

POEMS ON
SUBJECTS
CHIEFLY DEVOTIONAL

VOLUME 1

By Anne Steele

Edited by Caleb Evans

1780

A NEW EDITION
Reset from the
1780 Edition, with Indices

2020

POEMS ON
SUBJECTS
CHIEFLY DEVOTIONAL.

[VOLUME 1]

A NEW EDITION.

To which is added, A Third Volume,
consisting of Miscellaneous Pieces,

By THEODOSIA.
[Anne Steele]

[Edited by CALEB EVANS]

... He tunes
My voice (if tuned); the nerve that writes, sustains.
Night Thoughts.

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HYMNS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

1. Desiring to Praise God.

[L. M.]

- 1 Almighty Author of my frame,
To thee my vital powers belong;
Thy praise (delightful, glorious theme!)
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

- 2 My heart, my life, my tongue are thine:
Oh be thy praise their blest employ!
But may my song with angels join?
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy?

- 3 Thy glories, the seraphic lyre
On all its strings attempts in vain;
Then how shall mortals dare aspire
In thought, to try the unequal strain?
- 4 Yet the great Sovereign of the skies
To mortals bends a gracious ear;
Nor the mean tribute will despise,
If offered with a heart sincere.
- 5 Great God, accept the humble praise,
And guide my heart, and guide my tongue,
While to thy name I trembling raise
The grateful, though unworthy song.

2. Imploring Divine Influence.

[L. M.]

- 1 My God, whene'er my longing heart
The praiseful tribute would impart,
In vain my tongue with feeble aim,
Attempts the glories of thy name.

- 2 In vain my boldest thoughts arise,
I sink to earth and lose the skies;
Yet I may still thy grace implore,
And low in dust thy name adore.
- 3 O let thy grace my heart inspire,
And raise each languid weak desire,
Thy grace, which condescends to meet
The sinner prostrate at thy feet.
- 4 With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight;
Then shall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praise, my constant blest employ,
- 5 Thy name inspires the harps above
With harmony, and praise, and love;
That grace which tunes the immortal strings,
Looks kindly down on mortal things.
- 6 O let thy grace guide every song,
And fill my heart and tune my tongue;
Then shall the strain harmonious flow,
And heaven's sweet work begin below.

3. Meditating on Creation and Providence. [C. M.]

- 1 Lord, when my raptured thought surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid my soul adore.

- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
 And speak their source divine.

- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,
 In earth and sea and air;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
 Almighty power declare.

- 4 All rose to life at thy command,
 And wait their daily food
From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
 Exhaustless spring of good!

- 5 The meads, arrayed in smiling greens
 With wholesome herbage crowned;
The fields with corn, a richer scene,
 Spread thy full bounties round.
- 6 The fruitful tree, the blooming flower,
 In varied charms appear;
Their varied charms display thy power,
 Thy goodness all declare.
- 7 The sun's productive quickening beams.
 The growing verdure spread;
Refreshing rains and cooling streams
 His gentle influence aid.
- 8 The moon and stars his absent light
 Supply with borrowed rays,
And deck the sable veil of night,
 And speak their Maker's praise.
- 9 Thy wisdom, power and goodness, Lord,
 In all thy works appear;
And O let man thy praise record;
 Man, thy distinguished care.

- 10 From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 11 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,.
Of reason's light possessed;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.
- 12 Thy providence, his constant guard
When threatening woes impend,
Or will the impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend,
- 13 On me that providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness, and thy praise.
- 14 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart;
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

4. Redeeming Love.

[C. M.]

- 1 Come heavenly love, inspire my song
 With thy immortal flame,
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
 The Saviour's lovely name.

- 2 The Saviour! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet comfort round,

- 3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
 In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
 And doomed to endless woe.

- 4 In our first parent's crime we fell;
 Our blood, our vital breath
Deep tinged with all the seeds of ill,
 Sad heirs to sin and death,

- 5 Black o'er our wrath devoted heads
 Avenging justice frowned;
While hell disclosed her deepest shades.
 And horrors rose around.
- 6 Wrapped in the gloom of dark despair,
 We helpless, hopeless lay:
But sovereign mercy reached us there,
 And smiled despair away.
- 7 God's only Son, (stupendous grace!)
 Forsook his throne above;
And swift to save our wretched race,
 He flew on wings of love.
- 8 The Almighty former of the sides
 Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
 And hailed the incarnate God.
- 9 The God in heavenly strains they sung,
 Arrayed in human clay;
Mysterious love! what angel tongue
 Thy wonders can display?

- 10 Mysterious love, in every scene,
Through all his life appears:
His spotless life exposed to pain,
And miseries and tears.
- 11 What blessings on a thankless race,
His bounteous hand bestowed?
And from his tongue what wondrous grace;
What rich instruction flowed?
- 12 The dumb, the deaf, the lame, the blind.
Confessed his healing power;
Disease and death their prey resigned,
And grief complained no more.
- 13 Infernal legions trembling fled,
Awed by his powerful word:
And winds and seas his voice obeyed,
And owned their sovereign Lord.
- 14 But man, vile man, his love abused,
Blind to the noblest good;
Blasphemed his power, his word refused,
And fought his sacred blood.

- 15 Still his unwearied love pursued
Salvation's glorious plan;
And firm the approaching horrors viewed
Deserved by guilty man,
- 16 What pain, what soul-oppressing pain,
The great Redeemer bore;
While bloody sweat, like drops of rain,
Distilled from every pore!
- 17 And ere the dreadful storm descends
Full on his guiltless head,
See him by his familiar friends
Deserted and betrayed!
- 18 While ruffian bands the Lord surround,
Relentless, murderous foes;
Meek, as a lamb for slaughter bound,
The patient sufferer goes.
- 19 Arraigned at Pilate's impious bar,
(Unparalleled disgrace!)
See spotless innocence appear
In guilt's detested place!

- 20 When perjury fails to stain his name,
The mob's envenomed breath
Extorts his sentence, public shame
And painful lingering death.
- 21 Patient, the cruel scourge he bore:
The innocent, the kind!
Then to the rabble's lawless power
And rudest taunts consigned.
- 22 With thorns they crown that awful brow.
Whose frown can make the globe;
And on their king in scorn be flow
The red and purple robe.
- 23 Ah! see the fatal cross appears,
Heart-wounding, dreadful scene!
His sacred flesh rude iron tears,
With agonizing pain.
- 24 Exposed with thieves to public view—
Could nature bear the sight?
The blushing sun his beams withdrew,
And wrapped the globe in night

- 25 Then, Oh! what loads of wrath unknown
The glorious sufferer felt;
For crimes unnumbered to atone,
To expiate mortal guilt?
- 26 The Father's blissful smile withdrawn,
In that tremendous hour;
Yet still the God sustained the man
With his almighty power.
- 27 'Tis finished! now aloud he cries,
No more the law requires;
And now, (amazing sacrifice!)
The Lord of life expires.
- 28 Earth's firm foundation felt the shock.
With universal dread;
Trembled the mountain, rent the rock,
And waked the sleeping dead!
- 29 Now breathless in the silent tomb,
His sacred body lies;
Thither his loved disciples come,
With sorrow-streaming eyes.

- 30 But see, the promised morn appear!
 Their joy revives again;
The Saviour lives; adieu to fear,
 To every anxious pain.
- 31 His kindest words their doubts remove,
 Confirm their wavering faith;
He bids them teach the world his love,
 Salvation by his death.
- 32 Triumphant he ascends on high,
 The glorious work complete;
Sin, death, and hell, low vanquished lie
 Beneath his awful feet,
- 33 There with eternal glory crowned,
 The Lord, the conqueror reigns;
His praise the heavenly choirs resound
 In their immortal strains.
- 34 Amid the splendours of his throne,
 Unchanging love appears;
The names he purchased for his own,
 Still on his heart be bears.

- 35 Still with prevailing power he pleads
Their cause for whom he died;
His Spirit's sacred influence sheds,
Their comforter and guide.
- 36 For them, reserves a radiant crown,
Bought with his dying blood;
And worlds of light, and joys unknown,
Forever near their God.
- 37 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine:
I cannot wish for more.
- 38 I yield to thy dear conquering arms
I yield my captive soul:
O let thy all-subduing charms
My inmost powers control!
- 39 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

5. The Great Physician.

[L. M.]

Luke 6:19.

- 1 Ye mourning sinners, here disclose
You deep complaints, your various woes,
Approach, tis Jesus, he can heal
The pains which mourning sinners feel,
- 2 To eyes long closed in mental night,
Strangers to all the joys of light,
His word imparts a blissful ray:
Sweet morning or celestial day!
- 3 Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,
The Lord, the Saviour bids you rise;
New life and strength his voice conveys,
And plaintive groans are changed for praise,
- 4 Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie
Beneath the Great Physician's eye;
Sin's deepest power his word controls,
That fatal leprosy of souls,

- 5 That hand divine, which can assuage
 The burning fever's restless rage;
 That hand, omnipotent and kind,
 Can cool the fever of the mind.
- 6 When freezing palsy chills the veins,
 And pale, cold death, already reigns,
 He speaks; the vital powers revive:
 He speaks, and dying sinners live.
- 7 Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand;
 Diseases fly at thy command;
 O let thy sovereign touch impart
 Life, strength, and health to every heart!
- 8 Then shall the sick, the blind, the lame.
 Adore their Great Physician's name;
 Then dying souls shall bless their God,
 And spread thy wondrous praise abroad.

6. Longing Souls Invited to the Gospel Feast. [C. M.]

Luke 14:22.

- 1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart:
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him, the father reconciled
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above,
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

7. Light and Deliverance.

[C. M.]

- 1 The weary traveller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.

- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of heavenly day
 Lost weary sinners find:
When mercy with reviving ray,
 Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves oppressed with cruel chains,
 How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose generous hand relieves their pains,
 And bids their sorrows end!
- 4 Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine
 Who ransoms captive souls,
Unbinds the cruel chains of sin,
 And all its power controls.
- 5 Jesus, to thy soul-cheering light,
 My dawn of hope I owe;
Once, wandering in the shades of night,
 And lost in hopeless woe.
- 6 Twas thy dear hand redeemed the slave,
 And set the prisoner free;
Be all I am, and all I have,
 Devoted, Lord, to thee!

- 7 But stronger ties than nature knows,
My grateful love confine;
And even that love, thy hand bestows
Which wishes to be thine.
- 8 Here, at thy feet, I wait thy will,
And live upon thy word:
O give me warmer love and zeal,
To serve my dearest Lord.

8. A Morning Hymn.

[C. M.]

- 1 Lord of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains, and woes;
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
 And undisturbed repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance o'er me spread,
 And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
 To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
 My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

9. An Evening Hymn.

[L. M.]

- 1 Great God, to thee my evening song
 With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

- 2 Mercy, that rich unbounded store,
 Does my unnumbered wants relieve;
Among thy daily craving poor,
 On thy all-bounteous hand I live.

- 3 My days unclouded, as they pass,
 And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace.
 And witness to thy love and power.

- 4 Thy love and power, (celestial guard)
 Preserve me from surrounding harms:
Can danger reach me, while the Lord
 Extends his kind protecting arms?

- 5 My numerous wants are known to thee,
Ere my slow wishes can arise;
Thy goodness measureless and free,
Is ready still with full supplies,
- 6 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And fond of trifles vainly rove.
- 7 When calm reflection finds a place,
How vile this wretched heart appears!
Let thy all-subduing grace
Melt it in penitential tears.
- 8 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 9 Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

10. On a Stormy Night.

[L. M.]

- 1 Lord of the earth, and seas, and skies,
All nature owns thy sovereign power;
At thy command the tempests rise,
At thy command the thunders roar.
- 2 We hear, with trembling and affright,
The voice of heaven, (tremendous sound!)
Keen lightnings pierce the shades of night,
And spread bright horrors all around.
- 3 What mortal could sustain the stroke,
Should wrath divine in vengeful storms
(Which our repeated crimes provoke,)
Descend to crush rebellious worms?
- 4 These dreadful glories of thy name
With terror would o'erwhelm our souls;
Put mercy dawns with kinder beam,
And guilt and rising fear controls,

- 5 O let thy mercy on my heart
With cheering, healing radiance shine;
Bid every anxious tear depart,
And gently whisper, Thou art mine.
- 6 Then safe beneath thy guardian care,
In hope serene my soul shall rest;
Nor storms nor dangers reach me there,
In thee, my God, my refuge, blest.

11. Searching after Happiness.

[C. M.]

- 1 O happiness, thou pleasing dream,
Where is thy substance found?
Sought through the varying scenes in vain,
Of earth's capacious round.
- 2 The charms of grandeur, pomp and show,
Are nought but gilded snares;
Ambition's painful steep ascent,
Thick set with thorny cares.

- 3 The busy town, the crowded street,
 Where noise and discord reign,
We gladly leave, and tired retreat
 To breathe and think again.
- 4 Yet if retirements pleasing charms
 Detain the captive mind,
The soft enchantment soon dissolves;
 Tis empty all as wind.
- 5 Religion's sacred lamp alone,
 Unerring points the way,
Where happiness forever shines
 With unpolluted ray.
- 6 To regions of eternal peace,
 Beyond the starry skies;
Where pure, sublime and perfect joys
 In endless prospect rise.
- 7 There Jesus, source of bliss divine,
 Our glorious leader reigns:
He gives us strength to hold our way,
 And crowns the traveller' pains.

- 8 Dear Saviour, let thy cheering smile
My fainting soul renew;
Then shall the heavenly Canaan yield
A sweet, though distant view.
- 9 Be thy almighty arm my stay,
My guide through all the road,
Till safe I reach my journey's end,
My Saviour, and my God.

12. Weary Souls Invited to Rest.

[L. M.]

Matthew 11:28.

- 1 Come weary souls with sin distressed,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

13. Thirsting after God.

[C. M.]

Isaiah 41:17.

- 1 When fainting in the sultry waste,
And parched with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream;

- 2 Should, sudden, to his hopeless eye
 A crystal spring appear,
How would the enlivening sweet supply
 His drooping spirits cheer!
- 3 So longs the weary fainting mind,
 Oppressed with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
 Whence heavenly comfort flows.
- 4 Thus sweet the consolations are,
 The promises impart,
Here flowing streams of life appear,
 To ease the panting heart.
- 5 O may I thirst for thee, my God,
 With ardent, strong desire;
And still through all this desert road,
 To taste thy grace aspire.
- 6 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
 A grateful sacrifice;
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
 And grant me full supplies.

14. The Favour of God the only Satisfying Good. [C. M.]

Psalm 4:6-7.

- 1 In vain the erring world enquires,
For true substantial good:
While earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food,
- 2 Illusive dreams of happiness,
Their eager thoughts employ;
They wake, convinced their boasted bliss
Was visionary joy.
- 3 Begone, ye gilded vanities;
I seek some solid good;
To real bliss my wishes rise,
The favour of my God,
- 4 My God, to thee my soul aspires;
Dispel the shades of night,
Enlarge and fill these vast desires.
With infinite delight.

- 5 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
 Heaven dawns in every ray;
One glimpse of thee will glad my heart,
 And turn my night to day,
- 6 Not all the good which earth bestows,
 Can fill the craving mind;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
 And leave a sting behind.
- 7 Should boundless wealth increase my store,
 Can wealth my cares beguile?
I should be wretched still, and poor
 Without thy blissful smile.
- 8 Grant, O my God, this one request;
 Oh, be thy love alone;
My ample portion—here I rest,
 For heaven is in the boon.

15. The Transforming Vision of God.

[C. M.]

Psalm 17:15.

- 1 My God, the visits of thy face
Afford superior joy,
To all the flattering world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.
- 2 But clouds and darkness intervene,
My brightest joys decline,
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
This wandering heart of mine,
- 3 Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee;
Unsatisfied I stray:
Break through the shades of sense and sin,
With thine enlivening ray.
- 4 O let thy beams resplendent shine,
And every cloud remove;
Transform my powers, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.

- 5 There Jesus reigns! may I be clothed
 With his divine array;
And when I close these eyes in death,
 Awake to endless day:
- 6 To endless day! to perfect life!
 To bliss without alloy!
Where not the least faint cloud shall rise,
 To intercept the joy:
- 7 To view, unveiled, thy radiant face,
 Thou everlasting fair!
And changed to spotless purity,
 Thy glorious likeness wear:
- 8 To feast, with ever new delight,
 On uncreated good,
And drink full satisfying draughts
 Of pleasure's sacred flood.
- 9 O bliss too high for mortal thought!
 It awes, and yet inspires:
Fain would my soul, unfettered, rise
 In more intense desires.

- 10 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
To those transporting joys;
Then shall I scorn each little snare,
Which this vain world employs:
- 11 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
I shall awake to bliss,
And in the likeness of my God,
Find endless happiness.

16. The Joys of Heaven.

[C. M.]

- 1 Come Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Then to the shining seats of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of paradise
Our raptured thoughts explore.

- 3 Pleasures, unsullied, flourish there,
 Beyond the reach of time:
Not blooming Eden smiled so fair,
 In all her flowery prime.
- 4 No sun shall gild the blest abode
 With his meridian ray,
But the more radiant throne of God
 Diffuse eternal day.
- 5 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
 And discord there shall cease,
And perfect joy and love sincere
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 6 The soul, from sin forever free,
 Shall mourn its power no more,
But clothed in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.
- 7 There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
 The exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heavenly minds.

- 8 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 9 While sweet reflection calls to mind
 The scenes of mortal care,
 When God, their God, forever kind,
 Was present to their prayer;
- 10 How will the wonders of his grace
 In their full lustre shine?
 His wisdom, power, and faithfulness,
 All glorious! all divine!
- 11 The Saviour, dying, rising, crowned,
 Shall swell the lofty strains,
 Seraph and saint his praise resound,
 Through all the ethereal plains.
- 12 But oh! their transports, oh! their songs!
 What mortal thought can paint?
 Transcendent glory awes our tongues,
 And all our notes are faint.

- 13 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

17. Humble Worship.

[L. M.]

- 1 Great King of kings, eternal God,
Shall mortal creatures dare to raise
Their songs to thy supreme abode,
And join with angels in thy praise?
- 2 The brighter Seraph veils his face;
And low before thy dazzling throne,
With prostrate homage all confess
Thou art the infinite unknown.
- 3 Man, ah how far removed below,
Wrapped in the shades of gloomy night:
His brightest day can only show
A few faint streaks of distant light.

- 4 But see, the bright, the morning star!
His beams shall chase the shades away;
His beams, resplendent from afar,
Sweet promise of immortal day!
- 5 To him, our longing eyes we raise,
Our guide to thee, the great unknown,
Through him, O may our humble praise
Accepted rise before thy throne.

18. Praise for National Peace.

[L. M.]

Psalm 46:9.

- 1 Great Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations run to arms,
And rage and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And laughter spreads the hostile plains;

- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled!)
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfill.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness and adore.

19. The Voice of the Creatures.

[L. M.]

- 1 There is a God, all nature speaks,
 Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
 See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
 When the first beams of morning rise:
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
 O'er the wide world's extended frame,
 Inscribes, in characters of light,
 His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
 And health and plenty smile around,
 And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
 Are with a thousand blessings crowned.
- 4 Almighty goodness, power divine,
 The fields and verdant meads display;
 And bless the hand which made them shine,
 With various charms profusely gay.

- 5 For man and beast, here daily food
In wide diffusive plenty grows!
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet winding, gently flows.
- 6 By cooling streams, and softening showers,
The vegetable race are fed,
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.
- 7 The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise
Above the faint attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 8 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before him, and adore.

20. A Rural Hymn.

[66. 66. 44. 44.]

- 1 To your creator God,
Your great preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise:
 Let every voice
 Proclaim his power,
 His name adore,
 And loud rejoice.

- 2 Let all creation join
To pay the tribute due;
Ye meaner ranks begin,
And man shall learn of you:
 Let nature raise
 From every tongue,
 A general song
 Of grateful praise.

- 3 Ye numerous fleecy flocks,
 Far spreading o'er the plain,
 With gentle artless voice
 Assist the humble strain:
 To give you food,
 He bids the field
 Its verdure yield;
 Extensive good.
- 4 Ye herds of larger size,
 Who feed in meads below,
 Resound your Maker's praise
 In each responsive low:
 You wait his hand;
 The herbage grows,
 The rivulet flows,
 At his command.
- 5 Ye feathered warblers come,
 And bring your sweetest lays,
 And tune the sprightly song
 To your Creator's praise:
 His work you are;
 He tuned your voice,
 And you rejoice
 Beneath his care.

- 6 Ye trees, which form the shade,
 Or bend the loaded bough
 With fruits of various kinds.
 Your Maker's bounty show:
 From him you rose,
 Your vernal fruits,
 And autumn fruits,
 His hand bestows.
- 7 Ye lovely, verdant fields,
 In all your green array,
 Though silent, speak his praise,
 Who makes you bright and gay:
 While we in you,
 With future bread
 Profusely spread,
 His goodness view.

- 8 Ye flowers, which blooming show
A thousand beauteous dyes,
Your sweetest odours breathe,
A fragrant sacrifice,
 To him, whose word
 Gave all your bloom,
 And sweet perfume;
 All-bounteous Lord.
- 9 Ye rivers, as you flow,
Convey your Maker's name,
(Where'er you winding rove)
On every silver stream:
 Your cooling flood.
 His hand ordains
 To bless the plains;
 Great spring of good!
- 10 Ye winds, that shake the world,
With tempests on your wing,
Or breathe in gentler gales,
To waft the smiling spring:
 Proclaim abroad,
 (As you fulfill
 His sovereign will)
 The powerful God.

- 11 Ye clouds, or fraught with flowers,
Or tinged with beauteous dyes,
That pour your blessings down,
Or charm our gazing eyes;
 His goodness speak,
 His praise declare,
 As through the air
 You shine or break.
- 12 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sovereign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all-diffusive ray;
 From morn to night,
 With every beam,
 Record his name,
 Who made thee bright.

- 13 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in shining hosts,
To gild the azure plain;
 With countless rays
 Declare his name,
 Prolong the theme,
 Reflect his praise.
- 14 Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all the various powers
Assist the exalted theme.
 Let nature raise
 From every tongue,
 A general song
 Of grateful praise,
- 15 But oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart,
With warm devotion glow:
 Your voices raise,
 Ye highly blest
 Above the rest;
 Declare his praise.

16 Assist me, gracious God,
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir:
 Thy grace can raise
 My heart, my tongue,
 And tune my song
 To lively praise.

21. God my Creator and Benefactor.

[S. M.]

1 My Maker, and my King,
 To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
 From whence my blessings flow.

- 2 Thou ever good, and kind,
 A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
 My heart to grateful love,
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live:
My God, thy benefits demand
 More praise than life can give.
- 4 Oh! what can I impart,
 When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart:
 The gift, alas, how poor!
- 5 Shall I withhold thy due?
 And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
 And fill it with thy love.
- 6 O let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

22. Praise to God for the Blessings
of Providence and Grace.

[C. M.]

- 1 Almighty Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 When reason with my stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray!
How little of my God I knew!
How apt from thee to stray!
- 4 Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my preserver, God.

- 5 When life hung trembling on a breath,
 Twas thy almighty love
 That saved me from impending death,
 And bade my fears remove,
- 6 How many blessings round me shone,
 Where'er I turned my eye!
 How many past almost unknown,
 Or unregarded, by.
- 7 Each rolling year new favours brought
 From thy exhaustless store:
 But ah! in vain my labouring thought
 Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 8 While sweet reflection, through my days
 Thy bounteous hand would trace;
 Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.
- 9 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
 For favours more divine;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.

- 10 Tis here, I view with pleasing pain,
How Jesus left the sky,
(Almighty love! surprising scene!)
For man, lost man, to die.
- 11 When blest with that transporting view,
That Jesus died for me,
For this sweet hope what praise is due,
O God of grace, to thee!
- 12 And may I hope that Christ is mine?
That source of every bliss,
That noblest gift of love divine—
What wondrous grace is this!
- 13 My highest praise, alas, how poor!
How cold my warmed love!
Dear Saviour, teach me to adore
As angels do above.
- 14 But frail mortality in vain
Attempts the blissful song;
The high, the vast, the boundless strain,
Claims an immortal tongue.

- 15 Lord, when this mortal frame decays.
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.
- 16 Then shall my joyful powers unite,
In mere exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

23. Christ the Way to Heaven.

[L. M.]

- 1 Jesus, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all my hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine,
Can save me from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

- 3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
(Ordained by everlasting love,)
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide,
Direct my steps, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Safe lead me through this world of night,
And bring me to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy forever reigns.

24. Life and Safety in Christ Alone.

[L. M.]

John 6:68.

- 1 Thou only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe,
 One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
 While thou art near, in vain they call;
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
 Depart from thee—tis death, tis more,
 Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life is thine.

25. An Evening Reflection.

[S. M.]

- 1 Another day is past,
 The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing me in haste,
 To mingle with the dead.
- 2 Perhaps my closing eyes
 No more may hail the light,
Sealed up, before the morning rise,
 In everlasting night.
- 3 But I've a part to live,
 A never dying ray,
The soul, immortal, will survive
 The ruins of her clay.
- 4 This mortal frame must lie
 Unconscious in the tomb,
But oh! where will my spirit fly,
 And what will be her doom?

5 On the tremendous brink
 Of vast eternity,
Where souls with strange amazement shrink,
 What will my prospect be?

6 When the dark gulf below,
 With death and horror fraught,
Reveals its scenes of endless woe—
 Oh dreadful dreadful thought!

7 But lo! yon shining skies
 Beam down a cheerful ray,
And bid my drooping hopes arise
 To glorious realms of day.

8 Tis there my Saviour lives,
 My Lord, my life, my light;
His blissful name my soul revives—
 Adieu to death and night.

9 He conquered death and hell,
 And his victorious love
Shall bear his ransomed friends, to dwell
 In his bright courts above,

10 Jesus! and art thou mine?
 O let thy heavenly voice
Confirm my hope with power divine,
 And bid my soul rejoice.

11 Then shall my closing eyes,
 Contented, sink to rest;
For if to night this body dies,
 My spirit shall be blest.

26. The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures. [C. M.]

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines?
Forever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here, mines of heavenly wealth disclose
 Their bright, unbounded store:
The glittering gem no longer glows,
 And India boasts no more,

- 3 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find:
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 4 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ,
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 5 Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light, and food receive;
Here, shall the meanest guest have room,
And taste, and see, and live.
- 6 Amidst these gloomy wilds below,
When dark and sad we stray;
Here, beams of heaven relieve our woe,
And guide to endless day.
- 7 Here, springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

- 8 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
 United rend the heart,
Here, sinners meet divine relief,
 And cool the raging smart.
- 9 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice,
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 10 But when his painful sufferings rise,
 (Delightful, dreadful scene!)
Angels may read with wondering eyes
 That Jesus died for men.
- 11 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.
- 12 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou forever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

27. The Influences of the Spirit of God
in the Heart.

[L. M.]

John 14:16-17.

- 1 Dear Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!
- 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great spring of comfort, life, and light?
- 3 Sure the blest comforter is nigh,
Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
- 4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

- 5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
 With ardent wish my heart aspires,
 Can it be less than power divine,
 Which animates these strong desires?
- 6 What less than thy almighty word,
 Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
 And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
 My life, my treasure, and my trust?
- 7 And when my cheerful hope can say
 I love my God, and taste his grace,
 Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
 Forever dwell, O God of love,
 And light and heavenly peace impart,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

28. Christ the Physician of Souls.

[L. M.]

Jeremiah 8:22.

- 1 Deep are the wounds which sin hath made:
 Where shall the sinner find a cure?
 In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
 The work exceeds all nature's power.

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

- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found,
 And is no kind physician nigh,
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
 Ere life and hope forever fly?

- 4 There is a great Physician near,
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
 See, in his heavenly smiles appear
 Such ease as nature cannot give.

- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
Tis only this dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.
- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sovereign cure is found;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

29. The Intercession of Christ.

[L. M.]

Heb. 7:25.

- 1 He lives, the great Redeemer lives,
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great advocate, almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend!
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

30. The Condescension of God.

[C. M.]

1 Kings 8:27.

- 1 Eternal power, almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thy abode,
To angel eyes unknown.

- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye
 The heavens no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
 Are but the shade of thine.
- 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
 To cast a look below,
To this vile world thy notice bend,
 These seats of sin and woe?
- 4 But oh! to show thy smiling face,
 To bring thy glories near—
Amazing and transporting grace
 To dwell with mortals here!
- 5 How strange! how awful is thy love!
 With trembling we adore:
Not all the exalted minds above
 Its wonders can explore.
- 6 While golden harps, and angel tongues
 Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
 To rise and mean thy praise.

31. The Heavenly Guest.

[C. M.]

Revelation 3:20.

- 1 And will the Lord thus condescend
 To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door, shall mercy stand
 In all her winning forms?

- 2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
 Unmoved and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
 Must mercy plead in vain?

- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
 His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due
 Remain forever barred?

- 4 Tis sin, alas, with tyrant power
 The lodging has possessed;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
 Against the heavenly guest.

- 5 Lord, rise in thy all-conquering grace,
Thy mighty power display;
One beam or glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.
- 6 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

32. God the Soul's Only Portion.

[L. M.]

Lamentations 3:24.

- 1 In vain the world's alluring smile
Would my unwary heart beguile:
Deluding world! its brightest day,
Dream of a moment, fleets away!
- 2 Earth's highest pleasures, could they last,
Would pall and languish on the taste;
Such airy chaff was ne'er designed
To feed the immortal, craving mind.

- 3 To nobler bliss my soul aspires,
Come, Lord, and fill these vast desires
Be thou my portion, here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possessed.
- 4 O let thy sacred word impart
Its sealing influence to my heart;
With power, and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.
- 5 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat,
And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night:
- 6 Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
And when these transient scenes are o'er,
And this vain world shall tempt no more:
- 7 O may I reach the blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell forever near thy throne
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

33. Faith in the Joys of Heaven.

[C. M.]

2 Corinthians 5:7.

- 1 Faith leads to joys beyond the sky;
Why then is this weak mind
Afraid to raise a cheerful eye
To more than sense can find?
- 2 Sense can but furnish scenes of woe,
In this low vale of tears;
No groves of heavenly pleasures grow,
No paradise appears.
- 3 Ah! why should this mistaken mind
Still rove with restless pain?
Delight on earth expect to find,
Yet still expect in vain?
- 4 Faith, rising upward, points her view,
To regions in the skies;
There lovelier scenes than Eden knew,
In bright perspective rise.

- 5 Oh! if this heaven-born grace were mine,
Would not my spirit soar,
Transported gaze on joys divine,
And cleave to earth no more?
- 6 If in my heart true faith appears,
How weak the sacred ray!
Feebly aspiring, pressed with fears,
Almost it dies away.
- 7 O thou, from whose almighty breath
It first began to rise,
Purge off these mists, these dregs of earth,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 8 Let this weak, erring mind no more,
On earth bewildered rove,
But with celestial ardour soar
To endless joys above.

34. Strength and Safety in God Alone.

[C. M.]

Psalm 105:4.

- 1 Permit me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call,
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.
- 2 All I can wish is thine to give;
My God I ask thy love,
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.
- 3 In these dark scenes of pain and woe,
What can my spirit find?
No happiness can dwell below,
To fill the immortal mind.
- 4 To heaven my restless heart aspires:
O for a quickening ray,
To invigourate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.

- 5 The path to thy divine abode,
 Through a wild desert lies;
A thousand snares beset the road,
 A thousand terrors rise,
- 6 Satan and sin unite their art,
 To keep me from my Lord:
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
 And guide me by thy word,
- 7 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
 Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms,
 For safety must be there.
- 8 My guardian, my almighty friend,
 On thee, my soul would rest;
On thee alone, my hopes depend,
 Be near, and I am blest.

35. A Funeral Hymn.

[C. M.]

- 1 While to the grave our friends are borne,
 Around their cold remains,
How all the tender passions mourn,
 And each fond heart complains!

- 2 But down to earth, alas, in vain
 We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
 And upward learn to rise,

- 3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
 And beams a healing ray.
And guides us from the darksome tomb,
 To realms of endless day.

- 4 Jesus, who left his blest abode,
 (Amazing grace!) to die,
Marked when he rose the shining road
 To his bright courts on high,

- 5 To those bright courts, when hope ascends,
The tears forget to flow;
Hope views our absent happy friends,
And calms the swelling woe.
- 6 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies,
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

36. Sin the Cause of Sorrow.

[L. M.]

- 1 The pains that wait our fleeting breath,
Too oft my mournful thoughts employ;
Amid the gloomy shades of death,
The hope of heaven, is life, is joy.
- 2 But ah! how soon the blissful ray,
With guilt o'ershaded, disappears;
Tis sin alone, that clouds my day,
Tis sin alone, deserves my tears.

- 3 Yes, I have cause indeed to mourn,
When God conceals his radiant face;
And pray and long till he return,
With smiles of sweet forgiving grace.
- 4 Then weep my eyes, complain my heart,
But mourn not, hopeless of relief;
For sovereign mercy will impart
Its healing beams, to ease my grief.
- 5 The Saviour pleads his dying blood,
Awake my hope, away my fears;
Through him I'll seek my absent God,
Till his returning smile appears.

37. Entreating the Presence of Christ in his Churches.

[C. M.]

Haggai 11:7.

- 1 Come, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

- 2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
 And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
 What rich unbounded grace!
- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
 With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
 Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 But ah! the song, how cold it flows!
 How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
 Till thou the heart inspire!
- 5 Come Lord, thy love alone can raise
 In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
 Our hearts adore thy name.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
 And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
 A heaven on earth appear.

- 7 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

38. Desiring to Trust in God.

[C. M.]

Isaiah 26:4.

- 1 Great source of boundless power and grace,
Attend my mournful cry;
In the dark hour of deep distress,
To thee, to thee I fly.
- 2 Thou art my strength, my life, my stay,
Assist my feeble trust;
Drive these distressing fears away,
And raise me from the dust.
- 3 O let me call thy grace to mind,
And trust thy glorious name;
Jehovah, powerful, wise, and kind,
Forever is the same.

- 4 Here let me rest, on thee depend,
My God, my hope, my all;
Be thou my everlasting friend,
And I can never fall.

39. Watchfulness and Prayer.

[C. M.]

Matthew 26:41.

- 1 Alas, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray,
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears?
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
 Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
 My guardian, and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.

40. Divine Compassion.

[C. M.]

Isaiah 49:14-16.

- 1 The Lord forgets his wonted grace,
 Afflicted Zion said,
My God withdraws his smiling face,
 Withdraws his heavenly aid.

- 2 Shall the kind mother's gentle breast
 No soft emotion share;
But, every tender thought suppressed,
 Forget her infant care?
- 3 The helpless child, that oft her eyes
 Have watched with anxious thought,
While her fond breast appeased his cries—
 And can he be forgot?
- 4 Strange as it is, yet this may be,
 For creature love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
 O Zion, cannot fail.
- 5 No, thy dear name engraven stands,
 In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands;
 And never shall remove,
- 6 Before his ever watchful eye
 Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh
 Divine compassion hears.

- 7 These anxious doubts indulge no more,
 Be every fear suppressed;
 Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
 Command thy cares to rest.

41. Desiring Assurance of the Favour of God. [C. M.]

- 1 Eternal source of joys divine,
 To thee my soul aspires;
 O could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
 Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,
 Unmingled and refined,
 Substantial bliss, without alloy,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
 Bid stormy trouble cease,
 Spread the fair dawn of heaven below,
 And sweeten pain to peace.

- 4 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love:
O speak the kind transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.
- 5 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

42. Hope Encouraged in the Contemplation of the
Divine Perfections.

[L. M.]

- 1 Why sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe, if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

- 3 Tis he supports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in times of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

43. The Incarnate Saviour.

[C. M.]

John 1:14.

- 1 Awake, awake the sacred song,
 To our incarnate Lord:
Let every heart, and every tongue,
 Adore the eternal word.

- 2 That awful word, that sovereign power,
 By whom the worlds were made;
(O happy morn! illustrious hour!)
 Was once in flesh arrayed.

- 3 Then shone almighty power and love,
 In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
 To dwell with sinful worms.

- 4 To dwell with misery below,
 The Saviour left the skies;
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
 That worthless man might rise.

- 5 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day:
With rapture then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay!
- 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due?
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

44. Faith in God in Time of Distress.

[L. M.]

Habakkuk 3:17-18.

- 1 Should famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her defoliating reign,
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the foodful grain:
- 2 Should lowing herds and bleating sheep
Around their famished master die;
And hope itself despairing weep,
While life deplores its last supply:

- 3 Amid the dark, the deathful scene,
 If I can say, the Lord is mine,
 The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
 And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives,
 My nobler life he will sustain;
 His word immortal vigour gives,
 Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.
- 5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart.
 Though every earthly comfort die;
 Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
 And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 6 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
 Inspiring life and joys divine!
 The barren desert shall rejoice,
 Tis paradise if thou art mine.

45. Pardoning Love.
Jeremiah 3:22, Hosea 14:4.

[C. M.]

- 1 How oft, alas, this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word!

- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, Return:
 Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
 Oh take the wanderer home.

- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love!

- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
 How glorious how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.

- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

46. The Goodness of God.

[C. M.]

Nahum 1:7.

- 1 Ye humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways,
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
Till here he makes his goodness known
In its divinest forms.

- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thy eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

47. True Honour.

[L. M.]

Daniel 12:3.

- 1 There is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

- 2 There shall the favourites of the Lord
 With never fading lustre shine;
 Surprising honour! vast reward
 Conferred on man, by love divine!

- 3 How blest are those, how truly wise,
 Who learn and keep the sacred road!
 Happy the men, whom heaven employs
 To turn rebellious hearts to God!

- 4 To win them from the fatal way,
 Where erring folly thoughtless roves;
 And that blest righteousness display,
 Which Jesus wrought, and God approves.

- 5 The shining firmament shall fade,
 And sparkling stars resign their light;
 But these shall know nor change, nor shade,
 Forever fair, forever bright.

- 6 No fancied joy beyond the sky,
 No fair delusion is revealed;
 Tis God that speaks, who cannot lie,
 And all his word must be fulfilled.

- 7 And shall not these cold hearts of ours
 Be kindled at the glorious view?
 Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
 Our feeble, dying strength renew.
- 8 On wings of faith and strong desire,
 O may our spirits daily rise;
 And reach at last the shining choir,
 In the bright mansions of the skies.

48. Divine Bounty.
 Colossians 1:19.

[C. M.]

- 1 Lord, we adore thy boundless grace,
 The heights and depths unknown,
 Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
 In thy beloved Son.
- 2 O wondrous gift of love divine,
 Dear source of every good!
 Jesus, in thee what glories shine!
 How rich thy flowing blood!

- 3 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
 The Saviour's bounty taste;
Behold a never failing store,
 For every willing guest,
- 4 Here shall your numerous wants receive
 A free, a full supply:
He has unmeasured bliss to give,
 And joys that never die.
- 5 Can those, who hear the Saviour's voice,
 Prefer earth's empty toys,
(Ah, wretched souls! ah, fatal choice!)
 To everlasting joys?
- 6 Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee,
 With sweet resistless power;
Thy boundless grace, let rebels see,
 And at thy feet adore.

49. The Heavenly Conqueror.

[L. M.]

Revelation 3:21.

- 1 To Jesus, our victorious Lord,
The praises of our lives belong;
Forever be his name adored:
Sweet theme of every thankful song.
- 2 Lost in despair, beset with foes,
Undone, and perishing we lay;
His pity melted o'er our woes,
And saved the trembling, dying prey.
- 3 He fought, he conquered, though he fell,
While with his last expiring breath,
He triumphed o'er the powers of hell,
And by his dying vanquished death.
- 4 Now on his Father's throne he reigns,
And all the tuneful choir above
Resound in high immortal strains,
The praises of victorious love.

- 5 Though still reviving foes arise,
 Temptations, sins, and doubts appear,
 And pain our hearts, and fill our eyes
 With many a groan, and many a tear:
- 6 Still shall we fight, and still prevail,
 In our almighty leader's name;
 His strength, whene'er our spirits fail,
 Shall all our active powers inflame.
- 7 Immortal honours wait above,
 To crown the dying conqueror's brow;
 And endless peace, and joy, and love,
 For the short war sustained below.
- 8 Exalted near their Saviour's seat,
 His saints shall dwell, their dangers o'er,
 And cast their crowns beneath his feet,
 And love, and wonder, and adore.

50. Longing after Unseen Pleasures.

[C. M.]

2 Corinthians 4:18.

- 1 How long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes;
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies?

- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
 They fade upon the sight;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.

- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
 With conscious sighs we own;
 While clouds of sorrow, care and pain,
 O'ershade the smiling noon.

- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly,
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky
 Which sorrow ne'er invades.

- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall on faith's sublimest wing
 Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
 Immortal in the skies.

51. The Christian's Prospect.

[C. M.]

- 1 Happy the soul, whose wishes climb
 To mansions in the skies!
He looks on all the joys of time,
 With undesiring eyes;

- 2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear in vain.
- 3 He knows that all these glittering things
Must yield to sure decay;
And sees on time's extended wings,
How swift they fleet away!
- 4 Nor low to earth in sorrow bends,
When pains and cares invade;
With cheerful wing his faith ascends
Above the gloomy shade.
- 5 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view, his prospects rise,
All permanent and bright.
- 6 His hopes are fixed on joys to come;
Those blissful scenes on high,
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

- 7 O were these heavenly prospects mine,
These pleasures could I prove,
Earth's fleeting views I would resign,
And raise my hopes above.

52. Life a Journey.

[L. M.]

- 1 Life is a journey, heaven my home,
And shall I negligently stray?
In paths of danger heedless roam,
Forget my guide, forget my way?
- 2 Think, O my soul, each flying hour
Thy folly chides, thy speed alarms;
And shall an insect, or a flower
Amuse thee with their painted charms?
- 3 Such are the objects earth displays,
To tempt my stay, and gain my heart!
And shall I fondly, vainly gaze?
Ye shining trifles, hence depart.

- 4 O think what glorious scenes above,
In bright unbounded prospect rise!
Nor let one vagrant passion rove,
Nor leave a wish below the skies.
- 5 But ah! how weak my best desires,
My warmed ardours soon decay;
My fainting soul till grace inspires,
Can ne'er pursue the heavenly way.
- 6 On thee I lean, all-gracious God,
O breathe new life through all my powers,
Teach me to keep thy sacred road,
And well improve my remnant hours.

53. True Happiness to be Found Only in God. [C. M.]

- 1 When fancy spreads her boldest wings
And wanders unconfined,
Amid the unbounded scene of things
Which entertain the mind:

- 2 In vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean, to make me blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ,
Each flattering specious wile;
There's nought can yield a real joy,
But my Creator's smile.
- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great spring of all felicity,
To whom my wishes tend,
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end?
- 6 Thy favour, Lord, is all I want,
Here would my spirit rest;
O seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

54. Lasting Happiness.

[L. M.]

- 1 In vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind;
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.

- 2 Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round,
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?

- 3 Arise my thoughts, my heart arise,
Leave this low world and seek the skies;
There joys forever, ever last,
When seasons, days and hours are past.

- 4 Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart,
Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
To pleasure perfect and sublime,
Unmeasured by the wings of time.

- 5 Let those bright worlds of endless joy,
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ,
No more, ye restless passions, roam,
God is my bliss, and heaven my home.

55. Bidding Adieu to Earthly Pleasures.

[L. M.]

- 1 Ye gay deceivers of the mind,
Ye dreams of happiness, adieu;
No more your soft enchantments bind,
This heart was never made for you.
- 2 The brightest joy your smile can boast,
Is but a moment's glittering light;
It sparkles now, and now tis lost,
Extinguished in the shades of night.
- 3 Begone, with all your soothing charms;
Pleasure on earth!—O empty name!
Superior joy my bosom warms,
And heaven approves the sacred flame.

- 4 To perfect bliss my soul aspires,
That shines with never fading ray!
No less can satiate my desires
Than full delight, and endless day.
- 5 Blest be the kind, the gracious power,
That gently called and bade me rise;
And taught my nobler thoughts to soar
To happiness beyond the skies.

56. Longing for Immortality.
2 Corinthians 5:4.

[L. M.]

- 1 Sad prisoners in a house of clay,
With sins, and griefs, and pains oppressed,
We groan the lingering hours away,
And wish, and long to be released.
- 2 Nor is it liberty alone,
Which prompts our restless ardent sighs;
For immortality we groan,
For robes and mansions in the skies.

- 3 Eternal mansions! bright array!
 O blest exchange! transporting thought!
 Free from the approaches of decay.
 Or the least shadow of a spot!
- 4 There shall mortality no more
 Its wide extended empire boast,
 Forgotten all its dreadful power,
 In life's unbounded ocean lost.
- 5 Bright world of bliss! O could I see
 One shining glimpse, one cheerful ray
 (Fair dawn of immortality!)
 Break through these tottering walls of clay.
- 6 Jesus, in thy dear name I trust,
 My light, my life, my Saviour God;
 When this frail house dissolves in dust,
 O raise me to thy bright abode.

57. At the Funeral of a Young Person.

[C. M.]

- 1 When blooming youth is snatched away
 By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, impressed
With awful power—I too must die—
 Sink deep in every breast.

- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;
 Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
 Tomorrow death may come.

- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,
 May every heart obey,
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whole powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's surprising hour.

58. Sin the Sting of Death.

[C. M.]

1 Death! tis a name with terror fraught;
It rends the guilty heart,
When conscience wakes remorseful thought,
With agonizing smart.

2 Tis guilt alone provokes that frown
Which all the soul alarms;
Gives terror to the monarch's crown,
And conquest to his arms!

- 3 Dear Saviour, thy victorious love
Can all his force control,
Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
And cheer the trembling soul.
- 4 Victorious love! thy wondrous power
From sin and death can raise;
Can gild the dark departing hour,
And tune its groans to praise.
- 5 Then shall the joyful spirit soar
To life beyond the skies,
Where gloomy death can frown no more,
And guilt and terror dies.
- 6 No more, O pale destroyer, boast
Thy universal sway;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost,
Thy night, the gates of day.

59. The Presence of Christ
the Joy of his People.

[L. M.]

- 1 The wondering nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfilled,
And angels hailed the glorious morn
That saw the great Messiah born:
- 2 The prince! the Saviour, long desired,
Whom prophets taught, by heaven inspired,
And showed far off the blissful day;
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.
- 3 Oft in the temples of his grace
His saints behold his smiling face,
And oft have seen his glory shine,
With power and majesty divine:
- 4 But soon alas, his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return;
Without his life-inspiring light,
Tis all a scene of gloomy night.

- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
 Our graces droop, our comforts die:
 Return, and let thy glories rise,
 Again to our admiring eyes:
- 6 Till filled with light, and joy, and love,
 Thy courts below, like those above,
 Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
 And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

60. Absence from God.

[C. M.]

- 1 O thou, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye:
- 2 See! low before thy throne of grace
 A wretched wanderer mourn;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast, thou not said, Return?

- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
 Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way!
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.
- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace, here below,
 And my eternal joy.

61. Desiring a Taste of Real Joy.

[L. M.]

- 1 Why should my spirit cleave to earth,
 This nest of worms, this vile abode?
 Why thus forget her nobler birth,
 Nor wish to trace the heavenly road?

- 2 How barren of sincere delight,
 Are all the fairest scenes below!
 Though beauteous colours charm the sight,
 They only varnish real woe.

- 3 Were I to mount the flying wind,
 And search the wide creation round,
 There's nothing here to suit the mind;
 On earth no solid joy is found.

- 4 Oh! could my weary spirit rise,
 And panting with intense desire, .
 Reach the bright mansions in the skies,
 And mix among the blissful choir.

- 5 How should I look, with pitying eye,
On this low world of gloomy care,
And wonder, how my soul could lie
Wrapped up in shades and darkness there!
- 6 Say, happy natives of the sky,
What is it makes your heaven above?
You dwell beneath your father's eye,
And sealed forever on his love.
- 7 My God, thy presence can impart
A glimpse of heaven to earth and night;
O smile, and bless my mournful heart,
Sweet foretaste of sincere delight.
- 8 Then shall my soul contented stay
Till my Redeemer calls me home:
Yet let me oft with transport say,
"Come, O my Lord, my Saviour, come!"

62. Humble Reliance.

[C. M.]

- 1 My God, my Father, blissful name!
O may I call thee mine,
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

- 5 If pain and sickness rend this frame.
 And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
 To cheer my drooping heart?
- 6 If cares and sorrows me surround,
 Their power why should I fear?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
 If thou, my God, art near.
- 7 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
 To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
 That all thy ways are right.
- 8 My God, my Father, be thy name
 My solace and my stay;
O wilt thou seal my humble claim,
 And drive my fears away.

63. The Presence of God the Life and Light
of the Soul.

[L. M.]

- 1 My God, my hope, if thou art mine,
Why should my soul with sorrow pine?
On thee alone I call my care;
O leave me not in dark despair.
- 2 Though every comfort should depart,
And life forsake this drooping heart;
One smile from thee, one blissful ray,
Can chase the shades of death away.
- 3 My God, my life, if thou appear,
Not death itself can make me fear;
Thy presence cheers the sable gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb,
- 4 Not all its horrors can affright,
If thou appear, my God, my light;
Thy love shall all my fears control,
And glory dawn around my soul.

- 5 Should all created blessings fade,
 And mourning nature, disarrayed,
 Deplore her every charm withdrawn,
 Light, hope and joy, forever gone.
- 6 Though nought remain below the sky,
 To please my taste, my ear, my eye,
 Be thou my hope, my life, my light,
 Amid the universal night.
- 7 My God, be thou forever nigh;
 Beneath the radiance of thine eye,
 My hope, my joy, shall ever rise,
 Nor terminate below the skies.

64. Resigning the Heart to God.

[L. M.]

Psalm 119:94.

- 1 Thee, dearest Lord, my soul adores,
 I would be thine, and only thine,
 To thee, my heart and all its powers,
 With full consent, I would resign.

- 2 But ah! this weak inconstant mind,
How frail, how apt from thee to stray!
Trifles, as empty as the wind,
Can tempt my roving thoughts away.
- 3 Sure I am thine—or why this load
When earthly vanities beguile?
Why do I mourn my absent God,
And languish for thy cheering smile?
- 4 If thou return, how sweet the joy,
Though mixed with penitential smart!
Then I despise each tempting toy,
And long to give thee all my heart.
- 5 Come, Lord, thy saving power display,
(Resistless power of love divine!)
And drive thy hated foes away,
And make me thine, and only thine.

65. The Inconstant Heart.

[L. M.]

- 1 Ah! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart,
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love!
- 2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away,
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wandering mind.
- 3 Through all resolves, how soon it flies
And mocks the weak, the slender ties!
There's nought beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.
- 4 Jesus, to thee, I would return,
At thy dear feet repentant mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

- 5 O let thy love with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul,
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.

66. Cold Affections.

[L. M.]

- 1 Sure I must love the Saviour's name—
Or is the heaven-born passion dead,
Extinguished the celestial flame,
And all my joys forever fled?
- 2 At the sweet mention of his love,
How should the sacred ardour rise!
And every thought, transported, move
In grateful joy, and glad surprise.
- 3 Jesus demands this heart of mine,
Demands my wish, my joy, my care;
But ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are!

- 4 What death-like lethargy detains
 My captive powers with fatal art,
 And spreads its unrelenting chains
 Heavy and cold, around my heart!
- 5 Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power
 Divides my Saviour from my sight;
 O for one happy, shining hour
 Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!
- 6 See, dearest Lord, my wretched state,
 And thy almighty power employ;
 To thee I seek, on thee I wait,
 For life, and liberty and joy.
- 7 O let thy love shine forth, and raise
 My captive powers from sin and death
 And fill my heart and life with praise,
 And tune my last expiring breath.
- 8 Then bear me to the blissful seats
 Of perfect freedom, life and light,
 Where thy redeemed assembly meets,
 To love and praise with full delight.

- 9 There shall my thoughts transported trace,
 And all my soul forever prove,
 The boundless riches of thy grace,
 The endless wonders of thy love.

67. The Example of Christ.

[L. M.]

- 1 And is the gospel peace and love?
 Such let our conversation be;
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life!
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright!
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.
- 6 But ah how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

68. Retirement and Reflection.

[L. M.]

- 1 Hence, vain, intruding world depart,
No more allure nor vex my heart;
Let every vanity be gone,
I would be peaceful and alone.
- 2 Here let me search my inmost mind,
And try its real state to find,
The secret springs of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.
- 3 Reflect how soon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend,
What aim my busy thoughts pursue,
What work is done, and what to do.
- 4 Eternity is just at hand;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

- 5 Eternity, tremendous sound!
To guilty souls, a dreadful wound;
But Oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 6 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.
- 7 But should my brightest hopes be vain,
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.
- 8 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

69. Hope in Darkness.

[L. M.]

- 1 God is my sun, his blissful rays
Irradiate, warm, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful, are my days,
If his enlivening beams depart!
- 2 Scarce through the shades, a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes!
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise?
- 3 O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky:
My glorious sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.
- 4 Hope, in the absence of my Lord,
Shall be my taper; sacred light,
Kindled at his celestial word,
To cheer the melancholy night.

- 5 O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in assurance die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray,
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

70. Death and Heaven.

[L. M.]

- 1 Oft have I said, with inward sighs,
I find no solid good below;
Earth's fairest scenes but cheat my eyes;
Her pleasure is but painted woe.
- 2 Then why, my soul, so loath to leave
These seats of vanity and care?
Why do I thus to trifles cleave,
And feed on chaff, and grasp the air?
- 3 There is a world all fair and bright;
But clouds and darkness dwell between;
The sable veil obstructs my sight,
And hides the lovely, distant scene.

- 4 Whene'er I look with frighted eyes
 On death's impenetrable shade,
 Alas! what gloomy horrors rise,
 And all my trembling frame invade!
- 5 O death, frail nature's dreaded foe,
 Thy frown with terror fills my heart;
 How shall I bear the fatal blow,
 Which must my soul and body past?
- 6 Tis sin which arms his dreadful frown,
 This only points his deadly sting;
 My sins which throw this gloom around,
 And all these shocking terrors bring.
- 7 O could I know my sins forgiven,
 Soon would these terrors disappear;
 Then should I see a glimpse of heaven,
 And look on death without a fear.
- 8 Jesus, my Saviour, and my God,
 To thee my trembling spirit flies;
 Thy merits, thy atoning blood,
 On this alone my soul relies.

- 9 O let thy love's all-powerful ray
With pleasing force, divine control,
Arise, and chase these clouds away,
And shine around my doubting soul.
- 10 Then shall I change the mournful strain,
And bid my thoughts and hopes arise,
Above these gloomy seats of pain,
To glorious worlds beyond the skies.
- 11 With cheerful heart I then shall sing,
And triumph o'er my vanquished foe—
O death, where is thy pointed sting?
My Saviour wards the fatal blow.
- 12 O when will that illustrious day,
When will that blissful moment, come,
That shall my weary soul convey
Safe to her everlasting home?
- 13 Then shall I leave these fetters here,
And upward rise to joys unknown;
And call, without an anxious fear,
The fair inheritance my own.

- 14 Adieu to all terrestrial things;
Come bear me through the starry road,
Bright Seraphs, on your soaring wings,
To see my Saviour, and my God.

71. Redemption by Christ Alone.

[L. M.]

1 Peter 1:18-19.

- 1 Enslaved by sin and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doomed to everlasting pains,
We wretched, guilty captives lay.
- 2 Nor gold nor gems, could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store,
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid;
Invalued price, his precious blood,
for vile rebellious traitors shed.

- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became,
To rescue guilty souls from hell;
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue,
The glorious work it has begun,
Each secret lurking foe subdued,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

72. The Mysteries of Providence.

[L. M.]

- 1 Lord, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
Tis ours, to wonder and adore.

- 2 Thy deep decrees from creature sight
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God, I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.
- 4 Is darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine,
At length through every cloud shall shine.
- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
"That Christ is mine!"—this great request
Grant, bounteous God—and I am blest.

73. Refuge and Strength in the Mercy of God. [C. M.]

- 1 My God, tis to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
Tis here, I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 Tis here, my faith resolves to dwell,
Nor shall I be afraid
Of all the powers of earth or hell,
If thou vouchsafe thy aid.
- 3 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou my God art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
- 4 Against thy all-supporting grace
My foes can ne'er prevail;
But oh! if frowns becloud thy face,
Faith, hope, and life will fail.

5 My great protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart,
And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

6 O never let my soul remove,
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

74. Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness. [C. M.]

1 When I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2 Lord, teach me to adore thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow;
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

- 3 Is health and ease my happy share?
 O may I bless my God;
 Thy kindness let my songs declare,
 And spread thy praise abroad.
- 4 While such delightful gifts as these,
 Are kindly dealt to me,
 Be all my hours of health and ease
 Devoted, Lord, to thee.
- 5 In griefs and pains thy sacred word,
 (Dear solace of my soul!)
 Celestial comforts can afford,
 And all their power control.
- 6 When present sufferings pain my heart,
 Or future terrors rise,
 And light and hope almost depart
 From these dejected eyes:
- 7 Thy powerful word supports my hope,
 Sweet cordial of the mind!
 And bears my fainting spirit up,
 And bids me wait resigned.

- 8 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise.
- 9 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And let me live to thee.
- 10 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And bless its happy end.

75. Desiring the Presence of God.

[C. M.]

Isaiah 50:10.

- 1 Hear, gracious God, my humble moan,
 To thee I breathe my sighs,
When will the mournful night be gone?
 And when my joys arise?

- 2 My God—O could I make the claim—
My Father and my friend—
And call thee mine, by every name,
On which thy saints depend!
- 3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns;
Thy word is all my stay;
Here, I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.
- 5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.
- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs,
For songs of sacred praise.

76. Christ the Life of the Soul.

[L. M.]

John 14:19.

- 1 When sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires;
 Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes,
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fixed on thy everlasting word,
 That word which built the earth and sky?

- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives,
 Here, let me build, and rest secure.

- 4 Here, let my faith unshaken dwell,
 Immoveable the promise stands;
 Nor all the powers of earth or hell,
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

77. Aspiring towards Heaven.

[C. M.]

- 1 Vain world be gone, nor vex my heart
With thy deluding wiles:
Hence, empty promiser, depart,
With all thy soothing smiles.
- 2 Superior bliss invites my eyes,
Delight unmixed with woe;
Now let my nobler thoughts arise,
To joys unknown below.
- 3 Yon starry plains, how bright they shine,
With radiant specks of light;
Fair pavement of the courts divine,
That sparkles on the sight!

- 4 Tis distance lessens every star;
 Could I behold them nigh,
Bright worlds of wonder would appear
 To my astonished eye!
- 5 Thus heavenly joys attract my eyes,
 My heart the lustre warms;
But could I reach those upper skies,
 How infinite their charms!
- 6 Come, heaven-born faith, and aid my flight,
 And guide my rising thought,
Till earth, still lessening to my sight,
 Shall vanish quite forgot.
- 7 But when to reach those blissful plains
 Her utmost ardour tries,
And almost hears the charming strains
 Of hymning angels rise:
- 8 Mortality, with painful load,
 Forbids the raptured flight;
In vain she means heaven's bright abode,
 And sinks to earth and night.

- 9 O let thy love, my God, my King,
My hope, my heart, inspire;
And teach my faith with stronger wing
To rise, and warm desire.
- 10 Oft let thy shining visits cheer
This dark abode of clay,
Till I shall leave these fetters here,
And rise to endless day.

78. God My only Happiness.

[C. M.]

- 1 When filled with grief, my anxious heart
To thee, my God, complains,
Sweet pleasure mingles with the smart,
And softens all my pains,
- 2 Earth flies with all her soothing charms,
Nor I the loss deplore;
No more, ye phantoms, mock my arms,
To tease my spirit more.

- 3 I languish for superior joy
 To all that earth bestows;
For pleasure which can never cloy,
 Nor change, nor period knows.
- 4 Still, must the scenes of bliss remain
 Concealed from mortal eyes?
And must my wishes rise in vain,
 And never reach the skies?
- 5 My God, O could I call thee mine
 Without a wavering fear,
This would be happiness divine,
 A heaven of pleasure here!
- 6 This joy, my wishes long to find,
 To this my heart aspires,
A bliss, immortal as the mind,
 And vast as its desires!

79. Mourning the Absence of God
and Longing for His Gracious Presence. [S. M.]

1 My God, to thee I call—
 Must I forever mourn?
So far from thee, my life, my all?
 O when wilt thou return!

2 Dark as the shades of night
 My gloomy sorrows rise,
And hide thy soul-reviving light
 From these desiring eyes.

3 My comforts all decay,
 My inward foes prevail;
If thou withhold thy healing ray,
 Expiring hope will fail.

4 Away distressing fears,
 My gracious God is nigh,
And heavenly pity sees my tears,
 And marks each rising sigh.

5 Dear source of all my joys,
 And solace of my care,
O wilt thou hear my plaintive voice
 And grant my humble prayer!

6 These envious clouds remove,
 Thy cheering light restore,
Confirm my interest in thy love
 Till I can doubt no more.

7 Then if my troubles rise,
 To thee, my God, I'll flee,
And raise my hopes above the skies,
 And cast my cares on thee.

80. God the Only Refuge
 of the Troubled Mind.

[C. M.]

1 Dear refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise:
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

- 2 While hope revives, though pressed with fears,
 And I can say, my God,
Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,
 And pour my woes abroad.
- 3 To thee, I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 4 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.
- 5 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 6 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain?

7 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

8 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

81. Complaining at the Throne of Grace.

[L. M.]

1 O'erwhelmed with restless griefs and fears,
Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,
With aching heart and flowing tears,
To pour my sorrows at thy feet.

2 Can mournful penitence and prayer
Address thy mercy-seat in vain?
Unnoticed by thy gracious ear,
Can sorrow and distress complain?

- 3 Thy promises are large and free,
To humble souls who seek thy face;
O where for refuge can I flee,
My God!—but to the throne of grace?
- 4 My God, for yet my trembling heart.
Would fain rely upon thy word;
Fain would I bid my fears depart,
And cast my burden on the Lord,
- 5 Thou seest the tempest of my soul,
These restless waves of fear and sin;
Thy voice can all their rage control,
And make a sacred calm within.
- 6 Amid the gloomy shades of night,
To thee I lift my longing eyes;
My Saviour God, my life, my light,
When will thy cheering beams arise?
- 7 My thoughts recall thy favours past,
In many a dark distressing hour,
Thy kind support my heart confessed,
And owned thy wisdom, love and power.

- 8 And still these bright perfections shine,
 Eternal their unclouded rays;
 Unchanging faithfulness is thine,
 And just, and right, are all thy ways.
- 9 And can my vile ungrateful heart
 Still harbour black distrust and fear?
 O bid these heavy clouds depart,
 Bright sun of righteousness, appear,
- 10 Let thy enlivening healing voice,
 The kind assurance of thy love.
 Relieve my heart, revive my joys,
 And all my sins and fears remove.

82. Submission to God under Affliction.

[C. M.]

- 1 Peace, my complaining, doubting heart,
 Ye busy cares be still;
 Adore the just, the sovereign Lord,
 Not murmur at his will.

- 2 Unerring wisdom guides his hand;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.
- 3 To soften every painful stroke,
Indulgent mercy bends,
And unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.
- 4 Let me reflect with humble awe
Whene'er my heart complains,
Compared with what my sins deserve,
How easy are my pains!
- 5 Yes Lord, I own thy sovereign hand,
Thou just, and wise, and kind;
Be every anxious thought suppressed.
And all my soul resigned.
- 6 But oh! indulge this only wish,
This boon I must implore!
Assure my soul, that thou art mine.
My God, I ask no more.

83. Trusting in the Divine Veracity.

[C. M.]

- 1 When sin and sorrow, fear and pair
 My trembling heart dismay,
My feeble strength, alas, how vain!
 It sinks and dies away.

- 2 My spirit asks a firmer prop,
 I lean upon the Lord;
My God, the pillar of my hope,
 Is thy unchanging word.

- 3 On this are built the brightest joys,
 Celestial beings know,
And tis the same almighty voice
 Supports the saints below.

- 4 Tis this upholds the rolling spheres,
 And heaven's immortal frame;
Then, O my soul, suppress thy fears,
 Thy basis is the same.

- 5 The sacred word, the solemn oath,
 Forever must remain;
I trust in everlasting truth,
 Nor can my trust be vain.

84. Time Flying and Death Approaching. [L. M.]

- 1 Awake, my soul, nor slumbering lie
 Amid the gloomy haunts of death;
 Perhaps the awful hour is nigh,
 Commissioned for my parting breath.
- 2 That awful hour will soon appear,
 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
 When all that pains or pleases here,
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 3 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
 And none resist the fatal dart;
 Continual warnings strike my sense,
 And shall they fail to reach my heart?

- 4 Shall gay amusements rise between,
When scenes of horror spread around?
Death's pointed arrows fly unseen,
But ah, how sure, how deep they wound!
- 5 Think, O my soul, how much depends
On the short period of a day;
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?
- 6 Thy remnant minutes strive to use,
Awake! rouse every active power!
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little now! this precious hour!
- 7 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
With heavenly ardour, grace divine;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.
- 8 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve!
And while my days are shortening still,
Prepare me for the joys above.

- 9 Ensure my nobler life on high,
 Life, from a dying Saviour's blood!
 Then though my minutes swiftly fly,
 They bear me nearer to my God.

85. Victory over Death through Christ.

[C. M.]

1 Corinthians 15:57.

- 1 When death appears before my sight
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful sight,
 My courage dies away,
- 2 How shall I meet this potent foe,
 Whose frown my soul alarms?
 Dark horror sits upon his brow,
 And victory waits his arms.
- 3 But see my glorious Leader nigh;
 My Lord, my Saviour lives;
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.

- 4 Jesus, be thou my sure defence,
My guard forever near;
And faith shall triumph over sense,
And never yield to fear,
- 5 O may I meet the dreadful hour,
With fortitude divine;
Sustained by thy almighty power,
The conquest must be mine.
- 6 What though subdued this body lies,
Slain in the mortal strife,
My spirit shall unconquered rise,
To a diviner life.
- 7 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
Accept the sacred trust,
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust;
- 8 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And clothed in full, immortal bloom.
Attend thee to the skies.

- 9 When thy triumphant armies sing
 The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
 With glory to the Lamb:
- 10 O let me join the raptured lays,
 And with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, power and praise
 In everlasting song.

86. Christ the Supreme Beauty.

[C. M.]

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

- 1 Should nature's charms to please the eye.
 In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
 Jesus, compared with thine.
- 2 Vain were her fairest beams displayed,
 And vain her blooming store;
E'en brightness languishes to shade,
 And beauty is no more,

- 3 But ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.
- 4 O could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour, and my King!
- 5 There myriads worship at thy feet,
And there, (divine employ!)
The triumphs of thy love repeat,
In songs of endless joy.
- 6 Thy presence beams eternal day,
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay
And die to see thy face!

87. The Promised Land.

[C. M.]

Isaiah 33:17.

- 1 Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains!
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns!
- 4 From discord free and war's alarms,
And want and pining care,
Plenty and peace unite their charms,
And smile unchanging there.

- 5 There rich varieties of joy,
 Continual feast the mind;
Pleasures which fill, but never cloy,
 Immortal and refined!
- 6 No factious strife, no envy there,
 The sons of peace molest,
But harmony and love sincere
 Fill every happy breast.
- 7 No cloud those blissful regions know,
 Forever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there,
- 8 There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 9 The glorious monarch there displays
 His beams of wondrous grace;
His happy subjects sing his praise,
 And bow before his face,

- 10 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.
- 11 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our sun its rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

88. The Heavenly Shepherd.

[S. M.]

Psalm 23:1-3.

- 1 While my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

- 3 Along the lovely scene,
 Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
 To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest;
 How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
 Beneficence divine!
- 5 Dear shepherd, if I stray,
 My wandering feet restore,
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
 And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy, as I am,
 Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
 For all my hopes are there.

89. The Christian's Noblest Resolution.

[L. M.]

Joshua 24:15.

- 1 Ah wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

90. The Saviour's Invitation.

[C. M.]

John 7:37.

- 1 The Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round,
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here, springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain,
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

- 4 Ye sinners, come, tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

91. Jesus the Best Beloved.

[C. M.]

- 1 Dear center of my best desires,
And sovereign of my heart,
What sweet delight thy name inspires!
What bliss thy smiles impart!
- 2 Jesus—O loveliest, dearest name!
And wilt thou condescend
To own the bold, yet humble claim,
My everlasting friend?

- 3 Too oft, alas, my passions rove,
In search of meaner charms;
Trifles unworthy of my love
Divide me from thy arms.
- 4 Ye teasing vanities depart,
I seek my absent Lord;
No balm to ease my aching heart,
Can all your joys afford.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, with power divine,
And drive thy foes away;
O be my heart, my passions thine,
And never, never stray.

92. Desiring to Know and Love Him More. [C. M.]

- 1 Thou lovely source of true delight.
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 But ah, too soon, the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray,
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.
- 6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

93. The Glorious Presence of Christ in Heaven. [L. M.]

John 17:24.

- 1 O for a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There low before his glorious throne
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the favourites of the Lamb
 Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
 O may the joy-inspiring theme
 Awake our faith and warm desire.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal
 Our interest in that blissful place;
 Till death remove this mortal veil,
 And we behold thy lovely face.

94. The Happiness of the Saints Above.

[L. M.]

John 17:24.

1 O could we read our interest here,
 Jesus, in these dear words of thine,
 A heaven of pleasure would appear,
 A blissful view of joys divine.

2 Dear Saviour, let thy boundless grace
 Remove our guilt, our fears remove;
 Then shall our thoughts with rapture trace
 The radiant mansions of thy love.

- 3 There shall our hearts no more complain,
 Nor sin prevail, nor grace decay;
 But perfect joy forever reign,
 One glorious, undeclining day.
- 4 No darkness there shall cloud our sight;
 These now dejected feeble eyes,
 Shall gaze, with infinite delight,
 On the full glories of the skies.
- 5 There shall we see thy lovely face,
 And changed to purity divine,
 Partake the splendours of the place,
 And in thy glorious likeness shine.
- 6 Yes, dearest Lord, to dwell with thee,
 Thy praise our endless, sweet employ,
 Must be immense felicity,
 A full infinitude of joy!
- 7 O let thy spirit now impart
 The kind assurance of thy love,
 With sealing power to every heart,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

95. Hymn to Jesus.

[C. M.]

- 1 Jesus—in thy transporting name,
 What blissful glories rise!
Jesus, the angel's sweetest theme!
 The wonder of the skies!
- 2 Well might the skies with wonder view
 A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew,
 Compassion so divine!
- 3 Didst thou forsake thy radiant crown,
 And boundless realms of day,
(Aside thy robes of glory thrown,)
 To dwell in feeble clay?
- 4 Jesus—and didst thou leave the sky
 For miseries and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
 For vile rebellious foes?

- 5 Through the deep horrors of thy pain
Then love triumphant smiled;
Earth trembled at the dreadful scene,
And heaven was reconciled.
- 6 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquered all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour?
- 7 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt the stubborn soul.
- 8 O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.
- 9 Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

96. Praise to the Redeemer.

[C. M.]

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love, (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away,
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise, our best employ.
- 4 Jesus who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?

- 5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.
- 6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

97. Desiring to Love Christ without Wandering. [C. M.]

- 1 Ye earthly vanities depart,
Forever hence remove;
Jesus alone deserves my heart,
And every thought of love.
- 2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustained the heavy load of guilt,
For lost rebellious worms.

- 3 His heart, whence love abundant flowed
 To wash the stains of sin,
In precious streams of vital blood—
 Here, all my hopes begin.
- 4 Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
 And yet ungrateful prove,
And pierce his wounded heart anew?
 And grieve his injured love?
- 5 Forbid it Lord, O bind this heart,
 This rebel heart of mine,
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
 In chains of love divine.

98. The Exalted Saviour.

[L. M.]

- 1 Now let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

- 2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
 O may we feel the sacred flame;
 And every heart, and every tongue
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
 In agonizing pains expired,
 Who died for rebels—yes, tis he!
 How bright! how lovely! how admired!
- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
 Died in the wretched traitor's place—
 O what returns can mortals give,
 For such immeasurable grace?
- 5 Were universal nature ours,
 And art with all her boasted store,
 Nature and art with all their powers,
 Would still confess the offerer poor!
- 6 Yet though for bounty so divine,
 We ne'er can equal honours raise,
 Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
 And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

99. The Wonders of Redemption.

[C. M.]

1 Peter 3:18.

- 1 And did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood?
By this are sinners snatched from hell
And rebels brought to God.

- 5 Jesus, my soul, adoring, bends
 To love so full, so free;
And may I hope that love extends
 Its sacred power to me?
- 6 What glad return can I impart,
 For favours so divine?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine.

100. Communion with Christ at His Table. [L. M.]

- 1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,
 (Dear name, by heaven and earth adored!)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,
 Are weak and languishing and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
 The theme demands immortal tongues.

- 3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And worship at his glorious feet;
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And while we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love displayed,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow,
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

101. Faith in a Redeemer's Sufferings.

[L. M.]

- 1 Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.
- 2 But while thy sufferings I survey,
And faith enjoys a heavenly ray,
These dear memorials of thy pain,
Present anew the dreadful scene.
- 3 I hear thy groans with deep surprise,
And view thy wounds with weeping eyes,
Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
With anguish fraught, and pains unknown.
- 4 For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour dies:
What love, what mercy, how divine!
Jesus, and can I call thee mine?

- 5 Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
 But mingling joy allays the smart,
 O may my future life declare
 The sorrow and the joy sincere.
- 6 Be all my heart, and all my days
 Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
 And let my glad obedience prove
 How much I owe, how much I love.

102. A Dying Saviour.

[L. M.]

- 1 Stretched on the cross the Saviour dies;
 Hark! his expiring groans arise!
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from every bleeding wound;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?
- 4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No, he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain!
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy power impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

103. Meditating on the Redeemer's Sufferings. [L. M.]

- 1 Recall, my heart, that dreadful hour,
 When Jesus on the cursed tree
 Infinite pains and sorrows bore—
 Think, O my soul, was this for thee?

- 2 See, crowned with thorns that sacred head,
 With beams of glory once adorned!
 That voice, which heaven and earth obeyed,
 Is now by traitors mocked and scorned.

- 3 And see those lovely melting eyes,
 Whence kind companion often flowed,
 Now raised imploring to the skies,
 For hardened souls athirst for blood!

- 4 Those healing hands with blessings fraught,
 Nailed to the cross with pungent smart!
 Inhuman deed! could no kind thought
 To pity move the ruthless heart?

- 5 But oh! what agonies unknown,
His soul sustained beneath the load
Of mortal crimes! how deep the groan
Which calmed the vengeance of a God!
- 6 He groaned! he died! the awful scene
Of wonder, grief, surprising love,
Forever let my heart retain,
Nor from my Saviour's feet remove.
- 7 Jesus, accept this wretched heart,
Which trembling, mourning, comes to thee;
The blessing of thy death impart,
And tell my soul, tis all for me.

104. Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.

[L. M.]

- 1 Was it for sin, for mortal guilt,
The Saviour gave his vital blood?
For him amazing anguish felt,
The wrath of an offended God?

2 When bleeding, groaning, on the tree,
 He breathed such agonizing cries,
 When nature suffered, Lord, with thee,
 And darkness clothed the mourning skies,

3 And shall I harbour in my breast
 (Tremble my soul at such a deed)
 This dreadful foe, this fatal guest?
 'Twas sin that made my Saviour bleed.

4 Tis sin that would my ruin prove,
 And sink me down to endless woe;
 But O forbid it, heavenly love,
 And save me from the cursed foe.

5 Ye sins, ye cruel sins, depart,
 Your tyrant sway I cannot bear;
 My rightful sovereign claims my heart,
 Jesus alone shall govern here.

6 Come, glorious conqueror, gracious Lord,
 Thy all-prevailing power employ;
 O come, with thy resistless word,
 These hateful enemies destroy.

7 Guilty and weak to thee I fly,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my friend,
On thy almighty arm rely,
On thy atoning blood depend.

8 My all of hope is fixed on thee,
For thou alone hast power divine;
O come, and conquer, Lord, for me,
And all the glory shall be thine.

105. Christ Dying and Rising.

[L. M.]

1 Come tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing,
And echo to the heavenly plains
The triumphs of your Saviour-King.

2 In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdued your potent foes,
Subdued the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finished all your woes.

- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high
Returned, while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conquering God, resound.
- 4 Almighty love! victorious power!
Not angel-tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain then feeble voices raise;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace
Fill every heart and every tongue,
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a fleeter, nobler song.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

106. To Lysander. [10 10. 10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 A muse, in learning's arduous toil unskilled,
That sung her wild notes to the silent shade,
Collected blossoms from her native field,
And o'er she rural scenes delighted strayed:
Though unambitious of the wreath of fame,
Yet glowed her bosom with a nobler flame.

- 2 Nor kings nor heroes graced her artless lay,
For peaceful themes to sylvan shades belong;
Alike unknown among the great and gay,
Soft adulation flowed not in her song,
To heaven that gave them, oft her notes aspire,
Or friendship wakes the sympathizing lyre.

- 3 Indulgent friendship, listening, caught the strain.
And fondly fancied it was tuned to move;
Then, smiling, bore it to the distant plain,
Far, ah how far beyond its native grove!
But say, Lysander, can such notes as these
Amid politer scenes expect to please?
- 4 Say, can these untaught airs acceptance find
Where Milton, wondrous bard! divinely sung?
Or yield a taste of pleasure to the mind
That raptured soars with Hervey or with Young?
In minds of polished frame can friendship dwell
Plain, unadorned, as in the rural cell?
- 5 Yet friendship dwells with piety sincere,
Or in the cottage, or the stately dome,
Whether detained in crowded scenes of care,
Or in the village fixed, her peaceful home:
Where these reside, though artless be her strain,
O may the muse a kind admission gain.

- 6 If minds, where piety and friendship glow,
Approving smile, and own the kindred theme;
That smile a nobler pleasure will bestow,
Than all the laurelled wreaths of boasting fame;
Blest minds! to these the muse devotes her lays;
If these approve, she seeks no other praise.

107. An Evening Meditation.

[Irreg.]

When Phoebus had withdrawn his radiant beams,
And evening spread her sable curtains round;
In that soft hour when to the listening grove
Her pleasing, soothing, melancholy airs,
Poor Philomel begins—the kindly dews
Shed their soft influence on the fragrant herb,
And gave fresh odours to the flowery shrub,
Refreshing to the sense—the charming scene
Alluring called to taste the evening air,
Amid the verdure of the lonely shade:
The lonely shade indulgent to the muse.

Here may I stretch my wondering eyes around
O'er all the beauteous landscape, and behold
Almighty power and wisdom plain impressed
On every tree, on every plant and flower.
All own the sovereign Architect divine,
And in their different language speak his praise.
The gentle zephyrs with harmonious breath,
Brush through the grove, and play along the stream,
And in soft whispers to the Giver wave,
Speak their Creator's name, and die away.
The silver wave retains the pleasing theme,
Laves her glad banks, and gently murmuring on,
Bears to the neighbouring trees the welcome sound;
They bend their wavering tops, adore and praise.
The lofty mountains rear their towering head,
Tall and majestic, to the fleecy clouds;
With awful pride confess their Maker God,
How great his power, how wide his dread command.
Dressed in a thousand charms, the flowery vale
Displays his goodness in her cheerful bloom,
And smiling owns beneficence divine.

Harmonious all and fair! whole nature joins
To speak the wonders of creating skill;

Bids us in all his works confess the God,
And bend our souls adoring at his feet.

Whether with pleasing rapture I survey
The smiling green in rich embroidery dressed,
Or the more solemn grove in shady state,
Or contemplate the smoothly flowing stream;
Or if I raise my wandering eyes to gaze
On yonder azure plain, unnumbered beauties
Inspire my breast with wonder and delight.

Serenely bright ascends the silver moon
Attended by the innumerable train
Of sparkling stars, with rich profusion poured
O'er all the vast expanse; and every star,
In every beam, proclaims his Maker's praise.

O thou both nature's author and her lord,
Whose power and skill, in all thy works confessed,
Demand the tribute of my noblest song;
Instruct my heart, and raise my humble thoughts
To trace thy forming hand in every scene,
And in thy works to meditate thy praise:
Till, led by these, my raptured soul ascends,
On heavenly contemplation's soaring wing,
To thee, the sacred source of all perfection.

108. Happiness.

[10 10 10.]

- 1 O happiness, by all admired, pursued,
How oft defined, how seldom understood,
And always at a painful distance viewed!
- 2 Thy charms, alluring, in fair prospect rise;
They court our eager arms and longing eyes,
And prompt our fond desires and restless sighs.
- 3 If thou art but a dream, an empty name,
Then why this active power, this quenchless flame,
By heaven implanted in the human frame?
- 4 The great Creator, just, and good, and wise.
The wants of all his creatures well supplies,
Nor blessings to the lowest rank denies.
- 5 Shall man, alone, unsatisfied remain?
And doomed to ceaseless unavailing pain,
Must all his ardent wishes rise in vain?

- 6 No, there is nobler bliss for man designed,
A happiness of an immortal kind.
Wide as his wishes, ample as his mind.
- 7 Earth never can bestow the sovereign good;
The sacred word, unerring, points the road,
To happiness, to glory, and to God.
- 8 But foolish mortals oft mistake the way,
In search of bliss on earth, we anxious stray.
And take a meteor for the lamp of day.
- 9 Phantoms of pleasure rise, and smiling fair,
They tempt our feet through labyrinths of care,
Till catching at the prize we grasp the air.
- 10 Almighty goodness, call our hearts and eyes
From these deluding, tempting vanities,
And upward bid our ardent wishes rise.
- 11 O bid each fatal, fair illusion flee,
Mark out our path from every error free,
And let us seek for bliss, alone, in thee.

109. Pride and Humility.

[Irreg.]

Mark how the stately tree disdainful rears
His towering head, and mingles with the clouds!
But by his fatal height, the more exposed
To all the fury of the raging storm:
His honours fly, the sport of angry winds;
Till the loud blast with direful stroke descends:
Torn from his basis, low on earth he lies,
And the hills echo to the sounding fall.
So pride, with haughty port, defies in vain,
The force of rough adversity, which rends
With double violence the stubborn heart.
But, like a tender plant, humility
Bends low before the threatening blast unhurt,
Eludes its rage, and lives through all the storm.

Pride is the livery of the prince of darkness,
Worn by his slaves, who glory in their shame;

A gaudy dress, but tarnished, rent and foul,
And loathsome to the holy eye of heaven.

But sweet humility, a shining robe,
Bestowed by heaven upon its favourite sons:
The robe which God approves, and angels wear;
Fair semblance of the glorious Prince of light,
Who stooped to dwell (divine humility!)
With sinful worms and poverty and scorn.

Pride is the source of discord, strife, and war,
And all the endless train of heavy woes,
Which wait on wretched man; the direful sting
Of envy, and the dreaded frowns of scorn,
And gloomy discontent, and black despair.

But sweet humility, the source of peace,
Of amity and love, content and joy;
Where she resides, a thousand blessings wait
To gild our lives, and form a heaven below.

Pride leads her wretched votaries to contempt,
To certain ruin, infamy and death.
But sweet humility points out the way
To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.

Humility how glorious! how divine!
Thus clothed, and thus enriched, O may I shine,
Be mine this treasure, this celestial robe,
And let the sons of pride possess the globe.

110. Imitation of Mr. Pope's Ode on Solitude. [88. 84.]

- 1 Is there on earth a solitude,
Which anxious care can ne'er invade;
Where pains nor sorrows e'er intrude?
 A hallowed shade!
- 2 Where peace extends her halcyon wing,
To guard and bless the soft retreat;
Content sweet breathes eternal spring
 Around her seat.
- 3 Some gentle spirit aid my flight
To this delightful, blissful spot,
From human converse, human sight;
 Blest, and forgot.

- 4 Illusive dream! it fleets in air!
No paradise is found below,
No solitude secludes from care,
Or shuts out woe.
- 5 Happy the man, and he alone,
To whom the easy lot is given,
Cheerful to wait, and thankful own
The hand of heaven.
- 6 Then solitude, or social joy,
Can please, yet not engage his heart;
Nor sorrow, pain, nor care annoy
His nobler part.
- 7 His wish, his hope, his soul aspires
To a fair paradise above;
Yet patient waits, till heaven requires
His blest remove.
- 8 Thus may my hopes and wishes rise,
Be mine serenity like this,
Till death's kind deep shall close my eyes
Then wake to bliss.

111. On Friendship.

[Irreg.]

How fondly those mistake who seek for joys
In crowds, and mirth, and never ceasing noise:
Their mirth, how empty! and their joys, how vain;
Reflection ever flies the laughing train.
Stunned with the din, thought sickens; and the mind
No true delight, no taste of bliss can find,

Alike they err, who leave the world to dwell
With gloomy sadness in a lonely cell:
Heavy and dull, the joyless hours move on,
To all the sweets of social life unknown.

If pleasure smiles sincere below the skies,
That pleasure must from sacred friendship rise;
Of all which animates the human frame,
The noblest ardour, and the purest flame:
Offspring of heaven!—there friendship all refined,
Immortal glows in each seraphic mind,

Mixed with the dreams of bliss forever flows,
Nor change, decay, nor interruption knows:
A glorious native of the realms of love,
And only, in perfection, known above:
Yet is the blessing, by indulgent heaven,
Though in a less degree, to mortals given:
Its pleasing power by providence designed,
To soften human cares, and mend the mind;
To calm our passions by its gentle sway,
And bid them reason's sacred laws obey.
Friendship can often o'er the heart prevail,
When philosophic rules and maxims fail:
It turns to mutual tenderness the thought,
And views with kind indulgence every fault,
And where corrosives ought to be applied,
The gentle hand soft love and pity guide:
While each can bear reproof, and each reprove,
(All proud resentment lost in grateful love,)
Point out each fault, and blame yet not offend,
And free from nauseous flattery, can commend,
To merit its proportioned honours raise;
Alike exact the censure and the praise.

Friendship communicates our joys and pains,
And in each breast rejoices, or complains;

Divides our weight of woe, relieves our cares,
And every pleasure heightens, as it shares.

While sacred virtue lights the holy fire,
By time uninjured, it will ne'er expire:
No force of rough adversity can part,
Can tear the generous passion from the heart.

O friendship, what sincere delights are thine!
Fair miniature of happiness divine;
Propitious, pleasing, heaven-descended guest,
Who only with the virtuous few can it rest:
May thy kind influence smooth my path of life,
Still calm and peaceful, free from noisy strife,
Be virtue, sweet content, and friendship mine,
I at my humble lot shall ne'er repine.
From these alone more real pleasures flow,
Than the gay round of mirth or gaudy show
Or all the charms of greatness can bestow.

112. On Friendship.

[Irreg.]

True Friendship is the noblest earthly gift
Which heaven on man bestows: the cordial drop,
That mingling with the bitter cup of woe,
Gives a kind tincture to the deadly draught.
Not mines afford a gem of equal worth;
But ah how rarely found! amid the crowd
Though glittering counterfeits may oft appear,
And many a phantom borrow friendship's name.

Smooth complaisance, and well-dissembled kindness,
And flattery, hid beneath she specious mask
Of humble admiration and esteem,
Are often seen; they wear a fair appearance,
And dressed in friendship's garb may please awhile;
But cheat the unwary heart, that trusts too far
Their seeming innocence, and honest face.
Self-interest is the secret spring that guides them;

This stopped, or broken, the machine stands still,
Or falls, and shivers into worthless fragments.

Happy the mind of nobler texture framed,
Sincere, benevolent, above disguise,
Dressed in the plain unborrowed robe of truth.
These virtues make her favourite residence;
With virtue only real friendship dwells,
And friendship loves for virtue's sake alone.

While the frail scenes of momentary life
Bound the low narrow view of vulgar minds,
Ambition, envy, pride, and restless rage
Emit their baleful sparks; but soon, ah soon,
The blaze expires, and all is dark forever.

But friendship, kindled by fair piety,
(And thus she claims relation to the skies,)
Sheds her kind lustre o'er the path of life,
And guides the feet through many a thorny brake,
Unhurt: she points with upward aim to heaven;
To heaven, from whence the sacred ardour came,
And guardian angels own the kindred flame.

113. Ode to Content.

[C. M.]

- 1 Come charming guest, divine content,
 And chase my cares away;
The sweetest bliss to mortals lent,
 Is thy kind healing ray.

- 2 Thy presence smooths the face of woe,
 And softens every pain;
From thee a thousand pleasures flow,
 A guiltless, lovely train.

- 3 Humility thy steps attends;
 Her sweetly pensive eyes
To earth in peaceful thought she bends.
 Without a wish to rise.

- 4 With cheerful air and look sedate,
 See gentle patience nigh,
And hope, fair sister, smiling wait
 With heaven erected eye:

- 5 While faith, (kind Seraph!) points her view
 Beyond the starry plain,
 To the bright worlds where ever new,
 Immortal pleasures reign.
- 6 Thy comforts, O divine content,
 From those fair regions flow;
 For bliss sincere was never meant
 On earth's low soil to grow.
- 7 In cold affliction's dreary shade,
 Fresh-blooming joys are thine:
 Can wintry storms the heart invade
 When vernal sunbeams shine?
- 8 Come then, thou dear delightful guest,
 Thy loved companions bring;
 Come, take possession of my breast,
 And winter shall be spring.

114. On Reason.

[Irreg.]

Reason, the glory of the human frame,
Eye of the mind, the stamp of heaven impressed
On man alone, of all the various ranks
Of being, which the great Creator formed,
To people numberless this earthly globe,
To man alone, he gave this ray divine,
This emanation of the deity:
A gift of countless value! raised by this
Above his fellow worms, and taught to view
His maker's hand in all his wondrous works;
To trace his glories, his divine perfections,
And worship with accepted adoration:
Fitted by this for converse with his God.
Amazing thought! the distance, how immense,
Betwixt infinity, and humble clay!

Yet thus exalted, man, ungrateful man
Rebelled, and spurned his Maker's righteous law;
And in his just resentment, God withdrew

His blissful presence from his wretched offspring.
Then reason, heavenly flame, with faded lustre
Glowed faintly, its primeval brightness gone,
Sullied and clouded with surrounding guilt;
And feebly glimmering with uncertain light,
No more it mounts sublime, to earth confined.
Weak, erring guide, no more it points the way
To happiness, but leaves the mind bewildered,
And lost in paths of danger, guilt and death.

But light divine breaks from the sacred word,
And cheers the darksome gloom; while heaven born faith
The dawning glory views, and soars aloft.
Borne on her wings, hope cheerful smiles; and lo!
The clouds disperse, the prospect brightens round;
A glimpse of heaven appears, of bliss immortal
Reserved for mortal man; and joys unknown,
Blest fruit of the Redeemer's dying pains,
Pardon, and peace, and life laid up in him,
For guilty rebels! Reconciled through him,
With his bright presence God revisits earth:
Transporting view! lost happiness restored!

Weak -sighted reason upward rises too
 Thus aided, and pursues the shining tract
 With cheerful wing, though slow; and glad adores
 The dazzling glories, which she cannot reach
 With steady flight: yet with delightful toil
 By gradual steps ascends, and joyful sees
 The bright perfections of the Deity,
 In humbler scenes displayed, where'er she turns
 Her raptured eye; and blest employment finds
 For never-ceasing praise and grateful homage.

Rekindled now from heaven, her dying lamp
 Glows with increasing lustre: grace assisting,
 Her empire o'er the mind she now resumes;
 Her gentle sway the warring passions own;
 Her voice their wildest tumults can control,
 And tune them all to harmony and peace.

Nor is her power to single minds confined;
 Senates and nations own her sovereign rule,
 And boast their different governments and laws
 Inspired by her, and founded on her dictates.
 The bliss of civil and of social life
 Depends on her; without her all would sink
 To discord, anarchy, and wild confusion.

Each individual, through the various ranks,
Whether of public or of private life,
To her his safety, peace and pleasure owes.
Her influence soothes the cares of life, and shows
The use and value of its numerous blessings.

Robbed of her cheering light, what woes attend
On helpless wretched man! self-preservation,
By gracious heaven implanted in his frame,
Oft in the hand of providence a guard
Amid surrounding dangers, then forsakes him.

Were reason's beam withdrawn, life would be death,
Existence a mere blank—the sweets of life
Be tasteless, and its blessings unenjoyed;
Fame, pleasure, riches, useless all, and vain;
And health and friends, (dearest of comforts!) sink
O'erwhelmed in dark oblivion: dreadful state;
Recoiling nature trembles at the thought!

O may my soul with gratitude sincere,
And constant praise, adore the God of mercy,
Who gives this blessing still to shine on me.
Lord, raise my gratitude, and tune my praise
To thy almighty goodness, which bestows
On me this gift of reason, and continues

Its cheering ray; and may thy powerful grace
 Assist me, O my God, still to devote
 Reason, and life, and all my powers to thee,
 Till this frail transient scene shall close in death.
 Then may I rise, by angel-guards conveyed,
 To the bright mansions of eternal bliss.
 There nobler praise, and worship all refined,
 Unnumbered hearts, unnumbered tongues employ,
 And joys unknown to mortals—Reason there,
 Shall shine with perfect and unclouded lustre;
 And all my powers exalted and renewed,
 Glow with immortal vigour—There my voice,
 Tuned to the strains of paradise, shall join
 With saints and seraphs, in transporting songs
 To thee, the source of everlasting joy.

115. On Reading Mr. Hervey's Meditations¹. [Irreg.]

Happy the man, whom grace divine has taught
 To raise to nobler scenes the flying thought;
 Beyond the bounds of sense and time to soar,
 And awful immortality explore.

¹ James Hervey (1714-1758), *Meditations and Contemplations*, London, 1748-1753.

Amid the chill of death's tremendous gloom,
And all the dreary horrors of the tomb,
He walks serene—'tis heaven with sacred ray,
Darts through the sable shade a glimpse of day;
Faith views the dawning bliss with raptured eye,
And bears his thoughts and hopes above the sky.

Yet, o'er the ruins of mankind he weeps,
O'er mortal hope which here in silence sleeps;
But from the pitying tear, the pious woe,
Celestial truths with soft persuasion flow.
He from these silent teachers, bids us learn
Our certain fate, our infinite concern.
To realms of life he points the radiant way,
Where death resigns his universal sway;
And this frail, dying frame, renewed, shall shine,
Safe from decay in splendours all divine.

Thus Hervey mourns; his kind intrusive page,
Full of compassion for a thoughtless age,
In all the charms of eloquence appears,
And wakes our pleasure, while it steals our tears.

Now rising from the dark retreats of death,
Soft as the morning Zephyr's gentle breath,

His language flows, and cheers our fainting powers,
With all the sweetness of the opening flowers,
Displays the beauties of the blooming race:
Their various beauties, though with matchless grace,
They scorn the pencil's art; yet flourish here,
In bright description all their charms appear;
Charms, which the heedless, unobserving eye,
Or slightly views, or wholly passes by:
But to the heaven-taught mind, how bright they shine,
Marked with the traces of the hand divine!
Their sweets collected with engaging art,
At once regale the sense, and cheer the heart.

While all our powers obey the soft control,
To beauty's source he leads the enraptured soul;
To Jesus leads, the everlasting fair!
In the dear name ten thousand charms appear;
Beneath the heavenly radiance of his eye,
Created beauties droop, and fade, and die.

Thou Sun of righteousness, thy beams impart,
And bless my eyes, and warm my languid heart;

O let me dwell beneath thy light divine,
And nature's charms contented I resign.

But oh! what mortal eye can bear the ray.
When thy full glories beam ethereal day?
The brightest seraphs, veiled before thy throne.
Adoring low, the dazzling splendours own
Too strong for finite natures to sustain,
Thy praise too lofty for their noblest strain.

Come, gentle evening, cheer my fainting sense,
Pained and oppressed with glories too intense.
The evening comes—all mild, and sweet, and fair;
The dusk how grateful! how serene the air?—
Yet still my soul would see her Saviour God,
The living source of all that's fair and good:
His beauties, though at humble distance, view
And trace him in the scenes his pencil drew.
His bright perfections round me are displayed,
The morn, the noon, the grateful evening shade,
Present his different glories to the sight,
Or strike with wonder, or inspire delight.
His power and love, in plenty's smiling form,
O'er the wide fields each grateful bosom warm.
From him, the gentle evening-breezes spring,
And waft refreshment on their balmy wing.

His beauty glitters in the pearly dew,
And smiles amid the bright ethereal blue
Which paints yon spacious arch; and charms our eyes
In clouds of gold, which streak the western skies.
And now the shining lamps of heaven advance,
Ranged in bright order o'er the fair expanse!
Like lamps they sparkle on the unaided sight;
But nearer viewed in philosophic light,
Prodigious orbs, unnumbered worlds arise!
New scenes of wonder meet our gazing eyes!

Jesus, thy glory, beaming from afar,
Great source of light, illumines every star.
Thy word informed the planets where to roll,
And stationed every orb that gilds the pole.
To thee, midst all the glories of the skies,
To thee alone I raise my longing eyes:
Bright morning star, arise with healing ray,
Arise and chase the shades of night away,
Sweet harbinger of everlasting day.

116. A Simile.

[Irreg.]

Oft have I viewed the flowers while bright and gay,
They gave their beauties to the noontide ray.

But short alas their bloom, and soon they fade,
Unblessed with cooling showers, or friendly shade.
See the clouds blacken, heavy showers descend,
The weak, soft race o'erladen, droop and bend,
Recline their languid heads, and seem to mourn,
Till the storm cease, and sunny beams return;
Then smiling, rise more lovely, bright and fair,
And with new sweets perfume the ambient air.

Thus, to the soul affliction oft supplies
New life, and bids declining virtue rise,
The storm which seemed awhile to oppress, revives
Each fading grace, and strength and beauty gives.
Their drooping powers, by heaven's kind influence fed,
A fairer bloom, and sweeter fragrance spread.

Pressed with affliction, let me then conclude,
 That storms and sunshine, (kind vicissitude)
 Are mingled blessings, meant to work my good.

117. A Meditation on Death.

[Irreg.]

Come bid adieu, my soul, to earthly pleasures—
 Illusive phantoms! distant how they smile,
 Fair as the colours of the radiant bow;
 But nearer fade upon the cheated eye,
 Lose all their lustre, or dissolve in air.
 Ah, think how soon these dreams will flit away;
 How soon these gaily-tempting forms will sink
 In death's eternal shade!—Death onward comes
 With hasty step, though unperceived and silent.
 Perhaps (alarming thought!) perhaps he aims
 E'en now the fatal blow that ends my life,
 O let me then, aroused, reflect in time,
 And make this awful, this important theme
 Familiar to my thoughts! Awake, my soul,
 Nor, careless, slumber on the brink of fate.
 With constant warnings, with loud admonitions,

Can I be unconcerned? At length my eyes,
Long held in mists or cheated with false visions,
Begin to open on the awful scene.
Let idly-active fancy, now no more
Spread her gay flattering colours to my view;
But aid my better thoughts, and represent
Important truths in all their striking forms.

Behold the gaping tomb! it seems to speak,
With silent horror, to my shivering heart;
Bids me survey my swift approaching doom,
And view the dark retreat which waits my coming.

O death, thou king of terrors! dreadful name!
What tongue can e'er describe, what thought can image
The scenes of horror that surround thy throne?
From thy wide-wasting hand what vast destruction
Is poured on all the tribes of wretched mortals?
Behold, on every side the scattered bones
Pave all the dreary mansion, and impart
Chill melancholy to the sinking spirits,
While all aghast I stand, and fix mine eyes
On the dire prospect! O thou gloomy monarch,
Are these the trophies of thy conquering arms?

Nor reverend hoary age, nor blooming youth,
Nor boasted strength escape thy fatal dart,
Not the persuasive power of beauty's charms,
Nor the soft moving tears of innocence
Can stay thy hand: nor can the miser's gold,
Nor all the treasures of the eastern shore
Buy one short moment of relentless death.

Not even the good man's virtues ought avail
To ward the direful stroke; nor all the prayers
And ardent wishes of the grateful poor
Fed from his table, and who daily knew
The blessings of his charitable hand.
See, his sad relatives, his mournful friends
Around his dying bed! what silent sorrow
Sits on each visage, while their streaming eyes
And wringing hands confess their inward anguish!
Who can describe the unutterable woe
Which fills their hearts, to see a father, brother,
A friend, in whom their all of earthly bliss
Was centered, gasping on the verge of life?
And even the sad remains of hope are lost.
His every dying groan augments their tears,
And the cold sweats declare his exit nigh;
Till the last breath consigns them to despair.
Heart-rending pain! Inexorable death!

Then, O my soul, since this deluding world,
With all her boasted stores, has nought to give
That can procure an hour's, a moment's pause,
When death commissioned aims the parting stroke;
Nor this weak frame, this mortal tenement
Of feeble texture, long sustain the assault
Of his attendants, sickness, pain and sorrow;
Seek, timely seek, while mercy points the way,
A firm, clear title to those blest abodes,
Prepared on high, unconscious of decay:
That when this tottering frame, (not built to last,)
Frail house of clay, which shakes with every wind,
Dissolves, and falls a heap of dust and ruin;
In realms of light I may forever dwell,
In mansions never formed by mortal hands,
Beyond the reach of sorrow, pain, or death.

O may my name but find some humble place
In the bright records of the court of heaven,
Signed with the atoning blood of my Redeemer!
May his almighty love cheer my last hours,
Show me my sins all cancelled by his death,
And smiling open endless joy before me!
Then shall I triumph o'er my mortal foe,
And with exulting, heavenly transport say,

O death, where is thy sting? and where, O grave,
Insatiate grave, is thy victorious power?
Then shall my last expiring accents breathe
His blissful name, who, dying, vanquished death,
And purchased life, immortal life, for me—
Jesus, my Lord, my Saviour, and my all!

118. To Delia.

[C. M.]

- 1 The gifts indulgent heaven bestows,
 Are variously conveyed;
The human mind, like nature knows
 Alternate light and shade.

- 2 While changing aspects all things wear,
 Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
 Or constant peace of mind?

- 3 More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
 When wintry storms are o'er;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
 Delights unknown before.

- 4 Then, Delia, send your fears away,
 Nor sink in gloomy care,
 Though clouds o'erspread the scene to day,
 Tomorrow may be fair.

119. To Amira on her Marriage.

[Irreg.]

While round you hourly gratulations rise,
And joy and happiness (gay soothing sounds)
Salute your ear; accept the artless wish
That friendship dictates, breathing from the heart.

May gracious heaven the happy union crown,
Propitious still and kind, with all the bliss
Which mortals can enjoy; may health, and peace,
And love, and friendship, guide the circling hours.
Soft roll the circling hours, serene and fair,
Still brightening as they roll: may true content
With kindly mixture sweeten every care,
Till scarce the unpleasing tincture can be found.

But earthly bliss is ever mixed with pain,
And thorns among its flowery pleasures grow.
May all the joys, the nobler, purer joys
Religion yields, be yours; to fairer scenes,
And brighter prospects, may your hopes ascend;
While heaven-born faith presents a charming glimpse
Of that immortal paradise on high,
Where pleasure blooms without a thorny care,
And friendship smiles beyond the reach of pain.

120. The Pleasures of Spring.

[Irreg.]

Now reigns the lovely spring in all her pride,
And spreads her verdant robe, adorned with flowers,
Around the fields and meads; they cheerful smile
In her gay livery dressed; the whispering winds
Breathe soft, and on their balmy wings convey
Reviving sweets; the feathered choir awake
Their artless songs, and all the enchanting scene

Is harmony and beauty: nature's charms
Subdue the heart, and every sense is filled!

But while the eye roves o'er the blooming mead
With careless pleasure, or the listening ear
Attends the soothing music of the grove;
Think, whither does the soft enchantment tend?
Are nature's various beauties lent for this,
Only to please the sense? For nobler ends
The God of nature gave them. Nature spreads
An open volume, where in every page
We read the wonders of almighty power,
Infinite wisdom, and unbounded love.
Here sweet instruction, entertaining truths
Reward the searching mind, and onward lead
Enquiring thought; new beauties still unfold,
And opening wonders rise upon the view.
The mind, rejoicing, comments as she reads;
While through the inspiring page, conviction glows,
And warms to praise her animated powers.

How great, how glorious, is the sovereign hand,
Which forms so beauteous every plant and flower,
And on the vegetable world inscribes,
In lively characters, his wondrous name?
While active life speaks in a thousand forms,

Power, wisdom, and beneficence divine
The parts of nature in their just proportion,
Uniting, harmonizing, blend to form
One perfect system; truth and beauty smile,
Inviting contemplation upward still,
From step to step, till at their glorious source
Arrived, the soul in low prostration bends,
Adoring, with submissive, silent awe
The Great Unsearchable, the wondrous name,
Which creature praise can never, never reach!

121. On the Sickness of a Friend. [10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 Shall fond expectance lean on earthly friends,
Since earthly friends (alas!) are born to die;
And disappointment waits, and grief attends
The best, the dearest joys below the sky?

- 2 Why will this wretched, this deluded heart
So fast to earth's uncertain comforts cleave?
Tis but to cherish pain, to treasure smart,
And teach the unavailing sigh to heave.

- 3 Great source of good, attend my plaintive cries,
 My weakness with indulgent pity see,
 And teach this restless, anxious heart to rise,
 And center all its hopes and joys in thee.
- 4 Then, should my dearest earthly comforts die,
 Should every friend (distressing thought!) depart;
 My refuge, my unfailing friend on high,
 Will never, never leave this trembling heart.
- 5 Should sorrow like a whelming deluge roll,
 And gloomy death appear on every wave;
 Then hope, blest anchor, shall sustain my soul,
 And faith shall rise and triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Then shall I meet my much loved friends above,
 Safe landed on the ever-peaceful shore,
 The blissful regions of immortal love,
 Where happiness and friendship part no more.

122. The Fettered Mind.

[886. 886.]

- 1 Ah! why should this immortal mind,
Enslaved by sense, be thus confined,
 And never, never rise?
Why thus amused with empty toys,
And soothed with visionary joys,
 Forget her native skies?
- 2 The mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
 To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight
 Upon her drooping wings.
- 3 The world employs its various snares,
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
 And chained to earth I lie:
When shall my fettered powers be free,
And leave these seats of vanity,
 And upward learn to fly.

- 4 Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
 Invite my soul: O could I rise,
 Nor leave a thought below;
 I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
 And say to every tempting snare,
 Heaven calls, and I must go.
- 5 Heaven calls! and can I yet delay?
 Can ought on earth engage my stay?
 Ah wretched, lingering heart!
 Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
 Assist, and guide my upward flight,
 And bid the world depart.
- 6 One word of thy resistless power,
 Can bid my joyful spirit soar,
 And scorn the feeble chain:
 Come, bear my raptured thoughts above,
 On pinions of seraphic love;
 And earth shall tempt in vain.
- 7 In vain, her siren voice may try,
 To lure me downward, from the sky.
 To this dark vale of tears;
 How will her transient glories fade,
 And unregarded sink in shade,
 When heaven's bright dawn appears?

- 8 So, wandering meteors of the night,
 Amuse the weary traveller's sight,
 With fair deceitful ray;
 But all their glimmering lustre flies,
 And every gay delusion dies,
 When Phoebus wakes the day.

123. To a Friend in Trouble.

[Irreg.]

 If when the tender sympathizing sigh,
 Swells the full heart, or melts the pitying eye,
 The soft compassion could convey relief,
 This heart should lessen, while it shared your grief.
 Unchecked the sigh should rise, the sorrow flow,
 And pleasure mingle with the kindred woe.
 But this is vain, tis not in nature's power
 To cheer, with lightsome rays, the gloomy hour.
 The soothing voice of friendship may beguile
 Our cares, and sorrow wear a transient smile.

Poor solace; soon the spreading gloom returns,
The heart that fain would comfort, only mourns.
Ah, wretched state! must friendship ever share,
Yet never hope to ease the load of care,
Partake the anguish of infectious grief,
And wish, in vain, to bring a kind relief?
Ah, wretched state! each aching heart replies,
Till fainting, dying, hope begins to rise:
Hope, heaven-born comforter, with cheerful air
Sheds her kind lustre o'er the scenes of care;
Her gentle whisper calms the rising sigh,
And weeping sorrow lifts her tearful eye;
Nor lifts in vain, at his supreme command,
Who holds our welfare in his gracious hand:

His gracious hand alone, has power to heal,
Who pities, while he deals the pains we feel.
The springs of life are his; and cares and pains
Fulfil whate'er his sacred will ordains.
He knows what most we need: when skill divine
Presents a bitter draught, shall we repine?

While mercy mingles all with lenient art,
To ease the anguish of the throbbing heart.
The steps of providence, though we in vain
Attempt to trace, while clouds o'erspread the scene;

Its dealings all are just, and wise, and kind;
Our lesson this—"Be humble and resigned!"
Through wilds and thorny paths our journey lies,
And darkness terrifies, and dangers rise.
O may our heavenly Father's guardian care,
Preserve our steps from every fatal snare:
Be his almighty arm our guide, our stay,
Through all the toils and terrors of the way.—
No dangers can affright, if God is near,
A present God can banish every fear;
His gracious smile can make the darkness fly,
Smooth all the road, and brighten all the sky.
He is our sun: his soul-reviving light,
Alone, can chase the horrors of the night,
He is our shield: when darts fly thick around,
They fall repelled, and fix no deadly wound.
Our God! our Guide! O may we never stray,
But trust his care, and keep the heavenly way;
Till safe we reach the happy seats of peace,
And darkness, grief, and pain, and danger cease.

124. The Absent Muse.

[11 8. 11 8.]

- 1 How soft rolled the hours, how serene was my heart,
 When the muse my companion, and friend,
 Unknown to ambition, a stranger to art,
 Deigned oft on my call to attend!

- 2 While she soothed all my cares, and my passions to rest,
 (Sweet moments, why would you not stay?)
 Delighted and easy, I thought myself blest,
 Nor envied the great, nor the gay.

- 3 Ye gentle delusions! ye dreams of delight!
 And will ye approach me no more?
 Shall the scene be a desert, o'ershaded with night,
 Which was sunshine and Eden before?

- 4 No, the pleasures were real, though soon they withdrew;
And my cares I will call a long dream;
If the muse will return, and present to my view
The scenes which were once my glad theme.
- 5 When Urania appears, o'er the field and the grove,
New verdure and beauty shall rise;
The prospect shall brighten where-ever I rove,
And Eden again meet my eyes.
- 6 How vain the dear hope!—She despises the lays
Which I once fondly thought she inspired;
Unfettered, transported, with Hervey she strays,
Applauded, beloved, and admired.

125. The Waste of Time.

[Irreg.]

*Occasioned by hearing these lines repeated.**"Another, and another, and the last,
Are copies of the dull, defective past."²*

"The dull, defective!" tis too faint a name,
 For vile ingratitude, for guilt, and shame!—
 Such is my conduct, when I waste away
 In trifles, or in indolence, a day.
 Each future minute is beyond my power:
 Can India's mines procure a single hour?
 O much-neglected time, thy worth how high!
 Not thy least particle, the world can buy.
 When heaven bestows this boon, it bids employ,
 (O blest command!) in seeking endless joy.
 And shall my thoughtless heart, ungrateful, waste
 The present hour, as I have done the past?
 Forbid it, gracious God! O let my soul
 Obey reflection's strict, but kind control;

² Anonymous, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1735.

And humbly bend before that awful eye,
 Which marks my squandered minutes as they fly;
 With deep contrition bend, and ardent pray
 That love may turn his angry frown away:
 Indulgent love through that atoning blood,
 In which alone I can approach to God.

To thee, great Advocate, to thee I fly,
 And on thy righteousness alone rely.
 O may thy spirit cleanse this guilty heart,
 My pardon seal, and strength divine impart;
 And may my hours, if future hours are lent,
 To nobler, higher purposes be spent.

126. The Death-Watch.

[Irreg.]

A death-watch! how distinct it beats!—in vain
 It beats to me, nor brings one anxious pain.
 Thou gloomy insect, oft inspiring fear,
 Dreadful to superstition's listening ear;
 How many start to hear thy fancied knell,
 Dismal and solemn as a passing bell!

And why must harmless insects be accused.
When daily, hourly warnings are refused?
Each day, each hour, accosts my ear, or eye,
Some monitor, which bids prepare to die.

See yonder stalk! there lately grew a flower,
Tis gone, its glowing colours are no more.
That bush, where roses smiled and breathed perfume!
How sweet their fragrance, and how gay their bloom!
A few days since they bloomed, now dropped and lost:
Frail mortal life, behold how vain thy boast!
Hark, near my side, the clock with solemn sound,
Tells me how time pursues his constant round!
Life on the wings of time flies swift away;
My last will come, and this may be the day.
Each pain I feel, and every plaintive sigh,
What does it speak? this truth — "I soon must die."
Must die! Is this a melancholy sound,
When endless life begins its blissful round?
Thy poisoned arrow, death, wounds not the heart,
Which in the Saviour's blood can claim a part.
May this blest hope (dear solace of my soul!)
With heavenly comfort all my fears control.

While faith points upward to the blest abode,
 Of life immortal, and my Saviour God,
 May that bright world its radiant dawn impart,
 And be each hour, a death-watch to my heart.

127. The Friend.

[Irreg.]

He is a friend, who scorns the little sphere,
 Of narrow self, and finds a joy sincere
 To see another blest; whose generous heart
 To all around would happiness impart,
 If happiness were his: whose bosom glows
 With warmth the frozen Stoic never knows.
 Divine benevolence, where friendship reigns,
 And piety the sacred flame maintains.
 This is the tie inviolate, which binds
 In mutual friendship, harmonizing minds.
 A friend thus formed, is formed to give delight,
 To brighten joy, and gild affliction's night:
 His heart exults whene'er his friends rejoice,
 And every pleasing power at friendship's voice,
 Awakes to life, and bids the transport rise
 In grateful adoration to the skies.

But ah, how short the bright untroubled hour!
Soon clouds arise, and storms impending lower,
And oft they burst upon the fainting heart;
Then friendship shows her noblest, kindest art,
Sustains the drooping powers, and helps to bear
The well-divided load of mutual care,
If griefs oppress, or threatening woes impend,
Dear solace then, to find a real friend!
He is a real friend, whose passions know
The anguish of communicated woe;
Who feels the deep distress when sorrow mourns,
And from his inmost heart the sigh returns.
The kindred sigh conveys a strange relief:
How cordial is society in grief!
Less are the woes, and lighter are the cares,
Which gentle, sympathizing friendship shares.
When humbly at the throne of grace we bend,
And ask its kindest blessings for a friend;
When for a friend our warmest wishes rise
In holy breathings to the pitying skies;
The sacred precept warrants those desires,
And heaven will sure approve, what heaven inspires.

O may I make my friend's distress my own,
Nor let my heart, unhappy, grieve alone:
In sorrow, may I never want a friend,
Nor when the wretched mourn, a tear to lend.

128. On Children's Play.

[C. M.]

- 1 Oft when the child in wanton play
 Exerts his little powers,
And busy, trifling, toils away
 In sports the circling hours;
- 2 We smile to see his infant mind
 So eager, so intent;
But growing years new follies find,
 As much on trifles bent.
- 3 Youth has its toys, when pleasure's charms
 The fond pursuit invite:
But pleasure mocks the extended arms;
 Vain shadow of delight!

- 4 What are the joys of riper age?
 By time is folly cured?
No, trifles still the heart engage,
 And vanity matured.
- 5 If glittering riches tempt the eyes,
 An envied valued store;
Thus children shells and counters prize,
 And hoard and wish for more.
- 6 Or if aspiring fame employs
 The eager, gazing train;
The paper-kite of sportive boys,
 Is not more light and vain.
- 7 Unsatisfied, and tired at last,
 We must resign our breath,
(Life's empty cares and follies past,)
 And evening close in death.
- 8 Thus children weary of their play,
 With fretfulness oppressed,
Throw all their little toys away,
 And gently sink to rest.

- 9 Happy the mind, by heaven inspired
 To scorn earth's empty toys;
And with divine ambition fired,
 Pursue sublimer joys!
- 10 Then, when the cares of life are o'er,
 The parting soul shall rise,
And scenes of happiness explore,
 Immortal in the skies.

129. The Path of Life.

[Irreg.]

What is this world with all its gay delights?
A gloomy wilderness of wide extent,
Where many winding paths perplex the choice,
And lead the unwary traveller's feet astray.
Here smiles an easy smooth descending road,
In verdure clothed, and spread with blooming flowers;
The scene how fair!—but ruin waits its end.
There rugged looks the path, thick set with thorns,

Where many toil their weary hours away away,
In search of happiness amid the dust.
What crowds of wretched, erring minds I see,
Still disappointed, yet persisting still,
All strangers to the way which leads to rest!
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
Attend their steps; before them is a scene
Of various grief; a labyrinth of woe;
A dark, damp vale of tears. Though now and then,
Prosperity's gay flattering sunshine smiles,
Its brighter! day is short, declining fast
If not o'ercast with sable clouds at noon.
And oft its brightest day more fatal proves,
Than dark adversity's tempestuous night.
It shines with sickly ray, and spreads around
Malignant ills; malignant to the mind,
Stubborn disease, which medicine cannot cure.
And if adversity's cold, wintry blast
Invade the shivering heart, then comfort dies,
And solitary hope just lives, to warm
With some faint gleams of possible relief.

Thus pondering o'er the gloomy scenes of life,
The pensive muse attuned her plaintive song.
Her eye dejected fixed upon the ground,

Where thorny cares spontaneous rise, she sighed,
And wished a fairer prospect! smiling hope
Soft-whispering, bids her lift her downcast eye,
And view the wild attentive. Now she sees
A beam ethereal, dawning o'er the gloom
With cheering lustre, permanent and mild.
Tis mercy! saving mercy! she can shield
From every ill, the trembling, trusting soul.
Beneath the shelter of her guardian wing,
Not gay prosperity's malignant glow
Shall scorch, nor cold adversity shall freeze.

Amid the devious labyrinth she marks
The path divine, where heavenly wisdom leads
Her favoured votaries; narrow path, but safe.
There real pleasures rise, and sacred peace
Attend their steps; if thorny cares, too near,
Inflict a wound, kind mercy instant pours
A sovereign balm, to ease the burning pain.
There walks humility with cautious step;
On wisdom, gracious guide, she leans secure,
A thousand lurking snares her feet escape,
And o'er her head a thousand dangers fly,
Fly harmless. Patience there, and cheerful hope,
Walk hand in hand; and faith with piercing eye

Looks forward through the shades, and joyful marks
Her journey's end, the radiant seats of day.

Here, fix your choice; (immortal wisdom cries,)
To you, O sons of men, to you I call:
O turn from erring folly. Fatal guide;
Her way is danger, and it ends in death;
Turn to my path, here only can you find
Content, which wretched thousands seek in vain.
My path is safety; and it leads to life,
To life immortal, in the realms of bliss!

Indulgent mercy wafts the heavenly sound,
Reviving to my heart! Yes, glorious guide.
To thy unerring conduct I resign
My steps, and bless the ever-gracious power,
Which beamed a ray of heaven o'er this dark wild.
And led my feet to thy celestial path,
The path of peace, and life, and endless joy.

130. To the Votaries of Pleasure.

[Irreg.]

Ye mirthful tribes, who careless, vain and gay,
In pleasure's flowery paths, untiring stray;
Say, can you boast content? Ah, no; the sigh
Involuntary, breathes your sad reply.
And conscience speaks: attend the friendly power;
Indulge one serious, one reflecting hour.
Earth's soft allurements, empty, light and vain,
Are dreams of joy; you wake to real pain.

When pleasure dawns, serenely fair and bright,
Tis shaded soon with clouds, and lost in night:
Yet still you fondly court its flattering smiles;
Again it glitters, and again beguiles;
Will you be tempted thus with painted charms,
And follow shadows with extended arms?
While nobler pleasures stand neglected by.
Nor move your heart, nor raise your languid eye?
Delights refined, and lasting, court your choice,
And heavenly wisdom sues with melting voice:

How long, deluded, wretched souls; how long
Shall pleasure sooth you with her siren song?
Ah fly the fatal smile, the enchanting strain,
And let the gray deceiver tempt in vain.

Turn at the friendly call; O yet be wise,
To real pleasures raise your cheated eyes.
May the kind admonition, deep impressed,
Dwell on your hearts, and teach you to be blest!
Think where you tread!— the path which look so gay,
Is ruin's sure, inevitable way.
Think—life immortal, or eternal death
Precarious trembles on a moment's breath.
This single moment's yours—the next may bear
Your souls to endless darkness and despair.
Fly from the world's deluding, tempting wiles,
While time is yours, and heavenly mercy smiles:
From sin, from all its soul-destroying charms,
Fly to the great Redeemer's open arms.
Now with a gentle, kind, inviting voice,
He calls, he courts you to immortal joys,
O hear those winning accents, hear and prove
The boundless blessings of his pardoning love.
E'er long, that slighted voice, with dreadful sound,
Shall with the keenest pangs of terror wound;

Shall wound those guilty souls, who dare despise
His sovereign grace; nor life nor glory prize,
Before his dreadful bar you must appear:
That awful, that tremendous hour, how near
To you unknown; yet every moment brings
The important period nearer on its wings.

How will your now unmoved, relentless heart
Then bear the word, the dreadful word, Depart?
Depart condemned, accursed down to hell,
Where black despair, and endless torment dwell?
In time reflect, and tremble at the view,
The fatal path to death no more pursue.

Fly for your lives, to safety instant fly;
Ah, wretched lingering souls, why will you die
While heavenly patience lengthens out your day,
And God's unerring word directs the way,
O seize the fleeting hour, the precious Now,
And at the Saviour's feet, for mercy bow.

131. On the Public Fast.

[C. M.]

Feb. 6, 1756.

- 1 See, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend,
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
O be these awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries forbear.

- 4 What numerous crimes increasing rise
 O'er all this wretched isle!
 What land so favoured of the skies,
 And yet what land so vile?
- 5 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt, and shame!
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name!
- 6 O bid us turn, almighty Lord,
 By thy resistless grace;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.
- 7 Then should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear;
 Secure of never failing aid,
 If God, our God, is near.

132. National Judgments Deprecated.

[L. M.]

On the Fast. Feb. 11, 1757.

- 1 While justice waves her vengeful hand
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful power,
With fear and trembling, we adore.
- 2 Where shall we fly, but to thy feet?
Our only refuge is thy seat;
Thy seat, where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.
- 3 While peace and plenty blessed our days,
Where was the tribute of thy praise?
Ungrateful race! how have we spent
The blessings which thy goodness lent?
- 4 Pale famine now, and wasting war,
With threatening frown thy wrath declare;
But war and famine are thy slaves,
Nor can destroy when mercy saves.

- 5 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
 Though loud our crimes for vengeance cry,
 Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
 Nor thy long suffering patience fail.
- 6 Encouraged by thy sacred word,
 May we not plead the blest record,
 That when a humble nation mourns,
 Thy rising wrath to pity turns.
- 7 O let thy sovereign grace impart
 Contrition to each rocky heart,
 And bid sincere repentance flow,
 A general, undissembled woe.
- 8 Our arms, O God of armies, bless,
 (Thy hand alone can give success,)
 And make our haughty neighbours own
 That heaven protects the British throne.
- 9 Fair smiling peace again restore,
 With plenty bless the pining poor,
 And may a happy thankful land
 Obedient own thy guardian hand.

133. On the Fast. Pleading for Mercy.

[C. M.]

- 1 Come, let our souls adore the Lord,
 Whose judgments yet delay,
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
 And gives us leave to pray.
- 2 In armies, fleets, or strong allies,
 No more we place our trust;
On God alone, our hope relies,
 Kind, potent, wise and just.
- 3 Great is our guilt, our fears are great;
 But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
 To penitence and prayer.
- 4 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
 This blessed hope we owe;
O let thy merits plead above,
 While we implore below.

- 5 O gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
Attend thy Britain's cry;
Nor let the kindling vengeance break
Destructive from thine eye.
- 6 Though justice near thy awful throne,
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

134. National Judgments and Mercies.

[C. M.]

Call to Repentance, Nov. 1757.

- 1 Long has divine compassion strove
With this rebellious land;
O justice, long has pleading love
Withheld thy dreadful hand.
- 2 At length, ye Britons, lift your eyes,
Your crimes no more pursue;
Behold the gathering tempest rise,
And tremble at the view!

- 3 See, fraught with vengeance how it spreads;
 To mercy instant fly;
E'er yet it burst upon your heads;
 Repent, repent—or die.
- 4 Late raging storm, twas mercy stayed,
 Her voice destruction heard,
The impetuous winds her voice obeyed,
 And awful justice spared.
- 5 Shall every warning be in vain
 Your ruin to prevent?
Indulgent mercy calls again,
 Return, repent! repent!
- 6 The voice, ye Britons, hear with awe,
 O hear, and turn to God;
Lest mercy, long abused, withdraw,
 And leave you to the rod.

- 7 Almighty God, thy powerful grace
 Can change us, and forgive;
 Can save a guilty rebel race,
 And say, Repent, and live.
- 8 O let thy powerful grace appear,
 And justice sheath her sword;
 Then shall a rescued nation fear,
 And love, and praise the Lord.

APPENDIX A – INDEX TO STANZAS

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
A death-watch! how distinct it beats!—in vain	235	126	1	Irreg.
A muse, in learning's arduous toil unskilled	185	106	1	10 10.10 10.10 10.
Absent from thee, my guide, my light	111	60	4	C. M.
Adieu to all terrestrial things	130	70	14	L. M.
Adoring angels tuned their songs	86	43	5	C. M.
Against thy all-supporting grace	133	73	4	C. M.
Ah! see the fatal cross appears	11	4	23	C. M.
Ah! why should this immortal mind	227	122	1	886. 886.
Ah! why should this mistaken mind	70	33	3	C. M.
Ah wretched souls, who strive in vain	161	89	1	L. M.
Ah! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart	119	65	1	L. M.
Alas, what hourly dangers rise	79	39	1	C. M.
Alike they err, who leave the world to dwell	200	111	2	Irreg.
All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart	6	3	14	C. M.
All I can wish is thine to give	72	34	2	C. M.
All nature owns his guardian care	89	46	2	C. M.
All rose to life at thy command	4	3	4	C. M.
Almighty Author of my frame	1	1	1	L. M.
Almighty Father, gracious Lord	50	22	1	C. M.
Almighty God, thy powerful grace	255	134	7	C. M.
Almighty goodness, call our hearts and eyes	195	108	10	10 10 10.
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Almighty grace, thy healing power	88	45	4	C. M.
Almighty love! victorious power	185	105	4	L. M.
Along the lovely scene	160	88	3	S. M.
Amazing goodness! love divine	131	71	5	L. M.
Amid the dark, the deathful scene	87	44	3	L. M.
Amid the devious labyrinth she marks	243	129	3	Irreg.
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Amid the splendours of his throne	13	4	34	C. M.
Amidst these gloomy wilds below	59	26	6	C. M.
And can my vile ungrateful heart	148	81	9	L. M.
And can no sovereign balm be found	63	28	3	L. M.
And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive	88	45	3	C. M.
And did the holy and the just	175	99	1	C. M.
And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed	180	102	4	L. M.
And ere the dreadful storm descends	10	4	17	C. M.
And is the gospel peace and love	122	67	1	L. M.
And may I hope that Christ is mine	52	22	12	C. M.
And O, whate'er of earthly bliss	136	74	8	C. M.
And see those lovely melting eyes	181	103	3	L. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
And shall I harbour in my breast.....	183	104	3	L. M.
And shall my guilty fears prevail	111	60	3	C. M.
And shall not these cold hearts of ours	92	47	7	L. M.
And still these bright perfections shine	148	81	8	L. M.
And when my cheerful hope can say	62	27	7	L. M.
And why must harmless insects be accused	236	126	2	Irreg.
And will the Lord thus condescend	67	31	1	C. M.
And yet ten thousand thousand more	18	6	7	C. M.
And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart	23	9	6	L. M.
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Arise my thoughts, my heart arise	102	54	3	L. M.
Around my path what dangers rose	50	22	4	C. M.
Arraigned at Pilate's impious bar	10	4	19	C. M.
Art thou not mine, my living Lord	138	76	2	L. M.
Assist me, gracious God	48	20	16	66.66.44.44.
At length, ye Britons, lift your eyes	253	134	2	C. M.
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Awake, my soul, nor slumbering lie	151	84	1	L. M.
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Be all my heart, and all my days	179	101	6	L. M.
Be this my chief, my only care.....	125	68	6	L. M.
Be this the purpose of my soul.....	161	89	4	L. M.
Be thy almighty arm my stay	27	11	9	C. M.
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Begone, ye gilded vanities.....	30	14	3	C. M.
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Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies.....	228	122	4	886. 886.
Bright world of bliss! O could I see.....	105	56	5	L. M.
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But ah, how short the bright untroubled hour	238	127	2	Irreg.
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But ah! this weak inconstant mind.....	118	64	2	L. M.
But ah, too soon, the pleasing scene.....	165	92	4	C. M.
But all the notes which mortals know	176	100	2	L. M.
But clouds and darkness intervene.....	32	15	2	C. M.
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Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
But earthly bliss is ever mixed with pain.....	223	119	3	Irreg.
But foolish mortals oft mistake the way.....	195	108	8	10 10 10.
But frail mortality in vain	52	22	14	C. M.
But friendship, kindled by fair piety	204	112	5	Irreg.
But I've a part to live.....	56	25	3	S. M.
But life attends the deathful sound.....	179	102	2	L. M.
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But man, vile man, his love abused	9	4	14	C. M.
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But oh! indulge this only wish	149	82	6	C. M.
But oh! their transports, oh! their songs.....	36	16	12	C. M.
But oh! to show thy smiling face.....	66	30	4	C. M.
But oh! what agonies unknown.....	182	103	5	L. M.
But oh! what mortal eye can bear the ray	214	115	7	Irreg.
But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail.....	145	80	4	C. M.
But see my glorious Leader nigh	153	85	3	C. M.
But see, the bright, the morning star.....	38	17	4	L. M.
But see, the promised morn appear	13	4	30	C. M.
But short alas their bloom, and soon they fade	216	116	2	Irreg.
But should my brightest hopes be vain	125	68	7	L. M.
But soon alas, his absence mourn.....	109	59	4	L. M.
But stronger ties than nature knows	20	7	7	C. M.
But sweet humility, a shining robe	197	109	3	Irreg.
But sweet humility, the source of peace	197	109	5	Irreg.
But when his painful sufferings rise	60	26	10	C. M.
But when to reach those blissful plains.....	140	77	7	C. M.
But while the eye roves o'er the blooming mead.....	224	120	2	Irreg.
But while thy sufferings I survey	178	101	2	L. M.
By cooling streams, and softening showers.....	41	19	6	L. M.
By every name of power and love	137	75	3	C. M.
Can I my bleeding Saviour view	173	97	4	C. M.
Can I survey this scene of woe	180	102	5	L. M.
Can lasting happiness be found.....	102	54	2	L. M.
Can mournful penitence and prayer.....	146	81	2	L. M.
Can those, who hear the Saviour's voice.....	93	48	5	C. M.
Come, all ye pining, hungry poor	93	48	3	C. M.
Come bid adieu, my soul, to earthly pleasures	217	117	1	Irreg.
Come charming guest, divine content.....	205	113	1	C. M.
Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign.....	170	95	9	C. M.
Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry.....	110	59	5	L. M.
Come, dearest Lord, thy power impart.....	180	102	6	L. M.
Come, dearest Lord, with power divine.....	164	91	5	C. M.
Come, gentle evening, cheer my fainting sense.....	214	115	8	Irreg.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
Come, glorious conqueror, gracious Lord	183	104	6	L. M.
Come, heaven-born faith, and aid my flight	140	77	6	C. M.
Come heavenly love, inspire my song	7	4	1	C. M.
Come, let our souls adore the Lord.....	252	133	1	C. M.
Come Lord, and warm each languid heart	34	16	1	C. M.
Come Lord, thy love alone can raise.....	77	37	5	C. M.
Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart	102	54	4	L. M.
Come, Lord, thy saving power display.....	118	64	5	L. M.
Come then, thou dear delightful guest	206	113	8	C. M.
Come, thou desire of all thy saints	76	37	1	C. M.
Come tune, ye saints, your noblest strains.....	184	105	1	L. M.
Come weary souls with sin distressed.....	27	12	1	L. M.
Dark as the shades of night.....	143	79	2	S. M.
Dear center of my best desires	163	91	1	C. M.
Dear Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest	61	27	1	L. M.
Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand.....	16	5	7	L. M.
Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell.....	175	99	4	C. M.
Dear Lord, while we adoring pay	172	96	5	C. M.
Dear refuge of my weary soul	144	80	1	C. M.
Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts.....	163	90	5	C. M.
Dear Saviour, let thy boundless grace	167	94	2	L. M.
Dear Saviour, let thy cheering smile.....	27	11	8	C. M.
Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine.....	77	37	6	C. M.
Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue.....	131	71	6	L. M.
Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love.....	28	12	5	L. M.
Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal.....	167	93	6	L. M.
Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace	185	105	6	L. M.
Dear Saviour, thy victorious love.....	108	58	3	C. M.
Dear shepherd, if I stray	160	88	5	S. M.
Dear source of all my joys	144	79	5	S. M.
Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence	151	84	3	L. M.
Death! tis a name with terror fraught	107	58	1	C. M.
Deep are the wounds which sin hath made	63	28	1	L. M.
Didst thou forsake thy radiant crown	169	95	3	C. M.
Diffusing life, his influence spreads	40	19	3	L. M.
Dispensing good where'er he came.....	123	67	5	L. M.
Divine instructor, gracious Lord.....	60	26	12	C. M.
Each rolling year new favours brought	51	22	7	C. M.
Earth flies with all her soothing charms.....	141	78	2	C. M.
Earth never can bestow the sovereign good.....	195	108	7	10 10 10.
Earth's firm foundation felt the shock	12	4	28	C. M.
Earth's highest pleasures, could they last.....	68	32	2	L. M.
Encouraged by thy sacred word.....	251	132	6	L. M.
Enslaved by sin and bound in chains.....	130	71	1	L. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
Ensure my nobler life on high	153	84	9	L. M.
Eternal life thy words impart	55	24	3	L. M.
Eternal mansions! bright array	105	56	3	L. M.
Eternal power, almighty God	65	30	1	C. M.
Eternal source of joys divine.....	82	41	1	C. M.
Eternity is just at hand.....	124	68	4	L. M.
Eternity, tremendous sound.....	125	68	5	L. M.
Exalted near their Saviour's seat	95	49	8	L. M.
Exposed with thieves to public view	11	4	24	C. M.
Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes	157	87	2	C. M.
Fair regent of the night	47	20	13	66.66.44.44.
Fair smiling peace again restore.....	251	132	9	L. M.
Faith leads to joys beyond the sky	70	33	1	C. M.
Faith, rising upward, points her view	70	33	4	C. M.
Far from these narrow scenes of night.....	157	87	1	C. M.
Father of mercies, in thy word	58	26	1	C. M.
Fly for your lives, to safety instant fly.....	247	130	5	Irreg.
For every thirsty, longing heart.....	162	90	2	C. M.
For man and beast, here daily food	41	19	5	L. M.
For mortal crimes a sacrifice.....	178	101	4	L. M.
For them, reserves a radiant crown.....	14	4	36	C. M.
Forbid it Lord, O bind this heart	173	97	5	C. M.
Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord.....	84	42	6	L. M.
Friendship communicates our joys and pains.....	201	111	4	Irreg.
From discord free and war's alarms	157	87	4	C. M.
From thee the breath of life he drew	6	3	10	C. M.
Give me a calm, a thankful heart	136	74	9	C. M.
God is my sun, his blissful rays	126	69	1	L. M.
God's only Son, (stupendous grace!).....	8	4	7	C. M.
Grant, O my God, this one request	31	14	8	C. M.
Great advocate, almighty friend	65	29	5	L. M.
Great God, accept the humble praise	2	1	5	L. M.
Great God, and why is Britain spared	248	131	3	C. M.
Great God, and wilt thou condescend	66	30	3	C. M.
Great God, I would not ask to see	132	72	3	L. M.
Great God, thy sovereign grace impart.....	107	57	6	C. M.
Great God, to thee my evening song	22	9	1	L. M.
Great God, to thy almighty love.....	90	46	6	C. M.
Great is our guilt, our fears are great.....	252	133	3	C. M.
Great King of kings, eternal God	37	17	1	L. M.
Great Ruler of the earth and skies	38	18	1	L. M.
Great source of boundless power and grace	78	38	1	C. M.
Great source of good, attend my plaintive cries	226	121	3	10 10.10 10.
Great spring of all felicity.....	101	53	5	C. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
Guilty and weak to thee I fly.....	184	104	7	L. M.
Happy the man, and he alone.....	199	110	5	88. 84.
Happy the man, whom grace divine has taught.....	211	115	1	Irreg.
Happy the mind, by heaven inspired.....	241	128	9	C. M.
Happy the mind of nobler texture framed.....	204	112	3	Irreg.
Happy the soul, whose wishes climb.....	97	51	1	C. M.
Harmonious all and fair! whole nature joins.....	192	107	3	Irreg.
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face.....	145	80	6	C. M.
He conquered death and hell.....	57	25	9	S. M.
He fought, he conquered, though he fell.....	94	49	3	L. M.
He gave his Son, his only Son.....	89	46	3	C. M.
He groaned! he died! the awful scene.....	182	103	6	L. M.
He holds all nature in his hand.....	83	42	2	L. M.
He is a friend, who scorns the little sphere.....	237	127	1	Irreg.
He knows that all these glittering things.....	98	51	3	C. M.
He lives, the great Redeemer lives.....	64	29	1	L. M.
He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs.....	166	93	4	L. M.
He took the dying traitor's place.....	175	99	3	C. M.
Hear, gracious God, my humble moan.....	136	75	1	C. M.
Heaven calls! and can I yet delay.....	228	122	5	886. 886.
Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts.....	65	29	3	L. M.
Hence, vain, intruding world depart.....	124	68	1	L. M.
Here, at thy feet, I wait thy will.....	20	7	8	C. M.
Here, fix your choice; (immortal wisdom cries,).....	244	129	4	Irreg.
Here let me rest, on thee depend.....	79	38	4	C. M.
Here let me search my inmost mind.....	124	68	2	L. M.
Here let my constant feet abide.....	54	23	4	L. M.
Here, let my faith unshaken dwell.....	138	76	4	L. M.
Here let my spirit rest.....	160	88	4	S. M.
Here may I stretch my wondering eyes around.....	192	107	2	Irreg.
Here may the blind and hungry come.....	59	26	5	C. M.
Here, may the wretched sons of want.....	59	26	3	C. M.
Here mercy's boundless ocean flows.....	28	12	3	L. M.
Here, mines of heavenly wealth disclose.....	58	26	2	C. M.
Here, O my soul, thy trust repose.....	139	76	5	L. M.
Here pardon, life, and joys divine.....	7	4	3	C. M.
Here shall your numerous wants receive.....	93	48	4	C. M.
Here, springs of consolation rise.....	59	26	7	C. M.
Here, springs of sacred pleasure rise.....	162	90	3	C. M.
Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows.....	59	26	4	C. M.
Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice.....	60	26	9	C. M.
His gracious hand alone, has power to heal.....	230	123	2	Irreg.
His heart, whence love abundant flowed.....	173	97	3	C. M.
His heart, where love and pity dwelt.....	172	97	2	C. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
His hopes are fixed on joys to come.....	98	51	6	C. M.
His kindest words their doubts remove.....	13	4	31	C. M.
His love, what mortal thought can reach.....	171	96	2	C. M.
His wish, his hope, his soul aspires.....	199	110	7	88. 84
Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom.....	74	35	3	C. M.
Hope, in the absence of my Lord.....	126	69	4	L. M.
How barren of sincere delight.....	112	61	2	L. M.
How blest are those, how truly wise.....	91	47	3	L. M.
How changed, alas! are truths divine.....	249	131	5	C. M.
How fondly those mistake who seek for joys.....	200	111	1	Irreg.
How great, how glorious, is the sovereign hand.....	224	120	3	Irreg.
How long shall earth's alluring toys.....	96	50	1	C. M.
How many blessings round me shone.....	51	22	6	C. M.
How oft, alas, this wretched heart.....	88	45	1	C. M.
How oft my mournful thoughts complain.....	79	39	2	C. M.
How shall I meet this potent foe.....	153	85	2	C. M.
How should I look, with pitying eye.....	113	61	5	L. M.
How should our songs, like those above.....	77	37	3	C. M.
How soft rolled the hours, how serene was my heart.....	232	124	1	11 8. 11 8.
How strange! how awful is thy love.....	66	30	5	C. M.
How vain the dear hope!—She despises the lays.....	233	124	6	11 8. 11 8.
How will the wonders of his grace.....	36	16	10	C. M.
How will your now unmoved, relentless heart.....	247	130	4	Irreg.
Humility how glorious! how divine.....	198	109	7	Irreg.
Humility thy steps attends.....	205	113	3	C. M.
I hear thy groans with deep surprise.....	178	101	3	L. M.
I languish for superior joy.....	142	78	3	C. M.
I yield to thy dear conquering arms.....	14	4	38	C. M.
If cares and sorrows me surround.....	115	62	6	C. M.
If glittering riches tempt the eyes.....	240	128	5	C. M.
If in my heart true faith appears.....	71	33	6	C. M.
If minds, where piety and friendship glow.....	191	106	6	10 10.10 10.10 10.
If my immortal Saviour lives.....	138	76	3	L. M.
If pain and sickness rend this frame.....	115	62	5	C. M.
If pleasure smiles sincere below the skies.....	200	111	3	Irreg.
If thou art but a dream, an empty name.....	194	108	3	10 10 10.
If thou return, how sweet the joy.....	118	64	4	L. M.
If when the tender sympathizing sigh.....	229	123	1	Irreg.
Illusive dream! it fleets in air.....	199	110	4	88. 84
Illusive dreams of happiness.....	30	14	2	C. M.
Immortal glories crown his head.....	166	93	3	L. M.
Immortal honours wait above.....	95	49	7	L. M.
Immortal joy thy smiles impart.....	31	14	5	C. M.
In armies, fleets, or strong allies.....	252	133	2	C. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
In cold affliction's dreary shade	206	113	7	C. M.
In every dark distressful hour	65	29	4	L. M.
In griefs and pains thy sacred word	135	74	5	C. M.
In him, the father reconciled	17	6	4	C. M.
In life's first dawn, my tender frame	50	22	2	C. M.
In our first parent's crime we fell	7	4	4	C. M.
In songs of grateful rapture tell	184	105	2	L. M.
In these dark scenes of pain and woe	72	34	3	C. M.
In vain, her siren voice may try	228	122	7	886. 886.
In vain I charge my thoughts to stay	119	65	2	L. M.
In vain I trace creation o'er	101	53	2	C. M.
In vain my boldest thoughts arise	3	2	2	L. M.
In vain my roving thoughts would find	102	54	1	L. M.
In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms	98	51	2	C. M.
In vain the erring world enquires	30	14	1	C. M.
In vain the world's alluring smile	68	32	1	L. M.
In vain would boasting reason find	53	23	2	L. M.
In vain would this low world employ	101	53	3	C. M.
Increase my faith, increase my hope	80	39	4	C. M.
Indulgent friendship, listening, caught the strain	190	106	3	10 10.10 10.10 10.
Indulgent mercy wafts the heavenly sound	244	129	5	Irreg.
Infernal legions trembling fled	9	4	13	C. M.
Infinite wisdom! boundless power	84	42	4	L. M.
Is darkness and distress my share	132	72	4	L. M.
Is health and ease my happy share	135	74	3	C. M.
Is there a heart that will not bend	170	95	7	C. M.
Is there on earth a solitude	198	110	1	88. 84
Jesus, accept this wretched heart	182	103	7	L. M.
Jesus! and art thou mine	58	25	10	S. M.
Jesus—and didst thou leave the sky	169	95	4	C. M.
Jesus, be thou my sure defence	154	85	4	C. M.
Jesus demands this heart of mine	120	66	3	L. M.
Jesus, in thy dear name I trust	105	56	6	L. M.
Jesus—in thy transporting name	169	95	1	C. M.
Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light	165	92	5	C. M.
Jesus, my Saviour, and my God	128	70	8	L. M.
Jesus, my soul, adoring, bends	176	99	5	C. M.
Jesus—O loveliest, dearest name	163	91	2	C. M.
Jesus the Lord, the mighty God	130	71	3	L. M.
Jesus the sacrifice became	131	71	4	L. M.
Jesus, the spring of joys divine	53	23	1	L. M.
Jesus, thy glory, beaming from afar	215	115	9	Irreg.
Jesus, to thee, I would return	119	65	4	L. M.
Jesus, to thy soul-cheering light	19	7	5	C. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
Jesus, who died that we might live.....	174	98	4	L. M.
Jesus, who left his blest abode.....	74	35	4	C. M.
Jesus who left his throne on high.....	171	96	4	C. M.
Jesus, who once upon the tree.....	174	98	3	L. M.
Kind Intercessor, to thy love.....	252	133	4	C. M.
Late raging storm, twas mercy stayed.....	254	134	4	C. M.
Let all creation join.....	42	20	2	66.66.44.44.
Let earth and all her charms depart.....	101	53	4	C. M.
Let earth's alluring joys combine.....	55	24	4	L. M.
Let every creature join.....	47	20	14	66.66.44.44.
Let faith our feeble senses aid.....	177	100	5	L. M.
Let humble penitential woe.....	177	100	6	L. M.
Let me reflect with humble awe.....	149	82	4	C. M.
Let the sweet hope that thou art mine.....	136	74	10	C. M.
Let this blest hope my eyelids close.....	23	9	9	L. M.
Let this vain world engage no more.....	106	57	3	C. M.
Let this weak, erring mind no more.....	71	33	8	C. M.
Let those bright worlds of endless joy.....	103	54	5	L. M.
Let thy enlivening healing voice.....	148	81	10	L. M.
Let thy kind Spirit in my heart.....	62	27	8	L. M.
Let wonder still with love unite.....	171	96	3	C. M.
Life is a journey, heaven my home.....	99	52	1	L. M.
Long has divine compassion strove.....	253	134	1	C. M.
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye.....	251	132	5	L. M.
Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee.....	93	48	6	C. M.
Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee.....	32	15	3	C. M.
Lord, how mysterious are thy ways.....	131	72	1	L. M.
Lord, I commit my soul to thee.....	154	85	7	C. M.
Lord of my life, inspire my heart.....	152	84	7	L. M.
Lord of my life, O may thy praise.....	20	8	1	C. M.
Lord of the earth, and seas, and skies.....	24	10	1	L. M.
Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart.....	34	15	10	C. M.
Lord, rise in thy all-conquering grace.....	68	31	5	C. M.
Lord, send a beam of light divine.....	97	50	6	C. M.
Lord, teach me to adore thy hand.....	134	74	2	C. M.
Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love.....	37	16	13	C. M.
Lord, we accept with thankful heart.....	28	12	4	L. M.
Lord, we adore thy boundless grace.....	92	48	1	C. M.
Lord, when my raptured thought surveys.....	4	3	1	C. M.
Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove.....	178	101	1	L. M.
Lord, when this mortal frame decays.....	53	22	15	C. M.
Lost in despair, beset with foes.....	94	49	2	L. M.
Low at thy feet my soul would lie.....	55	24	6	L. M.
Man, ah how far removed below.....	37	17	3	L. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
Mark how the stately tree disdainful rears	196	109	1	Irreg.
May gracious heaven the happy union crown	222	119	2	Irreg.
May I resolve with all my heart	161	89	2	L. M.
Mercy, that rich unbounded store	22	9	2	L. M.
More gaily smiles the blooming spring	221	118	3	C. M.
Mortality, with painful load	140	77	8	C. M.
My all of hope is fixed on thee	184	104	8	L. M.
My cheerful hope can never die	133	73	3	C. M.
My comforts all decay	143	79	3	S. M.
My days unclouded, as they pass	22	9	3	L. M.
My God, be thou forever nigh	117	63	7	L. M.
My God, for yet my trembling heart	147	81	4	L. M.
My God, if thou art mine indeed	84	42	5	L. M.
My God, my Father, be thy name	115	62	8	C. M.
My God, my Father, blissful name	114	62	1	C. M.
My God, my hope, if thou art mine	116	63	1	L. M.
My God, my life, if thou appear	116	63	3	L. M.
My God, O could I call thee mine	142	78	5	C. M.
My God—O could I make the claim	137	75	2	C. M.
My God, the visits of thy face	32	15	1	C. M.
My God, thy presence can impart	113	61	7	L. M.
My God, tis to thy mercy-seat	133	73	1	C. M.
My God, to thee I call	143	79	1	S. M.
My God, to thee my soul aspires	30	14	4	C. M.
My God, whene'er my longing heart	2	2	1	L. M.
My great protector, and my Lord	134	73	5	C. M.
My guardian, my almighty friend	73	34	8	C. M.
My heart, my life, my tongue are thine	1	1	2	L. M.
My highest praise, alas, how poor	52	22	13	C. M.
My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord	83	41	4	C. M.
My Maker, and my King	48	21	1	S. M.
My numerous wants are known to thee	23	9	5	L. M.
My spirit asks a firmer prop	150	83	2	C. M.
My thoughts recall thy favours past	147	81	7	L. M.
Mysterious love, in every scene	9	4	10	C. M.
No cloud those blissful regions know	158	87	7	C. M.
No darkness there shall cloud our sight	168	94	4	L. M.
No factious strife, no envy there	158	87	6	C. M.
No fancied joy beyond the sky	91	47	6	L. M.
No more, O pale destroyer, boast	108	58	6	C. M.
No other name will heaven approve	54	23	3	L. M.
No, still the ear of sovereign grace	146	80	7	C. M.
No sun shall gild the blest abode	35	16	4	C. M.
No, the pleasures were real	233	124	4	11 8. 11 8.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
No, there is nobler bliss for man designed	195	108	6	10 10 10.
No, thy dear name engraven stands.....	81	40	5	C. M.
Nor gold nor gems, could buy our peace.....	130	71	2	L. M.
Nor is her power to single minds confined	209	114	6	Irreg.
Nor is it liberty alone	104	56	2	L. M.
Nor kings nor heroes graced her artless lay	185	106	2	10 10.10 10.10 10.
Nor low to earth in sorrow bends.....	98	51	4	C. M.
Nor reverend hoary age, nor blooming youth	219	117	4	Irreg.
Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie.....	15	5	4	L. M.
Not all its horrors can affright.....	116	63	4	L. M.
Not all the good which earth bestows.....	31	14	6	C. M.
Not even the good man's virtues ought avail.....	219	117	5	Irreg.
Now breathless in the silent tomb.....	12	4	29	C. M.
Now let us raise our cheerful strains.....	173	98	1	L. M.
Now on his Father's throne he reigns	94	49	4	L. M.
Now reigns the lovely spring in all her pride.....	223	120	1	Irreg.
Now rising from the dark retreats of death.....	212	115	4	Irreg.
O be his service all my joy.....	161	89	3	L. M.
O bid each fatal, fair illusion flee.....	195	108	11	10 10 10.
O bid us turn, almighty Lord	249	131	6	C. M.
O bliss too high for mortal thought	33	15	9	C. M.
O come, and with his children taste	18	6	5	C. M.
O could I know my sins forgiven	128	70	7	L. M.
O could my longing spirit rise.....	156	86	4	C. M.
O could our thoughts and wishes fly	96	50	4	C. M.
O could we read our interest here	167	94	1	L. M.
O death, frail nature's dreaded foe.....	128	70	5	L. M.
O death, thou king of terrors! dreadful name	218	117	3	Irreg.
O for a sweet inspiring ray	166	93	1	L. M.
O for the bright, the joyful day.....	127	69	5	L. M.
O friendship, what sincere delights are thine	202	111	6	Irreg.
O gracious God, for Jesus' sake	253	133	5	C. M.
O gracious God, in whom I live.....	79	39	3	C. M.
O happiness, by all admired, pursued.....	194	108	1	10 10 10.
O happiness, thou pleasing dream.....	25	11	1	C. M.
O how benevolent and kind	122	67	3	L. M.
O keep me in thy heavenly way	80	39	6	C. M.
O let me call thy grace to mind.....	78	38	3	C. M.
O let me hear thy blissful voice	87	44	6	L. M.
O let me join the raptured lays.....	155	85	10	C. M.
O let me not despairing mourn	126	69	3	L. M.
O let the same almighty care.....	21	8	5	C. M.
O let thy beams resplendent shine	32	15	4	C. M.
O let thy grace guide every song.....	3	2	6	L. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
O let thy grace inspire	49	21	6	S. M.
O let thy grace my heart inspire	3	2	3	L. M.
O let thy love, my God, my King	141	77	9	C. M.
O let thy love shine forth, and raise	121	66	7	L. M.
O let thy love with sweet control.....	120	65	5	L. M.
O let thy love's all-powerful ray	129	70	9	L. M.
O let thy mercy on my heart.....	25	10	5	L. M.
O let thy powerful grace appear	255	134	8	C. M.
O let thy sacred word impart.....	69	32	4	L. M.
O let thy sovereign grace impart	251	132	7	L. M.
O let thy spirit now impart.....	168	94	7	L. M.
O let us fly, to Jesus fly.....	107	57	5	C. M.
O may I meet the dreadful hour	154	85	5	C. M.
O may I never faint nor tire	162	89	5	L. M.
O may I reach the blissful plains.....	69	32	7	L. M.
O may I thirst for thee, my God	29	13	5	C. M.
O may my name but find some humble place.....	220	117	7	Irreg.
O may my soul with gratitude sincere.....	210	114	9	Irreg.
O may our willing hearts confess	170	95	8	C. M.
O may the heavenly prospect fire.....	159	87	10	C. M.
O may the sweet, the blissful theme	172	96	6	C. M.
O may these heavenly pages be	60	26	11	C. M.
O never let my soul remove.....	134	73	6	C. M.
O shine on this benighted heart.....	111	60	5	C. M.
O teach me the celestial skill.....	152	84	8	L. M.
O the rich depths of love divine	14	4	37	C. M.
O think what glorious scenes above.....	100	52	4	L. M.
O thou both nature's author and her lord	193	107	6	Irreg.
O thou, from whose almighty breath	71	33	7	C. M.
O thou, whose tender mercy hears	110	60	1	C. M.
O were these heavenly prospects mine.....	99	51	7	C. M.
O when will that illustrious day	129	70	12	L. M.
O wondrous gift of love divine	92	48	2	C. M.
O'erwhelmed with restless griefs and fears.....	146	81	1	L. M.
Oft have I said, with inward sighs	127	70	1	L. M.
Oft have I viewed the flowers while bright and gay.....	216	116	1	Irreg.
Oft in the temples of his grace	109	59	3	L. M.
Oft let thy shining visits cheer	141	77	10	C. M.
Oft when the child in wanton play	239	128	1	C. M.
Oh! could my weary spirit rise	112	61	4	L. M.
Oh! if this heaven-born grace were mine.....	71	33	5	C. M.
Oh! what can I impart.....	49	21	4	S. M.
On me that providence has shone	6	3	13	C. M.
On the tremendous brink	57	25	5	S. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
On thee alone my hope relies	14	4	39	C. M.
On thee I lean, all-gracious God.....	100	52	6	L. M.
On this are built the brightest joys.....	150	83	3	C. M.
On wings of faith and strong desire.....	92	47	8	L. M.
One word of thy resistless power.....	228	122	6	886. 886.
Oppressed with guilt, a painful load	27	12	2	L. M.
Or if aspiring fame employs.....	240	128	6	C. M.
Our arms, O God of armies, bless.....	251	132	8	L. M.
Pale famine now, and wasting war	250	132	4	L. M.
Patient, the cruel scourge he bore.....	11	4	21	C. M.
Peace, my complaining, doubting heart	148	82	1	C. M.
Perhaps my closing eyes.....	56	25	2	S. M.
Permit me, Lord, to seek thy face.....	72	34	1	C. M.
Phantoms of pleasure rise, and smiling fair	195	108	9	10 10 10.
Pleasures, unsullied, flourish there	35	16	3	C. M.
Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine	159	87	11	C. M.
Preserved by thy almighty arm.....	20	8	2	C. M.
Pressed with affliction, let me then conclude.....	217	116	4	Irreg.
Pride is the livery of the prince of darkness.....	196	109	2	Irreg.
Pride is the source of discord, strife, and war	197	109	4	Irreg.
Pride leads her wretched votaries to contempt.....	197	109	6	Irreg.
Reason, the glory of the human frame.....	207	114	1	Irreg.
Recall, my heart, that dreadful hour	181	103	1	L. M.
Reflect how soon my life will end.....	124	68	3	L. M.
Rekindled now from heaven, her dying lamp.....	209	114	5	Irreg.
Religion's sacred lamp alone	26	11	5	C. M.
Repeated crimes awake our fears	64	29	2	L. M.
Repentant sorrow fills my heart	179	101	5	L. M.
Robbed of her cheering light, what woes attend	210	114	7	Irreg.
Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart	17	6	3	C. M.
Sad prisoners in a house of clay.....	104	56	1	L. M.
Safe lead me through this world of night.....	54	23	5	L. M.
Satan and sin unite their art	73	34	6	C. M.
Say, can these untaught airs acceptance find.....	190	106	4	10 10.10 10.10 10.
Say, happy natives of the sky	113	61	6	L. M.
Scarce through the shades, a glimpse of day.....	126	69	2	L. M.
Seal my forgiveness in the blood.....	23	9	8	L. M.
Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart	125	68	8	L. M.
See, crowned with thorns that sacred head.....	181	103	2	L. M.
See, dearest Lord, my wretched state.....	121	66	6	L. M.
See, fraught with vengeance how it spreads	254	134	3	C. M.
See, gracious God, before thy throne	248	131	1	C. M.
See, in the Saviour's dying blood.....	64	28	5	L. M.
See, Jesus stands with open arms	17	6	2	C. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
See! low before thy throne of grace	110	60	2	C. M.
See yonder stalk! there lately grew a flower	236	126	3	Irreg.
Sense can but furnish scenes of woe.....	70	33	2	C. M.
Serenely bright ascends the silver moon.....	193	107	5	Irreg.
Shall every warning be in vain.....	254	134	5	C. M.
Shall fond expectance lean on earthly friends	225	121	1	10 10. 10 10.
Shall gay amusements rise between.....	152	84	4	L. M.
Shall I withhold thy due.....	49	21	5	S. M.
Shall Jesus for admission sue	67	31	3	C. M.
Shall man, alone, unsatisfied remain	194	108	5	10 10 10.
Shall the kind mother's gentle breast.....	81	40	2	C. M.
Should all created blessings fade	117	63	5	L. M.
Should boundless wealth increase my store	31	14	7	C. M.
Should famine o'er the mourning field	86	44	1	L. M.
Should lowing herds and bleating sheep	86	44	2	L. M.
Should nature's charms to please the eye	155	86	1	C. M.
Should sorrow like a whelming deluge roll	226	121	5	10 10. 10 10.
Should, sudden, to his hopeless eye	29	13	2	C. M.
Sin like a raging fever reigns	63	28	2	L. M.
Sin throws in vain its pointed dart.....	64	28	6	L. M.
Smile on my minutes as they roll	21	8	6	C. M.
Smooth complaisance, and well-dissembled kindness.....	203	112	2	Irreg.
So longs the weary fainting mind	29	13	3	C. M.
So, wandering meteors of the night	229	122	8	886. 886.
Some gentle spirit aid my flight.....	198	110	3	88. 84.
Sorrow, and pain, and every care.....	35	16	5	C. M.
Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace	137	75	5	C. M.
Still his unwearied love pursued.....	10	4	15	C. M.
Still, must the scenes of bliss remain	142	78	4	C. M.
Still shall we fight, and still prevail	95	49	6	L. M.
Still with prevailing power he pleads.....	14	4	35	C. M.
Strange as it is, yet this may be.....	81	40	4	C. M.
Stretched on the cross the Saviour dies.....	179	102	1	L. M.
Such are the objects earth displays	99	52	3	L. M.
Superior bliss invites my eyes.....	139	77	2	C. M.
Sure I am thine—or why this load.....	118	64	3	L. M.
Sure I must love the Saviour's name	120	66	1	L. M.
Sure the blest comforter is nigh	61	27	3	L. M.
Surprising grace!—and shall my heart.....	67	31	2	C. M.
That awful hour will soon appear	151	84	2	L. M.
That awful word, that sovereign power.....	85	43	2	C. M.
That hand divine, which can assuage.....	16	5	5	L. M.
The Almighty former of the skies.....	8	4	8	C. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
The blissful word, with joy replete.....	69	32	5	L. M.
The brighter Seraph veils his face	37	17	2	L. M.
The brightest joy your smile can boast.....	103	55	2	L. M.
The busy town, the crowded street.....	26	11	3	C. M.
The charms of grandeur, pomp and show	25	11	2	C. M.
The creature of thy hand	49	21	3	S. M.
The dull, defective! tis too faint a name	234	125	1	Irreg.
The dumb, the deaf, the lame, the blind	9	4	12	C. M.
The Father's blissful smile withdrawn	12	4	26	C. M.
The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise.....	41	19	7	L. M.
The fruitful tree, the blooming flower.....	5	3	6	C. M.
The gifts indulgent heaven bestows.....	221	118	1	C. M.
The glorious monarch there displays.....	158	87	9	C. M.
The God in heavenly strains they sung.....	8	4	9	C. M.
The God of my salvation lives.....	87	44	4	L. M.
The great Creator, just, and good, and wise.....	194	108	4	10 10 10.
The helpless child, that oft her eyes	81	40	3	C. M.
The living tribes of countless forms.....	4	3	3	C. M.
The Lord forgets his wonted grace	80	40	1	C. M.
The meads, arrayed in smiling greens	5	3	5	C. M.
The mind was formed to mount sublime	227	122	2	886. 886.
The moon and stars his absent light.....	5	3	8	C. M.
The pains that wait our fleeting breath.....	75	36	1	L. M.
The path to thy divine abode	73	34	5	C. M.
The prince! the Saviour, long desired	109	59	2	L. M.
The rising sun, serenely bright	40	19	2	L. M.
The sacred word, the solemn oath	151	83	5	C. M.
The Saviour calls—let every ear	162	90	1	C. M.
The Saviour, dying, rising, crowned	36	16	11	C. M.
The Saviour! O what endless charms	7	4	2	C. M.
The Saviour pleads his dying blood	76	36	5	L. M.
The shining firmament shall fade.....	91	47	5	L. M.
The soul, from sin forever free.....	35	16	6	C. M.
The sun's productive quickening beams	5	3	7	C. M.
The voice of this alarming scene.....	106	57	4	C. M.
The voice, ye Britons, hear with awe	254	134	6	C. M.
The weary traveller, lost in night	18	7	1	C. M.
The wondering nations have beheld	109	59	1	L. M.
The world employs its various snares	227	122	3	886. 886.
Thee, dearest Lord, my soul adores.....	117	64	1	L. M.
Their brightest day, alas, how vain.....	96	50	3	C. M.
Then bear me to the blissful seats.....	121	66	8	L. M.
Then, Delia, send your fears away	222	118	4	C. M.
Then if my troubles rise.....	144	79	7	S. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
Then let our hearts repine no more.....	75	35	6	C. M.
Then, O my soul, since this deluding world	220	117	6	Irreg.
Then, Oh! what loads of wrath unknown.....	12	4	25	C. M.
Then peace returns with balmy wing	39	18	4	L. M.
Then safe beneath thy guardian care	25	10	6	L. M.
Then shall I change the mournful strain.....	129	70	10	L. M.
Then shall I leave these fetters here	129	70	13	L. M.
Then shall I meet my much loved friends above.....	226	121	6	10 10. 10 10.
Then shall my closing eyes	58	25	11	S. M.
Then shall my drooping spirit rise.....	137	75	6	C. M.
Then shall my joyful powers unite	53	22	16	C. M.
Then shall my joyful spirit rise.....	69	32	6	L. M.
Then shall my prayer to thee ascend.....	29	13	6	C. M.
Then shall my soul contented stay	113	61	8	L. M.
Then shall my soul with rapture trace	165	92	6	C. M.
Then shall my thankful powers rejoice	83	41	5	C. M.
Then shall on faith's sublimest wing.....	97	50	7	C. M.
Then shall our hearts enraptured say	78	37	7	C. M.
Then shall the joyful spirit soar.....	108	58	5	C. M.
Then shall the sick, the blind, the lame.....	16	5	8	L. M.
Then shone almighty power and love	85	43	3	C. M.
Then should insulting foes invade.....	249	131	7	C. M.
Then, should my dearest earthly comforts die.....	226	121	4	10 10. 10 10.
Then solitude, or social joy.....	199	110	6	88. 84.
Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep	34	15	11	C. M.
Then to his glorious throne on high	185	105	3	L. M.
Then to the shining seats of bliss	34	16	2	C. M.
Then weep my eyes, complain my heart.....	76	36	4	L. M.
Then well may mortals try in vain	185	105	5	L. M.
Then, when the cares of life are o'er.....	241	128	10	C. M.
Then why, my soul, so loath to leave	127	70	2	L. M.
There all the favourites of the Lamb	167	93	5	L. M.
There is a glorious world on high.....	90	47	1	L. M.
There is a God, all nature speaks.....	40	19	1	L. M.
There is a great Physician near	63	28	4	L. M.
There is a world all fair and bright	127	70	3	L. M.
There Jesus reigns! may I be clothed.....	33	15	5	C. M.
There Jesus, source of bliss divine	26	11	7	C. M.
There joys unseen by mortal eyes.....	97	50	5	C. M.
There low before his glorious throne	166	93	2	L. M.
There myriads worship at thy feet.....	156	86	5	C. M.
There no alternate night is known	158	87	8	C. M.
There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)	35	16	7	C. M.
There pain and sickness never come	157	87	3	C. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
There rich varieties of joy	158	87	5	C. M.
There shall mortality no more.....	105	56	4	L. M.
There shall my thoughts transported trace.....	122	66	9	L. M.
There shall our hearts no more complain.....	168	94	3	L. M.
There shall the favourites of the Lord	91	47	2	L. M.
There shall the followers of the Lamb.....	36	16	8	C. M.
There shall we see thy lovely face.....	168	94	5	L. M.
There with eternal glory crowned.....	13	4	33	C. M.
There, with united heart and voice.....	18	6	6	C. M.
These anxious doubts indulge no more	82	40	7	C. M.
These dreadful glories of thy name.....	24	10	4	L. M.
These envious clouds remove	144	79	6	S. M.
These transient scenes will soon decay	96	50	2	C. M.
Think, O my soul, each flying hour.....	99	52	2	L. M.
Think, O my soul, how much depends.....	152	84	5	L. M.
This joy, my wishes long to find.....	142	78	6	C. M.
This mortal frame must lie.....	56	25	4	S. M.
This only can my fears control	114	62	2	C. M.
Those healing hands with blessings fraught.....	181	103	4	L. M.
Thou art my strength, my life, my stay.....	78	38	2	C. M.
Thou ever good, and kind	49	21	2	S. M.
Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord.....	39	18	5	L. M.
Thou lovely source of true delight.....	164	92	1	C. M.
Thou only sovereign of my heart	54	24	1	L. M.
Thou seest the tempest of my soul	147	81	5	L. M.
Thou source of light and heat.....	46	20	12	66.66.44.44.
Thou Sun of righteousness, thy beams impart	213	115	6	Irreg.
Though every comfort should depart.....	116	63	2	L. M.
Though justice near thy awful throne	253	133	6	C. M.
Though nought remain below the sky.....	117	63	6	L. M.
Though still reviving foes arise	95	49	5	L. M.
Through all resolves, how soon it flies	119	65	3	L. M.
Through the deep horrors of thy pain	170	95	5	C. M.
Thus children weary of their play	240	128	8	C. M.
Thus heavenly joys attract my eyes.....	140	77	5	C. M.
Thus Hervey mourns; his kind intrusive page.....	212	115	3	Irreg.
Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine.....	19	7	4	C. M.
Thus may my hopes and wishes rise	199	110	8	88. 84.
Thus pondering o'er the gloomy scenes of life.....	242	129	2	Irreg.
Thus sweet the consolations are.....	29	13	4	C. M.
Thus sweet the dawn of heavenly day.....	19	7	2	C. M.
Thus, to the soul affliction oft supplies	216	116	3	Irreg.
Thy charms, alluring, in fair prospect rise.....	194	108	2	10 10 10.
Thy comforts, O divine content	206	113	6	C. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
Thy deep decrees from creature sight.....	132	72	2	L. M.
Thy eye beholds, with kind regard.....	90	46	5	C. M.
Thy fair example may we trace.....	123	67	7	L. M.
Thy favour, Lord, is all I want.....	101	53	6	C. M.
Thy glories, the seraphic lyre.....	2	1	3	L. M.
Thy glory o'er creation shines.....	165	92	2	C. M.
Thy love and power, (celestial guard).....	22	9	4	L. M.
Thy mercy-seat is open still.....	146	80	8	C. M.
Thy name inspires the harps above.....	3	2	5	L. M.
Thy name my inmost powers adore.....	55	24	5	L. M.
Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet.....	89	45	5	C. M.
Thy powerful word supports my hope.....	135	74	7	C. M.
Thy presence beams eternal day.....	156	86	6	C. M.
Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart.....	87	44	5	L. M.
Thy presence only can bestow.....	111	60	6	C. M.
Thy presence smooths the face of woe.....	205	113	2	C. M.
Thy promises are large and free.....	147	81	3	L. M.
Thy providence, his constant guard.....	6	3	12	C. M.
Thy remnant minutes strive to use.....	152	84	6	L. M.
Thy smile can gild the shades of woe.....	82	41	3	C. M.
Thy smile can give me real joy.....	82	41	2	C. M.
Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down.....	39	18	3	L. M.
Thy sovereign ways are all unknown.....	115	62	7	C. M.
Thy wisdom, power and goodness, Lord.....	5	3	9	C. M.
Till filled with light, and joy, and love.....	110	59	6	L. M.
Till that illustrious morning come.....	154	85	8	C. M.
Tis distance lessens every star.....	140	77	4	C. M.
Tis finished! now aloud he cries.....	12	4	27	C. M.
Tis guilt alone provokes that frown.....	107	58	2	C. M.
Tis he supports this fainting frame.....	84	42	3	L. M.
Tis here, I view with pleasing pain.....	52	22	10	C. M.
Tis here, my faith resolves to dwell.....	133	73	2	C. M.
Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop.....	165	92	3	C. M.
Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power.....	121	66	5	L. M.
Tis sin, alas, with tyrant power.....	67	31	4	C. M.
Tis sin that would my ruin prove.....	183	104	4	L. M.
Tis sin which arms his dreadful frown.....	128	70	6	L. M.
Tis there my Saviour lives.....	57	25	8	S. M.
Tis this upholds the rolling spheres.....	150	83	4	C. M.
To do his heavenly Father's will.....	123	67	4	L. M.
To dwell with misery below.....	85	43	4	C. M.
To endless day! to perfect life.....	33	15	6	C. M.
To ever fragrant meads.....	159	88	2	S. M.
To eyes long closed in mental night.....	15	5	2	L. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
To feast, with ever new delight.....	33	15	8	C. M.
To heaven my restless heart aspires.....	72	34	4	C. M.
To him, our longing eyes we raise.....	38	17	5	L. M.
To Jesus, our exalted Lord.....	176	100	1	L. M.
To Jesus, our victorious Lord.....	94	49	1	L. M.
To nobler bliss my soul aspires.....	69	32	3	L. M.
To our Redeemer's glorious name.....	171	96	1	C. M.
To perfect bliss my soul aspires.....	104	55	4	L. M.
To regions of eternal peace.....	26	11	6	C. M.
To slaves oppressed with cruel chains.....	19	7	3	C. M.
To soften every painful stroke.....	149	82	3	C. M.
To suffer in the traitor's place,.....	180	102	3	L. M.
To thee, great Advocate, to thee I fly.....	235	125	2	Irreg.
To thee, I tell each rising grief.....	145	80	3	C. M.
To thee we pay our grateful songs.....	39	18	6	L. M.
To things unseen by mortal eyes.....	98	51	5	C. M.
To this dear refuge, Lord, we come.....	90	46	4	C. M.
To those bright courts, when hope ascends.....	75	35	5	C. M.
To view, unveiled, thy radiant face.....	33	15	7	C. M.
To win them from the fatal way.....	91	47	4	L. M.
To your creator God.....	42	20	1	66.66.44.44.
Too oft, alas, my passions rove.....	164	91	3	C. M.
Tremendous judgments from thy hand.....	248	131	2	C. M.
Triumphant he ascends on high.....	13	4	32	C. M.
True Friendship is the noblest earthly gift.....	203	112	1	Irreg.
Turn at the friendly call; O yet be wise.....	246	130	3	Irreg.
Twas thy dear hand redeemed the slave.....	19	7	6	C. M.
Unerring wisdom guides his hand.....	149	82	2	C. M.
Unsatisfied, and tired at last.....	240	128	7	C. M.
Unworthy, as I am.....	160	88	6	S. M.
Vain were her fairest beams displayed.....	155	86	2	C. M.
Vain world be gone, nor vex my heart.....	139	77	1	C. M.
Victorious love! can language tell.....	170	95	6	C. M.
Victorious love! thy wondrous power.....	108	58	4	C. M.
Was it for sin, for mortal guilt.....	182	104	1	L. M.
We hear, with trembling and affright.....	24	10	2	L. M.
We smile to see his infant mind.....	239	128	2	C. M.
Weak -sighted reason upward rises too.....	209	114	4	Irreg.
Well might the skies with wonder view.....	169	95	2	C. M.
Were I to mount the flying wind.....	112	61	3	L. M.
Were reason's beam withdrawn, life would be death.....	210	114	8	Irreg.
Were universal nature ours.....	174	98	5	L. M.
What are the joys of riper age.....	240	128	4	C. M.
What blessings on a thankless race.....	9	4	11	C. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
What death-like lethargy detains.....	121	66	4	L. M.
What glad return can I impart	176	99	6	C. M.
What glory, Lord, to thee is due	86	43	6	C. M.
What is this world with all its gay delights	241	129	1	Irreg.
What less than thy almighty word	62	27	6	L. M.
What mortal could sustain the stroke	24	10	3	L. M.
What numerous crimes increasing rise	249	131	4	C. M.
What pain, what soul-oppressing pain.....	10	4	16	C. M.
What though subdued this body lies.....	154	85	6	C. M.
Whate'er thy providence denies.....	114	62	3	C. M.
Whate'er thy sacred will ordains.....	114	62	4	C. M.
When angry nations run to arms.....	38	18	2	L. M.
When bleeding, groaning, on the tree	183	104	2	L. M.
When blest with that transporting view	52	22	11	C. M.
When blooming youth is snatched away	106	57	1	C. M.
When calm reflection finds a place	23	9	7	L. M.
When death appears before my sight	153	85	1	C. M.
When fainting in the sultry waste	28	13	1	C. M.
When fancy spreads her boldest wings	100	53	1	C. M.
When filled with grief, my anxious heart.....	141	78	1	C. M.
When freezing palsy chills the veins	16	5	6	L. M.
When guilt and terror, pain and grief.....	60	26	8	C. M.
When I survey life's varied scene.....	134	74	1	C. M.
When life hung trembling on a breath	51	22	5	C. M.
When perjury fails to stain his name.....	11	4	20	C. M.
When Phoebus had withdrawn his radiant beams	191	107	1	Irreg.
When pleasure dawns, serenely fair and bright	245	130	2	Irreg.
When present sufferings pain my heart	135	74	6	C. M.
When reason with my stature grew.....	50	22	3	C. M.
When sin and sorrow, fear and pair	150	83	1	C. M.
When sin prevails, and gloomy fear	61	27	2	L. M.
When sins and fears prevailing rise.....	138	76	1	L. M.
When sleep, death's semblance o'er me spread.....	21	8	4	C. M.
When some kind promise glads my soul.....	61	27	4	L. M.
When the dark gulf below	57	25	6	S. M.
When thy triumphant armies sing.....	155	85	9	C. M.
When Urania appears, o'er the field and the grove.....	233	124	5	11 8. 11 8.
When we thy wondrous glories hear.....	77	37	2	C. M.
Whene'er I look with frighted eyes.....	128	70	4	L. M.
Whene'er temptations fright my heart.....	80	39	5	C. M.
Whene'er the angry passions rise	122	67	2	L. M.
Whene'er the tempting foe alarms	73	34	7	C. M.
Whene'er to call the Saviour mine.....	62	27	5	L. M.
Where peace extends her halcyon wing	198	110	2	88. 84.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
Where shall we fly, but to thy feet	250	132	2	L. M.
Where'er I turn my gazing eyes	4	3	2	C. M.
Whether with pleasing rapture I survey	193	107	4	Irreg.
While all our powers obey the soft control	213	115	5	Irreg.
While changing aspects all things wear	221	118	2	C. M.
While faith, (kind Seraph!) points her view	206	113	5	C. M.
While golden harps, and angel tongues	66	30	6	C. M.
While hope revives, though pressed with fears	145	80	2	C. M.
While justice waves her vengeful hand	250	132	1	L. M.
While many spent the night in sighs	21	8	3	C. M.
While mercy mingles all with lenient art	230	123	3	Irreg.
While my Redeemer's near	159	88	1	S. M.
While peace and plenty blessed our days	250	132	3	L. M.
While pity prompts the rising sigh	106	57	2	C. M.
While round you hourly gratulations rise	222	119	1	Irreg.
While ruffian bands the Lord surround	10	4	18	C. M.
While sacred virtue lights the holy fire	202	111	5	Irreg.
While seraphs tune the immortal song	174	98	2	L. M.
While she soothed all my cares	232	124	2	11 8. 11 8.
While such delightful gifts as these	135	74	4	C. M.
While sweet reflection calls to mind	36	16	9	C. M.
While sweet reflection, through my days	51	22	8	C. M.
While the frail scenes of momentary life	204	112	4	Irreg.
While to the grave our friends are borne	74	35	1	C. M.
Whither, ah! whither shall I go	55	24	2	L. M.
Why should my spirit cleave to earth	112	61	1	L. M.
Why sinks my weak desponding mind	83	42	1	L. M.
Why will this wretched, this deluded heart	225	121	2	10 10. 10 10.
With cheerful air and look sedate	205	113	4	C. M.
With cheerful heart I then shall sing	129	70	11	L. M.
With humble fear let love unite	3	2	4	L. M.
With thorns they crown that awful brow	11	4	22	C. M.
Wrapped in the gloom of dark despair	8	4	6	C. M.
Ye clouds, or fraught with flowers	46	20	11	66.66.44.44.
Ye curious minds, who roam abroad	41	19	8	L. M.
Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart	68	31	6	C. M.
Ye earthly vanities depart	172	97	1	C. M.
Ye feathered warblers come	43	20	5	66.66.44.44.
Ye flowers, which blooming show	45	20	8	66.66.44.44.
Ye gay deceivers of the mind	103	55	1	L. M.
Ye gentle delusions! ye dreams of delight	232	124	3	11 8. 11 8.
Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes	15	5	3	L. M.
Ye herds of larger size	43	20	4	66.66.44.44.
Ye humble souls, approach your God	89	46	1	C. M.

Stanza	Pg.	H	St	Meter
Ye lovely, verdant fields.....	44	20	7	66.66.44.44.
Ye mirthful tribes, who careless, vain and gay.....	245	130	1	Irreg.
Ye mourning sinners, here disclose.....	15	5	1	L. M.
Ye numerous fleecy flocks.....	43	20	3	66.66.44.44.
Ye rivers, as you flow.....	45	20	9	66.66.44.44.
Ye sinners, come, tis mercy's voice.....	163	90	4	C. M.
Ye sins, ye cruel sins, depart.....	183	104	5	L. M.
Ye teasing vanities depart.....	164	91	4	C. M.
Ye trees, which form the shade.....	44	20	6	66.66.44.44.
Ye winds, that shake the world.....	45	20	10	66.66.44.44.
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor.....	17	6	1	C. M.
Ye, dearest Lord, to dwell with thee.....	168	94	6	L. M.
Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord.....	51	22	9	C. M.
Yes, I have cause indeed to mourn.....	76	36	3	L. M.
Yes Lord, I own thy sovereign hand.....	149	82	5	C. M.
Yes, Lord, we love and we adore.....	177	100	4	L. M.
Yes, the Redeemer left his throne.....	175	99	2	C. M.
Yet friendship dwells with piety sincere.....	190	106	5	10 10.10 10.10 10.
Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee.....	145	80	5	C. M.
Yet if retirements pleasing charms.....	26	11	4	C. M.
Yet nobler favours claim his praise,.....	6	3	11	C. M.
Yet, o'er the ruins of mankind he weeps.....	212	115	2	Irreg.
Yet sovereign mercy calls, Return.....	88	45	2	C. M.
Yet the great Sovereign of the skies.....	2	1	4	L. M.
Yet this my soul desires to know.....	132	72	5	L. M.
Yet though for bounty so divine.....	174	98	6	L. M.
Yet though my soul in darkness mourns.....	137	75	4	C. M.
Yet thus exalted, man, ungrateful man.....	207	114	2	Irreg.
Yet while around his board we meet.....	177	100	3	L. M.
Yon starry plains, how bright they shine.....	139	77	3	C. M.
Youth has its toys, when pleasure's charms.....	239	128	3	C. M.

Reset by Barry C. Johnston, March 2020
Page Size: 5½ × 7½ inches (14 × 19 cm)
Body Font: Charter BT
Appendix A: Zurich Cn BT

Table of Contents and indices completely redone
Hymn numbers added for convenience in sorting
Original pagination retained in main body of the book
Original spelling retained, except for changes since 1780 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)
Most regular-metric hymns had stanzas numbered; stanza numbers added to the other metric hymns

Source was the copy in the Princeton Theological Seminary Library (Shelf F-46205 St323 v.1), as scanned to Archive.org (<https://archive.org/details/ubjectsc01stee>)

LITERATURE

- Theodosia. 1760. *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional in Two Volumes*. London, England: J. Buckland. Volume I, 255 pp. Volume II, 260 pp.
- Theodosia. 1780. *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional, in Two Volumes, a New Edition, to Which is Added a Third Volume consisting of Miscellaneous Pieces*. Bristol, England: W. Pine. Volume I, 255 pp. Volume II, 260 pp.
- Steele, Anne. 1780. *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse and Prose*. Edited by Caleb Evans. Bristol, England: W. Pine. 224 pp. Author given as *Theodosia* on title page, revealed as *Anne Steele* in Evans' Introduction. Second title page gives subtitle Volume III.