

**Primitive Baptist
Hymn Book**

for

All Lovers of Sacred Song

Compiled by

D. H. Goble

“Praise ye the Lord”

Preface
(To the original edition)

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

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

Care has been maintained in the selection of hymns and spiritual songs, to not only include all the old, familiar ones, and favorites of our brethren in the different sections of the country, but especially that no unsound sentiment be found in any selection; and this is the only apology we would offer for numerous small changes made in a number of selections found in this book. We are fully persuaded that we had as well preach unsound doctrine as to sing it with an attempt at devotion.

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

Amen.

The Author

Explanation

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

Preface to this edition

This edition is designed to have larger print than the original, for the benefit of those of us who are visually impaired. Additionally, some corrections to Goble's original edition have been made, correcting the attribution of authors of the various hymns, and restoring some to their original versions.

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PRIMITIVE BAPTIST

HYMN BOOK

PERFECTIONS OF GOD

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

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

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

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

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

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

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

2. (7-6-0) L. M. Benjamin Beddome

Great God, My Maker and my King
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing
All thou hast done, and all thou dost
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just

2. Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees
The threat'nings and thy promises
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel ;

3. Thy terrors and thy acts of grace
Thy threat'ning rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding, and thy healing word
A world undone, a church restored.

4. While these excite my fear and joy
While these my tuneful lips employ
Accept, O Lord, the humble song
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

3. (2-15-325) C. M. Isaac Watts-1709

Keeep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2. Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3. Chained to His throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4. His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;

Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5. Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there the foll' wing page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6. Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dates the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7. My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8. In Thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded by Thy sovereign grace
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

4. (14-20-1) L.M. Samuel Medley

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

2. He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

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

4. When troubles, like a gloomy cloud,
Have gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His-loving kindness, O how good!

5. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart,
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
Oh! May my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

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

5. (33-65-349) L. M. Isaac Watts

Thy ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And ev'ry dark and bending line
Meets in the center of thy love.

2. With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least is sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3. Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed.
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4. They neither know nor trace the way,
But trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5. My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

THE FALL OF MAN

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

Adam, our father and our head,
Transgressed, and Justice doomed us dead.
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2, Call a bright council in the skies,
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak: are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?

3. In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent through the heav'nly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

4. But Oh! Unmeasurable grace!
The Son of God takes up our place;
Down to our world the Savior flies,
And for his unborn children dies.

5. Amazing work! Look down ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!
Ye saints below and saints above,
All bow to his mysterious love.

7. (39-0-129) L. M. Isaac Watts

Broad is the road that leads to death
And thousands walk together there,

**But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.**

**2. "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heav'nly land.**

**3. The hypocrite, who tires and faints,
And walks the way of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And finds his own destruction sure.**

**4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain.
Which false apostates never knew.**

8. (40-0-0) C.M. Dr. Samuel Stennett

**With Tears of Anguish I Lament
Here at thy feet, my God
My passion, pride, and discontent
And vile ingratitude.**

**2. Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to ev'ry sin.**

**3. My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is His most righteous due.**

**4. Reason I hear, her counsels weigh.
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t'obey,
And harder yet to love.**

5. How long, dear Savior, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

6. Break, sov'reign Grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

THE GOSPEL

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

How Precious is the Book divine!
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heav'n.

2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts.
In this dark vale of tears.
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the brighter light
Of an eternal day.

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

Blest are the souls that hear and know.
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;

**His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.**

**3. The Lord, our glory and defense,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.**

11. (43-99-488) C.M. Isaac Watts

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

**2. Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.**

**3. Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.**

**4. O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.**

**5. Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.**

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

There is A Fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins
And sinners plunged into that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day
O may I there, though vile as he
Wash all my sins away

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more

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

5. And when this lisp'ing, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

6. Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
Unworthy though I be
For me a glorious free reward
A golden harp for me.

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

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

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal

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

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

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

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

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

In Union with the Lamb,
From condemnation free
The saints from everlasting were
And shall forever be

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

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

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

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

6. Here let the weary rest
Who love the Savior's name;
Though with no sweet enjoyment blest
This cov'nant stands the same.

15. (136-489-5) S.M. Phillip Doddridge

Grace 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the saints shall hear

2. Grace first ordained the way
To save rebellious man
And all the steps that grace displays
Which drew the wond'rous plan

3. Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal Book;
'T was grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavn'ly road
And new supplies, each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God

5. Grace taught my soul to pray
And pard'ning love to know
And Grace has kept me to this day
And will not let me go.

6. Grace all the work shall crown
In everlasting days
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone
And well deserves the praise.

16. (170-311-182) C.M.

Isaac Watts

A wake, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice
In God, the life of all my joys
Aloud will I rejoice

2. 'T is he adorned my naked soul
And made salvation mine
Upon a poor, polluted worm
He makes his graces shine

3. And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found
He took the robe the Saviour wrought
And cast it all around

4. How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine
How white the garments are!

5. The Spirit wrought my faith and love
And hope and ev'ry grace
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness

6. Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great sacred Three
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

17. (101-474-4) C.M.

Dr. Samuel Stennett

As on the Cross the Savior Hung
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

2. His crimes with inward grief and shame
The penitent confessed

Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed:

3. "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears
And welt'ring in thy blood

4. "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise--
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5. "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviou, think on me,
and in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be."

6. His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

18. (104-240-299) L. M. John Kent

There is a period known to God
When all his sheep redeemed by blood
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin
Turn to the fold, and enter in

2. At peace with hell, with God at war
In sin's dark maze they wander far
Indulge their lusts and still go on
As far from God as sheep can run

3. But see how heav'n's indulgent care
Attends their wand'rings here and there
Still near at hand, where'er they stray
With piercing thorns to hedge their way

4. When wisdom calls they stop their ear
And headlong urge the mad career
Judgments nor mercies ne'er can sway
Their roving feet to wisdom's way

5. Glory to God--they ne'er shall rove
Beyond the limits of his love;
Fenced with Jehovah's shalls and wills
Firm as the everlasting hills

6. Th' appointed time rolls on apace
Not to promise, but call by grace
To change the heart, renew the will
And turn their feet to Zion's hill

19. (99-226-0) 8,7, S.P.R., Gospel Magazine, 1777

Sons we are through God's election
Who in Jesus Christ alone
By eternal destination
Sov'regin grace we here receive
Lord thy mercy, Lord thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give

2. Ev'ry fallen soul by sinning
Merits everlasting pain
But thy love, without beginning
Has restored thy sons again
Countless Millions, countless millions
Shall in life through Jesus reign

3. Pause, my soul, adore and wonder
Ask, O why such love for me?
Grace has put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

4. Since that love had no beginning
And shall never, never cease
Keep, O keep me, Lord from sinning

**Guide me in the way of peace!
Make me walk in, Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness**

**5. When I quit this feeble mansion
And my soul returns to thee,
Let the pow'r of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me
Through thy Spirit, through thy spirit
Give the final victory!**

**6. When the angel sounds the trumpet
When my soul and body join
When my Saviour comes to judgment
Bright in majesty divine
Let me triumph, Let me triumph
In thy righteousness as mine.**

**7. When in that blest inhabitation
Which my God has fore-ordained,
When, in glory's full possession
I with saints and angels stand
Free grace only, Free grace only
Shall resound in heav'n's land.**

20. (148-1238-372) S.M. Augustus Toplady

Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

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

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

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

21. (0-134-123) P. M.

Altered by A. Toplady

Blow Ye the Trumpet Blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2. Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransomed sinners, home.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not all the outward forms on earth
Nor rites that God has giv'n
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth
Can raise a soul to heav'n

2. The sov'reign will of God alone
Prepares the heirs of grace
Born in the image of his Son
A new, peculiar race

3. The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind
Blows on the sons of flesh
Renews the spirit of the mind
And forms the man afresh

4. Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes
And praise employs our breath

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

Salvation through our dying Head
Shall ever stand complete
He paid whate'er his people owed

And canceled all their debt.

**2. He sends his Spirit from above
Our spirit to renew
Displays his pow'r, reveals his love
Gives life and comfort too,**

**3. He heals our wounds, subdues our foes
And shows our sins forgiv'n
Conducts us through the wilderness
And brings us safe to heav'n**

**3. He heals our wounds, subdues our foes
And shows our sins forgiv'n
Conducts us through the wilderness
And brings us safe to heav'n**

**4. Salvation now shall be my stay
"A sinner saved," I'll cry
Then gladly quit this mortal clay
For better joys on high**

24. (150-302-180) C. M. Isaac Watts

Vain are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

**2. Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths.
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.**

**3. In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.**

**4. Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust;**

Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

PARDON

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

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

2. But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3. As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for break of day,
So waits my soul before thy gate:
When will my God his face display?

4. My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

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

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

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

2. This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy word

3. How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace,
Thy thunder lies!

4. O'ercome by matchless love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and cry.

5. "Rise," says the Savior, "Rise,
Behold my wounded veins;
Here flows a sacred crimson flood,
To wash away thy stains."

6. See, Justice satisfied!
Behold God's smiling face!
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And sound aloud his grace.

27. (181-0-0) L. M. Joseph Swain

And may I hope that when no more
My pulse shall beat with life below,
I shall the God of grace adore,
And all the bliss of glory know?

2. I, who deserve no place but hell.
No portion but devouring fire,
Shall I with Christ my Savior dwell,
Possessed of all I now desire?

3. Will Jesus own a wretch like me,
And tell to saints and angels round,
That when he suffered on the tree,
My sins did cause his ev'ry wound?

4. He will! I read it in his word,
And in my heart the witness feel;
I shall be with, and like my Lord,
Though sin oppose, in league with hell.

5. I shall be with Him when he comes
Triumphant down the pathless skies;
And when his voice breaks up the tombs,
Among his children I shall rise.

28. (0-21-2) 11s. John Stocker

Thy mercy, My God, is the theme of my song
The joy of my heart, and boast of my tongue
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast.

2. Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But, through thy free goodness, my spirits revive
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

3. Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4. The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the door and the need who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' sake.

5. Thy mercy is Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus my all, as he hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.

6. Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the cov'nant love of thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit whose whisper divine,
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine!

29. (0-296-87) C.M. Isaac Watts (altered)

In vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own;
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2. The threat'nings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread;
If God the sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3. But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Came down from Jesus' hands.

4. Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the Lamb;
And prophets in their vision see
Salvation through his name.

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

ADOPTION

30. (219-205-0) S.M. Isaac Watts

Behold, what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race
To call them sons of God.

2. 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;

The Jewish world knew not their King;
God's everlasting Son.

3. Not doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour there
We shall be like our Head.

4. A hope so much divine
May trials well endure
May purge our souls from guilt and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5. If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6. We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

31. (220-265-0) C.M. Dr. Phillip Doddridge

Sovereign of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2. My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heav'n
Could so delight the ear.

3. Come sacred Spirit, seal thy name
On my expanding heart,
And show that in Jehovah's grace,
I share a filial part.

4. Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring I believe,
And, Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

CHRIST

32. (240-151-0) L.M. Isaac Watts

Ere the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2. By his own pow'r were all things made,
By Hi, supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at His command.

3. Ere sin was born, or Adam fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
Thy generation who call tell,
Or count the number of thy years?

4. But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms!
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they

5. Mortals, with joy behold His face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth!, how full of grace!
When thro' His flesh the God-head shone.

6. Bright angels leave their high abode.
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

33. (242-153-0) L. M. Isaac Watts

Jesus, Our Savior and Our God
Arrayed in majesty and blood;
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Posses a full felicity.

2. All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our Surety and our Head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

3. Let atheists scoff and Jews blaspheme
Th' eternal life and Jesus' name;
A word of thy almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

4. But let my soul forever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above.
To see thy face and taste thy love.

INCARNATION OF CHRIST

34. (254-160-0) C.M. Isaac Watts

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing, and heaven and nature sing,
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
Let us our songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy, repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found, far as the curse is found,
Far as, far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love, and wonders of his love,
And wonders, wonders of his love.

35. (255-165-0) L.M. Isaac Watts

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CHRIST

Infinite Excellence Is Thine
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

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

3. Thy name as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odor spreads
Through all Immanuel's ground.

4. Millions of happy spirits live
On they exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5. Thou are their triumph and their joy,
They find all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
To all eternity.

Come Ye That Love the Savior's Name
And joy to make it known;
The sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2. Behold your King, your Savior, crowned
With glories all devine;
And tell the wand'ring nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3. Infinite pow'r and boundless grace
In Him unite their rays;

**You, that have e'er beheld His face,
Can you forbear his praise?**

**4. When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.**

**5. And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.**

**6. O happy period! Glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their pow'rs the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.**

38. (298-277-280) L. M. John Newton

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

**2. He ransomed me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controlled;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.**

**3. He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies;
Oh, what a friend Christ is to me!**

39. (309-331-0) C.M. Edward Perronet

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all.
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all.

2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, who launched this floating ball;

Now hail the strength of Israel's might, and crown Him Lord of all.

Now hail the strength of Israel's might, and crown Him Lord of all.

3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, ye ransomed from the fall,

Hail Him who saves you by His grace, and crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him who saves you by His grace, and crown Him Lord of all.

4. Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line, Whom David Lord did call,

The God incarnate, Man divine, and crown Him Lord of all,

The God incarnate, Man divine, and crown Him Lord of all.

5. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget the wormwood and the gall,

Go spread your trophies at His feet, and crown Him Lord of all.

Go spread your trophies at His feet, and crown Him Lord of all.

6. Let every kindred, every tribe on this terrestrial ball

To Him all majesty ascribe, and crown Him Lord of all.

To Him all majesty ascribe, and crown Him Lord of all.

7. Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God, who from His altar call;

Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod, and crown Him Lord of all.

Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod, and crown Him Lord of all.

8. O that with yonder sacred throng we at His feet may fall!

We'll join the everlasting song, and crown Him Lord of all.

We'll join the everlasting song, and crown Him Lord of all.

40. (319-368-0) 7's

Augustus Toplady

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Could my tears for ever flow,

Could my zeal no languor know.

These for sin could not atone;

**Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.**

**3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.**

41. (322-358-74) L. M. John Cennick

Jesus, My All, To Heav'n is Gone
He whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view;

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

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

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

**5. Lo! Glad I come, and thou blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.**

**6. Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood.**

And say, "Behold the way to God."

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

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

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

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

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

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST

43. (267-434-51) L. M. John Newton

When on the Cross My Lord I See
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transformed to love.

2. His thorns and nails pierce through my heart
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see! He bows his head and dies!

**3. Come Christians, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood!
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.**

**4. Here I forget my cares and pains,
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.**

**5. Oh, that I could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.**

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

44. (270-271-49) 8,7

Jonathan Evans

Hark! The voice of Love and Mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary
See! it rends the rocks asunder
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finished!" "It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

**2. It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavn'ly pleasures, without measure,
Flow from us from Christ the Lord;
"It is finished!" "It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.**

**3. Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall; awe;
"It is finished!" "It is finished!"**

Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4. Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul reviving food?
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood;
"It is finished!" "It is finished!"
Christ has borne the heavy load.

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

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST

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

He dies! The friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around
A solemn darkness veils the skies
A sudden trembling shakes the ground

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

3. Here's love and grief beyond degree--
The Prince of glory dies for men
But lo! What sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again

4. The rising King forsakes his tomb
Up to his Father's courts he flies
Cherubic legions guard him home
And Shout him welcome to the skies

5. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell
And led the monster Death in chains

6. Say, "Live forever, wond'rous King!
Born to redeem and strong to save
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's they vict'ry boasting grave?"

46. (281-417-0) S.M. Isaac Watts

Come All Harmonious Tongues
Your noblest music bring;
"Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man we sing.

2. Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood.
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

3. Down to the shades of death
He bowed his awful head;
Yet he arose, to live reign
When death itself is dead.

4. No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at His name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

5. There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne;
The Father sees His will fulfilled,
And smiles upon His Son.

6. There His full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless His saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

47. (0-454-0) 8's,7's Thomas Kelly

Hark, Ten Thousand Harps and Voices
Sound the notes of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices;
Jesus reigns the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2. Jesus, hail! Whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth:
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

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

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

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

Hosanna to the Prince of Light
That clothes himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

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

3. See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies.
With scars of honor in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes.

4. Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach His blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

5. Bright angels, strike your loudest strings
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

49. (512-449-466) S.M. Isaac Watts

Welcome Sweet Day of Rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day,
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise and pray.

3. One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

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

SALVATION

50. (0-546-150) 8,6 Samson Occom

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

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

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

4. The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5. But while I this in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way;
It was the time of love:
He then relieved me from my pain,
And showed me I was born again,
To dwell with him above.

6. To heav'n my joyful praises flew,
Singing that song forever new;
To Christ my voice did raise:
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumbered millions born again
Shall shout thine endless praise.

51. (384-471-171) C.M. Isaac Watts

Salvation! O the Joyful Sound
Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2.. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

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

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

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

2. My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

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

5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

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

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

Alas! and did my Savior bleed
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For sinners such as I?

2. Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine,
And bathed in its own blood;
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious Sufferer stood.

3. Was it for sins that I have done
He suffered on the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4. Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut its glories in,
When God, the mighty maker, died
For His own creature's sin.

5. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give my self away
'Tis all that I can do.

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

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

2. When to the throne of grace I flee,
He stands between God and me;
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel Him working in my breast.

3. Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;
I long to dwell in heav'n my home
Where not one sinful though can come.

55. (372-567-0) C.M. Samuel Stennett

Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And Upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2. O let not justice frown me hence—
Stay, stay the dreadful storm!
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3. If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4. But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt,

No tears but those which thou hast shed
No blood, but thou hast spilt

5. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve thy word,
That bids the sinner live.

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

Salvation! What a Glorious Plan
How suited to our need!
The grace that raises fallen man
Is wonderful indeed!

2. 'Twas formed the vast design,
To ransom us when lost;
And love's unfathomable mine,
Provided all the cost.

3. Strict Justice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant sealed;
And Truth and Power undertook
The whole should be fulfilled.

4. Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Pow'r, and Love
In all their glory shone,
When Jesus left the courts above,
And died to save His own.

5. Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Pow'r and Love,
Are equally displayed;
Now Jesus reigns enthroned above,
Our Advocate and Head.

6. Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhorred;
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

57. (0-591-209) L. M. Isaac Watts

We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2. Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3. Awake, O, heav'nly wind! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine! descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4. Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Savior God
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here

GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

58. (338-0-375) S.M. Benjamin Beddome

Come, Holy Spirit, come!
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2. From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel,
Thy quick'ning influence.

**3. Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form my soul anew.**

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

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

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

**2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word?**

**3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.**

**4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.**

**5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2. Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;

They are happy, now and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

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

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

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

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

FAITH

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

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

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

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

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

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

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

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

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

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

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

64. (426-378-0) S.M. Isaac Watts

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

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

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

4. My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree
And knows her guilt was there.

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

65. (428-0-0) C.M. Wilson Thompson

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

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

And points out joys to come.

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

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

Lost In the Ruins of The Fall
I lay in awful night,
Till Great Jehovah changed my heart,
And gave me heav'nly light.

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

3. Born of the Lord, I feel a pow'r
That draws to Jesus' blood,
Loosens my soul from chain of gault,
And leads it to my God.

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

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

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

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

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

2. Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4. They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN

68. (448-0-0) C.M. Phillip Doddridge,
1755 (altered)

Sing, All Ye Ransomed of the Lord
Your great Deliv'rer sing!
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2. His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3. Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4. March on in your Redeemer's strength
Pursue His footsteps still;
With joyful hope still fix your eye
On Zion's heav'nly hill.

69. (447-773-369) L. M. Phillip Doddridge

Beset with snares on ev'ry hand.
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2. Engage this roving, treach'rous heart,
To fix on Christ the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3. Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let temptest mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4. If thou, my Jesus, will be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

70. (463-0-0) C.M. Wilson Thompson

By Nature Born to Pain and Death
O what a lot is this?
But born again, O glorious thought!
And born for endless bliss.

2. Born here an heir to grief and woe,
A rebel to my God;
But by the Spirit born again
For heaven's high abode.

3. Born here both dead, and blind, and deaf,
And bound with Satan's cord;
But born again to live and see,
And hear, and praise the Lord.

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

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

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

4. By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5. Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

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

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

CHRISTIAN LOVE AND UNION

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

John Fawcett

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like that to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share each other's woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

Charles Wesley

Blest be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2. Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

3. O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4. Closer and closer let us cleave
To His beloved embrace;
Expect His fullness to receive
And grace to answer grace.

74. (683-861-194) L. M.

John Newton

Kindred in Christ, For His Dear Sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2. To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n.
To know the Savior's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3. May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above,
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4. Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus:

We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

5. We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6. Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten to the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

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

And Have I, Christ, No Love for Thee
Nor passion for thy charms?
Nor wish my Savior's face to see
And dwell with His arms?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COMMUNION WITH GOD

77. (224-0-395) C. M. Joseph Thomas, 1816

From All That's Mortal, All That's Vain
And from this earthly clod,
Arise my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2. Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God.

3. Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4. When I am made in love to bear,
Affliction's needful rod,

Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

5. In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
Or dark desertion's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

6. And when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath
In fellowship with God.

7. When I, at last, to heav'n ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

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

My God, My Portion, and My Love.
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2. What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3. To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

4. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5. Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.

6. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

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

My God, My Life, My Love
To thee, to thee I call;
I can not live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

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

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

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

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

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

Phillip Doddridge

Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sould it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

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

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

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

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

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

Joseph Grigg/
Benjamin Francis

Jesus! And Shall It Ever Be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2. Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3. Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4. Ashamed of Jesus! That dear friend.
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5. Ashamed of Jesus! Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No teat to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

BAPTISM

82 (620-1114-238) 8's

Psalter

In Jordan's Tide the Baptist Stands
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dare the holy man refuse;
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2. Wonder, ye heav'ns! Your Maker lies
In deeps concealed from human view;
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you;
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3. But lo! From yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like, th'eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amazed they see the pow'r divine,

Around the Savior's temples shine.

**4. But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those which roll along?
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song;
"This is my well-beloved Son,
I see well pleased what he hath done."**

**5. Thus as th'eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accents broke,
And bids us hear the Son of God;
O hear the awful word to-day,
Hear all ye nations and obey!**

83. (623-1108-229) 8's, 7's John Fawcett

Humble Souls, Who Seek Salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod;
Flee to Him your only Savior,
In His mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behavior,
Own Hum as your sov'reign guide.

**2. Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to His gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you
While you make His way your choice;
Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in my name;"
He Himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.**

**3. Plainly here His footsteps tracing,
Follow Him without delay;
Gladly His command embracing,
Lo! Your Captain leads the way.
View the rite with understanding,**

Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interred at His commanding
After His example rise.

84. (624-1118-223) C. M. Samuel Stennett

Thus was the great Redeemer Plunged
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2. Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave,
Thus was his sacred body raised
Out of the liquid grave.

3. Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread,
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

85. (644-0-348) C. M. James Maxwell

Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2. Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

3. Let mockers scoff, let men defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glorify thy name,
And count their slander gain

4. To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

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

Samuel Francis Smith

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

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

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

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

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

Adoniram Judson 1829

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

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

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

4. And as we rise with thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give

The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

88. (641-1150-0) 7s

John Leland

Christians, If Your Hearts Are Warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are prized,
Rise, believe, and be baptized.

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

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

4. Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the foul;
Fire and water both agree
Winter soldiers never flee.

5. Ev'ry season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere;
When the storm prevents your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.

6. Read His sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray;
Meditate His law by night,
This will give you great delight.

LORD'S SUPPER

Lord, at Thy Table I Behold
 The wonders of thy grace;
 But most of all admire that I
 Should find a welcome place;

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

3. What strange, surprising grace is this,
 That such a soul has room!
 My Savior takes me by the hand,
 My Jesus bids me come.

4. "Eat, O my friends!" the Savior cries,
 "The feast was made for you;
 For you I groaned, and bled and died,
 And rose, and triumphed too."

5. With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
 Lord, we accept thy love;
 'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
 What will it be above?

6. Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,
 Join all your praising pow'rs;
 No theme is like redeeming love,
 No Savior is like ours.

7. Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
 I'd give them all to thee;
 Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
 Should join the harmony.

Twas on that dark, that doleful night
 When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight
 And friends betrayed Him to His foes.

2. Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread and blessed and brake.
 What love through all His actions ran!
 What wondrous words of grace He spake!

3. "This Is My body, broke for sin;
 Receive and eat the living food";
 Then took the cup and blessed the wine:
 "'Tis the new covenant in My blood."

4. For us His flesh with nails was torn,
 He bore the scourge, He felt the thorn;
 And justice poured upon His head
 Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5. For us His vital blood was spilt
 To buy the pardon of our guilt
 When for black crimes of biggest size
 He gave His soul a sacrifice.

6. "Do this," He said, "till time shall end,
 In memory of your dying Friend.
 Meet at My table and record
 The love of your departed Lord."

7. Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate;
 We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
 Till Thou return and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

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

Isaac Watts

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

2. Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying souls.

3. While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
Lord, why was I a guest?

4. Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

5. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

6. Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious Word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

92. (656-1160-43) C. M.

Isaac Watts

How Condescending and How Kind
Was God's exalted Son!
Our mis'ry reached His heav'nly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2. When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth His dreadful sword,

He gave His soul up to the stroke
Without a murm'ring word.

3. This was compassion like a God,
That when the Savior knew
The way of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4. Now though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary
Nor lets His saints forget.

5. Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' saving love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

6. Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

93. (665-0-252) C.M. William Cowper

This is the Feast of Heav'nly Wine
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living Vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.

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

3. The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4. Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Savior, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

5. If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see His face.

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

When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3. See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did ever such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

FEET WASHING

95. (0-0-258)

C. M.

William Cowper
(questionable)

Did Christ the Great Example Lead
For all His humble train,
In washing the disciples' feet,
And wiping them again?

2. And did my Lord and Master say,
"If I have washed your feet,
Ye also ought to watch and pray,
And wash each other's feet?"

3. O blessed Jesus, at thy board
I have thy children met;
The bread I've broke, the wine I've poured
We've washed each other's feet

4. In imitation of my Lord,
Who blood for me did sweat,
I yield unto His sacred word
And wash the pilgrim's feet.

5. Yes, blessed Jesus, I like thee.
Would Christians often meet;
The least of all the flock would be.
And wash His children's feet.

96. (0-0-259)

L. M.

Give me Thy Spirit, O My God
Then I can well all trails meet,
Deny myself and all my pride,
And wash thy weakest servant's feet.

2. Give me Thy Spirit, O my God,
Then shall I in thy footsteps trace,
And show to all who read thy word
That I'm indeed renewed by grace.

3. Give my Thy Spirit, O my God,
Then through my few remaining days
I'll yield obedience to thy word,
And as I go, I'll sing thy praise.

97. (0-1178-261) L. M. Anon./Altered.

Come brethren, ye who love the Lord
And walk according to His word;
Let true humility abound,
And in His footsteps too be found.

2. Remember when Christ was below,
What condescension He did show;
He did His dear disciples greet,
And condescended to wash their feet.

3. If I your Lord and Master be,
And you my blest example see,
You should each other kindly greet,
And ought to wash each other's feet.

4. And we who do this duty see,
With others we'll not disagree;
In lowest stoop we will them greet,
We'll eat our herbs, and they their meat.

98. (0-0-262) L. M. Charles Wesley (altered)

O That the Lord Would Count Me Meet!
To wash his dear disciples' feet
Greater than Christ I would not be
But learn from him humility

2. Wash me, and seal me thus thine own
Wash me, bust not my feet alone
But wash my head, my hands, my heart
Wash me, and mine thou ever art.

ORDINATION

99. (669-0-553)

C. M.

Phillip Doddridge

Let Zion's Watchmen All Awake
And take th'alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive

2. 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart
And fill a Savior's hands.

3. They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forgo;
Those that have tasted his rich grace,
And seek his will to know.

4. All to the great tribunal haste
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults
Lord, where should we appear?

5. May that same Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer be;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

100. (673-0-556)

S. M.

Mrs. Voke ca. 1797

Ye Messengers of Christ
His sov'reign voice obey;
Arise and follow where He leads,
And peace attend your way.

2. The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;

Depending on His promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3. Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all His foes.

4. Go, spread a Savior's fame
And tell His matchless grace.
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5. We wish you, in His name,
The most divine success;
Assured that He who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

101 (675-0-528)

L. M.

Benjamin Francis

Before thy throne, eternal King.
Thy ministers their tribute bring—
Their tribute of united praise,
For heav'nly news and peaceful days.

2. We sing the conquest of thy sword
And publish loud thy healing word;
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3. Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And, while we feel thy heav'nly love,
We burn like seraphim above.

4. Nor seraphs there can ever raise
With us an equal song of praise;
They are the noblest work of God,
But we the purchase of His blood.

5. Still in thy work, would be abound,
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
Thy sheep with welcome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.

6. Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above;
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

102 (420-0-538) L. M. Phillip Doddridge

Eternal Source of Every Joy
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear
To hail Thee Sov'reign of the year.

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

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

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

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

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

103. (677-0-0) C. M. Wilson Thompson

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

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

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

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

104. (0-1205-0) 8,7 Gardner Read, in *Social and Camp Meeting Songs*, 1828.

Hail, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
View with me th'autumnal gloom,
Learn from thence your fate to-morrow;
Dead perhaps, laid in the tomb.
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent, all things seem to mourn,
Life from vegetation flying,
Brings to mind the mould'ring urn.

2. Oft when autumn's tempest rising,
Makes the lofty forest nod,

Scenes of nature how surprising,
Read in nature nature's God.
See the sov'reign, sole Creator,
Lives eternal in the skies,
Whilst we mortals yield to nature,
Bloom awhile, then fade and die.

3. Lo! I hear the air resounding,
With expiring insects' cries;
Ah! their moans to me how wounding,
Emblems of my age and sighs,
Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,
Whilst I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes.

4. What to me is autumn's treasure,
Since I know no earthly joy?
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
Time must youth and health destroy.
Pleasures once I fondly courted,
Shared each bliss that health bestows,
But to see where then I sported,
Now embitters all my woes.

5. Age and sorrow since have blasted
Ev'ry youthful, pleasing dream;
Quiv'ring age with youth contrasted,
O, how short their glories seem!
As the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So my friends are yearly dropping,
Through old age and dire disease.

6. Former friends, O, how I've sought them!
Just to cheer my drooping mind;
But they're gone like leaves in autumn,
Driv'n before a dreary wind.
Sping and summer, fall and winter,
Each in swift succession roll,
So my friends in death do enter,

Bringing sadness to my soul.

7. Death has laid them down to slumber;
Solemn thought to think that I
Soon must be one of that number!
Soon--ah, soon, with them lie!
When a few more years are wasted,
When a few more scenes are o'er,
When a few more griefs are tasted,
I shall fall to rise no more.

8. Fast sun of life declining,
Soon will set in endless night;
But my hope, pure and refining,
Rests in future life and light.
Cease this fearing, trembling, sighing,
Death will break the sudden gloom;
Soon my spirit, flutt'ring, flying,
Must be borne beyond the tomb.

MORNING HYMNS

105. (0-0-433) C. M. Isaac Watts (altered)

Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.

2. Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3. O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face

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

Isaac Watts

Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2. My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I'll seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3. Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4. Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5. But I with all my cares
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6. His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

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

A Mennonite Hymn

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

2. O lead me, keep me all this day
Near thee in perfect peace;

Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray, and never cease.

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

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

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

EVENING HYMNS

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

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

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

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

4. Thus when the night of death shall come,

My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

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

John Leland, 1792

The day is past and gone
The ev'ning shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2. We lay our garments by,
And on our beds we rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3. Lord, keep up safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels gurd us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4. And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we press on to reach the prize,
And after glory run.

5. And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

PUBLIC WORSHIP

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

Charles Wesley -- 1738

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,

The triumphs of His grace!

**2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.**

**3. Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.**

**4. He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His Blood can make the foulest clean;
His Blood avails for me.**

**5. Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.**

**6. See all your sins on Jesus laid;
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.**

**7. Glory to God, and praise, and love,
Be ever, ever, given,
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.**

111. (574-291-503) C.M. John Cennick

Thou, dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

**2. O let us ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak;**

And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3. Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

4. When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then we will sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

112. (613-0-121) P.M. Joseph Hart

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r.
He is able, He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2. Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,
Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you, this he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous, not the righteous,

Sinners Jesus came to call.

5. Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! our Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished, it is finished"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6. Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus, none but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7. Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name,
"Hallelujah!", Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

113. (497-856-487) S. M.

Dr. Samuel Stennett

How Charming Is the Place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad.

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

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

4. To him their prayers and cries

The humble saints present;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

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

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

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

When, O Dear Jesus, When Shall I
Behold thee all serene?
Blessed in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a veil between!

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

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

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

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

115. (530-882-360) C.M.

John Newton

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2. Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4. Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5. O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious Name!

6. "Poor, tempest-tossed soul, be still;
My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks: I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

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

Charles Wesley--1749.

And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and thanks to Jesus give
For His almighty grace!

2. Preserved by pow'r divine
To full salvation here,

Again in Jesus' praise we join
And in His sight appear.

3. What troubles have we seen,
What mighty conflicts past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4. Yet out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by His love;
And still He doth His help afford,
And hides our life above.

5. Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

6. Let us take up the cross
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss
So we may Jesus gain.

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

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

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

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

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

John Newton

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

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

3. Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

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

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

Isaac Watts

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

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

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

4. He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice

Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5. Peace be within this sacred place
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blessed!

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

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

This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

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

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

4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace!
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5. Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

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

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

2 This is the day which God hath blessed,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

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

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

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

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

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

3. Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransomed sinners sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ the eternal King.

4. Soon shall we hear Him say
Ye blessed children come;

Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home

123 (559-148-114) C.M. Isaac Watts

Let ev'ry quickened ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2. Come, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

3. Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bid your longing appetites
The rich provisions taste.

124. (583-408-512) L. M. Isaac Watts

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3. Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4. In ev'ry land begin the song,
To ev'ry land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds your voices raise
And fill the world with sounding praise.

125. (590-0-406) C.M.

Ottiwell Heginbothom

Come Humble Souls, Ye Mourners Come
And wipe away your tears;
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

2. Come shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Savior's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

3. Thanks to my God for ev'ry gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

4. Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

5. Transporting hope! Still in my soul
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Immortal and divine!

126. (592-543-89) C.M.

Isaac Watts

Let worldly minds the World Pursue
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

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

3. As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all concealed,

So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4. Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.

5. Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6. Yes! Though of sinners I'm the worst,
I can not doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

127. (600-1086-149) S.M. Samuel Stennett

Come, Ye That Love the Lord
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escaped
The snares of death and hell.

2. The flatt'ring joys of sense
Assailed my foolish heart,
While Satan with malicious skill
Guided the pois'nous dart.

3. I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish sprung from op'ning life,
And pleasures sprung from pain.

4. Darkness, and shame, and grief
Oppressed my gloomy mind;
I looked around me for relief
But no relief could find.

**5. At length to God I cried,
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.**

**6. My drooping head he raised
My bleeding wounds he healed,
Pardoned my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon sealed.**

**7. O may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God,
Nor ever lack a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.**

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

Isaac Watts

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

**2. Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.**

**3. Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.**

**4. Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.**

129. (0-614-208) C.M. Joseph Swain

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill His Word!

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4. Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5. Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

130. (0-501-482) C.M. Isaac Watts

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

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

3. We're plunged beneath the mystic flood;
Oh, plunge us in thy cleansing blood;

We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee beneath the yielding wave.

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

131. (394-913-492) S.M. John Newton

Hungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

The food our spirit want,
Thy hand alone can give;
O, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

132. (398-200-0) S. M. John Kent

What Cheering Words are These?
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and in eternity
'Tis with the righteous well.

2. In ev'ry state secure
Kept by Jehovah's eye
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3. 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4. 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on saving love;
And 't'us as well in God's account
When they the furnace prove.

5. 'Tis well when at his throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

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

To God the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2. 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel, and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3. He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4. Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

134. (599-0-0) C.M. Charles Wesley

Go on, Ye Pilgrims, While Below
In the sure paths of peace,
Determined nothing else to know
But Jesus and His grace.

2. Observe your Leader, follow Him,
He in this world has been
Often reviled, but like a Lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.

3. O take the pattern he has giv'n
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heav'n
In self-denial lies.

4. Remember, you must watch and pray,
While` journ'ying on the road;
Lest you should fall out by the way
And wound the cause of God.

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

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

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

The Righteous Lord, Supremely Great
Maintains His universal state;
O'er all the earth his pow'r extends,
All heav'n before His footstool bends.

2. Yet justice still with pow'r presides
And mercy all His empire guides;

Mercy and truth are His delight,
And saints are lovely in His sight.

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

4. Glory, ye saints, in this alone:
That God, your God, to you is known
That you have owned His sov'reign sway;
That you have felt His cheering ray.

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

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

DISMISSION

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

Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

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

Lord, dismissed us with thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let each heart thy love possessing
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us! O refresh us!
 Traveling through this wilderness

2, Thanks we give, and adoration
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence, May thy presence
 With us evermore be found,

3. So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,
 May we ready, may we ready
 Rise and reign in endless day.

Lord, Grant A Smile Before We Part
 And warm and animate each heart,
 That we may tell our friends around
 We sought our God where God was found.

2, Then shall we long to come again,
 Because we know 'tis not in vain,
 And where we sought our God by prayer
 We found our precious Jesus there.

Once More Before We Part
 We'll bless the Savior's name;
 Record His mercies, ev'ry heart,
 Sing, ev'ry tongue, the same.

2. Hoard up His sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on and seek to know the Lord.
And practice what you know.

3. And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful shore
Where all thy saints are bound.

140. (0-0-509) 8's, 7's

Lord, Before We Leave Thy Temple
Comfort ev'ry fainting heart;
Assure us we shall reign in glory,
One with thee no more to part;
Reign in glory, Reign in glory,
Praising God will all the heart.

2. There, in sweet, triumphant splendor,
We shall all thy love explore;
And through one eternal Sabbath,
Shout thy name for evermore;
All in raptures, All in raptures
We shall wonder and adore.

DEATH AND THE RESSURRECTION

141. (748-1228-539) C. M. Isaac Watts

Why do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

2. Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?

Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4. The graves of all the saints He blessed
And softened every bed.
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?

5. Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way.
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

142. (766-1265-0) 8,6

Selina, Countess Huntington

When Thou, my righteous Judge shall come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2. I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3. O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou my only hiding place,

**In this, th'accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.**

**4. Let me among Thy saints be found
Whene'er th'archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace.**

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

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.

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

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

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

**5. Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
and waft my spirit home.**

**6. Sweet in His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;**

Sweet to experience day by day
His Spirit's quickening breath;

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

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

9. If such is the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountains be?
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

10. Then shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold Him and adore;
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

11. If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know!"

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

Why Should We Start and Fear to Die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Must friends and kindred droop and die?
And helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone?

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

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

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

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

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

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

3. God my Redeemer lives,
And always from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust
Till he shall bid it rise.

4. Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine.

And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

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

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

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

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

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

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

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

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

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

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

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

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

3. Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more!

4. Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

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

Let death dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my days move on so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2. God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which can not fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

3. Jesus the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;

And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

4. God is my everlasting aid,
My portion, and my fiend;
To him be highest glory paid
In ages without end.

151. (0-657-361) C.M. Anne Steele

Father, what'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

2. Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessing of thy grace impart,
And make me live in thee.

3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

DOXOLOGIES

152. (781-1306-699) L. M. Thomas Ken

Praise God from whom all blessings flow
Praise him all creatures here below
Praise him above, ye heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

153. (779-0-0) C.M. Tate and Brady, 1696

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The God whom we adore,

Be everlasting honors paid
Henceforth, for evermore.

154. (784-0-0) 8's, 7's Isaac Watts (altered)

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

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

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

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS

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

Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtues know.

2. More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, nor health.
Can give us such repose.

3. Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

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

Isaac Watts

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

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

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

4. O give me, Lord, the lot
Of those who fear thy name!
If endless life be their reward,
May I possess the same.

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

John Newton

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

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

3. I would, but can not love,
Though loved by love divine;

No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.

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

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

6. But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do,
Yet the desire is something good
For which my praise is due.

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

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

160. (724-990-268) C.M.

Isaac Watts

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

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

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

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5. Fearless of heal and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

161. (725-991-355) C.M.

Samuel Stennett

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll.
Across my peaceful breast.

Hosanna! Jesus reigns!
 All pow'r is in his hand;
 The trumpet of his gospel sounds
 Salvation through our land.

2. The King of kings he is--
 His honors spread abroad
 The Lord of lords; and he should be
 By heav'n and earth adored.

3. Let old and young combine
 To sing his lofty praise;
 The heav'nly hosts and saints on earth
 Their sweetest anthems raise.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 God, Whose Word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2. See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever will their thirst assuage?
 Grace which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear
 For a glory and a covering
 Showing that the Lord is near!

Thus deriving from our banner
light by night and shade by day,
Safe we feed upon the manna
which God gives us when we pray.

4. Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in our Redeemer's blood;
Jesus, Whom our souls rely on,
Makes us monarchs, priests to God.
Us, by His great love, He raises,
Rulers over self to reign,
And as priests His solemn praises
Ae for thankful offering bring.

5. Saviour, if of Zion's city,
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

164 (813-934-329) 8's, 7's

Robert Robinson

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, if by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;

He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3. O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

165. (817-0-387) 7's, 6's John Leland

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

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

3. Through grace he will support me;
To conquer, though I die
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you both adieu;
And, O my friends, still trust him
And on your way pursue.

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

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

6. And when the last, loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransomed dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansion
Where our Redeemer's gone.

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

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

When overwhelmed with doubts and fear,
Great God, do thou my spirit cheer,

**Let not mine eyes with tears be fed
But to the Rock of Ages led.**

**2. When storms of sin and sorrow beat,
Lead me to this divine retreat;
Thy perfect righteousness and blood,
My Rock, my Fortress, and my God.**

**3. When guilt lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of fierce temptation roll,
I'll to this Rock for shelter flee,
And take my refuge, Lord, in thee.**

**4. When sick, or faint or sore dismayed
Then let my hope on thee be stayed
Thy summit, rising to the skies
Shall shield my head when dangers rise.**

**5. Sheltered by thine omnipotence,
What potent arm shall pluck me hence?
On ev'ry side I'm guarded well
With love and grace immutable.**

**6. High as my sin, yea, higher too,
This everlasting Rock I view;
Replete with free eternal grace,
Made from of old my dwelling place.**

**7. When called the vale of death to tread,
Then to this Rock may I be led;
Nor fear to cross that gloomy sea,
Since thou has tasted death for me.**

167. (821-751-411) 11s

George Keith_

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen and help thee, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. "When through fiery trials thy pathways shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5. "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hair shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6. "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

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

Ananias Davisson's *Kentucky
Harmony* 1820 (altered)

Hear the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature;

Chorus:

Jesus reigns! He reigns victorious,
Over heav'n and earth most glorious
Jesus reigns!

2. See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,

**Mourning souls, here's grace forever,
Now revealed in Christ the Saviour**

**3. Hear, ye sons of grief and sorrow
With your weight of guilt and terror,
Here is life and free salvation
Published to ev'ry nation:**

**4. For his people Jesus died,
And for them was crucified,
Conquered death, and rose to heaven--**

**5. Christ can cleanse, and make you holy,
Save you from your sins and folly;
Make you live and rest forever
With a gracious God and Saviour**

**6. Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Endless riches without money;
Mercy like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain:**

**7. For this love, let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Speak the great Messiah's praises:**

**8. Souls renewed, of ev'ry nation,
To the bounds of the creation
Sing the praise of Judah's Lion
The Almighty King of Zion:**

**9. Sing, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ is our complete redemption;
May we sing the joyful story
In the higher worlds of glory:**

Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.

2. After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

Beside the Gospel pool
Appointed for the poor;
From year to year, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2. How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others, round me, stepping in
Their efficacy prove.

3. But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain.
As when at first I came.

4. O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languished here;
And what distress I feel.

5. How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

6. But whither can I go?
There is no other pool

Where streams of sovereign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.

7. Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8. No: He is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see His face,
To perish at His feet.

171. (825-0-139) C.M. Edmund Jones

Come humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.

2. "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace."

4. I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives!

5. Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6. I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know,
I must forever die.

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

The Voice of the Shepherd His Flock Shall Convene
And lead them to pastures all fertile and green
But unto the stranger they will not draw near,
Who calls to deceive them, "Lo here and lo there."

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

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

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

5. The Scriptures declare that deceivers shall come,
And thousands to final destruction shall run;
But saints by their calling shall still persevere,
While hirelings are bawling, "Lo here, and lo there."

6. The way to the Father is Jesus the Son,
In all that He suffered, in all that He's done;
And this shall the heralds of Jesus declare,
Till folded in Zion His sheep shall appear.

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

2. Christ by faith I sometimes see
And he doth relieve me,
But my fears return again,
These are they that grieve me.
Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint and fearful,
Plagued with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

3. Think on what your Savior bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood from ev'ry pore
To procure thy pardon.
View Him hanging on the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying;
See, he suffers this for thee,
Therefore, cease from crying.

4. Joseph took His body down,
Wrapped it in linen,
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.
Soon he rises from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory:
See how glory shines around;
He has gone before you.

5. Brethren, don't you feel the flame?
Mourners, come, behold him!
Let us join to praise His name,

Let us never grieve Him.
Soon we'll join to sing above,
Soon we'll be in heaven;
There we'll swim in seas of love,
And forever praise Him.

174. (858-909-570) 8's, 7's John Newton

Savior, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
SAll will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:

2. Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance;
Every plant would droop and die.

3. Surely, once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!

4. But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
LORD, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

5. Where are those we counted leaders,
Filled with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!

6. Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

7. Younger plants-the sight how pleasant,
Covered thick with blossoms stood;

**But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipped them in the bud!**

**8. Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!**

**9. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares:**

**10. Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive us, Lord, revive us.**

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

A mazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now am found.
Was blind but now I see.

**2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did the grace appear,
The hour I first believed.**

**3. Thru many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come.
This grace has brought me save thus far,
And grace will lead me home.**

**4. The Lord has promised good to me
His word my hope secures
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures**

5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail
And mortal life shall cease
I shall possess within the vale
A Life of joy and peace

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

7. When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun.
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we'd first begun.

176. (867-0-594) P.M. Anon.

An Alien from God, and a Stranger to Grace
I wandered through earth its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! That it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
O Savior, direct me to heaven my home.

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

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

4, Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view,
I feast on the pleasures that flow from His throne.

The footstool of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
O when shall I share the fruition of home.

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

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

177. (870-0-681) 8s, 6s Charles Wesley 1759

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

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

3 What is there here to court my stay
And keep me back from home,
When angels beckon me away,

And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret to leave my friends
Here in this world confined?
To God himself my soul ascends;
Farewell to all behind.

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

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

178. (873-676-200) S.M.

Isaac Watts

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

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

3. Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God
But children of the heavn'ly King
May speak their joys abroad

4. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow

5. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly hill
Or walk the golden streets

6. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavn'ly hill
Or walk the golden streets

7. Then let our songs abound
And ev'ry tear be dry
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high

179. (875-1243-0) 8s, 7's

Robert Robinson or
W. Williams

Guide Me, O thou Great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land!
I am weak but thou art mighty
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more

2. Open now the crystal fountain
Whence, the healing streams do flow
Let the firey, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer
Be thou still my strength and shield

3. Feed me with the heavn'ly manna
In this barren wilderness
Be my sword and shield, and banner
Be my robe of righteousness

**Fight and conquer; fight and conquer
All my foes by sov'reign grace**

**4. When I pass through death's dark shadow
Bid my anxious fears subside
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction
Lead me safe on heaven's side
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.**

180. (325-191-0) C.M. Augustus Toplady

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

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

**3. Less than myself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I can not crave,
And thou cans't give no more.**

**4. Loved of my God, for him again,
With love intense I'd burn;
Chosen of thee ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.**

181. (876-0-88) 8s Maxwell

How Shall I My Savior Set Forth?
How shall I His beauties declare?
Or how shall I speak of His worth,
Or what His chief dignities are?
His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest His throne,

How rich are His treasures of grace,
No! This is a myst'ry unknown.

2. In Him all the fullness of God
Forever transcendentally shines;
Though one like a mortal he stood,
To finish His gracious designs;
Though once He was nailed to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal His kingdom shall be.

3. His wisdom, His love, and His pow'r
Seemed then with each other to vie,
When sinners he stooped to restore,
Poor sinners condemned to die!
He laid all His grandeur aside,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay;
Poor sinners he loved till he died,
To wash their pollution away.

4. O sinners believe and adore
This Savior so rich to redeem;
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in Him.
Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burdened with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're tossed,
Believe, and your peace shall begin.

182. (877-521-0) 8s,6s Susannah Harrison

Tell me no more of earthly toys
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before;
Let me but see my Savior's face,
And feel His animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2. Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Tell me no more of ease and health,

For these have all their snares;
Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,
And see my name enrolled in heav'n,
And I am free from care.

3. Give me the Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the Lord;
I'd sit alone from day to day.
Nor urge my company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

183. (882-1087-148) L.M. Henry K. White, 1812

When Marshaled on the Nightly Plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2. Hark! Hark! To God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3. Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.

4. Deep horror then my vitals froze.
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5. It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dang'rous thall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6. Now safely moored my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,

Forever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

184. (891-1033-381) 7s

John Newton

Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2. If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.

3. When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

4. If I pray, or near, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do,
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

5. Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

6. Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who are thy people's sun,
Shine upon the work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

7. Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;
 'Tis the Saviour, hear His word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2. "I am delivered thee when bound,
 And when bleeding healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.

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

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

5. "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne shall be;
 Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

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

Salvation! O, melodious sound,
 To wretched, dying men!
 Salvation that from God proceeds,
 And leads to God again.

2. Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
 From fiends, and fires, and chains;

Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.

3. But may a poor, bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4. The luster of so bright a bliss
My feeble hear o'erbears
But unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5. My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

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

Saviour! divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust!
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2. Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm,
And bring the guilty nigh.

3. The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years
Does our great Surety clear.

4. That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God,
One blemish shall be found.

5. Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are giv'n;

**Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heav'n.**

**6. With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promised crown.**

188. (906-0-284) C.M.

**Catholic Priest, F.B.P, 1583,
based on St. Augustine.
Updated by Joseph
Bromehead 1795.**

Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have and end?
And thy joys when shall I see?

**2. Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to be behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.**

**3. Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.**

**4. If heav'n be then so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 't is that I should dread
To die and go from hence.**

**5. Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.**

**6. Millions of years around my run,
Our song shall still go on,**

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, three in one.

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

Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend
As such I look to thee
Now in the the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2. Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3. Thou wond'rous advocate with God
I yield myself to thee;
While thou are sitting on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4. I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5. Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6. And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God,
I pray remember me.

190. (941-0-0) C.M. Wilson Thompson

Time like a fleeting shadow flies,
My house of clay must fall;
This tabernacle must decay
And vanish as a scrawl.

2. My youth and age, my months and years
Like grass and flow'rs decay;
Before the mower's scythe of death
They soon will pass away.

3. But far beyond death's gloomy vale
A heav'nly building stands;
Prolific streams of glory flow
In those celestial lands.

4. To that bright world, that house above,
My longing spirit soars,
Where God, my heavn'ly Father lives,
And ev'ry saint adores.

5. Then let this earthly mansion fall
And set my spirit free;
Why should I wish to stay below,
And stay so long from thee?

6. I'm but a pilgrim far from home,
While here on earth I stay;
My brightest moments are but night
Compared with endless day.

7. Then let me wait, and live by faith,
Till I am called away;
And to that brighter world ascend,
That house which can't decay.

8. Let all my fleeting moments pass;
Earth's painted toys may fade;
O, Jesus, my eternal life
Support me through the shade.

9. Then to that world of light and love,
Immortal and divine,
Bring this poor pilgrim from the tomb,
This trembling soul of mine.

Beneath the Sacred Throne of God
 I saw a river rise;
 The streams were peace and pard'ning
 Descending from the skies.

2. Angelic minds can ne'er explore
 This deep, unfathomed sea;
 'Tis void of bottom, brim, or shore,
 And lost in Deity.

3. I stood amazed, and wondered when,
 Or why this ocean rose,
 That wafts salvation down to men,
 His traitors and His foes.

4. That sacred flood, from Jesus' veins,
 Was free to take away
 A Mary's or Manhasseh's stains,
 Or sins more vile than they.

5. Free to the sinner, dead to God,
 Who sought the road to hell,
 That trampled on a Savior's blood,
 And on His buckler fell.

6. Triumphant grace, and man's free will,
 Shall not divide the throne;
 For man's a fallen sinner still,
 And Christ shall reign alone.

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

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

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

193. (0-0-125) C.M. Samuel Medley (altered)

O What Amazing Words of Grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.

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

3. Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

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

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

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

2. In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain,
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliv'rer come,
 And wipe away His servant's tears,
 And take His exile home.

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

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

2. Temptations cease to break my peace,
 And all my sorrows die;
 When I with you my love renew,
 O what a heav'n have I.

3. My sorrows past, and I at last
Have heav'nly comforts found,
My heart and treasure is above,
And I for heaven bound.

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

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

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

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

Father, I Long, I Faint to See
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2. Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3. There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in
With wonder and with love

4. Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th'adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before, th'eternal All.

5. There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss,
While less than nothing I would boast,
And vanity confess.

6. The more thy glories strike my eyes
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

197. (694-697-0) C.M. Benjamin Beddome

If God is Mine, Then Present Things
And things to come are mine;
Yea, Christ, His Word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2. If he is mine, then from His love
He ev'ry trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3. If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my trembling hope,
Their utmost force repel.

4. If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honor flee
Sure he who giveth me Himself,
Is more than wealth to me.

5. If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He is a solid comfort when
All others comforts fail.

6. O, tell me, Lord! that thou are mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul would at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

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

2. Whate'er God's righteous, sov'reign will
Denies on earth to me,
Submissive, I shall trust Him still,
And He my guide shall be

3. For He doth know what's best for me,
'Mid all this worldly strife,
And will my Friend and Father be,
In ev'ry phase of life.

4. Then why should I distrust my Lord
And trust in mine own heart?
Why should I not believe His word,
And from all else depart?

5. I know if I draw nigh to God,
He will draw nigh to me;
But if I stray, he'll use the rod,
That I may righteous be.

6. And thus he shows His care for me,
And doeth all things well;
In goodness and in equity,
His love to me doth tell.

7. And when the storm of life is past,
And all these scenes are o'er,
He'll take me to Himself at last,
To reign for evermore.

Hail, sov'reign Love! that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man;
 Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2. Against the God that rules the sky
 I fought with hands uplifted high;
 Despised his rich, unbounding grace,
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3. But thus th' eternal, Counsel ran;
 "Almighty Love, arrest the man;
 I fled the arrow of distress,
 And found I had no hiding-place.

4. Indignant Justice stood in view;
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
 But Justice cried with frowning face,
 "This mountain is no hiding-place."

5. Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
 And Mercy's angel-form appeared;
 She led me on with gentle pace,
 To Jesus, as my hiding-place.

6. On him almighty vengeance fell,
 That must have sunk a world to hell
 He bore it for his chosen race,
 And thus became their hiding-place.

7. A few more rolling suns, at most,
 Will land me safe on heaven's coast,
 Where I shall sing the song of grace,
 And see my glorious hiding-place.

I am a stranger here below,
And what I am 'tis hard to know,
I am so vile, so prone to sin,
I fear that I'm not born again.

2. When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind,
All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me fear that I am wrong.

3. I find myself out of the way;
My thoughts are often gone astray;
Like one alone I seem to be;
Oh! is there any one like me?

4. So far from God I seem to lie,
Which makes me often weep and cry;
I fear at last that I shall fall,
For if a saint the least of all.

5. I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in my way;
Thus filled with doubts, I ask to know
Come, tell me, is it thus with you?

6. So, by experience, I do know
There's nothing good that I can do;
I can not satisfy the law,
Nor hope nor comfort from it draw.

7. My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost,
If not free grace, then I am lost.

Self-Righteous Souls on Works Rely.
And boast their moral dignity;
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Each note shall echo, Grace, free grace.

2. 'Twas grace that quickened me when dead;
'Twas grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brings a sense of pardoned sin.
And grace subdues my lusts within.

3. Grace reconciles to ev'ry loss,
And sweetens ev'ry painful cross
Defends my soul when danger's near;
By grace alone I persevere.

4. When from this world my soul removes
To mansions of delight and love,
I'll cast my crown before His throne,
And shout, Free grace, free grace alone.

Wait, O My Soul, Thy Maker's Will
Tumult'ous passions all be still!
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise;
His ways are just, His counsels wise.

2. He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support His throne.

3. In heav'n and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4. Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before His awful seat;

And 'midst the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

203. (11-1-302) L.M. Isaac Watts

Eternal Pow'r, Whose High Abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God!
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2. The lowest step around thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tallest angel tires
To reach thine height and wond'ring eyes.

3. Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We should adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4. Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O! The glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5. God is in heav'n, but man below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues

204. (0-0-333) L.M. Hugh Stowell, 1828

From ev'ry stormy wind that blows
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads
A place of all on earth most sweet
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend
Where friend holds fellowship with friend
Though sundered far by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5. There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and guilt seem there no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6. O let my hand forget her skill
My tounge be silent cold, and still
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

205. (684-619-0) 8s Daniel Medley

I know that my Redeemer lives
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead
He lives, my ever-living Head.

2. He lives to bless me with his love;
He lives to plead my cause above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed;
He lives to help in time of need.

3. He lives to give me full supplies;
He lives to bless me with his eyes;
He lives to comfort me when faint;
He lives to hear my souls complaint.

4. He lives to crush the fiends of hell;
He lives, and doth within me dwell;
He lives, to heal and keep me whole;
He lives to guide my feeble soul.

5. He lives to banish all my fears;
He lives to wipe away my tears
He lives to calm my troubled heart;
He lives all blessings to impart.

6. He lives, my kind and gracious Friend;
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King

7. He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same:
O sweet the joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

206. (684-619-0) 8s Thomas Baldwin

From whence doth this union arise
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties
That nature and time can't remove.

2. It can not in Eden be found
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

3. My friends are so dear unto me.
Our hearts all united in love.
Where Jesus has gone we shall be.
In Yonder blest mansions above.

4. Oh! why then, so loath for to part.
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engraved on Immanuel's heart.
At distance we cannot remain.

5. And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above;
And when these vile bodies of clay,
Are fashioned like Jesus above:

6. With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
Singing, Hallelujah, Amen;
Amen, even so let it be.

207. (0-0-297) 8s

It Is A Glorious Mystery -- 'Tis a Wonder
That ever I should saved be 'Tis a wonder
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
'Tis a wonder, wonder, wonder,
The love of God unspeakable 'tis a wonder.

2. Great mystery, that God should place
His love on one of Adam's race,
That I should also share a part,
And find a mansion in His heart.

3. Great mystery, I can't tell why
That Christ for sinful worms should die;
Should leave the boundless realms of bliss,
And die for sinners on the cross.

4. Oh! Why was I not left behind,
Among the thousands of mankind,
Who run the dang'rous sinful race,
And die, and never taste His grace?

5. 'Twas love that spread the gracious feast;
'Twas love that made my soul a guest;
'Twas love that brought Him from above;
'Twas love, Oh! Matchless, boundless love.

6. Not all the heav'nly hosts can scan
The glories of this noble plan;
Oh! 'Tis a glorious mystery,
And will be to eternity.

The angels that watched round the tomb
Where, lo! The Redeemer was laid,
When deep in mortality's gloom,
He his for a season His head;

2. That veiled their face while He slept,
And ceased their sweet harps to employ,
Have witnessed His rising, and swept,
The chords with the Triumph of Joy.

3. Dear saints, who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest;
I pant to be glorified too,
And lean on Immanuel's breast.

4. The grave in which Jesus was laid,
Has buried my guilt and my fears,
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of His presence appears.

5. O, sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done,
The blush that spreads over its west
The last ling'ring ray of its sun.

6. Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

7. Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart-strings shall break,
When death shall extinguish these eyes
And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

8. No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave,
The sunbeam of life as it sets,
Leaves a halo of peace in the grave.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

2. Oh, the transporting rapt'rous scene
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green
 And rivers of delight!

3. There gen'rous fruits that never fail.
 On trees immortal grow
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks and vales
 With milk and honey flow

4. O'er all those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

5. No chilling winds or poisonous breath
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

6. When I shall reach that happy place,
 I'll be forever blest,
 For I shall see my Father's face,
 And in His bosom rest.

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

Try, and Try Again
 To publish Jesus' worth,
 And fain I would, but never can,
 Set half His riches forth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

2. Few seasons of peace I enjoy
 And they are succeeded by pain

**If e'er a few moments of praise I employ
I have hours and days to complain**

**3. O! when will my sorrows subside?
O! when will my sufferings cease?
O! when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed?
To the mansions of glory and bliss?**

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

**5. My spirit to glory conveyed
My body laid low in the ground
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed
But all join in praising around**

**6. No sorrow be vented that day
When Jesus hath called me home
With singing and shouting let each brother say
"He's gone from the evil to come."**

**7. If souls disembodied can know
Or visit their brethren beneath
My spirit shall join you, while singing you go
And leave all my cares in the grave**

**8. Immersed in the ocean of love
My soul, like an angel shall sing
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above
And make all creation to ring**

**9. Our bodies, in dust shall obey
And swifter than thought shall arise
Then, changed in a moment, go shouting away
To mansions of love in the skies.**

How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours

When Jesus no longer I see
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs
 Have all lost their sweetness to me;
 The midsummer sun shines but dim
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in Him
 December's as pleasant as May.

2. His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice.
 His presence disperses my gloom.
 And makes all within me rejoice.
 I should, were he always thus nigh
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

3. Content with beholding his face.
 My all to his pleasure resigned.
 No changes of season or place,
 Would make any change in my mind.
 While blessed with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine.
 If thou art my sun and my song
 Say, why do I languish and pine
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to thee upon high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

213. (901-174-20) P.M.

Reginald Heber

Hail The Blest Morn! When The Great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds! Go worship the Lord in the manger,
Lo! For His guards the bright angels attend.

Chorus:

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.
Star in the east! The horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2. Lo! On His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him with slumbers reclining,
Maker, Redeemer, and Savior of all.

3. Say, shall we yield Him some costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine?
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

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

William Walker

O Tell me no more of this world's vain store.
The time for such pleasures with me now is o'er;
The heav'nly ground where true joys abound.
My faith sees the landscape where Jesus is found.

2. The souls that believe with Jesus shall live,
And me in that number I hope he'll receive;
Why should I delay?--he calls me away,
Saying, "Follow thy Savior, his voice is to-day."

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

4. Great spoils we shall win o'er death, hell, and sin;
'Midst many afflictions shall feel Christ within;
When death shall us try, "Receive us," We'll cry
For Jesus has loved us--no mortal knows why.

5. By grace we do find, to him we're so joined;
He'll not live in glory and leave us behind;
So this is the race we're running through grace
Henceforth till admitted our Lord to embrace.

6. Now, this is my prayer, Poor mourners may share
Those blessings: O give them their hearts to prepare;
In trouble they cry, in prison they lie;
Lord, open their prison--thy promise apply.

7. Then sweetly they'll sing the grace of our King;
In Zion, as converts, good news they will bring;
In fellowship sweet thy children shall greet
These lambs as thy chosen, at Jesus' feet.

8. Thy Spirit impart--renewing the heart;
The sinners who feel it to action will start;
Then send them thy word--the witness afford,
To lead, guide, and teach them the way of the Lord.

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

O how happy are they
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2. That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine

I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy it received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

4. Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation may see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered, and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5. O the rapturous height
Of the holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

216 (0-0-0) P.M. Alexander Means

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

2. When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul.

3. Ye winged seraphs, fly, bear the news, bear the news.
Ye winged seraphs, fly, bear the news.
Ye winged seraphs, fly, like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity with the news, with the news
Fill vast eternity with the news.

4. To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb, I will sing.

To God and to the Lamb Who is the great "I Am";
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing;
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

5. Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise, join the praise;
Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise,
Ye sons of Zion's King, with hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise, in his praise.
And strike each tuneful string in his praise.

6. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.
And when from death I'm free I'll sing and joyful be;
And through eternity, I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
And through eternity, I'll sing on.

217. (0-0-0) P.M. Sallie M. Bartley

There Is A Name Whose Music Thrills
The souls with pure delight;
Before the everlasting hills
It stood and now its glory fills
All length and breadth and height.

2. Before the morning stars their song
Together sang on high,
In rapture it was borne along,
Unuttered by a mortal tongue,
But known to Deity.

3. Through all the ages it has been
A tow'r of strong defense,
A solid rock whereon to lean,
A sure relief from guilt and sin,
Our perfect righteousness.

4. It takes the sting of death away,
And glorifies the grave;
It turns the darkest night to day,
And sinners born again can say
It has the power to save.

**5. It is the all-prevailing name
Of Jesus, Priest, and King,
The Lamb of God, on Calv'ry slain,
Who will in His Triumphant reign
His saints to glory bring.**

218. (0-0-0) 12s

You may sing of the beauties of mountain and dale
Of the silvery streamlet and flow'rs of the vale
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion--the house of the Lord.

**2. You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's soft'ning graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the house of devotion--the season of prayer.**

**3. You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for my comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master--the children of God.**

**4. You may talk of your prospects of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health
But the hope of bright glory--of heavenly bliss!
Take away ev'ry other, and give me but this.**

**5. Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my God,
I will turn to thee often to hear from thy word
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospect revealed from above.**

219 (0-0-0) 8s, 7s Caroline L. Smith, 1852

Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See the shades of ev'ning gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2. Many friends were gathered round me
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here at last.

3. Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances—
Shall it be the night of rest?

4. Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5. Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning, then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest.

220 (0-0-0)

8s

William W. Wolford, 1845

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.
That calls me from a world of care
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer

2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless
And since he bids me seek his face
Believe his word and trust his grace
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer

**3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
May I thy consolation share
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight
This robe of flesh, I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize
And shout while passing through the air
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.**

221. (0-0-0)

8's,9s

Elizabeth K. Mills, 1829

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

**2. We speak of the pathway of gold
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold
But what must it be to be there?**

**3. We speak of its freedom from sin
From sorrow, temptation and care;
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?**

**4. We speak of the service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear
Of the church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there?**

**5. Dear Lord, amid sorrow and woe
My spirit for heaven prepare,
That shortly, I also may know
And feel what it is to be there.**

**6. There anthems of praise we will sing
When safe in that haven of rest
To Jesus, our Saviour and King
Who reigns in those realms of the blest.**

Sweet Rivers of Redeeming Love
 Lie just before my eye;
 Had I the pinions of a dove
 I'd to those regions fly!
 I'd rise superior to my pain
 With joy outstrip the wind;
 I'd cross death's cold and stormy main,
 And leave the world behind.

2. While I'm in prison here below,
 In anguish, pain, and smart,
 Ofttimes those troubles I forego,
 When love surrounds my heart;
 In darkest shadows of the night
 Faith mounts the upper sky;
 I there behold my heart's delight
 And would rejoice to die.

3. O come, my Savior, come away,
 And bear me through the sky,
 Nor let the chariot wheels delay
 Make haste, and bring it nigh;
 I hope to see thy glorious face,
 And in thy image shine,
 To triumph in victorious grace,
 And be forever thine.

4. Then will I tune my harp of gold
 To my eternal King;
 In ages that can ne'er be told,
 Will make his praises ring.
 All hail, triumphant Son of God,
 Who died on Calvary,
 And saved me, with His precious blood,
 From endless misery!

5. Ten thousand, thousand join in one
 To praise th'eternal Three,
 Prostrate before thy dazzling throne,

In deep humility;
They rise and tune their harps of gold;
And sweet th' immortal lyre,
In ages that can ne'er be told,
Shall raise thy praises higher.

223. (0-1218-597) 8's,6's William Walker

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

2. Then, O my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er.
And I shall find the peaceful shore,
Of everlasting rest,
O happy day, O joyful hour!
When freed from earth my soul shall tow'r
Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r.
To be forever blest.

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

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

How lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul

Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell all around me
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

2. The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness--all combined;
And none, but a believer,
The least relief can find.

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

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

5. A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death;
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition—
To Jesus look and live!

225. (907-0-384) 6,7

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

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

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

4. Sometimes I read my Bible--its seems a sealed book;
Sometimes I find a blessing wherever I do look.
Sometimes I got to meeting, and wise I'd staid at home;
Sometimes I find my Jesus, and then I'm glad I come.

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

226. (887-594-0) 8s Benjamin Francis

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

2. He freely redeemed with His blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,

And in His sweet presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
To view with eternal delight
My Jesus, my Savior, my King.

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

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

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

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

2. Jesus, Jesus, will defend you;
Trust in Him and Him alone
He has shed His blood to save you,
And will bring you to His throne.
There, on flow'ry fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,

Joy, and peace, and love shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.

3. But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angles can not sing.
Who can paint these sons of glory,
Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
Who with golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky?

4. There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along!
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song.
Hail! You happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain!
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Reign, sweet Jesus! Ever reign!

228. (928-1217-596) 11s

William A. Muhlenberg, 1824

Iwould not live away, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid morning that dawn on us here,
Are followed by gloom, or beclouded with fear.

2. I would not live away thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3. I would not live away; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4. Oh, who would live away--away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?

**Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;**

**5. Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethern transported to greet,
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.**

229. (939-948-680) 8's,6's,5's Joseph Swain

O Thou In Whose Presence My Soul Takes Delight
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

**2. Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?**

**3. O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.**

**4. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with His flock He has gone?**

**5. This is my Beloved, His form is divine
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on His head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned,**

**6. As roses of Sharon, as lilies that grow
In vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks does the beauty of excellence glow,
And His eyes are as quivers of beams.**

7. His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with His breath.

8. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of His face.

9. Love is in His eye-lids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in His sight,
And praise Him with fullness of joy.

10. He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

230. (0-0-419) 11, 5, 11 David Denham

Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room.
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory my home.

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love can not cease;
Though oft from the presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory my home.

3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee

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

4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory my home.

5. Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness to wait at thy throne,
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a foretaste of my home;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory my home.

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

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

Charles Wesley, 1740

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;

Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

232. (0-0-176) 8, 8,8,6

Salvation! O Mysterious Plan
Nor saints, nor angels ever can
Unfold the love of God to man,
The boundless love of Jesus;
On Calv'ry's scene I wond'ring gaze,
And raise to heav'n the voice of praise,
But O how faint are mortal lays,
To speak the love of Jesus!

2. The deeds that wondrous grace performs,
Can ne'er be told by mortal worms;
Assist my song, ye heav'nly forms,
To praise the name of Jesus.
Let heav'n and earth the tidings spread;
The Savior died and left the dead;
For sinful man he groaned and bled,
And from destruction freed us.

3. How welcome is this blissful sound
To guilty souls in fetters bound!
'Twas in this state myself I found,
And feared Jehovah's ire;
Beneath the sword of justice slain,
And sinking down to endless pain,
Or burn in quenchless fire.

4. Trembling I fell beneath His eye,
And raised to heav'n the ardent cry;
O' Jesus! Save I sink I die
O hasten to deliver!
Sweet beams of mercy, love and grace,
O'erspread His charming, smiling face;
My soul received the kind embrace
That seals me His forever.

233. (0-0-0) 8,7,5,9 J. E. Goodson, Jr.

We shall sleep, but not forever--
We shall rest beneath the trees;
We shall wake to live forever
In the land where Jesus is;

Refrain

Then weep not for me
Then weep not for me
For I am going o'er death's river,
And you soon will follow me.

2. Yes, I feel death's chills upon me,
And my friends are all in tears,
But my Saviour still upholds me,
And has banished all my fears.

Refrain

3. O the grave lies cold before me,
And we're called awhile to part,

Yet his words, "I'll never leave thee,"
Live--still live within my heart.

Refrain

4. O to meet again in heaven,
What a blessing it will be!
There with all our sins forgiven,
And from death forever free.

Refrain

FAREWELL HYMNS

234. (0-825-625) L.M. Primitive

O Happy day, when saints shall meet,
To part no more! the thought is sweet!
No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below when Christians part.

2. O happy place! I still must say,
Where all but love is done away;
All cause of parting there is past,
Their social feast will ever last.

3. Such union here is sought in vain,
As there in ev'ry heart shall reign;
There separation can't compel
The saint to bid the sad farewell

4. On earth, when friends, together meet,
And find the passing movements sweet,
Time's rapid moments soon compel
With grief to say, Dear friends, farewell.

5. The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall meet in heav'n, their home;

Eternally with Christ to dwell,
Nor ever hear the sound Farewell.

235. (0-0-629) C.M.

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

2. And if I see you not again,
I trust that I can say,
My labor shall not be in vain,
That I have spent this day.

3. I trust I can to record call
All you that hear me now;
I have declared God's counsel all,
As he did me endow.

4. I now depart, I leave you here,
I leave you with the Lord;
And may we all henceforth appear,
And be of one accord.

5. And if we part to meet no more,
While we on earth remain,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore,
And never part again.

6. There we shall join to sing God's praise,
And al his wonders tell,
And triumph in His holy ways;
So, brethren, fare you well.

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

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

2. Let us with undissembled love,
Like children in one band,
March to our Father's house above,
And to the promised land.

3. My little flock, I bid adieu,
Our parting is to-day;
O may we all to Christ prove true,
And try to watch and pray.

4. There is one thing that wounds my heart,
And grieves my soul full sore;
To think we must in body part,
Perhaps to meet no more.

5. We need not wait but few more days
Then he will call us home,
Where fear of parting ne'er will come,
In that bright world above.

6. Where we'll surround the throne of God,
And sing redeeming love;
And there I hope to see your face,
And join to praise the Lord.

237. (931-0-0) P.M.

Wirt's Selection
Southern Harmony, 1844

Jesus, Grant Us All A Blessing;
Send it down, Lord from above;
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in thy love;
Farewell, brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2. Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin;
Farewell, brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

3. May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us ev'ry one;
Farewell, brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

238. (0-821-616) C.M. The Baltimore Collection,
1803

Dear Friends, Farewell, I do You Tell
Since you and I must part;
I go away, and here you stay,
But still we're joined in heart.

2. I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harms.

3. If I'm called home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King
To all eternity.

4. Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Its sacred sweets disclose.

5. I long to go; then farewell woe;
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heav'nly feast.

6. O may we meet and be complete,
And long together dwell,
And serve the Lord with one accord,
And so, dear friends, farewell.

239. (0-0-0) L.M. Joseph B. Moon

Great God, Dismiss Us in Thy Love
Direct our minds and thoughts above;
Though we asunder here must part,
In tender love unite each heart.

2. Be with us, Lord, where'er we go;
Direct in all we say and do;
Keep us from hurtful snares and sin;
Watch o'er us till we meet again.

3. Be with us through the time of life;
Keep us from envy, hate, and strife;
From malice let our lives be free,
And know and worship only thee.

4. Be with us that trying hour
When life shall cease, and death have pow'r;
Safe guide us all to heaven, then
We'll praise thee evermore, Amen.

240. (900-823-618) 11s

Thomas Cleland, 1807

Farewell, My Dear Brethren, The Time is At Hand
When we must be parted from this social band;
Our sev'ral engagements now call us away;
Separation is needful, and we must obey.

2. Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for awhile.
We'll soon meet again if kind Providence smile,
But when we are parted and scattered abroad.
We'll pray for each other and trust in the Lord.

3. Farewell, younger brethren, just listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Although you must travel this dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to rest.

4. Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell all around;
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
The Savior to praise in a pure social band.

DOCTRINAL HYMNS

241. (200-206-0) C.M. John Kent

Before the day star knew its place,
Or planets went their round,
The church in bonds of sov'reign grace,
Was one with Jesus found.

2. In all that Jesus did on earth,
His church an int'rest have;
Go, trace him from his humble birth
Down to the silent grave.

3. 'Twas for his saints he tasted death;
All glory to his name!
And when he yielded up his breath,
With Him, his saints o'ercame.

4. With Him His members on the tree
Fulfilled the law's demands;
'Tis, "I in them, and they in me,"
For thus the union stands.

5. Since Jesus slept among the dead,
His saints have naught to fear;
For with their gracious, suff'ring Head,
His members sojourned there.

6. When from the tomb we see him rise,
Triumphant o'er his foes
He bore his members to the skies,
And with him they arose.

7. Ye saints, this union can't dissolve,
By which all things are yours,
Long as eternal years revolve,

Or Deity endures.

242. (129-0-0) L.M. John Kent

God, in the riches of His grace,
Did from eternity ordain
A seed elect of Adam's race,
Eternal glory should obtain.

2. God, in the riches of his grace,
Hath Christ exalted over all;
His goings forth, of old we trace
The sinner's Surety in the fall.

3. God, in the riches of his grace,
Hath Abra'm's seed exalted high;
While His redeemed shall see His face,
And reign with Him above the sky.

4. God, in the riches of His Grace,
Hath ot the charge of Jesus laid
The sin of all that chosen race,
Whose debt of suff'ring Jesus paid.

5. God, in the riches of His Grace,
Hath, in the gospel, Christ displayed,
Whose blood hath sealed the sinner's peace,
And bruised the venomd serpent's head.

6. God, in the riches of His Grace,
We'll to eternity adore;
And wonders still on wonders trace,
But ne'er his depth of love explore.

243. (111-183-0) L.M. John Kent

Twixt Jesus and the Chosen Race
Subsists a bond of sov'reign grace,
That hell, with its infernal train,
Shall ne'er dissolve, or rend in twain.

2. This sacred bond shall never break,
Though earth should to her center shake;
Rest, doubting saint, assured of this,
For God has pledged His holiness.

3. He swore but once the deed was done;
'Twas settled by the great Three One;
Christ was appointed to redeem
All that the Father loved in Him.

4. Hail, sacred union, firm and strong
How great thy grace, how sweet the song,
That rebel worms should ever be
One with incarnate Deity!

5. One in the tomb, one when He rose,
One when he triumphed o'er His foes
One when in heav'n He took His seat,
While seraphs sung at hell's defeat.

6. Blessed by the wisdom and the grace,
Th' eternal love and faithfulness,
That's in the gospel scheme revealed,
And is by God the Spirit sealed.

244. (108-202-0) L.M. John Kent

Twas with an everlasting love.
That God his own elect embraced
Before he made the worlds above,
Or earth on her huge columns placed.

2. Long ere the sun's refulgent ray
Primeval shades of darkness drove,
They on his sacred bosom lay,
Loved with an everlasting love.

3. Then, in His love and His decrees,
Christ and His bride appeared as one,
Her sin, by imputation His,
Whilst she in spotless splendor shone.

4. Believer, here thy comfort stands,
From first to last salvation's free;
And everlasting love demands
An everlasting song from thee.

245. (0-1296-0) 11s *Jeremiah Ingall's Christian
Harmony 1805*

A Child of Jehovah, A subject of grace,
I'm of the seed royal, a dignified race,
An heir of salvation, redeemed with blood,
I'll own my relation, my Father is God!

2. He loved me of old, and he loveth me still
Before the creation, he gave me by will,
A portion worth more than the Indies of gold,
Which can not be wasted, nor mortgaged nor sold.

3. He gave me a Surety, a covenant Head
To live in my name, and to die in my stead,
He gave me a righteousness wholly divine,
And viewed all the merits of Jesus as mine.

4. He gave a Preceptor infallibly wise,
And treasures of grace to be send in supplies;
Yea, all that I ask for my Father hath given.
To help me on earth, and to crown me in heav'n.

5. He gave me a will to accept what he gave,
Though I was averse to his purpose to save;
He wrote in his will my repentance and faith,
And all my enjoyments for life and for death.

6. My trails and sorrows, my comforts and cares
The spirit of prayer and the answer of prayers

The steps that I tread, and the station I fill,
My Father determined and wrote in his will.

7. My cross and my crown are both willed by my God,
He swore to his will, and then sealed it with blood.
'Tis proved by the Spirit, the witness within,
'Tis mine to inherit, I'll glory begin.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS

246. (223-0-0) C.M. Isaac Watts

O That I Knew The Secret Place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2. I'd tell Him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3. He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
And for my Savior's blood.

4. My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of His saints;
The language of their groans.

5. Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

247. (234-0-0) 8's,7's

Every moment brings me nearer
To my long-sought rest above;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher--
O, how happy to remove!
Then, forever, then forever
I shall sing redeeming love.

2. Soon shall I be gone to glory,
Join the bright, angelic race;
There repeat the pleasing story,
I was saved by sovereign grace;
And forever, and forever
View my loving Saviour's face.

3. Though my burden sore oppress me,
And I shrink beneath my pain,
Jesus will ere long release me,
And you loss will be my gain;
Precious Savior! Precious Saviour!
With my Lord I shall remain.

248. (864-0-0) 8s

ISaw The Jewish Temple Purged
While men of business, not of prayer
Fled from the place, by terror urged
Jesus the Nazarene was there.

2. I saw the solemn fun'ral train,
The widowed mother's silent tear;
When lo! she clasp her son again
The Nazarene had touched his bier.

3. "Hadst thou been here he had not died."
The weeping, doubting sister said,
"Lazarus, come forth!" the Savior cried;
The Nazarene restored their dead.

4. I saw the crowds to fury giv'n;
What could such mortal madness mean?

Why imprecate the wrath of Heav'n?
Why crucify the Nazarene?

5. Silent the gentle sufferer stood,
And pitying heard the frenzied cry;
"On us and ours be all his blood "
Jesus the Nazarene must die.

6. How devils smiled when Jesus bled!
Vain hope; they thought mankind were lost,
When bowing low His gentle head,
The Nazarene gave us the ghost.

7. But when amazement reigned in hell,
When Jesus, bursting from the grave,
Bade to the world this myst'ry tell;
'The Nazarene has died to save."

8. I saw the world consumed in flame;
The just from sin and sorrow free;
The wicked sink in endless shame
Such was the Nazarene decree.

9. I heard the trumpet long and loud;
Then straight a godlike form was seen;
He rode enthroned upon a cloud
'Twas the despised Nazarene.

10. I heard the happy heav'nly throng
Praise Him who bought them with His blood;
I heard the everlasting song;
"Jesus the Nazarene is God."

249. (880-0-0) C. M. Joseph Swain

Love is the sweetest bud that blows,
Its beauty never dies;
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies.

2. Pure, glowing red, and spotless white.

**Its perfect colors are;
In Jesus all its sweets unite
And look divinely fair.**

**3. The finest flower that ever blowed
Opened on Calvary's tree
When Jesus' blood in rivers flowed
For love of worthless me.**

**4. Its deepest hue, its richest smell,
No mortal sense can bear;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell
How bright the colors are.**

**5. Earth could not hold so rich a flower,
Nor half its beauties show;
Nor could the world and Satan's power
Confine its sweets below.**

**6. On heaven's bank supremely fair
This flower of wonder blooms--
Transplanted to its native air--
And all the shore perfumes.**

**7. But not to heaven's shore confined;
The seeds from which it grows,
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the church below.**

**8. And soon on yonder banks above
Shall every blossom here
Appear a full ripe flower of love.
Like him transplanted there.**

250. (529-0-476) C.M. Joseph Hoskins

In Thy Great Name, O Lord, We Come
To worship at thy feet.
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2. We come to hear Jehovah speak;
To hear the Savior's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3. Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4. Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Savior flee.

5. This house with grace and glory fill;
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal
Thy glorious righteousness.

251. (381-0-0) C.M. Church Psalmody, 1831

O Could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon thy word.

2. Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew, from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3. O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine;
And never, never more depart,
But be forever mine.

4. Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'd adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

5. Through boundless grace I then shall spend
An everlasting day,
In the embraces of my Friend,
Who took my guilt away.

6. That worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due;
While every ransomed soul shall gaze
On scenes forever new.

252. (344-528-0) 8s Augustus Toplady

A debtor to mercy alone--
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'ring to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2. The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

3. My name from the palm of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indellible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n--
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified sprits in heav'n.

253. (0-0-6)

L.M.

Lowell Mason

Long Ere The Sun Began His Days
Or moon shot forth her silver rays
Salvations's scheme was fixed, 'twas done,
In cov'nant by the Three in One.

2. The Father spake, the Son replied;
The Spirit with them both complied;
Grace moved the cause for saving man,
And wisdom drew the noble plan.

3. The Father chose His only Son
To die for sins that man had done;
Emmanuel to the choice agreed,
And thus secured a num'rous seed.

4. He sends His Spirit from above,
To call the objects of His love;
Not one shall perish or be lost;
His blood has bought them dear they cost.

5. What high displays of sov'reign grace!
What love to save a ruined race!
My soul, adore His lovely name,
By whom thy free salvation came.

254 (0-0-66)

L.M.

Anon.

Jesus Is All I Wish or Want
For Him I pray, for Him I pant;
Let others after earth aspire,
Christ is the treasure I desire.

2. Possessed of Him, I ask no more;
He is an all-sufficient store;
To praise Him all my powers conspire
Christ is the treasure I desire.

3. If He His smiling face but hide,
My soul no comfort has beside;

**Distressed I after Him inquire
Christ is the treasure I desire.**

**4. And while my heart is racked with pain,
Jesus appears and smiles again.
Why should my Savior thus retire?
Christ is the treasure I desire.**

**5. Come, humble souls, and view His charms,
Take refuge in His saving arms,
And sing, while you his worth admire,
"Christ is the Savior I desire."**

255. (0-0-73) S.M. Benjamin Beddome

Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

**2. The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He sheds those tears for thee.**

**3. He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n along no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.**

256. (0-0-188) C.M. Eusebius Hershey

In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

**2. Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.**

3. Through duty, and through trials, too.
I'll go at his command,
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Emmanuel's land.

4. And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be;
Hinder me not; come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

257. (0-0-425) L. M. Thomas Kelly

Poor and afflicted, Lord are thine;
Among the great unfit to shine;
But though the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

2. Poor and afflicted, yet they trust
In God, the gracious, wise, and just;
For them he deigns this lot to choose,
Nor would they dare his will refuse.

3. Poor and afflicted, oft they are
Sorely oppressed with want and care;
Yet he who saves them by his blood,
Makes every sorrow yeild them good.

4. Poor and afflicted--yet they sing,
For Christ, their glorious, conq'ring King,
Through suff'rings perfect, reigns on high,
And does their every need supply.

5. Poor and afflicted--yet ere long,
They'll join the bright celestial throng,
And all their suff'rings then shall close,
And heav'n afford them sweet repose.

6. Poor and afflicted, filled with grief--
O Lord, afford us kind relief,
To cheer the heart that heaves a sigh,
And wipe the tears from every eye.

258. (0-910-453) C.M.

James Montgomery, 1818

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh;
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath;
The Christian's native air;
The watch-word at the gate of death;
He enters heav'n with prayer.

259. (0-0-483) S.M.

Anon.

Assist thy servant Lord
The gospel to proclaim;
Let power and love attend the word,
And every breast inflame.

2. Bid unbelief depart;
With love his soul inflame;
Take full possession of his heart,
And glorify thy name.

3. May stubborn sinners bend
To thy divine control;
Constrain the wand'ring to attend.
And make the wounded whole.

260. (0-0-511) L.M. Henry Kirke White, 1806

Come, Christian Brethren, Ere We Part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2. Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

261. (0-1290-602) L. M. Schulyer Crowninshield

There is a Land Mine Eye Hath Seen
In visions of enraptured thought;
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;

2. A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3. Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4. There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wand'rer there a home may find,
Within the Paradise of God.

262. (0-0-0) C.M. William H. Bathurst

Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave this world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2. Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose lives to God were giv'n?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heav'n.

3. Their toils are past--their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And entered into rest.

4. Then let our sorrows cease to flow--
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

263. (0-1257-0) L. M. Margaret MacKay

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed Sleep
From which none ever wake to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2. Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his cruel sting!

3. Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Savior's power.

4. Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie.
Waiting the summons from on high.

5. Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

O Land of rest, for thee I sigh;
 When will the moment come,
 When I shall lay my armour by,
 And dwell with Christ at home?

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful shelt'ring dome;
 This world's a wilderness of woe;
 This world is not my home.

3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.

4. I should at once have quit the field,
 Where foes and fury roam;
 But, ah! my passport was not sealed;
 I could not yet go home.

5. When by affliction sharply tried,
 I view the gaping tomb,
 Although I dread death's chilling tide,
 Yet still I sigh for home.

6. Weary of wand'ring round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

O Love Divine, How Sweet Thou Art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

2. Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see;
They can not reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3. Only God knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For this I sigh, for this I pine;
This only portion, Lord be mine;
Be mine this better part.

266. (0-0-0) S.M.D. Timothy Dwight, 1801

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
I love Thy church, O God.
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

2. For her my tears shall fall
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3. Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given

The brightest glories earth can yield
And brighter bliss of heaven.

267. (0-0-0)

C.M.

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown

I Love To Steal Awhile Away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4. I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempest driv'n.

5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

268 (0-0-0)

C.M.

Thomas Shepherd, 1855

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone,
And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

269. (0-0-0)

8's,6's

Charlotte Elliott

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2. Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3. Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6. Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

I Need Thee, Precious Jesus
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.

2. I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's only plea

3. I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.

4. I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way;
To guide my doubting footsteps;
To be my strength and stay.

5. I need thee, precious Jesus;
I need a friend like thee;
A friend to soothe and pity;
A friend to care for me.

6. I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

7. I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very blind;
A weak and foolish wand'rer,
With dark and evil mind.

8. I need thy cheering presence,
To tread the thorny road;
To guide me safe to glory;
To bring me home to God.

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
 Through this gloomy vale of tears;
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us
 Thy rich grace in all our fears
 O refresh us, O refresh us
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2. When temptation's darks assail us,
 When in devious parths we stray,
 Let thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in thy perfect way.
 O refresh us, O refresh us
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

3. In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear.
 O refresh us, O refresh us
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

3. When this mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,
 Till, by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.
 O refresh us, O refresh us
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

Lo! what an entertaining sight
 Are brethren that agree,
 Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
 In bonds of unity!

2. When streams of love from Christ the Spring,
 Descend to every soul,

And heav'nly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole;

3. 'T is like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's priestly head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4. 'T is pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

273. (146-558-0) C.M. Anne Steele

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

2. Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wand'rer 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 pow'r,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine!

5. Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet
Dear Savior, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

I Have Sought Round This Verdant Earth For Unfading Joy
 I have tried every source for mirth, but all, all will cloy;
 Lord, bestow on me grace to set my spirit free;
 Thine the praise shall be; mine, mine the joy.

2. I have wandered in mazes dark, of doubt and distress;
 I have not had a kindly spark my spirit to bless;
 Cheerless unbelief filled my lab'ring soul with grief;
 What shall give relief? What shall give peace?

3. I was brought to thy gospel, Lord, from folly away;
 Made to trust in thy holy word, which taught me to pray;
 Here I found release, here my wearied soul found peace,
 Hopes of endless bliss, eternal day.

4. I'm a stranger and pilgrim here in this world of woe,
 But I find my Redeemer near, as onward I go;
 Jesus is my friend, he'll be with me to the end,
 And from foes defend my path below.

5. I have heard my Redeemer say, "My promise is sure;
 I have taught thee to watch and pray, all hardness endure."
 Jesus be my guide, in thy promise I'll confide;
 Keep me near thy side, my life, my way.

6. I will praise thee, my heav'nly King, I'll praise and adore,
 My heart's richest tribute bring to thee, God of power;
 And in Heav'n above, saved by thy redeeming love,
 Loud the strains shall move forever more.

7. Hallelujahs through heav'n will ring, salvation the theme;
 Glory, honor, and praise we'll sing to God and the Lamb.
 Crowns of glory wear, palms of vict'ry we shall bear;
 Shouts of triumph there never shall end.

There is a spot to me more dear
 Than native vale or mountain,
 A spot for which affection's tear
 Springs grateful from its fountain.
 'T is not where kindred souls abound
 Though that on earth is heaven,
 But where I first my Saviour found,
 And felt my sins forgiven.

2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
 Long tossed upon the ocean;
 Above me was the thunder's roar,
 Beneath, the waves' commotion.
 Darkly the pall of night was thrown
 Around me, faint with terror;
 In that dark hour how did my goran
 Ascend for years of error!

3. Sinking and panting as for breath,
 I knew not help was near me,
 And cried, "O save me, Lord, from death!
 Immortal Jesus, hear me!"
 Then, quick as thought, I felt him mine
 My Saviour stood before me;
 I saw his brightness round me shine,
 And shouted, "Glory, glory!"

4. O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
 Where love divine first found me!
 Wherever falls my distant lot,
 My heart shall linger round thee!
 And when from earth I rise to soar
 Up to my home in heaven,
 Down will I cast my eyes once more,
 Where I was first forgiven.

What This That Steals, That Steals Upon My Frame?
 Is it death? Is it death?
 That soon shall quench, shall quench this vital flame?
 Is it death? Is it death?
 If this be death I soon shall be
 From every pain and sorrow free,
 I shall the King of glory see,
 All is well, all is well.

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me,
 All is well, all is well;
 My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
 All is well, all is well;
 There's not a cloud that doth arise,
 To hide my Savior from mine eyes,
 I soon shall mount the upper skies,
 All is well, all is well.

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory,
 All is well, all is well;
 I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
 All is well, all is well;
 Bright angels are from glory come,
 They're round my bed, they're in my room,
 They wait to waft my spirit home,
 All is well, all is well.

4. Hark! Hark! My Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,
 All is well, all is well;
 I soon shall see, shall see His face in glory,
 All is well, all is well;
 Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you,
 My glitt'ring crown appears in view,
 All is well, all is well.

5. Hail, hail, all hail, all hail, ye blood-washed throng,
 Saved by grace, saved by grace;

I've come to join, to join your rapt'rous songs,
Saved by grace, saved by grace;
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heav'n and glory now are mine,
O hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well, all is well.

277. (0-0-0) 9s,10s *Revival Meoldies, 1842*
William Hunter, 1843

A Home in heav'n! what a joyful thought!
As the poor man toils in his weary lot;
His heart oppressed, and with anguish riv'n,
From his home below to a home in heav'n.

2. A home in heav'n! as the suff'rer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home what a joy is giv'n.
With the blessed thought of a home in heav'n.

3. A home in heav'n! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And our strength decays, and our health is riv'n,
We are happy still with our home in heav'n.

4. A home in heav'n! when the sinner mourns,
And with contrite heart to the Saviour turns;
O then what bliss in that heart forgiv'n,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heav'n!

5. A home in heav'n! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless home of the mould'ring dead;
We wait in hope of the promise giv'n,
We will meet again in our home in heav'n.

278. (0-0-0) L.M. Anon.

Dear Is the Spot Where Christians Sleep
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
O, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

2. Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3. To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4. To Jordan's bank, whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

279. (0-0-0) S.M. Francis Bentley

O Sing to me of heav'n.
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high.

Chorus

There'll be no sorrow there;
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heav'n above where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my dying brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness
Let heav'n begin below.

3. When the last moments come,
O, smooth my dying face,
To catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.

4. Then to my raptured ear.
Let one sweet song be giv'n;

Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heav'n.

280. (0-0-0) 8's,7s Samuel F. Smith

Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of ev'ning
As it floats among the trees.

2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shall know.

3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 't is God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4. Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tears are shed.

281. (0-0-0) 8's 9's T. B. Ausmus

O Beautiful hills of Galilee!
Amid whose scenes the Saviour dwells,
Your flow'rs that bloom so beautifully,
Of heaven's lasting beauties tell.

Refrain

We're travelling home; one by one,
Across death's river our friends are gone,
And we are following, one by one.

2. "Then, O poor soul, if you would be
Thus clothed in robes as pure as they,

Lay all else down, come follow me;
My love shall last through endless day."

3. My soul replies, "'T is not for me,"
With tears fast streaming from mine eyes;
That voice still calls, "Come, follow me,
We're going home beyond the skies.

4. "I come you maladies to heal,
I left my Father's home on high;
His wondrous love I thus reveal
And thus are trembling souls brought nigh.

5. "I go away--I'll come again,
My Holy Spirit hov'ring round,
To show that for you I was slain,
And guard you till the trump shall sound.

282. (0-668-0) 8's,7s Thomas Hastings

Jesus, While Our Hearts Are Bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2. Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give and thou hast taken,
Blessed Lord, "thy will be done."

3. Fill us now with deep contrition,
Take away these hearts of stone,
And make all with true submission,
Meekly say, "Thy will be done."

4. Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles is on the throne;
With the smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

5. By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth and God of heaven,
Evermore, "thy will be done."

283. (715-0-0) P.M. William B. Tappan, ca. 1818

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers giv'n;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast--
'T is found above in heav'n.

2. There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv'n;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals
Where storms arise and oceans rolls,
And all is dark, but heav'n.

3. Where faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects giv'n;
And views the tempest passing by,
And ev'ning shadows quickly fly.
And all serene in heav'n.

4. There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n;
There joys divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heav'n.

284. (714-0-0) S.M. James Montgomery

O Where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;

'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

285. (0-588-288) C.M. John Newton

We seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

2. The swelling flood and raging flame
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

286. (0-0-0) S.M. Horatius Bonar

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

2. Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

3. A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.

4. A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

5. A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

6. A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.

287. (0-0-0) 6's,4's Sarah. F. Adams

Nearer my God to thee
Nearer to thee
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me
Still all my song shall be
Nearer my God, to thee
Nearer to thee

2. Though like a wanderer
The sun gone down
Darkness be over me
My rest a stone
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God to thee
Nearer to thee

3. There let the way appear
Steps unto heav'n
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee
Nearer to thee

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise
So, by my woes to be

Nearer, my God to thee
Nearer to thee

5. Or, if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky
Sun, moon, and stars forgot
Upward I fly
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee
Nearer to thee

288. (0-0-0) 12's,8's,9s Isaac Baltzell

When the storm in its fury on Galilee fell,
And lifted its waters on high,
And the faithless disciples were bound in the spell,
Jesus whispered, "Fear not, it is I."

2. The storm could not bury that word in the wave;
'T was taught through the tempest to fly;
It shall reach his disciples in every age,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

3. When the spirit is broken, with sorrow and care,
And comfort is ready to die,
Then the darkness shall pass, and the sunshine appear,
By the life-giving word, "It is I."

4. When death is at hand, and this cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious Redeemer will light all the way,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

289. (0-0-0) 11s William Hunter

In Seasons of Grief to My God, I'll Repair
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care;
From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry,
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

2. When Satan, my foe, shall come in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did die,
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"

3. And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear;
From the swellings of Jordan to thee will I cry,
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"

290. (0-0-0) 8's,7s Charles Wesley, 1747

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive.
Graciously return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

4. Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;

Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

291. (0-0-685) 12s,11s *Young Christian's Companion,*
1826

How charmingly pleasing the fond recollection.
Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
When blessed with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high.
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
The seats of their offspring, as ranged on each hand,
And the richest of books, which excels every other
The family Bible that lay on the stand:

Chorus:

The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

2. The Bible, that volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and ev'ning would yield delight;
The prayers of our father, a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety by night.
O, hymns of thanksgiving, with harmon'ous sweetness,
As warmed by the hearts of the family band,
Hath raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

3, Ye scenes of enjoyment, long have we been parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander alone on a far-distant shore.
O, why should I doubt a dear Savior's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
O, let me with patience receive His correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

4. Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings
I'll flee to the Bible and trust in the Lord;
Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,
My soul is still cheered by His heavenly word.
And now from things earthly my soul is removing,
I shall soon be in glory with heav'n's bright band,
And in rapture of joy be forever adoring
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

292. (0-589-0) 8's,7s Thomas Kelly 1802

On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive, mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2. Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning, cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliv'rance, great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts, all thy conflicts,
End in everlasting rest.

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

2. Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When He had purged our stains
 He took his seat above;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3. His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven,
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

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

There is a blissful home on high,
 From sin and sorrow free,
 Beyond the gaze of mortal eye,
 In love's unbounded sea.

2. There Christians all shall meet ere long
 And all their voices raise
 Together in a joyful song
 Of never-ending praise.

3. There we shall our Redeemer greet
And see him as he is,
And dwell forever at his feet,
And know that we are his.

4. There we shall need no lamp by night,
For night shall never come;
Our God is the unfailing light
Of that sweet, happy home.

295. (0-0-0) C.M. Isaac VanMeter

Religion! what a vast estate,
On guilty worms bestowed!
Not all the riches of the great,
Are worth this gift of God!

2. How transient is all earthly bliss!
How poor is shining gold!
And mortal crowns, compared with this,
How worthless to behold!

3. In all things else let me be crossed,
Lord, give this pearl to me,
Without it I'm forever lost,
To all eternity.

296. (0-0-0) C.M. Isaac VanMeter

There is a stream whose current flows
As ceaseless as the sun;
Onward, with sorrows, pains, and woes,
Its troubled waters run.

2. Still onward, pressing to its source
The ocean, whence it came;
Nor stayed by circumstance nor force,
Is this resistless stream.

3. On its broad bosom as it glides,

Are heedless mortals borne;
And in the boundless ocean hides,
The friends for whom we mourn.

4. The high, the low, are swept away,
The youth, in all his prime,
The meek, the mournful, and the gay,
By the great *Stream of Time!*

5. Eternity, unfathomed sea!
Where all our hearts are drowned!
As boundless as infinity!
Thither the stream is bound.

6. Soon shall its current land us there,
Soon shall our days be o'er;
And the archangel shall declare,
That *Time shall be no more!*

297. (342-503-103) L.M. Augustus Toplady

At anchor laid, remote from home,
Tolling, I cried, "Sweet Spirit come!"
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2. "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe th'auspicious gale."

298. (545-0-0) 8's,7's Toplady's Collection

Dearest Savior, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve;
Bless, O bless them, Bless O bless them
From thy shining courts above.

2. Now thy gracious word invites them

To partake the gospel feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them
Every soul be Jesus guest!
O receive us, O receive us.
Let us find the promised rest.

299. (465-579-0) C.M. Isaac Watts

How Can I Sink With Such a Prop,
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad?

2. How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead
Pardon and grace my soul receives,
From my exalted Head.

3. All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4. Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

300. (872-0-0) L.M. Joseph Swain

And Am I Blessed With Jesus' Love
And shall I dwell with Him above,
And will the joyful period come
When I shall call the heav'ns my home?

2. Think, O my soul! What must it be
A world of glorious minds to see,
Drink at the fountain-head of peace,
And bathe in everlasting bliss!

3. To hear them all at once proclaim

Eternal glories to the Lamb,
And join with joyful heart and tongue
That new, that never-ending song!

4. And does the happy hour draw near
When Christ will in the clouds appear,
And I without a veil shall see
The Man, the Christ, who bled for me?

5. If in my soul such joys abound
While weeping faith explores His wound,
How glorious will those scars appear
When perfect love forbids a tear!

6. Think, O my soul, if 't is so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet,
What must it be to wear a crown
And sit with Jesus on the throne!

301. (441-0-0) C.M. Anon., before 1818

Long Have I Tried Terrestrial Joys
But here can find no rest
Far from earth's vanity and noise
"To be with Christ is best."

2. 'T is desert here, and thorns and foes
Do all the road infest;
The danger of the journey's short
"To be with Christ is best."

3. When earth can no delights afford,
He spreads a heav'nly feast;
Such dainties crown his royal board
"To be with Christ is best."

4. By this I fly the desert through
And feel my soul refreshed;
What can obstruct me when I know,
"To be with Christ is best?"

5. There an eternity with thee,
I'll think myself well blest;
I see thee here; but O! To be,
"To be with Christ is best!"

302. (615-0-0) 7s. Benedict

Hail! Ye Foll'wers of the Lamb
Ye who love the Savior's name,
Who are cleansed by pard'ning blood,
Go with us, the way is good.

2. Glories bright we have in view,
While we on our way pursue;
March with joy the heav'nly road,
Go with us, the way is good.

3. Doubting souls, dismiss your fears,
Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Christ for you has spilt His blood,
Go with is, the way is good.

4. Burdened souls, oppressed with grief,
Jesus freely grants relief;
He'll remove your heavy load,
Go with us, the way is good.

5. Ye who know your Savior's love,
Now your faithfulness approve;
Follow Him in Jordan's flood,
Go with us, the way is good.

6. Saints, begin the heav'nly song,
Join in concert, every tongue;
Walk with joy the heav'nly road,
Go with is, the way is good.

303. (924-0-0)

P.M.

Alt. By Wilson Thompson

What a Mercy of Mercies Is This!
No tongue can e'er express
Such unspeakable bliss!
Jesus died to redeem His lost race.

2. What will, Oh! What will become of me
My doom I plainly see
If death approaches me,
And the Savior's not found in my heart?

3. But welcome, most welcome death to me!
I claim the victory;
For Christ has set me free,
If the Savior is found in my heart.

4. Farewell to affliction and pain!
I soon with Christ shall reign!
For dying is my gain,
If the Savior is found in my heart.

5. Now we hope, yes, we hope soon to meet,
And our joys be complete,
There to worship at His feet,
And to reign with the Savior above.

304 (292-324-0)

8s,7s

Charles Wesley

Come Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art,
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

2. Born thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;

**Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kindom bring.
By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne**

305. (863-0-0) 12's,11s. C. H. Pare

How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest
Where glorified spirits in raptures will greet me.
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blessed.

**2. Encircled with light and with glory enshrouded.
My happiness perfect, my mind's eye above
I'll bathe in the ocean of mercies unbounded
And range with delight through the Eden of love.**

**3. While angelic legions with harps tuned celestial
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise.
Any saints as they flock from the region terrestrial
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise.**

**4. This song of redemption is echoed in heaven
My soul would respond in Immanuel's love
"All glory, all honor, all might and dominion
To him who brought us to the Eden of love."**

**5. Then hail, blessed state, hail, ye songsters of glory
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above.
To join your full choir in rehearsing the story
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus' love.**

**6. Through prisoned on earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul tastes the sweets from my Love.
Of joys that await me when freed from this station
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of Love.**

306. (0-0-0)

8's,7's

Maria Staub

Gentle Shepherd, gently lead us
Guide us through this earthly maze
When in devious paths we wander
Lead us in thy peaceful ways
When the dark clouds round us gather
Shutting out the light of day
Dearest Saviour, guide our footsteps
Lead us gently in the way.

2. Gentle Shepherd, lead us onward
Thro' a world of toil and strife
Cheer us with thy glorious presence
On the battle-field of life
Should some vision o'er our pathway
Turn our erring feet astray
Blessed Guardian, be thou near us
Lead us gently in thy way

3. Gentle Shepherd, lead us ever
In the way that we should go
Turn, O turn our wand'ring footsteps
From the paths that lead to woe.
And when earthly light is fading
Into light of heav'nly ray
Gentle Shepherd, lead us over
To the land of endless day.

307. (0-0-0)

8's7's

Maria Straub

When the day of life is brightest,
Love the fondest, hope most free,
And the steps of time beat lightest,
O my Father, lead thou me.

Refrain:

O my Father, lead thou me;
O my Father, lead thou me.

2. When the night of life is darkest,
And my soul shall tempted be;
When to sorrow's voice I listen,
O my Father, lead thou me.

3. Be life's pathway smooth or stony,
Let my faith still cling to thee;
Be life's future bright or stormy,
O my Father, lead thou me.

308. (0-0-0) 8's,7's Horatius Bonar or
Joseph Scriven, 1855

What a friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

2. O, what peace we often forfeit!
O, what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

3. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,--
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

4. Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness--
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

309. (0-667-0) 8s Jeremiah Ingall's *Christian
Harmony*, 1805

Tis Hard, When We Are Sick and Poor
And they who loved us love no more;
When riches, health, and friends are gone,
To say, "O Lord, thy will be done."

Yet Lord, I would to thee resign,"
And say, "My Father's will be mine."

2. 'T is hard, when in our soul's distress,
All, all around is wilderness;
When herbs and quenching streams there's none,
To say, "My Father's will be done."
Yet, Lord, I would to thee resign,
And say, "My Father's will be mine."

3. And yet, how light our sorrows be
To His in dark Gethsemane,
Who drank the cup, with stifled groan,
And said, "My Father's will be done."
Dear Lord, my I to thee resign,
And say, "My Father's will be mine."

310. (0-616-277) L.M. Anne Steele

Jesus, What Shall I Do To Show
How much I love thy charming name?
Let my whole heart with rapture glow,
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.

2. Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee
Can give such sweet, such vast delight,
What must the joy, the triumph be,
To dwell forever in thy sight?

311. (0-601-0) 8's,7's. John Newton

Dearest Savior! We Adore Thee
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee
Give us all the eye of faith.

2. From the law's condemning sentence,
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canst give repentance;
Thou alone our wounds can'st heal.

312. (0-353-75) S.M. Primitive

In Sharon's lovely Rose
Immortal beauties shine;
Its sweet refreshing fragrance shows
Its origin divine.

2. How blooming and how fair!
O may my happy breast
This lovely Rose forever wear,
And be supremely blest.

313. (0-1156-153) L.M. John Hart

Pity A Helpless Sinner, Lord
Who would believe the gracious word,
But own my heart with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.

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

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

4. For sinners, Lord, thou camest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe thy grace is free;
O magnify that grace in me.

314. (0-1289-0) C.M. Primitive

There is a place of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorr'wing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2. 'T is then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3. There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more,
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4. There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

315. (0-0-0) 11s American Folk Hymn, first
published in Jeremiah Ingall's
Christian Harmony in 1805

I Love thee my Saviour, I love thee my Lord
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word;
With tender emotion I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

2. Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me, and bid me not fear.

3. My Jesus is precious--I can not forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare;
His love overwhelms me, had I wings I'd fly,
To praise him in mansions prepared in the sky.

316. (0-1133-0) L.M. Samuel Stennett

Behold the Grace Where Jesus Lay,
Before He shed His precious blood:
How plain He marked the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood!

317. (0-1135-0) L.M. Benjamin Beddome

We To This Place Are Come to Show,
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Savior's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path He trod before.

318. (0-1136-0) L.M. Benjamin Beddome

Eternal Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

319. (0-1140-0) L.M.

Amazing Grace! And Shall I Still
Prove disobedient to thy will?
Ah! No; dear Lord, the wat'ry tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come.

320. (0-1141-0) L.M.

Apostles Trod This Holy Ground
This is the road believers go;
My Jesus in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.

321. (0-0-0) 7s D. H. Goble

Dear Redeemer, Keep Me Free
Precious Jesus, Jesus, free in thee,
From all evil every hour,
By thy Spirit's, Spirit's healing power.

Chorus:

Savior, hear, draw me near,
Keep me in thy tender care,
Safe from every chilling blast,
Then I'll rest in, rest in thee at last.

**2. O, the comfort and the joy,
Of thy presence, presence, nor alloy!
Then to thee how sweet to sing!
Dearly blessed, blessed Lord and King.**

**3. Yea, with contrite heart each day
Sing thy praise in, praise in richest lay;
And when life on earth is done,
May I dwell with, dwell with thee at home,**

**4. There to join th'angelic throng,
And the blood-washed, blood-washed saints in song,
And in richest diadem,
Singing, "Glory, glory, and Amen;**

**5. "Glory to the great I AM,
Highest honor, honor to the Lamb;
Halleluia and amen,
Praises, glory, glory, yea, amen."**

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