- 8 Others affirm the Spirit of God,
To true believers given,
Makes all their thoughts and acts of good
They're always fit for Heaven.
- 9 The babe of Christ, at hearing this.
Is filled with anxious fear;
Conscience condemns, corruptions rise.
And drive him near despair.
- 10 These trials weaklings suffer here,
Censure and scorn without;
And from within (what's worse to bear)
Despondency and doubt.
- 11 But, gracious God, who once didst feel
What weakness is, and fears;
Who got thy victory over hell
With groans and cries, and tears
- 12 Do thou direct our feeble heart,
To trust thee for the *whole*;
The work of grace, in all its parts
Accomplish in the soul.

13 Thy holy Spirit into us breathe
A perfect Saviour prove.
Lord, give us faith; and let that faith
Work all thy will by love.

10. The Enlightened Sinner.

[S. M.]

1 My God, when I reflect,
How all my life-time past,
I ran the roads of sin and death
With rash impetuous haste;

2 My foolishness I hate,
My filthiness I loathe,
And view, with sharp remorse and shame,
My filth and folly both.

3 With some the tempter takes
Much pains to make them mad;
But me he found, and always held
The easiest fool he had.

4 His deep and dangerous lies
So grossly I believed,
He was not readier to deceive,
Than I to be deceived.

5 His light and airy dreams
I took for solid good;
And thought his base adulterate coin
The riches of thy blood.

6 And dost thou still regard,
And cast a gracious eye
On one so foul, so base, so blind,
So dead, so lost, as I?

7 Then sinners, black as hell,
 May hence for hope have ground,
For who of mercy needs despair
 Since I have mercy found?

11. Jesus Our All.

[77. 77.]

1 Jesus is the chiefest good,
 He has saved us by his blood.
 Let us value nought but him;
 Nothing else deserves esteem.

2 Jesus, when stern justice, said
 “Man his life has forfeited,
 Vengeance follows by decree,”
 Cried, “Inflict it all on me.”

3 Jesus gives us life and peace,
 Faith, and love, and holiness;
 Every blessing, great or small,
 Jesus for us purchased all.

4 Jesus therefore let us own.
 Jesus we’ll exalt alone.
 Jesus has our sins forgiven.
 Jesus’ blood has bought us Heaven.

12. Christ’s Nativity.

[C. M.]

1 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your grateful tribute bring;
 And celebrate, with one accord,
 The birthday of our king.

- 2 Let us with humble hearts repair
 (Faith will point out the road)
To little *Bethlehem*; and there
 Adore our infant God,
- 3 In swaddling bands the Saviour view!
 Let none this weakness scorn;
The feeblest heart shall hell subdue,
 Where Jesus Christ is born.
- 4 No pomp adorns, no sweets perfume,
 The place where Christ is laid.
A stable serves him for his room;
 A manger is his bed.
- 5 The crowded inn, like sinner's hearts,
 (O ignorance extreme!)
For other guests of various sorts
 Had room; but none for him.
- 6 But see what different thoughts arise
 In ours and angel's breasts:
To hail his birth *they* left the skies;
 We lodged him with the beasts.
- 7 Yet let believers cease their fears,
 Nor envy heavenly powers:
If sinless innocence be *theirs*.
 Redemption all is *ours*.

13. Christ's Nativity.

[65. 65. D.]

- 1 How blest is the season,
 At which we appear!
Bow down, sense and reason,
 Faith only reigns here.
'Tis hard by mere nature
 With coldness or scorn,
That God our Creator
 An infant was born.

- 2 Lost souls to recover
 And form them afresh,
Our wonderful lover
 Took flesh of our flesh:
Then let each dull dreamer
 Awake to this morn,
And hail the Redeemer
 At *Bethlehem* born.
- 3 Ye drunkards, ye swearers,
 Ye muckworms of earth,
Repent, and be sharers
 In this blessed birth.
From sin to release us,
 That yoke so long worn,
The holy child Jesus
 Of *Mary* was born.
- 4 Opposers, transgressors,
 Of every degree,
And formal professors,
 The worst of the three,
With tears of contrition
 Your foolishness mourn;
To give you remission
 Immanuel's born.
- 5 Ye vilest of creatures,
 Backsliders so base,
Bold rebels and traitors,
 Abusers of grace,
Come, cease your backslidings.
 And once more return.
Receive the glad tidings,
 A Saviour is born,

6 Poor sinners dejected,
Of comfort debarred,
Whose hearts are afflicted
Because they're so hard,
Despairing of favour,
Cold, lifeless, forlorn!
Remember the Saviour
In *winter* was born.

7 And ye that sincerely
Confide in the Lamb,
(He loves you most dearly)
Rejoice in his name.
No more the believer
From God shall be torn;
To hold him for ever
An infant is born.

14. Christ's Nativity.

[87. 87. D.]

1 Let us all with grateful praises
Celebrate the happy day.
When the lovely, loving Jesus
First partook of human clay:
When the heavenly host assembled,
Gazed with wonder from the sky:
Angels joyed and devils trembled,
Neither fully knowing why.

- 2 Long had Satan reigned imperious;
Till the woman's promised seed,
Born a babe by birth mysterious,
Came to bruise the serpent's head.
Crush, dear babe, his power within us,
Break our chains, and set us free.
Pull down all the bars between us,
"Till we fly, and cleave to thee.
- 3 Shepherds on their flocks attending,
Shepherds that in night-time watched,
Saw the messenger descending
From the court of heaven dispatched.
Beams of glory decked his mission,
Bursting through the veil of night.
Fear possessed them at the vision:
Sinners tremble at the light.
- 4 Dove-like meekness graced his visage;
Joy and love shone round his head.
Soon he cheered them with his message:
Comfort flowed from all he said.
"Fear not, favourites of the Almighty,
Joyful news to you I bring.
You have now, in David's city,
Born, a Saviour, Christ the King."
- 5 "Go and find the royal stranger
By these signs. A babe you'll see,
Weak, and lying in a manger,
Wrapped and swaddled; that is he."
Straight a host of angels glorious
Round the heavenly herald throng,
Uttering, in harmonious chorus,
Airs divine; and this the song.

- 6 “Glory first to God be given
 In the highest heights; and then
 Peace on earth, proclaimed by heaven,
 Peace, and great good will to men.”
 Thus they sang with rapture kindling
 In the shepherds hearts a flame,
 Joy and wonder sweetly mingling:
 All believers feel the same.
- 7 Lo, sweet babe, we fall before thee.
 Jesus, thee we all adore.
 To thee, kingdom, power, and glory,
 Be ascribed for evermore.
*Glory to our God be given
 In the highest heights; and then
 Peace on earth brought down from heaven,
 Peace, and great good will to men.*

15. Tribulation.

[C. M.]

- 1 The souls that would to Jesus press,
 Must fix this firm and sure;
 That tribulation, more or less,
 They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt;
 ‘Tis God’s own wise decree.
 Satan the weakest saint will tempt;
 Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without;
 And unbelief within.
 We fear; we faint; we grieve; we doubt;
 And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up;
 And then how proud we grow!
 Till sad desertion makes us droop;
 And down we sink as low.

- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wandering heart;
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye;
And fight with hell by faith.
- 7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong:
His promises are true.
We shall be conquerors all ere long;
And more than conquerors too.

16. New Year's Day.

[66. 66. 44. 44.]

- 1 Once more the constant sun,
Revolving round his sphere,
His steady course has run,
And brings another year.
He rises, sets,
But goes not back;
Nor ever quits
His destined track.
- 2 Hence let believers learn
To keep a forward pace,
Be this our main concern,
To finish well our race.
Backslidings shun;
With patience press
Towards the sun
Of righteousness.

3 What now shall be our task?
Or rather what our prayer?
What good thing shall we ask;
To prosper this new year?
 With one accord
 Our hearts we'll lift
 And ask our Lord
 Some New Year's gift.

4 No trifling gift or small,
Should friends of Christ desire:
Rich Lord bestow on all
Pure gold, Well tried by fire;
 Faith that stands fast,
 When devils roar;
 And love that lasts
 For evermore.

17. Christ the Believer's All.

[87. 87. D.]

1 Lamb of God, we fall before thee,
 Humbly trusting in thy cross:
That alone be all our glory;
 All things else are dung and dross.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
 Only source of all that's good:
Every grace, and every favour,
 Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus gives true repentance,
 By his Spirit sent from heaven,
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
 "Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
Faith he gives us to believe it;
 Grateful hearts his love to prize:
Want we wisdom? He must give it
 Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections;
Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his directions;
And what he commands, inspires,
All our prayers, and all our praises,
Rightly offered in his name,
He that dictates them is Jesus:
He that answers, is the same.

4 When we live on Jesus' merit,
Then we worship God aright:
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we savingly unite.
Hear the whole conclusion of it:
Great or good, whate'er we call,
God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
Jesus Christ is all in all.

18.

[76. 76. D.]

Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

Matthew 8:2.

1 Oh! the pangs by Christians felt,
When their eyes are open;
When they see the gulfs of guilt,
They must wade and grope in;
When the hell appears within,
Causing bitter anguish;
And the loathsome stench of sin
Makes the spirits languish.

- 2 Now the heart disclosed betrays
All its hid disorders;
Enmity to God's right ways.
Blasphemies and murders,
Malice, envy, lust, and pride,
Thought obscene and filthy;
Sores corrupt and putrefied;
No part sound or healthy.
- 3 All things to promote our fail
Show a mighty fitness:
Satan will accuse withal,
And the conscience witness.
Foes within and foes without,
Wrath, and law, and terrors,
Rash presumption, timid doubt.
Coldness, deadness, errors!
- 4 Brethren, in a state so sad,
When temptations seize us,
When our hearts we feel thus bad,
Let us look to Jesus.
He that hung upon the cross,
For his people bleeding,
Now in heaven sits for us,
Always interceding.
- 5 Vengeance, when the Saviour died,
Quitted the believer.
Justice cried, I'm satisfied,
Now henceforth for ever.
It is finished, said the Lord,
In his dying minute:
Holy Ghost, repeat that word;
Full salvation's in it.

3 Leprous soul, press through the crowd,
In thy foul condition;
Struggle hard, and call aloud
On the great physician.
Wait till thy disease he cleanse,
Begging, trusting, cleaving;
When and where, and by what means,
To his wisdom leaving.

19.

[55. 55. 65. 65.]

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

1 Samuel 7:12.

1 Though strait be the way
With dangers beset;
And we through delay
Are no farther yet.
Our good Guide and Saviour
Hath helped thus far;
And 'tis by his favour
We are what we are.

2 A favour so great
We highly should prize;
Not murmur, nor fret,
Nor small things despise.
But what call we small things
Sin's whole cancelled sum?
'Tis greater than all things —
Except those to come.

3 My brethren, reflect
 On what we have been;
 How God had respect
 To us under sin.
When lower and lower
 We every day fell,
He stretched forth his power,
 And snatched us from hell,

4 Then let us rejoice,
 And cheerfully sing
 With heart and with voice,
 To Jesus our King;
Who thus far has brought us
 From evil to good;
The ransom that bought us
 No less than his blood.

5 For blessings like these
 So bounteously given,
 For prospects of peace,
And foretastes of heaven.
 'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant
To sing and adore;
 Be thankful for present
And then ask for more.

20.

[66. 66. 88.]

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.

James 1:12.

1 And must it, Lord be so?
 And must thy children bear
 Such various kinds of woe,
 Such soul-perplexing fear?
Are these the blessings we expect?
Is this the lot of God's elect?

- 2 Daily we groan and mourn,
 Beneath the weight of sin.
 We pray to be new-born,
 But know not what we mean:
We think it something very great
Something that's undiscovered yet.
- 3 Boast not, ye sons of earth,
 Nor look with scornful eyes:
 Above your highest mirth
 Our saddest hours we prize.
For though our cup seems filled with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all.
- 4 How harsh soe'er the way,
 Dear Saviour, still lead on;
 Nor leave us, till we say,
 "Father thy will be done."
At most we do but taste the cup,
For thou alone hast drunk it up.
- 5 Shall guilty man complain?
 Shall sinful dust repine?
 And what is all our pain,
 How light, compared with thine?
Finish, dear Lord, what is begun:
Choose thou the way, but still lead on.

21. The Wonders of Redeeming Love.

[L. M.]

- 1 How wondrous are the works of God,
 Displayed through all the world abroad!
 Immensely great! Immensely small!
 Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

- 2 He formed the sun, fair fount of light;
The moon and stars to rule the night:
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,
Are little works compared with one.
- 3 He rolled the seas, and spread the skies;
Made valleys sink, and mountains rise;
The meadows clothed with native green;
And bid the rivers glide between.
- 4 But what are seas, or skies or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove,
The wonders of redeeming love!
- 5 'Tis far beyond what words express,,
What saints can feel or angels guess,
Angels, that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.
- 6 The highest heavens are short of this
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss;
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,
Or hope expect, or faith believe.
- 7 Almighty God sighed human breath,
The Lord of life experienced death.
How it was done, we can't discuss;
But this we know, 'twas done for us,
- 8 Blest with this faith then let us raise
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise:
All things to us must work for good,
For whom the Lord hath shed his blood.
- 9 Trials may press of every sort;
They may be sore, they must be short.
We now *believe*, but soon shall *view*.
The greatest glories God can show.

22.

[77. 447. D.]

Whom resist, steadfast in the faith.

1 Peter 5:9.

- 1 In all our worst afflictions,
 When furious foes surround us;
 When troubles vex,
 And fears perplex,
 And Satan would confound us:
 When foes to God and goodness
 We find ourselves by feeling,
 Unable quite
 To do what's right,
 And almost as unwilling.
- 2 When, like the restless ocean,
 Our hearts cast up uncleanness,
 Flood after flood,
 With mire and mud;
 And all is foul within us;
 When love is cold and languid,
 And different passions shake us
 When hope decays
 And God delays,
 And seems to quite forsake us:
- 3 Then to maintain the battle
 With soldier-like behaviour,
 To keep the field,
 And never yield.
 But firmly eye the Saviour;
 To trust his gracious promise,
 Thus hard beset with evil;
 This, this is faith,
 Will conquer death.
 And overcome the devil.

23. Cleaving to Christ.

[76. 76. 78. 76.]

- 1 Brethren, let us praise our Lord;
 Exalt his blessed name:
Let us hear, and keep his word;
 His glory be our aim.
Let us resolutely strive
 To work God's work with full intent,
And what is it? To believe
 On him whom he hath sent.
- 2 Faith implanted from above,
 Will prove a fertile root;
Whence will spring a tree of love,
 Producing precious fruit.
Though bleak winds the boughs deface,
 The rooted stock shall still remain
Leaves may languish, fruit decrease;
 But more shall grow again.
- 3 Happy souls! who cleave to Christ,
 By pure and living faith,
Finding him their king and priest,
 Their God and guide till death.
God's own foe may plague his son;
 Sin may distress, but not subdue.
Christ who Conquered for us once,
 Will in us conquer too.

A Dialogue Between a Believer and *His Soul*.

- 1 Come, my soul, and let us try,
 For a little season,
 Every burden to lay by,
 Come and let us reason,
 What is this that casts thee down?
 Who are those that grieve thee?
 Speak, and let the worst be known
 Speaking may relieve thee.
- 2 *Oh! I sink beneath the load
 Of my nature's evil;
 Full of enmity to God;
 Captived by the Devil:
 Restless as the troubled sea;
 Feeble, faint, and fearful
 Plagued with every sore disease;
 How can I be cheerful?*
- 3 Think on what thy Saviour bore;
 In the gloomy garden
 Sweating blood at every pore,
 To procure thy pardon.
 See him stretched upon the wood
 Bleeding, grieving, crying;
 Suffering all the wrath of God;
 Groaning, gasping, dying!
- 4 *This by faith I sometimes view;
 And those views relieve me
 But my sins return anew,
 These are they that grieve me.
 Oh! I'm leprous, stinking, foul,
 Quite throughout infected
 Have not I, if any soul.
 Cause to be dejected?*

- 5 Think how loud thy dying Lord
Cried out, "*It is finished.*"
Treasure up that sacred word
Whole and undiminished.
Doubt not; he will carry on
To its full perfection,
That good work he has begun,
Why then this dejection?
- 6 *Faith, when void of works is dead*
This the scriptures witness:
And what have I to plead,
Who am all unfitness?
All my powers are depraved,
Blind, perverse and filthy;
If from death I'm fully saved,
Why am I not healthy?
- 7 Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink thee lower.
Look to Jesus kind as strong,
Mercy joined with power.
Every work that thou must do
Will thy gracious Saviour
For thee work, and in thee too,
Of his special favour.
- 8 *Jesus' precious blood once spilled,*
I depend on solely,
To release and clear my guilt:
But I would be holy.

He that hath bought thee on the cross
Can control thy nature,
Fully purge away thy dross,
Make thee a new creature.

- 9 *That he can, I nothing doubt,
Be it but his pleasure.*
Though it be not done throughout,
May it not in measure.
*When that measure, far from great,
Still shall seem decreasing —*
Faint not then; but pray, and wait,
Never, never ceasing,
- 10 *What when prayer meets no regard?
Still repeat it often.*
But I feel myself so hard —
Jesus will thee soften.
But my enemies make head.
Let them closer drive thee.
But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead.
Jesus will revive thee.

25. Christ the Believer's Surety.

[C. M.]

- 1 What slavish fears molest my mind,
And vex my sickly soul?
How is it, Lord, that thou art kind,
And yet I am not whole?
- 2 Ah! why should unbelief and pride,
With all her hellish train,
Still in my ransomed soul abide,
And give me all this pain?

- 3 Thy word is past, thy promise made
With power it came from heaven.
“Cheer up desponding soul,” (it said)
“Thy sins are all forgiven.”
- 4 “Behold I make thy cause my own;
I bought thee with my blood:
Thy wicked works on me be thrown,
And I will work thy good.”
- 5 “I am thy God, thy guide ‘till death,
Thine everlasting friend:
On, me for love, for works, for faith,
On me for all depend.”
- 6 Thy blood dear Lord, has bought my peace,
And paid the heavy debt;
Has given a fair and full release,
But I’m in prison yet.
- 7 Unjustly now these foes of mine
Their devilish hate pursue:
They made my surety pay the fine,
Yet plague the prisoner too.
- 8 What right can my tormentors plead,
That I should not be free?
Here’s an amazing change indeed!
Justice is now for me.
- 9 Lord, break these bars that thus confine,
These chains that gall me so.
Say to that ugly jailer, sin,
“Loose him, and let him go.”

26. The Narrow Way.

[S. M.]

PART I.

- 1 Wide is the gate of death;
 The way is large and broad,
And many enter in thereat,
 And walk that beaten road.
- 2 Because the gate of life
 Is narrow, low, and small;
The path so pressed, so close, so strait,
 There seems no path at all.
- 3 This way, that's found by few
 Ten thousand snares beset,
To turn the seeker's steps aside,
 And trap the travelers feet.
- 4 Before we've journeyed far,
 Two dangerous gulfs are fixed
Dead sloth, and pharisaic pride,
 Scarce a hair's breadth betwixt.
- 5 False lights delude the eyes,
 And lead the steps astray:
That traveler treads the surest here,
 That seldom sees his way.
- 6 Guides cry, Lo here! lo there!
 On this, on that side keep.
Some over-drive; some frighten back;
 And others lull to sleep.
- 7 On the left hand, and right
 Close cragged rocks are seen,
Distrust, and self-wrought confidence:
 'Tis hard to squeeze between.

- 8 Sometimes we seem to gain
 Great lengths of ground by day,
But find, alas! when night comes on,
 We quite mistook the way.
- 9 Sometimes we have no strength;
 Sometimes we want the will;
And sometimes, lest we might go wrong,
 We choose to stand quite still.
- 10 Again, through heedless haste,
 We catch some dangerous fall,
Then fearing we may move too fast,
 We hardly move at all.
- 11 Deep quagmires choke the way,
 Corruptions foul and thick!
Whose stench infects the air, and makes
 The strongest traveler sick.
- 12 Through these we long must wade;
 And oft stick fast in mire.
Now heat consumes; now frost benumbs
 As dangerous as the fire.
- 13 Specters of various forms
 Allure, enchant, affright,
Presumption tempts us every day,
 Despair assaults by night.
- 14 Companions if we find,
 Alas! how soon they're gone!
For 'tis decreed that most must pass
 The darkest paths alone.

- 15 Distressed on every side
 With evils felt or feared,
We pray, we cry, but cannot find
 That prayers or cries are heard.
- 16 Thickets of briars and thorns
 Our feeble feet enclose;
And every step we take betrays
 New dangers, and new foes.
- 17 When all these foes are quelled,
 And every danger past;
That ghastly phantom death remains,
 To combat with at last.

PART II.

- 18 If this be, Lord, thy way,
 Then who can hope to gain
That prize such numbers never seek,
 Such numbers seek in vain?
- 19 'Tis thine almighty grace,
 That can suffice alone.
Thou givest us strength to run the race,
 And then bestows the crown.
- 20 Cheer up, ye traveling soul;
 On Jesus' aid rely:
He sees us when we see not him,
 And always hears our cry.
- 21 Without cessation pray,
 Your prayers will not prove vain;
Our Joseph turns aside to weep,
 But cannot long refrain.

- 22 Sudden he stands confessed;
 We look, and all is light;
The foe confounded, swift as thought
 Sneaks off, and skulks from sight.
- 23 His presence clears the soul,
 And smooths the rugged way;
He often makes the crooked strait,
 And turns the night to day.
- 24 We then move cheerful on,
 The ground feels firm and good;
At least we should mistake the way,
 He lines it out with blood.
- 25 Again we cannot see
 His helping hand — but feel:
And though we neither feel nor see,
 His hand sustains us still.
- 26 He gently leads us on —
 Protects from fatal harms;
And when we faint, and cannot walk,
 He bears us in his arms.
- 27 He guides and moves our steps;
 For though we seem to move,
His Spirit all the motion gives
 By springs of fear and love.
- 28 The meek with love he draws,
 Restrains the rash by fear;
Searches and finds the wandering out
 And brings the distant near.
- 29 When for a time we stop,
 Perplexed and at a loss,
He like a beacon on a hill
 Erects his bloody cross.

- 30 Forward again we press,
And while that mark's in view,
Though hosts of foes beset the way.
We boldly venture through.
- 31 When all these foes are quelled,
And every danger past:
Though death remains, he but remain?
To be subdued the last.

27. The Author's Own Confession.

[L. M.]

- 1 Come hither, ye that fear the Lord,
Disciples of God's suffering Son;
Let me relate, and you record,
What he for my poor soul has done.
- 2 The way of truth I quickly missed,
And further strayed, and further still.
Expected to be saved by Christ,
But to be holy had no will.
- 3 The road of death with rash career
I ran; and gloried in my shame;
Abused his grace, despised his fear,
And others taught to do the same.
- 4 Far, far from home on husks I fed,
Puffed up with each fantastic whim,
With swine a beastly life I led,
And served God's foe instead of him.
- 5 A forward fool, a willing drudge,
I acted for the prince of hell:
Did all he bid without a grudge,
And boasted I could sin so well.

- 6 Bold blasphemies employed my tongue.
I heeded not my heart unclean,
Lost all regard of right or wrong,
In thought, in word, in act, obscene.
- 7 My body was with lust defiled,
My soul I pampered up in pride.
Could sit and hear the Lord reviled,
The Saviour of mankind denied.
- 8 I strove to make my flesh decay
With foul disease, and wasting pain:
I strove to fling my soul away,
And damn my soul — but strove in vain,
- 9 The Lord, from whom I long backslid,
First checked me with some gentle stings;
Turned on me, looked, and softly chid,
And bid me hope for greater things.
- 10 Soon to his bar he made me come,
Arraigned, convicted, cast, I stood,
Expecting from his mouth the doom
Of those, who trample on his blood.
- 11 Pangs of remorse my conscience tore.
Hell opened hideous to my view,
And what I only heard before,
I found by sad experience true.
- 12 Oh! what a dismal state was this —
What horrors shook my feeble frame!
But, brethren, surely you can guess;
For you, perhaps, have felt the same.

- 13 But O the goodness of our God!
What pity melts his tender heart!
He saw me weltering in my blood
And came, and eased me of my smart.
- 14 While I was yet a great way off,
He ran, and on my neck he fell.
My short distress he judged enough,
And snatched me from the brink of hell.
- 15 What an amazing change was here!
I looked for hell; he brought me heaven.
Cheer up, said he; dismiss thy fear —
Cheer up, thy sins are all forgiven.
- 16 I would object; but faster much
He answered peace. What me? *Yes, thee.*
But my enormous crimes are such —
I give thee pardon full and free.
- 17 But for future, Lord — *I am*
Thy great salvation — perfect, whole,
Behold thy bad works shall not damn
Nor can thy good works save thy soul.
- 18 *Renounce them both. Myself alone*
Will for thee work, and in thee too,
Henceforth I make thy cause my own,
And undertake to bring thee through.
- 19 He said, I took the full release,
The Lord had signed it with his blood.
My horrors fled, and perfect peace
And joy unspeakable ensued.

- 20 I only begged one humble boon;
(Nor did the Lord offended seem)
Some service might by me be done
To souls that trust in him.
- 21 Thus I, who lately had been cast,
And feared just but heavy doom,
Received a pardon for the past,
A promise for the time to come.
- 22 This promise oft I call to mind
As through some painful paths I go,
And secret consolation find,
And strength to fight with every foe.
- 23 And oft times, when the tempter fly
Affirms it fancied, forgo! or vain,
He appears, disproves the lie,
And kindly makes it o'er again.

28. Corruptions.

[C. M.]

- 1 The Lord assured the chosen race,
From *Egypt's* bondage brought,
They should obtain the promised place,
And find the rest they sought.
- 2 Strong nations now possess the land,
Yet yield not thou to doubt;
With arm out stretched, and mighty hand,
Thy God shall drive them out,
- 4 Not all at once; for fear thou find
The ravenous beasts of prey
Rising upon them from behind,
As dangerous foes as they.

- 4 By little, and by little, he
Will chase them from thy sight.
Believers are not called we see,
To sleep or play, but fight.
- 5 Spiritual pride, that rampant beast,
Would rear its haughty head.
True *faith* would soon be dispossessed,
And *carelessness* succeed.
- 6 Corruptions make the mourners shun
Presumption's dangerous snare;
Force us to trust to Christ alone,
And fly to God by prayer.
- 7 By them we feel how low we're lost,
And learn in some degree,
How dear that great salvation cost,
Which comes to us so free.
- 8 If such a weight to every soul
Of sin and sorrow fall;
What love was that which took the whole
And freely bore it all!
- 9 O, when will God our joy complete,
And make an end of sin!
When shall we walk the land, and meet
No Canaanite therein?
- 10 Will this precede the day of death?
Or must we wait till then?
Ye struggling souls, be strong in faith,
And quit yourselves like men.
- 11 Our dear deliverer's love is such,
He cannot long delay.
Mean time that foe can't boast of much,
Who makes us watch and pray.

29. The Paradox.

[11 9. 11 9.]

- 1 How strange is the course that a Christian must steer?
How perplexed is the path he must tread?
The hope of his happiness rises from fear;
And his life he receives from the head.
- 2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be waived.
And his best resolutions crossed:
Nor can he expect to be perfectly saved,
Till he finds himself utterly lost.
- 3 When all this is done, and his heart is assured
Of the total remission of sins:
When his pardon is signed, and peace is procured
From that moment his conflict begins.

30.

[C. M.]

Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.

Exodus 14:13.

- 1 Oh! what a narrow, narrow path
Is that which leads to life!
Some talk, of works, and some of faith,
With warmth, and zeal, and strife.
- 2 But after all that's said or done,
Let men think what they will,
The strength of every tempted son
Consists in standing still.
- 3 "Stand still?" says one, "that's easy sure,
'Tis what I always do;"
Deluded soul, be not secure:
This is not meant to you.

- 4 Not driven by fear, nor drawn by love,
Nor yet by duty led,
Lie still you do; and never move,
For who can move, that's *dead*?
- 5 But for a *living* soul to stand,
By thousand dangers scared,
And feel destruction close at hand,
Oh! this indeed is hard.
- 6 To shun this danger, others run
To hide they know not where:
Or though they fight, no victory won;
They only beat the air.
- 7 He that believes, the scripture says,
Shall not confusedly haste:
Thus danger threatens both him that stays,
And him that runs too fast,
- 8 Haste grasps at all; but nothing keeps;
Sloth is a dangerous state:
And he that flies, and he that sleeps,
Cannot be said to wait.
- 9 Lord, let thy Spirit prompt us when
To go, and when to stay;
Attract us with the cords of men,
And we shall not delay.
- 10 Give power and will; and then command,
And we will follow thee:
And when we're frightened, bid us stand,
And thy salvation see.

31. The Sabbath.

[886. 886.]

- 1 God thus commanded *Jacob's* seed,
When, from *Egyptian* bondage freed.
He led them by the way.
Remember with a mighty hand
I brought thee forth from *Pharaoh's* land
Then keep my Sabbath day.
- 2 In six days, God made heaven and earth:
Gave all the various creatures birth;
And from his working ceased.
These days to labour he applied;
The seventh blessed and sanctified.
And called the day of *rest*.
- 3 To all God's people now remains
A *Sabbatism*, a rest from pains
And works of slavish kind.
When tired with toil, and faint through fear.
The child of God can enter here,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 To this by faith he oft retreats.
Bondage and labour quite forgets,
And bids his cares adieu,
Slides softly into promised rest,
Reclines his head on Jesus' breast,
And proves the Sabbath true.

5 This, and this only, is the way
To rightly keep that Sabbath day,
Which God has holy made.
All keepers, that come short of this,
The substance of the Sabbath miss;
And grasp an empty shade.

32.

[C. M.]

Who hath despised the day of small things?
Zechariah 4:10.

1 The Lord that made both heaven and earth.
And was himself made man,
Lay in the womb, before his birth,
Contracted to a span;

2 Matured by time, 'till forth he came
A babe like others seen,
As small in size, and weak of frame,
As babes have always been.

3 From thence he grew an infant mild.
By fair and due degrees;
And then became a bigger child,
And sat on Mary's knees.

4 At first held up, for want of strength;
In time alone he ran:
Then grew a boy; a lad; at length
A youth; at last a man.

- 5 Thus Souls that would to heaven attain.
 Must *Jacob's* ladder climb;
And step by step the summit gain,
 In measure, and in time.
- 6 Let not the strong the weak despise;
 Their faith, though small, is true;
Though low they seem in others eyes
 Their Saviour seemed so too.
- 7 Nor meanly of the tempted think;
 For, O what tongue can tell,
How low the Lord of life must sink,
 Before he vanquished hell!
- 8 The least believer is a saint,
 And if our growth be slow,
We should not therefore tire and faint.
 Since Christ himself could grow.
- 9 As in the days of flesh he grew,
 In wisdom, stature, grace:
So in the soul, that's born anew,
 He keeps a gradual pace.
- 10 No less almighty at his birth,
 Than on his throne supreme:
His shoulders held up heaven and earth.
 When *Mary* held up him.

- 1 Some Christians to the Lord regard a day;
 And others to the Lord regard it *not*,
 Now though these seem to choose a different way;
 Yet both at last, to one same point are brought.
- 2 He that regards the day will reason thus,
 This glorious day our Saviour and our King
 Performed some mighty act of love for us:
 Observe the *time* in memory of the *thing*.
- 3 Thus he to Jesus points his kind intent;
 And offers prayers and praises in his name.
 As to the Lord alone his love is meant,
 The Lord accepts it. And who dares to blame?
- 4 For though the shell indeed is not the meat;
 'Tis not rejected, when the meat's within,
 Though superstition is a vain conceit,
 Commemoration surely is no sin.
- 5 He also, that to days has no regard,
 The shadows only for the substance quits;
 Towards the Saviour's presence presses hard;
 And outward things through eagerness omits.
- 6 For warmly to himself he thus reflects.
 My Lord alone I count my chiefest good.
 All empty forms my craving soul rejects,
 And seeks the solid riches of his blood.
- 7 All days and times I place my sole delight
 In him, the only object of my care.
 "External shows for his dear sake I slight;
 Lest ought but Jesus my respect should share."

- 8 Let not the *observer* entertain
Against his brother any secret grudge:
Nor let the *non-observer* call him vain:
But use his freedom, and forbear to judge.
- 9 Thus both may bring their motives to the test,
Our condescending Lord will both approve.
Let each pursue the way that likes him best.
He cannot walk amiss, that walks in love.

34. Good Friday.

[C. M.]

- 1 Oh! what a sad and doleful night
Preceded that day's morn!
When darkness seized the Lord of light;
And sin by Christ was borne!
- 2 When our intolerable load
Upon his soul was laid;
And the vindictive wrath of God
Flamed furious on his head!
- 3 We in our conqueror well may boast;
For none, but God alone,
Can know how dear the victory cost,
How hardly it was won.
- 4 Forth from the garden, fully tried,
Our bruised champion came,
To suffer what remained beside
Of pain, and grief, and shame.

- 5 Mocked, spit upon, and crowned with thorn,
A spectacle he stood;
His back with scourges lashed and torn,
A victim bathed in blood!
- 6 Nailed to the cross through hands and feet
He hung in open view.
To make his sorrows quite complete,
By God deserted too.
- 7 Through nature's works the woes he felt
With soft infection ran:
The hardest things could break or melt,
Except the heart of man.
- 8 This day before thee, Lord, we come;
Oh! melt our hearts, or break:
For should we now continue dumb,
The very stones would speak.
- 9 True, thou hast paid the heavy debt;
And made believers clean:
But he knows nothing of it yet,
Who is not grieved at sin.
- 10 A faithful friend of grief partakes,
But union can be none
Betwixt a *heart like melting wax*,
And hearts as hard as stone;
- 11 Betwixt a head diffusing blood,
And members sound and whole;
Betwixt an agonizing God,
And an unfeeling soul,
- 12 Lord my longed happiness is full
When I can go with thee
To *Golgotha: the place of skull*
Is heaven on earth to me.

35. Good Friday.

[886. 866.]

- 1 That day when Christ was crucified.
The mighty God Jehovah died
 An ignominious death.
He that would keep this solemn day
(And true disciples safely may)
 Must keep it firm in faith,
- 2 For though the mournful tragedy
May call up tears in every eye;
 Yet brethren rest not here.
Would you condole your dying friend?
Let each into his soul descend,
 And find his Saviour there.
- 3 This only can our hearts assure,
And make our outward worship pure,
 In God's all-searching sight.
When all we do with love is mixed,
And steadfast faith on Jesus fixed,
 My brethren, then we're right.

36. Good Friday.

[76. 76. D.]

- 1 Come, poor sinners, come away;
 In meditation sweet,
Let us go to *Golgotha*,
 And kiss our Saviour's feet.
Let us in his wounded side
 Wash, 'till we every whit are clean;
That's the fountain opened wide
 For filthiness and sin.

2 Zion's mourners, cease your fear;
For lo! the dying Lamb
Utterly forbids despair
To all that love his name.
Him your fellow-sufferer see;
He was in all things like to you
Are you tempted? So was he.
Deserted? He was too.

3 Jesus, our Redeemer, shed
For us his vital blood.
We, through our victorious Head,
Can now come near to God.
Sin and sorrow may distress,
But neither shall us quite control:
Christ has purchased holiness
For every sin-sick soul.

37. Perseverance.

[C. M.]

1 The sinner that by precious faith
Has felt his sins forgiven,
Is from that moment passed from death,
And sealed an heir of heaven.

2 Though thousand snares enclose his feet,
Not one shall hold him fast.
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He shall get safe at last.

- 3 Not as the world the Saviour gives,
He is no fickle friend:
Whom once he loves, he never leaves,
But loves him to the end.
- 4 The Spirit that would this truth withstand
Would pull God's temple down,
Wrest Jesus' sceptre from his hand,
And spoil him of his crown.
- 5 *Satan* might then full victory boast,
The church might wholly fall
If one believer may be lost,
It follows, so may all.
- 6 But Christ in every age has proved
His purchase firm and true,
If this foundation be removed,
What shall the righteous do?
- 7 Brethren, by this your claim abide.
This title to your bliss;
Whatever loss you bear beside,
O! never give up this.

38.

[88. 88. 88.]

*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation,
that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*

1 Tim. 1:15.

- 1 When *Adam* by transgression fell,
And conscious fled his Maker's face,
Linked in clandestine league with hell,
He ruined all his future race.
The seeds of evil once brought in,
Increased, and filled the world with sin.

- 2 This lurking leaven ferments the mass,
All nature's sick; creation's spoiled;
Each sin infected sire, alas!
Begets a sin-infected child.
Thus propagation spreads, the curse
And man, born bad, grows worse and worse.
- 3 But lo, the second *Adam* came,
The serpent's subtle head to bruise,
He cancels his malicious claim,
And disappoints his devilish views;
Ransoms poor prisoners with his blood,
And brings the sinner back to God.
- 4 To understand these terms aright,
This grand distinction should be known
Though all are sinners in God's sight,
There are but few so in their own.
To such as these our Lord was sent:
They're only sinners, who repent.
- 5 What comfort can a Saviour bring
To those who never felt their woe?
A sinner is a sacred thing;
The Holy Ghost has made him so.
New life from him we must receive,
Before for sin we rightly grieve.
- 6 Let the self-righteous hence beware,
Lest he this great salvation scorn.
Let every careless soul take care;
For they that laugh shall one day mourn.
High-flying lights, learn hence to stoop;
Dry knowledge only puffs men up.

7 This faithful saying let us own,
 (Well worthy 'tis to be believed)
That Christ into the world came down,
 That sinners might by him be saved.
Sinners are high in his esteem;
And sinners highly value him.

39. The Sinner's Hope.

[77. 77. D.]

1 Come ye humble sinner train,
Souls for whom the Lamb was slain,
Cheerful let us raise our voice:
We have reason to rejoice.
Let us sing, with saints in heaven.
Life restored, and sins forgiven
Glory and eternal laud
Be to our incarnate God.

2 Now look up with faith, and see
Him that bled for you and me,
Seated on his glorious throne,
Interceding for his own.
What can Christians have to fear
When they view their Saviour there!
Hell is vanquished, heaven appeased;
God is reconciled and pleased.

3 Snares and dangers may beset,
For we are but travelers yet
As the way indeed is hard,
Let us keep a constant guard;
Neither lifted up with air,
Nor dejected to despair:
Always keeping Christ in view;
He will bring us safely through.

40.

[77. 77.]

The world by wisdom knew not God.
1 Corinthians 1:21.

- 1 O ye sons of men be wise;
Trust no longer dreams and lies,
Out of Christ, almighty power
Can do nothing but devour.
- 2 God, you say, is good. 'Tis true;
But he's pure and holy too:
Just and jealous is his ire,
Burning with vindictive fire.
- 3 This of old himself declared:
Israel trembled when they heard;
But the proof of proofs indeed
Is, he sent his Son to bleed.
- 4 When the blessed Jesus died,
God was clearly justified:
Sin to pardon without blood,
Never in his nature stood.
- 5 Worship God then in his Son
There he's love, and there alone.
Think not that he will, or may
Pardon any other way.
- 6 See the suffering Son of God,
Panting! groaning! sweating blood!
Brethren, this had never been,
Had not God detested sin.

- 7 Be his mercy therefore sought
In the way himself has taught.
There his clemency is such,
We can never trust too much.
- 8 He that better knows than we,
Bids us all to Jesus flee.
Humbly take him at his word,
And your souls shall bless the Lord.

41.

[77. 77. D.]

Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

Lamentations 1:12.

- 1 Much we talk of Jesus' blood,
But how little's understood!
Of his sufferings, so intense,
Angels have no perfect sense.
Who can rightly comprehend
Their beginning or their end!
'Tis to God, and God alone,
That their weight is fully known.
- 2 O thou hideous monster, sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in!
All creation groans through thee,
Pregnant cause of misery!
Thou hast ruined wretched man,
Even since the world began
Thou hast God afflicted too;
Nothing less than that would do.

3 Would we then rejoice indeed;
Be it that from thee we're freed.
And our justest cause to grieve
Is, that thou wilt to us cleave,
Faith relieves us from thy guilt:
But we think whose blood was spilled.
All we hear, or feel, or see,
Serves to raise our hate to thee.

4 Dearly are we bought; for God
Bought us with his own heart's blood:
Boundless depths of love divine!
Jesus, what a love was thine!
Though the wonders thou hast done
Are as yet so little known;
Here we fix and comfort take;
Jesus died for sinners' sake.

42. Election.

[77. 77. 57. 77.]

1 Brethren, would you know your stay,
What it is supports you still?
Why, though tempted every day,
Yet you stand; and stand you will?
 Long before our birth,
Nay, before Jehovah laid
The foundations of the earth,
We were chosen in our Head.

2 God's election is the ground
Of our hope to persevere.
On this rock your building found
And preserve your title clear.
 Infidels may laugh;
 Pharisees gainsay, or rail;
Here's your tenure (keep it safe)
God's elect can never fail.

43.

[C. M.]

Create in me a clean heart.
 Psalm 51:10.

- 1 Lord, when thy Spirit descends to show
 The badness of our hearts,
 Astonished at the amazing view,
 The soul with horror starts.
- 2 The dungeon opening foul as hell,
 It's loathsome stench emits;
 And brooding in each secret cell
 Some hideous monster sits.
- 3 Swarms of ill thoughts their bane diffuse,
 Proud, envious, false, unclean;
 And every ransacked corner shows
 Some unsuspected sin.
- 4 Our staggering faith gives way to doubt;
 Our courage yields to fear:
 Shocked at the sight, we strait cry out,
 "Can ever God dwell here?"
- 5 But he that shows can purge the filth
 Of each polluted soul;
 Restore the putrid parts to health,
 And purify the whole.
- 6 None less than God's Almighty Son
 Can move such loads of sin:
 The water from his side must run
 To wash this dungeon clean.
- 7 O come, thou much expected guest.
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.
 Enter the chamber of my breast:
 Thyself prepare the room.

8 For shouldst thou stay, till thou canst meet
Reception worthy thee
With sinners thou wouldst never sit —
At least (I'm sure) with me.

9 When, when will that blest time arrive?
When thou wilt kindly deign
With me to set, to lodge, to live
And never part again?

44. Jabez's Prayer.
1 Chronicles 4:9-10.

[88. 88. 88.]

1 A saint there was in days of old,
Though we but little of him hear,
In honour high: Of whom is told
A short but an effectual prayer.
This prayer, my brethren, let us view;
And try if we can pray so too.

2 He called on *Israel's* God, 'tis said.
Let us take notice first of that:
Had he to any other prayed,
To us it had not mattered what.
For all true *Israelites* adore
One God, *Immanuel*, and no more.

3 Oh! that thou wouldst me bless indeed;
“And that thou wouldst enlarge my bound;
And let thy hand in every need
A Guide and help be with me found;
That thou wouldst cause that evil be
No cause of pain and grief to me.”

- 4 What is it to be blessed indeed,
 But to have all our sins forgiven;
 To be from guilt and terror freed.
 Redeemed from hell, and sealed for heaven;
 To worship an incarnate God,
 And know he saved us by his blood?
- 5 And next to have our coast enlarged.
 Is, that our hearts extend their plan,
 From bondage and from fear discharged,
 And filled with love to God and man:
 To cast off every narrow thought;
 And use the freedom Christ has bought.
- 6 To use this Liberty aright.
 And not the Grace of God abuse,
 We always need his hand, his might;
 Left what he gives us we should lose;
 Spiritual pride would soon creep in.
 And turn his very grace to sin.
- 7 This prayer, so long ago preferred.
 Is left on sacred record thus.
 And this good prayer by God was heard;
 And kindly handed down to us.
 Thus *Jabez* prayed (for that's his name)
 Let all believers pray the same.

45. Whitsunday.

[886. 886.]

- 1 When the blest day of Pentecost
 Was fully come; the Holy Ghost
 Descended from above,
 Sent by the Father and the Son,
 (The sender and the sent are one)
 The Lord of life and love.

- 2 Within one house, with one accord,
 The faithful followers of our Lord
 Waiting his promise sit;
 That vested with *supernal* Power
 They might be then, and not before,
 To preach the gospel fit.
- 3 Sudden a rushing wind they hear;
 And fiery cloven tongues appear;
 It sat on every one.
 Cloven, perhaps, to be the sign
 That God no longer would confine
 His word to *Jesus* alone.
- 4 To every nation under heaven
 To hear the gospel-sound is given;
 The call to all extends.
 As *ours* was parted long ago;
 So God divides *his* language too,
 And after sinners sends.
- 5 And were these first disciples blest
 With heavenly gifts? And shall the rest
 Be passed unheeded by?
 What! Has the Holy Spirit forgot
 To quicken souls that Christ has bought;
 And lets them lifeless lie?
- 6 No, thou almighty Paraclete;
 Thou sheddest thy heavenly influence yet;
 Thou visitest sinners still:
 Thy breath of life, thy quickening flame,
 Thy power, thy Godhead, still the same,
 We own; because we feel.

46. Whitsunday.

[C. M.]

- 1 The soul that with sincere desires
Seeks after Jesus' love,
That soul the Holy Ghost inspires
With breathings from above.
- 2 Not every one, in like degree,
The Spirit of God receives:
The Christian often cannot see
His faith, and yet believes.
- 3 So gentle sometimes is the flame;
That, if we take not heed,
We may unkindly quench the same:
We may, my friend, indeed.
- 4 Blest God, that once in fiery tongues
Camest down in open view,
Come, visit every heart that longs
To entertain thee too.
- 5 And though not like a mighty wind,
Nor with a rushing noise;
May we thy calmer comforts find,
And hear thy still small voice.
- 6 Not for the gift of tongues we pray,
Nor power the sick to heal:
Give wisdom to direct our way,
And strength to do thy will.
- 7 We pray to be renewed within,
And reconciled to God;
To have our conscience washed from sin
In the Redeemer's blood,

8 We pray to have our faith increased,
And, O celestial Dove!
We pray to be completely blest
With that rich blessing, love.

47. Hymn and Doxology to the Trinity.

[L. M.]

1 To comprehend the great three-one
Is more than highest angels can;
Or what the Trinity has done
From death and hell to ransom man.

2 But all true Christians this may boast
(A truth from nature never learned)
That Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To save our souls are all concerned.

3 The Father's love in this we find;
He made his Son our sacrifice.
The Son in love his life resigned,
The spirit of love his blood applies,

4 Thus we the Trinity can praise
In unity, through Christ our King;
Our grateful hearts and voices raise
In faith and love, while thus we sing.

5 Glory to God the Father be,
Because he sent his Son to die.
Glory to God the Son, that he
Did with such willingness comply.

6 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Who to our hearts this love reveals.
Thus God Three-One to sinners lost
Salvation sends, procures, and seals,

48.

[L. M.]

*Heaven and earth shall pass away,
but my words shall not pass away.*

Matt. 24:35.

- 1 The moon and stars shall lose their light.
The sun shall sink in endless night;
Both heaven and earth shall pass away;
The works of nature all decay:
- 2 But they that in the Lord confide,
And shelter in His wounded side
Shall see the danger overpassed;
Stand every storm, and live at last.
- 3 What Christ has said must be fulfilled;
On this firm rock believers build;
His word shall stand, his truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail.
- 4 His word is this (poor sinners, hear)
“Believe on me, and banish fear.
Cease from your own works, bad or good
And wash your garments in my blood.”

49. The Rainbow.

[L. M.]

Isaiah 54:9.

- 1 When deaf to every warning given,
Man braved the patient power of heaven;
Great in his anger God arose,
Deluged the world, and drowned his foes.

- 2 Vengeance that called for this just doom.
Retired to make sweet mercy room:
God of his wrath repenting, swore,
A flood should drown the earth no more,
- 3 That future ages this might knew,
He placed in heaven his radiant bow,
The sign, till time itself shall fail,
That waters shall no more prevail.
- 4 The beauties of this bow but shine
To vulgar eyes as something fine:
Others investigate their cause
By mediums drawn from nature's laws.
- 5 But what great ends can man pursue
From schemes like these suppose them true
Describe the form, the cause define,
The rainbow still remains a sign:
- 6 A sign, in which by faith we read
The covenant God with Noah made;
A noble end, as truly great:
But something greater lies there yet.
- 7 This bow, that beams with vivid light,
Presents a sign to Christians' sight,
That God has sworn (who dares condemn?)
"He will no more be wroth with them."
- 8 Thus the believer, when he views
The rainbow in its various hues,
May say: Those lively colours shine
To show that heaven is surely mine.
- 9 "See in yon cloud what tinctures glow,
And gild the smiling vales below!
So smiles my cheerful soul to see
My God is reconciled to me."

50.

[S. M.]

Charity never faileth.

1 Corinthians 8:8.

- 1 Faith in the bleeding Lamb,
O what a gift is this!
Hope of salvation in his name,
How comfortable 'tis!
- 2 Knowledge of what is right;
How is God reconciled,
A foe received a favourite,
An alien made a child.
- 3 Blessings, my friends, like these,
Are very, very great:
But soon they every one must cease,
Nor are they now complete.
- 4 *Faith* will to *bliss* give place,
In *sight* we *hope* shall lose,
For who needs trust for things he has,
Or hope for what he views?
- 5 The little too that's *known*
Which children-like we boast,
Will fade, like glow worms in the sun,
Or drops in ocean lost.
- 6 But love shall still remain;
Its glories cannot cease,
No other change shall that sustain,
Save only to increase.

7 Of all that God bestows,
 In earth, or heaven above,
The best gift saint or angel knows.
 Or e'er will know is love.

8 Love all defects supplies,
 Makes great obstructions small,
'Tis prayer, 'tis praise, 'tis sacrifice,
 'Tis holiness, 'tis all.

9 Descend, celestial dove,
 With Jesus' flock abide:
Give us that best of blessings, love,
 Whate'er we want beside,

51.

[C. M.]

*And when they had nothing to pay,
he frankly forgave them both.*
Luke 7:42.

1 Mercy is welcome news indeed,
 To those that *guilty* stand,
Wretches that *feel* what help they need.
 Will bless the helping hand.

2 Who rightly would his alms dispose,
 Must give them to the *poor*;
None but the *wounded* patient knows
 The comforts of his cure.

3 We all have sinned against our God,
 Exception none can boast:
But he that feels the heaviest load,
 Will prize forgiveness most.

- 4 No reckoning can we rightly keep,
For who the sums can knew:
Some souls are fifty pieces deep,
And some five hundred owe.
- 5 But let our debts be what they may,
However great, or small:
As soon as we have *nought* to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all.
- 6 'Tis perfect poverty alone,
That sets the soul at large,
While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge.

52. Praying for Relations.

[L. M.]

- 1 Kind souls, who for the miseries moan
Of those who seldom mind their own;
But treat your zeal with cold disdain,
Resolved to make your labours vain;
- 2 You whose sincere affection tends
To help your dear, ungrateful friends,
That think you foes, or mad, or fools,
Because you fain would save their souls.
- 3 Though deaf to every warning given,
They seem to walk with you to heaven;
But often think, and sometimes say.
They'll never go, if that's the way:
- 4 Though they the Spirit of God resist,
Or ridicule your faith in Christ:
Though they blaspheme, oppose, condemn.
And hate you for your love to them;

5 One secret way is left you still
To do them good against their will:
Here they can no obstruction give,
You may do this without their leave.

6 Fly to the throne of grace by prayer
And pour out all your wishes there;
Effectual fervent prayer prevails.
When every other method fails.

53. Faith is the Victory.

[S. M.]

1 Whosoever believes aright,
In Christ's atoning blood,
Of all his guilt's acquitted quite,
And may draw near to God.

2 But sin will still remain,
Corruptions rise up thick;
And Satan says the medicine's vain,
Because we yet are sick.

3 But all this will not do;
Our hope's on Jesus cast.
Let all be liars, and him be true,
We shall be well at last.

54. Faith and Repentance.

[87. 87. D.]

1 Jesus is our God and Saviour,
Guide, and counsellor, and friend:
Bearing all our misbehaviour,
Kind, and loving to the end.
Trust him; he will not deceive us,
Though we hardly of him deem:
He will never, never leave us,
Nor will let us quite leave him.

- 2 View him in the doleful garden;
View him on the bloody tree,
Dearly purchasing a pardon,
For his people, full and free.
View him now in heaven sitting,
Interceding for us there,
Not a moment intermitting
His compassion and his care,
- 3 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood bought pardon.
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.
- 4 'Tis a safe, though deep compunction.
Thy repenting people feel,
Love and grief compound an unction.
Both to cleanse our wounds and heal
Balm is useless to the unfeeling.
And repentance without faith
Is a sore, that never healing,
Frets and rankles unto death.
- 5 Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from Thee the Sovereign good,
Love, and faith, and hope and patience,
All are purchased by thy blood.
From thy fulness we receive them;
We have nothing of our own:
Freely thou delightest to give them.
To the needy, who have none.

- 6 Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
How to mourn, and not despair,
Let us, leaning on thy merit,
Wrestle hard with God in prayer,
Whatso'er afflictions seize us,
They shall profit, if not please:
But defend, defend us, Jesus,
From security and ease.
- 7 Softly to thy garden lead us,
To behold thy bloody sweat.
Though thou from the curse hast freed us,
Let us not the cost forget.
Be thy groans and cries rehearsed,
By the Spirit, in our ears;
'Till we, viewing whom we've pierced,
Melt in sympathetic tears.

55. Faith and Repentance.

[87. 87. D.]

- 1 Come, ye Christians, sing the praises
Of your condescending God;
Come, and hymn the holy Jesus,
Who hath washed us in his blood.
We are poor and weak and silly,
And to every evil prone;
Yet our Jesus loves us freely,
And receives us for his own.

- 2 Though we're mean in man's opinion,
 He hath made us priests and kings:
Power and glory and dominion
 To the Lamb the sinner sings.
Leprous souls, unsound and filthy,
 Come before him as you are:
'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
 Needs the good Physician's care.
- 3 Hear the terms that never vary;
 "To repent and to believe:"
Both of these are necessary;
 Both from Jesus we receive.
Would-be Christian, duly ponder
 These in thine impartial mind;
And let no man put asunder
 What the Lord has wisely joined.
- 4 Oh! beware of fondly thinking
 God accepts thee for thy tears:
Are the ship-wrecked saved by sinking
 Can the ruined rise by fears?
Oh! beware of trust ill-grounded;
 'Tis but fancied faith at most,
To be cured, and not be wounded;
 To be saved before you're lost.
- 5 No big words of ready talkers,
 No dry doctrines will suffice:
Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
 These are dear in Jesus' eyes.
Tinkling sounds of disputation,
 Naked knowledge, all are vain:
Every soul, that gains salvation,
 Must and shall be born again.

56. Faith and Repentance.

[87. 87. D.]

PART I.

- 1 Let us ask the important question,
 (Brethren, be not too secure)
What it is to be a Christian;
 How we may our hearts assure,
Vain is all our devotion,
 If on false foundation built.
True religion's more than notion —
 Something must be known and felt.
- 2 'Tis to trust our well beloved
 In his blood has washed us clean.
'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
 Though we feel it rise within.
To believe that all is finished,
 Though so much remains to endure,
Find the dangers undiminished,
 Yet to hold deliverance sure.
- 3 'Tis to credit contradictions,
 Talk with him one never sees;
Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
 Yet to dread the thoughts of ease.
'Tis to feel the fight against us,
 Yet the victory hope to gain:
To believe that Christ has cleansed us;
 Though the leprosy remain.
- 4 'Tis to bear the Holy Spirit
 Prompting us to secret prayer.
To rejoice in Jesus' merit;
 Yet continual sorrow bear.
To receive a full remission
 Of our sins for evermore;
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
 Begging mercy every hour.

- 5 To be steadfast in believing,
Yet to tremble, fear and quake.
Every moment be receiving
Strength, and yet be always weak.
To be fighting, fleeing, turning;
Ever sinking, yet to swim,
To converse with Jesus, mourning
For ourselves, or else for him.

PART 2.

- 6 Great High Priest, we view thee stooping
With our names upon thy breast,
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors pressed
Weeping angels stood confounded
To behold their Maker thus,
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know twas all for us?
- 7 On the cross thy body broken
Cancels every penal tie.
Tempted souls, produce this token
All demands to satisfy.
All is finished, do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord;
Never reason more about it,
Only take him at his word.
- 8 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,
Twas for us thy blood was spilled
Bruised Bridegroom; take us wholly;
Take, and make us what thou wilt.
Thou has borne the bitter sentence
Past on man's devoted race:
True belief, and true repentance
Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

57. The Wish.

[C. M. D.]

- 1 If dust and ashes might presume,
Great God, to talk to thee;
If in thy presence can be room
For crawling worms like me:
I humbly would my *wish* present,
For *wishes* I have none;
All my desires are now content
To be comprised in One.
- 2 I would not sue for length of days.
For honour, or for wealth:
Nor, that which far surpasseth these,
Uninterrupted health.
I would not ask, a monarch's heir,
Or counsellor to be:
A better wisdom I would share,
A nobler pedigree.
- 3 Not joy, nor strength would I request,
Though neither I condemn:
But would petition to be blest
With what transcendeth them,
'Tis not that angels might convey
My soul this night to heaven:
Thy time with patience I can stay,
Since all my sin's forgiven.

- 4 Nor would I crave in highest state
At thy right hand to sit:
(The suit of *Zebedee's* sons) for that
I know myself unfit.
Nor in thy church on earth would strive
A pompous post to fill:
For fear I might not well perceive,
Or fail to do thy will.
- 5 The single boon I would entreat
Is to be led by thee,
To gaze upon thy bloody sweat
In sad *Gethsemane*.
To view (as I could bear at least)
Thy tender broken heart,
Like a rich olive, bruised and pressed
With agonizing smart
- 6 To see thee bowed beneath my guilt.
Intolerable load!
To see thy blood for sinners spilled,
My groaning gasping God!
With sympathizing grief to mourn
The sorrows of thy soul;
The pangs and tortures by thee borne
In some degree condole.
- 7 There musing on thy mighty love,
I always would remain:
Or but to *Golgotha* remove,
And thence return again,
In each dear place the same rich scene
Should ever be renewed:
No object else should intervene,
But all be love and blood.

8 For this one, Saviour, oft I've sought:
And if this one be given,
I seek on earth no happier lot;
And hope the like in heaven.
Lord, pardon what I ask amiss;
For knowledge I have none,
I do but humbly speak my wish;
And may thy will be done.

58. Pride.

[S. M.]

1 Innumerable foes
Attack the child of God,
He feels within the weight of sin,
A grievous galling load.

2 Temptations too without,
Of various kinds assault,
Sly snares beset his traveling feet.
And make him often halt.

3 From sinner and from saint,
He meets with many a blow:
His own bad heart creates him smart,
Which only God can know.

4 But though the host of hell
Be neither weak nor small;
One mighty foe deals dangerous woe,
And hurts beyond them all.

- 5 'Tis pride, accursed pride,
That spirit by God abhorred:
Do what we will, it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.
- 6 It blows its poisonous breath,
And bloats the soul with air;
The heart up-lifts with God's own gifts
And makes even grace a snare.
- 7 Awake, nay while we sleep,
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad;
It's hold we cannot break.
- 8 In other ills we find
The hand of heaven not slack
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back
- 9 'Tis hurtful, when perceived
When not perceived 'tis worse.
Unseen or seen it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force,
- 10 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the prayer;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech,
Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 11 This moment while I write,
I feel its power within;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.

- 12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
 This haughty tyrant kill.
That wounded thee, though thou wast free,
 And grieves thy Spirit still,
- 13 Our condescending God,
 To whom else shall we go?
Remove our pride what-e'er betide,
 And lay, and keep us low.
- 14 Thy garden is the place,
 Where pride cannot intrude;
For should it dare to enter there,
 Twould soon be drowned in blood.

59. The High Priest.

[L. M.]

- 1 When *Aaron* in the holiest place
 Atonement made for *Israel's* race,
 The names of all their tribes expressed,
 He wore conspicuous on his breast.
- 2 Twelve lettered stones, with sculpture bold,
 Deep seated in the wounded gold,
 Glowed on the breastplate richly bright,
 And beamed characteristic light.
- 3 His hands a golden censer held,
 With burning coals and incense filled
 Which clouded all the holy room
 With odourous streams of rich perfume.
- 4 And lest the priest the place defile,
 A costly consecrating oil,
 With mingled gums and spices sweet.
 Had for his office made him meet.

- 5 The liquid compound from his head
It's unctuous odours downward spread
Delicious drops, like balmy dews.
O'er all the men their sweets diffuse
- 6 Arrayed in hallowed vests he stood,
Sprinkled with holy oil and blood.
The tabernacle's sacred frame,
And all within it shared the same
- 7 So when our great *Melchizedek*
The true atonement came to make,
A holy oil anoints Him too,
Richer than *Aaron* ever knew.
- 8 His body bathed in sweat and blood,
Showered on the ground a purple flood;
The rich effusion copious ran,
To glad the heart of God and man.
- 9 Beep in his breast engraved he bore
Our names with every penal score;
When pressed to earth he prostrate lay,
Shocked at the sum, yet prompt to pay.
- 10 The fragrant incense of his prayer,
To heaven went up through yielding air;
Perfumed the throne of God on high,
.And calmed offended Majesty.

60. Election.

[76. 76. D.]

- 1 Mighty enemies without,
 Much mightier within,
Thoughts we cannot quell, nor rout,
 Blasphemously obscene:
Coldness, unbelief, and pride,
 Hell, and all its murderous train,
Threaten death on every side,
 And have their thousands slain.
- 2 Thus pursued, and thus distressed,
 Ah! whither shall we fly?
To obtain the promised rest,
 On what sure hand rely?
Shall the Christian trust his heart?
 That, alas! of foes the worst,
Always takes the tempter's part,
 Nay, often tempts him first.
- 3 If today we be sincere,
 And can both watch and pray;
Watchfulness, perhaps, and prayer
 Tomorrow may decay.
If we now believe aright:
 Faithfulness is God's alone;
We are feeble, sickly, light,
 To changes ever prone.
- 4 But we build upon a base
 That nothing can remove,
When we trust electing grace,
 And everlasting love.
Victory over all our foes
 Christ has purchased with his blood
Perseverance he bestows
 On every child of God.

61. Election.

[76. 76. 77. 76.]

- 1 When we pray, or when we sing,
 Or read, or speak, or hear,
 Or do any holy thing,
 Be this our constant care:
 With a fixed habitual faith,
 Jesus Christ to keep in view,
 Trusting wholly in his death
 In all we ask or do.
- 2 Holiness in all its parts,
 Affections placed above,
 Self-abhorrence, contrite hearts.
 Humility and love.
 Every virtue, every grace,
 All that bears the name of good,
 Perseverance in our race,
 We draw from Jesus' blood.
- 3 Lamb of God, in thee we trust,
 On that fixed love depend;
 Thou art faithful, true, and just,
 And lovest to the end.
 Heaven and earth shall pass away,
 But thy word shall firm abide:
 That's thy children's steadfast stay.
 When all things fail beside.

62. Christ in the Garden.

[L. M.]

- 1 Come hither ye that fain would know
 The exceeding sinfulness of sin;
 Come *see* a scene of matchless woe,
 And tell me what it all can mean.

- 2 Behold the darling Son of God,
Bowed down with horror to the ground,
Wrung at the heart, and sweating blood,
His eyes in tears of sorrow drowned.
- 3 See how the victim panting lies,
His soul with bitter anguish pressed.
He sighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,
Dismayed, dejected, shocked, distressed!
- 4 What pangs are these that tear his heart?
What burden's this that's on him laid?
What means this agony of smart?
What makes our Maker hang his head?
- 5 'Tis justice with its iron rod
Inflicting strokes of wrath divine:
'Tis the vindictive hand of God
Incensed at all your sins and mine.
- 6 Deep in his breast our names were cut,
He undertook our desperate debt.
Such loads of guilt were on him put,
He could but just sustain the weight.
- 7 Then let us not ourselves deceive;
For while of sin we lightly deem,
Whatever notions we may have,
Indeed we are not much like him.

63. The Crucifixion.

[L. M.]

- 1 Now from the garden to the cross,
Let us attend the Lamb of God;
Be all things else accounted dross,
Compared with sin's atoning blood,

- 2 See how the patient Jesus stands,
Insulted in his lowest case:
Sinners have bound the Almighty's hands,
And spit in their Creator's face.
- 3 With thorns his temples gored and gashed,
Send streams of blood from every part
His back's with knotted scourges lashed
But sharper scourges tear his heart
- 4 Nailed naked to the accursed wood,
Exposed to earth, and heaven above;
A spectacle of wounds and blood,
A prodigy of injured love!
- 5 Hark, how his doleful cries affright
Affected angels, while they view,
His friends forsook him in the night,
And now his God forsakes him too.
- 6 O, what a field of battle's here,
Vengeance and love their power's oppose
Never was such a mighty pair;
Never were two such desperate foes
- 7 Behold that pale, that languid face,
That drooping head, those cold dead eyes!
Behold in sorrow and disgrace
Our conquering hero hangs and dies.
- 8 Ye that assume his sacred name,
Now tell me, what can all this mean?
What was it bruised God's harmless Lamb?
What was it pierced his soul, but sin?

- 9 Blush, Christian blush, let shame abound;
If sin affects thee not with woe,
Whatever spirit be in thee found,
The Spirit of Christ thou dost not know.

64.

[76. 76. 78. 76.]

In the Lord have I righteousness and strength,
Isaiah 45:24.

- 1 *Faith* in Jesus can repel
The darts of sin and death.
Faith gives victory over hell;
But who can give us *faith*?
Hope in Christ the soul revives;
Supports the spirits, when they droop,
Hope celestial comfort gives:
But who can give us *hope*?
- 2 *Love* to Jesus Christ and his,
Fixes the heart above.
Love gives everlasting bliss:
But who can give us *love*?
To believers the gift of God:
Well-grounded *hope* he sends from heaven,
Love's the purchase of his blood,
To all his children given.
- 3 Jesus, from thy boundless store,
Thy treasures of grace,
On thy feeble followers pour
Thy righteousness and peace.
Of *thy* righteousness alone
Continual mention we will make;
We have nothing of our own;
But soul and all's at stake.

65. Man's Righteousness.

[83. 36.]

- 1 Man, bewail thy situation:
Hell-born sin,
Once crept in,
Mars God's fair creation.
- 2 Vaunt thy native strength no longer
Vain's the boast;
All is lost;
Sin and death are stronger.
- 3 Enemies to God and goodness,
Great and small,
Since the fall,
Sink in lust and lewdness.
- 4 If to this thou art a stranger,
While thou liest
Out of Christ,
Greater is thy danger.
- 5 Trust not to thy smooth behaviour:
All's deceit;
And the cheat
Keeps thee from the Saviour.
- 6 Oft we're blest when dangers fright us:
Jesus came
To reclaim
Sinners, not the righteous.
- 7 Sick men feel their bad conditions;
But the soul,
That is whole,
Slights the good Physician.

66. The Linsey-Woolsey Garment.

[83. 36.]

- 1 Dark is he whose eye's not single:
Foolish man
Never can
Hell with Heaven mingle.
- 2 Every thing we do we sin in:
Chosen *Jews*
Must not use
Woolen mixed with linen.
- 3 God is holy in his nature;
And by that
Needs must hate
Sin in every creature.
- 4 Infinite in truth and justice,
He surveys
All our ways;
Knows in whom our trust is.
- 5 Partial service is his loathing;
He requires
Pure desires,
All the heart, or nothing.
- 6 If we think of reconciling
Black with white,
Dark with light,
'Tis but self-beguiling.
- 7 Righteousness to full perfection,
Must be brought
Lacking nought,
Fearless of rejection.

67. Christ's Righteousness.

[83. 36.]

- 1 Righteousness to the believer
 Freely given,
 Comes from heaven,
God himself the giver.
- 2 Christ has wrought this mighty wonder;
 God and man
 By him can
Meet, and never sunder.
- 3 All the law in human nature
 He fulfilled,
 Reconciled
Creature and Creator.
- 4 Every one, without exemption,
 That believes,
 Now receives
Absolute redemption.
- 5 Robes of righteousness imputed,
 White and whole,
 Clothe the soul,
Each exactly suited.
- 6 'Tis a way of God's own finding;
 'Tis his act;
 And the *pact*
Cannot but be binding.
- 7 Here is no prevarication;
 Justice stands,
 And demands
Full and free salvation.

68. The Saint's Inheritance.

[83. 36.]

- 1 Perfect holiness of spirit
 Saints above
 Full of love
With the Lamb inherit.
- 2 This inheritance, believer,
 Faith alone
 Makes thy own,
Safe and sure for ever.
- 3 True, 'twas thine from everlasting;
 But the bliss
 Of it is
Known to thee by tasting,
- 4 Though thou here receive but little,
 Scarce enough
 For the proof
Of thy proper title.
- 5 Urge thy claim through all unfitness;
 Sue it out
 Spurning doubt;
The Holy Ghost's thy witness.
- 6 Cite the will of his own sealing;
 Title good,
 Signed with blood,
Valid, and unfailing.
- 7 When thy title thou discernest;
 Humbly then
 Sue again
For continual earnest.

69.

[C. M. D.]

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

Psalm 73:28.

- 1 As when a child secure of harms
 Hangs at the mother's breast,
 Safe folded in her anxious arms,
 Receiving food and rest:
 And while through many a painful path
 The traveling parent speeds
 The fearless babe, with passive faith.
 Lies still, and yet proceeds.
- 2 Should some short start his quiet break,
 He fondly strives to fling
 His little arms about her neck,
 And seems to closer cling.
 Poor child, maternal love alone
 Preserve thee first;
 Thy parent's arms, and not thy own,
 Are those that hold thee fast.
- 3 So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
 And hear his secret call,
 Must every fair pretension leave,
 And let the Lord be all,
 "Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,"
 The shepherd softly cries,
Lord tell me what 'tis close to keep?
 The listening sheep replies.
- 4 "Thy dependence on me fix;
 Nor entertain a thought,
 Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
 But venture to be nought.
 Fond self direction is a shelf;
 Thy strength, thy wisdom flee
 When thou art nothing in thy self,
 Thou then art close to me."

70. Temptation.

[S. M.]

- 1 Ye tempted souls, reflect
 Whose name 'tis you profess:
Your master's lot you must expect,
 Temptations more or less.
- 2 Dream not of faith so clear,
 As shuts all doublings out:
Remember how the devil could dare
 To tempt e'en Christ to doubt.
- 3 “If thou art the Son of God,”
 (O, what an IF was there!)
“These stones here, speak them into food,
 And make that sonship clear.”
- 4 View that amazing scene!
 Say, could the tempter try
To shake a tree so sound, so green?
 Good God, defend the dry.
- 5 Think not he now will fail
 To make us shrink and droop,,
Our faith he daily will assail,
 And dash our very hope.
- 6 That impious IF he thus
 At God incarnate threw,
No wonder if he cast at us,
 And make us feel it too.

- 7 To cause despairs the scope
 Of Satan and his powers,
Against hope to believe in hope.
 My brethren, must be ours.
- 8 *Buts, ifs, and hows* are hurled,
 To sink us with the gloom,
Of all that's dismal in this world
 Or in the world to come.
- 9 But here's our point of rest;
 Though hard the battle seem,
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
 And we shall stand through him.

71. The Prodigal.

[S. M.]

- 1 Now for a wondrous song,
 (Keep distance, ye profane;
Be silent, each unhallowed tongue,
 Nor turn the truth to bane.)
- 2 The prodigal's returned,
 The apostate bold and base,
That all his Father's counsels spurned,
 And long abused his grace.
- 3 What treatment since he came?
 Love tenderly expressed,
What robe is brought to hide his shame?
 The best, the very best.

- 4 Rich food the servants bring,
 Sweet music charms his ears,
See what a beauteous costly ring
 The beggar's finger wears.
- 5 Ye elder sons, be still;
 Give no bad passion vent:
My brethren, 'tis our Father's will,
 And you must be content.
- 6 All that he has is yours:
 Rejoice then, not repine,
That love that all *your* state secures,
 That love has altered *mine*.
- 7 Good God, are these thy ways!
 If rebels thus are freed,
And favoured with peculiar grace,
 Grace must be free indeed.

72.

[76. 76. 78. 76.]

All my springs are in thee.
Psalm 87:7.

- 1 Bless the Lord, my soul, and raise
 A glad and grateful song
To my dear Redeemer's praise;
 For I to him belong.
He my goodness, strength, and God,
 In whom I live, and move, and am,
Paid my ransom with his blood:
 My portion is the Lamb.

- 2 Though temptations seldom cease,
 Though frequent griefs I feel;
 Yet his Spirit whispers peace,
 And he is with me still.
 Weak of body, sick in soul,
 Depressed at heart, and faint with fears,
 His dear presence makes me whole,
 And with sweet comfort cheers.
- 3 O my Jesus, thou art mine,
 With all thy grace and power;
 I am now, and shall he thine,
 When time shall be no more.
 Thou revivest me by thy death;
 Thy blood from guilt has set me free;
 My fresh springs of hope, and faith,
 And love, are all in thee.

73.

[L. M. D.]

*If there arise among you a prophet,
 or a dreamer of dreams ...
 Deuteronomy 13:1 ff.*

- 1 No prophet, nor dreamer of dreams,
 No master of plausible speech,
 To live like an angel who seems,
 Or like an apostle to preach;
 No tempter, without or within,
 No spirit, though ever so bright,
 That comes crying out against sin,
 And looks like an angel of light.
- 2 Though reason, though fitness he urge,
 Or plead with the words of a friend,
 Or wonders of argument forge,
 Or deep revelations pretend,
 Should meet with a moment's regard,
 But rather be boldly withstood,
 If any thing, easy or hard,
 He teach, save the lamb and his blood.

- 3 Remember, O Christian, with heed,
When sunk under sentence of death,
How first thou from bondage wast freed;
Say, was it by works, or by faith?
On Christ thy affections then fixed,
What conjugal truth didst thou vow!
With him was there any thing mixed?
Then what wouldst thou mix with him now?
- 4 If close to the Lord thou wouldst cleave,
Depend on his promise alone;
His righteousness wouldst thou receive,
Then learn to renounce all thy own,
The faith of a Christian indeed
Is more than mere notion or whim:
United to Jesus, his head,
He draws life and virtue from him.
- 5 Deceived by the father of lies
Blind guides cry, *Lo here!* and *Lo there!*
By these our Redeemer us tries,
And warns us of such to beware.

Poor comfort to mourners they give,
Who set us to labour in vain;
And strive, with a *Do this and live.*
To drive us to *Egypt* again.
- 6 But what says our Shepherd divine?
(For *his* blessed word we should keep)
“This flock has my Father made mine,
I lay down my life for my sheep,
‘Tis life everlasting I give;
My blood was the price that it cost,
Not one that on me shall believe,
Shall ever be finally lost.”

7 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend.
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end,
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last;
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

74.

[77. 77. 77.]

Believe in the Lord your God; so shall you be established.

2 Chronicles 20:20.

1 Lord, we lie before thy feet,
Look on all our deep distress;
Thy rich mercy may we meet.
Clothe us with thy righteousness,
Stretch forth thy almighty hand,
Hold us up, and we shall stand.

2 Shame, and fear, and pain we feel
Viewing our unstable hearts:
How we wander, waver, reel,
Only wise by fits and starts,
Thou art truth — but what are we?
Fickle fools, and false to thee.

3 Oh, that closer we could cleave
To thy bleeding, dying breast!
Give us firmly to believe,
And to enter into rest,
Lord, increase, increase our faith,
Make us faithful unto death.

- 4 Make thy mighty wonders known,
 Let us see thy sufferings plain;
Let us hear thee sigh and groan,
 Till we sigh and groan again,
Rend, O rend the veil between;
Open wide the bloody scene.
- 5 Let us, with a steadfast faith,
 View our dear incarnate God,
Shuddering in the arms of death,
 Bowed beneath our nature's load
Make our union with thee clear,
Perfect love and cast out fear.
- 6 Let us trust thee evermore,
 Every moment on thee call,
For new life, new will, new power!
 Let us trust thee, Lord for all,
My we nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

75.

[77. 77. 77.]

Jesus, oft times resorted thither with his disciples.

John 18:2.

- 1 Jesus, while he dwelt below,
 As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
 Near to *Kedron's* brook it lay;
In this place he loved to be,
And 'twas named *Gethsemane*.

- 2 Twas a garden, as we read,
At the foot of *Olivet*,
Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat,
When from noise he would be free,
Then he sought *Gethsemane*.
- 3 Thither by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came:
There the heavenly truths he taught
Often set their hearts on flame,
Therefore they, as well as he,
Visited *Gethsemane*.
- 4 Here they oft conversing sat,
Or might join with Christ in prayer;
Oh, what blest devotion's that,
When the Lord himself is there!
All things to them seemed to agree
To endear *Gethsemane*,
- 5 Here no strangers durst intrude,
But the Prince of Peace could sit,
Cheered with sacred solitude,
Wrapped in contemplation sweet:
Yet how little could they see,
Why he chose *Gethsemane*.
- 6 Full of love to man's lost race,
On this conflict much he thought;
This he knew the destined place,
And he loved the sacred spot,
Therefore 'twas he liked to be
Often in *Gethsemane*.

- 7 They his followers with the rest,
Had incurred the wrath divine
And their Lord, with pity pressed,
Longed to bear their loads — and mine,
Love to them, and love to me
Made him love *Gethsemane*.
- 8 Many woes had he endured,
Many sore temptations met
Patient, and to pains inured
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy sad *Gethsemane*!
- 9 Came at length the dreadful night
Vengeance with it's iron rod
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God,
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Groveling in *Gethsemane*
- 10 View him in that *olive press*,
Squeezed and wrung, till whelmed in blood!
View thy maker's deep distress!
Hear the sighs and groans of God!
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on *Gethsemane*.
- 11 Poor disciples, tell me now,
Where's the love you lately had!
Where's that faith ye all could vow?—
But this hour is too, too sad,
'Tis not now for such as ye
To support *Gethsemane*.

- 12 Oh, what wonders love has done!
But how little understood!
God well knows, and God alone,
What produced that sweat of blood,
Who can thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful *Gethsemane*,
- 13 There my God bore all my guilt:
This through grace can be believed
But the horrors which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceived,
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark *Gethsemane*.
- 14 Gloomy garden, on thy beds
Washed by *Kedron's* waters foul,
Grow most rank and bitter weeds;
Think on these, my sinful soul.
Wouldst thou sin's dominion flee?
Call to mind *Gethsemane*.
- 15 Sinners, vile like me, and lost,
(If there's one so vile as I)
Leave more righteous souls to boast;
Leave them, and to refuge fly.
We may well bless that decree,
Which ordained *Gethsemane*.
- 16 We can hope no healing hand.
Leprous quite throughout with sin:
Loathed incurables we stand,
Crying out, *Unclean, unclean*.
Help there's none for such as we,
But in dear *Gethsemane*.
- 17 *Eden*, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe:
Soon by *Satan's* counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death.
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich *Gethsemane*.

- 18 Hither, Lord, thou didst resort
Oft-times with thy little train;
Here wouldst keep thy private court?
Oh! confer that grace again.
Lord resort with worthless me
Oft-times to Gethsemane.
- 19 True, I can't deserve to share
In a favour so divine:
But, since sin first fixed thee there,
None have greater sins than mine:
And to this my woeful plea
Witness thou *Gethsemane*.
- 20 Sins against a holy God;
Sins against his righteous law;
Sins against his love, his blood;
Sins against his name and cause;
Sins immense as is the sea:
Hide me, O *Gethsemane*.
- 21 Here's my claims, and here alone.
None a Saviour more can need.
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
No, not one good work to plead.
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in *Gethsemane*.
- 22 Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty frozen heart
Thaw it with the beams of love —
Pierce it with a blood-dipped dart.
Wound the heart that wounded thee.
Melt it in *Gethsemane*.

23 Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One Almighty God of love,
Hymned by all the heavenly host.
In thy shining courts above.
We poor sinners, gracious THREE,
Bless *thee* for *Gethsemane*.

76.

[C. M.]

The Inestimable Benefits of Christ's Death,
Inferred from the Excellency of his Person.

PART 1.

- 1 The things on earth which men esteem,
And of their richness boast,
In value, less or greater seem,
Proportioned to their cost.
- 2 The diamond that's for thousands sold,
Our admiration draws:
For dust, men seldom part with gold,
Or barter pearls for straws.
- 3 Then what inestimable worth
Must in those crowns appear
For which the Lord came down to earth
And bought for us so dear?
- 4 The Father dearly loves the Son,
And rates his merits high:
For no mean cause he sent him down
To suffer, grieve, and die.
- 5 The blessings from his death that flow
So little we esteem,
Only because we slightly know,
And meanly value him.

6 Twas our Creator for us bled,
The Lord of life and power;
Whom angels worship, devils dread,
God blest for evermore.

7 Oh! could we but with clearer eyes
His excellencies trace;
Could we his person learn to prize,
We more should prize his grace.

PART 2.

8 And did the darling Son of God
For sinners deign to bleed?
The purchase of that precious blood
Must needs be rich indeed.

9 God's wisdom would not pay for toys
So great a price as this:
'Tis God like glory, boundless joys,
'Tis unexampled bliss.

10 Saints, raise your expectations high—
Hope all that heaven has good:
Think what the blood of Christ can buy;
Invaluable blood!

11 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive,
What blessings are for them prepared
Who in the Lord believe.

12 By others, for their virtue fair.
Let rich rewards be sought:
Give me, my God, to freely share,
What thou hast dearly bought.

*Who of God has made unto us wisdom,
and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.*
1 Corinthians 1:30.

- 1 Believers own they are but blind;
They know themselves unwise;
But *wisdom* in the Lord they find,
Who opens all their eyes.
- 2 Unrighteous are they all, when tried,
But God himself declares,
In Jesus they are justified,
His *righteousness* is theirs.
- 3 That we're unholy needs no proof;
We sorely feel the fall:
But Christ has holiness enough
To *sanctify* us all.
- 4 Exposed by sin to God's just wrath,
We look to Christ, and view
Redemption in his blood by faith,
And *full* redemption too.
- 5 Some this, some that good virtue teach,
To rectify the soul:
But we first after Jesus reach,
And richly grasp the whole.
- 6 To Jesus joined we all that's good
From him our head derive:
We eat his flesh, and drink his blood,
And *by* and *in* him live.

78.

[C. M.]

And the Lord shut him in.
Genesis 7:16.

- 1 When *Noah*, with his favoured few,
 Was ordered to embark,
 Eight human souls, a little crew.
 Entered on board his ark.
- 2 Though every part he might secure,
 With bar, or bolt, or pin:
 To make the preservation sure,
 Jehovah shut him in.
- 3 The waters then might swell their tides,
 The billows rage and roar;
 They could not stave the assaulted sides,
 Nor burst the battered door
- 4 So souls, that into Christ believe,
 Quickened by vital faith,
 Eternal life at once receive,
 And never shall see death.
- 5 In his own heart the Christian puts
 No trust, but builds his hopes
 On him that opes, and no man shuts,
 And shuts, and no man opes.
- 6 In Christ his ark he safely rides,
 Not wrecked by death or sin,
 How it is he so fast abides?
 The Lord has shut him in.

79. Difference and Degrees of Faith. [86. 86. 88.]

- 1 He that *believeth* Christ, the Lord,
Who shed for man his blood,
By giving credence to his word,
Exalts the truth of God.
So far he's right, but let him know,
Further than this he must not go.
- 2 He that believes on Jesus Christ,
Has a much better faith;
His prophet now becomes his priest,
And saves him by his death.
By Christ he finds his sins forgiven
And Christ has made him heir of heaven.
- 3 But he that into Christ believes,
What a rich faith has he!
In Christ he moves, and acts, and lives,
From self and bondage free.
He had the Father and the Son,
For Christ and he are now but one
- 4 Till we attain to this rich faith,
Though safe, we are not sound.
Though we are saved from guilt and wrath,
Perfection is not found.
Lord, make our union closer yet,
And let the marriage be complete.

80.

[66. 66. 88.]

*Thou hast guided them, in thy strength,
unto thy holy habitation.*

Exodus 15:13.

- 1 Mistaken men may bawl
Against the grace of God,
And threat with final fall
The purchase of his blood:
But though they own the Saviour's name,
From him such gospel never came.
- 2 Shall babes in Christ, bereft
Of God's rich gift of faith
Be to their own will left,
And sin the sin to death?
Shall any child of God be lost,
And Satan cheat the Holy Ghost
- 3 Dark unbelief and pride,
With *Pharisaic* zeal,
We lay you all aside,
And trust a surer seal.
We rest our souls in Jesus' worth
And give the glory to the Lord.
- 4 Led forth by God's free grace.
And guided in his power.
We reach his holy place,
And live for evermore.
Twas this place *Moses* had in view:
Of this he sang, and we sing too.

81.

[55. 55. 65. 65.]

*The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.*
Psalm 34:10.

- 1 Ye lambs of Christ's fold,
 Ye weaklings in faith,
 Who long to lay hold
 On life by his death:
 Who fain would believe him,
 And in your best room
 Would gladly receive him,
 But fear to presume.
- 2 Remember one thing,
 (O! may it sink deep)
 Our Shepherd and King
 Cares much for his sheep.
 To trust him endeavour;
 The work is his own:
 He makes the believer,
 And gives him his crown.
- 3 Those feeble desires,
 Those wishes so weak,
 'Tis Jesus inspires,
 And bids you still seek.
 His Spirit will cherish
 The life he first gave;
 You never shall perish,
 If Jesus can save.

- 4 Proud lions, that boast
 When lusty and young,
 Soon find, to their cost,
 Self-confidence wrong:
Tormented with hunger
 They feel their strength vain,
For famine is stronger,
 And gnaws them with pain.
- 5 But lambs are preserved,
 Though helpless in kind;
 When lions are starved,
 They nourishment find.
Their Shepherd upholds them,
 When faint, in his arms,
And feeds them, and folds them,
 And guards them from harms.
- 6 Though sometimes, we see,
 The case is not thus;
 Bad shepherds will flee,
 Yet what's that to us?
The shepherd that chose us
 Must surely be good;
Who rather than lose us,
 Would shed his heart's blood.
- 7 Blest soul, that canst say,
 Christ only I seek!
 Wait for him alway;
 Be constant, though weak.
The Lord whom thou seekest.
 Will not tarry long,
And to him the weakest
 Is dear as the strong.

82.

[C. M.]

He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.
Isaiah 61:10.

- 1 Of all the creatures God has made
There is but man alone,
That stands in need to be arrayed
In coverings not his own,
- 2 But nature, bears, and bulls, and swine?
With fowls of every wing,
Are much more warm, more safe, more fine
Than man their fallen king.
- 3 Naked and weak, we want a screen
But when with clothes we're decked.
Nor only lies our shame unseen,
But we command respect.
- 4 Can sinful souls then stand unclad
Before God's burning throne,
All bare, or (what is quite as bad;
In coverings of their own?
- 5 Rich garments must be worn to grace
The marriage of the Lamb:
Not nasty rags, to stink the place,
Nor nakedness to shame,
- 6 Robes of imputed righteousness
Will gain us God's esteem;
No naked pride, no fig-leaf dress,
How fair soe'er it seem.
- 7 'Tis called a *robe*, perhaps to mean,
Man has by nature none:
It grows not native like our skin,
But is by faith *put on*.
- 8 A sinner clothed in this rich vest.
And garments washed in blood,
Is rendered fit with Christ to feast,
And be the guest of God.

83. Free Grace.

[55. 55. 65. 65.]

- 1 Ye children of God,
 By faith in his Son
 Redeemed by his blood,
 And with him made one,
This union with wonder
 And rapture be seen,
Which nothing shall sunder,
 Without or within.
- 2 This pardon, this peace
 Which none can destroy:
 This treasure of grace,
 This heavenly joy,
The worthless may crave it,
 It always comes free;
The vilest may have it,
 'Twas given to me.
- 3 'Tis not for good deeds,
 Good tempers nor frames;
 From grace it proceeds,
 And all is the Lamb's.
No goodness, no fitness
 Expects he from us;
This I can well witness,
 For none can be worse.

4 Sick sinner expect
No balm, but Christ's blood
Thy own works reject,
The bad, and the good,
None ever miscarry
That on him rely,
Though filthy as *Mary*,
Manasseh, or I.

84. God's Various Dealings with his Children. [C. M.]

1 How hard and rugged is the way
To some poor pilgrim's feet!
In all they do, or think, or say,
They opposition meet.

2 Others again more smoothly go
Secured from hurts and harms;
Their Saviour leads them gently through,
Or bears them in his arras,

3 *Faith* and *repentance* all must find:
But yet, we daily see,
They differ in their time, and kind,
Duration and degree.

4 Some long repent and late believe;
But when their sin's forgiven,
A clearer passport they receive.
And walk with joy to heaven.

5 Their pardon some receive at first;
And then, compelled to fight,
They feel their latter stages worst;
And travel much by night.

6 But be our conflicts short or long:
This commonly is true,
That wheresoever *faith* is strong,
Repentance is so too.

85. Dependence on Christ alone. [88. 88. 88.]

1 If ever it could come to pass,
That sheep of Christ might fall away;
My fickle feeble soul, alas!
Would fall a thousand times a day.
Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon wouldst take it, Lord, from me.

2 I on thy promises depend,
(At least, I to depend desire)
That thou wilt love me to the end;
Be with me in temptation's fire:
Wilt for me work, and in me too;
And guide me right, and bring me through.

3 No other stay have I beside,
If these can alter, I must fall;
I look to thee to be supplied
With life, with will, with power, with all.
Rich souls may glory in their store;
But Jesus will relieve the poor.

*In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the
house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem,
for sin and for uncleanness.*

Zechariah 13:1.

- 1 The fountain of Christ
 Assist me to sing,
 The blood of our Priest,
 Our crucified King;
Which perfectly cleanses
 From sin and from filth;
And richly dispenses
 Salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear
 He'll freely impart
 Unlocked by the spear,
 It gushed from his heart.
With blood and with water,
 The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter,
 The fountain's but one.
- 3 This fountain is such
 (As thousands can tell)
 The moment we touch
 It's streams, we are well,
All waters beside them
 Are full of the curse
For all that have tried them
 Swell, rot, and grow worse,

- 4 This fountain, sick soul,
 Recovers thee quite;
 Bathe here, and be whole;
 Wash here, and be white;
Whatever diseases
 Or dangers befall
The fountain of Jesus
 Will rid thee of all.
- 5 This fountain from guilt
 Not only makes pure,
 And gives, soon as felt,
 Infallible cure;
But if guilt removed
 Return, and remain,
It's power may be proved
 Again and again.
- 6 This fountain unsealed
 Stands open for all,
 That long to be heard,
 The great and the small;
Here's strength for the weakly,
 That hither are led:
Here's health for the sickly;
 Here's life for the dead.
- 7 This fountain, though rich,
 From charge is quite clear;
 The poorer the wretch
 The welcomer here,
Come needy, come guilty,
 Come loathsome and bare:
You can't come too filthy —
 Come just as you are.

8 This fountain in vain
 Has never been tried:
 It takes out all stain
 Whenever applied:
The water flows sweetly
 With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
 Though leprous as mine.

87. Christ the Christian's only help.

[L. M.]

- 1 Gracious God, thy children keep
 Jesus, guide thy silly sheep:
 Fix, oh fix, our fickle souls;
 Lord, direct us, we are fools.
- 2 Bid us in thy care confide;
 Keep us near thy wounded side,
 From thee let us never stir;
 For thou knowest how soon we err.
- 3 Lay us low before thy feet,
 Safe from pride and self conceit,
 Be the language of our souls;
 “Lord, protect us: we are fools.”
- 4 We are fools; but thou art wise,
 Son of David, open our eyes.
 Hold thy Lambs secure from harms
 In thy everlasting arms,
- 5 Oh! defend thy purchased flock,
 See the insulting *Ishmaels* mock,
 Guard us from a world of sin;
 Foes without, and worse within.

- 6 Dangerous doctrines from without,
Lies and errors round about;
From within a treacherous heart,
Prone to take the tempter's part
- 7 Look upon the unequal war;
Saviour, do not go too far.
Crafty is the foe, and strong;
Saviour, do not tarry long.
- 8 By thy word we fain would steer,
Fain thy Spirit's dictates hear.
Save us from the rocks and shelves?
Save us chiefly from ourselves.
- 9 Never, never, may we dare
What we're not to say we are,
Make us well our vileness know
Keep us very, very low.
- 10 May we all our wills resign,
Quite absorbed and lost in thine,
Let us walk by thy right rules.
Lord, instruct us; we are fools.

88. Saving Faith.

[L. M. D.]

- 1 The sinner that truly believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His justification receives,
Redemption in full through his blood:
Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he through Christ can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

- 2 Not all the delusions of sin
Shall ever seduce him to death:
He now has the witness within,
United to Jesus by faith,
This faith shall eternally fail,
When Jesus shall fall from his throne:
For hell against both must prevail;
Since Jesus and he are but one,
- 3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name:
The work of God's Spirit it is;
A principle active and young,
That lives under pressure and load;
That makes out of weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upwards to God.
- 4 It treads on the world and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair:
And (what is still stranger to tell)
It overcomes heaven by prayer;
Permits a vile worm of the dust
With God to commune as a friend
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.
- 5 It says to the mountains, depart,
That stand betwixt God and the soul,
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes their sore consciences whole;
Bids sins of a crimson like dye
Be spotless as snow and as white;
And makes such a sinner as I
As pure as an angel of light.

89.

[76. 76.]

*These are they which came out of great tribulation;
and have washed their robes, and made them white,
in the blood of the Lamb.*

Revelation 12:14.

- 1 Brethren, those who come to bliss,
Come through sore temptations:
Let us all remembering this,
Pray for faith and patience.
- 2 See the suffering church of Christ,
Gathered from all quarters:
All contained in that red list,
Were not murdered martyrs.
- 3 Saints who feel the load of sin
Yet come off victorious,
Suffer martyrdom within,
Though it seem less glorious.
- 4 The Holy Ghost will make the soul
Feel it's sad condition;
For the sick and not the whole,
Need the good Physician.
- 5 Of that mighty multitude,
Who of life were winners,
This we safely may conclude,
All were wretched sinners.
- 6 All were loathsome in God's sight,
Till the blood of Jesus
Washed their robes, and made them white
Now they sing his praises.

- 7 Every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
 From their tribulation
 Stand; and to the Lamb ascribe?
 All their free salvation.
- 8 Let us likewise laud the Lamb.
 And in all affliction,
 Count our case with theirs the same.
 Without contradiction.

90.

[C. M.]

For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.

1 Corinthians 4:20.

- 1 A form of words, though e'er so sound,
 Can never save a soul;
 The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
 And make the wounded whole.
- 2 Though God's *election* is a truth,
 Small comfort there I see,
 Till I am told by God's own mouth,
 That he has chosen *me*.
- 3 Sinners, I read, are justified
 By faith in Jesus' blood:
 But, when to *me* that blood's applied,
 'Tis then it does me good.
- 4 To perseverance I agree,
 The thing to me is clear;
 Because the Lord has promised *me*,
 That I shall persevere.
- 5 Imputed righteousness I own
 A doctrine most divine;
 For Jesus to my heart makes known
 That all his merit's *mine*.

- 6 That Christ is God, I can avouch,
And for his people cares:
Since I have prayed to him as such,
And he has heard my prayers.
- 7 That sinners black as hell, by Christ
Are saved, I know full well;
For I his mercy have not missed,
And I am black as hell.
- 8 Thus Christians glorify the Lord;
His spirit joins with ours,
In bearing witness to his word,
With all its saving powers.

91.

[77. 447. D.]

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.

Matthew 5:4.

- 1 Christ is the friend of sinners:
Be that forgotten never.
A wounded soul,
And not a whole,
Becomes a true believer.
To see sin, smarts but slightly!
To own with lip-confession,
Is easier still;
But oh! to feel,
Cuts deep beyond expression.

- 2 Trust not to joyous fancies,
Light hearts, or smooth behaviour.
Sinners can say
 (And none but they)
How precious is the Saviour!
Then hail ye happy mourners,
How blest your state to come is!
 Ye soon will meet
 With comfort sweet;
It is the Lord's own promise.
- 3 The contrite heart and broken,
God will not give to ruin.
 This sacrifice
 He'll not despise;
For 'tis his Spirit's doing.
Then hail ye happy mourners,
Who pass through tribulation.
 Sin's filth and guilt,
 Perceived and felt,
Make known God's great salvation,
- 4 Dry doctrine cannot save us,
Blind zeal, or false devotion.
 The feeblest prayer,
 If faith be there,
Exceeds all empty notion.
Then hail, ye happy mourners;
Ye will at last be winners.
 By Jesus' blood,
 The righteous God
Is reconciled to sinners.

The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy.

James 4:5.

- 1 What tongue can fully tell
That Christian's grievous load,
Who would do all things well,
And walk the ways of God;
 But feels within
 Foul envy lurk,
 And lust, and work,
 Engendering sin?
- 2 Poor, wretched, worthless worm!
In what sad plight I stand!
When good I would perform,
Then evil is at hand.
 My leprous soul
 Is all unclean,
 My heart obscene,
 My nature foul.
- 3 To trust to Christ alone,
By thousand dangers feared,
And righteousness have none,
Is something very hard.
 Whate'er men say,
 The needy know
 It must be so;
 It is the way.
- 4 Thou all sufficient Lamb,
God blest for evermore,
We glory in thy name,
For thine is all the power.
 Stretch forth thy hand.
 And hold us fast;
 Our first and last,
 In thee we stand.

93.

[86. 86. 88.]

*I will bear the indignation of the Lord
because I have sinned against him.*

Micah 7:9.

- 1 Come, ye backsliding sons of God,
 (For many such there are)
Who long the paths of sin have trod,
 Come, cast away despair,
Return to Jesus Christ; and see,
There's mercy still for such as we.
- 2 True, we cannot pretend to much
 Of usefulness or fruit:
But yet the love of Christ is such,
 We still retain the root.
Returning prodigals shall find,
Though they are base, their Father's kind,
- 3 They who have never gone astray,
 Since first the Lord they knew,
Walk in a much more pleasant way,
 While we our folly rue:
But though we seem to differ thus,
They can't be perfect without us,
- 4 The indignation of the Lord
 A while we will endure;
For we hare sinned against his word,
 But still his grace is sure.
'Tis all a gift: let no man boast:
For Jesus came to save the *lost*.

94.

[S. M.]

I am the way, and the truth, and the life.
John 14:6.

- 1 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*.

95.

[88. 88. 88.]

Love not the world,
1 John 2:15.

- 1 My brethren, why these anxious fears,
These warm pursuits, and eager cares,
For earth, and all its gilded toys?
If the whole world you could possess,
It might enchant; it could not bless:
False hopes, vain pleasures and light joys!

- 2 Remember, brethren, whose you are;
Whose cause you own: whose name you bear,
Is it not *his*, who could not call
His own (though he had all things made)
A place whereon to lay his head?
A servant, though the Lord of all.
- 3 If wealth, or honour, power, or fame,
Can bring you nearer to the Lamb,
Then follow these with all your might:
But if they only make you stray,
And draw your hearts from him away:
Reflect, in what you thus delight.
- 4 Jesus hath said (who surely knew
Much better what we ought to do,
Than we can e'er pretend to see)
“No thought e'en for the morrow take.”
And “He that will not, for my sake,
Relinquish all's unworthy me,”
- 5 Let no vain words your souls deceive;
Nor Satan tempt you to believe
The world and God can hold their parts.
True Christians long for Christ alone.
The sacrifices God will own,
Are *broken*, not *divided*, hearts.
- 6 Great things we are not here to crave;
But, if we food and raiment have,
Should learn to be therewith content;
Into the world we nothing brought,
Nor can we from it carry ought:
Then walk the way your Master went.

96. For a Public Fast.

[C. M.]

- 1 Lord, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.
- 2 Oft have we each in private prayed
Our country might find grace,
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place.
- 3 Or, if amongst us some be met,
So careless of their sin
They have not cried for mercy yet;
Lord, let them now begin.
- 4 Thou by whose death poor sinners live,
By whom their prayers succeed,
Thy Spirit of supplication give,
And we shall pray indeed.
- 5 We will not slack, nor give thee rest;
But importune thee so,
That, till we shall be by thee blest,
We will not let thee go.
- 6 Great God of Hosts, deliverance bring
Guide those that hold the helm;
Support the state, preserve the king,
And spare the guilty realm.

7 Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel thy rod;
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

8 Whatever be our destined case,
Accept us in thy Son.
Give us his gospel and his grace,
And then thy will be done.

97.

[C. M.]

*For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin;
that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.*

2 Corinthians 5:21.

1 When I, by faith, my Maker see,
In weakness and distress,
Brought down to that sad state for me,
Which angels can't express;

2 When that great God, to whom I go
For help, amazed I view;
By sin and sorrow sunk as low
As I — and lower too;

3 (For all our sins we *his* may call,
As he sustained their weight:
How huge the heavy load of all,
When only mine's so great!)

4 Then, ravished with the rich belief
Of such a love as this,
I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,
And faint beneath the bliss.

- 5 Prostrate I fall, ashamed of doubt,
And worship love divine.
Thus may I always be devout;
Be this religion mine.
- 6 In this alone I can confide:
Here's righteousness enough.
What's all the boast of nature's pride!
What unsubstantial stuff!
- 7 Rounds of dead service, forms, and ways,
Which some do so esteem,
Compared with this stupendous grace,
What *trivial* trash they seem?
- 8 Lord, help a worthless worm, so weak
He can do nothing good,
May all I act, or think, or speak,
Be sprinkled with thy blood.

98.

[C. M.]

*For the law was given by Moses,
but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.
John 1:17.*

- 1 Is then the law of God untrue,
Which he by *Moses* gave?
No: but to take it in this view,
That it has power to save.
- 2 Legal obedience were complete,
Could we the law fulfil;
But no man ever did so yet,
And no man ever will.

- 3 The law was never meant to give
New strength to man's lost race.
We cannot act before we live;
And life proceeds from grace.
- 4 But grace and truth by Christ are given,
To him must *Moses* bow,
Grace fits the new born soul for heaven,
And truth informs us how.
- 5 By Christ we enter into rest;
And triumph o'er the fall.
Whoe'er would be completely blest,
Must trust to Christ for all.

99.

[446. 446.]

Let God be true, but every man a liar.
Romans 3:4.

- 1 The God I trust,
Is true and just,
His mercy hath no end,
Himself hath said,
My ransom's paid:
And I on him depend.
- 2 Then why so sad,
My soul? though bad,
Thou hast a friend that's good:
He bought thee dear;
(Abandon fear)
He bought thee with his blood.
- 3 So rich a cost
Can ne'er be lost,
Though faith be tried by fire,
Keep Christ in view:
Let God be true,
And every man a liar.

100. Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ.

[87. 87. 12 7]

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able, he is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you, this he gives you, this he gives you:
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall.
If ye tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

- 5 View him grovelling in the garden;
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies;
It is finished; it is finished; it is finished!
Sinner, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels joined in concert.
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

101.

[C. M.]

*And the Lord went his way,
as soon as he had left communing with Abraham,
and Abraham returned unto his place.*

Genesis 18:33.

- 1 When Jesus with his mighty love
Visits my troubled breast,
My doubts subside, my fears remove,
And I'm completely blest.

- 2 I love the Lord with mind and heart,
 His people and his ways;
 Envy, and pride, and lust depart,
 And all his works I praise.
- 3 Nothing but Jesus I esteem;
 My soul is then sincere:
 And every thing that's dear to him,
 To me is also dear.
- 4 But ah! when these short visits end,
 Though not quite left alone,
 I miss the presence of my Friend,
 Like one whose comfort's gone.
- 5 I to my own sad place return,
 My wretched state to feel.
 I tire, and faint and mope, and mourn,
 And am but barren still.
- 6 More frequent let thy visits be.
 Or let them longer last;
 I can do nothing without thee,
 Make haste, my God, make haste.

102.

[C. M.]

Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.

Matthew 9:2.

- 1 How high a privilege 'tis to know
 Our sins are all forgiven!
 To bear about this pledge below,
 This special grant of heaven!
- 2 To look on this, when sunk in fears!
 While each repeated sight
 Like some reviving cordial cheers,
 And makes temptations light!

3 Oh! what is honour, wealth, or mirth,
To this well grounded peace!
How poor are all the goods of earth,
To such a gift as this!

4 This is a treasure rich indeed,
Which none but Christ can give;
Of this the best of men have need —
This I, the worst, receive.

103.

[L. M.]

Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.

Matthew 9:2.

1 Blessed are they whose guilt is gone,
Whose sins are washed away with blood,
Whose hope is fixed on Christ alone —
Whom Christ hath reconciled to God.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Iniquity will not impute;
Who venturing on his Saviour's word.
Of faith enjoys the peaceful fruit.

3 Though traveling through this vale of tears,
He many a sore temptation meets:
The Holy Ghost this witness bears,
He stands in Jesus still complete.

4 The pearl of price no works can claim;
He that finds this, is rich indeed:
This pure white stone contains a name,
Which none, but who receives, can read.

5 This precious gift, this bond of love,
The Lord oft gives his people here:
But what we all shall be above,
Doth not, my brethren, yet appear.

6 Yet this we safely may believe,
'Tis what no words can e'er express:
What saints themselves cannot conceive,
And brightest angels can but guess.

104.

Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?
Zechariah 3:2.

[L. M.]

1 Thus saith the Lord to those that stand,
And wait to hear his great command;
I have a sinner to renew,
And lo! this charge I give to you,
2 Pull his polluted garments off,
Here, soul, here's raiment rich enough;
Clothe thee with righteousness divine,
Not creature's righteousness, but mine. -
3 Satan, avaunt — stand off, ye foes:
In vain ye rail, in vain oppose:
Your cancelled claim no more obtrude —
He's mine, I bought him with my blood.
4 Sinner, thou stand'st! in me complete,
Though they accuse thee, I acquit:
I bore for thee avenging fire.
And plucked thee burning from the fire.

105.

Condescend to men of low estate.
Romans 12:16.

[L. M.]

1 To you who stand in Christ so fast,
Ye know your faith shall ever last:
The Lord on whom that faith depends,
This kind important message sends.

- 2 If light exulting thoughts arise,
Your weaker brethren to despise,
Remember all to me are dear,
Who most is favoured most should bear.
- 3 If strong I thyself, support the weak;
If well, be tender to the sick:
To babes I oft reveal my mind,
And they who seek my face shall find.
- 4 If faith be strong as well as true,
Then strive that love may be so too:
Boast not, but meek and lowly be,
The humblest soul is most like me.
- 5 Should I, displeased, my face but turn,
Ye sadly would your folly mourn:
Who now seem best, would soon be worst.
I often make the last the first.
- 6 Encourage souls that on me wait,
And stoop to those of low estate:
Contempt, or slight, I can't approve,
Be love your aim, for I am love.

106.

[S. M.]

*O wretched man that I am!
who will deliver me from the body of this death?*
Rom. 7:24.

- 1 How sore a plague is sin,
To those by whom 'tis felt!
The Christian cries, unclean, unclean.
Even though released from guilt.

- 2 O wretched, wretched man!
 What horrid scenes I view!
I find, alas! do all I can,
 That I can nothing do
- 3 When good I would perform,
 Through fear of shame I stop:
Corruption rises, like a storm,
 And blasts the promised crop.
- 4 Of peace if I'm in quest,
 Or love my thought engage,
Envy and anger in my breast
 That moment rise and rage.
- 5 When for an humble mind
 To God I pour my prayer,
I look into my heart, and find
 That pride will still be there.
- 6 How long dear Lord, how long
 Deliverance must I seek;
And fight with foes so very strong,
 Myself so very weak?
- 7 I'll bear the unequal strife,
 And wage the war within;
Since death, that puts an end to life,
 Shall put an end to sin.

107.

[S. M.]

I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Rom 7:25.

- 1 Though void of all that's good,
 And very, very poor
Through Christ I hope to be renewed,
 And live for evermore.

2 I view my own bad heart,
And see such evils there,
The sight with horror makes me start,
And tempts me to despair.

3 Then with a single eye
I look to Christ alone;
And on his righteousness rely,
Though I myself have none.

4 By virtue of his blood
The Lord declares me clean;
Thus serves my mind the law of God,
My flesh the law of sin.

108.

[C. M.]

Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel.
Psalm 73:24.

1 Whene'er I make some sudden stop,
(For many such I make)
And cannot see the cloud cleared up,
Nor know which path to take:

2 I to my Saviour speed my way,
To tell my dubious state:
Then listen what the Lord will say,
And hope to follow that.

3 If Jesus seem to hide his face,
What anxious fears I feel!
But if he deign to whisper peace,
I'm happy, all is well.

- 4 Confirmed by one soft secret word,
 I seek no further light;
 But walk, depending on my Lord,
 By faith, and not by sight.
- 5 Of friends and counsellors bereft,
 I often hear him say;
 "Decline not to the right nor left,
 Go on, lo here's the way."
- 6 Weak in myself, in him I'm strong,
 His Spirit's voice I hear:
 The way I walk cannot be wrong,
 If Jesus be but there.
- 7 He is my helper and my guide;
 I trust to him alone:
 No other helps have I beside,
 I venture all on one.

109.

[886. 886.]

Then he turned his face to the wall, and prayed unto the Lord.
 2 Kings 20:2.

- 1 King *Hezekiah* lay diseased,
 With every dangerous symptom seized,
 Beyond the cure of art,
 With languid pulse, and strength decayed,
 With spirits sunk, and soul dismayed
 And ready to depart.
- 2 His friends despair; his servants droop;
 The learned leech can give no hope;
 All signs of life are fled;
 When, lo! the seer *Isaiah* came,
 With words to damp the expiring flame,
 And strike the dying dead.

- 3 Entering the royal patient's room,
He thus denounced the dreadful doom.
 "Of flattering hopes beware.
God's messenger behold I stand.
Thus saith the Lord, thy death's at hand:
 Prepare, O king, prepare."
- 4 Where is the man, whom words like these
(Though free before from all disease)
 Would not deject to death?
Favourite of Heaven! in Thee we see
The miracles of prayer; in Thee
 The omnipotence of faith.
- 5 Methinks I hear the hero say:
"And must my life be snatched away,
 Before I'm fit to die?
Can prayer reverse the stern decree,
And save a wretch condemned like me?
 It may — at least I'll try."
- 6 "Ye damps of death, that chill me through,
God's prophet and perdition too,
 I must withstand you all.
Both heaven and earth, awhile be gone:
I turn me to the Lord alone;
 And face the silent wall."
- 7 He said; and weeping poured a prayer,
That conquered Pain, removed despair
 With all its heavy load;
Repelled the force of death's attack,
Brought the recanting prophet back,
 And turned the mind of God.

110.

[76. 76.]

But thou shalt know hereafter.

John 13:7.

- 1 Righteous are the works of God;
All his ways are holy;
Just his judgments; fit his rod
To correct our folly:
- 2 All his dealings wise and good,
Uniform, though various;
Though they seem, by reason viewed,
Cross, or quite contrarious.
- 3 These are truths; and happy he
Who can well receive them.
Brethren, though we cannot see.
Still we should believe them.
- 4 Why through darksome paths we go,
We may know no reason;
But we shall hereafter know,
Each in his due season.
- 5 Could we see how all is right,
Where were room for credence?
But by faith and not by sight,
Christians yield obedience.
- 6 Let all fruitless searches go,
Which perplex and tease us:
We determine nought to know,
But a bleeding Jesus.

111.

[C. M.]

Blessed be ye poor.
Luke 6:20.

- 1 Lord, when I hear thy children talk,
 (And I believe 'tis often true)
How with delight thy ways they walk,
 And gladly thy commandments do.
- 2 In my own breast I look and read
 Accounts so very different there,
That, had I not thy blood to plead,
 Each sight would sink me to despair.
- 3 Needy, and naked, and unclean,
 Empty of good, and full of ill,
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
 Without the power to act or will!
- 4 I feel my fainting spirits droop,
 My wretched leanness I deplore,
Till gladdened with a gleam of hope
 From this: "The Lord has blessed the poor."
- 5 Then, while I make my secret moan,
 Upwards I cast my eyes, and see,
Though I have nothing of my own,
 My treasure is immense in thee.
- 6 Still may I keep thy love in view,
 Lean there, nor envy those that run:
Still trust to — not what I can do,
 But what thyself hast for me done.
- 7 My treasure is thy precious blood,
 Fix there my heart, and for the rest,
Under thy forming hands, my God,
 Give me that frame which thou likest best.

112. A General Admonition.

[87. 87.]

- 1 Brethren, why toil ye thus for toys,
And reckon trash for treasure;
Call gay deceptions solid joys,
Intoxication pleasure?
- 2 If more refined amusements please,
As knowledge, arts or learning:
A moment puts an end to these,
And sometimes short's the warning,
- 3 What balm could wretches ever find
In wit to heal affliction?
Or who can cure a troubled mind,
With all the pomp of diction?
- 4 Reflect, what trifles ye pursue
So anxious and so heedful;
For after all (you'll find it true)
There is but one thing needful.
- 5 God in his scriptures to reveal
His will has condescended.
What there is said he will fulfil,
Though man may be offended.
- 6 This written word with reverence treat.
Join prayer with each inspection;
And be not wise in self conceit,
'Tis folly to perfection.
- 7 True wisdom, of celestial birth,
Can both instruct and cherish.
Other attainments of earth,
And all that's earth, must perish.
- 8 The chief concern of fallen mankind
Should be to gain God's favour;
What safety can the sinner find,
Before he find a Saviour?

- 9 This Saviour must be one that can
 From sin and death release us;
 Make up the breach 'twixt God and man,
 Which none can do but Jesus.
- 10 Jesus is judge of quick and dead,
 And there is none beside him:
 Whether his power we slight or dread,
 Adore him, or deride him.
- 11 Whate'er we judge ourselves, we must,
 Or stand, or fall by *his* doom:
 And they that in this Jesus trust,
 Have found eternal wisdom
- 12 Mercy, and love, from Jesus felt,
 Can heal a wounded spirit;
 Mercy, that triumphs over guilt,
 And love that seeks no merit.
- 13 Then kiss the Son, for from his wrath
 No wisdom can deliver.
 Close in with Christ by saving faith,
 And God's your friend for ever.

113.

[C. M.]

Because thou sayest I am rich, and increased with goods.

Revelation 3:17.

- 1 What makes mistaken men afraid
 Of sovereign grace to preach?
 The reason is (if truth be said)
 Because they are so *rich*.
- 2 Why so offensive in their eyes
 Doth God's election seem?
 Because they think themselves so wise
 That they have chosen *him*.

- 3 Of perseverance why so loth
Are some to speak or hear?
Because, as masters over sloth,
They vow to persevere.
- 4 Whence is imputed righteousness,
A point so little known?
Because men think they all possess
Some righteousness their own,
- 5 Not so the needy helpless soul
Prefers his humble prayer:
He looks to him that works the whole,
And sees his treasure there.
- 6 His language is, "Let me, my God;
On sovereign grace rely;
And own 'tis free, because bestowed
On one so vile as I."
- 7 "Election! 'Tis a word divine.
For, Lord, I plainly see,
Had not thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had chosen *thee*."
- 8 "For *persevering* strength I've none,
But would on this depend,
*That Jesus having loved his own,
He loved them to the end.*"
- 9 "Empty and bare I come to thee,
For righteousness divine:
O may thy matchless merits be.
By *imputation* mine!"
- 10 Thus differ these, yet hoping each
To make salvation sure
Now most men would approve the *rich*
But Christ has blest the *poor*.

For thine is the kingdom ...

Matt. 6:13 ff.

- 1 Ye souls that are weak,
 And helpless, and poor,
 Who know not to speak,
 Much less to do more,
 Lo! here's a foundation
 For comfort and peace;
 In Christ is salvation,
 The kingdom is *his*.
- 2 With power he rules,
 And wonders performs;
 Gives conduct to fools,
 And courage to worms,
 Beset by sore evils
 Without and within,
 By legions of devils,
 And mountains of sin.
- 3 Then be not afraid,
 All power is given
 To Jesus our head,
 In earth and in heaven,
 Through him we shall conquer
 The mightiest foes,
 Our Captain is stronger
 Than all that oppose,
- 4 His power from above
 He'll kindly impart,
 So free is his love,
 So tender his heart,
 Redeemed with his merit,
 We're washed in his blood
 Renewed by his Spirit,
 We've power with God.

5 Thy grace we adore,
Director divine,
The kingdom, and power,
And glory are thine,
Preserve us from running
On rocks or on shelves;
From foes strong and cunning,
And most from ourselves.

6 Reign o'er us as king;
Accomplish thy will,
And powerfully bring
Us forth from all ill;
Till falling before thee,
We laud thy loved name,
Ascribing the glory
To God and the Lamb.

115.

[L. M.]

*Who was delivered for our offences,
and was raised again for our justification.*
Romans 4:25.

1 Jesus, when on the bloody tree
He hung, through soul and body pierced,
(That all things might accomplished be
Contained in scripture) said, *I thirst.*

2 *Hyssop*, the plant ordained by God,
And held by *Jews* in high esteem,
Which sprinkled them with paschal blood,
Sharp vinegar conveyed to *him*.

3 This done, our dear our dying Lord,
Exerts his short expiring breath;
Utters this rich important word,
'Tis finished; and submits to death.

- 4 Henceforth an end is put to sin,
(The important word implies no less)
Now for believers is brought in
An everlasting righteousness.
- 5 The Son of God and man has died,
Sinners as black as hell to save;
And, that they might be justified,
Is risen victorious from the grave.
- 6 In heaven he lives, our king, our priest,
There for his people ever pleads;
How sure is our salvation! Christ
Died, rose, ascended, intercedes.

116.

[C. M.]

For he shall not speak of himself.
John 16:13.

- 1 Whatever prompts the soul to pride,
Or gives us room to boast,
(Except in Jesus crucified)
Is not the Holy Ghost.
- 2 That blessed Spirit omits to speak
Of what himself has done;
And bids the enlightened sinner seek
Salvation in the Son.
- 3 He seldom moves a man to say,
Thank God I'm made so good;
But turns his eye another way,
To Jesus and his blood.
- 4 Great are the graces he confers
But all in Jesus' name;
He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
"Salvation to the Lamb."

117.

[C. M.]

And ye are complete in him.
Colossians 2:10.

- 1 When is it Christians all agree,
And let distinctions fall?
When, nothing in themselves, they see
That Christ is all in all.
- 2 But strife and difference will subsist.
While men will something seem.
Let them but singly look to Christ,
And all are one in *him*.
- 3 The infant and the aged Saint,
The worker, and the weak;
They who are strong, and seldom faint.
And they who scarce can speak,
- 4 Eternal life's the gift of God,
It comes through Christ alone.
'Tis his, he bought it with his blood;
And therefore give his *own*.
- 5 We have no life, no power, no faith,
But what by Christ is given.
We all deserve eternal death:
And thus we all are even.

118. The Outcasts of Israel.

[886. 886.]

- 1 Lord, pity outcasts vile and base,
The poor dependents on thy grace,
Whom men disturbers call.
By sinners and by saints withstood,
For these too bad, for those too good
Condemned or shunned by all.

2 Though faithful *Abraham* us reject,
And though his ransomed race, elect,
 Agree to give us up;
Thou art our Father, and thy name
From everlasting is the same;
 On that we build our hope.

119.

[66. 66. 88.]

The Lord thy God brought it to me.

Genesis 27:20.

1 And now the work is done,
 Without much pains or cost.
 The author's merit's none;
 And therefore none his boast:
He only claims whate'er's amiss.
Alas! how large a share is his?

2 Some time it took to beat
 And hunt for tinkling sound;
 But the rich savoury meat
 Was very quickly found.
For every truly Christian thought
Was by the God of *Isaac* brought.

3 May he that sings, or reads.
 That precious blessing know.
 That comes by *Jacob's* kids,
 And not from *Esau's* bow.
O bring no price; God's grace is free,
To *Paul*; to *Magdalene* — to *me*.

4 Glory to God alone,
 (Let man forbear to boast)
 To Father, and to Son,
 And to the Holy Ghost.
Eternal life's the gift of God:
The Lamb procured it by his blood.

SUPPLEMENT. [1762]

For the Lord's Supper. Twenty hymns.

120.²

[C. M.]

- 1 The king of heaven a feast has made,
And to his much-loved friends,
The faint, the famished and the sad,
This invitation sends:
- 2 “Beggars, approach my royal board,
Furnished with all that's good:
Come, sit at table with your Lord,
And eat celestial food.”
- 3 “My body and my blood receive,
It comes entirely free;
I ask no price for all I give;
But O, remember *me*.”
- 4 Lo! at thy gracious bidding, Lord,
Though vile and base, we come;
O, speak the reconciling word,
And welcome wanderers home.
- 5 Rich wine and milk, and heavenly meat,
We come to buy, and live,
Since *nothing* is the price that's set,
And we have nought to give.
- 6 Impart to all thy flock below
The blessings of thy death.
On every begging soul bestow
Thy love, thy hope, thy faith.

² Supplement Hymn I.

7 May each, with strength from heaven endued.
Say, "My Beloved's mine:
I eat his flesh and drink his blood,
In signs of bread and wine."

121.³

[C. M.]

1 This is the day the Lord has made:
Rejoice, my friends, to see
His royal table richly spread
For such vile worms as we.

2 Ye beggars, from your dunghills rise,
Cast off your rags of shame,
Open, ye blind, your long closed eyes;
And leap for joy, ye lame.

3 Come, and with regal robes be clad,
All at the cost of Christ.
Come, every one a king be made,
And every one a priest.

4 Welcome, poor sinner, welcome here,
Leave all thy cares behind.
Dismiss thy doubt, cast off thy fear;
Give reasonings to the wind.

5 Believe thy God, believe his word,
His Spirit, and his Son.
Only believe thy dying Lord,
And all the work is done.

6 Come, eat his flesh, and drink his blood,
Make all his merits thine.
Sure as thy body lives on food,
And feels the strength of wine.

³ Supplement Hymn II.

122.⁴

[S. M.]

- 1 Glory to God on high;
 Our peace is made with heaven.
 The Son of God came down to die,
 That sin might be forgiven.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,
 His body bruised, for sin;
 Remember this in eating bread,
 And that in drinking wine.
- 3 Approach his royal board,
 In his rich garments clad.
 Join every tongue to praise the Lord;
 And every heart be glad.
- 4 The Father gives the Son;
 The Son his flesh and blood
 The Spirit applies, and faith puts on
 The righteousness of God.
- 5 Sinners, the gift receive,
 And each say, "I am chief:
 Thou knowest, Lord, I would believe;
 Oh! help my unbelief."
- 6 Lord, help us from above,
 The power is all thy own,
 Faith is thy gift, and hope, and love?
 For of ourselves we've none.

123.⁵

[C. M.]

- 1 Father of heaven, almighty King,
 How wondrous is thy love!
 That worms of dust thy praise should sing,
 And thou their songs approve!

⁴ Supplement Hymn III.

⁵ Supplement Hymn IV.

- 2 Since by a new and living way
Access to thee is given,
Poor sinners may with boldness pray,
And earth converse with heaven.
- 3 Give each some token, Lord, for good,
And send the Spirit down,
To feed us with celestial food,
The body of thy Son.
- 4 The feast thou hast been pleased to make,
We would by faith receive:
That all that come their part may take,
And all that take may live.
- 5 Let every tongue the Father own:
Who, when, we all were lost,
To seek and save us sent the Son,
And gives the Holy Ghost.

124.⁶

[C. M.]

- 1 Lord, who can hear of all thy woe,
Thy groans and dying cries,
And not feel tears of sorrow flow,
And sighs of pity rise?
- 2 Much harder than the hardest stone
That man's hard heart must be.
Alas! dear Lord, with shame we own,
That just such hearts have we.
- 3 The symbols of thy flesh and blood
Will (as they have been oft)
With unrelenting hearts be viewed
Unless thou make them soft.
- 4 Dissolve these rocks; call forth the stream.
Make every eye a sluice:
Let none be slow to weep for him,
Who wept so much for us.

⁶ Supplement Hymn V.

5 And while we mourn, and sing, and pray.
And feed on bread and wine,
Lord, let thy quickening Spirit convey
The substance with the sign.

125.⁷

[C. M.]

1 The blest memorials of thy grief,
Thy sufferings, and thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with faith.

2 The tokens sent us, to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive:
But would receive with hope.

3 The pledges thou wast pleased to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with love.

4 Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us all that's good,
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

126.⁸

[66. 66. 88.]

1 Join every tongue to sing
The mercies of the Lord,
The love of Christ our King
Let every heart record.
He saved us from the wrath of God,
And paid our ransom with his blood.

⁷ Supplement Hymn VI.

⁸ Supplement Hymn VII.

2 What wondrous grace was this?
 We sinned, and Jesus died;
 He wrought the righteousness,
 And we were justified.
We ran the score to lengths extreme;
And all the debt was charged on him.

3 Hell was our just desert
 And he that hell endured.
 Guilt broke his guiltless heart,
 With wrath that we incurred.
We bruised his body, spilled his blood;
And both became our heavenly food.

127.⁹

[76. 76. 77. 76.]

1 Hail, thou Bridegroom bruised to death!
 Who hast the winepress trod
 Of the Almighty's burning wrath,
 Hail, slaughtered Lamb of God!
Melt our hearts with love like thine,
While we behold thee on the tree,
Sweetly mourning o'er each sign,
 In memory of thee.

2 Hail, thou mighty Saviour! blest
 Before the world began
 In the eternal Father's breast
 Hail, Son of God and man!
Thee we hymn in humble strains.
And to receive we all agree
These blest symbols of thy pains
 In memory of thee.

⁹ Supplement Hymn VIII.

- 3 Break, O break these hearts of stone,
By some endearing word.
Jesus come; may every one
Behold his suffering Lord.
The Holy Ghost into us breathe
Help us to take, from doubtings free
These dear tokens of thy death,
In memory of thee.
- 4 Thou, our great Melchizedek,
Bringest forth thy bread and wine;
Thou hast wrought out for our sake
A righteousness divine.
Send thy blessing from above.
When worms partake, such worms as we,
These rich pledges of thy love
In memory of thee.

128.¹⁰

[L. M.]

- 1 Oh! that our flinty hearts would melt,
While to remembrance, Lord, we call
Part of that weight which thou hast felt;
For who can comprehend it all!
- 2 Ye sinners, while these symbols dear
Present your suffering Lord to view,
Drop the soft tribute of a tear;
For he shed many a tear for you.
- 3 In the sad garden, on the wood,
His body bruised, from every part,
Poured on the ground a purple flood,
‘Till sorrow broke his tender heart.
- 4 Lord, while we thus show forth thy death,
O send thy Spirit from above:
Help us to feed on thee by faith;
And sigh, and sing, and mourn, and love.

¹⁰ Supplement Hymn IX,

129.¹¹

[S. M.]

- 1 When through the desert vast,
 The chosen tribes were led.
 They could not plow, nor till, nor sow
 Yet never wanted bread.
- 2 Around their wandering camp
 The copious manna fell:
 Strewed on the ground, a food they found,
 But what, they could not tell.
- 3 But better bread by far,
 Is now to Christians given;
 Poor sinners eat immortal meat,
 The living bread from heaven
- 4 We eat the flesh of Christ;
 Who is the bread of God.
 Their food was coarse, compared with ours
 Though theirs was angels' food.

130.¹²

[S. M.]

- 1 Lord, send thy Spirit down
 On babes that long to learn,
 Open our eyes; and make us wise.
 Thy body to discern.
- 2 'Tis by thy word we live,
 And not by bread alone;
 The word of truth from thy blest mouth:
 O, make it clearly known..
- 3 With what we have received
 Impart thy quickening power,
 We would be fed with living bread,
 And live for evermore.

¹¹ Supplement Hymn X.

¹² Supplement Hymn XI.

131.¹³

[L. M.]

- 1 Pity a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room:
And venturing hard behold I come.
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Among thy children room for *me*.
- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine:
But oh! my soul wants more than sign.
I faint, unless I feed on Thee,
And drink thy blood as shed for *me*.
- 4 For sinners, Lord thou came to bleed
And I'm a sinner, vile indeed!
Lord, I believe thy grace is free;
O, magnify thy grace in *me*.

132.¹⁴

[87. 87. D.]

- 1 How good our gracious God is!
What rich feasts does he provide!
Bread and wine to feed our bodies:
But much more is signified.
All his sheep (amazing wonder!)
Feeds he with his flesh and blood.
Where 's the power can ever sunder
Souls united thus to God?
- 2 When we take the sacred symbols
Of his body, bread and wine;
While the heart relents and trembles,
We rejoice with joy divine.
Jesus makes the weakest able;
Feeds us with his flesh and blood;
Needy beggars at his table
Are the welcome guests of God.

¹³ Supplement Hymn XII.

¹⁴ Supplement Hymn XIII.

3 Cease thy fears, then, weak believer:
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Yesterday, today, forever,
Saviour is his unctuous name.
Lowliness of heart and meekness
To the bleeding Lamb belong.
Trust in Him, and by thy weakness
Thou shalt prove that Christ is strong.

133.¹⁵

[C. M.]

1 Suffering Saviour, Lamb of God,
How hast thou been used!
With the Almighty's wrathful rod
Soul and body bruised!

2 We, for whom thou once was slain,
We, whose sins did pierce thee,
Now commemorate thy pain,
And implore thy mercy!

3 We would with thee sympathize
In thy bitter passion;
With soft hearts and weeping eyes
See thy great salvation.

4 Thine's an everlasting love;
We have dearly tried thee.
Whom have we in heaven above?
Whom on earth beside thee?

5 What can helpless sinners do,
When temptations seize us?
Nought have we to look unto
But the blood of Jesus.

¹⁵ Supplement Hymn XIV.

- 6 Pardon all our baseness, Lord,
All our weakness pity.
Guide us safely by thy word
To the heavenly city.
- 7 Oh! sustain us on the road
Through this desert dreary.
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,
When we're faint and weary.
- 8 Bid us call to mind thy cross
Our hard hearts to soften;
Often, Saviour, feast us thus;
For we need it often.

134.¹⁶

[C. M.]

- 1 The tender mercies of the Lord
On those that fear his name,
For every thankful tongue afford
An everlasting theme.
- 2 He pities all that feel his fear,
When wounded, pained or weak;
As tender mothers grieve to hear
Their infants moan, when sick.
- 3 He to the needy and the faint
His mighty aid makes known;
And when their languid life is spent,
Supplies it with his own.
- 4 The body in his bounty shares,
Sustained with corn and wine:
But for the soul himself prepares
A banquet more divine.
- 5 By faith received his flesh and blood
Shall life eternal give:
For he that eats immortal food
Immortally must live.

¹⁶ Supplement Hymn XV.

135.¹⁷

[66. 66. 88.]

- 1 When Jesus undertook
 To rescue ruined man,
 The realms of bliss forsook,
 And to relieve us ran;
 He spared no pains, declined no load,
 Resolved to buy us with his blood.
- 2 No harsh commands he gave,
 No hard conditions brought.
 He came to seek and save,
 And pardon every fault.
 Poor trembling sinners, hear his call;
 They come, and he forgives them all.
- 3 When thus we're reconciled,
 He sets no rigorous tasks.
 His yoke is soft and mild;
 For love is all he asks:
 Even *that* from him we first receive,
 For well he knows we've none to give,
- 4 This pure and heavenly gift
 Within our hearts to move,
 The dying Saviour left
 These tokens of his love:
 Which seem to say, "While this ye do,
 Remember him that died for you."

136.¹⁸

[C. M. D.]

- 1 That doleful night before his death,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Did almost with his latest breath
 This solemn feast ordain.
 To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met;
 And to remember Thee.
 Help each poor trembler to repeat,
 For *me*, he died for *me*. *Hallelujah.*

¹⁷ Supplement Hymn XVI.

¹⁸ Supplement Hymn XVII.

2 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings:
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.
O, tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants to Thee,
To sing, Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for *me*. *Hallelujah.*

137.¹⁹

[77. 77.]

1 Jesus, once for sinners slain, *Hallelujah.*
From the dead was raised again;
And in heaven is now set down
With his Father in his throne.

2 There he reigns a King supreme
We shall also reign with him.
Feeble souls, be not dismayed;
Trust in his almighty aid.

3 He has made an end of sin,
And his blood hath washed us clean.
Fear not, he is ever near:
Now, even now, he's with us here.

4 Thus assembling we, by faith,
Till he come, show forth his death.
Of his body bread's the sign:
And we drink his blood in wine.

5 Bread thus broken aptly shows
How his body God did bruise:
When the grape's rich blood we see,
Lord, we then remember Thee.

6 Saints on earth, with saints above,
Celebrate his dying lave.
And let every ransomed soul
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

¹⁹ Supplement Hymn XVIII.

- 1 The God, that first us chose,
 The eternal Father praise.
 What wondrous bounties he bestows!
 And by what wondrous ways!
- 2 His creatures all are filled,
 By him with proper food:
 But O! he gives to every child
 His Son's own flesh and blood.
- 3 Here hungry souls appear,
 And eat celestial bread.
 The needy beggar banquets here.
 With royal dainties fed.
- 4 Here thirsty souls approach,
 And drink immortal wine.
 The entertainment is for such,
 Prepared by grace divine.
- 5 God bids us bring no price;
 The feast is furnished free:
 His bounteous hand the poor supplies,
 And who more poor than we?
- 6 His Spirit from above
 Our Father sends us down:
 And looks with everlasting love
 On all that love the Son.

- 1 What creatures beside
 Are favoured like us!
 Forgiven, supplied,
 And banqueted thus,
 By God our good Father,
 Who gave us his Son;
 And sent us to gather
 His children in one?

²⁰ Supplement Hymn XIX.

²¹ Supplement Hymn XX.

2 Salvation's of God,
 The effect of free grace
 Upon us bestowed
 Before the world was.
God *from* everlasting
 Be blest; and again,
Blest *to* everlasting,
 Amen, and amen.

Before Preaching. Two hymns.

140.²²

[C. M.]

1 Once more we come before our God,
 Once more his blessing ask,
O may not duty seem a load!
 Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
 From heaven in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
 And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
 Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
 To each thy blessings suit.
And let the seed thy servant sows
 Produce a copious fruit.

²² Supplement Hymn XXI.

- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind blow;
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parched with heavenly showers
The cold with warmth divine.
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

141.²³

[55. 55. 65. 65.]

- 1 The good hand of God
Has brought us again
(A favour bestowed
We hope, not in vain)
To hear from our Saviour
The word of his grace.
Then be our behaviour
Becoming the place.
- 2 Remember the ends
For which we are met;
Alas! my dear friends,
We're apt to forget.
The motives that brought us
The Lord only sees;
But if he has taught us
Our ends should be these:
- 3 To worship the Lord
With praise and with prayer.
To practise his word,
As well as to hear.
To own with contrition
The deeds we have done;
And take the remission,
God gives in his Son.

²³ Supplement Hymn XXII.

4 Blest Spirit of Christ,
 Descend on us thus.
 Thy servant assist,
 Teach him to teach us.
O send us thy unction,
 To teach us all good;
And teach with compunction;
 And sprinkle with blood.

The Fear of the Lord. Three hymns.

142.²⁴

[55. 55. 65. 65.]

1 The fear of the Lord
 Our days will prolong;
 In trouble afford
 A confidence strong;
Will keep us from sinning;
 Will prosper our ways;
And is the beginning
 Of wisdom and grace.

2 The fear of the Lord
 Preserves us from death;
 Enforces his word;
 Enlivens our faith.
It regulates passion,
 And helps us to quell
The dread of damnation
 And terrors of hell.

3 The fear of the Lord
 Is soundness and health;
 A treasure well stored
 With heavenly wealth.
A fence against evil,
 By which we resist
World, flesh and the Devil;
 And imitate Christ.

²⁴ Supplement Hymn XXIII.

- 4 The fear of the Lord
 Is clean and approved;
 Makes Satan abhorred;
 And Jesus beloved.
It conquers by weakness;
 Is proof against strife;
A cordial in sickness;
 A fountain of life.
- 5 The fear of the Lord
 Is lowly and meek;
 The happy reward
 Of all that him seek;
They only can fear him
 The truth can discern;
For living so near him
 His secrets they learn.
- 6 The fear of the Lord
 His mercy makes dear;
 His judgments adored,
 His righteousness clear.
Without its fresh flavour
 In knowledge there's fault,
In doctrines no savour,
 In duties no salt.
- 7 The fear of the Lord
 Confirms a good hope;
 By this are restored
 The senses that droop.
The deeper it reaches,
 The more the soul thrives.
It gives what it teaches,
 And guards what it gives.

8 The fear of the Lord
 Forbids us to yield.
 It sharpens our sword,
 And strengthens our shield.
Then cry we to heaven,
 With one loud accord,
That to us be given
 The fear of the Lord.

143.²⁵

[L. M.]

1 Happy the men that fear the Lord,
 They from the paths of sin depart,
 Rejoice and tremble at his word,
 And hide it deep within the heart.
2 They in his mercy hope, through grace;
 Revere his judgments, not contemn.
 In pleasing him their pleasure's placed
 And *his* delight is placed in them.
3 This fear, a rich and endless store,
 Preserves the soul from poisonous pride,
 The heart that wants this fear is poor,
 Whatever it possess beside.
4 This treasure was by Christ possessed,
 In this his understanding stood.
 And every one that's with it blest,
 Has free redemption in his blood.

144.²⁶

[S. M.]

1 The men that fear the Lord,
 In every state are blest.
The Lord will grant whate'er they want,
 Their souls shall dwell at rest.

²⁵ Supplement Hymn XXIV.

²⁶ Supplement Hymn XXV.

- 2 His secrets they shall share;
His covenant shall learn:
Guided by grace, shall walk his ways,
And heavenly truth discern.
- 3 He pities all their griefs;
When sinking, makes them swim.
He dries their tears, relieves their fears;
And bids them trust in him.
- 4 In his remembrance book,
The Saviour sets them down,
Accounting each a jewel rich;
And calls them all his own.
- 5 This fear's the spirit of faith.
A confidence that's strong;
An unctuous light to all that's right,
A bar to all that's wrong.
- 6 It gives religion life
To warm as well as light;
Makes mercy sweet, salvation great,
And all God's judgments right.

145.²⁷

I will sing of mercy and of judgment.

Psalm 101:1.

[S. M.]

- 1 Thy mercy, Lord, we praise;
Of judgment too we sing:
For all the riches of thy grace,
Our grateful tribute bring.
- 2 Mercy may justly claim
A sinner's thankful voice;
And judgment joining in the theme,
We tremble and rejoice,

²⁷ Supplement Hymn XXVI.

3 Thy mercies bids us trust;
Thy judgments strike with awe:
We fear the last, we bless the first;
And love thy righteous law.

4 Who can thy acts express?
Or trace thy wondrous ways?
How glorious is thy holiness!
How terrible thy praise!

5 Thy goodness how immense
To those that fear thy name!
Thy love surpasses thought or sense
And always is the same.

6 Thy judgments are too deep
For reason's line to sound.
Thy tender mercies to thy sheep
No bottom know, nor bound.

146.²⁸ Character and Offices of Christ. [S. M. D.]

1 Christ is the eternal *Rock*,
On which his church is built;
The *Shepherd* of his little flock;
The *Lamb* that took our guilt;
Our *Counsellor*; our *Guide*;
Our *Brother*, and our *Friend*;
The Bridegroom of his chosen bride,
Who loves her to the end.

2 He is the *Son* to free;
The *Bishop* he to bless:
The full *propitiation* he;
The Lord our *righteousness*.
His body's glorious *head*,
Our *Advocate* that pleads;
Our *Priest* that prayed, atoned, and bled,
And ever intercedes.

²⁸ Supplement Hymn XXVII.

- 3 Let all obedient souls
 Their grateful tribute bring;
Submit to Jesus' righteous rules,
 And bow before their King.
 Our prophet Christ expounds
 His and our Father's will.
This good *Physician* cures our wounds,
 With tenderness and skill.
- 4 When sin had sadly made
 Twixt wrath and mercy strife,
Our dear *Redeemer* dearly paid
 Our ransom with his life.
 Faith gives the full release:
 Our surety for us stood:
The *Mediator* made the peace,
 And signed it with his blood.
- 5 Soldiers, your *Captain* own.
 Domestics, serve your Lord.
Sinners, the *Saviour's* love make known;
 Saints, hymn the incarnate word:
 The *witness* sure and true
 Of God's good will to men,
The Alpha and the Omega too,
 The first and last Amen.
- 6 Poor pilgrims shall not stray,
 Who frighted, flee from wrath
A bleeding Jesus is the Way,
 And blood tracks all the path.
 Christians in Christ obtain
 The *truth* that can't deceive.
And never shall they die again,
 Who in the *life* believe.

147.²⁹ Praise for Creation and Redemption. [C. M. D.]

- 1 While heavenly hosts their anthems sing,
 In realms above the sky,
Let worms of earth their tribute bring,
 And laud the Lord most high.
In thankful notes your voices raise,
 Ye ransomed of the Lord:
And sing the eternal Father's praise.
 The God by all adored.
- 2 All creatures to his bounty owe
 Their being and their breath;
But greatest gratitude should flow
 In men redeemed from death.
His only Son he deigned to give;
 (What love this gift declares!)
And all that in the Son believe,
 Eternal life is theirs.

148.³⁰

[87. 87. D.]

Put on the whole armour of God.
Ephesians 6:11.

- 1 Gird thy loins up, Christian soldier,
 Lo thy Captain calls thee out:
Let the danger make thee bolder;
 War in weakness, dare in doubt.
Buckle on thy heavenly armour:
 Patch up no inglorious peace:
Let thy courage wax the warmer,
 As thy foes and fears increase.

²⁹ Supplement Hymn XXVIII.

³⁰ Supplement Hymn XXIX.

- 2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
Truth to keep thee firm and tight;
Never shall thy foe confound thee,
While the truth maintains thy fight.
Righteousness within thee rooted,
May appear to take thy part:
But let righteousness imputed
Be the breastplate of thy heart.
- 3 Shod with gospel preparation,
In the paths of promise tread.
Let the hope of free salvation,
As an helmet, guard thy head.
When beset with various evils,
Wield the Spirit's two-edged sword:
Cut thy way through hosts of devils
While they fall before the word.
- 4 But when dangers closer threaten,
And thy soul draws near to death;
When assaulted sore by Satan,
Then object the shield of faith;
Fiery darts of fierce temptations,
Intercepted by thy God,
There shall lose their force in patience.
Sheathed in love, and quenched in blood.
- 5 Though to speak thou be not able,
Always pray, and never rest.
Prayer's a weapon for the feeble:
Weakest souls can wield it best.
Ever on thy Captain calling,
Make thy worst condition known.
He shall hold thee up when falling;
Or shall lift thee up when down.

- 1 Deep in a cold, a joyless cell,
 A doleful gulf of gloomy care!
 Where dismal doubts and darkness dwell.
 The dangerous brink of black despair;
 Chilled by the icy damps of death,
 I feel no firm support of faith.
- 2 How can a burdened cripple rise?
 How can a fettered captive flee?
 Ah! Lord, direct my wishful eyes;
 And let me look, at least, to thee.
 Alas! my sinking spirits droop.
 I scarce perceive a glimpse of hope.
- 3 Extend thy mercy, gracious God,
 Thy quickening Spirit vouchsafe to send
 Apply thy reconciling blood,
 And kindly call thy foe thy friend
 Or if rich cordials thou deny,
 Let patience comfort's place supply.
- 4 Let hope survive, though damped by doubt,
 Do thou defend my shattered shield.
 Oh! let me never quite give out
 Help me to keep the bloody field.
 Lord, look upon the unequal strife.
 Delay not, lest I lose my life.

³¹ Supplement Hymn XXX.

Christ's Resurrection. Four hymns.

150.³²

[C. M.]

- 1 See from the dungeon of the dead
Our great deliverer rise;
While conquest wreaths his heavenly head,
And glory glads his eyes.
- 2 The struggling Hero, strong to save,
Did all our miseries bear
Down to the chambers of the dead,
And left the burden there.
- 3 See, how the well pleased angel rolls
The stone; and opes the prison.
Lift up your heads ye sin sick souls,
And sing, *The Lord is risen.*
- 4 No more indictments justice draws,
It sets the soul at large,
Our surety undertook the cause;
And faith's a full discharge.
- 5 To save us, our Redeemer died;
To justify us, rose.
Where's the condemning power beside
Has right to interpose?
- 6 The Lord is risen, thou trembling soul
Let fears no more confound,
Let heaven and earth from pole to pole
The Lord is risen resound.

151.³³

[L. M.]

- 1 Believer, lift thy drooping head;
Thy Saviour has the victory gained
See all thy foes in triumph led,
And everlasting life obtained.

³² Supplement Hymn XXXI.

³³ Supplement Hymn XXXII.

- 2 God from the grave has raised his Son,
The powers of darkness are despoiled,
Justice declares the work is done,
And God and man are reconciled.
- 3 Lo! the Redeemer leaves the tomb;
See the triumphant hero rise;
His mighty arms their strength resume;
And conquest sparkles in his eyes.
- 4 Death his death's wound has now received.
An end of sin's entirely made;
Prisoners of hope are quite reprieved,
And all the dreadful debt is paid.
- 5 Christians, for whom the Lord was slain.
Give him the purchase of his blood.
Let sin no longer in you reign,
But dedicate your souls to God.
- 6 Earth's empty toys no more esteem:
Your minds from worldly things remove,
Let your affections rise with him,
And set your hearts on things above.

152.³⁴

[S. M. D.]

- 1 Christians, dismiss your fear;
Let hope and joy succeed,
The great good news with gladness hear,
The Lord is risen indeed.
The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display.
So wakes the sun when rosy dawn
Unbars the gates of day.

³⁴ Supplement Hymn XXXIII.

- 2 The promise is fulfilled,
 Salvation's work is done.
Justice with mercy's reconciled:
 And God has raised his Son,
 He quits the dark abode,
 From all corruption free,
The holy, harmless Child of God
 Could no corruption see.
- 3 Angels with saints above
 The rising Victor sing:
And all the blissful seats of love
 With loud hosannas ring.
 Ye pilgrims too below,
 Your hearts and voices raise.
Let every breast with gladness glow
 And every mouth sing praise.
- 4 My soul, thy Saviour laud;
 Who all thy sorrows bore.
Who died for sin; but lives to God,
 And lives to die no more.
 His death procured thy peace.
 His resurrections thine,
Believe; receive, the full release
 'Tis signed with blood divine.

153.³⁵

[88. 88. 11 5.]

- 1 Uprising from the darksome tomb,
 See the victorious Jesus come!
 The almighty prisoner quits the prison:
 And angels tell, the Lord is risen.
Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels tell
 The Lord is risen.

³⁵ Supplement Hymn XXXIV.

2 Ye guilty souls, that groan and grieve,
 Hear the glad tidings; hear and live.
 God's righteous law is satisfied:
 And justice now is on your side.
Justice, justice, justice, justice, justice now
 Is on your side.

3 Your surety, thus released by God,
 Pleads the rich ransom of his blood.
 No new demand, no bar remains;
 But mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy now
 Triumphant reigns.

4 Believers, hail your rising head,
 The first-begotten from the dead.
 Your resurrection's sure, through his,
 To endless life, and boundless bliss.
Endless, endless, endless, endless, endless life
 And boundless bliss.

Christ's Ascension. Two hymns.

154.³⁶

[88. 86.]

1 Now for a theme of thankful praise,
 To tune the stammerer's tongue:
 Christians, your hearts and voices raise,
 And join the joyful song.

2 The Lord's ascended up on high,
 Decked with resplendent wounds,
 While shouts of victory rend the sky,
 And heaven with joy resounds.

3 See from the regions of the dead,
 Through all the ethereal plains,
 The powers of darkness captive led,
 The dragon dragged in chains.

³⁶ Supplement Hymn XXXV.

- 4 Ye eternal gates your leaves unfold,
Receive the conquering King;
Ye angels, strike your harps of gold.
And saints triumphant sing.
- 5 Sinners, rejoice, he died for you;
For you prepares a place;
Sends down his spirit to guide you through,
With every gift and grace.
- 6 His blood which did your sins atone,
For your salvation pleads;
And seated on his Father's throne,
He reigns, and intercedes.

155.³⁷

[77. 77.]

- 1 Jesus, our triumphant head, *Hallelujah.*
Risen victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory's gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.
- 2 Cherubs on the conqueror gaze.
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze.
Each bright order of the sky,
Hail him, as he passes by.
- 3 Saints the glorious triumph meet;
See their enemies at his feet.
By his scars his toils are viewed,
And his garments rolled in blood.
- 4 Heaven its King congratulates;
Opens wide her golden gates.
Angels songs of victory sing;
All the blissful regions ring.
- 5 Sinners, join the heavenly powers,
For redemption all is ours.
None but burdened sinners prove
Blood-bought pardon, dying love,

³⁷ Supplement Hymn XXXVI.

6 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord:
Holy Lamb, incarnate. Word!
Hail, thou suffering Son of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood.

156.³⁸ The Gospel.

[88. 88. 10 5.]

1 Repent, ye sons of men, repent.
Hear the good tidings God has sent.
Of sinners saved, and sins forgiven.
And beggars raised to reign in heaven.
Beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars
Raised to reign in heaven.

2 God sent his Son to die for us,
Die to redeem us from the curse.
He took our weakness; bore our load;
And dearly bought us with his Blood.
Dearly, dearly, dearly, dearly, dearly
Bought us with his blood.

3 In guilt's dark dungeon when we lay,
Mercy cried, Spare, and Justice, Stay;
But Jesus answered, Set them free;
And pardon them, and punish me.
Pardon, pardon, pardon, pardon, pardon
Them and punish me.

4 Salvation is of God alone;
Life everlasting in his Son:
And he, that gave his Son to bleed.
Will freely give us all we need,
Freely, freely, freely, freely, freely
Give us all we need.

5 Believe the Gospel; and rejoice.
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
His goodness praise; his wonders tell,
Who ransomed all our souls from hell.
Ransomed, ransomed, ransomed, ransomed, ransomed
All our souls from hell.

³⁸ Supplement Hymn XXXVII.

157.³⁹ True and False Faith.

[S. M.]

- 1 Faith's a convincing proof,
A substance sound and sure,
That keeps the soul secured enough,
But makes it not secure.
- 2 Notion's the harlot's test,
By which the truth's reviled;
The child of fancy finely dressed,
But not the living child.
- 3 Faith is by knowledge fed,
And with obedience mixed:
Notion is empty, cold, and dead,
And fancy's never fixed.
- 4 True faith's the life of God,
Deep in the heart it lies:
It lives, and labours under load,
Though damped, it never dies.
- 5 A weakening, empty grace,
That makes us strong and full;
False faith, though stout and full in face,
Weakens and starves the soul.
- 6 Opinions in the head
True faith as far excels,
As body differs from a shade,
Or kernels from the shells.
- 7 To see good bread or wine
Is not to eat or drink:
So some, who hear the word divine,
Do not believe, but think,

³⁹ Supplement Hymn XXXVIII.

- 8 True faith refines the heart,
And purifies with blood;
Takes the whole gospel, not a part.
And holds the fear of God.

Sickness. Two hymns.

158.⁴⁰

[L. M.]

- 1 Lord, hear a restless wretch's groans,
To thee my soul in secret moans:
My body's weak, my heart's unclean.
I pine with sickness and with sin.
- 2 My strength decays, my spirits droop,
Bowed down with guilt I can't look up;
I lose my life, I lose my soul,
Except thy mercy makes me whole.
- 3 Thou knowest what 'tis, Lord, to be sick,
And, though almighty, hast been weak:
Sin thou hast none, and yet didst die
For guilty sinners, such as I.
- 4 Sin's rankling sores my soul corrode;
Oh! heal them with thy balmy blood;
And if thou dost my health restore,
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.
- 5 Or if I never more must rise,
But death's cold hand must close my eyes,
Pardon my sins, and take me home,
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

159.⁴¹

[L. M.]

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

⁴⁰ Supplement Hymn XXXIX.

⁴¹ Supplement Hymn XL.

- 2 Joyless and flat all things appear:
The spirits are languid, thin the flesh;
Medicines can't ease, nor cordials cheer,
Nor food support, nor sleep refresh:
- 3 Then, then to have recourse to God;
To pour a prayer in time of need,
And feel the balm of Jesus' blood,
This is to find a friend indeed.
- 4 And this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith.
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
In pain, in sickness, or in death.
- 5 When flesh decays, and heart thus fails,
He shall thy strength and portion be:
Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails;
And softly whisper, "Trust in me."
- 6 Himself shall be thy helping friend;
Thy good physician, nay, thy nurse.
To make thy bed shall condescend,
And from the affliction take the curse.
- 7 Shouldst thou a moment's absence mourn:
Should some short darkness intervene;
He'll give the power, till light return,
To trust him with the cloud between.

Death. Three hymns.

160.⁴²

[L. M.]

- 1 Ye sons of men, the warning take,
A moment brings us all to dust.
Awake from sin; from sloth awake.
Reflect in what you put your trust.

⁴² Supplement Hymn XLI.

- 2 Life is a lily, fair today,
 Tomorrow into the oven thrown;
 Health soon will fail, and strength decay,
 No help in power, in riches none.
- 3 Ah! what avails the pompous pall?
 The *sable stoles*, the plumed hearse?
 To rot within some sacred wall,
 Or wound a stone with lying verse?
- 4 'Tis destined, all men once must die,
 And after death receive their doom
 Then whither will the ungodly fly?
 Or those who carelessly presume?
- 5 Blessed are they and only they,
 Who in the Lord, the Saviour die;
 Their bodies wait redemption's day,
 And sleep in peace where'er they lie.
- 6 Where is thy victory, where thy sting,
 Thou ghastly king of terrors, death?
 We worms defy thee, while we sing,
 And trample on thy power by faith.

161.⁴³

[C. M.]

- 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
 Repent! thy end is nigh:
 Death at the farthest can't be far:
 Oh! think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save.
 Thy sins, how high they mount!
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
 How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
 His time there's none can tell:
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,
 To heaven, or to hell.

⁴³ Supplement Hymn XLII.

- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling: worms consume:
But, ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 Today, the gospel calls, today,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue;
- 6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile soe'er he be;
Abundant pardon, peace with God,
All given entirely free.

162.⁴⁴

[S. M.]

- 1 Ye bold blaspheming souls,
Whose conscience nothing scares:
Ye carnal cold professing fools.
Whose state's as bad as theirs:
- 2 Ye strong deluded lights,
Whose faith's too stout to pray;
And ye, whom proud perfection cheats,
As free from sin as they.
- 3 The awful change, not far,
Dissolves each golden dream:
Death will distinguish what you are,
From what you only seem.
- 4 Repent, or you're undone,
And pray to God with speed.
Perhaps the truth may yet be known,
And make you free indeed.
- 5 The hour of death draws nigh,
'Tis time to drop the mask.
Fall at the feet of Christ, and cry;
He gives to all that ask.

⁴⁴ Supplement Hymn XLIII.

6 Good Shepherd of the sheep,
 Abolisher of death,
O give us all repentance deep,
 And purifying faith.

Four Funeral Hymns.

163.⁴⁵

[S. M.]

1 The spirits of the just,
 Confined in bodies, groan,
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
 And then the conflicts done.

2 Jesus, who came to save,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Perfumed the chambers of the grave,
 And made e'en death our gain.

3 Why fear we then to trust
 The place where Jesus lay?
In quiet rests our *brother's* dust,
 And thus it seems to say:

4 “Forbear, my friend, to weep,
 Since death has lost its sting:
Those Christians that in Jesus sleep,
 Our God will with him bring.”

5 This message then receive,
 And grief indulge no more:
Return to work awhile, believe,
 And wait the welcome hour.

⁴⁵ Supplement Hymn XLIV.

- 1 Sons of God by blest adoption,
View the dead with steady eyes;
What is sown thus in corruption,
Shall in incorruption rise.
What is sown in death's dishonour,
Shall revive to glory's light;
What is sown in this weak manner,
Shall be raised in matchless might.
- 2 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
We commit our *brother's* dust:
Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
Till our Lord demands thy trust:
Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus,
Thou, with us, shalt wake from death
Hold he cannot, though he seize us,
We his power defy by faith.
- 3 Jesus, thy rich consolations
To thy mourning people send;
May we all, with faith and patience,
Wait for our approaching end!
Keep from courage vain or vaunted
For our change our hearts prepare;
Give us confidence undaunted,
Cheerful hope, and godly fear.

- 1 Christians, view this solemn scene,
And, if your souls be sad,
Look beyond the cloud between,
And let your hearts be glad.
Never from your memory lose
The resurrection of the just:
Death's a blessing now to those
Who in our Jesus trust.

⁴⁶ Supplement Hymn XLV.

⁴⁷ Supplement Hymn XLVI.

- 2 Deep interred in earth's dark womb
 The mouldering body lies;
 But the Christian from the tomb
 Shall soon triumphant rise.
 Jesus Christ, the righteous judge,
 For all his people's sins was slain;
 Give the Saviour, without grudge,
 The purchase of his pain.
- 3 Now the grave's a downy bed,
 Embroidered round with blood:
 Say not the believer's dead,
 He only rests in God,
 Lord, we long to be at home,
 Lay down our heads, and sleep in thee.
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
 And set thy prisoners free.

166.⁴⁸

[L. M.]

- 1 Fountain of life, who gavest us breath,
 Eternal sire, by all adored.
 Who makest us conquerors over death,
 Through Jesus our victorious Lord.
- 2 We give thee thanks, we sing thy praise,
 For calling thus thy children home,
 And shortening tribulation days,
 To hide them in the peaceful tomb.
- 3 Jesus, confiding in thy name.
 Thou King of saints, thy body's head,
 We give to earth the breathless frame
 Remembering thou thyself wast dead.
- 4 Thine was a bitter death indeed,
 Thou harmless suffering Lamb of God:
 Thou hast from hell thy people freed,
 And drowned destruction in thy blood.

⁴⁸ Supplement Hymn XLVII.

The Resurrection. Two Hymns.

167.⁴⁹

[C. M.]

- 1 The praise of Christ, ye Christians, sound,
His mighty act be told:
Death has received a deadly wound,
He takes but cannot hold.
- 2 Clipped are the greedy vulture's claws,
No more we dread his power;
He gapes with adamantine jaws,
And grins, but can't devour.
- 3 Believers in these darksome graves
Shall start, to light restored;
Forsake their monumental caves,
And mount to meet the Lord.
- 4 Not in ground the dying grain
Is hid, or lies forlorn;
But soon revives, and springs again,
And comes to standing corn.
- 7 So, waking from the womb of earth,
Where Christ has lain before,
And bursting to a better birth,
We rise to die no more.
- 6 The wicked too shall rise again;
The difference will be this:
They rise to everlasting pain,
And saints to endless bliss.

168.⁵⁰

[87. 87. D.]

- 1 Pleased we read, in sacred story,
How our Lord resumed his breath:
Where, O grave's thy conquering glory?
Where's thy sting, thou phantom, death?

⁴⁹ Supplement Hymn XLVIII.

⁵⁰ Supplement Hymn XLIX.

Soon thy jaws, restrained from chewing,
Must disgorge their ransomed prey.
Man first gave thee power to ruin;
Man, too, takes that power away.

2 I am *Alpha*, says the Saviour,
I *Omega* likewise am:
I was dead and live forever,
God Almighty and the Lamb.
In the Lord is our perfection,
And in him our boast we'll make;
We shall share his resurrection,
If we of his death partake,

3 Ye that die without repentance,
Ye must rise, when Christ appears;
Rise to hear your dreadful sentence,
While the saints rejoice in theirs.
You to dwell with fiends infernal,
They with Jesus Christ to reign,
They go into life eternal,
You to everlasting pain.

4 Bold rebellion, base backsliding,
Stop your course, reflect with dread,
In destruction there's no hiding;
Death and hell give up their dead,
Every sea, and lake, and river,
Shall restore their dead to view.
Shout for gladness, O believer,
Christ is risen and so shall you.

169.⁵¹

[88. 88. 10 5.]

1 Ye Christians, hear the joyful news,
Death has received a deadly bruise.
Our Lord has made his empire fall:
And conquered him that conquered all.
Conquered, conquered, conquered, conquered, conquered
Him that conquered all.

⁵¹ Supplement Hymn L.

- 2 Though doomed are all men once to die,
 Yet we by faith death's power defy.
 We soon shall feel his bands unbound,
 Awakened by the Archangel's sound.
 Wakened, wakened, wakened, wakened, wakened
 By the Archangel's sound.
- 3 The trump of God shall rend the rocks;
 And open adamantine locks.
 Come forth the dead from death's dark dome;
 And Jesus calls his ransomed home.
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus
 Calls his ransomed home.
- 4 Ye Sinners, timely warning take;
 Turn to the Lord; your ways forsake;
 And hope, through God 's almighty power,
 The happy resurrection hour.
 Happy, happy, happy, happy, happy
 Resurrection hour.

The Day of Judgment. Three Hymns.

170.⁵²

[L. M.]

- 1 Awake, ye sleeping souls, awake,
 And hear the God of Israel speak;
 His word is faithful, firm, and true,
 Sinners, attend, he speaks to you.
- 2 Mercy and vengeance in me dwell,
 One lifts to heaven, one casts to hell;
 My favour's more than life, my wrath
 Will burn beyond the bounds of death.
- 3 Short is the space, and death must come,
 And after death the day of doom;
 When quick and dead the Judge shall call,
 And deal their due deserts to all.

⁵² Supplement Hymn LI.

- 4 Fixed in everlasting state,
 Could men repent, 'twere then too late:
 Justice has bolted mercy's door,
 And God's long suffering is no more.
- 5 'Tis *now* the gospel message sent
 Commands repentance, *now* repent,
 Wisely be warned to refuge run,
 Obey the Father, kiss the Son.
- 6 In Christ receive the gift of God,
 Complete redemption though his blood:
 Mercy triumphant, sin forgiven,
 And everlasting life in heaven.

171.⁵³

[S. M.]

- 1 Behold! with awful pomp,
 The Judge prepares to come,
 The archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
 And wakes the general doom.
- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,
 Her dissolution mourns;
 Blushes of blood the moon deface,
 The sun to darkness turns.
- 3 The living look with dread;
 The frightened dead arise;
 Start from the monumental bed,
 And lift their ghastly eyes.
- 4 Horrors all hearts appall;
 They quake, they shriek, they cry;
 Bid rocks and mountains on them fall,
 But rocks and mountains fly.
- 5 Ye wilful wanton fools,
 Let danger make you wise;
 Carnal professors, careless souls,
 Unclose your lazy eyes.

⁵³ Supplement Hymn LII.

6 'Tis time we all awake;
The dreadful day draws near:
Sinners, your proud presumption check.
And stop your wild career.

7 Now is the accepted time;
To Christ for mercy fly;
O turn, repent, and trust in him.
And you shall never die.

8 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day:
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

172.⁵⁴

[C. M.]

1 Sinner, that slumberest on the brink
Of hell's devouring lake,
O think on death, on judgment think;
What meanest thou sleeper? Wake.

2 Soon shall the Lord himself descend,
The clouds before him driven:
A sudden shout the earth shall rend.
And shake the powers of heaven.

3 Myriads of angels bright shall wait,
His orders to obey;
And ransomed saints triumphant meet,
As bright and blest as they.

4 The King shall send his summons forth,
His messenger shall speed,
From east and west, from south and north,
To cite the quick and dead.

5 But, ah! what pale, what ghastly looks!
When guilty wretches come,
To hear from God's unerring books,
Their just though dreadful doom?

⁵⁴ Supplement Hymn LIII.

6 Convinced of every wanton word,
Of every daring sin,
Of speeches hard against the Lord,
And thoughts and acts unclean.

7 Save us, O Jesus, by thy death,
And cleanse us in thy blood:
Give us to live and die in faith,
And wait the trump of God.

173.⁵⁵ Hell.

[L. M.]

1 The Devil can self-denial use,
And that with devilish selfish views;
His being and his state disown;
And teach, that Devil or hell there's none.

2 But hear the words of God, O man.
“Sinners, amongst you all who can
With everlasting burnings dwell?
The wicked shall be cast to hell.”

3 Hell is that worst dreadful place,
Where Jesus never shows his face.
Where sinners damned with devils remain,
In hopeless horrors, endless pain!

4 God's wrath without his mercy's there.
Wrath without mercy who can bear?
How hot the fire, how huge the load,
Thy sufferings show thou Son of God.

5 Man, let goodness make thee melt.
Consider what the Lord has felt.
Repent, and to thy Saviour turn,
Who burned, that thou might never burn.

⁵⁵ Supplement Hymn LIV.

174.⁵⁶ Heaven.

[C. M.]

- 1 Ye souls that trust in Christ rejoice.
Your sins are all forgiven:
Let every Christian lift his voice,
And sing the joys of heaven.
- 2 Heaven, is that holy happy place,
Where sin no more defiles;
Where God unveils his blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles.
- 3 Where Jesus, son of man and God,
Triumphant from his wars,
Walks in rich garments dipped in blood,
And shows his glorious scars.
- 4 Where ransomed sinners sound God's praise
The angelic host among;
Sing the rich wonders of his grace,
And Jesus leads the song.
- 5 Where saints are free from every load
Of passions, or of pains:
God dwells in them, and they in God,
And love for ever reigns.
- 6 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive,
All that the blood of Christ procured,
Or all that God can give.
- 7 Lord as thou showest thy glory there,
Make known thy grace to us:
And heaven will not be wanting here,
While we can hymn thee thus.

⁵⁶ Supplement Hymn LV.

- 8 Jesus our dear Redeemer died,
That we might be forgiven;
Rose, that we might be justified,
And sends the Spirit from heaven.

Good Works. Three Hymns.

175.⁵⁷

[L. M.]

- 1 In vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death,
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts keeps his word;
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks *his* will before his own.
- 3 A barren tree that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root:
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree!"
- 4 Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline;
The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

176.⁵⁸

[C. M.]

- 1 When filthy passions or unjust
Professors minds control;
When men give up the reins to lust,
And interest sways the whole:
- 2 Or when they seek themselves to please,
Decline each thorny road.
Indulge their sloth, consult their ease,
And slight the fear of God:

⁵⁷ Supplement Hymn LVI.

⁵⁸ Supplement Hymn LVII.

- 3 The faith is vain such men profess,
 It comes not from above;
 The righteous man does righteousness,
 And true faith works by love,
- 4 Men's actions with their minds will suit,
 By them the heart is viewed.
 A tree that bears corrupted fruit
 Cannot be called good.
- 5 The Christian seeks his brothers good,
 Sometimes beyond his own;
 Or if self interest will intrude,
 It does not reign alone.
- 6 Help us dear Lord to honour thee;
 Let our good works abound.
 Thou art that green, that fruitful tree,
 From thee our fruit is found.

177.⁵⁹

[S. M.]

- 1 Vain man, to boast forbear
 The knowledge in thy head:
 The sacred scriptures this declare,
Faith without works is dead.
- 2 When Christ the judge shall come,
 To render each his due;
 He'll deal thy deeds their righteous doom,
 And set thy works in view,
- 3 Food to the hungry give;
 Give to the thirsty drink:
 To follow Christ is to *believe*;
 Dead faith is but to *think*.
- 4 The man that loves the Lord
 Will mind whate'er he bid:
 Will pay regard to all his word.
 And do as Jesus did.

⁵⁹ Supplement Hymn LVIII.

5 The dead professor counts
 Good works as legal ties.
His faith to action seldom mounts;
 On doctrine he relies.

6 But words engender strife;
 Behold the gospel plan:
Trust in the Lord alone for life.
 And do what good you can.

Repentance. Two Hymns.

178.⁶⁰

[C. M.]

- 1 What various ways do men invent
 To give the conscience ease?
Some say, believe, and some, repent;
 And some say, strive to please.
- 2 But, brethren, Christ, and Christ alone
 Can rightly do the thing:
Nor ever can the way be known,
 Till he salvation bring.
- 3 What mean the men that say, believe,
 And let repentance go?
What comfort can the soul receive
 That never felt its woe?
- 4 Christ says, "That I might sinners call
 To penitence I'm sent."
And, "Likewise ye shall perish all,
 Except ye do repent."
- 5 Those who are called by grace divine
 Believe, but not alone:
Repentance to their faith they join,
 And so go safely on.

⁶⁰ Supplement Hymn LIX.

6 But should repentance, or should faith,
Should both deficient seem;
Jesus gives both (the scripture saith)
Then ask them both of him.

179.⁶¹

[C. M.]

1 Repentance is a gift bestowed,
To save a soul from death;
Gospel repentance towards God
Is always joined to faith.

2 Not for an hour, a day, a week,
Do saints repentance own;
But all the time the Lord they seek
At sin they grieve and groan,

3 Nor is it such a dismal thing,
As 'tis by some men named;
A sinner may repent and sing,
Rejoice and be ashamed.

4 'Tis not the fear of hell alone,
For that may prove extreme;
Repenting saints the Saviour own,
And grieve for grieving him.

5 If penitence be quite left out,
Religion is but halt;
And hope, though e'er so clear of doubt,
Like offerings without salt.

180.⁶²

[77. 77. 57. 77.]

Believe only.
Luke 8:50.

1 Zeal extinguished to a spark!
Life is very, very low.
All my evidences dark!
And good works I've none to show.

⁶¹ Supplement Hymn LX.

⁶² Supplement Hymn LXI.

Prayer too seems a load;
Ordinances tease or tire.
I can feel no love to God,
Hardly have a good desire.

- 2 Though thy fainting spirits droop,
 Yet thy God is with thee still.
 To believe in hope against hope;
 And against thee all things feel;
 Only to believe,
 Midst thy coldness, doubts, and death,
 Canst thou not, poor soul, perceive
 This is now thy work of faith?

Christ is Holy. 2 Hymns.

181.⁶³

[76. 76. 78. 76.]

- 1 Jesus, Lord of life and peace,
 To thee we lift our voice;
 Teach us at thy holiness
 To tremble and rejoice.
 Sweet and terrible's thy word;
Thou and thy word are both the same,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 We love thy holy name.
- 2 Burning seraphs round thy throne
 Beyond all brightness bright,
 Bow their bashful heads, and own
 Their own diminished light.
 Worthy thou to be adored,
Lord God Almighty, great I AM!
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 We love thy holy name.
- 3 Saints, in whom thy Spirit dwells.
 Pour out their souls to thee;
 Each his tale in secret tells,
 And sighs to be set free.

⁶³ Supplement Hymn LXII.

Christ admired, themselves abhorred;
They cry with awe, delight and shame,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy name.

4 Men whose hearts admit no fear
At thy perfections awed,
Use thy name, but not revere
The holy child of God;
These thy kingdom own in word:
Save us from loyalty so lame.
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy name.

5 Just and righteous is our King,
Glorious in holiness:
Though we tremble, while we sing.
We would not wish it less.
Souls by whom the truth's explored
Wonders of mercy best proclaim.
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy name.

182.⁶⁴

[C. M.]

1 God is a high and holy God,
Eternally the same:
Holiness is his blest abode,
And holy is his name.

2 The holy Father, holy Ghost,
Man readily will own;
But 'tis a blessing few can boast,
To know the holy Son.

3 With hearts of flint, and fronts of brass,
Some talk of Christ their head;
And make the living Lord, alas!
Companion with the dead.

⁶⁴ Supplement Hymn LXIII.

- 4 Familiar freedom, luscious names,
To Christ some fondly use;
Visions of wonder, flashy frames,
Are others utmost views.
- 5 By things like these men often run
To this, or that extreme;
But that man truly knows the Son;
Who loves to live like him.
- 6 Lord, help us, by thy mighty power
To gain our constant view;
Which is, that we may know thee more,
And more resemble too.

183.⁶⁵ The Stony Heart.

[L. M.]

- 1 Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rent, the earth can quake
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear,
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

⁶⁵ Supplement Hymn LXIV.

5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

184.⁶⁶

[C. M. D.]

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, ...
Revelation 5:12 ff.

1 We sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sittest upon the throne.
Ten thousand blessings on thy name,
Who worthy art alone.
Thy bruised broken body bore
Our sins upon the tree;
And now thou livest for evermore:
And now we live through thee. *Hallelujah.*

2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that died;
(What theme can sound so sweet?)
His drooping head, his streaming side.
His pierced hands and feet;
With all that scene of suffering love.
Which faith presents to view:
For now he lives and reigns above,
And lives and reigns for you.

3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine?
Can ought be with it named?
What powerful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflamed!
Ye angels, hymn his glorious name,
Who loved and conquered thus.
And we will likewise laud the Lamb:
For he was slain for us.

⁶⁶ Supplement Hymn LXV.

Set your affections on things above.
Colossians 3:2.

- 1 Come raise your thankful voice,
 Ye souls redeemed with blood;
 Leave earth and all its toys,
 And mix no more with mud.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteemed
Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed.
- 2 Christians are priests and kings,
 All born of heavenly birth:
 Then think on nobler things,
 And grovel not in earth.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteemed
Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed.
- 3 With heart, and soul, and mind
 Exalt redeeming love.
 Leave earthly cares behind,
 And set your minds above.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteemed,
Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed.
- 4 Lift up your ravished eyes.
 And view the glory given:
 All lower things despise,
 Ye citizens of heaven.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteemed
Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed.
- 5 Be to this world as dead,
 Alive to that to come.
 Our life in Christ is hid,
 Who soon shall call us home.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteemed,
Redeemed, with Jesus' blood redeemed.

186.⁶⁸ Praising Christ.

[77. 77.]

- 1 Jesus Christ, God's holy Lamb, *Hallelujah*.
We will laud thy lovely name.
We were saved by God's decree:
And our debt was paid by thee.
- 2 Thou hast washed us in thy blood,
Made us kings and priests to God.
Take this tribute of the poor:
Less we can't, we can't give more.
- 3 Souls redeemed, your voices raise;
Sing your dear Redeemer's praise.
Worthy thou of love and laud,
King of saints, incarnate God.
- 4 Righteous are thy ways, and true;
Endless honours are thy due.
Grace and glory in thee shine;
Matchless mercy, love divine.
- 5 We, for whom thou once wast slain,
We thy ransomed sinner train,
In this one request agree:
"Make us more resemble thee."

Backsliders. Three Hymns.

187.⁶⁹

[L. M.]

- 1 Backsliding souls, return to God;
Your faithful God is gracious still,
Leave the false way ye long have trod,
And he will all backslidings heal.

⁶⁸ Supplement Hymn LXVII.

⁶⁹ Supplement Hymn LXVIII.

2 Your first espousals call to mind,
'Tis time ye should be now reclaimed.
What fruit could ever Christians find,
In things whereof they're now ashamed?

3 The indignation of the Lord
A while endure, for 'tis your due:
But firm and steadfast stands his word;
Though you are faithless, he is true,

4 Poor famished prodigal, come home,
Thy Father's house is open yet:
Much greater mercy bids thee come
Than all thy sins, though these are great.

5 The blood of Christ (a precious blood!)
Cleanses from all sin (doubt it not)
And reconciles the soul to God,
From every folly, every fault.

188.⁷⁰

[C. M.]

1 Deserters to the camp return,
Resume your former post.
Bewail your crimes, your baseness mourn,
For yet ye are not lost.

2 Yours is a sad, a dangerous case,
Be humble and repent.
Mercy you'll find, though e'er so base,
The moment you relent.

3 Sinners are saved by Jesus' blood,
How vile soe'er they be:
Eternal life's the gift of God,
And gifts are always free.

4 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which any man has done;
But God has sent his Son to bless:
Return and kiss the Son.

⁷⁰ Supplement Hymn LXIX.

- 1 From poisonous errors, pleasing cheats,
And gilded baits of sin,
Which, swallowed as delicious meats,
Infect and rot within;
- 2 Lord, pardon a backslider base
Returning from the dead,
Ashamed to show his shameful face,
Or lift his guilty head.
- 3 Ah! what a fool have I been made?
Or rather made myself!
That mariners mad part I played,
That sees, yet strikes the shelf.
- 4 How weak must be this wicked heart,
Which, boasting much to know,
Made light of all thy bitter smart?
And wantoned with thy woe!
- 5 Monstrous ingratitude, I own.
Well worthy wrath divine!
Can blood such horrid crimes atone?
Yes, blood so rich as thine.
- 6 Then since thy mercy makes me melt,
My baseness I deplore.
Regard the grief and shame I've felt,
And daily make them more.

His mercy endureth forever.
Psalm 136.

- 1 God's mercy is forever sure.
Eternal is his name.
His mercy is forever sure.
As long as life and speech endure.
My tongue, this truth proclaim,
His mercy is forever sure.

⁷¹ Supplement Hymn LXX.

⁷² Supplement Hymn LXXI.

- 2 I basely sinned against his love:
 And yet my God was good.
 His mercy is forever sure.
 His favour nothing could remove:
 For I was bought with blood.
 His mercy is forever sure.
- 3 That precious blood atones all sin
 And fully clears from guilt.
 His mercy is forever sure.
 It makes the foulest sinner clean;
 For twas for sinners spilled.
 His mercy is forever sure.
- 4 He raised me from the lowest state;
 When hell was my desert.
 His mercy is forever sure.
 I broke his Law; and (worse than that)
 Alas! I broke his heart.
 His mercy is forever sure.
- 5 My soul, thou hast (let what will ail)
 A never changing friend.
 His mercy is forever sure.
 When brethren, friends, and helpers fail,
 On him alone depend.
 His mercy is forever sure.

191.⁷³

[868. 868.]

The Lord our righteousness.
 Jeremiah 23:6.

- 1 Jehovah is my righteousness:
 In him alone I'll boast.
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My tongue his mercy shall confess.
 Who seeks and saves the lost.
 Jehovah is my righteousness.

⁷³ Supplement Hymn LXXII.

- 2 When sunk in fears, with anguish pressed,
 Bowed down with weighty woe;
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My weary soul in him finds rest:
 From him my comforts flow.
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
- 3 I'll lay me down, and sweetly sleep;
 For I have peace with God.
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 And when I wake, he shall me keep;
 Through faith in Jesus' blood.
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
- 4 Ten thousand and ten thousand foes
 Shall not my soul destroy.
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My God their counsels overthrows;
 And turns my grief to joy.
 Jehovah is my righteousness.

192.⁷⁴ Salvation to the Lamb.

[C. M. D.]

- 1 Poor sinner, come, cast off the fear;
 And raise thy drooping head.
 Come sing, with all poor sinners here,
 Jesus, who once was dead.
 Salvation sing; no word more meet
 To join to *Jesus'* name.
 Let every thankful tongue repeat,
 Salvation to the Lamb.

⁷⁴ Supplement Hymn LXXIII.

- 2 Saints, from the garden to the cross
 Your conquering Lord pursue,
 Who, dearly to redeem your loss,
 Groaned, bled, and died for you.
 Now reigns victorious over death,
 The glorious great I AM.
 Let every soul repeat, with faith,
 Salvation to the Lamb.
- 3 When we incurred the wrath of God;
 (Alas! what could we worse?)
 He came, and with his own heart's blood
 Redeemed us from the curse.
 This Paschal Lamb, our heavenly meat,
 Was roasted in the flame.
 Repeat, ye ransomed souls, repeat,
 Salvation to the Lamb.

Baptism. Three Hymns.

193.⁷⁵

[C. M.]

- 1 Father of heaven, we thee address,
 (Obedience is our view)
 Accept us in thy Son and bless
 The work we have to do.
- 2 Jesus, as water well applied,
 Will make the body clean;
 So in the fountain of thy side
 Wash thou the soul from sin.
- 3 Celestial Dove, descend from high,
 And on the water brood;
 And with thy quickening power apply
 The water and the blood.
- 4 Great God, Three-One, again we call,
 And our requests renew:
 Accept in Christ, and bless withal
 The work we've now to do.

⁷⁵ Supplement Hymn LXXIV.

194.⁷⁶

[S. M.]

- 1 By what amazing ways,
 The Lord vouchsafes to explain
 The wonders of his sovereign grace
 Towards the sons of men!
- 2 He shows us first, how foul
 Our nature's made by sin.
 Then teaches the believing soul
 The way to make it clean.
- 3 Our baptism first declares
 What need we've all to cleanse.
 Then shows that Christ to all God's heirs
 Can purity dispense.
- 4 Water the body laves:
 And, if 'tis done by faith,
 The blood of Jesus surely saves
 The sinful soul from death.
- 5 Water no man denies:
 But, brethren, rest not there;
 'Tis faith in Christ that justifies,
 And makes the conscience clear.
- 6 Baptized into his death,
 We rise to life divine.
 The Holy Spirit works the faith;
 And water is the sign.

195.⁷⁷

[L. M.]

- 1 Buried in baptism with our Lord,
 We rise with him, to life restored:
 Not the bare life in *Adam* lost,
 But richer far; for more it cost.

⁷⁶ Supplement Hymn LXXV.

⁷⁷ Supplement Hymn LXXVI.

- 2 Water can cleanse the flesh, we own;
 But Christ well knows, and Christ alone.
 How dear to him our cleansing stood,
 Baptized with fire, and bathed in blood.
- 3 *His* was a baptism deep indeed.
 O'er feet and body, hands and head,
 He in his body purged our sin;
 A little water makes us clean.
- 4 Not but we taste his bitter cup;
 But only he could drink it up.
 To burn for us was his desire:
 And he baptizes us with fire.
- 5 This fire will not consume, but melt.
 How soft, compared with that he felt!
 Thus cleansed from filth, and purged from dross,
 Baptized Christian, bear the cross.

196.⁷⁸ Hymn at
 Recommending a Minister.

[87. 87. D.]

- 1 Holy Ghost, inspire our praises;
 Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues.
 While we laud the name of *Jesus*,
 Heaven will gladly share our songs.
 Hosts of angels bright and glorious,
 While we hymn our common King,
 Will be proud to join the chorus,
 And the Lord himself shall sing.
- 2 Raise we then our cheerful voices,
 To our God, who, full of grace,
 In our happiness rejoices,
 And delights to hear us praise.
 Whoso lives upon his promise,
 Eats his flesh and drinks his blood,
 All that's past, and all to come, is
 For that soul's eternal good.

⁷⁸ Supplement Hymn LXXVII.

- 3 Happy Soul! that hears and follows
 Jesus speaking in his Word.
Paul, and *Cephas*, and *Apollos*,
 All are his in Christ the Lord.
 Every state, howe'er distressing,
 Shall be profit in the end;
 Every ordinance a blessing,
 Every providence a friend.
- 4 Christian, dost thou want a teacher,
 Helper, counsellor, or guide?
 Wouldst thou find a proper preacher?
 Ask thy God; and he'll provide.
 Build on no man's parts or merit,
 But behold the gospel plan.
 Jesus sends his Holy Spirit;
 And the Spirit sends the man.
- 5 Bless, dear Lord, each labouring servant;
 Bless the work they undertake.
 Make them able, faithful, fervent:
 Bless them for thy church's sake.
 All things for our good are given,
 Comforts, crosses, staffs, or rods.
 All is ours in earth and heaven:
 We are Christ's; and Christ is God's.

At Dismission. Six Hymns.

197.⁷⁹

[L. M.]

- 1 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,
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood,
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

⁷⁹ Supplement Hymn LXXVIII.

198.⁸⁰

[S. M.]

- 1 Once more, before we part,
 Well bless the Saviour's name;
 Record his mercies, every heart,
 Sing, every tongue, the same.
- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,
 And feed thereon, and grow:
 Go on to seek to know the Lord,
 And practise what you know.

199.⁸¹

[C. M.]

- 1 Lord, help us on thy word to feed,
 In peace dismiss us hence;
 Be thou, in every time of need,
 Our refuge and defence.
- 2 We now desire to bless thy name,
 And in our hearts record,
 And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
 The goodness of the Lord.

200.⁸²

[76. 76. 77. 76.]

- 1 Guardian of thy helpless sheep,
 Jesus, Almighty Lord,
 Help our heedful hearts to keep
 The treasure of thy word.
 Let not Satan steal what's sown,
 Bid it bring forth precious fruit,
 Thou canst soften hearts of stone,
 And make thy word take root.

⁸⁰ Supplement Hymn LXXIX.

⁸¹ Supplement Hymn LXXX.

⁸² Supplement Hymn LXXXI.

201.⁸³

[76. 76. 78. 76.]

- 1 Father, ere we hence depart,
 Send thy good Spirit down,
 To reside in every heart,
 And bless the seed that's sown.
 Fountain of eternal love,
Thou freely gavest thy Son to die:
 Send thy Spirit from above
 To quicken and apply.

DOXOLOGIES.

202.⁸⁴

[C. M.]

- 1 O praise the Lord, ye heavenly host,
 The same on earth be done.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The great, the good Three-One.

203.⁸⁵

[L. M.]

- 1 To the great Godhead, Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Be glory, praise, and honour given
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

204.⁸⁶

[S. M.]

- 1 With all the heavenly host,
 Let Christians join to laud
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Our Saviour and our God.

⁸³ Supplement Hymn LXXXII.

⁸⁴ Doxology I.

⁸⁵ Doxology II.

⁸⁶ Doxology III.

205.⁸⁷

[55. 55. 65. 65.]

- 1 Give glory to God,
Ye children of men.
And publish abroad
Again and again
The Son's glorious merit,
The Father's free grace,
The gifts of the Spirit,
To Adam's lost race.

206.⁸⁸

[77. 77.]

- 1 Glory to the Eternal be,
Three in One, and One in Three,
God that pitied sinners lost,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

207.⁸⁹

[886. 886.]

- 1 Ye sons of men, your voices raise,
And sing the eternal Father's praise;
And glorify the Son.
Give glory to the Holy Ghost:
And join with the angelic host
To bless the great Three-One.

208.⁹⁰

[C. M. D.]

- 1 We laud thy name, almighty Lord,
The Father of all grace:
We laud thy name, incarnate Word,
Who saved a sinful race:
We laud thy name, blest Spirit of truth,
Who dost salvation seal;
Incline the heart, unclosethe the mouth,
And sanctify the will.

⁸⁷ Doxology IV.

⁸⁸ Doxology V.

⁸⁹ Doxology VI.

⁹⁰ Doxology VII.

APPENDIX. [1765]

Chastisement. Three Hymns.

209.⁹¹

[C. M.]

- 1 Happy the man that bears the stroke
Of his chastising God;
Nor stubbornly rejects his yoke,
Nor faints beneath his rod.
- 2 They who the Lord's correction share
Find favour in his eyes:
As kindest Fathers will not spare
Their children to chastise.
- 3 Thy Lord for nothing would not chide:
Thou highly should esteem
The cross that's sent to purge thy pride;
And make thee more like him.
- 4 For this correction render praise;
'Tis given thee for thy good.
The lash is steeped, he on thee lays.
And softened in his blood.
- 5 Know, whom the Saviour favours much,
Their fault he oft reproves;
He takes peculiar care of such,
And chastens whom he loves,
- 6 Then kiss the rod; thy sins confess.
It shall a blessing prove;
And yield the fruits of righteousness,
Humility and love.

210.⁹²

[S. M.]

- 1 Gold in the furnace tried
Ne'er loses ought but dross:
So is the Christian purified;
And bettered by the cross.

⁹¹ Appendix Hymn I.

⁹² Appendix Hymn II.

- 2 Afflictions make us see
 (What else would 'scape our sight)
 How very foul and dim are we;
 And God how pure and bright.
- 3 The punished child repents;
 The parent's bowels move:
 The offended father soon relents.
 And turns with double love.
- 4 If God rebuke for pride,
 He'll humble thy proud heart:
 If for thy want of love he chide,
 That love he will impart.
- 5 He shall, by means like these,
 Thy stubborn temper break,
 Soften thy heart, by due degrees,
 And make thy spirit meek.
- 6 His chastening therefore prize.
 The privilege of a saint:
 Their hearts are hard who that despise;
 And theirs too weak who faint.

211.⁹³

[L. M.]

- 1 To thee, my God, I make my plaint;
 To thee my trembling soul draws near:
 Let not thy chastening make me faint,
 Nor guilt overwhelm me with despair.
- 2 What though thou frown to try my faith?
 What though thy heavy hand afflict?
 Thou wilt not give me up to death;
 Nor enter into judgment strict.
- 3 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right;
 Thy rod commands me to repent.
 If with my sin compared, 'tis light,
 And all in faithfulness is sent.

⁹³ Appendix Hymn III.

- 4 What would my blood avail, if spilled?
 Thou hast in richer blood been paid;
 When all my dreadful debt of guilt
 Was on my dying Saviour laid.
- 5 Then help me by thy grace to bear
 Whate'er thou send to purge my dross.
 If in his crown I hope to share,
 Why should I grudge to bear his cross?
- 6 Though thou severely with me deal,
 Still will I in thy mercy trust.
 Accomplish in me all thy will:
 Only remember, I am dust.

Praying for Fruitfulness. Two Hymns.

212.⁹⁴

[77. 77. D.]

- 1 Lord, if with thee part I bear,
 If I through thy word am clean,
 In thy mercy if I share;
 If thy blood has purged my sin;
 To my needy soul impart
 Thy good Spirit from above.
 To enrich my barren heart
 With HUMILITY and LOVE.
- 2 Lord, my heart, a desert vast,
 Thy manuring hand requires.
 Sin has laid my vineyard waste,
 Overgrown with weeds and briars.
 Thou canst make this desert bloom;
 Breathe, oh! breathe, celestial Dove;
 Till it blow with rich perfume
 Of HUMILITY and LOVE.
- 3 Vanquish in me lust and pride;
 All my stubbornness subdue;
 Smile me into fruit — or chide,
 If no milder means will do.

⁹⁴ Appendix Hymn IV.

Ah! compassionate my case;
Let the *poor* thy pity move;
Give me, of thy boundless grace,
Give HUMILITY and LOVE.

- 4 Why should one that bears thy name
Why should thy adopted child
Be in rags exposed to shame,
Like a savage fierce and wild?
With thy children I would sit ,
And not like an alien rove:
Clothe my soul, and make it fit
With HUMILITY and LOVE.
- 5 Greatest sinners, greatly spared
Love much; and themselves debase.
Mine 's a paradox too hard,
Rich of mercy, poor of grace.
Me thou hast forgiven much.
(This my sins too plainly prove)
Give me, what thou givest such
Much HUMILITY and LOVE.

213.⁹⁵

[L. M.]

- 1 Jesus, to thee I make my moan;
My doleful tale I tell to thee:
For thou canst help, and thou alone,
A lifeless lump of sin like me.
- 2 Fain would I find increase of faith;
Fain would I see fresh graces bloom.
But, ah! my heart's a barren heath
Blasted with cold, and black with gloom.
- 3 True; thou hast kindly given me light,
I know what Christians ought to be.
But did thy blind receive their sight
Nothing but dismal things to see?

⁹⁵ Appendix Hymn V.

- 4 Though winter waste the earth awhile,
 Spring soon revives the verdant meads.
 The ripening fields in summer smile;
 And autumn with rich crops succeeds.
- 5 But I from month to month complain,
 I feel no warmth; no fruits I see.
 I look for life, but dead remain;
 'Tis winter all the year with me.
- 6 Yet sin's rank weeds within me live;
 Barrenness is not all I bear:
 I do not so for *nothing* grieve;
 Alas! there 's worse than *nothing* there.
- 7 Still on thy promise I'll rely, '
 From whom alone my fruit is found:
 Until the Spirit from on high
 Enrich the dry and barren ground.

214.⁹⁶ The Brazen Serpent.
 Numbers 21.

[887. 887.]

- 1 When the chosen tribes debated
 Against their God, as hardly treated.
 And complained their hopes were spilled;
 God, for murmuring to requite them.
 Fiery serpents sent to bite them.
 Lively type of deadly guilt.
- 2 Stung by these they soon repented:
 And their God as soon relented.
 Moses prayed: He answer gave.
 “Serpents were the beasts that strike them,
 Make, of brass, a serpent like them,
 That's the way I choose to save.”
- 3 Vain was bandage, oil or plaster:
 Rankling venom killed the faster,
 Till the serpent Moses took,
 Reared it high, that all might view it,
 Bid the bitten look up to it:
 Life attended every look.

⁹⁶ Appendix Hymn VI.

- 4 Jesus thus, for sinners smitten,
Wounded, bruised, serpent-bitten,
To his cross directs their faith.
Why should I then poison cherish?
Why despair of care, and perish?
Look, my soul, though stung to death.
- 5 Thine's (alas!) a lost condition.
Works cannot work thee remission:
Nor thy goodness do thee good.
Death's within thee, all about thee,
But the remedy 's without thee:
See it in thy Saviour's blood.
- 6 See the Lord of glory dying!
See him gasping! hear him crying!
See his burdened bosom heave!
Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him;
Look, how deep your sins have stung him!
Dying sinners, look and live.

215.⁹⁷ The Relative Duties.

[887. 887.]

- 1 Christians, in your several stations,
Dutiful to all relations,
Give to each his proper due.
Let not their unkind behaviour
Make you disobey your Saviour:
His command's the rule for you.
- 2 Parents, be to children tender.
Children, full obedience render
To your parents, in the Lord.
Never slight, nor disrespect them;
Nor, through pride, when old reject them,
'Tis the precept of the word.

⁹⁷ Appendix Hymn VII.

- 3 Wives, to husbands yield subjection;
 Husbands, with a kind affection,
 Cherish as yourselves your wives.
 Masters, rule with moderation;
 Swayed by justice, not by passion:
 To the scriptures square your lives.
- 4 Servants, serve your masters truly,
 Not unfaithful, nor unruly,
 To the good — nor to the bad;
 Not refusing what you're bidden;
 Nor replying, when you're chidden:
 'Tis the ordinance of God.
- 5 This shall solve the important question,
Whether thou art a real Christian,
 Better than each golden dream.
 Better far than lip expression,
 Towering notions, great profession,
 This shall show your love to him.

216.⁹⁸ The Scriptures.

[S. M.]

- 1 Say, Christian, wouldst thou thrive
 In knowledge of the Lord?
 Against no scriptures ever strive,
 But tremble at his word.
- 2 Revere the sacred page.
 To injure any part
 Betrays, with blind and feeble rage
 A hard and haughty heart.
- 3 If ought there dark appear,
 Bewail thy want of sight;
 No imperfection can be there:
 For all God's words are right.
- 4 The scriptures and the Lord
 Bear one tremendous name:
 The written, and the incarnate word
 In all things are the same.

⁹⁸ Appendix Hymn VIII.

5 For Jesus is the truth,
As well as life and way.
The two-edged Sword that 's in his mouth
Shall all proud reasoners slay.

6 Why dost thou call him Lord,
And what he says resist?
The soul that stumbles at the word
Offended is at Christ.

7 The thoughts of man are lies;
The word of God is true.
To bow to *that* is to be wise:
Then hear, and fear, and do.

217.⁹⁹

Suffer the word of exhortation.
Hebrews 13:22.

[C. M.]

1 Take heed, ye Christians, how ye hear;
Pay every truth respect.
The word of exhortation bear,
Nor treat with cold neglect.

2 Despise not those that would you warn:
Remember, this is true;
He that his duty will not learn,
His duty will not do.

3 Who slights, in any part, God's word,
Shows a too haughty look.
The slothful Soul will not be stirred;
Nor scorners hear rebuke.

4 Better's a babe, that would be wise.
Than those who mind high things:
Whose long profession scorns advice,
Those old and foolish kings.

⁹⁹ Appendix Hymn IX.

5 Lord, let me not, by pride enticed,
Thy precepts count a load.
Help me to keep the faith of Christ
And the commands of God.

Treasure in Heaven. Two hymns.

218.¹⁰⁰

[S. M.]

1 Remember, man, thy birth;
Set not on gold thy heart.
Naked thou camest upon the earth;
And naked must depart.

2 This world's vain wealth despise:
Happiness is not here.
To Jesus lift thy longing eyes,
And seek thy treasure there.

3 Be wise to run thy race,
And cast off every load.
Strive to be rich in works of grace,
Be rich towards thy God.

4 The poor may thus be rich;
Their means however small.
When rich men once gave very much,
Two mites exceeded all.

5 If profit be thy scope,
Diffuse thy alms about:
The worldling prospers laying up:
The Christian, laying out.

6 Returns will not be scant,
With honour in the highest,
For who relieves his brethren's want
Bestows his alms on Christ.

7 Give gladly, to the poor,
'Tis lending to the Lord;
In secret so increase thy store,
And hide in heaven the hoard.

¹⁰⁰ Appendix Hymn X.

8 There thou mayest fear no thief;
 No rankling rust nor moth;
Thy treasure and thy heart are safe:
 Where one is, will be both.

219.¹⁰¹

[87. 87. D.]

- 1 Lukewarm souls, the foe grows stronger;
 See what hosts your camp surround.
Arm to battle; lag no longer;
 Hark! The silver trumpets sound;
Wake, ye sleepers; wake. What mean you?
 Sin besets you round about.
Up, and search. The world within you
 Slay, or chase the traitor out.
- 2 What enchants you, pelf, or pleasure?
 Pluck right eyes; with right hands part.
Ask your conscience, Where's your treasure?
 For, be certain, there 's your heart.
Give the fawning foe no credit.
 Lo! the bloody flag 's unfurled.
That base heart (the word has said it)
 Loves not God, that loves the world.
- 3 God and mammon? Oh! be wiser;
 Serve them both? It cannot be.
Ease in warfare, saint and miser,
 There will never well agree.
Shun the shame of foully falling
 Cumbered captives clogged with clay.
Prove your faith. Make sure your calling,
 Wield the sword; and win the day.
- 4 Forward press toward perfection;
 Watch and pray, and all things prove.
Seek to know your God's election;
 Search his everlasting love.
Dread backsliding; scorn dissembling.
 Now salvation's near in view.
Work it out, with fear and trembling:
 'Tis your God that works in you.

¹⁰¹ Appendix Hymn XI.

Pray without ceasing.
1 Thessalonians 5:17.

- 1 Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God deigns to give.
Long as they live should Christians pray:
For only while they pray, they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indicts;
He speaks as prompted from within.
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.
- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high:
Arise, and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If Guilt deject, if sin distress;
The remedy's before thee: pray.
- 5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray; if thou canst or canst not speak:
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 6 Depend on him; thou canst not fail.
Make all thy wants and wishes known.
Fear not; his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

¹⁰² Appendix Hymn XII.

221.¹⁰³ The Lord's Prayer.

[C. M.]

- 1 Father of spirits in heaven and earth,
Higher than all that's highest,
God of our first and second birth,
Father of Jesus Christ.
- 2 Let all, with reverence, and with love,
Thy sacred name adore.
Set up thy throne all thrones above,
And reign forever more.
- 3 Help us thy pleasure to fulfil,
As done by heavenly powers.
Accomplish in us all thy will:
And let that will be ours.
- 4 Our souls and bodies feed, we pray,
With food that thou seest best:
We ask our portion for the day,
And leave to thee the rest.
- 5 Let mercy pardon all our crimes;
Which justice must condemn.
As some have wronged us many times,
And we would pardon them.
- 6 Let not temptation us befall,
Temptation from the devil;
But rescue and defend us all
From every thing that's evil.
- 7 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power
O'er angels, and o'er men;
The glory too, forever more
Is thine. Amen. Amen.

¹⁰³ Appendix Hymn XIII.

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But all true Christians this may boast	65	47	2
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But here's our point of rest	94	70	9
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But let not all this terrify	21	15	6
But let our debts be what they may.....	70	51	5
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But love shall still remain	68	50	6
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But strife and difference will subsist.....	151	117	2
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But we build upon a base	83	60	4
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But what great ends can man pursue	67	49	5
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Cease thy fears, then, weak believer	162	132	3
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Come raise your thankful voice	207	185	1
Come then, repenting sinner, come.....	11	7	5
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Come, and with regal robes be clad	154	121	3
Come, eat his flesh, and drink his blood.....	154	121	6
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	6	4	1
Come, my soul, and let us try	31	24	1
Come, poor sinners, come away	52	36	1
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Come, ye Christians, sing the praises	73	55	1
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Convince us of our sin	7	4	5
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Dearly are we bought; for God	59	41	4
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Depend on him; thou canst not fail	230	220	6
Descend from heaven, celestial Dove	9	6	1
Descend, celestial dove.....	69	50	9
Deserters to the camp return.....	209	188	1
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Do thou direct our feeble heart	13	9	12
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Extend thy mercy, gracious God	177	149	3
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Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard	198	174	6
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Here no strangers durst intrude	100	75	5
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How can a burdened cripple rise	177	149	2
How can ye hope, deluded souls	11	8	1
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I love the Lord with mind and heart.....	135	101	2
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If ought there dark appear.....	226	216	3
If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress	230	220	4
If penitence be quite left out	202	179	5
If profit be thy scope.....	228	218	5
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If strong I thyself, support the weak.....	138	105	3
If such a weight to every soul.....	43	28	8
If this be, Lord, thy way.....	37	26	18
If thou art the Son of God	93	70	3
If thou the least displeasure show	5	2	3
If thou, celestial dove	7	4	7
If to this thou art a stranger	88	65	4
If to-day we be sincere	83	60	3
If unbelief's that sin accursed	5	3	1
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Jesus gives us life and peace	15	11	3
Jesus gives us pure affections	23	17	3
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Jesus is our God and Saviour	71	54	1
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Jesus our dear Redeemer died.....	199	174	8
Jesus' precious blood once spilled	32	24	8
Jesus therefore let us own	15	11	4
Jesus thus, for sinners smitten.....	225	214	4
Jesus, all our consolations	72	54	5
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Jesus, confiding in thy name	191	166	3
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Jesus, once for sinners slain	165	137	1
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Kind souls, who for the miseries moan.....	70	52	1
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Lamb of God, in thee we trust	84	61	3
Lamb of God, we fall before thee	22	17	1
Lay us low before thy feet	118	87	3
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Leprous soul, press through the crowd.....	25	18	3
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Let all obedient souls.....	174	146	3
Let all, with reverence, and with love	231	221	2
Let every tongue the Father own.....	156	123	5
Let hope survive, though damped by doubt	177	149	4
Let mercy pardon all our crimes	231	221	5
Let no false comfort lift us up.....	8	5	5
Let no vain words your souls deceive	128	95	5
Let not conscience make you linger.....	133	100	3
Let not temptation us befall	231	221	6
Let not the observer entertain	50	33	8
Let not the strong the weak despise	48	32	6
Let the self-righteous hence beware	55	38	6
Let us all with grateful praises.....	18	14	1
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Let us likewise laud the Lamb	122	89	8
Let us trust thee evermore.....	99	74	6
Let us with humble hearts repair.....	16	12	2
Let us, with a steadfast faith.....	99	74	5
Life is a lily, fair today	187	160	2
Lift up your ravished eyes.....	207	185	4
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Lord, help us from above.....	155	122	6
Lord, help us on thy word to feed	217	199	1
Lord, help us, by thy mighty power.....	205	182	6
Lord, if with thee part I bear	222	212	1
Lord, in thy house I read there's room.....	161	131	2
Lord, let me not, by pride enticed	228	217	5
Lord, let thy Spirit prompt us when	45	30	9
Lord, look on all assembled here.....	129	96	1
Lord, my heart, a desert vast.....	222	212	2
Lord, pardon a backslider base.....	210	189	2
Lord, pity outcasts vile and base.....	151	118	1
Lord, send thy Spirit down	160	130	1
Lord, we fain would trust thee solely	76	56	8
Lord, we lie before thy feet.....	98	74	1
Lord, what a riddle is my soul	4	2	1
Lord, when I hear thy children talk.....	144	111	1
Lord, when thy Spirit descends to show	60	43	1
Lord, while we thus show forth thy death.....	159	128	4
Lord, who can hear of all thy woe	156	124	1
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Love all defects supplies	69	50	8
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This message then receive	189	163	5
This moment while I write	80	58	11
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This, and this only, is the way	47	31	5
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Thou hast washed us in thy blood	208	186	2
Thou hidest thy face; my sins abound	4	2	2
Thou knowest what tis, Lord, to be sick	185	158	3
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Though strait be the way.....	25	19	1
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Though thou here receive but little	91	68	4
Though thou severely with me deal	222	211	6
Though thousand snares enclose his feet	53	37	2
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Though we are feeble, Christ is strong	21	15	7
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Original pagination retained in main body of the book
Original spelling retained, except for changes since 1759 in British English (e.g., controul, ev'n) and obvious misspellings
Capitalization of text and titles standardized to modern British Christian usage
Poetic contractions expanded, unless they are in common use (e.g., unmov'd → unmoved, prest → pressed; but blest and e'er retained)
Hart used italics for emphasis and for quotations in his preface and hymns; these retained as in original

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