

A
CHRISTIAN
HYMN BOOK.

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PREFACE.

SINGING before the LORD formed no part of the worship or the service of the "Tabernacle." Israel sung "the song of Moses," on the margin of the Red Sea; and they uttered the shout of victory when the walls of Jericho were to fall down, and themselves to be put in possession of the promised land; but singing formed no part of the instituted worship of God till they were settled in the land. In its ordered character it was connected only with the "Temple."

Redemption, as known in the person of the LORD Jesus, has set the Church in the place of praise ; for we have not only been delivered from condemnation, and from the bondage of sin and satan, but have been "*brought nigh, by the blood of Christ.*" We have been separated—judicially and perfectly separated from the flesh, by His death ; and have been made alive, raised up, and made to sit together, in Him, in the heavenlies, there to abide in the full acceptance of God.

In virtue of this complete redemption and acceptance, which we have in Christ Jesus, the Holy Spirit—the Comforter, has come to dwell in us. By His presence and power in our spirits we cry, "Abba, Father ;" and from Him arises

our ability "to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus," and there to worship as in the appointed place of praise.

The place of praise is truly that of peace, and rest, and joy; but it is also the place of humbleness of mind, and of "reverence and godly fear;" for it is in the immediate presence of God; and our themes are (or *rather should be*) the revealed relations, ways, and excellencies of the Eternal Godhead.

Natural ability, whether mental or vocal, is of no avail as to the presentation of acceptable worship, or the doing of acceptable service, in singing. Our sufficiency for this, as for every other spiritual act, is of God.

Though in the wilderness, "in a strange land," we can sing the LORD's songs, even the "the songs of Zion," and of heaven; because, in the person of the LORD JESUS, we have been brought into His holy habitation. Singing is a part of the Church's instituted worship, because she is *virtually* brought into the possession of her heavenly inheritance, and into the "Temple of God, which is in heaven," as her present place of praise, and also of that service of love, which is rendered in singing to mutual exhortation and edification.

It would appear that, scripturally considered, Hymns resolve themselves into three distinct but harmonious classes. These are—First, Hymns of direct formal

worship ; Secondly, those which are adapted to mutual exhortation and edification; and Thirdly, those that are of the nature of meditative praise.

It is highly important that we should spiritually apprehend and act upon the scriptural basis and objects of singing before the LORD : and it is also desirable that the proper *manner* of singing should engage our attention.

Standing would appear to be proper, in singing Hymns of direct formal worship; but in no other case.* *Sitting* manifestly becomes the singing of Hymns for mutual edification; and as manifestly is it suited to those which are of the nature of meditative praise. In direct worship, the

* See Rev. iv. v. vii. 9—17.

active energy of faith and of spiritual intelligence is, or should be in exercise, apprehending and responding to the excellencies of God, in His revealed characters and ways : but in meditative praise we are entitled to know the *repose* of faith, and the *recumbency* of dependance on God ; even as David “sat before the LORD,” and uttered a comprehensive song of that description (2 Sam. vii. 18--29).

It may here be seasonable to remark, that *kneeling* or *standing*, and not sitting, is the becoming attitude in which the prayers of the Church should be offered. But neither this, nor what has been said on the subject of standing to sing Hymns of direct worship, is intended to press on

the “infirmities of the weak;” for we “have been called unto liberty.”

Spiritual wisdom is not, perhaps, more needed for any exercise in the Church, than for what is commonly termed, “giving out a Hymn.” There should always be a scriptural reason for its being done at all; and an exercised spiritual judgment is necessary, to perceive the proper season, and to determine what special description of Hymn is in harmony with the present leading of the Holy Spirit in the Church.

It behoves us, by all means, to guard against *unmeaning formality*; and with equal concern should we seek to avoid its opposite, which is *disorder*. Dead formality is to be shunned, but living

order is to observed, according to that word, "Let all things be done decently and in order" (1 Cor. xiv. 40.) And further, it should be considered, that the order of the Holy Spirit, in the living ways of the Church, ever will be, and in the nature of things ever must be, according to that which He Himself has caused to be written for our guidance, in the Scriptures of truth.

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HYMNS

I.—8, 7.

MOST High God, the sole possessor,
Of the spacious heavens and earth;
We adore thee, and would ever
Celebrate thy glorious worth:
By thy will the whole creation,
Into being sprang from nought;
Thine own wisdom, power, and goodness,
This vast universe have wrought.

- 2 Most High God, on thee depending,
Hanging on thy word and will;
All thy works are still sustained,
Thy good pleasure to fulfil:
Thou hast reared creations fabric,
Thine own glory to display;
And dost guide with skill unfailing,
All things on their destined way.

- 3 Most High God, thou art our Father,
We thy greatness will proclaim;
Stand and sing creation's vastness,
And thus glorify thy name :
But thy higher work—redemption,
We in loftier strains would sing ;
For by this we know and own thee,
All creation's God and King.
- 4 Most High God, when sin and sorrow,
Entered, "by th' offence of one,"
Thou didst give the gracious promise,
Of thine own Incarnate Son :
By his birth, and death, and rising,
We are rescued from the fall ;
And adore thee as our Father,
God most High—the God of all.

II.—8s.

ETERNAL God, whose dwelling place,
Above the heavens exalted stands ;
Whose glory dazzles and o'er awes,
Angelic and seraphic bands ;
Thy sceptre's o'er creation swayed,
For thou hast all creation made.

- 2 Eternal God at thy right hand,
With thine own glory, glorified,
Jesus thy son exalted sits,
Who once for us was crucified;
His glory and thine own the same,
Though still he bears the human name.

- 3 Eternal God, through him—thy Son,
And by thy Spirit's quickening power,
We are thy sons;—by thee confessed,
We come to worship and adore: [nigh,
Redeemed by blood—by blood brought
We worship thee, O God most High.

- 4 Eternal God, all praise is thine,
Our highest strains to thee belong;
Thy name with reverence we repeat,
While thus we raise a sacred song;
Standing before thy throne approved,
In Christ our LORD—like him beloved.

III.—7s.

FATHER God, enthroned above,
Thou in whom we live and move,

Blessed 'tis, with joyful tongue,
To repeat thy praise in song :
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
We thy favors would rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

- 2 Thou art our eternal Rest,
Let thy love fill every breast ;
'Till we dwell in thy bright home,
Never, never thence to roam :
In those mansions we will raise,
Songs of joyful, ceaseless praise,
While repeated hymns proclaim,
Father !—thine eternal name.
- 3 From thy Son our joys arise,
Father, God !—Thou good and Wise ;
'Thro' His grace and precious blood,
We are now thy sons, O God :
How profound thy counsels are !
Who can thy deep love declare !
Father, LORD ; enthroned above,
We adore thee—God of love.

IV.—8, 8, 6.

THY goodness, O our God we praise ;
 How bright on high its glories blaze—
 How sweetly bloom below !
 It streams from thine eternal throne ;
 Through heaven its blessings ever run,
 And down to earth they flow.

- 2 Thy goodness over all bears sway,
 Thy mercy, LORD, from day to day ;
 Thy creatures' need supplies :
 Thy sun doth shine, thy rain descends,
 Unthankful man, thy goodness tends,
 Descending from the skies.
- 3 Thy goodness loads the teeming plain,
 With blushing fruits and golden grain,
 From thine exhaustless store :
 The flocks beside the crystal rills,
 The cattle on a thousand hills,
 Bespeak thy bounteous pow'r.
- 4 Thy goodness shines through earth and sky
 And shall thy praise unuttered lie,
 Nor thanks to thee ascend !

Thy children will thy goodness own,
In thankful songs before thy throne :—
Thy praise shall never end.

V.—L. M.

OUR Father, thou the Fountain art,
Of earth's unfailing, bounteous store ;
Thou art the God of Providence,
And we thy glorious Name adore.

- 2 The dawn thou makest to rejoice,
The evening's sparkling hosts to sing ;
Thy goodness through all nature smiles,
While Plenty's vernal treasures spring.
- 3 The earth with rain thou visitest,
Its vales and meadows, dost supply
With waters, which in plenteous stream,
Roll on, in flowing crystal by.
- 4 With corn thou dost the earth provide,
Its num'rous ridges water well ;
The furrows thou dost fix with care,
And cause the scattered seed to swell.

- 5 **THOU LORD**, the springing grain dost bless;
 With thine own goodness thou dost crown
 The circling year, and all thy paths,
 Drop fatness and abundance round.
- 6 Upon the pastures they descend,
 The many little hills rejoice;
 Flocks, corn, and herbs, clothe hill and dale,
 And raise to heaven their cheerful voice.

VI.—8, 8, 6.

- T**HOU God of power and God of love,
 Whose glory fills the realms above,
 Whose praise the angels sing;
 And veil their faces while they cry,
 "Thrice Holy!"—to their God most High,
 "Thrice Holy!"—to their King.
- 2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
 And bless the precious Saviour's name,
 Through whom this grace is given;
 Who bore the curse to sinners due;—
 Creates their ruined souls anew,
 And makes them heirs of heaven.

- 3 While we in supplication join,
Before thy throne of grace divine,
In mercy, Father, hear :
And while we listen to thy word,
Or praise thy name with glad accord,
Amongst us LORD appear.
- 4 Each veil that hides thy glory rend,
Here let thy power to bless descend,
Through Jesus' precious blood :
Here to our hearts thyself reveal ;
And all who enter, cause to feel
Thy presence, O our God.

VII.—D; L, M.

LORD we are thine ; in thee we live,
Supported by thy faithful care ;
Thou dost each hourly mercy give,
Thine earth we tread, thine air we breathe ;
Raiment and food thy hands supply,
Thy sun's bright rays around us shine ;
Guarded by thine all-seeing eye,
We own that we are only thine.

- 2 LORD we are thine ; bought with thy blood,
 Once the poor guilty slaves of sin ;
 But thou hast us redeemed to God,
 And now thy spirit dwells within :
 Thou hast our sinful wanderings borne,
 With love and patience all divine :
 We would thy doctrine, LORD, adorn,
 And own that we are wholly thine.
- 3 LORD we are thine ; thy claims we own—
 Ourselves to thee we wholly give ;
 Reign thou within our hearts alone,
 That we may to thy glory live :
 Here may we each thy mind display,
 In all thy gracious image shine,—
 And patient wait the promised day,
 When thou shalt own that we are thine.

VIII.—C. M.

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess,
 That thou alone art LORD :
 The everlasting Father thou,
 By all thy church adored.

- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high;
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Unceasingly do cry,
- 3 "O, Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,
"Whom heaven's bright hosts obey;
"Creation's with thy glory filled,
"Thou art its Source and Stay."
- 4 The apostles' chosen company,
And prophets—bearing light;
With all thy faithful martyred host,
To praise thee took delight.
- 5 Thy ransomed church, throughout the
O God, confesses thee; [world,
Th' Eternal Father,—God of love,
And boundless majesty.
- 6 To thine own Son and Holy Ghost,
Adoring thoughts we raise;
With thee in GODHEAD's mystery One,
And in our highest praise.

IX.—L. M.

OUR God how boundless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of our sleeping hours ;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And thine own hand new blessings pours.

3 We yield ourselves to thy command,
 May thine own will form all our ways ;
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

4 We praise thee for thy boundless love,
 We praise thee for thy saving power ;
 We praise thee now, and when above,
 We'll praise thy name for evermore.

X.—L. M.

OUR Father, who in heaven art,
 With grateful praise thy care we own

Thy words of changeless grace and truth,
Relieve our hearts from every fear.

- 2 Thy hand, our daily food supplies,
Thy care has clothed us hitherto !
And though our path 'midst sorrow lies,
Thy constant love will bring us through.
- 3 The tribes of air by thee are fed,
Thine hand the short-lived lily rears,
And *how much more* wilt thou O God,
Thy children save from all their cares !
- 4 Thy love once gave thine Only Son,
Beneath thy wrath for us to die ;
That we, redeemed and cleansed from sin,
Might dwell with thee, at home on high.
- 5 Then with Him, surely thou wilt give
Thy children, all things for their good ;
Thy word of this assurance gives,—
Thy word confirmed in his own blood.

XI.—L. M.

GLORIOUS Jehovah, gracious God !
Our spirits bow before thy throne ;

We worship thee,—adore thy name,—
With reverence all thy greatness own.

- 2 Angels and seraphim, with awe,
Adore thy boundless majesty ;
But who of all the hosts above,
Pretends comparison with *Thee* !
- 3 Yet there is *One*, of humble name,
Jesus, who took our flesh and blood ;
Thinks it not robbery, to claim
Equality with thee, O God.
- 4 His glory shines with equal beams,
His essence with thine own is *One* !—
We equal honors now present,
To thee, O God, and to thy Son.
- 5 In His bless'd name alone we bow,
In spirit, at thy glorious throne ;
And to thy glory we confess,
The *Lordship* of thine only Son.

XII.—8, 7.

FATHER ! we, thy children bless thee,
For thy love on us bestowed :

As our Father, now we praise thee,
Called to be thy sons, O God :
Boundless was thy love in giving
Jesus, for our sins to die ;
Boundless was His grace, in leaving,
For our sakes, the throne on high.

2 Now His precious blood has cleansed us,
On we go towards our rest ;
Through the desert thou dost lead us,
With thy constant favor blest ;
By thy Spirits truthful guidance,—
Earnest He of joys to come,—
And with grace and strength providing,
Thou wilt lead us safely home.

3 There shall countless myriads, wearing
Robes made white in Jesus' blood,—
Palms, like noted victors, bearing,
Stand before thy throne O God :
Then, redeemed from every nation.
All thy sons shall praise thy name,
And together cry, "*Salvation.*"
"*To our God and to the Lamb !*"

XIII.—8, 7, 4.

HOLY, Holy, Holy Father,
 LORD and God—Almighty thou;
 Thou art thine own Source of glory,
 Thine is an eternal *now* :
 Abba Father!
 We adore thee—thou art Love.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy Father,
 Thou didst give thy Son to die;
 Thou hast raised Him up to glory,
 In his name we now draw nigh :
 Abba Father!
 We adore thee—thou art Love.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy Father,
 Glorious thou in holiness;
 From thyself the living Fountain,
 Flows all grace to save and bless :
 Abba Father!
 We adore thee—thou art Love.

XIV.—8, 7.

ABBA, Father! we approach thee,
 In our Saviour's blessed name;

As thy children we now worship,—
Christ our fitness is, and claim,
He from all our sins has washed us,
By his blood we now draw nigh;
And as trained by thine own Spirit,
Abba Father!—LORD, we cry.

- 2 Abba, Father! once we wandered,
In our folly far from thee;
But thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery:
Thou our sins hast freely pardoned,
Made us know thy boundless love,
And hast clothed us with salvation,—
Garments, meet for courts above.
- 3 Abba, Father! all adore thee,
All rejoice in Heaven above,
While in us, they learn the glories,
Of thy wisdom, power, and love:
Soon, before thy throne assembled,
All thy children shall exclaim,
“Glory everlasting glory,”
“Be to God, and to the Lamb!”

XV.—8, 7.

A BBA, Father! LORD, we call thee—
 Hallowed name—from day to day,
 By this gracious name we know thee;
 None but children, “Abba,” say,
 This high birth-right we inherit;
 Thy free gift, through Jesus’ blood,
 By the presence of thy Spirit,
 In us, as thy sons, O God.

2 Thy deep purpose gave us being,
 Formed in Christ, ere time began;
 Then to bring thy sons to glory,
 Wisdom laid the wondrous plan:
 Boundless love thou then didst bear us,
 We were precious in thy sight;
 Seen in all things like to Jesus—
 Jesus, thy supreme delight.

3 Though we fell in fallen Adam,
 Deep in sin and far from thee;
 Deeper was thy boundless mercy,
 Than our guilt and misery:

Nearer still thy counsel brought us,
Than we first in Adam stood;
With thee now we've sacred *oneness*,
In thy Son, and by His blood.

- 4 Soon, thy many sons, to glory,
By thy counsel shall be brought;
In thy presence faultless standing,
To thy Son's bright image wrought:—
Him—"The First-born—we with rapture,
Shall surround,—a peerless host;
And for ever praise and worship,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

XVI.—8, 7.

FATHER, we commend our spirits
To thy love, in Jesus' name;
Love, which His atoning merits,
Give us confidence to claim:
Everlasting is the pleasure,
Flowing from thy love so free;
And unspeakable the treasure,
Which, by grace, we have in thee.

- 2 Jesus, from this world's confusions,
Lo we turn to thee—our Rest ;
Midst its cares and its delusions,
Kept by thee we still are blest :
Though this scene is ever changing,
Since thy mercy changes not,
O'er its depths our spirits ranging,
Glory in their happy lot.
- 3 Holy Ghost by thee anointed,
May we do our Father's will ;
Walk the path by Him appointed,
All His pleasure to fulfill ;
Till the welcome signal hearing,
Which shall call us to the skies,
We salute our LORD's appearing,
And with Him, to reign, arise.

XVII.—8, 7, 4.

HOLY, Holy, Holy Jesus,
Son of God and LORD of all ;
Thou didst leave thy throne of glory,
Us to rescue from the fall :
We adore thee,
Jesus Christ, thou LORD of all !

- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy Jesus,
By, and for thee, all things are ;
Thou didst take our very nature,
All our sin and shame to bear :
We adore thee,
Jesus Christ thou LORD of all !
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy Jesus,
In thy precious blood, once spilt,
We've redemption, and for ever
Stand absolved from all our guilt:
We adore thee,
Jesus Christ, thou LORD of all !

XVIII.—8, 7, 4.

GLORY, Glory everlasting,
Be to thee, thou Son of God ;
Who redeemed us,—deeply tasting
Death, beneath our cursed load:
LORD we praise thee,
Thus redeemed by thee to God.

- 2 Glory, everlasting glory,
Jesus we ascribe to thee ;

And would sing thy matchless story,
 Still in sweetest melody :
 LORD we praise thee,
 And shall soon thy glory see.

3 Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
 All by right to thee belong ;
 Praise thee still we would unceasing,
 Still adore thee in our song :
 We would praise thee,
 Till we join th' immortal throng.

4 Then in worship everlasting,
 Jesus, we will praise thy name ;
 Singing, "Glory everlasting,"
 "Be to God and to the Lamb !"
 LORD we praise thee,
 And proclaim thy deathless fame.

XIX.—8, 7, 4.

HOLY Saviour, we adore thee,
 Seated on thy Father's throne ;
 Angels bending low before thee,
 Gladly make thy glories known :

Thou art worthy!—
Worthy of this great renown.

2 Jesus, though the world despised thee,
Though thou here wast crucified;
God thy Father's glory raised thee,
LORD of all creation wide:
Thou art worthy!—
Worthy to be glorified!

3 LORD we wait for thy returning,
With thy ransomed Bride to reign;
Then shall end our days of mourning:—
Worthy is the Lamb once slain!
Thou art worthy!—
Worthy evermore to reign!

XX.—L. M.

WHAT equal honours can we bring,
To thee, O Christ! thou spotless Lamb!
The highest notes we e'er can sing,
Are far inferior to thy name.

- 2 Worthy art thou ; who once wast slain,
The Prince of Life, who groaned and died ;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At thine Almighty Father's side !
- 3 Worthy art thou ! to know and tell,
His deepest thoughts, His wisdom's ways ;
For ever shall thy praises swell,
For ever we will sing thy praise !
- 4 Honours divine shall soon be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory crowns thy sacred head, [thorn.
Where once thy brow was wreathed with
- 5 Blessings for ever on thy name,
Thou Lamb of God !—Thou Holy One !—
Thy love is evermore the same,
As when thou criedst—“*It is done.*”

XXI.—L. M.

THEE, we adore, Eternal word !
The Son of God, the Son of man ;
Thou wast by heaven's bright hosts adored,
Before the course of time began.

- 2 Creation's vastness has displayed,
Thy wisdom and thy power divine ;
For not one thing was ever made,
By any other power than thine.
- 3 Eternally thou wast with God ;
In essence with Him, *One*—the same !
Thou didst assume our flesh and blood,
And we adore thy sacred name.
- 4 God over all ! for ever blest,
Thou didst for us the curse endure ;
To raise us to thy glorious rest,
And make thy Father's glory sure,
- 5 Thee we adore, Incarnate Word !
Who wast with God ere time began ;
Thou art by heaven's bright host adored,
The Son of God, the Son of man.

XXII.—8, 7, 4.

JESUS!—soon by every creature,
Praise shall to thy name be given ;

Worthy thou, of more and greater,
 Than can rise from earth and heaven :
 Soon thy praises,
 Every creature, LORD, shall sing.

2 Thee, O LORD, we praise and worship,—
 Thee, th' Incarnate Son of God,
 For thy boundless love, in dying
 To redeem us by thy blood :
 Soon thy praises,
 Every creature, LORD, shall sing.

3 Thee we praise for thine ascension,—
 Conqueror thou of sin and death ;
 Praise thee for thine intercession,
 While we sojourn here beneath :
 Soon thy praises,
 Every creature, LORD, shall sing.

4 Soon, in bliss we shall adore thee,
 In the realms of endless day,
 Gathered home, with thee, to glory,
 We shall sing our sweetest lay :
 Then thy praises,
 Every creature, LORD, shall sing.

XXIII.—c. m.

TO thee we sing, thou Son of God !
Channel of life and grace ;
We praise thee, Son of man ! whose blood
Redeemed the chosen race.

2 We worship thee, our God and LORD !
The Lamb, that once was slain ;
Worthy by all to be adored,
Worthy o'er all to reign.

3 To thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts ;
And hail thee as th' Incarnate God
Of glory, and of hosts.

4 The cherubim and seraphim,
With reverence worship thee ;
The worlds, and all the powers therein,
Adore thy majesty.

5 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
By thee supremely blest ;
Praise thee, thou Son of God, and sing
The fullness of thy rest.

- 6 The apostles' chosen company,
 Thy glorious praise proclaim,
 Thy faithful martyrs glorify,
 Thine everlasting name.
- 7 In every age thou art confessed,
 The church's glorious Head;
 Who for it died,—then rose again,
 Triumphant from the dead.
- 8 Soon shall thy glory be displayed;
 Then we with thee shall reign,
 And worship thee with all our powers,
 The LORD—the Lamb once slain.

XXIV.—C. M.

SOON all, O Jesus! thee shall own;
 Before thee prostrate fall;
 Confess thee universal King,
 And hail thee, LORD of all!

- 2 Thy church, redeemed by blood to God,
 Awakened by thy call;
 And changed, shall rise with thee to reign,
 And hail thee, LORD of all!

- 3 Angelic hosts shall round thee wait,
And low before thee fall;
For thee unbounded homage claim,
And hail thee, LORD of all!
- 4 The remnant saved from Israel's race,
Redeemed from Israel's fall,
Shall thee, Messiah—King, confess,
And hail thee, LORD of all!
- 5 Gentiles shall come—and every king,
Throughout this earthly ball;
Shall tribute bring to Zion's hill,
And hail thee, LORD of all!
- 6 Through heaven, and earth, innumerable
Shall thy bright name extol; [hosts,
And join in universal shouts,
To hail thee, LORD of all!

XXV.—8, 7.

LAMB of God! our souls adore thee,
While upon thy face we gaze;
There the Father's love and glory
Shine, in all their brightest rays;

Thine almighty power and wisdom,
All creation's forms proclaim ;
Heaven and earth alike confess thee,
LORD and God,—the Great "*I Am.*"

2 Lamb of God ! thy Father's bosom,
Ever is thy dwelling place ;
His delight, in Him rejoicing,
One with Him in power and grace :
Oh, what boundless love and mercy !
Thou didst lay thy glory by,
And for us didst come from heaven,
As the Lamb of God, to die !

3 Lamb of God ! when we behold thee,
Lowly in the manger laid ;
See thee as a homeless stranger,
In a world thy power had made ;
When we trace thee to the garden,—
Mark thine agony and blood,
At thy grace we are confounded,
Holy, spotless Lamb of God !

4 Lamb of God ! when as the victim,
We behold thee on the tree ;

For our guilt and folly stricken ;
All our judgment borne by thee ;
There we learn, with hearts adoring,
Thy deep love, in precious blood :—
Glory, Glory everlasting,
Be to thee, thou Lamb of God !

XXVI.—8, 7.

LAMB of God ! we hail thee, risen
From the cold and darksome grave ;
Thou didst die for our redemption,
Thou dost ever live to save :
Thou hast conquered Death and Hades,—
Crushed the wily Serpent's head :
LORD of Victory ! we adore thee,
"First-begotten from the dead !"

- 2 Lamb of God ! thou now art seated,
High upon thy Father's throne ;
All redemption's work is "finished"—
"Finished," by thyself alone :
All in heaven with rapture worship
Thee,—the Lamb for sinners slain ;
Angel and Archangel crying,
"Worthy is the Lamb to reign !"

- 3 Lamb of God ! in all thy glory,
 Still thy thoughts and eyes are here ;
 Watching o'er thy ransomed people,
 To thy gracious heart so dear :
 Thou for us art interceding—
 Everlasting is thy love !—
 And for us a place preparing,
 In thy Father's house above.
- 4 Lamb of God ! thou soon in glory,
 Wilt to this sad earth return ;
 All thy foes shall quake before thee,
 All who once despised thee mourn :
 Then, thy saints shall rise to meet thee,
 With thee evermore to reign :
 Thine the praise, and thine the glory,
 Lamb of God, for us once slain !

XXVII.—8, 7.

HAIL!—thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail !—thou still rejected King ;
 Thou didst suffer to release us,
 Thou didst free salvation bring.

Through thy death and resurrection,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
We enjoy divine protection ;
All salvation's through thy name.

- 2 Jesus, hail ! amidst the glory,
Where thou dost for us abide ;
We, thy saints, by faith adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for us thou now art pleading,
While thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honor, praise, and blessing,
Thou shalt then from all receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
All that earth and heaven can give :
Then thy saints, with joy, shall greet thee,
And thy highest praise prolong :—
Till in glory, LORD, we meet thee,
We will worship thee, in song.

XXVIII.—7s.

JESUS, lo ! to thee we bow,
Thou art *Lord*, and only thou ;

Thou the woman's promised Seed,
Thou the church's glorious Head.

- 2 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing
Thee, we praise, our Priest and King ;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 3 Joyful tidings thou hast brought,
Of redemption, by thee wrought—
Wrought for all thy church ; and we
Praise thee in our melody.
- 4 Thankfully, we thee adore,
Thee, the LORD for evermore :
Ever keep us in thy love,
Till we worship thee above.

XXIX.—7, 6.

O JESUS Christ, most holy,
Head of the Church, thy Bride ;
In us each day more fully,
Thy name be magnified !

Oh may in each believer,
Thy love its power display;
And none amongst us ever,
From thee, our Shepherd, stray.

XXX.—8, 7, 4.

HOLY, Holy, Holy Spirit,
'Tis by thee we live anew;
By thine own illumination,
Jesus' excellence we view;
We adore thee,
Ever present—Unseen God!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy Spirit,
Guide and Comforter art thou;
By thee, we cry "*Abba, Father*;"
Thou His boundless love dost show:
We adore thee,
Ever present—Unseen God!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy Spirit;
Till our absent LORD shall come,
Thou, in us dost dwell abiding,
Then to bear us to our home:

We adore thee,
Ever present—Unseen God!

XXXI.—8, 7, 4.

FATHER, unto thee be glory!
Due unto thy holy name;
Son of God, to thee be glory!
Holy Ghost, to thee the same!
Praise and glory,
To our GOD's mysterious name!

2 Father! hear thy children praise thee,
Jesus! hear thy ransomed sing;
Holy Spirit! hear our praises;—
Praises to our GOD we bring:
Praise and glory,
To our GOD's mysterious name!

3 Father we declare thy glory,
Jesus! we thy worth proclaim;
Holy Spirit! we, with reverence,
Own thy power and bless thy name:
Praise and glory,
To our GOD's mysterious name!

XXXII.—7s.

GLORY to the Father's name !
He is evermore the same ;
He is holy, wise and true ;
His be praise for ever new.

2 Glory to His only Son !
Who expiring, cried, "*Tis done !*"
We would raise a ceaseless strain,
To the Lamb, who once was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost !
Who came down at Pentecost ;
Who in all the saints doth dwell,
We would still his praises swell.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
THREE in ONE in Thee we boast !
Thee, our GOD, through all our days,
We would worship, love, and praise.

XXXIII.—L. M.

FATHER in heaven ! whose love profound,
For us a costly Ransom found ;

To Thee, Great God! the song we raise;
Thee, for thy pardoning love we praise.

2 Thou Son of God!—Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer. LORD;
To Thee, Great God! the song we raise;
Thee, for thy saving grace we praise.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath,
Our souls to life are born from death;
To Thee, Great God! the song we raise;
Thee, for thy quickening power we praise.

4 Almighty Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead THREE in ONE!
To THEE our hearts and songs we raise,
And would for ever shew thy praise.

XXXIV.—L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him with all the saints below;
Praise Him with all the heavenly host;
PRAISE FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!

XXXV.—C. M.

NOW we can read our title clear,
To mansions in the skies ;
We banish unbelieving fear,
Which once suffused our eyes.

- 2 Should earth against our souls engage,
And satan's darts be hurled ;
Faith can defy his utmost rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Should cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
Still we shall safely reach our home,—
Our God, our heaven, our All !
- 4 There shall we dwell with Christ our Life,
In his eternal rest ;
Far from these scenes of sin and strife—
With him supremely blest :
- 5 There shall our spirits long retrace,
Our steps of conflict here ;
And sing for ever of his grace,
Which banished all our fear.

XXXVI.—L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling flood of woes ;
There is a peaceful, safe retreat,
Before the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds,
His beams of gladness on our heads ;
While we surround his sacred feet,—
Before the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Before the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

4 There, born by faith and hope, we soar,
And present things seem all no more ;
While God and Christ our spirits greet,
Before the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

XXXVII.—8, 7,

THE night is wearing fast away,
“*The day*” shall soon be dawning ;

Then Christ will all His grace display
To us, on that fair morning :
Gloomy and dark the night has been,
And still the way is dreary ;
But calm each faithful saint is seen ;
Though worn—not faint nor weary.

- 2 By faith and hope we see from far,
A flood of splendour streaming ;
It is the "Bright and Morning Star,"
In living lustre beaming :
Him, shall a star-like host surround,
Of angel-bands attending ;
And we the trump's glad sound shall hear,
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.
- 3 Then let us still in hope rejoice,
And praise, though clothed in mourning ;
We soon shall hear our Saviour's voice,
To us with joy returning :
He's gone a mansion to prepare—
His praise we would be swelling ;
He comes, with us all joys to share,
In that eternal dwelling.

XXXVIII.—C. M.

COME let us raise a cheerful song,
Of Jesus on the throne ;
Well may his praise employ each tongue,
To make his glories known.

2 *Worthy's the Lamb !* to sit on high,
Enthroned in glory thus ;
Worthy's the Lamb ! again we cry,
For he was slain for us.

3 The Father's throne does now requite,
His conflicts, woes, and death ;
Faith gives us gladness at the sight,
While praise employs our breath.

4 Jesus is worthy to receive,
Worship and praise divine ;
And honors more than we can give,
In Him for ever shine.

5 Then let us chant in cheerful songs,
His high enduring fame ;
And celebrate with grateful tongues,
His holy, precious name.

XXXIX.—C. M.

WE sing of Christ with glory crowned,
To him all power is given ;
No place too high for him is found—
No place too high in heaven.

2 Well may our spirits all be found,
Enraptured at the sight ;
To see our LORD with glory crowned,
May well inspire delight.

3 Though high, he there accepts the praise,
Of faith and holy fear ;
The faintest, feeblest song we raise,
Does reach his gracious ear.

To him, who knew man's scornful slight,
To him is glory given ;
His Father shall assert his right,
As LORD of earth and heaven.

XL.—7s.

LET us raise a sacred song,
Praises to our LORD belong ;

Glory to our Saviour's name,
His the Victor's crown and fame!

2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes;
Glorious is the work then done,
Satan vanquished, triumph won.

3 We will sing the Victor's praise,
Grace abounds in all His ways;
He was welcomed to the throne,
He is worthy—he alone!

4 Soon with many crowns adorned—
Not to be despised and scorned;
But in glorious power to reign—
He shall come to earth again.

5 Glory then shall wreath His brow,
Every knee to him shall bow;
While the earth his title sings,
“LORD of lords,” and “KING of kings.”

XLI.—7, 7, 7, 5.

MUCH in conflict—trained 'midst woe,
Onward brethren let us go;

Fighting still, though worn with strife—

Jesus is our Life !

Onward, onward, let us go !

Strong in faith to face the foe ;

Forward let us press again,

Through the dread campaign.

2 Faint not brethren—do not yield,

Do not quit the battle field ;

Stand till all the fight be done,

Till the prize be won :

Clothed in God's own armour bright,

Strong in Him who is our might,

Onward ! brethren, onward go,—

See the vaunting foe !

3 Forward, let us press, by faith,

Loving not our lives to death ;

Still endure, in deadly strife ;—

See the crown of Life :

Onward ! onward let us go !

Scorning danger, shame, and woe ;

Treading in the path once trod,

By th' Incarnate God.

XLII.—8, 7.

JESUS, from the heights of glory,
Came impelled by boundless love;
Angels sang his wondrous story,
Borne from realms of light above;
They a joyous host—came down,
To proclaim his high renown.

2 Jesus came, the heavenly stranger,
As a feeble infant came;
Cradled in a cheerless manger,
Child of sorrow, conflict, shame:
All creation's LORD we see,
Veiled in helpless infancy.

3 Jesus came—the form assuming,
Of the lowly, subject One;
Ever on His heart sustaining
This—“*Thy will my God be done,*”
He the servant's path *thus* trod;
Ever glorifying God.

4 Jesus, into death descended;
Bearer of our guilt and shame:

From the grave he re-ascended ;
Who His peerless worth can name !—
He has borne our sins away ;
He alone has "*won the day !*"

- 5 Jesus, to the heights of glory,
Has returned—*His work is done !*
Angels sing his wondrous story,
Bending low before the throne :
Glory crowns th' Incarnate Word—
All creation's sovereign LORD.

XLIII.—8s.

OF the FOUNT of every blessing,
Let us sing the boundless grace ;
Streams of goodness never ceasing,
Well demand unceasing praise :
May our hearts now reach the measures,
Soon we hope to sing above,
While we own the countless treasures,
Of our God's unchanging love.

- 2 Once we wandered—hopeless strangers ;
Far away from bliss—from God ;

Jesus from ten thousand dangers,
Saved us by his precious blood ;
In that blood we have redemption,
In himself our *life's* secure :
How can we forbear to mention,
Love which ever shall endure ?

- 3 To his grace how deep a debtor !
Each for evermore shall be ;
May his love, that golden fetter,
Bind our hearts,—*bless'd liberty!*—
To himself in full subjection,
In his service to delight ;
Till we reach, by his protection,
His own home in realms of light.

XLIV.—8, 7, P.

WE pass a desert dark and drear,
With deepest woes abounding ;
But o'er its wastes, our Saviour's praise,
We would be still resounding :
Jesus has purchased us with blood,
Has giv'n us life un-ending ;
And we his blessed name will sing,
While through the desert wending.

- 2 He guides us through the darkest night,
On all our steps attending ;
His faithful love our hearts sustains,
When 'neath our load we're bending :
His presence does our spirits cheer,
Though rough the way and dreary ;
And hope sustains us through the gloom ;
Nor lets our hearts grow weary.
- 3 In conflict often sharp and sore,
With foes our steps surrounding ;
Our LORD displays his saving power.
Our comforts still abounding :
And soon the conflict shall be o'er,
When we—the desert leaving—
Shall soar to meet him in the air ;
The azure heavens cleaving.
- 4 With Him we'll sing of conflicts past,
Of sorrows gone for ever ;
And rest in undisturbed repose,
Beside that peaceful river,
Whose streams for evermore shall flow,
From God's high throne proceeding ;
While we for evermore will sing,
Of grace, all praise exceeding.

XLV.—8, 8, 6.

COME let us leave this sinful earth,
And taste the joys of heavenly birth,
The joys of heaven above :
Come let us mount, by faith, and rise,
To our own rest beyond the skies,
Prepared by Jesus' love.

- 2 Upon our Saviour let us gaze,
And sing his high, eternal praise,
In sweetest melody :
He once the "Man of sorrows" was,
And for us died upon the cross—
He died to set us free.
- 3 What words of ours can ever tell,
How Jesus rescued us from hell,
And gave us life divine !
But still we'll sing His matchless praise,
And to His name our anthems raise ;
His name does peerless shine !
- 4 Upon the bosom of His love,
Where now He sits, enthroned above,
Is our peculiar rest :

Then let us turn from earth away,
As sons of light—as sons of day;
In him supremely blest!

XLVI.—6, 6, 8.

IN armour bright arrayed,
The armour of our God;
With Christ, the Victor, *One*,
By faith in his own blood;
Let us stand fast, in conflict sore,
Our conflicts soon shall be no more.

2 Clothed in this panoply,
With courage let us fight;
Soon shall our LORD appear,
And put our foes to flight;
Shortly, our God shall satan bruise,
Beneath our feet:—*inspiring news!*

3 We need the stirring word,
That bids us fight and stand:—
“Quit you like men, be strong!”
Resounds in high command:
Then let us wield the Spirit’s sword,
The word of God—the faithful word.

- 4 Soon shall the conflict cease,
 Our foes shall prostrate fall;
 With Jesus we shall reign,
 The "Sovereign LORD of All!"
 Our palms of triumph then we'll wave,
 And shout of him who died to save!

XLVII.—s. m.

“WATCH”—tis the LORD's command,
 To all his servants given;
Let us obey our Sovereign LORD,
 While He is hid in heaven.

- 2 “Watch”—for the night is dark,
 To human thoughts 'tis long;
And yet 'tis meet that we should spend,
 The night in hopeful song.

- 3 “Watch”—for the foe is nigh;
 His sleepless malice proves,
His dread and watchful enmity,
 To those whom Jesus loves.

- 4 "Watch"—'tis the time to serve,
The LORD, who for us died ;
Who rose and went beyond the sky,
Where now He's glorified.
- 5 "Watch"—for He soon will come,
Awake may we be found ;
So shall we hear with thrilling joy,
The last great trumpet sound.
- 6 "Watch"—till the night be past,
Still wait with lamp in hand ;
To sloth and slumber never yield,
"Watch"—is the LORD's command.

XLVIII.—11s.

BY faith we are come to the mount of
the LORD,
To Zion, the place of His rest—of His
throne ;
Where soon His bright glory shall all be
displayed ;
And Israel,—"*Messiah*," in Jesus shall
own.

- 3 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against "*that day* ;"
'Tis incorruptible and pure,
And cannot fade away.
- 4 Saints by the power of God are kept,
'Till the salvation come ;
Then let us wait in patient hope,
'Till Christ shall take us home.

L.—7s.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing loud, in Jesus' name ;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love !

- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As tow'rs glory's heights ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Here the joys of heaven begin,
Christ has ransomed us from sin ;
And our spirits cease to rove,
Resting in redeeming love !

4 When by sorrow's load opprest,
Jesus points us to His rest ;
Soon He'll come—Him we shall prove,
Mighty in redeeming love !

5 Then our sweetest notes we'll sing,
Israel then shall hail their King ;
They on earth, and *we* above,
Then shall praise redeeming love !

LI.—L. M.

FORGIVENESS ! 'twas a joyful sound,
To us, when lost and doomed to die ;
Publish the bliss to all around,
And gladly shout it through the sky.

- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine,
'Tis full, effacing every crime ;
Unbounded shall its glories shine, [time.
And know no change through changing
- 3 For this stupendous love of Heaven,
What grateful honors can we show !
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let grateful praise unceasing flow !

LII.—C. M.

IN Christ, our Saviour and our LORD,
Appears each grace divine ;
All virtues meet in him complete,
In him they ever shine.

- 2 The largest love of human kind,
Inspired His gracious breast ;
In deeds of mercy,—words of peace,
His kindness was expressed.
- 3 To shed the beams of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy ;
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his much-loved employ.
- 4 His friendship, those were made to prove,
Who knew the joyful sound ;
He washed their feet—He wiped their tears,
And healed each heart-felt wound.
- 5 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,—
He laboured for their good !

- 6 To God, he left his righteous cause,
And still his course pursued ;
Through humble prayer, and patient faith,
His strength was still renewed.
- 7 In the dark hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 8 And then he proved his deepest love,
He poured his precious blood ;
That even such as sought his life,
Might rise to dwell with God !

LIII.—S. M.

“**THE** *Lord is ris'n indeed :*”

The tidings are most true !
Yes we have seen the Saviour bleed—
Have seen him living too !

2 “*The Lord is ris'n indeed :*”

Then justice asks no more ;
Mercy and truth have now embraced—
Are *one* for evermore !

- 3 *"The Lord is ris'n indeed :"*
 Then all his work is done ;
 Our Surety now, and we are freed—
 Yes God has raised his Son !
- 4 *"The Lord is ris'n indeed :"*
 He lives and so shall we ;
 And soon The Woman's conq'ring Seed,
 We shall, with triumph see !

LIV.—8s.

A ARONIC priests as servants stood,
And brought their off'rings day by day,—
Faint shadows of that precious blood,
Which, "*once for all*," put sin away ;—
The one, sufficient sacrifice,
By which our LORD has pass'd the skies.

- 2 He offered up himself entire,
And never need the death repeat ;
Justice can nothing more require,
And we in him are now complete :
Enthron'd at God, his Father's, side,
Our Surety now is glorified.

- 3 In glory now He sits to bless,
Expecting till his foes are made,
A foot-stool, formed by righteousness,
For his victorious feet to tread;
Then, on his great millennial throne,
He'll reign o'er all the earth alone:—
- 4 Nor yet alone—we too shall reign,
As *one* with him upon the throne!
There robed in white, without a stain,
We shall his richest grace make known;
And while we reign we'll Him adore,
And praise his name for evermore.

LV.—7s.

GLORY unto Jesus be!
From the curse he set us free;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He has full atonement made.

- 2 All his blessed work is done,
God's well pleased in his Son;
He has raised him from the dead—
Set him over all as head.

- 3 All should sing his work and worth—
All his saints throughout the earth ;
"Till we sing around the throne,
"Thou art worthy—Thou alone !"
- 4 Soon we here shall cease to mourn,
He will certainly return !
All his saints with him shall reign :—
Worthy is the Lamb once slain !

LVI.—6, 6, 8.

- R**EJOICE, the LORD is King,
Our God and King adore ;
Let us give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heads, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud—ye saints rejoice !
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Upon the throne of heaven ;
Himself has purged our sins—
Our sins are all forgiven :
Lift up your heads, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud—ye saints rejoice !

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell,
Are to our Saviour given :
Lift up your heads, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud—ye saints rejoice ;
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
For soon our LORD will come,
And take his brethren up,
To his eternal home :
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, "Rejoice."

LVII.—C. M.

JESUS the Son of God, who once
For us his life resigned ;
Now lives in heaven our great high Priest,
And ever-loving Friend.

- 2 To human weakness ever kind,—
Though now enthroned above ;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
And un-upbraiding love.

- 3 Of deepest sympathy possessed,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations are,
For he has felt the same.
- 4 But though he felt the Tempter's power,
Unconquered he remained ;
Nor 'midst the conflicts he endured,
By sin was ever stained.
- 5 As in the days of feebleness,
He poured forth cries and tears,
So, now he fully, deeply knows,
What every tried one bears.
- 6 Then let us, in the faith of this,
Come boldly to the throne :—
It is the throne of grace and love,
Its riches are our own.

LVIII.—8, 8, 6.

BEYOND the world a city stands—
Of jasper walls—not made with hands ;
In it our LORD shall reign :

- 6 Let us wield the Spirit's sword,
Praying with unceasing prayer ;
Soon the vict'ry shall be won,
Wreaths of triumph we shall wear.

LX.—L. M.

NOW let us raise a noble song,
Let every heart and every tongue.
Exalt our God's eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

- 2 Its fullness shines in Jesus' face,
The *One* bright image of his grace ;
God's glory in his only Son,
Has in its full effulgence shone.
- 3 Immanuel ! Christ ! O glorious theme !
Our hearts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Bright seraphs dwell upon the sound,
And heaven reflects its music round.
- 4 Hope points us to yon heavenly place,
Where he reveals his God-like face ;
Soon we his glories shall behold ;—
But his full praise can ne'er be told !

LXI.—c. m.

CREATION'S tribes expectant wait,
In hope, the destined hour ;
When God's own sons shall be revealed,
With Christ, in glorious power.

- 2 We know, the whole creation groans,
And travails, until now ;
All Nature seems to say, "O LORD,
Thy great redemption shew."
- 3 Nor they alone,—e'en we, though sons,
In grief still sojourn here ;
But thoughts of glory and of Christ,
Our waiting spirits cheer.
- 4 The body's great redemption day,
In steadfast hope we wait ;
When Christ shall set us, by his power,
In his own glorious state.
- 5 In hope, we even now are saved,
And soar, in spirit free ;
Beyond the sphere of death and sin,
And various misery.

LXII.—8, 8, 6.

O JOYFUL day ! O glorious hour !
When Jesus, by Almighty power,
Revived and left the grave :
In all his works behold him great,
Before almighty to create,
Almighty now to save.

2 "*The First-begotten from the dead,*"
He's risen now his church's *Head*,
To make her life secure :
And all his saints, who yield their breath,
Like him shall burst the bands of death—
Their resurrection's sure.

3 Why should our spirits then be sad ?
None have such reason to be glad,
As those redeemed to God :
Jesus our Mighty Saviour lives,
To us, his peace and joy he gives—
The ransomed by his blood.

4 Then let our constant praise resound ;
And in his work may we abound :—
We know His constant love !

In him our labour's not in vain ;
With him we surely yet shall reign,
On glory's throne above.

LXIII.—8s.

WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus
Since the bless'd earnest of his love, [reigns !
So brightens all these dreary plains ;
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What joy 'twill be with Christ to reign.

- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains the heart no more ;
When we shall see the Prince of Light,
And all his glorious grace explore ;
What heights and depths of love divine,
Will then through endless ages shine.
- 3 And God has fixed that happy day,
When the last tear shall dim our eyes ;
And He will wipe that tear away,
And bid us to his glory rise :
How blessed then to see His face,
And know His infinite embrace !

LXIV.—C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.

- 2 There pain and sickness ne'er shall come,
None shall of grief complain ;
But all shall sing in that bless'd home,
Of Christ—The Lamb once slain.
- 3 No cloud those happy regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Shall never enter there.
- 3 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's imperfect ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.
- 4 There we shall dwell with Christ our LORD,
With him for ever reign ;
While He is in our songs adored—
The Lamb who once was slain.

LXV.—6, 6, 8.

THE night is now far spent,
The day comes on apace ;
The veil will soon be rent,
That hides the Saviour's face :
The clouds that now obstruct our sight,
Shall shortly all be put to flight.

2 Ye saints lift up your heads ;
Salvation draweth nigh ;—
Soon shall the morning spread,
Its radiance through the sky :
Then let us never yield to fear ;
The LORD himself will soon be here.

3 Though men our hope deride,
Nor will themselves believe,
We in his word confide,
Who never can deceive :
Though heaven and earth should pass away,
His church shall see that glorious day !

4 For us the LORD intends,
A bright abode on high ;

The place where sorrow ends,
And nought is known but joy :
With such a hope, ye saints, rejoice,
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice.

LXVI.—7s.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang;
When Jehovah's work began—
When He spake and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born :
Songs of praise arose, when He
Rose, in proof of Victory!
- 3 Songs of praise again shall sound !
When our Saviour, fully crowned,
Comes from heaven o'er earth to reign,
Songs of praise shall sound again !
- 4 "Till He come," we here will sing,
Songs of praise to him, our King ;
Yes, while on the earth, we'll raise,
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

LXVII.—8s.

“**A** *LITTLE while!*”—our LORD
shall come,

And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where he, for us has gone before;
To dwell with him, to see his face,
And sing the glories of his grace.

2 “*A little while!*”—he'll come again,
Let us the passing hours redeem;
Let us exalt the Lamb once slain,
And only seek to follow him:
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their LORD to see.

3 “*A little while!*”—'twill soon be past!
Why should we fear to bear the cross?
While tribulation here shall last,
O may we count all else but loss,
And glory in the honor given—
To suffer for the LORD of heaven.

LXVIII.—L. M.

THE glorious palace of our God,
Above the heavens by faith we see;

Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than human thoughts can be.

- 2 In that bless'd home shall we appear,
When here our Father's will is done;
Presented by our Jesus there,
Then placed beside him on his throne.
- 3 Our robes all washed in his own blood,
Our palms the trophies of his grave;
Himself our Saviour, LORD and God,—
Our heaven to see him face to face.
- 4 Our bless'd employ to praise his name,
And celebrate our Father's love;
While led by him—the gentle Lamb,
Through scenes of light and joy we rove.
- 5 While angels echo our high praise,
Moved by the subject of our song;
Still we, in loud melodious lays,
Our strains of worship will prolong.
- 6 Soon He shall come in robes of light,
To claim the purchase of his blood;
And guide us up with graceful flight,
To the high Palace of our God.

LXIX.—8, 7, 7.

IN our LORD we have redemption,
Full remission in his blood ;
We through him have full exemption,
From the holy wrath of God ;
What a Saviour JESUS is !
What unbounded love is His !

- 2 Praise be his, all praise transcending,
Praise on earth and praise in heav'n ;
Praise, through ages never-ending,
To the Lamb of God be given : ,
He alone our Saviour is,
Everlasting praise be his.

LXX.—8, 7, 4.

WOULD we view God's brightest glory,
We must gaze on Jesus' face ;
There to learn the wondrous story,
Of our God's unbounded grace :
Thus with rapture,
We shall know his love's embrace.

- 2 In his highest work—redemption,
See his glory fully blaze ;

Nor can angels ever mention,
Aught that more of God displays
Grace and justice,
There unite their dazzling rays.

- 3 In the person of our Saviour,
God's full majesty is seen ;
All his glories shine for ever—
Shine, without a veil between :
We adore him,
And rejoice in his great name.

LXXI.—C. M.

'TIS PAST!—the night of gloom and
Our LORD's exalted now : [wrath ;
He sits serene, without a cloud
Of sadness on his brow.

- 2 His path on earth, the cross, the grave,
His sorrows all are o'er ;
And blessed thought—his eyes shall weep,
His heart shall break, no more.
- 3 Deep were his sorrows—deeper still
The love that brought him low,

That babe the precious stream of life,
From him, the Victim, flow.

- 4 The spear that pierced him darkly proves,
Man's settled enmity ;
But in the blood that stained that spear,
His constant love we see.
- 5 By his own blood, he has redeemed,
And brought us nigh to God ;
But who can estimate the worth,
Of that pure, cleansing flood !
- 6 His glories who can now recount,
Upon his Father's throne ;
Or sound the depths of love expressed,
When he exclaimed—'TIS DONE !

LXXII.—8, 7.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend !
His is love beyond a brothers',
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

- 2 Which, of all our friends, to save us,
Would or could have shed his blood?
But our Saviour died to have us,
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth, abased,
"Friend of sinners," was his name;
Now to brightest glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:—
Us, He calls His brethren, friends,
And to all our need attends.
- 4 Soon He'll come in clouds descending,
Then shall we his Friendship prove;
Then to pleasures never ending,
He will lead us, in his love:
Him, our loving, faithful friend,
We will worship without end.

LXXIII.—L. M.

OUR Saviour lives no more to die,
He lives, our Head, enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
He lives, eternally to save.

- 2 He lives, to chase our darkest fears,
He lives, to wipe away our tears ;
He lives, our mansion to prepare,
He lives, to bring us safely there.
- 3 The chief of sinners He receives,
His saints He keeps and never leaves ;
He'll rescue us from every ill,
And all his promises fulfil.
- 4 Abundant grace he will afford,
In strict fulfilment of his word ;
And we shall sing for evermore,
That Jesus lives ;—*and Him adore :*

LXXIV.—S. M.

- NOT all the blood of beasts,
On jewish altars slain ;
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.
- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Put all our sins away ;—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

- 3 By faith we look, and see
The burden He did bear
For us, upon th'accursed "tree,"
For all our guilt was there.
- 4 Believing we rejoice,
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing redeeming love.

LXXV.—8, 7.

HARK, the notes of angels, singing,
Glory, Glory, to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high our Saviour's name:
See, the Father hath enthroned him,
At his own right hand on high; [him,
There heaven's highest hosts have owned
Filling with his praise the sky.

- 3 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above;
Bless'd the theme—a free salvation,
Fruit of everlasting love:

Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his glorious name ;
Let us sing,—*All power and blessing,
Be to God, and to the Lamb !*

LXXVI.—L. M.

“**W**E’VE no abiding city here,”
This may distress the worlding’s
But should not cost the saint a tear, [mind ;
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 “We’ve no abiding city here,”
Sad thought, were this to be our home ;
We’re strangers in this lower sphere,
And seek a city yet to come.

3 “We’ve no abiding city here,”
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But only what we’re passing through.

4 “We’ve no abiding city here,”
We seek a city out of sight—
Jerusalem ! faith sees it near,
Brilliant with everlasting light.

LXXVII.—8, 8, 6.

TO wait for that important day,
When Jesus shall his power display,
Be this our one great care ;
To do his will our business here,
No toil to shun, no danger fear,
Resolved our cross to bear.

- 2 And though our LORD should seem to stay,
And sinners mock at the delay,
We need not, should not fear ;
“*The Man*,” who wore the crown of thorns,
Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,
In glory shall appear.
- 3 Bright angels shall attend our King,
And heaven with acclamations ring,
When Jesus comes with clouds ;
By faith we see the dazzling train,
It seems to fill yon azure plain,
With heaven’s exulting crowds.
- 4 With patience then our souls shall rest,
Assured the Father’s time is best,
And cannot come too late ;

Our LORD we know cannot be far,
And therefore for his blazing Car,
We still expecting wait.

LXXVIII.—8s.

WE sing what grace, divine, has done!—
The Son of God His blood has shed;
The Father's blessed only Son,
Had all our sin upon him laid:
The Son of God for us has died,
The LORD of life was crucified.

- 2 Then let us glory in the cross,
And make it here our constant theme;
All things for Christ account but dross,
Ascribing all our hopes to him:
In nothing let us boast, beside
Jesus, our LORD,—The Crucified.

LXXIX.—8, 7, 4.

WHY those fears? behold 'tis Jesus,
Holds the helm, and guides the ship;

Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us o'er the deep;
 To the regions,
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Rendered safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
 And with pleasure,
Think on storms and dangers past.

3 Oh what blessings there await us,
Far beyond the tempest's roar;
There, the foes who now so hate us,
Can molest our peace no more;
 Trouble ceases,
On that tranquil, blissful shore.

LXXX.—8s.

AS objects of mercy alone,
Of mercy, free mercy we sing;
Nor fear—seeing Christ on the throne,
Our persons and offerings to bring;

The wrath of the thrice-holy God,
With us can have nothing to do ;
For wash'd in his Son's precious blood,
We dauntless can stand in his view.

- 2 The work, which his mercy began,
His love and his truth shall complete ;
His promise is *Yea and Amen*,
And nothing his *will* can defeat :
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever his church from his love.

- 3 Her name from his arm and his heart,
Shall nothing for ever erase ;
Her image shall ne'er thence depart,
'Tis drawn in indelible grace :
And we to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy but not more secure,
The spirits reposing in heaven.

LXXXI.—8, 7.

HARK ! ten thousand voices crying,
“*Lamb of God !*”—with one accord ;



Thousand, thousand saints replying,
Wake at once th'echoing chord :
“*Praise the Lamb*”—the chorus waking,
All in heaven together throng ;
Loud and far each tongue partaking,
Rolls around the endless song.

2 Grateful incense this, ascending
Ever to the Father's throne ;
Every knee to Jesus bending,
All the mind in heaven's one ;
All the Father's counsels claiming,
Equal honors to the Son ;
All the Son's effulgence beaming,
Makes the Father's glory known.

3 By the Spirit, all pervading,
Hosts un-numbered round the Lamb,
Crowned with light and joy, unfading,
Hail Him as the great “*I AM* :”—
Joyful now the new creation,
Rests, in undisturbed repose ;
Bless'd in Jesus' full salvation,
Sorrow now, nor thralldom knows.



- 4 Hark ! the heavenly notes, still swelling,
Loudly rolls the song of praise ;
All throughout creation dwelling,
Still responsive anthems raise :
Still, Amen ! Amen ! resounding,
Praise unceasing flows along ;
All, the LAMB OF GOD surrounding—
“*Praise the Lamb,*” their endless song.

LXXXII.—C. M.

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 sov'reign 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 ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

LXXXIII.—8,7,4.

GO and search the tomb of Jesus,
Where the LORD of Glory lay ;
Jesus is not there but risen,
He has borne our sins away :
“It is finished,”
Shines in resurrection day.

- 2 Death's dread power could not detain him,
Pris'ner in the guarded cave ;

No, he conquered death by dying,
By his cross he spoiled the grave :
He is risen,
And Almighty is to save.

LXXXIV.—8, 8, 6.

THE church—the building of the LORD,
Is that wherein, (by saints adored,)
His presence he reveals;
Jehovah—Jesus to his praise,
Rears it to shew his boundless grace :—
In it his glory dwells.

- 2 A temple this, not made with hands,
The work of love and power it stands,
And ever shall endure ;
'Tis founded on the "Living Stone,"
And 'midst all changes shall be known,
Immutably secure.
- 3 Time that all other works destroys,
And all that satan now employs,
With safety it defies ;
Erected for God's own name's sake,
Though earth should to its centre shake,
Majestic it shall rise.

- 4 From age to age the work goes on,
Soon shall be read the words—" 'TIS DONE ;"
Upon the topmost stone ;
Then all the armies of the sky,
"Grace ! Grace !" to it aloud shall cry ;
And Jesus' praise make known.

LXXXV.—C. M.

RICH grace ! free grace ! what words of
To sinners such as we ; [peace,
We once were lost but now are found,
Were blind but now we see.

- 2 This boundless grace in Jesus shines,
And in his precious blood ;
Which every precious promise seals,
Made by the grace of God.

- 3 How full of grace our Saviour is,
Unchangeably the same ;
Yes grace and truth shall ever shine,
In his most blessed name !

- 4 Through many dangers, toils, and snarcs,
We have already come ;

His grace has brought us safe thus far,
And soon He'll lead us home.

- 5 Then shall we sing of *grace!*—*Free grace!*
In glad, unceasing strains;
And all creation shall confess,
That grace triumphant reigns!

LXXXVI.—C. M.

WHAT grace and truth in Jesus shone,
And marked his steps below;
What patient love was seen through all,
His life and death of woe.

- 2 Daily upon his burdened heart,
Oppressive sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murm'ring word,
Escaped his silent tongue.
- 3 His foes might hate, despise, revile,
His friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in endurance still,
His heart could only love.

- 4 Oh, may we learn to love like him,
Like him, in truth, to grieve
Far more for other's sins, than all,
The wrongs we here receive.
- 5 May love and grace and gentleness,
Form both our hearts and ways;
That we may thus together shew,
Our lowly Saviour's praise.

LXXXVII.—C. M.

THE soldiers of the cross must fight,
Till life itself be past;
The foe assails us day and night,
Assails us to the last.

- 2 But let us still remember this,
Though mighty are our foes;
Our risen Saviour greater is,
Than all who can oppose.
- 3 We need not fly, we need not fear,
Since He who reigns above;
In every conflict will be near,
The objects of his love.

- 4 If in his strength, the adverse powers
We meet in painful strife ;
The vict'ry shall be always ours,
And ours the crown of life.

LXXXVIII.—8s.

THE Lamb was slain ! let us adore,
And thankfully his mercy own,
In songs both now and evermore,
Extol the love his heart has shewn ;
Yea let us serve with reverent love,
The LORD whose boundless grace we prove.

- 2 The Lamb was slain ! both day and night
Angelic choirs his praises sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
With rev'rence they their anthems bring ;
But we can raise a nobler song
To HIM, though with a falt'ring tongue.

- 3 The Lamb was slain ! to him we bow,
He is our wealth and joy and fame ;
His are our souls and bodies too,
By price of blood—O blessed claim !

Him we confess our sovereign LORD,
Beloved, and worshipped, and adored.

4 The Lamb was slain! 'twas He, 'twas He,
That raised us from our dismal fall;
His love's a deep and boundless sea,
His mercy is unsearchable:
The holy Lamb for sin was slain,
That we eternal life might gain.

5 The Lamb was slain! we still repeat,
And love the burden of our song;
This would we sing, till round his feet,
We stand, a bright triumphant throng:
Then on our hearts shall e'er remain,
This precious truth, THE LAMB WAS SLAIN!

LXXXIX.—8, 7.

BRETHREN, rise, our God directs us,
Stranger hands no more impede;
Onward move, his hand protects us,
Strength that has the captive freed:
Is the wilderness before us,
Desert lands where drought abides?

Heavenly springs shall there restore us,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

- 2 Light divine surrounds our going,
God himself shall mark our way;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day:
God, our everlasting portion,
Feeds us with the mighty's meat:
Freed from Egypt's hard extortion,
Egypt's food no more to eat.
- 3 Are we weaned from Egypt's pleasures?
God in secret us shall keep;
There unfold his hidden treasures,
There his love's exhaustless deep:
In the desert God will teach us,
What, the God that we have found,
Patient, gracious, pow'rful, holy;
All his grace shall there abound.
- 5 On to Zion's rest still wending,
E'en our wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace, from high descending;
We shall drink of mercy's spring.

Though our way be rough and dreary,
Eagle—strength he will renew;
Garments fresh and foot unwearied,
Tell how God has brought us through.

- 5 When to Zion's long-lov'd dwelling,
Love divine our feet shall bring,
There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest we'll sing:
There no stranger God shall meet us—
Strangers we in courts above—
He who to his rest will greet us,
Greets us with a well-known love.

XC.—8, 7, 4.

LOOK ye saints—the sight is glorious—
See the “Man of sorrows” now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Hail Him, hail Him!
Glory wreathes the Victor's brow.

- 2 Hail the Saviour, angels own him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;

In the seat of power behold him,
While the vault of heaven rings :
Hail Him, hail Him !
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus his righteous claim ;
Angel-bands now crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Hail Him, hail Him !
By His death salvation came.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation ;
Hark, those loud triumphant chords ;
Jesus fills the highest station,
O what joy the sight affords !
Hail Him, hail Him !
King of kings and Lord of lords

XCI.—8, 4.

WE cannot always trace the way,
Where God—our gracious God does
But we can always surely say, [move ;
That he is love.

- 2 When fear its gloomy cloud shall fling,
O'er earth—our souls to heaven above ;
As to their refuge then shall spring,
For God is Love.
- 3 When myst'ry shrouds our darkened path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove ;
Because in this we comfort have,
That God is Love.
- 4 Yes, HE is love—a truth like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove ;
And turn all fears and woes to bliss :—
Our God is love.

XCII.—L, M.

REJOICE ye saints, rejoice and praise,
The blessings of redeeming grace ;
Jesus your everlasting Tower,
Mocks at the angry tempest's roar.

- 2 His love's a refuge ever nigh,
His watchful care presides on high ;
His name's a Rock, which winds above
And waves below, can never move.

- 3 His covenant, for ever sure,
To endless ages shall endure ;
His perfect work will ever prove,
The depth of his unchanging love.
- 4 While all things change, He changes not,
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot ;
His love's unchangeably the same,
And as enduring as his name.
- 5 Rejoice ye saints, rejoice and praise,
The blessings of this wondrous grace ;
Jesus your everlasting Tower,
Can bear unmoved the tempest's roar.

XCIII.—8, 7, 4.

LOOK ye saints, look here,—nor wonder!
See the place where Jesus lay ;
He has burst death's bands asunder,
Having borne our sins away :
He is risen !
Night is changed to endless day.

- 2 Jesus triumphed ! sing ye praises ;
By his death he overcame ;
Thus our LORD his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame :
Sing ye praises !
Praises to the Victor's name.

XCIV.—S, M.

FOR "ever with the LORD !"
Amen, so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word—
'Tis immortality.

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him we roam ;
Yet nightly pitch our moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 Our Father's house on high !—
Home, to each soul how dear—
We long to see thee, and we sigh,
Within thee to appear.

- 4 Each thirsty spirit pants,
To reach the home we love ;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 And though there intervene,
Rough roads and stormy skies ;
Faith will not suffer ought to screen,
Thy glory from our eyes.
- 6 There shall all clouds depart,
The wilderness shall cease ;
And then shall every gladden'd heart,
Enjoy eternal peace.

XCV.—C, M.

WHEN Ísrael, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod ;
They found throughout that barren land,
A sure resource in God.

- 2 A cloudy pillar mark'd the road,
And screened them from the heat ;
From the hard rock the water flowed,
And manna was their meat.

- 3 Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from hostile Powers ;
Like them we pass a desert too,
But Israel's God is ours.
- 4 His word a light before us spreads,
By which our path we see ;
His love—a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.
- 5 Jesus, "the bread of life," is given,
To be our daily food ;
From him still flows the stream of heaven—
The precious grace of God.
- 6 It is enough, we ask no more,
His love around us pours ;
Its rich and never-failing store,
And all its joy is ours.

XCVI.—8, 8, 6.

COME let us sing the matchless worth,
And gladly sound the glories forth,
That in our Saviour shine ;

Of his bless'd name the praise we'll sing,
The song with which yon heav'ns shall ring,
When we with Him shall reign.

2 How rich the precious blood he spilt,
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin against our God ;
How perfect is his righteousness,
In which unspotted beauteous dress,
His saints have ever stood.

3 How rich the character he bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Upon the Father's throne ;
In songs of still untiring praise,
We would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Soon, soon the happy day shall come,
When we shall reach our destin'd home,
And see him face to face ;
Then with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Eternal ages we will spend,
In singing still his grace.

XCVII.—L, M.

OURS is a pardon bought with blood,
Oh truth divine!—the blood of One;
Who without usurpation could,
Lay claim to heaven's eternal throne.

2 No victim of inferior worth,
Could bear the stroke that justice aim'd;
For none but He in heav'n or earth,
Could offer that which justice claimed.

3 But He, the LORD of glory came,
Upon the cross he bow'd his head;
He suffered woes, he suffer'd shame,
And lay a pris'ner with the dead.

4 But lo! he rises from the grave,
And bears the most exalted name;
He is Almighty now to save,
And we now bless the holy Lamb.

XCVIII.—P. M.

ONE there is above all others—
Oh how He loves!

His is love beyond a brother's—

Oh, how He loves !

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,

One day sooth, the next day grieve us,

But this Friend will ne'er deceive us :—

Oh, how He loves !

2 'Tis eternal life to know him,—

Oh, how He loves !

Think, oh think how much we owe him,—

Oh, how He loves !

With his precious blood he bought us,

In the wilderness he sought us,

To his fold he safely brought us :—

Oh, how He loves !

3 We have found a friend in Jesus—

Oh, how He loves !

'Tis his great delight to bless us,—

Oh, how He loves !

How our hearts delight to hear him,

Bid us dwell in safety near him ;

Why should we distrust or fear him ?—

Oh, how He loves !

- 4 Through his name we are forgiven—
 Oh, how He loves !
Backward shall our foes be driven—
 Oh, how He loves !
Best of blessings he'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us !
Safe to glory he will guide us :—
 Oh, how He loves !

XCIX.—S, M.

- 'TIS finished !—truthful word !
 The Son of God is slain ;
The mercy-seat of God appears,
 The veil is rent in twain.
- 2 Now Grace and Justice meet,
 In perfect unity ;
Since Jesus' blood the ransom is,
 That sets the pris'ner free.
- 3 Jesus our LORD is ris'n,
 And passed beyond the sky ;
As our high Priest and glorious Head,
 He sits enthroned on high.

- 4 There He, at God's right hand,
 For us does intercede ;
 And countless benefits proclaim,
 "The Lord is ris'n indeed !"

C.—8, 8, 6.

THE festal morn shall surely come,
When we shall all be gather'd home,
Our Saviour to adore ;
What triumph shall his voice attend !
To his bright courts we shall ascend,
And praise him evermore.

- 2 By faith we hail that happy day,
When we shall soar from earth away,
To our Redeemer's rest ;
For then his perfect changeless grace,
Shall raise us up to see his face,
And make us ever blest.
- 3 Then He—our loving, glorious head,
Shall o'er us all his glory spread—
His city our abode ;

How bright the hope that in us glows,
To scale her heights, whose walls enclose,
The mansion of our God!

CI.—L. M.

HOW welcome to the saints, when pressed,
With six days' noise, and care and toil;
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile.

- 2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
We seem to breathe a diff'rent air;
Composed and softened by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
- 3 The day on which our LORD arose,
We gladly hail—for well we may;
He triumphed over all our foes,
And we observe his rising day.
- 4 With joy we hasten to the place,
Where we our Saviour oft have met;
And while we feast upon his grace,
Our burdens and our toils forget.

- 4 And soon the promised day shall come,
When we shall toil and grieve no more ;
But rest in our eternal home,
And there our risen LORD adore.

CII.—C. M.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

- T**HE sweetest flower that ever blow'd,
Opened on Calv'ry's tree ;
Where Jesus' blood so freely flow'd,
To set his chosen free.
- 2 Its deepest hue, its richest smell,
No mortal can declare ;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell,
How bright the colors are.
- 3 Earth could not hold so rich a flow'r,
Nor half its beauties show ;
Nor could the world and satan's power,
Confine its sweets below.
- 4 On Canaan's banks, supremely fair,
That flower of glory blooms ;
Translated to its native air,
And all the shores perfumes.

- 5 But not to Canaan's shores confined,
The seeds which from it blow ;
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the church below.
- 6 And soon on yonder banks above,
Shall every blossom here ;
Appear a full-blown flow'r of love,
Like him, transplanted there.

CIII.—7s.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates the gloom !
Day of triumph through the skies !—
See the blessed Saviour rise.

- 2 Faith shall dry the falling tear,
Hope shall banish every fear ;
While we view his empty grave,
Learning thence his power to save.
- 3 We, who were of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade ;
All our dread we now efface,
By our risen Saviour's grace.

- 4 Hail the morn on which He rose,—
Prostrate lie our mightiest foes !
Through our Head, our spirits rise,
Far beyond the azure skies.

CIV.—C. M.

JESUS the LORD of life and light,
Sends forth th' unfading ray ;
Unfolds the beauties of the morn,
And pours celestial day.

- 2 Oh ! what a night was that, which wrapp'd,
A sinful world in gloom ;
Oh ! what a Sun which burst this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 He rose with mighty power to save,
In him, our Head we're ris'n ;
Then let our songs to him ascend,
At God's right hand in heav'n
- 4 To him be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

- 5 Praise, everlasting praise we'll sing,
To make his triumphs known ;
Both here and when we see our King,
Upon his glorious throne.

CV.—8, 7, 4.

LET us all, with grateful spirits,
Join to bless the Prince of Peace;
Praise him for his richest favors—
Rich displays of saving grace :
Let us praise him,
Till we rise to see his face !

- 2 Here we wait the happy moment,
Wait to rise at his command ;
Where his chosen shall for ever,
Dwell in one united band :—
All, triumphant,
Shall with him on Zion stand. .

- 3 There in purer, sweeter concord,
We shall sing of him who died ;
And through everlasting ages,
Jointly shout—*The crucified !*

Then how glorious,
Shall appear his honored Bride !

- 4 All shall join to swell the concert,
Each shall aim to praise him most ;
And our songs of joy and triumph,
Shall delight th' angelic host :
While we're praising,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CVI.—8, 7.

SOON, our Saviour, Christ appearing,
Shall conduct us to repose ;
Then, no ill for ever fearing,
We shall rest from all our foes,—
Freed from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Having all we hoped for here.

- 2 Perils past, and gone for ever !—
Oh how cheering is the thought !
Soon, beside the crystal river,
We shall rest, and labor not ;
Nothing is, to those opprest,
Grateful as the thought of rest.

- 3 Hope of this our toils can lighten,
Hope can cheer us, lest we faint;
Hope of this, all gloom can brighten,
Hope sustains each trembling saint:
Hope is ours!—then farewell fear,
Hope the darkest hour can cheer.

CVII.—8, 7, 4.

HARK! what sounds of sweetest cadence,
Fall on faith's delighted ear;
While prophetic chords are sweeping,—
“Lo! a Saviour shall appear:
 “’Tis Immanuel!—
“God with us”—that now draws near!”

- 2 Hark! what melody seraphic,
Echoes through yon azure dome;
While angelic choirs are singing,—
“Lo, the Saviour Christ is come!
 “’Tis Immanuel!
“Abraham’s promised Seed is come!”

- 3 Jesse’s stem now buds and blossoms—
Blossoms beauteous as the rose;

Fragrance breathes like that of Sharon ;
While its sweets the grace disclose,
 Of Immanuel,
Born to drink of deepest woes !

4 Of what deep mysterious meaning,
Was the birth of Mary's Son !—
But still deeper truth was uttered,
When he, dying, cried "*Tis done !*"
 Then Immanuel,
Vict'ry over death had won !

5 Soon, to life and glory rising,
He repass'd the vaulted sky ;
All his griefs and woes are over,
Lo ! he lives, no more to die,
 Hail Immanuel !
God with us—e'en God most High !

CVIII.—L. M.

[abroad,
ERE the bright heavens were stretched
From everlasting was "The Word ;"
"With God" He was—"the Word was God,"
And must, divinely be adored.

- 2 By his own power were all things made,
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's Head ;
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere Adam sinned, or satan fell,
He rul'd the host of morning stars ;
Who can his brighter glories tell,
Or tell the majesty he wears ?
- 4 But lo ! he left the heavenly throne,
Low to descend and dwell in clay ;
Bereft of all he called his own,
In feeble infancy he lay.
- 5 Shepherds with rev'rence saw him lie,—
The Father's equal, only Son !—
Born in a stable, born to die ;
That Love's high purpose might be done.
- 6 To bleed, to die, to rise again,
He left th' eternal throne on high ;
He lives o'er earth and heaven to reign,
No more to lay his glory by.

CIX.—7a.

GOD with us! Oh glorious name!
Let it shine in deathless fame;
God and man in Christ unite,
Oh mysterious depth and height.

2 God with us!—amazing love,
Brought him from his throne above;
We his love would ever tell,—
Would his praises ever swell.

3 God with us! but tainted not,—
Holy, pure, without a spot;
All our sin on him was laid,
He has full atonement made.

4 God with us! Oh wondrous grace!
We shall see him face to face;
Then we will, "*Immanuel*," sing,
As we ought, our God and King!

CX.—C. M.

WE sing our Saviour's wondrous death,
He conquered when He fell:

"Tis finished!" said His dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 "'Tis finished!" he no more shall die,
He "once for all" was slain;
He lives to intercede on high,
He lives o'er all to reign.

3 "'Tis finished"! our Immanuel cries,
"The glorious work is done!"
Salvation's blessings all arise,
From Him the Holy One!

4 His cross a sure foundation laid,
For glory and renown;
He rose triumphant from the dead,
To God, the Father's throne.

5 "'Tis finished!" no demand remains,
His blood has answer'd all;
His death we'll sing in ceaseless strains,—
He is our All in All!

CXI.—L. M.

COME let us join to praise the Lamb,
Oh! that our hearts and lips could move;

With strains exalted at his Name,
And melting as his dying love!

- 2 Was ever equal pity found!
The Son of God resigned his breath;
He poured his life-blood on the ground,
To ransom us from sin and death.
- 3 Rebels,—we broke God's sacred laws,
He, from the guilt has set us free;
He bore the vengeance on the cross—
He bore our sins upon the tree.
- 4 He washed us from our deepest stain,—
Has made us pure by his own blood;
Then let us sing the Lamb once slain,
Th' Incarnate Word—the Son of God!
- 5 But still in vain our voices strive,
To sing compassions so divine;
The highest honors we can give,
Are less than those that in him shine.

CXII.—8, 8, 6.

“ ’TIS finished!” our Immanuel said,
And meekly bowed his head and
Oh deep mysterious plan! [died,—

Our souls shall dwell upon that word,
And view the work of Christ, our LORD,
Complete for helpless man.

2 Finished the righteousness of grace,
The blood is shed that speaks our peace,
Our awful debt is paid:
Our guilt is cancelled all by blood;
And all that call'd for wrath from God,
In deep oblivion's laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim?
Who now impeach?—who now condemn?
Faith a release can shew:
Justice itself is on our side;
We're justified for Jesus died,
And drank the dregs of woe!

4 Satan may now our souls assail,
But his dark efforts all must fail,
While we can thus reply:
Where'er his accusations fall,
“’Tis finished!” still shall answer all,
And silence every cry.

CXIII.—8s.

'TIS done ! th' atoning work is done !
Jesus, our great Redeemer dies !
All nature feels his dying groan,
And darkness veils the glooming skies ;
The earth does to its centre shake,
While Jesus suffers for our sake.

- 2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus bows his head and dies ;
The rocks resent his mortal pain,
Their rending, echoes to the skies ;
The Roman soldier as he stood,
Owned Jesus, as the Son of God.
- 3 He died but lo ! he lives again,
Our Surety was released by God ;
He lives for evermore to reign,
He saves through his atoning blood ;
His finished work our glory is,—
His righteousness our claim to bliss.

CXIV.—L. M.

THE Cross ! the Cross ! Oh that's our gain,
Because on it the Lamb was slain ;

'Twas there our LORD was crucified,
'Twas there our Saviour for us died !

2 The deep, the wondrous cause was love !
This brought him from the throne above ;
He stooped to bleed—he rose to reign,
And glory crowns his saving name.

3 The Cross ! the Cross ! we cry again,
On it the Lamb of God was slain ;
'Twas there he shed his precious blood !
'Twas there he ransomed us to God !

CXV.—8, 7, 4.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See, it rends the rocks assunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky :
“It is finished !”
Hear the dying Saviour cry !

2 “It is finished !” Oh what pleasure,
His last, dying, words afford !
Blessings free and without limit,
Flow to us through Christ our LORD :—

"It is finished!"

We his dying words record.

- 3 He arose! not Death nor Hades,
 Could detain him in their hold;
 We would ever sing his praises,
 But his love can ne'er be told:

"It is finished!"

This can make the feeble bold.

- 4 Soon, more sweetly than the seraphs,
 We shall chant the glorious theme;
 When from hence we soar to heaven,
 There to praise Immanuel's name:—

"It is finished!"

Still shall glorify the Lamb!

CXVI.—L. M.

THE bands of death could not detain,
 Our Saviour in the dreary tomb;
 The life he gave he takes again,
 And soars to his paternal home.

- 2 Lo! he surmounts th' etherial height,
 To meet with joy his Father, God;

He sits in God's approving sight,
Where He has gone "*by His own blood !*"

- 3 The worth and virtues of that blood,
Are there confessed—the ground of Grace ;
And sinners, by the Holy God,
Are welcomed to behold his face.
- 4 Now we can pass through sorrow's gloom,
And sing of Death's defeat and loss ;
In glorious hope survey the tomb,
And shout the triumphs of the cross ?

CXVII.—8, 8, 6.

SEE Jesus, our Deliv'rer Great,
Rising his vict'ry to complete ;
Vain are the seal and stone !
O Hades, where's thy victory !
In him thy mighty Conqueror see,—
Rising he leaves the tomb.

- 2 Awhile he with his brethren stayed,
Instruction to their hearts conveyed,
Then soared beyond the sky :

The heavens with acclamations ring,
To welcome our triumphant King ;
And shout his victory.

- 3 Mindful of all his triumphs now,
His grace and glory we would show,
Who wait to see his face :
Oh, may we through each passing hour,
Here know his resurrection power,
And prove his saving grace.

- 4 Soon shall the promised day appear,
When we his sovereign voice shall hear,
And to our head ascend :
Then we shall see him face to face,
To sing for ever of his grace,
And all his steps attend.

CXVIII.—7s.

CROWNS of glory, ever bright,
Rest upon the Victor's head ;
Crowns of glory are his right—
His, "who liveth and was dead."

- 2 Jesus fought and won the day,
Heaven such conflict ne'er beheld ;

Jesus bore the the Palm away,
All his mightiest foes were quelled.

- 3 His the fight the arduous toil,
His the honors of the day ;
His, the glory and the spoil,
Jesus bore them all away.
- 4 We proclaim his deeds of war,
Shout his praise and high renown ;
His alone, the Victor's car,
His, the everlasting crown.

CXIX.—s. m.

NOT all the outward forms of earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n ;
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Could raise us up to heav'n.

- 2 The sovereign will of God, alone
Has made us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 Thus born of God, by power divine,
We are his sons confess'd ;

In Jesus' likeness soon to shine,
With him for ever bless'd.

CXX.—6, 6, 8.

JESUS, is all our hope,
His death is all our boast;
But for his boundless grace,
We were for ever lost;
Redeeming blood, and dying love,
Here be our theme, as when above.

2 All that remains for us,
Is but to trust and sing;
To love, adore, and serve,
Our Saviour and our King; [wound,
Each stripe, each bruise, each bleeding
Should make our love and zeal abound.

3 We own the brightest Name,
That men or angels know;
We sing the richest grace,
That God could e'er bestow;
We soon shall own that Name above,
And sing our Saviour's deepest love.

CXXI.—L. M.

WE sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross ;
For him whom men did once deride,
We now can all things count but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the Cross, we see
In shining letters, GOD IS LOVE!—
Our sins were borne upon the tree,
Our cause is now sustained above.
- 3 The Cross, which took our guilt away,
Now holds our tempted spirits up ;
It cheers with hope the darkest day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love ;
The sinner's only boast below,
The saints unending theme above.

CXXII.—C. M.

THE veil is rent ! for Jesus died,
And in the holiest place ;
He now at God's right hand abides,
Upon the throne of grace.

- 2 " 'Tis finished ! " on the cross he said,
In agonies and blood ;
" 'Tis finished ! "—now he lives to plead,
Before the face of God.
- 3 " 'Tis finished ! " here our hearts can rest,
His work can never fail ;
By him our Sacrifice, and Priest,
We pass within the veil.
- 4 Within the holiest of all,
Is now our welcome place ;
As cleansed by blood we now can fall,
Before the throne of grace.
- 5 And soon before that glorious throne,
We all shall stand complete ;
Immortal like His blessed Son,
Our God we there shall meet.

CXXIII.—P. M.

WE are but strangers here,
Heav'n is our home ;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is our home :
Danger and sorrow stand,
Round us on every hand ;
Heav'n is our father-land,
Heav'n is our home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heav'n is our home ;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heav'n is our home :
And time's wild wintry blast,
Shall soon be over-past ;
We shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side—
Heav'n is our home ;
We shall be glorified,
Heav'n is our home :

There with the good and blest,
To God's own bosom prest;
We shall for ever rest,
Heav'n is our home.

4 Therefore we'll murmur not—
Heav'n is our home;
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heav'n is our home:
For we shall surely stand,
There at our LORD's right hand;
Heav'n is our father-land—
Heav'n is our home.

CXXIV.—S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a joyful sound!
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n shall its praises soon resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first ordained the way,
To save lost sinful man;
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which first devised the plan.

- 3 Grace first inscribed each name,
In Life's eternal Book ;
Grace gave us to the spotless Lamb,
Who all our sorrows took.
- 4 'Twas grace first taught our feet,
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While trav'ling home to God.
- 5 Grace taught our souls to pray,
And heal'd our deepest woe ;
'Tis grace has kept us to this day,
And ne'er will let us go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
And we shall shout its high renown,
And sing its endless praise.

CXXV.—8, 8, 6.

THE LORD himself shall soon descend,
Shouts shall his downward way attend ;
Th' archangel's voice shall sound :

The trump of God shall then be heard,
The sleeping saints, at Jesus' word,
Shall rise and leave the ground.

- 2 Then we, who yet alive remain,—
Like them, all changed, without a stain,—
With them shall soar on high :
Caught up, and borne on glory's cloud,
To meet with acclamations loud,
Our Saviour in the sky.

- 3 To meet him in the boundless air,
To see him and his image wear ;
This is our hope divine !
To be for ever with the LORD,
In strict fulfilment of his word,
And in his glory shine.

CXXVI.—L. M.

BEHOLD ! how lovely is the sight,
Of brethren, *one*, in holy love ;
United in the bonds of truth,
Superior joys and hopes they prove.

- 2 'Tis like the precious oil which poured,
On Aaron's head flowed gently down ;

His graceful beard and priestly robes,
And sweetest fragrance sent around.

- 3 'Tis like the dew on Hermon's hill,
Gently distilled, while nature sleeps ;
And resting on fam'd Zion's hill,
Of which the LORD remembrance keeps.
- 4 There He, his richer grace shall show,
His blessing—life for evermore ;
There, in their unity complete,
His saints shall shine, and Him adore.

CXXVII.—C. M.

HOW bless'd the everlasting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are joined in heart.

- 2 Joined in One Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go :—
Still in his footsteps let us tread,
And do his will below.

- 3 Oh let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus, Crucified.
- 4 Closer, and closer let us cleave,
To his beloved embrace;—
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace :
- 5 So let us wait for that bless'd day,
Which all things shall restore ;
When all our griefs shall pass away,
And we shall part no more.

CXXVIII.—7s.

BRETHREN, ere we now depart,
Every voice and every heart;
One glad hymn, of Christ should raise,
One high note of grateful praise.

- 2 He has bought us with his blood ;
He has ransomed us to God ;
He, to us, has promise giv'n
Of unceasing joys in heav'n.

- 3 Here we all may meet no more,
But on that celestial shore ;
Free from conflict, toil, and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.
- 4 Hallelujah !—soon the day,
Shall arrive, for which we pray ;
Soon our LORD and we shall meet,
Then, our joy shall be complete.
- 5 Then in joyous, ceaseless praise,
We our highest notes shall raise ;
Then we ne'er shall part again :
Hallelujah ! and Amen.

CXXIX.—8s.

HOW good is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable *Friend* ;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And knows neither measure nor end !
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home :

We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

CXXX.—7, 6.

NOW, may the grace of Jesus,
Our Saviour and our LORD;
The love of God our Father—
In each heart shed abroad—
The Spirit's bless'd communion,
Be with us and abide;
Till Christ shall come from heaven,
To claim his ransomed Bride.

CXXXI.—8, 7.

NOW, may God's own peace, surpassing
All that men and angels know;
Keep our hearts and minds, while strangers
Here we move, 'midst scenes of woe:
Through our LORD and Saviour—JESUS,
That in him we may abide;
Till his faithful love shall place us,
On his throne, and near his side.

*It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,
and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High :—
To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning,
and thy faithfulness every night.—*

Psalm, xcii. 1, 2.

CXXXII.—L. M.

HOW lovely are thy courts above,
O LORD of hosts, thou God of love;
There Jesus sits with glory crowned,
Diffusing priestly fragrance round.

- 2 Our spirits long for that blessed home,
Meekly we say—LORD Jesus come!
And take us to that peaceful place,
Where we shall ever see thy face,
- 3 By faith we see the blissful hour,
Of thy diplayed, redeeming power;
When Nature's feeblest forms shall 'bide,
Beneath the care of Him, "*who died!*"
- 4 How bless'd are they who dwell on high,
In spirit, far beyond the sky;
Whose strength is in Thee, God of love,
And in thy presence live and move.

- 5 Here passing through this vale of woe,
From them refreshing waters' flow ;
While by thy Spirit they are filled,
With choicest good,—as rain distilled.
- 6 To Zion's hill, from strength to strength,
They onward go ; and shall at length,
Before Thee stand, thou God of grace ;
To sing thy love, and see thy face.

CXXXIII.—L. M. ;

- O** LORD, our Father and our God,
Give ear while we thy throne address ;
God of the worthless !—Jacob's God !
We know and sing thy boundless grace.
- 2 Behold, O God, our glorious Shield—
Thy Son, the LORD our righteousness ;
Thy own Anointed, thy Delight,
See in His face thyself expressed.
- 3 Yea turn, O God, from us away,
And view us only in thy Son ;
Who all thy pleasure here fulfilled,
And dying cried "*Behold 'tis done!*"

- 4 A day in thy pure courts of light,
By far transcends, in peace and joy ;
A thousand 'midst the scenes of earth,
Where all is mixed with sin's alloy.
- 5 Much rather would we ever sit,
Upon the threshold of thy home ;
Than dwell in tents of royal state,
Or stay 'midst earth's best joys to roam.
- 6 Thou art our Sun and Shield divine,
Thou wilt both grace and glory give ;
And all thy goodness shall we prove,
While in thy light we live and move.
- 7 How blessed, O thou God of grace,
Are we, who trust thy perfect love ;
Blessed while strangers here below,
And far more blessed soon above.

CXXXIV.—c. m.

HOPE of our hearts ! O LORD appear,
Thou glorious Star of Day !

Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our griefs away.

- 2 No resting place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us and thee.
- 3 But the bright thought of sharing LORD,
Thy glorious throne above,
What is it to the *brighter* hope,
Of dwelling in thy love!—
- 4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free;
Of union with our Living Head,
Of fellowship with thee!
- 5 This holy joy e'en now is ours,
But only LORD above,
Thy saints, without a pang, can know,
The fulness of thy love.
- 6 There near thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransomed Bride shall see;

What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to set her free.

CXXXV.—C. M.

LORD Jesus, are we *one with thee* ?
Oh height and depth of love !
Thou *one* with us upon "the tree,"
We *one* with thee above.

- 2 Such was thy grace, that for our sake,
Thou did'st from heaven come down ;
Our feeble flesh and blood partake—
In all our misery *one*.
- 3 Our guilt, our sin, in love divine,
Was wholly borne by thee ;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
To set thy members free.
- 4 Ascended now, in robes of light,
Still *one* with us art thou ;
And dost in glory's loftiest height,
This *oneness* still avow.

- 5 And soon, shall come the glorious day,
When, seated on thy throne ;
Thou shalt to all the earth display,
That thou with us art *one* !

CXXXVI.—7s.

JESUS, spotless Lamb of God,
Thou hast bought us with thy blood ;
We would value nought beside,
Thee—the Lamb—*The Crucified* !

- 2 We are thine and thine alone,
This we fully, gladly own ;
Help us LORD in all our ways,
Only now to seek thy praise.
- 3 Help us to confess thy name,
Bear the cross—despise the shame ;
Thus O LORD, to follow thee,
Through reproach, with constancy.
- 4 When in glory thou shalt come,
To receive us to thy home ;
Then wilt thou O Jesus, own,
We are thine, and thine alone.

CXXXVII.—7, 6.

O JESUS Christ our Saviour,
Behold we look to thee;
'Tis in thy love and favour,
Our souls find liberty :
When satan fiercely rages,
And we his malice fear ;
'Tis this our grief assuages—
That thou art always near.

2 Thou dost, O LORD protect us—
And cheer us with thy love ;
Thy counsels to direct us,
To thine own rest above :
And soon, at thy returning,
With joy we shall retrace ;
The path where now we're learning,
The riches of thy grace.

3 O then, how loud the chorus,
Shall to thy name resound ;
From all at rest before us,
From all thy grace has found :

One joyful song for ever,
Thy ransomed church shall raise ;
To thee O LORD our Saviour,
And to thine endless praise.

CXXXVIII.—8s.

JESUS, thy love with thanks we own,
Thou art to us allied by blood ;
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of Man, the Son of God :
Behold us gathered in thy name,
Thy grace and glory to proclaim.

- 2 Our nature, LORD thou didst assume,
Our sorrows and our sins to bear ;
Thy God-head glories all were veiled,—
How lowly, LORD thou didst appear !
'Thy visage, changed by grief, and marr'd,
Thy deep unfailing love declared.
- 3 O Jesus, Thee, in all our need,
We trust our faithful friend to prove ;
Thou never wilt forsake nor leave,
The objects of thy faithful love ;

Then let us never yield to fear,
Because thou LORD art ever near.

- 4 Hast thou not made our cause thine own!
LORD over all!—to us allied !
Thou livest, and we too shall live,
And sit and reign, our LORD beside :
Thy brethren,—Jesus, thou wilt own,
Amid the glories of thy throne.

CXXXIX.—7, 6.

O LORD, thy love's unbounded !
So full, so vast, so free ;
All human thought's confounded,
By love's deep mystery :
Love brought thee down from heaven,
To suffer, bleed, and die ;
That we might be forgiven,
And dwell with thee on high.

- 2 In love, thou LORD hast bought us,
And washed us in thy blood ;
Thy boundless grace has brought us,
As kings and priests, to God :

And soon shall come the morning,
Whose dawn now hast'neth near ;
When we, at thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

- 3 LORD let thy love still bind us,
In happy bonds to thee ;
And evermore remind us,
Of thine own constancy :
Be this our one endeavour,
Through conflict, suffering, shame ;
To please thee, gracious Savionr,
And glorify thy name.

CXL.—C. M.

FATHER of love ! from age to age,
The wonders of thy grace ;
The hearts and lips of saints engage,
In cheerful songs of praise.

- 2 Creatures, of various forms, to thee
Raise the dependant eye ;
Thy stores of goodness, rich and free,
Their various needs supply.

- 3 But oh ! the treasures of thy love,
The riches of thy grace !
Are boundless myst'ries, far above
Our most adoring praise.
- 4 Jesus, in whom all fulness dwells,
For evermore the same ;
In his bless'd countenance reveals,
The glories of thy Name.
- 5 Thousands, in this dark world of woe,
Thy faithful love attest ;
And myriads soon shall fully know,
The glories of thy rest.
- 6 There, Father, we through endless years,
Shall sing thine endless praise ;
And prove the treasures of thy love,
The riches of thy grace.

CXLI.—C. M.

AMID the splendours of thy state,
Our God thy love appears ;
In Jesus all its radiance glows,
And banishes our fears.

- 2 Nature through all its ample round,
Thy boundless power proclaims;
And in harmonious accents speaks,
The goodness of thy Names.
- 3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the bright beams of sovereign grace,
Inspire us with delight.
- 4 Sinai, in clouds, and fire, and smoke,
Thunder'd thy dreadful Name;
But Sion's hill shall soon disclose,
The glories of the Lamb.
- 5 In all thy doctrine, and commands,
Thy counsels and designs;
In all thy ways from first to last,
Thy love supremely shines.
- 6 In all our ways we would proclaim—
On earth, in heaven above;—
Thy blessed, thine enduring Name,
And sing that "*God is Love!*"

CXLII.—8, 8, 6.

FATHER and God ! thy works of might
We contemplate—a glorious sight !
In them *thy* glories shine :
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heaven itself, that's good and fair,
That is not wholly thine.

- 2 The riches of thy sovereign grace,
Displayed in our Redeemer's face,
Still more attract our mind :
There wisdom, love, and mercy, meet
In all their various rays complete,
With truth and justice joined.
- 3 Thy glories there supremely shine,
The riches of thy grace divine,
In Jesus are revealed :
An ocean vast without a bound,
The treasures of thy love, profound
Surpassing pleasures yield.
- 4 Thy love is our unfailing store,
Thy love we'll praise for evermore,
In our eternal rest :

And while we sojourn here below,
The praises of thy love we'll shew ;—
The love by which we're blest.

- 5 This all our gloomy path shall cheer,
And banish every painful fear,
That may our hearts invade:
And when we bend beneath our load,
By this, thy love, our faithful God,
Our hearts shall still be stayed.

CXLIII.—P. M.

H EAD of the church triumphant !
We joyfully adore thee ;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here ;
Would sing like those in glory !
We lift our hearts and voices,
In bless'd anticipation ;
And cry aloud,
And give to God,
The praise of our salvation.

- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire ;

Thy love we praise,
Which tries our ways,
And ever brings us nigher :
We lift our heads exulting,
In thine unbounded favor ;
The love divine,
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

- 3 Thou dost conduct thy chosen,
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear,
Whilst thou art near,
The force of tribulation :
In vain the world and satan,
Shall seek us to devour ;
By thee we shall
O'ercome them all,
And sing thy saving power.
- 4 By faith we see the glory,
Of which thou dost assure us ;
The world despise,
For that high prize,

Which thou hast set before us :
Soon shall we, LORD behold thee,
On glory's cloud descending ;
 Then at thy voice,
 Shall we rejoice,
While earth and heaven are rending.

- 5 For we shall rise to meet thee,
Attracted by thy glory ;
 Like thee divine,
 We then shall shine,
And in the heav'ns adore thee :
Then shall we sing with triumph,
And praise thy love's deep treasures ;
 For ever blest,
 With thine own rest,
And filled with thine own pleasures.

CXLIV.—7, 6.

O GRACIOUS Saviour ! bind us
With cords of love to thee ;
And evermore remind us,
How mercy set us free :

O may thy Holy Spirit,
Keep this before our eyes,
That we thy death and merit,
Above all else may prize.

- 2 We are of God's salvation,
Assur'd through thy deep love ;
And still on each occasion :
Thy faithfulness we prove :
Through thee we are forgiven—
Then leaving all beside,
We would press on to heaven ;
And in THEE still confide.

- 3 Thus may we, Jesus ! ever,
While in this vale of tears ;
Look up to thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears :
For thou wilt not forsake us,
Though we are oft to blame ;
Then let thy Spirit make us
True to thy faith, and name.

CXLV.—c. m.

FATHER of peace and God of love !
We sing thy power to save ;

The power by which our Shepherd rose,
Triumphant o'er the grave :

2 Him from the dead, thou brought'st again,
When, by his precious blood ;
The everlasting covenant,
Confirmed in all things stood.

3 May thine own Spirit rule our hearts,
And mould them to thy will ;
That we from thee may never stray,
But thy commands fulfil ;

4 That towards perfection's sacred paths,
We nearer still may rise ;
And all our ways of service prove,
Well pleasing in thine eyes.

CXLVI.—P. M.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen !
Since on thine arm thou bid'st us lean ;
Help us throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee.

2 Though now from home, fatigued, opprest,
In thee we find our perfect Rest ;

As exiles still, but not unblest,
While we can cling to thee.

3 And when we seem to tread alone,
Life's dreary path, with thorns o'ergrown;
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
We ask not, seek not aught beside—
Our souls are calm and satisfied—
While we can cling to thee.

5 Blest is our lot whate'er befall,
Who can affright! who can appal;
Since by thy strength, thou LORD of all!
Our souls can cling to thee.

CXLVII.—c. m.

JESUS! thy head once crowned with
Is crowned with glory now; [thorns,
Heav'ns royal diadem adorns,
Thy once dishonored brow.

- 2 Delight of all who dwell above,
The joy of saints below ;
To us still manifest thy love,
That we its depths may know.
- 3 To us thy cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace be given ;
Though earth disowns thy lowly name,
All worship it in heaven.
- 4 Who suffer with thee, LORD, below,
Shall reign with thee above ;
Then count us worthy here to know,
This honor from thy love.
- 5 To us, thy cross is life and health,
To thee 'twas death and shame ;
May we confess it all our wealth,
And glorify thy name.

CXLVIII.—L. M.

JESUS! before thy face we fall,
Our LORD, our Life, our Hope, our All!
In thee we trust, to thee we flee,
Our Sanctuary LORD's in Thee.

- 2 In thee we every glory view,
Of grace, and strength, and beauty too;
T'is all our rest and peace to see,
Our Sanctuary, LORD, in Thee.
- 3 Whatever foes, or fears betide,
In thy bless'd presence let us hide;
For while we rest our souls on thee,
Thou wilt our Sanctuary be.
- 4 Through time, with all its changing scenes,
And all the grief that intervenes,
Let this sustain each burdened heart—
That *Thou* our Sanctuary art.

CXLIX.—8, 8, 6.

WE bless thee, O thou great "*Amen!*"
The pledge of God to sinful men,
Confirming all his word;
Doubtful no promises remain,
For all are Yea, and all Amen,
In thee, our faithful LORD.

- 2 How great the grace of God to bless,
In thee, the LORD our righteousness;—
In thee, we say again!

To us all blessings are secure,
Through life, in death, and evermore,
By thee the great "*Amen!*"

- 3 Thou faithful witness of our God,
Who cam'st by water and by blood;
In Thee—the Holy One—
God's record does for ever stand,
Of life eternal from His hand,
To all, in thee, his Son.
- 4 His promises O LORD we hear,
And his "*Amen,*" dispels all fear,
And proves his faithful love;
With such a pledge we'll onward go,
And press through all the scenes below
To our bless'd home above.

CL.—L. M.

JESUS, the Christ! Eternal Word!
Of all creation, Sovereign LORD!
On thee alone, by faith we rest,
And lean our weakness on thy breast.

- 2 Thy blood has washed us from our sin,
Thy Spirit sanctifies within ;
And thou for us in all our need,
At God's right hand dost ever plead.
- 3 Preserve us in the narrow way,
Nor let us from thee ever stray ;
Sustain our weakness, quell our fear,
And to thy presence keep us near.
- 4 And be it thus, till that bless'd day,
When God shall wipe all tears away ;
And we shall see thee gracious LORD,
By all beloved,—by all adored.

CLI.—7, 6.

O HEAD ! so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn ;
'Midst other sore abuses,
Mock'd with a crown of thorn :
O Head ! though now surrounded,
With brightest majesty ;
In death once bowed and wounded,
Accursed on "*the tree*."

- 2 Thou Countenance transcendent!—
Thou life-creating Sun
To worlds, on thee dependant—
Once bruised and spit upon :
O LORD, what thee tormented,
Was our sin's heavy load ;
We had the debt augmented,
Which thou did'st pay in blood.
- 3 When sealing our election,
Thy heart did break with woe ;
And now thy deep affection,
Will never let us go !
We know thy love's strong fervour,
By all thy pain and grief ;
Then hear us Great Preserver,
And worship now receive.
- 4 We give thee thanks unfeigned,
Thou faithful Friend in need !
For what thy soul sustained,
When thou for us didst bleed ;
Grant us to lean unshaken,
Upon thy faithfulness ;
Until—to glory taken—
We see thee face to face.

CLII.—8, 7.

JESUS! by thy mighty power,
Lead us to the promised rest;
Choose the path, and guide our footsteps,
Make us with thy presence blest:
Shield our heads from every peril,
Safely keep us night and day;
Thus shall we show forth thy praises,
While we tread the heavenly way.

2 Since, in thee we have redemption—
God's salvation, full and free;
Nothing can our souls dishearten,
But forgetfulness of Thee:
Nothing can our progress hinder,
Leaning on thy mighty arm:
While we prove thy love's strong fervour,
Nothing can our souls alarm.

3 In thy presence we are happy,
In thy presence we're secure;
In thy presence, all afflictions,
We can readily endure:

In thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Let thy pow'r, Almighty Jesus,
Ever—ever keep us nigh !

CLIII.—c. M.

THY presence, O, our gracious God!
Our happiness contains ;
With this beneath our heaviest load,
The heart no more complains.

- 2 This can our every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light ;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
In sorrow's darkest night.
- 3 Oh, happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart ;
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And gladness to the heart !
- 4 Our place in those fair realms of bliss,
O God we long to know ;
Our spirits rise by faith to this,
Nor can they rest below.

- 5 The place prepared by Jesus' love,
In thy bless'd home, O God,
We long to enter,—clad in robes,
Made white in his own blood.
- 6 Soon in that place of love and light,
Thy glory we shall see ;
And in thy presence shall delight,
Through all eternity.

CLIV.—C. M.

- T**HOU great Redeemer, spotless Lamb,
We love to sing of thee ;
No music's like thy precious name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 We love to hear our Shepherd's voice,
In love's bless'd accents speak ;
And in our Priest our souls rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec !
- 3 Jesus ! thy name shall be our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing thy saving, blessed name,
When all things else decay.

- 4 And when we meet Thee in the cloud,
With all thy ransomed throng;
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
To praise thy name in song.
- 5 Yes, LORD, for evermore we'll sing,
Thy bright enduring fame;
And cause the spacious heavens to ring,
With thy beloved name.

CLV.—C. M.

- J**ESUS! thou Source of true delight,
Whom we unseen adore;
Guide us by thine own Spirit's light,
Thy riches to explore,
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
But in thy sacred word;
We read in fairer, brighter lines,
The glories of our LORD.
- 3 There we can trace thy love's bright
In sufferings and in blood; [ways,
And learn the riches of thy grace,
Which brought us nigh to God.

- 4 Thou art our LORD, our Life, our Light,
And soon the hour shall come ;
When thou shalt terminate the night,
And take us to thy home.
- 5 Then shall thy church with rapture know,
Thy full displays of love ;
For thou wilt all thy glory show,
To us in realms above.

CLVI.—7, 6.

O JESUS, gracious Saviour !
Upon the Father's throne ;
Whose perfect love and favor,
Have made our cause thine own ;
Thy chosen to thee ever,
For grace and help repair ;
For thou, they know wilt never,
Refuse their griefs to share.

- 2 O LORD, through tribulation,
Our dreary journey lies ;
Through scorn and sore temptation,
And watchful enemies :
'Midst never ceasing dangers,
We through the desert roam ;

As pilgrims here and strangers,
We seek the rest to come.

- 3 O LORD, thou too once hasted,
This weary desert through ;
Once fully tried and tasted,
Its bitterness and woe :
And hence thy heart is tender,
In truest sympathy ;
Though now the heavens render,
Unceasing praise to thee.
- 4 By thine own Holy Spirit, '—
Reveal to us thy love—
The joy we shall inherit,
With thee our Head above :
May all this consolation, '—
Our trembling hearts sustain ;
Sure—though through tribulation,—
The promised rest to gain.

CLVII.—c. m.

LORD Jesus ! we delight to trace,
The path which thou hast trod ;
To see tow'ards man thy perfect grace,
Thy faithfulness to God.

- 2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Prove stronger than the grave ;
The very spear that pierced thy side,
Drew forth the blood to save.
- 3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
'Midst darkness only *Light* ;
Thou didst thy Father's Name confess,
And in his will delight.
- 4 Unmoved by satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, and loss ;
Thy path, uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.
- 5 O LORD, while thus thy ways we trace,
While thus we think of thee,
Teach us to imitate thy grace,
And thy humility.
- 6 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind,
We would obedient be ;
And all our rest and pleasure find,
In learning LORD of thee.

CLVIII.—7s.

WHEN along life's thorny road,
Bends the soul beneath its load,
By its cares and sins opprest,
Finding here no peace nor rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Pressing us with painful fear,
Jesus! to thy feet we'll flee,
Jesus! we will look to thee.

2 Thou our Saviour, from the throne,
List'nest to thy people's moan;
Thou the living Head, dost share
Every pang the members bear:
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou dost heal the broken heart;
Full of power—thine arm can quell,
All the rage and might of hell.

4 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riv'n,
Opened wide the gates of heav'n:
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking thine opprest ones home;

Jesus ! then we all shall be,
Ever—ever, LORD, with thee !

CLIX.—P. M.

THY name we bless, LORD Jesus,
That name all names excelling ;
How great thy love,
All praise above ;
Should every tongue be telling :
The Father's loving-kindness,
In giving thee, was shewn us ;
Now by thy blood,
Redeemed to God,
As children, He doth own us.

- 2 From that eternal glory,
Thou hadst with God thy Father ;
He sent his Son,
That He in *one*,
His children all might gather :
Our sins were all laid on thee,
God's wrath thou hast endured ;
It was for us,
Thou suff' red'st thus,
And hast our peace secured.

- 3 Thou from the dead wast raised;—
And from all condemnation,
Thy church is free,
As ris'n in thee,—
Head of the new creation!
On high thou hast ascended,
To God's right hand in heaven;
The Lamb once slain,
Alive again,—
To thee all power is given.
- 4 Thou hast bestowed the earnest,
Of that we shall inherit;
Till thou shalt come,
To take us home,
We're sealed by thine own Spirit:
We wait for thine appearing,
When we shall know more fully;
Our Priest and King,
Whose praise we sing,
Thou Lamb of God most holy!

CLX.—8, 8, 6.

O JESUS! blessed Son of God!
Who didst for sinners shed thy blood,
Upon the shameful "*tree*;"

There thou didst end redemption's toil,
And rescue us—thy much lov'd spoil,—
That we might live with thee.

- 2 We think upon thy dying pain,
Thou spotless Lamb for sinners slain—
Thou holy Lamb of God!
We bless thee for thy boundless love,
Which brought thee from the throne above,
To shed thy precious blood.

- 3 The more through grace ourselves we know,
The more we glory to avow,
Our trust is in thy "Cross ;"
We trust in thine atoning blood,
And look to thee for every good,
And count all else but loss.

CLXI.—7, 6.

LORD, Jesus Christ, our Saviour!
We soon thy face shall see ;
Grant that our whole behaviour,
May with this hope agree :

Let thine illumination,
Guide every heart aright ;
That we, in every station,
To please thee may delight.

- 2 To thee thou King of glory,
We'd raise the happy song ;
And make thy love's bright story,
The theme of every tongue :
We thus would spend the hours,
Till night shall pass away ;
And chant, with all our powers,
The glories of "*that day!*"

- 3 The day of thine appearing,
When we thy face shall see ;
To us is ever cheering,
Through faith's expectancy :
And soon in brightest glory,
LORD Jesus, thou shalt come ;
And we shall stand before thee,
In thine eternal home !

CLXII.—P. M.

- O GOD of grace, our Father !
We now rejoice before thee ;

Thy children we,
And loved by thee,
'Tis meet we should adore thee !
Thou ever LORD, didst love us,
We are thine own election ;
And thou hast shown,
To us,—“thine own”—
The strength of thine affection.

2 Thou didst in Jesus choose us,
Before the world's foundation ;
Ere Adam's fall,
Involved us all,
In guilt and condemnation :
Thy counsel and election,
And thy deep love unfailing,
Have ever stood ;
And by the blood,
Of Christ, are made availing.

3 The grace of thy salvation,
The Holy Ghost has taught us ;
By him we're sealed,
And He revealed,
How Jesus' blood had bought us :

Soon all the church, in glory,
In its predestined station,
Shall bless thy name,
With "Christ the Lamb,"
Thou God of our Salvation!

CLXIII.—8s.

OUR God how wondrous is thy love,
Thy power has fashioned us anew;
Before thy face in Christ we stand,
In him thou dost us ever view:
Him thy belov'd, thou didst not spare,
That we might all His glory share.

- 2 Our Heavenly Father, grant us all,
The new-born babe's simplicity;
That we in thee may e'er confide,
And own thy loving constancy:
On Jesus' bosom e'er recline,
And there rejoice that we are thine!
- 3 Thou art our All! in thee we live,
Thy will be our's,—thy truth our light;
Thy love the fountain of our joy,
Thine arm our safeguard day and night:
Till thou shalt wipe our tears away,
And Jesus bring eternal day.

CLXIV.—L. M.

OH wondrous hour ! when, Jesus, thou
Co-equal with th' Eternal God ;
Beneath our sin vouchsafed to bow,
And pay our ransom in thy blood.

2 On thee, the Father's only Son,
His righteous stroke, his vengeance fell ;
That all was borne—that all was done,
Thine agony—thy cross can tell.

3 Thy Cross!—thy Cross!—'tis there we see
What thou our LORD and Saviour art ;
There, all the love that dwells in thee,
Was centr'd in thy breaking heart.

4 For us it broke!—our life we owe,
Our joy, our glory, all to thee :
Thy suff'rings in that hour of woe,
Secured us immortality.

CLXV.—C. M.

LORD Jesus ! from thy bleeding veins,
A living fountain flows ;
To cleanse thy Bride from all her stains,
And soothe her deepest woes.

- 2 Hopeless and outcast once we lay,
 Worthy thy hate and scorn;
But love like thine could find a way,
 To rescue and adorn.
- 3 Washed from our sins, renewed by grace,
 Thy royal throne above
O Jesus! is our destined place,
 Our bless'd abode, thy love.
- 4 Thine eye, in that unclouded day,
 Shall, with supreme delight;
Thy fair, and glorious Bride survey,
 Unblemished in thy sight.

CLXVI.—c. m.

- OH what a lonely path were ours,
 Could we, our Father, see;
No home of rest beyond it all,
 No Guide, no Help in Thee.
- 2 But thou art near, and with us still,
 To keep us on the way,
That leads along this vale of tears,
 To the bright world of day.

- 3 There shall thy glory, O our God !
Break fully on our view ;
And we, thy saints, shall fully prove,
That all thy word was true.
- 4 There Jesus, on his heavenly throne,
Admiring, we shall see ;
While we the blest associates there,
Of all his joy shall be.
- 5 He conquered here our ruthless foe,
Unaided, and alone ;
To win us for his crown of joy,
To raise us to his throne !

CLXVII.—C. M.

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 ; [sigh
There learned to love—was taught to
For earthly joys no more.

- 3 Friend of the lost! O LORD, in thee,
 Samaria's daughter there; [earth;
Found One whom love had drawn to
 Her weight of guilt to bear.
- 4 Fair witness of thy saving grace,
 In her, O LORD, we see;
The wandering soul subdued by love,
 The sinner drawn to thee.
- 5 Through all that graceful, blessed, scene,
 LORD Jesus by the well;
More than enough the trembler finds,
 His guilty fears to quell.
- 6 There in the full repose of faith,
 The soul delights to see;
Not only One who deeply, loves,
 But *Love itself*, in thee!
- 7 Not One alone who feels for all,
 But fully knows the art;
To meet the boundless sympathies,
 Of every loving heart.

CLXVIII.—C. M.

O LORD ! what cords of love are thine,
How gentle, yet how strong ;
Thy truth and grace their strength com-
To draw our souls along. [bine,

- 2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins,
Thy blood has washed away ;
And here the joy of faith begins,
Which brightens into day !
- 3 Comfort through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows ;
And glory of innum'rous years,
Thy faithful love bestows.
- 4 Drawn by such cords we onward move,
Till round the throne we meet ;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

CLXIX.—6, 6, 10.

SAFE in thy care, O LORD,
We know our Shepherd's voice ;

Led by thy faithful word,
We trust thee, and rejoice :
Our Glory thou ! our hope is in thy love,
For safety now, and unknown bliss above.

2 Guide thou our steps O King,
 To Mansions ever blest ;
 Where thy Redeem'd shall sing,
 The glories of thy rest :
Lead from below, O lead us to thy throne,
Where we shall know, even as we are known

3 While walking thus with thee,
 LORD give us all to know ;
 What price has set us free,
 And from what depth of woe :
Our Saviour thou !—thine own eternal love,
Is our song now—and shall be when above.

CLXX.—L. M.

JESUS ! we would no longer be,
Lov'd by the world that hated thee ;
But patient in thy footsteps go,
Thy sorrow, as thy joy, to know.

- 2 We would—O LORD, bestow the power—
With meekness meet the darkest hour,
The shame despise, however tried ;
For thou wast scorned and crucified.
- 3 We thank thee for thy faithful word—
“The cross shall meet its sure reward!”
And soon must pass the “little while,”
When joy shall end thy servants’ toil.
- 4 We wait to hear thee, Saviour, say,
“Arise my Bride and come away ;
“Come meet me in the boundless air,
“And all my joy and triumph share.”

CLXXI.—c. m.

HOW sweet thy name, O Jesus sounds,
In each believer’s ear !
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
And drives away our fears.

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

- 3 Jesus! the Rock on which we build,
Thou art our hiding-place;
Our never failing Treasury,—filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! our Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Our LORD, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we sing.
- 5 Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought;
But when we see thee, as thou art,
We'll praise thee as we ought.
- 6 Till then we would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And triumph in thy mighty name,
That quells the power of death.

CLXXII.—8s.

O JESUS, to tell of thy love,
We would now and ever delight;
For soon we shall see thee above,
And praise thee in regions of light:

Through all thy past footsteps, O LORD,
Admiring, adoring, we see,
The love that was stronger than death,
Expressed without limit—and free!

- 2 Descending from glory on high,
With men thy delight was to dwell!
Contented, our Surety to die,
By dying to save us from hell:
Thou bearest our guilt and our shame,
In anguish of soul, on the cross;
Then well may we boast in thy love,
And count the world's glory but loss.

CLXXIII.—P. M.

OUR God, and Father, while we stray,
Far from our home, on life's rough way;
Oh! teach us from the heart to say,
Thy will be done.

- 2 Though dark our path, or sad our lot,
Let us "*be still*," and murmur not;
But breathe the prayer divinely taught—
Thy will be done.

- 3 And should'st thou call us to resign,
What may our hearts the most entwine ;
We own thy right, nor dare repine :—
Thy will be done.
- 4 Control our will from day to day,
Blend it with thine ; and take away,
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.
- 4 And when on earth we breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before ;
We'll sing, as praise, for evermore,
Thy will be done.

CLXXIV.—8, 8, 6.

- T**O those who love thee, gracious LORD,
How bright, how precious is thy word,
To us in mercy giv'n ;
A guide while we are trav'ling here,
'Mid sin and darkness, death and fear,
And pressing on to heaven.
- 2 LORD Jesus, in thy faithful love,
And by thy Spirit from above,
Now fill us with desire ;

To learn, to keep, to do thy will,
And with thy joy our spirits fill,
With love our hearts inspire.

- 3 And till in glory thou dost come,
To take thy ransomed brethren home,
May we obedient be ;
Thee, may we follow day by day,
Till called from earthly scenes away,
To dwell, O LORD, with thee.

CLXXV.—8s.

LORD ! when shall we see thee, arrayed
In glorious beauty, complete ;
Thy Majesty, when be displayed,—
Thy triumph's, and satan's defeat ?
LORD Jesus ! when wilt thou appear,
To claim the Redeem'd by thy blood !
Oh when shall we meet in the air,
And rest on the mountain of God !

- 2 With thee we on Zion shall stand ;
In truth thou hast spoken the word !

By faith we behold the bright land,
And hail thee,—our **Triumphing LORD!**
When, leaving the earth far behind,
Thy face we are favored to see;
Our fulness of joy we shall find—
Our heaven of heavens *in Thee!*

- 3 How blessed, O Jesus! to dwell,
At home in the city above;
No sin we for ever shall feel,
No sorrow for ever shall prove:
LORD, now we have *oneness* with thee;
Thy grace and thy glory are ours!
And soon, in thy presence, shall we
Adore thee, with all our bright powers.

CLXXVI.—c. M.

BELOVED Jesus! LORD of love!
How blessed is thy name!
With joy thy mission we review,
On which thy mercy came.

- 2 While all thine own angelic bands,
Stood waiting thy behest;

Thou, LORD, didst pass by all their ranks,
On earth to be a guest.

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st thy glory by;
First, for our sake to serve in grief,
Then, in our stead to die.

4 LORD! by thy righteousness and blood,
We are for ever thine;
Oh, may we through each passing hour,
Ourselves to thee resign.

CLXXVII.—I. M.

SOON, blessed Jesus! thou shalt reign,
Soon shall thy haughty foes submit;
Soon shall the gathered prostrate host,
Become a footstool for thy feet.

2 Thou wilt display redeeming might,
Thine arm shall full salvation bring;
And we in that illustrious hour,
Shall triumph with thee—Rightful King!

- 3 Then ranged around thy glorious throne,
Thy deathless honors we'll proclaim ;
And heaven's innumerable hosts shall sing,
Thy glorious deeds, and precious name !

CLXXVIII.—C. M.

JESUS ! in thee our eyes behold,
A thousands glories more ;
Than the rich gems and polished gold,
That ever Aaron wore.

- 2 He first, 'his own burnt off'ring brought,
To cleanse himself from sin !
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was needed, and was spilt ;
But thy "One Off ring," took away,
For ever all our guilt.
- 4 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood but not his own ;
He did within the veil appear,
Before the golden throne :

- 5 But thou by thine own precious blood,
Hast pass'd the azure skies;
And thou hast brought us nigh to God,
By thy *one sacrifice* !
- 6 Thou, LORD, for us dost intercede,
Before the Father's face;
To thee we give our cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

CLXXIX.—C. M.

GREAT Prophet of thy Church, and
Command the light to shine; [Head!
With thee the stores of wisdom are,
Thy word's the sacred mine.

- 2 Jesus ! sole oracle of truth,
Oh, may we learn of thee ;
Receive true knowledge from thy mouth,
And live from error free.
- 3 One great event, by thee foretold,
Teach us to keep in view—
Thy coming, when we shall behold,
And share thy glory too.

- 4 Till then, may we as strangers here,
Walk with increasing light;
And when thy glory shall appear,
Welcome the promised sight.

CLXXX.—8s.

JESUS! how precious is thy name!
The Father's great salvation, Thou!
Kindle in us th'immortal flame,
And let it in our bosoms glow—
Th'immortal flame of heavenly love,
Which soon shall tune our harps above.

- 2 Our Prophet thou! our faithful Guide!
Thy words of grace we love to hear;
The truth which from thy lips proceed,
Our ways correct, our spirits cheer:
Then tell us ever of thy love,
Till we are bless'd with thee above.

- 3 Our great High Priest, whose precious
Did once atone upon the cross; [blood,
Who now upon the throne of God,
Dost ever live, to plead our cause:

In thee we trust,—we trust thy love,
To keep us till we dwell above.

- 4 Our King supreme ! to thee we bow,
As willing subjects at thy feet ;
All other lords we disavow,
And to thy sceptre, LORD, submit :
Our Saviour ! soon thy mighty love,
Shall raise us to thyself above.

CLXXXI.—L. M.

JESUS ! The LORD our Righteousness !
Thy glory is our beauteous dress ;
'Midst shaking worlds, like thee arrayed,
We soon shall hail Thee as our Head !

- 2 When we, in triumph LORD shall rise,
To meet thee in the distant skies ;
In garments washed in thine own blood,
Thou wilt present us then to God.
- 3 We wait, in hope, for that bless'd day,
For who aught to our charge can lay ?
Cleansed by thy blood thou spotless Lamb,
We're freed from fear, and guilt and shame.

- 4 We wait to hear thy welcome voice,
The prospect makes our hearts rejoice ;
Thou art our boast ! our glorious dress ;
Jesus ! the LORD our Righteousness !

CLXXXII.—L. M.

LORD of Hosts ! how bright and fair,
Thine eternal dwellings are !
There, by faith, O God, we see,
Much of Christ, and much of thee.

- 2 From thy glorious presence flows,
Bliss to meet our deepest woes ;
While we learn thy perfect love,
In thine own bright courts above.
- 3 While we view thy glorious throne,
Thou dost make thy glories known ;
Learning thus thy gracious ways,
We would ever speak thy praise.
- 4 While thy Spirit's holy fire,
Warms our hearts with pure desire ;
We rejoice that soon we all,
In thy temple, low shall fall.

- 5 There in sacred songs of joy,
We shall endless years employ;
In thine own bright dwelling place,
We will sing thy *brighter Grace!*

CLXXXIII.—8, 8, 6.

O BLESSED Jesus! Lamb of God!
Who hast redeem'd us with thy blood
From sin, and death, and shame;
With joy and praise, we see thee now,
While glory rests upon thy brow,
And bless thy sacred name.

- 2 Exalted by thy Father's love, [above,
All Thrones and Powers, and Names
At his right hand in heaven;
Wisdom and riches, power divine,
Blessing and honor, LORD, are thine;—
All things to thee are given.
- 3 Head of the church! thou sittest there,
And soon thy glory we shall share;—
Thy fullness, LORD, is ours:

Thou dost our trembling hearts sustain,
And we by thee shall vict'ry gain,
O'er sin and satan's powers.

- 4 Increase our faith!—to thee we cry,
Teach us each day with thee to die;
Each day by faith to live:
Oh! may we boast in thee alone,
And know thy fulness as our own,
And grace for grace receive.

- 5 Soon, LORD, the promised day shall come,
When we shall reach the Father's home,
And all thy beauty see;
Our glory then to see thee shine,
To hear thee own us LORD, as thine,
And ever with thee dwell.

CLXXXIV.—7, 6.

O GOD, our gracious Father!
How faithful is thy love;
How rich thy changeless favor!
How strong our hearts to move!

With thankfulness and pleasure,
Thy ways of grace we view ;
And sing that grace together,
In songs for ever new.

- 2 How great the grace that gave us,
Redemption in thy Son !
Who died, and lives, to have us,
Beside him on his throne :
In him we've died and risen,
In him we've joy and peace ;
With him our life is hidden,
In Thee O God of grace !
- 3 How boundless and unfailing,
Is thy forgiving grace ;
Which bears—still uncomplaining—
Our various waywardness :
Still let this grace unbounded,
Thy failing ones restore ;
Till we with light surrounded,
Shall sin and fail no more.
- 4 Then in the heights of glory,
The songs of grace we'll raise ;

And tell the endless story,
Of God our Father's praise :
Yes, there we'll sing unceasing,
Of Jesus' precious blood ;
And ever be repeating,
How rich thy grace, O God !

CLXXXV.—L. M.

SWEET is the work, O God, our King !
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths at night.

- 2 Our hearts shall triumph in Thee, LORD,
And bless thy works, and bless thy word ;
Thy works of grace,—how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 3 Thy thoughts of love, so deep and high,
We soon shall learn beyond the sky ;
For by that love to us are given,
The hope, the pledge, the bliss of heaven.
- 4 There we shall see, and hear and know,
All we believed and hoped below ;

And all our powers shall join to raise,
Thy sacred, everlasting praise.

CLXXXVI.—C. M.

BRIGHTEST of all the names above,
Is thine thou Son of God !
We sing thy deep, redeeming love,
And thy most precious blood.

2 'Tis in the virtues of thy name,
The Fathers glories shine ;
With him in essence, One—the same,
Thy glories are divine !

3 'Tis through the myst'ry of thy death,
His soft compassions roll ;
And wafted by the Spirit's breath,
Revive each thirsty soul.

4 As One with God, and with us One,
Thou didst for sin atone ;
As One with God, and with us One,
Thou sittest on the throne.

5 Howe'er depress'd, thy name, O LORD,
Our burden'd hearts can cheer;
Thy name, O thou Incarnate Word,
Forbids our hearts to fear.

6 While some on works of law rely,
And some of wisdom boast;
We love Th' Incarnate Mystery—
In thee alone we trust!

CLXXXVII.—L. M.

JESUS! the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus! no other name but thine,
Could save us from the depths of woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find,
The way to happiness and God;
Her best directions leave the mind,
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.

3 No other name can God approve,
Thou art the true and living Way;
Our Light while onward still we move,
To realms of bright and endless day.

- 4 Thou LORD wilt guide us through the night,
And bring us to that holy place ;
That region of supreme delight,
Where we shall ever see thy face.
- 5 Jesus ! till then we would confess,
That all our trust is in thy name ;
Thy name we would for ever bless,
Thou holy One !—thou spotless Lamb !

CLXXXVIII.—c. m.

- S**UBMISSIVE to *thy will*, our God,
We all to THEE resign :
We bow beneath thy chast'ning word,
And mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Let not, O LORD, our souls complain ;
Since wisdom, truth, and love,
Our pierc'd and burden'd hearts sustain,
And point to realms above.
- 3 'Tis thine to give, and take away ;
We bless thy sacred Name :
Thou art our God, our Guide, our stay,
For evermore the same.

CLXXXIX.—C. M.

HERE we surround the festal board,
By faith on Christ to feed ;
His body and his precious blood,
Are meat and drink indeed !

2 His holy body, and his blood,
Do every type exceed :
To us this life-sustaining food,
Is meat and drink indeed !

3 The paschal supper served to show,
How Israel's tribes were freed ;
And shadow'd forth in ages past,
This meat and drink indeed !

4 This is our LORD's appointed feast,
For all the heaven-born seed ;
His body and his precious blood,
Are meat and drink indeed !

CXC.—C. M.

HERE, at this table we behold,
Our Saviour's wond'rous grace ;

And most of all admire, that we,
Should find a welcome place.

2 We, who were once defiled with sin,
And distant far from God ;
Now sit before him, as his sons,
Brought nigh by Jesus' blood.

3 Cleansed from our sin, we sing the love,
That gives us here a place ;
Where Jesus opens all the stores,
Of his unfailing grace.

4 "Eat O my friends!"—we hear him say—
"The feast was made for you ;
"For you I suffered, groaned and died,
"And rose in triumph too."

5 Here we, by faith his body see,
And his own precious blood ;
Here let us feed with holy fear,
And bless our gracious God.

CXCI.—8, 7, 4.

SEE, our Saviour spreads his table,
He invites us now to eat ;

His own Spirit dwells within us,
Bidding us each other greet :
At this table,
Brethren, we in concord meet.

- 2 We around this board assemble,—
May it be in holy fear ;
And in confidence unbounded,
For the LORD himself is here :
He delighted,
Seeks with love our hearts to cheer.

- 3 'Tis his presence crowns our meeting,
On himself our spirits feed ;—
While his death we are declaring,
He supplies our various need :
For his table,
Bears both meat and drink indeed !

CXCII.—s. m.

JESUS invites us now,
To sit around his board ;
Here we, obedient, meet to hold,
Communion with our LORD.

- 2 For food he gives his flesh,
 He bids us drink his blood ;
 Who can the matchless grace declare,
 Of our redeeming God !
- 3 Here he delights to own,
 That we with him are *one* ;
 We, children of the Father's grace,
 And He, the "First-born" Son.
- 4 Then let us, brethren, join,
 His glorious name to praise ;
 Let heavenly love fill every heart,
 While we record his grace.

CXCIII.—L. M.

AT the command of Christ our LORD,
 Here we attend his sacred feast ;
 His love has spread this festal board,
 He welcomes every blood-bought guest.

- 2 Here we behold redeeming love,
 And make our boast of Him who died ;
 Gladly we own, our only trust,
 In Jesus is—*The Crucified !*

- 3 Let men conspire to call it shame—
Counting his precious name but dross—
We'll glory still in Him who died,
And triumphed by his *shameful cross*.
- 4 With joy we can the scoffers tell,
He that was dead, has left the tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

CXCIV.—8, 8, 6.

IN blessed union, here we meet,
Around our great Redeemer's feet,
To eat the bread of heaven :
How highly privileg'd are we !
How glad and thankful should we be,
To whom this grace is given.

- 2 To join in fellowship how blest,
With those who in the Saviour rest,
And soon shall meet above :
How excellent the pleasure is,
That flows from such a feast as this,
Where all are joined in love.

- 3 And if such blessedness we know,
Amid this world of sin and woe,
How bless'd we soon shall be !
When we our LORD himself shall meet,
And live in fellowship, complete,
With saints, eternally.

CXCv.—7s.

MEETING in our Saviour's name,
Breaking bread, at his command,
Thus we openly declare,
That sure ground on which we stand:
We by grace, through Jesus blood,
Stand acquitted by our God.

- 2 From the cross our hope we draw,
'Tis our only, sure resource ;
There our LORD his life laid down,
There He bore sin's dreadful curse :
What a blessed truth is this ;—
Full of peace and hope it is.
- 3 Jesus died and soon arose,
He exalted is to reign ;

All his foes he vanquished quite,
Triumphing when he was slain :
He is worthy of the throne,
We by grace with him are *One* !

- 4 Sing we then of him who died,
And in triumph rose again ;
By his blood we're justified,
And with him we hope to reign :
Soon we hope our LORD to see,
And with him for ever be.

CXCVI.—L. M.

OURS is a rich, a royal feast,
Provided by the LORD of heaven ;
How favored and how bless'd are we,
To whom the bread of life is given.

- 2 In sacred fellowship we come,
To celebrate our Saviour's death ;
His blood to drink, his flesh to eat,
Receiving strength and joy, by faith.
- 3 We glory in our Saviour's cross,
Him we adore—our LORD alone ;

And gladly now we think of him,
Exalted on his Father's throne.

- 4 On earth his perfect love, we own,
Our spring of hope, our theme of joy;
And when in heaven our LORD we see,
His praise shall all our powers employ.

CXCVII.—8, 7, 4.

AT our Saviour's table meeting,
All our sins through him forgiven;
Children's bread together eating—
Bread that cometh down from heaven,
Let us banish,
Every form of nature's leaven.

- 2 Blessed is the name we think of,
When together breaking bread;
Blessed is the cup we drink of,
Type of blood for us once shed;
Blessed are we,
By our LORD redeemed and fed.
- 3 Let us walk in love, united,
We are *one* in Christ above;

Let us sing his praise delighted—
Sing the praise of him we love :
 Soon together,
We shall all his goodness prove.

CXCVIII.—C. M.

- H**OW condescending and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son !
Our mis'ry reached his gracious mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne ;
There's not a gift his hand bestows,
 But cost his heart a groan.
- 3 This was compassion, like a God,
 That when He fully knew,
He must in anguish shed his blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now though He's clothed with majesty,
 His love is still as great :
He well remembers Calvary—
 Then let not us forget !

- 5 Here may his love our hearts inspire,
While we his death record;
Let us his pitying grace admire,
And glorify our LORD.

CXCIX.—L. M.

- J**ESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
But though he's hidden from our eyes,
His love should never be forgot.
- 2 He knew how deeply we should need,
To think of him in this drear place;
He knew we should be sad indeed,
Without the mem'ry of his grace:
- 3 This feast he therefore did ordain,—
'Till all his saints shall meet above,—
That we might see the Lamb once slain,
In these memorials of his love.
- 4 Richly he has his table spread,
With his own flesh and precious blood;
We drink the cup,—we break the bread,
And feast before our gracious God.

- 5 Though Christ our LORD is gone away,
'Tis to prepare for us a place;
And soon shall come the blissful day,
When we shall see him face to face.

CC.—c. m.

AROUND thy Table Holy LORD,
In fellowship we meet;
Obedient to thy gracious word,
This feast of love to eat.

- 2 Here, every one that loves thy name,
Our willing hearts embrace;
Our life, our hope, our joy, the same,—
To each, alike thy grace.

- 3 Commune with each at this bless'd hour,
And when we hence depart,
With words of truth, and love, and power,
Impress each waiting heart.

CCI.—8s.

LORD Jesus! in thy name alone,
We hope to meet around the throne;
With this sole claim, on this sole ground,
Thy table here we now surround:

What can we mention to our God,
But thine own righteousness and blood.

- 2 We praise thee, Father, for this plea,
This ever must prevail with thee;
Jesus we see at thy right hand,
And firmly in thy grace we stand;
We eat his flesh, we drink his blood,
With peaceful trust in thee, O God.
- 3 Jesus! thou faithful friend in need,
'Thy flesh and blood are food indeed;
Thy grace can make our spirits glad,
When earth's dark scenes would make them
For we can plead before our God, [sad:
Thy righteousness and precious blood.
- 4 Here while we eat, and drink, O LORD,
According to thy gracious word,
May peace, and love, and joy be found
In every heart, and there abound:
And till we rise to be with God,
We'll sing thy righteousness and blood.

