

**PSALMS AND HYMNS**

**AND**

**SPIRITUAL SONGS.**

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**IN TWO PARTS.**

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**PART II.**

**CHIEFLY FOR PRIVATE MEDITATION.**

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## A FEW SCRIPTURE PASSAGES

OF

### INVITATION, EXHORTATION, ENCOURAGEMENT AND WARNING.

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Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money, and without price (Is. lv. 1).

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest (Matt. xi. 28).

Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out (John vi. 37).

Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you (John vi. 27).

Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able. When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, &c. (Luke xiii. 24).

How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation (Heb. ii. 2).

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him (1 John ii. 15).

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life (John vi. 47).

In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begot-

ten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins (1 John iv. 9, 10).

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever (Ps. cxxv. 1).

The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory (Ps. lxxxiv. 11).

If God be for us, who can be against us (Romans viii. 31).

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (2 Cor. v. 1).

Beloved, now are we the Sons of God: and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is (1 John iii. 2).

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. But exhort one another daily, while it is called to day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin (Heb. iii. 12, 13).

Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it (Heb. iv. 1).

Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall (1 Cor. x. 12).

# PSALMS, HYMNS, &c.

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## PART II.

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**I**

P.M.

“Behold we have forsaken all, and followed thee.”  
Mat. xix. 27.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
All things else for thee forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
Yet, how rich is my condition!  
God and heav'n are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;  
It has left my Saviour too:  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,—  
Thou art not, like them, untrue.  
And whilst thou dost smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love and might!  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,  
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;  
Come, disaster, scorn and pain:  
In thy service, pain is pleasure;  
With thy favour, loss is gain.

I have called thee, Abba, Father ;  
I have set my heart on thee ;  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast,  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me ;  
Oh 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full Salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,  
Joy to find in ev'ry station,  
Something still to do or bear ;  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,  
Think what Father's love is thine,  
Think that Jesus died to win thee,  
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine ?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r ;  
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there :  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Hope shall change to full fruition,  
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise !

- 1 **QUIET**, Lord, my froward heart,  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art,  
 Make me as a weaned child;  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,  
 Let me as a child receive;  
 What to-morrow may betide,  
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave.  
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care,  
 Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies  
 On a care beyond his own;  
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
 Fears to stir a step alone;  
 Let me thus with thee abide,  
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,  
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
 May I live upon thy smiles,  
 Till the promis'd hour appears,  
 When the sons of God shall prove  
 All their Father's boundless love.

## 3

G.M.

- 1 **BEHOLD**, the mountain of the Lord  
 In latter days shall rise:  
 On mountain tops above the hills,  
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.

- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
 All tribes, and tongues shall flow—  
 "Up to the hill of God," they'll say,  
 "And to his house we'll go."
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill  
 Shall lighten every land:  
 The King who reigns in Salem's tower  
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 But blessings, far surpassing all  
 The joys of earth below,  
 His chosen Bride redeem'd from earth,  
 His risen Church, shall know.
- 5 This is her bright and blessed hope,  
 To dwell with Christ above,  
 To share his throne, and fully know  
 The secrets of his love.
- 6 One with himself, 'tis hers alone  
 To reign in glory there;  
 And, to the sons of men below,  
 His blessed name declare.

#### 4

C.M.

- 1 SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to thee,  
 At Sychar's lonely well,  
 When a poor outcast heard thee there  
 Thy great salvation tell.
- 2 Thither she came; but O, her heart,  
 All fill'd with earthly care,  
 Dream'd not of thee, nor thought to find  
 The Hope of Israel there.

- 3 Lord! 'twas thy power unseen that drew  
 The stray one to that place,  
 In solitude to learn from thee  
 The secrets of thy grace.
- 4 There Jacob's erring daughter found  
 Those streams unknown before,  
 The waterbrooks of life that make  
 The weary thirst no more.
- 5 And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,  
 Thy gracious lips have told  
 That mystery of love, reveal'd  
 At Jacob's well of old.
- 6 In spirit, Lord, we've sat with thee,  
 Beside the springing well  
 Of life and peace—and heard thee there  
 Its healing virtues tell.
- 7 Dead to the world, we dream no more  
 Of earthly pleasures now;  
 Our deep, divine, unfailing spring  
 Of grace and glory, thou!
- 8 No hope of rest in aught beside,  
 No beauty, Lord, we see,  
 And like Samaria's daughter, seek,  
 And find our all in thee.

5

C.M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH Israel's land, the Lord of all  
 A homeless wanderer past,  
 Then clos'd his life of sorrow here,  
 On Calvary, at last...

- 2 O Zion! when thy Saviour came  
In grace and love to thee,  
No beauty, in thy royal Lord,  
Thy faithless eye could see.
- 3 Yet onward, in his path of grace,  
The holy sufferer went,  
To feel, at last, that love on thee  
Had all in vain been spent.
- 4 Yet not in vain—o'er Israel's land  
The glory yet will shine;  
And he, thy once rejected King,  
Messiah, shall be thine.
- 5 His chosen Bride, ordain'd with him  
To reign o'er all the earth,  
Shall first be fram'd, ere thou shalt know  
Thy Saviour's matchless worth.
- 6 Then thou, beneath the peaceful reign  
Of Jesus and his Bride,  
Shalt sound his grace and glory forth,  
To all the earth beside.
- 7 The nations to thy glorious light,  
O Zion, yet shall throng,  
And all the list'ning islands wait  
To catch the joyful song.
- 8 The name of Jesus yet shall ring  
Through earth and heaven above;  
And all his ransom'd people know  
The sabbath of his love.

- 1 **J**ESUS thy name I love,  
Jesus my Lord!  
Jesus, all names above,  
Jesus my Lord!  
Oh, thou art all to me,  
Nothing to please I see,  
Nothing apart from thee,  
Jesus my Lord!
- 2 Thou it was, Son of God,  
Jesus my Lord!  
Ransom'd me with thy blood,  
Jesus my Lord!  
Oh how great is thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love I so dearly prove,  
Jesus my Lord!
- 3 When unto thee I flee,  
Jesus my Lord!  
Thou wilt a refuge be,  
Jesus my Lord!  
What need I now to fear,  
What earthly grief or care,  
Since thou art ever near,  
Jesus my Lord!
- 4 Soon thou wilt come again,  
Jesus my Lord!  
I shall be happy then,  
Jesus my Lord!

Then thine own face I'll see,  
Then I shall like thee be,  
Then evermore with thee,  
Jesus my Lord!

7

C.M.

- 1 **I** SLES of the deep, rejoice, rejoice!  
Ye ransom'd nations, sing  
The praises of your Lord and God,  
The triumphs of your King.
- 2 He comes—and at his mighty word,  
The clouds are fleeting fast,  
And o'er the land of promise, see,  
The glory breaks at last.
- 3 There he, upon his ancient throne,  
His pow'r and grace displays,  
While Salem, with its echoing hills,  
Sends forth the voice of praise.
- 4 Streams of divine, unfailing joy,  
Whose sweetness none can know  
But the redeem'd, the blood-bought soul,  
Through all creation flow.
- 5 Oh let his praises fill the earth,  
While all the blest above,  
In strains of loftier triumph still,  
Speak only of his love.
- 6 Sing, ye redeem'd! Before the throne  
Ye white-rob'd myriads fall!  
Sing—for the Lord of Glory reigns,  
The Christ—the heir of all!

- 1 **H**ARK to the trump ! behold it breaks  
The sleep of ages now :  
And lo ! the light of glory shines  
On many an aching brow.
- 2 Chang'd in a moment—rais'd to life,  
The quick, the dead arise,  
Responsive to the angel's voice  
That calls us to the skies.
- 3 Ascending through the crowded air,  
On eagle wings we soar,  
To dwell in the full joy of love,  
And sorrow there no more.
- 4 O Lord, the bright and blessed hope  
That cheer'd us through the past,  
Of full eternal rest in thee,  
Is all fulfill'd at last.
- 5 The cry of sorrow here is hush'd,  
The voice of prayer is o'er ;  
'Tis needless now—for, Lord, we crave  
Thy gracious help no more.
- 6 Praise, endless praise alone becomes  
This bright and happy place,  
Where ev'ry eye beholds unveil'd  
The mysteries of thy grace.
- 7 Past conflict here, O Lord, 'tis ours,  
Through everlasting days,  
To sing our song of vict'ry now,  
And only live for praise.

- 1 SWEETER, O Lord, than rest to thee,  
While seated by the well,  
Was thine own task of love, to all  
Of grace and peace to tell
- 2 One thoughtless heart that never knew  
The pulse of life before,  
There learn'd to love—was taught to sigh  
For earthly joys no more.
- 3 Friend of the lost, O Lord, in thee  
Samaria's daughter there  
Found One whom love had drawn to earth,  
Her weight of guilt to bear.
- 4 Fair witness of thy saving grace,  
In her, O Lord, we see  
The wandering soul by love subdued,  
The sinner drawn to thee.
- 5 Through all that sweet and blessed scene,  
Dear Saviour, by the well,  
More than enough the trembler finds  
His guilty fears to quell.
- 6 There, in the blest repose of faith,  
The soul delights to see,  
Not only one who fully loves,  
But *love itself* in thee.
- 7 Not one alone who feels for all,  
But knows the wondrous art  
Of meeting all the sympathies  
Of every loving heart.

- 1 **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil ;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
And made his glories known :  
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace,  
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
A sense of pard'ning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,  
To know that God is mine,  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
Unspeakable! divine!
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,  
And sanctify the mind ;  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.
- 6 Let us, then, glory in our lot ;  
And since we are the Lord's,  
Resign to them that know him not  
Such joys as earth affords.

Isaiah xxvi. 3.

- 1 **T**HOU very present aid,  
 In suff'ring and distress,  
 The soul, which still on thee is stay'd,  
 Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 Calmly the heart reclin'd  
 By faith on Jesu's breast—  
 In deepest woes exults to find  
 An everlasting rest.
- 3 Jesus, to whom I fly,  
 Does all my wishes fill:  
 What though the creature-streams are dry!  
 I have a Fountain still.
- 4 Stripp'd of my earthly friends,  
 I find them all in One!  
 And peace, and joy that never ends,  
 And heav'n—in Christ alone!

Job i. 21.

C.M.

- 1 **S**UBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,  
 I all to thee resign:  
 Bowing beneath thy chast'ning rod  
 I mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,  
 When wisdom, truth, and love  
 Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,  
 And point to joys above?

3 How short are all my sufferings here!  
How needful ev'ry cross!  
Away my unbelieving fear,  
Nor call my gain my loss!

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,  
I'll bless thy sacred name:  
My Saviour, yesterday, to-day,  
For ever, is the same.

13

In suffering.

7s.

*Lady Campbell*

1 **L**ORD, in all my bitter pain,  
Be my firm and constant stay:  
Still my sinking strength sustain,  
Drive impatient thoughts away.

*Left*

*Thos.*  
2 Thou my anxious mind compose,  
From temptations keep me free;  
Help me, now, to feel, how close  
Is my union, Lord, with thee.

3 One with thee, and thou dost feel  
All my anguish, all my grief,  
In thine own good time wilt heal,  
Or, at least, wilt give relief.

4 While beneath thy chastening rod,  
More of thy full peace be given;  
Make my spirit's home, my God,  
With my Saviour, Christ, in heaven.

- 5 Then, tho' this poor frame may bear  
 Much of anguish, racking pains,  
 Thou my burden still wilt bear,  
 And thy love to me remains
- 6 Now, thy present joy is mine !  
 Mine, thy future joys will be !  
 While such glories round me shine  
 I can think of nought but thee !

## 14

In suffering.

P.M.

*Lady Campbell*

- 1 Gladly I would in suffering now remain,  
 Since Jesus sends such comforts from  
 above;  
 And whilst I feel that all my care and pain  
*to the* Do but fulfil the purpose of his love.
- 2 'Tis true that trials still my flesh distress,  
 But since they lead me more of Christ to  
 know,  
 Should I not rather learn the hand to bless,  
 That severs me from all delights below ?
- 3 I would not, O my blessed Lord, then grieve  
 Over a single chastening of thy rod ;  
 But, as a simple loving child, receive  
 The fatherly corrections of my God.
- 4 And, coming, Jesus, to thy throne of grace,  
 There would I leave my every sin and care ;  
 There seek the glories of thy blessed face,  
 And find my perfect strength and blessing  
 there.

15 *Lady Campbell* C.M.

- 1 **B**E merciful to me my God,  
Be merciful to me,  
For though I sink beneath thy rod,  
Yet do I trust in thee.
- 2 Thou art my refuge, and I know  
My burden thou dost bear,  
And I would seek where'er I go,  
To cast on thee each care.
- 3 Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how frail,  
Strong tho' my spirit be;  
Oh, then assist, when foes assail,  
The soul that clings to thee.
- 4 And, gracious Lord, whate'er befall,  
A thankful heart be mine—  
A heart that answers to thy call,  
One that is wholly thine.
- 5 Rejoicing in the thought that thou  
Wilt soon return again;  
That those who love thy coming now,  
Will shine in glory then.

16 *Lady Campbell* 8.7.

- 1 **E**ARTHLY woe gains mast'ry o'er me,  
This poor heart finds no relief;  
A dreary waste now lies before me,  
What can calm my bitter grief?

2 Weeping sufferer! Jesus hears thee,  
Still he feels for all thy woe;  
Ever is his presence near thee,  
Jesus doth thy sorrow know!

**17** In dejection and suffering. 8.8.6.

*Lady Campbell.*

X1 **J**ESUS, I love thee! Thou dost know  
How true my love, how deep my woe;  
Almost too deep to bear!  
But thou wilt guide me by thy hand,  
Strong in thy strength I yet may stand,  
Still resting in thy care.

2 Thou wilt not leave the weakest one,  
Though every outward hope were gone,  
I know that thou art nigh;  
Man knows not what my sufferings are,  
He cannot know; he would not care;  
But thou art sympathy.

3 Thou wilt not let my footsteps fail,  
Nor let me bring, while in this vale,  
Dishonour to thy name;  
Tho' nought is mine but sin and woe,  
Yet in thy righteousness I go,  
And in thy name prevail.

*theis/* 4 And when the bitter cup is past,  
And when I sink in death at last,  
It is to be with thee:  
To come with thee in clouds of heaven,  
Ransom'd, pure, holy, thine, forgiven,  
Ever to reign with thee.

"He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." Ps. ciii. 14.

- 1 **L**ORD, dearest Lord! to thee I call,  
Thy sympathy I freely claim;  
Thou know'st my fears, my griefs, my all,  
For thou thyself hast felt the same.
- 2 As man, a man of sorrows, thou  
Hast suffer'd every human woe,  
And, thus enthron'd in glory now,  
Canst pity all thy saints below.
- 3 Earth, Heav'n, O Christ, in thee combine,  
Thee, Virgin-born—Jehovah's Son:  
And thus I dare to call thee mine,  
My brother and my God in one.
- 4 Sweet thought, my Saviour! but for this  
I could not tell my grief to thee;  
Nor hope that thou, 'mid all thy bliss,  
Thy glory, Lord! couldst feel for me.
- 5 But oh! my name is like a seal,  
A jewel on thy tender heart;  
That heart that feels for all I feel,  
In every sorrow bears a part.
- 6 Come, then, with some reviving word  
Of tender love, my soul relieve;  
And on thy bosom, gracious Lord!  
Oh! let me freely, sweetly grieve.

- 7 Thou, blessed Jesus ! let me think  
 Of all thy rich, redeeming love ;  
 And long, with all my soul, to drink  
 The fulness of that bliss above.
- 8 Redeemed to God, redeemed by thee,  
 I sigh, I languish there to rest,  
 Supremely happy, safe, and free,  
 For ever, on thy tender breast :
- 9 To see thee, love thee, feel thee near ;  
 Nor dread, as now thy transient stay ;  
 To dwell beyond the reach of fear  
 Lest joy should wane or pass away
- 10 Oh ! what divine repose were this !  
 Can mortal heart, O God ! desire  
 More heav'nly peace ? What more of bliss  
 Can angel or can saint require ?

**19** *Lady Campbell* 78.

- 1 **J**ESUS, take this faithless heart,  
 Give it Lord, thy peace and joy ;  
 Richer, fuller grace impart,  
 All its worthless dross destroy :  
 Purge it, Saviour, till it bear  
 Fruit more worthy of thy care.
- 2 Lord, I know my heart is cold,  
 Faint my faith and weak my love ;  
 Still in thy redemption bold,  
 I can look for help above ;  
 Help that comes from thee alone,  
 Seated on the Father's throne.

- 3 Oh, for strength ! my gracious Lord,  
 To devote myself to thee !  
 Thou, who hast my soul restor'd,  
 Let me thy *disciple* be ;  
 Learn of thee with single eye,  
 God in all to glorify.

**20**

Expecting death.

6s.

- 1 **R**EST for the wearied soul,  
 Endless, eternal rest ;  
 Now have I reached the goal,  
 Now am I fully blest.

*Lady Campbell.*

- 2 Jesus, my glorious king,  
 Once trod the path before ;  
 Now borne on faith's strong wing,  
 Upward to him I soar.

- 3 Christ hath my home prepar'd,  
 Now do I long to go ;  
 Mine is a rich reward,  
 Keep me not here below.

- 4 Mine is a happy lot,  
 Free from all care and sin ;  
 Ah, my friends stay me not,  
 Now my true joys begin.

*oh/*

**21**

In trial.

L.M.

*Lady Campbell*

- 1 **M**Y heart is sad, my spirit's weak,  
 My soul is brought so very low,  
 That when I would of mercy speak,  
 My lips can tell of nought but woe.

2 Oh take this weak and fleshly heart;  
And fill it, Lord, with love divine;  
Thy peace, thy rest, thy joy impart,  
And make it wholly, truly thine.

3 Bid all this earthly grief away,  
And fill my spirit full of thee;  
Help me to look to that blest day,  
When sin shall leave my body free.

*22 Lady Campbell P.M.*

**A** CHILD of God!! and can this earth's  
vain pleasures

Be aught to one for whom the Saviour  
died?

Rise! rise above them all! its worthless  
treasures,

Its soul destroying joys, its pomp and  
pride.

Be his in all! thy soul and eye be single,

Fix'd on the glory that surrounds the  
throne;

Seek not Christ's service with the world's to  
mingle,

Remember God hath seal'd thee for his  
own.

*23 Lady Campbell P.M.*

+ 1 **W**HEN dark the clouds that round me  
roll,

And all things seem to blight my soul;

From my own vileness turn my eye,

And let me feel that thou art nigh.

- 2 O Jesus! in my dreariest hour,  
 Could I but realise thy pow'r,  
 Thy blessed pow'r my wounds to heal,  
 What comfort would thy weak one feel!
- 3 Fix my cold heart upon thy love,  
 Draw all my thoughts, my hopes above;  
 Let me not look to aught but thee,  
 Then shall my sin forgotten be.
- 4 *My sin!*—hast thou not borne it all?  
 Why should I be its sorrowing thrall?  
 Oh, let me gaze upon thy face,  
 And from that fountain draw fresh grace.
- 5 Gazing on thee, my soul shall learn  
 Each glorious feature to discern,  
 Till, like thyself, in grace I grow,  
 From glory on to glory go.

## 24

For a wanderer.

11s.

- 1 **P**OOOR wanderer! return to the home of  
 thy bliss,  
 No arm is like Jesu's, no fold is like his;  
 Tho' thy heart is now stricken, and mourn-  
 ing thy soul,  
 Our Jesus has pow'r and has will to make  
 whole.  
 Then, oh let not Satan still lead thee astray,  
 Return to thy Lord, to the one living way.
- 2 Long, long hast thou wander'd, but hast not  
 found rest;  
 Fear not to return! Be thine errors confess;

Christ is longing to welcome the poor, tempt-  
pest tost;  
To him nought so sweet as to succour the  
lost:  
His heart yearns to shew thee the fulness of  
love,  
To teach thee thy portion and draw thee  
above.

- 3 Then wilt thou not trust him? For thee did  
he die,  
To win thee to heaven he came from on  
high;  
He bore all thy sins, all thy sorrows, and  
thou,  
Why seek'st thou to bear them, to groan  
with them now?  
Oh leave them to Jesus! But trust in his  
word  
And humbly, yet joyfully, follow thy Lord.

## 25

C.M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, ye fleeting joys of earth,  
We've seen the Saviour's face,  
Beheld him with the eye of faith,  
And know his love and grace.
- 2 Forth from his Father's loving breast,  
To bear our sin and shame,  
To face a cold unfeeling world,  
The heavenly Stranger came!

- 3: This earth to him, the Lord of all,  
 No kindly welcome gave ;  
 In Judah's land, the Saviour found  
 No shelter but the grave.
- 4 Then fare thee well, thou faithless world !  
 Thine evil eye could see  
 No grace in him whose dying love  
 Hath weaned our hearts from thee.
- 5 The cross was his ; and O 'tis ours  
 Its weight on earth to bear,  
 And glory in the thought that he  
 Was once a sufferer there.

## 26

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop  
 As the eternal God,  
 Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
 And spreads the heavens abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,  
 Who rose and left the dead ?  
 Pardon and life my soul receives,  
 From mine exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,  
 Shall be for ever thine ;  
 Whate'er my duty bids me give,  
 My cheerful bands resign.
- 4 Yea, if I might make some reserve,  
 And duty did not call,  
 I love my Lord with such a love,  
 That I would give him all.

- 1 **L**O 'tis the heavenly army,  
 The Lord of hosts attending;  
 'Tis He—the Lamb,  
 The great I AM,  
 With all his saints descending.  
 To you, ye kings and nations,  
 Ye foes of Christ assembling,  
 The hosts of light,  
 Prepar'd for fight  
 Come with the cup of trembling.

## ISRAEL.

Joy to his ancient people !  
 Your bonds he comes to sever—  
 And now, 'tis done !  
 The Lord hath won,  
 And ye are free for ever—

## THE GENTILES.

Joy to the ransom'd nations !  
 The foe, the rav'ning lion,  
 Is bound in chains  
 While Jesus reigns,  
 King of the earth in Zion.

## THE CHURCH.

- 3 Joy to the church triumphant  
 The Saviour's throne surrounding,  
 They see his face,  
 Adore his grace  
 O'er all their sin abounding—

Crown'd with the mighty victor,  
His royal glory sharing,  
Each fills a throne,  
His name alone  
To heav'n and earth declaring.

- 4 Praise to the Lamb for ever!  
Bruis'd for our sins and gory,  
Behold his brow,  
Encircled now  
With all his crowns of glory—  
Beneath his love reposing  
The whole redeemed creation  
Is now at rest,  
For ever blest,  
And sings his great salvation.

## 28

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD! let my heart still turn to thee,  
In all my hours of waking thought;  
Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,  
Or think, or feel, where thou art not!
- 2 In every hour of pain or woe,  
When nought on earth this heart can cheer,  
When sighs will burst, and tears will flow,  
Lord, hush the sigh, and chase the tear.
- 3 In every dream of earthly bliss,  
Do thou, dear Saviour, present be!  
Nor let me dream of happiness  
On earth, without the thought of thee!

- 4 To my last lingering thought at night,  
Do thou, Lord Jesus, still be near,  
And ere the dawn of opening light,  
In still small accents wake mine ear !
- 5 Whene'er I read thy sacred word,  
Bright on the page in glory shine !  
And let me say, "*This precious Lord*  
*In all his full salvation's mine.*"
- 6 And when before the throne I kneel,  
Hear from that throne of grace my prayer;  
And let each hope of heaven I feel  
Burn with the thought to meet thee there.
- 7 Thus teach me, Lord, to look to thee,  
In ev'ry hour of waking thought,  
Nor let me ever wish to be,  
Or think or feel where thou art not ! Amen.

## 29

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our 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 in his righteousness to stand,  
 Which saves from second death;  
 Sweet to experience, day by day,  
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath;
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
 Whose love can never end!  
 Sweet on his covenant of grace  
 For all things to depend;
- 7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
 To trust his firm decrees;  
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
 And know no will but his.

### 30

L.M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life to thee I call,  
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;  
 When the great water-floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
 Where but with thee, whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,  
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?

- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;  
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God,  
 Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;  
 I have an Advocate with thee;  
 Those whom the world caresses most  
 Have no such privilege to boast,
- 6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
 And he is safe and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

### 31

C.M.

- 1 **G**OD 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.

## 32

C.M.

- 1 **A** PILGRIM through this lonely world,  
The blessed Saviour pass'd ;  
A mourner all his life was he,  
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,  
For all its life-blood gave ;  
It found on earth no resting-place,  
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear  
The cross with all its scorn,  
Or love a faithless evil world,  
That wreath'd his brow with thorn ?
- 4 No—facing all its frowns or smiles,  
Like him, obedient still,  
We homeward press through storm or calm,  
To Zion's blessed hill.
- 5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,  
Nor turn aside to roam  
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest  
Where *Jesus* had no home.

6 Dead to the world with him who died  
To win our hearts—our love,  
We, risen with our risen Head,  
In spirit dwell above.

7 By faith his boundless glory there  
Our wond'ring eyes behold,  
Those glories which eternal years  
Shall never all unfold.

8 This fills our heart with deep desire  
To lose ourselves in love,  
Bears all our hopes from earth away,  
And fixes them above.

### 33

God a refuge.

C. M.

1 **D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.

3 But, ah! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine:  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.

- 4 Yet gracious God, where could I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,  
There let my soul retreat;  
With humble hope attend thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

### 34

C.M.

- 1 O EARTH, rejoice! from Salem, see,  
The chosen heralds bear  
Glad tidings to the distant isles,  
That Salem's king is there.
- 2 Lo, Jacob's star, in vision seen  
By Balaam's wondering eye!  
It bursts upon the nations now,  
The day-spring from on high.
- 3 A crown, but not a crown of thorn,  
Surrounds the victor's brow;  
That hand that once was pierced for sin,  
It wields the sceptre now.
- 4 But brighter honours far than those  
Of David's royal Son,  
As Head of his anointed Bride,  
The Lord of Life hath won.
- 5 Though grace may shine in all his ways  
With Israel's chosen race;  
'Tis in his church alone, we see  
The full display of grace.

- 6 'Twas grace divine that made him love,  
And choose her for his own;  
Grace raised her from her low estate,  
And placed her on the throne.

### 35

L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glittering 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 every host, from every gem;  
But one alone, the Saviour, 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 yawn'd—and rudely blow'd  
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceas'd 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 danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever, and for evermore,  
The Star,—the Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 **WHEN** sins and fears prevailing rise,  
 And fainting hope almost expires,  
 Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,  
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?  
 And can my hope, my comfort, die ;  
 Fix'd on thine everlasting word,  
 That word that built the earth and sky.
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,  
 Then my immortal life is sure ;  
 His word a firm foundation gives,  
 Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,  
 Immoveable the promise stands,  
 Not all the pow'rs of earth or hell,  
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose !  
 If Jesus only now be thine,  
 Not death itself, the last of foes,  
 Can break a union so divine.

- 1 **WHEN** darkness long has veil'd the mind, <sup>†</sup>  
 And smiling day once more appears,  
 Then Jesus, then it is we find  
 The folly of our doubts and fears.

- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart,  
 And blush that I should ever be,  
 So prone to act so base a part,  
 And harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 Oh let me then at length be taught,  
 What still I am so slow to learn,  
 That God is love, and changes not,  
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth! and easy to repeat!  
 But when my faith is sharply tried,  
 I find myself a learner yet,  
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee  
 Subdues my disobedient will,  
 Drives doubt and discontent away,  
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as willing to forgive  
 As I am ready to repine;  
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,  
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

### 38

P.M.

<sup>A</sup>  
 1 **M**Y rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;  
 Then why should I tremble when trials  
 are near?  
 Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can  
 come  
 But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee  
 home.

- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
 And building my hopes in a region like this:  
 I look for a city which hands have not piled—  
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may  
 grow—  
 I would not lie down e'en on roses below;  
 I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,  
 Till I find them for ever on Jesu's lov'd breast
- 4 Let trial and danger, my progress oppose,  
 They only make heaven more sweet at the  
 close ;  
 Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may  
 befall,  
 A home with my God will make up for it all.
- 5 With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my  
 hand,  
 I march on, in haste, through an enemy's  
 land ;  
 The road may be rough, but it cannot be  
 long,  
 And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it  
 with song.

**39**

1 John, ii. 1.

P. M.

1 **O** THOU, the contrite sinner's friend;  
 Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,  
 On this alone my hopes depend,  
 That thou wilt plead for me.

- 2 When weary in my toilsome race,  
Far off appears my resting place,  
And fainting, I mistrust thy grace,  
Saviour, then plead for me!
- 3 If I have sinn'd and gone astray,  
Deaf to thy voice, and lost my way,  
Nor can discern thy guiding ray,  
Saviour, still plead for me!
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,  
Still with thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, oh plead for me!

## 40

C.M.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,  
Unaw'd by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.

- 5 Alas, I knew not what I did,  
 But now my tears are vain ;  
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid,  
 For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,  
 I freely all forgive ;  
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
 I die that thou may'st live.
- 7 Thus while his death my sin displays  
 In all its blackest hue,  
 Such is the mystery of grace  
 It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy  
 My spirit now is fill'd,  
 That I should such a life destroy,  
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

## 41

L.M.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say, †  
 Strength shall be equal to thy day ;  
 I can rejoice in deep distress,  
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I'll glory in infirmity,  
 That thine own pow'r may rest on me ;  
 When I am weak, then am I strong,  
 Thou art my shield, my strength, my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear  
 All suff'rings, if but thou art near ;  
 Sweet pleasures mingle with my pains,  
 While thine own arm my soul sustains.

- 1 **B**E steady, be steady, O my soul!  
 For the sea is come and the billows roll;  
 With the help of God, and none beside,  
 We safely shall pass the roaring tide.
- 2 Jehovah Jesus, be our stay  
 Over the dark and troublous way;  
 Embark'd with him, we feel no fear,  
 Though the storm, the trial of strength be  
 near.
- 3 Forget him not! O my soul, remove  
 All thoughts that breathe not of Jesu's love,  
 His wondrous love, who freely gave  
 His innocent life, thy life to save.
- 4 O let the sweet remembrance be  
 Laid up in thine inmost treasury;  
 There it shall brighten more and more,  
 The most precious pearl in that secret store.

- 1 **P**OOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,  
 I have a rich Almighty friend;  
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,  
 He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,  
 And by his pow'r my foes controll'd;  
 He found me wand'ring far from God.  
 And brought me to his chosen fold.

- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,  
 And says that I shall shortly be  
 Enthron'd with him above the skies:  
 Oh! what a friend is Christ to me!
- 4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,  
 And well my eyes with tears may swim,  
 To think of my perverse returns:  
 I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,  
 Neglect, distrust, and disobey;  
 And often Satan's lies believe,  
 Sooner than all my friend can say.
- 6 He bids me always freely come,  
 And promises whate'er I ask;  
 But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,  
 And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world that hates his cause,  
 My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with  
 shame;  
 Loath to forego the world's applause,  
 I hardly dare avow his name.
- 8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,  
 I could not thus my friend requite!  
 And were not he the God of grace,  
 He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

## 44

L.M.

- 1 **A**H! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,  
 That can from Jesus still depart;  
 And, fond of trifles, vainly rove,  
 Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

- ✕ 2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,  
 And chide each vanity away ;  
 In vain, alas ! resolve to bind  
 The rebel heart, the wand'ring mind.
- 3 Through all resolves it quickly flies,  
 And mocks such weak and tender ties ;  
 There's nought beneath a pow'r divine,  
 That can my rebel heart confine.
- 4 Jesus, to thee I would return,  
 At thy dear feet repentant mourn ;  
 Anew I'd see thy pard'ning love,  
 And never from its sway remove.
- 5 Oh ! let thy grace, with sweet control,  
 Bind all the feelings of my soul ;  
 Bid all its vanities depart,  
 And ever away my wayward heart.

## 45

6.6.8.

- ✕ 1 **B**Y whom was David taught  
 To aim the deadly blow,  
 When he Goliath fought,  
 And laid the Gittite low :  
 No sword nor spear the stripling took,  
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and king,  
 Who sent him to the fight,  
 Who gave him strength to sling,  
 And skill to aim aright :  
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,  
 Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who order'd Gideon forth,  
To storm th' invader's camp,  
With arms of little worth,  
A pitcher and a lamp?  
The trumpets made his coming known,  
And all the host was overthrown.

4 Oh! I have seen the day,  
When with a single word,  
God helping me to say,  
"My trust is in the Lord,"  
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,  
Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,  
Self-righteousness, and pride,  
How often do they steal  
My weapon from my side;  
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,  
Will help his servant to the end.

**46** The Christian Pilgrim. L.M.

1 **A**S when the weary trav'ler gains  
The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
His heart revives, if cross the plains  
He eyes his home, though distant still.

2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,  
He slights the space that lies between;  
His past fatigues are now forgot,  
Because his journey's end is seen.

- 3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,  
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
 The sight his fainting strength renews,  
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,  
 No more he grieves for troubles past ;  
 Nor any future trial fears,  
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
 With Jesus in the realms of day ;  
 Then shall I bid my cares farewell,  
 And he shall wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,  
 To lead us on to thine abode:  
 Assur'd our home will make amends  
 For all our toil while on the road.

## 47

P.M.

- 1 **R**ISE my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace ;  
 Rise from transitory things,  
 Towards heav'n thy native place.
- 2 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this earth remove,  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,  
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn !  
 Press onward to the prize,  
 Soon your Saviour will return  
 Triumphant in the skies.

4 Yet a season, and we know,  
Happy entrance will be giv'n ;  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

48

C.M.

1 BRIDE of the Lamb, awake ! awake !  
Why sleep for sorrow now ?  
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,  
A child of glory thou.

2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,  
From earthly joy apart,  
Hath sigh'd for one that's far away,  
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

3 But see, the night is waning fast,  
The breaking morn is near ;  
And Jesus comes with voice of love,  
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes—for O, his yearning heart  
No more can bear delay—  
To scenes of full unmingled joy  
To call his Bride away.

5 This earth, the scene of all his woe,  
A homeless wild to thee,  
Full soon upon his heav'nly throne  
Its rightful King shall see.

6 Thou too shalt reign—he will not wear  
His crown of joy alone,  
And Earth his royal Bride shall see  
Beside him on the throne.

- 7 Then weep no more, 'tis all thine own,  
His crown, his joy divine,  
And sweeter far than all beside,  
He, he himself is thine.

49

C.M.

- 1 **B**RIDE of the Lamb, rejoice! rejoice!  
Thy midnight watch is past:  
True to his promise, lo, 'tis he!  
The Saviour comes at last.
- 2 His heart, amid the blest repose  
And glories of the throne,  
With love's unwearied care, hath made  
Thy sorrows all its own.
- 3 Through days and nights of suffering, taught  
For human woe to feel,  
He, only, with unerring skill,  
Thy wounded heart could heal.
- 4 And now, at length, behold, he comes  
To claim thee from above,  
In answer to the ceaseless call  
And deep desire of love.
- 5 Go then, thou lov'd and blessed one,  
Thou drooping mourner, rise!  
Go—for he calls thee now to share  
His dwelling in the skies.

- 6 For thee, his Royal Bride,—for thee,  
His brightest glories shine;  
And, happier still, his changeless heart  
With all its love is thine.

50

8s.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:  
The Lamb of God, who for my sin  
Was scorn'd, despis'd, rejected, slain;  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay  
When heav'n and earth are fled away.
- 2 O love! thou bottomless abyss!  
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
From condemnation now I'm free;  
While Jesu's blood through earth and skies  
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.
- 3 By faith I plunge me in this sea;  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;  
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,  
And look unto my Saviour's breast;  
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,  
Mercy is only written there!
- 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Though strength, and health, and friends  
be gone!  
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,  
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn;  
Steadfast on this my soul relies:  
Father, thy mercy never dies.

- 5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain  
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay ;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain  
When earth's foundations melt away :  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove ;  
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

51

8.7.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! thou long hast been  
Thy weeds of sorrow wearing.  
Thy neck bow'd down, O widow'd Queen !  
The yoke of Gentiles bearing.
- 2 Thy sons from thee are scatter'd wide  
On earth, an outcast nation ;  
Reproach they meet on ev'ry side,  
They share thy desolation.
- 3 Thou wast by God belov'd of old,  
His eyes and heart were o'er thee :  
To all the earth, thy glory told  
How great the love he bore thee.
- 4 But thou wast faithless to thy Lord,  
Unmindful how he lov'd thee,  
Until his dwelling he abhorr'd,  
And from his sight remov'd thee.
- 5 Thus all thy sons were exiles led,  
Or bow'd their necks to slaughter ;  
While, like a mourner midst the dead,  
Sits Zion's captive daughter.

PART SECOND.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM ! awake and sing !  
Joy yet for thee remaineth ;  
Hark ! hark ! to thee, they tidings bring,  
" Thy God, O Zion, reigneth !"
- 2 Thy day of blessing now is come,  
The day that ends thy mourning ;  
See ! see ! thy children hasting home,  
From every side returning.
- 3 Thy God is he who gathers them,  
His arm is their salvation ;  
" He hath redeem'd Jerusalem,"  
He ends thy desolation.
- 4 God's holy city thou shalt be,  
His love for ever gaining ;  
The Lord himself shall dwell in thee,  
O'er all the nations reigning.
- 5 Rejoice in God, Jerusalem !  
His grace shall leave thee never ;  
He knew thy sins, and pardon'd them,  
In him thou'rt bless'd for ever.

52

P.M.

" He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."  
Heb. xiii. 6.

- 1 **O** MY distrustful heart,  
How low thy faith appears !  
But greater, Lord, thou art  
Then all my doubts and fears :

Did Jesus once upon me shine ?  
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

- 2 Unchangeable his will,  
Whatever be my frame,  
His loving heart is still  
Eternally the same:  
Our souls through many changes go,  
His love no change can ever know.
- 3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on  
And perfectly perform  
The work thou hast begun  
In me a sinful worm:  
Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,  
Thy love will never let me go.
- 4 The blessings of thy grace  
At first did freely move ;  
I must then see thy face,  
And know that thou art love ;  
Myself into thine arms I cast,  
Lord save, oh save thy child at last.

## 53

C.M.

- 1 **T**IS come—the glad millennial morn !  
The Son of David reigns—  
Sing, sing, O earth ! for thou art free,  
And Satan is in chains.
- 2 Rejoice ! for thou shalt fear no more  
The ruthless tyrant's rod ;  
Nor lose again the gracious smile  
Of thine incarnate God.

- 4 But chiefly thou, O Solyma !  
 Thou, queen of cities, sing ;  
 With shouts of triumph welcome now  
 Thy Morning Star, thy King.
- 5 He, gracious Saviour, faithful still  
 To thee, his faithless dove ;  
 Forgives thee all, and bids thee dwell  
 Within his breast of love.
- 6 Nor thee alone ; for see, on high  
 His saints triumphant now,  
 With all the hosts of Seraphim,  
 In ceaseless worship bow.
- 7 On him the happy myriads there  
 Unwearied love to gaze ;  
 There he amid his brethren dwells,  
 The leader of their praise.
- 8 O blessed Lord ! we little dream'd  
 Of such a morn as this !  
 Such rivers of unmingled joy,  
 Such full unbounded bliss !
- 9 And O how sweet the happy thought !  
 That all we taste or see,  
 We owe it to the dying Lamb,  
 We owe it all to thee.
- 10 Yes, dearest Saviour, one with thee,  
 Sweet source of joy divine !  
 In thee we live, with thee we reign,  
 And we are wholly thine.

- 1 **S**AD pilgrim of Zion, tho' chasten'd awhile,  
 In this valley of tears, hope bids thee to  
 smile;  
 Far spent is the night,—and approaching the  
 day  
 That calls thee from sorrow and sighing away.
- 2 No tear of repentance, no heave of the storm,  
 Not a cloud shall o'ershadow the light of that  
 morn,  
 When thy sun sets no more, but for ever  
 shall shine  
 In the fulness of beauty and glory divine.
- 3 White thy robe, wash'd in blood, the price  
 that was giv'n  
 To redeem thee, and make thee a meet heir  
 of heav'n:  
 On thy head the bright crown that ne'er  
 fadeth away,  
 Which Jesu's own hand shall award at that  
 day.
- 4 And there, in the presence of him thou shalt  
 dwell,  
 Who thus rais'd thee to heav'n, having sav'd  
 thee from hell:  
 His praises for ever shall be on thy tongue,  
 Thine heart's deepest wonder, thy lips' cease-  
 less song.

5 O pilgrim, till then be thou instant in prayer,  
Thy conflicts and griefs thy Redeemer will  
share ;  
And in death should'st thou sleep, still the  
love that ne'er dies,  
Shall guard thee, and bear thee from hence to  
the skies.

**55**

L. M.

1 **I** WANT not India's pearly store,  
I want the joys of earth no more,  
I want to quit each vain delight,  
I want to walk with Christ in white.

2 I want to know my Saviour's love,  
To fix my wandering heart above ;  
I want more grace to conquer sin,  
I want to feel new life within.

3 I want to lean on Jesu's breast,  
And feel him my eternal rest ;  
I want the Spirit's purging fire,  
More faith, more love, to raise me higher.

4 I want with Jesus to sit down,  
I want to wear my heav'nly crown,  
I want the kingdom promis'd me,  
I want no more, O Lord, but thee.

**56**

L. M.

**O**H! from the world's vile slavery,  
Almighty Saviour, set me free ;  
And as my treasure is above,  
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.

2 But oft, alas! too well I know,  
My thoughts, my love, are fix'd below;  
In lifeless prayer how oft I find,  
The heart unmov'd, the absent mind.

3 What can that frozen bosom move  
That melts not at a Saviour's love?  
What can that sluggish spirit raise,  
That will not sing the Saviour's praise?

4 Lord, draw my best affections hence,  
Above this world of sin and sense;  
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,  
And rest not till to thee they rise.

57

C.M.

1 **F**OR mercies countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,  
What can I bring him forth?  
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet, this acknowledgment I'll make  
For all he has bestow'd;  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.

4 The best returns for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask him still for more.

- 5 I cannot serve him as I ought,  
No works have I to boast ;  
Yet would I glory in the thought  
That I should owe him most.

58

6.8.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unmeasur'd no man knows ;  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
And inly sigh for thy repose :  
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with thee my heart to share ?  
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of ev'ry motion there !  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
And find its whole delight in thee !
- 3 Oh, crucify this self, that I  
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;  
Bid all my vile affections die,  
Let not one cherish'd lust survive :  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek but **THEE**.
- 4 O love ! thy sov'reign aid impart,  
To save me from low-thoughted care ;  
Drive this self-will from out my heart,  
From all its lurking-places there :  
Make me a duteous child, that I  
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

- 5 Each moment draw from earth away <sup>18. 11. 12</sup>  
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
"I am thy love, thy life, thy all!"  
To know thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,  
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

## 59

C.M.

- 1 **F**ROM pole to pole let others roam,  
And search in vain for bliss;  
My soul is satisfied at home,  
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne  
Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea,  
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,  
And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,  
His blood removes my fear,  
And while he pleads for me above  
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,  
His spirit is my guide;  
Thus daily is my strength renew'd,  
And all my wants supplied.
- 5 For him I count as gain, each loss,  
Disgrace for him, renown;  
Well may I glory in his cross,  
While he prepares my crown.

- 1 **S**WEET is the union true believers feel;  
 Into one spirit they have drunk: the seal  
 Of God is on their hearts; and thus they see  
 In each, the features of one family.
- 2 If one is suff'ring, all the rest are sad;  
 If but the least is honor'd, all are glad:  
 The grace of Jesus, which they all partake,  
 Flows out in mutual kindness for his sake.
- 3 Here he has left them for awhile to wait,  
 And represent him in his suff'ring state;  
 While he, their head, yet glorified alone,  
 Bears the whole church before the Father's  
 throne.

- 1 **W**ELCOME thy gentle scourge! thou  
 precious Lord;  
 Small are the cords thy love hath inter-  
 twin'd  
 And light the stroke. I own the just award  
 Of strife, when in thy temple thou dost find  
 Unmeet intruders,—traffickers abhorr'd,  
 That grieve thy loving spirit's gentle mind,  
 Making the holy place, where thou shouldst  
 reign  
 Alone, a den of earthliness again.

- 2 Thou wilt destroy this temple, for within  
 A fretting leprosy is on the walls ;  
 Nor can this plague-spot of indwelling sin  
 Be purified until the fabric falls ;  
 And though, at times, to feel thy work begin  
 Dismays the shrinking flesh, yet faith recalls  
 The blessed hope, that as thy word is true,  
 Thou wilt return and build it up anew.
- 3 Yes, Lord ! a body glorious as thine own  
 Shall upward from the dusty ruin spring ;  
 And the unsightly grain, in weakness sown,  
 Shall rise in pow'r, a holy, heav'nly thing ;  
 When thou shalt come to sit on David's throne,  
 And rule in righteousness as Zion's king,  
 With all thy risen saints. Oh, soon again,  
 Lord Jesus, come ! Take thy great pow'r and  
 reign !

## 62

C.M.

- 1 **O**H ! for a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heav'nly 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 enjoy'd,  
 How sweet their mem'ry 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.

### 63

Sovereign Love.

L.M.

- 1 **H**AIL! sovereign 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 who rules the sky,  
I fought with hand uplifted high,  
Despis'd the mention of his grace,  
Secure without a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,  
And loving darkness more than light,  
Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 4 But thus th' eternal council ran,  
"Almighty Grace, arrest that man ;"  
I felt the terrors of distress,  
And found I had no hiding-place.

- 5 Indignant justice stood in view  
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew:  
 But Justice cried, with frowning face,  
 "This mountain is no hiding place."
- 6 Ere long a gracious voice I heard,  
 And mercy's heavenly form appear'd;  
 She led me on with smiling face,  
 To Jesus as my hiding-place.
- 7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,  
 And shake the globe from pole to pole,  
 No flaming bolt shall daunt my face,  
 For Jesus is my hiding-place.
- 8 On him the tenfold vengeance fell,  
 That must have sunk a world to hell;  
 He bore it for his chosen race,  
 And thus became their hiding-place.
- 9 A few more rolling suns at most  
 Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,  
 Where I shall see him, face to face,  
 Jesus, my glorious hiding-place.

## 64

C.M.

- 1 'TIS He! the mighty Saviour comes,  
 The vict'ry now is won;  
 And lo, the throne of David waits  
 For David's royal Son.
- 2 Thou blessed Heir of all the earth!  
 Ascend thine ancient throne,  
 And bid the willing nations now  
 Thy peaceful sceptre own.

- 3 Shine forth in all thy glory, Lord,  
That man at length may see,  
That joy, so long estrang'd from earth,  
Can only spring from thee.
- 4 O happy day! 'tis come at last,  
The reign of death is o'er;  
And sin, that marr'd our sweetest joys,  
Shall grieve our hearts no more.
- 5 Wash'd in thy blood, the tribes of earth,  
With all the blest above,  
Shall dwell in peace, united now,  
One family of love.
- 6 Fruit of thy toil, thou bleeding Lamb!  
These joys we owe to thee,  
Then take the glory, Lord!—'tis thine!  
And shall for ever be.

## 65

L.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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 This is the way I long had sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My grief and burden long had been  
Because I could not cease from sin.

- 3 The more I strove against its pow'r,  
I sinn'd and stumbl'd but the more,  
Till Jesus did his grace display,  
Himself revealing as the way.
- 4 Henceforth I'll tell to sinners round  
How dear a Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to his redeeming blood,  
And say—*Behold the way to God!*

## 66

I' John iii. 1, 2.

P. M.

- 1 **T**HE wanderer no more will roam,  
The lost one to the fold hath come,  
The prodigal is welcom'd home,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 2 Though clad in rags, by sin defil'd,  
The Father hath embrac'd his child,  
And I am pardon'd, reconcil'd,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 3 It is the Father's joy to bless.  
His love provides for me a dress,  
A robe of spotless righteousness,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 4 Now shall my famish'd soul be fed,  
A feast of love for me is spread,  
I feed upon the "children's bread,"  
O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 5 Yea, in the fulness of his grace,  
He puts me in the children's place,  
Where I may gaze upon his face,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!

- 6 I cannot half his love express,  
 Yet, Lord! with joy my lips confess,  
 This blessed portion I possess,  
                                   O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 7 It is *thy* precious name I bear,  
 It is *thy* spotless robe I wear,  
 Therefore, the Father's love I share,  
                                   O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 8 And when I in thy likeness shine,  
 The glory and the praise be thine,  
 That everlasting joy is mine,  
                                   O Lamb of God, in thee!

## 67

L.M.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet  
 In coming to a mercy seat;  
 Yet, who that knows the worth of pray'r,  
 But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,  
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight,  
 Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;  
 And Satan trembles, when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? Ah! think again:  
 Words flow apace when you complain,  
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
 With the sad tale of all your care.

- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To Heav'n in supplications sent,  
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

68

L.M.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"What do ye more than others?" Matt. v. 16 & 47.

- 1 **A**ND do we hope to be with him,  
Who on the cross resign'd his breath,  
Who died a victim to redeem  
His people from eternal death?
- 2 Then should the question oft recur,  
What do we more than others do?  
How do we shew that we prefer  
The things above to things below?
- 3 Where is the holy walk that suits  
The name and character we bear?  
And where are seen those heav'nly fruits  
That shew we're not what once we were?
- 4 Allied to him who bore the cross,  
And call'd the people of the Lord,  
The world to us should seem but loss,  
And worthless all it can afford.
- 5 As pilgrims on their journey home,  
'Tis thus his people should be found,  
Who seek a city yet to come,  
And cannot rest on earthly ground.

6 'Tis thus his people prove their birth,  
'Tis thus they glorify their Lord ;  
To others they resign the earth,  
And hasten to their bright reward,

69

L.M.

- 1 "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," yes, they are ;  
They're not exempt from grief and care ;  
But he who sav'd them by his blood,  
Makes every sorrow yield them good.
- 3 "Poor and afflicted," 'tis their lot ;  
They know it, but they murmur not,  
'Twould ill become them to refuse  
The state their Master deign'd to choose.
- 4 "Poor and afflicted," but, ere long,  
They'll join the bright celestial throng ;  
Their sufferings then will reach a close,  
And heav'n afford them sweet repose.
- 5 And while they walk the thorny way,  
They're often heard to sigh and say—  
"Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come !  
And take thy weary pilgrims home."

70

In sorrow.

S.M.

- 1 IT is thy hand, my God !  
My sorrow comes from thee—  
I bow beneath thy chast'ning rod,  
'Tis love that bruises me.

- 2 I would not murmur, Lord,  
 Before thee I am dumb;—  
 Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,  
 To thee for help I come.
- 3 My God—thy name is love,  
 A Father's hand is thine;  
 With tearful eyes I look above,  
 And cry, "Thy will be mine!"
- 4 I know thy will is right,  
 Though it may seem severe;  
 Thy path is still unsullied light,  
 Though dark it oft appear.
- 5 Jesus for me hath died,  
 Thy Son thou didst not spare;  
 His pierced hands, his bleeding side,  
 Thy love for me declare.
- 6 Here my poor heart can rest,  
 My God, it cleaves to thee;  
 Thy will is love, thine end is blest,  
 All work for good to me.

**71** Comfort under affliction. 6, 8s.

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,  
 And days are dark, and friends are few,  
 On him I lean, who not in vain,  
 Experienced every human pain:  
 He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
 From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way ;  
 To fly the good I would pursue,  
 Or do the thing I would not do ;  
 Still he who felt temptation's pow'r  
 Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
 Despis'd by those I priz'd too well ;  
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
 Who felt on earth severer woe ;  
 At once betray'd, denied, or fled,  
 By those who shar'd his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
 And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;  
 Yet he who once vouchsafed to bear  
 The sick'ning anguish of despair,  
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When mourning o'er some stone I bend,  
 Which covers all that was a friend ;  
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
 Divides me for a little while ;  
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And O, when I have safely past  
 Through every conflict but the last ;  
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
 My painful bed—for thou hast died ;  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 And wipe the latest tear away.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS I stand upon the rock,  
 Where Balaam stood, and, wond'ring, look  
 Upon the scene below;  
 The tents of Jacob goodly seem,  
 The people happy I esteem  
 Whom God has favor'd so.
- 2 O Israel, who is like to thee!  
 A people sav'd and call'd to be,  
 Peculiar to the Lord!  
 Thy shield! he guards thee from the foe;  
 Thy sword! he fights thy battles too,  
 Himself thy great reward.
- 3 Fear not, though many should oppose,  
 For God is stronger than thy foes,  
 And makes thy cause his own;  
 The promis'd land before thee lies,  
 Go up and take the glorious prize  
 Reserv'd for thee alone.
- 4 Fair emblem of a better rest,  
 Of which believers are possess,  
 Beyond material space;  
 Methinks I see the heav'nly shore  
 Where sin and sorrow are no more,  
 And long to reach the place.
- 5 Sweet hope! it makes the coward brave,  
 It makes a freeman of the slave,  
 And bids the sluggard rise:  
 It lifts a worm of earth on high,  
 It gives him wings, and bids him fly  
 To everlasting joys.

- 1 **WHERE** is the glory now?  
And where the radiant throne?  
And where, O Lord, that circling bow,  
That once so brightly shone?
- 2 That glory now is gone,  
No more its brightness fills  
The Temple courts of Solomon,  
Or gleams o'er Chebar's rills.
- 3 Zion's a desert sod,  
Jerusalem's a waste,  
And o'er thy beauteous house, O God,  
The raging fires have pass'd.
- 4 Earth has no glory here,  
In heav'n it is reveal'd;  
Thy saints, O God, must seek it there,  
Far from the world conceal'd.
- 5 The character of death  
Is stamp'd on sinful man,  
And all creation groans beneath  
The weight of Satan's chain.
- 6 But, Lord, thou hast decreed,  
His rule shall finish, when  
Thy saints from death's last pow'r are freed,  
And-rais'd to life again.
- 7 Lord! give us Stephen's eyes  
To see the heav'ns unfold;  
And thee, our mighty Sacrifice,  
Upon the throne behold.

8 Oh, give us pow'r o'er sin,  
To dwell with thee above;  
And evermore to rest within  
Thy rainbow arch of love.

74 *J. G. H. 1. 31* C.M.

XO LORD, in nothing would I boast,  
Save in thy glorious name;  
Tho' in myself I'm vile and lost,  
*In thee all fair I am.*

2 I folly am—thou "wisdom" art,  
I'm sin,—thou, "righteousness;"  
Polluted is this worthless heart,  
But thou art "holiness."

3 Of sin and Satan once the slave,  
My chains were burst by thee;  
In thee I full "redemption" have,  
Thou, thou hast set me free.

4 I'll glory only in thy name,  
'Gainst sin, and death, and hell;  
I'll own my guilt, confess my shame,  
But thy salvation tell.

5 And when I stand before the throne,  
And in thy glory shine;  
Still of thy name I'll boast alone,  
For all the praise is thine.

75

L.M.

X EMPTIED of earth, I fain would be,  
Of sin and self, of all but thee;  
Reserv'd for Christ, who bled and died,  
Surrender'd to the crucified.

- 2 Nothing save Jests would I know,  
My friend, my life, my Saviour thou;  
Lord, take my heart,—assert thy right,  
And put all other loves to flight.
- 3 Constrain my soul thy sway to own,  
Self-will, self-righteousness detrone:  
Let Dagon fall before thy face,  
The ark remaining in its place.
- 4 Larger communion let me prove  
With thee, blest object of my love;  
But O, for this no pow'r have I,  
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

## 76

C.M.

- 1 **WHEN** all thy mercies, O my God, ✕  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd heart!  
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
To taste those gifts with joy.

- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth,  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,  
 It gently clear'd my way,  
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
 More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou,  
 With health renew'd my face;  
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 8 Through every period of my life,  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.
- 9 Through all eternity to thee,  
 A joyful song I'll raise;  
 But O, eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.



Providence,

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,  
 How sure is their defence!  
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help, Omnipotence!
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,  
 Supported by thy care,  
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
 And breathe in tainted air.

- 3 When howling tempests fiercely rage,  
 And raise the threatening wave ;  
 O, then thou art not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
 Obedient to thy will ;  
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
 At thy command is still.
- 5 From all our trials, all our fears,  
 Thy mercy sets us free,  
 When, in the confidence of prayer,  
 Our souls lay hold on thee.
- 6 In midst of dangers, fear and death,  
 Thy goodness we'll adore ;  
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

**78** The omnipresence of God. L.M.

- 1 **A**MONG the deepest shades of night,  
 Can there be one who sees my way ?  
 Yes ;—God is like a shining light,  
 That turns the darkness into day.
- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,  
 Could I e'er sin without control ?  
 No ;—for a constant watch he keeps,  
 O'er every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,  
 Where human feet had never trod,—  
 Yet there I could not be alone ;  
 On every side there would be God.

- 4 He smiles in heaven; he frowns in hell;  
 He fills the air, the earth, the sea:—  
 I *must* within his presence dwell;  
 I *cannot* from his anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee—he shews me where:  
 Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly;  
 And while he sees me resting there,  
 There's *only* mercy in his eye.

79

6.6.8.

- 1 **I**SRRAEL, in ancient days,  
 Not only had a view  
 Of Sinai in a blaze,  
 But learnt the Gospel too;  
 The types and figures were a glass  
 In which they saw a Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,  
 And blood-besprinkled door,  
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
 And once applied with power,  
 Would teach the need of other blood  
 To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth  
 His perfect innocence,  
 Whose blood, of matchless worth,  
 Should be the soul's defence;  
 For he who can for sin atone  
 Must have no blemish of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head  
The people's trespass bore;  
And, to the desert led,  
Was to be seen no more;  
In him our surety seem'd to say,  
"Behold! I bear your sins away."

5 Jesus, I love to trace,  
Throughout the sacred page,  
The footsteps of thy grace,  
The same in every age!  
O grant that I may faithful be,  
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

80

8.7.

1 **A**S the serpent rais'd by Moses  
Heal'd the fiery serpent's bite,  
Jesus thus himself discloses  
To the wounded sinner's sight;  
Hear his gracious invitation,  
"I have life and peace to give,  
"I have wrought out full salvation,  
"Sinner, look to me and live.

2 "Pore upon thy sins no longer,  
"Well I know their mighty guilt;  
"But my love than death is stronger,  
"I my blood have freely spilt:  
"Though thy heart has long been harden'd,  
"Look on me—it soft shall grow;  
"Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,  
"And I'll wash thee white as snow.

- 3 " I have seen what thou wast doing,  
 " Though thou little thoughtst of me:  
 " Thou wast madly bent on ruin,  
 " But I said,—It shall not be.  
 " Thou hadst been for ever wretched,  
 " Had not I espous'd thy part ;  
 " Now behold my arms outstretched,  
 " To receive thee to my heart.
- 4 " Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,  
 " All thy inward passions move ;—  
 " I could crush thee with my thunder,  
 " But I speak to thee in love.  
 " Look to me,—thou art forgiven,  
 " I have paid the countless sum !  
 " Now my death has open'd heaven,  
 " Thither thou shalt shortly come."

## 81

11s.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
 Lord,  
 Is laid up for faith in his excellent word !  
 What more can he say, than to you he has  
 said ?  
 You, who to the Saviour for refuge have fled
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
 At home, or abroad, on the land, on the  
 sea,  
 As thy day may demand, shall thy strength  
 ever be.

- 3 If through the deep waters he cause thee to go,  
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow ;  
For he shall be with thee, thy troubles to  
    bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 If through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
His grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; his only de-  
    sign  
Is thy dross to consume, and thy gold to  
    refine.
- 5 Fear not; he is with thee! O be not dis-  
    may'd!  
He—he is thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
    thee to stand,  
Upheld by his righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 6 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for re-  
    pose,  
He will not, he says it, give up to its foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour  
    to shake,  
“ I'll never—no never—no never forsake.”

82

8.7.7.

- 1 **P**RECIOUS Bible! what a treasure  
Does the Word of God afford!  
All I want for life or pleasure,  
Food and med'cine, shield and sword:  
Let the world account me poor,  
Having this, I need no more.

- 2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,  
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;  
 Of excess there is no danger,  
 Tho' it fills, it never cloy's:  
 On a dying Christ I feed,  
 He is meat and drink indeed.
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,  
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,  
 Cordials to revive me quickly,  
 Healing med'cines here I find:  
 To the promises I flee,  
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,  
 Satan cannot make me yield;  
 For the word of consolation  
 Is to me a mighty shield:  
 While the Word of God is sure,  
 From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,  
 When I take the Spirit's sword,  
 Then with ease I drive him from me—  
 Satan trembles at the word:  
 'Tis a sword for conquest made,  
 Keen the edge, and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,  
 Doating on his golden store?  
 I am happier far, and wiser;  
 I am rich—'tis he is poor:  
 Jesus gives me, in his word,  
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

**H**APPINESS, thou lovely name!  
 Where's thy seat, O tell me where?  
 Learning, pleasure, wealth and fame,  
 All cry out, "It is not here;"  
 Not the wisdom of the wise  
 Can inform me where it lies:  
 Not the grandeur of the great  
 Can the bliss I seek create.

2 Object of my first desire,  
 Jesus crucified for me,  
 All to happiness aspire,  
 Only to be found in thee:  
 Thee to praise and thee to know,  
 Constitute our bliss below;  
 Thee to see and thee to love,  
 Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live  
 If thy presence thou deny;  
 But if thou thy presence give,  
 'Tis no longer death to die:  
 Source and giver of repose,  
 Singly from thy smile it flows;  
 Peace and happiness are thine,—  
 Mine they are, if thou art mine.

4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,  
 Every object teems with joy;  
 Here, Lord, may I walk with thee,  
 Guided by thy watchful eye:

Let me but thyself possess,  
Total sum of happiness,  
Real joy I then shall know,  
Heav'n begun on earth below. †

**84**

Encouragement.

10s.

- † 1 **C**CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy seat  
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus an-  
swers prayer;  
There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,  
For never needy sinner perish'd there.
- 2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,  
Without thy word, I durst not venture  
nigh;  
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to  
thee,  
A weary, burden'd soul, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,  
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely press'd,  
Beset without, and full of fears within,  
Trembling and faint, I come to thee for  
rest.
- 4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place;  
I know no force can tear me from thy  
side;  
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,  
And answer every charge with "Jesus  
died."

5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan,  
and die ;

Well hast thou known what fierce tempta-  
tions mean ;

Such was thy love,—and now enthron'd on  
high

The same compassions in thy bosom reign.

6 Lord, give me faith :—he hears !—what grace  
is this !

Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to  
grieve :

He shews me what he did, and who he is,  
I must,—I will,—I can,—I do believe.

85

Psalm civ. 34.

10s.

1 **I** JOURNEY thro' a desert drear and wild,  
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts  
beguil'd, [stay,

Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my  
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

2 Thoughts of his love—the root of ev'ry grace  
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling  
place ;

The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,  
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

3 Thoughts of his sojourn in this vale of tears ;—  
The tale of love unfolded in those years  
Of sinless suffering, and patient grace,  
I love again—and yet again to trace.

- 4 Thoughts of his glory—on the cross I gaze,  
 And there behold its sad, yet healing rays;  
 Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,  
 Illumes with heav'nly light the tear-dimm'd  
 eye.
- 5 Thoughts of his coming—for that joyful day  
 In-patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;  
 The day draws nigh, the midnight shadows  
 flee,  
 Oh what a sun-rise will that advent be!
- 6 Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,  
 My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,  
 Of him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,  
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.

## 86

L. M.

- 1 O GRACE divine! the Saviour shed  
 His life-blood on the cursed tree;  
 Bow'd on the cross his blessed head,  
 And died, to make his brethren free.
- 2 Through suff'ring there beneath his feet,  
 He trod the fierce avenger down:  
 There pow'r itself and weakness meet,  
 Emblem of each, yon thorny crown.
- 3 Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn  
 Shew'd that he bore its deadly sting;  
 The crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn,  
 Mark'd him as earth's anointed King.

4 O blessed hour! when all the earth  
Its rightful heir shall yet receive ;  
When every tongue shall own his worth,  
And all creation cease to grieve.

5 Thou, dearest Saviour! thou alone,  
Can'st give thy weary people rest ;  
And, Lord, till thou art on the throne,  
This groaning earth can ne'er be blest.

**87**

L. M.

**L**ET me be with thee where thou art, †  
My Saviour, my eternal rest !  
Then only will this longing heart,  
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with thee where thou art,  
Thy unveil'd glory to behold !  
Then only will this wand'ring heart  
Cease to be wayward, wand'ring, cold.

Let me be with thee where thou art,  
Where none can die, where none remove !  
Where nothing evermore can part  
Me from thy presence and thy love.

**88**

In deep Affliction.

L. M.

**T**HE music of my heart is gone, †  
It cannot sing as once it sung ;  
For grief hath marr'd its every tone,  
And all its sweetest chords unstrung.

- 2 But, ah! too long it thus hath lain,  
 Like some deserted, broken shell;  
 Come, heav'nly wind, and breathe again  
 Through each forlorn and silent cell.
- 3 And if but one responsive sigh,  
 Obedient to the call, awake,  
 Dearer to Jesus, than reply,  
 Than melody that angels make.
- 4 For only he, whose skilful hand  
 To nicest sense attun'd the strings,  
 How slight the touch, can understand,  
 Which every chord with anguish wrings.
- 5 Whate'er the bruised spirit grieves,  
 No light distress will Jesus deem;  
 There's not a throb my bosom heaves,  
 But stirs a kindred pulse in him.
- 6 Thrice welcome then shall sorrow be,  
 Tho' nature faint beneath the smart;  
 Since every pang supplies a key  
 To open the Redeemer's heart.

## 89

C.M.

- 1 **I** WANT a principle within  
 Of jealous, godly fear;  
 A sensibility of sin,  
 A pain to feel it near.  
 I want the first approach to feel,  
 Of pride or fond desire:  
 To catch the wandering of my will,  
 And quench the kindling fire.

2 That I from thee no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the soften'd heart,  
The tender conscience give.  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make!  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove;  
And let me weep my life away,  
Rather than grieve thy love.  
O may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul;  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded whole.

90

L. M.

1 AS some tall rock amid the waves  
The fury of the tempest braves,  
While the fierce billows tossing high,  
Break at its foot and murm'ring die,  
2 Thus they who in the Lord confide,  
Tho' foes assault on ev'ry side,  
Cannot be mov'd or overthrown.  
For Jesus makes their cause his own.

- 3 So faithful Stephen undismay'd,  
The malice of the Jews survey'd;  
The holy joy which fill'd his breast,  
A lustre on his face impress'd.
- 4 "Behold!" he said "the world of light  
Is open'd to my strengthen'd sight;  
My glorious Lord appears in view,  
That Jesus whom ye lately slew."
- 5 With such a friend and witness near,  
No form of death could make him fear;  
Calm amid showers of stones he kneels,  
And for his murderers only feels.
- 6 May we by faith perceive thee thus,  
Dear Saviour, ever near to us!  
This sight our peace thro' life shall keep,  
And death be fear'd no more than sleep.

**91**

**8s.**

- 1 **T**HOU shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where thou art.

The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed—on thy bosom reclin'd—  
And secur'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! shew me that happiest place,  
The place of thy people's abode,  
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucified God.  
Thy love for a sinner declare—  
Thy passion and death on the tree;  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,  
There only I covet to rest—  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And ne'er for a moment depart,  
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
Eternally hid in thy heart.

## 92

L. M.

4 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand;  
O Jesus, Saviour! shed thy light,  
To guide my wand'ring footsteps right.

2 Still let this roving, treach'rous heart,  
Like Mary, choose the better part,  
And leave the trifles of a day,  
For joys that never fade away.

- 3 Then, let the wildest storms arise,  
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;  
 No fatal shipwreck need I fear,  
 But all my treasure with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,  
 Cheerful I live, or cheerful die ;  
 Secure, when heav'n and earth shall flee,  
 To find my joy complete in thee.

## 93

L.M.

- 1 **B**E still, my heart ! these anxious cares,  
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;  
 They cast dishonour on thy Lord,  
 And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
 Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?  
 How canst thou want if he provide,  
 Or lose thy way with such a guide ?
- 3 When first before his mercy seat,  
 Thou didst to him thy all commit,  
 He gave thee warrant, from that hour,  
 To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
 And he refuse to hear thy call ?  
 And has he not his promise pass'd,  
 That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 5 Like David, thou mayst comfort draw,  
 Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw ;  
 Goliath's rage I may defy,  
 For God, my Saviour, still is nigh.

6 He who has help'd me hitherto,  
Will help me all my journey through ;  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise.

7 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home apace to God ;  
Then count thy present trials small,  
For heav'n will make amends for all.

## 94

L.M.

1 **I** THIRST, but not as once I did,  
The vain delights of earth to share ;  
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid  
That I should seek my pleasure there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,  
First wean'd my soul from earthly things.  
And taught me to esteem as dross,  
The mirth of fools, the pride of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,  
That quickens all things where it flows,  
And makes a wretched thorn like me,  
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

## 95

8s.

1 **W**HAT think you of Christ ? is the test,  
To try both your state and your scheme ;  
You cannot be right in the rest,  
Unless you think rightly of him.  
As Jesus appears in your view,  
As he is beloved or not,  
So God is disposed to you,  
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

- 2 Some take him a creature to be,  
 A man, or an angel at most ;  
 Sure these have not feelings like me,  
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost :  
 So guilty, so helpless am I,  
 I durst not confide in his blood,  
 Nor on his protection rely,  
 Unless I were sure he is God.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour in word,  
 But mix their own works with his plan,  
 And hope he his help will afford  
 When they have done all that they can :  
 If doings prove rather too light,  
 (A little they own they may fail,)  
 They purpose to make up full weight,  
 By casting his name in the scale.
- 4 Some style him the pearl of great price,  
 And say he's the fountain of joys,  
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,  
 And cleave to the world and its toys :  
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,  
 And while they salute him, betray :  
 Ah ! what will profession like this  
 Avail in his terrible day ?
- 5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think,  
 Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,  
 I say, he's my meat and my drink,  
 My life, and my strength, and my store ;  
 My shepherd, my guardian, my friend,  
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;  
 My hope from beginning to end,  
 My portion, my Lord and my all.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."  
John vi. 37.

**J**UST as I am—without one plea, X  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

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!

Just as I am—though toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
"Fightings within, and fears without,"  
O Lamb of God, I come!

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!

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome; pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thy love, I own,  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

- 1 **J**ESUS, my sorrow lies too deep  
For human ministry:  
It knows not how to tell itself  
To any one but thee.
- 2 Thou dost remember still, amid  
The glories of thy throne,  
The sorrows of mortality,  
For they were once thine own.
- 3 Yes, for as if thou would'st be God,  
E'en in thy misery,  
There's been no sorrow but thine own  
Untouch'd by sympathy.
- 4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings  
It's fearfulness to thee,  
Thine eye at least can penetrate  
The clouded mystery.
- 5 And is it not enough—enough,  
This holy sympathy?  
There is no sorrow e'er so deep,  
But I may bring to thee.

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