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H. S. Pulian

THE

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114

AMBASSADORS'
HYMN BOOK.

“Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech by us : we pray in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God.”—2 Cor. v. 20.

London Gospel Tract Depot,
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ONE PENNY.

1861



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CONTENTS.

	HYMN.		HYMN.
All things are ready,		Grace is but the dawn	42
Come	49	Great God of wonders	15
"All things are ready"		Happy they who trust	
—Come	84	in Jesus	11
Angels rejoice	31	Hark, the glad sound	95
Ascended Jesus	51	Hark! the voice	45
Behold! behold the		Himself he could not	
Lamb of God	100	save	89
Behold the Lamb	1	How lost was our	
Brightness of the		condition	87
Father's glory	93	How sweet the cheer-	
By Thee, O God,		ing words	67
invited	62	How vast, how full	20
Come, O thou all-vic-		I am not told to labour	65
torious Lord	35	I heard the Saviour	59
Come poor sinners	60	It was the Father's love	22
Come, sinner, to the		Jesus died upon the	
gospel feast	10	tree	36
Come, sinners, to the		Jesus the Lord	93
gospel feast	29	Jesus, thy blessed word	14
Come to Jesus	37	Jesus will quickly come	53
Come to the royal feast	72	Just as I was	57
"Come unto me"	54	Just as thou art	4
Come weary, anxious,		Let earth and heaven	
laden soul	81	agree	12
Come, ye sinners, come		Let sinners saved	33
to Jesus	18	Like the sea by	
Come, ye sinners, poor		tempests troubled	50
and wretched	26	Look to Jesus	32
Come ye that know	74	Lord prepare the hearts	
Dark was that hour	61	of sinners	3
Father bless the hea-		No goodness or merit	
venly message	28	we claim	5
Glory, everlasting	34	Not all the blood	56
Grace is the sweetest		Not all the gold of all	
sound	39	the world	71

	HYMN.
Nothing but mercy ...	99
Now command Thy richest blessing ...	25
Now we'll render to the Saviour	7
O come, Thou stricken Lamb of God	75
O Saviour, look with pity down	66
O the mercy	41
O what a gift	52
O what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord ...	76
Oh! what amazing words of grace ...	23
One there is above ...	73
Ours is a pardon bought with blood...	77
Passing onward... ..	44
"Revive Thy work!"	88
Salvation, Lord, is Thine	24
Salvation, oh the joyful sound	8
Save, Jesus, save ...	91
Sinners, come, though poor and needy ...	27
Sinner, hear the Sa- viour's call	6
Sinner, where is room for doubting	13
See mercy, mercy ...	63
Soft the voice	21
Ten thousand thousand souls there are ...	47
The God of love ...	17
The God of wide creation	30
The Gospel table's largely spread ...	78

	HYMN.
The Lord Himself shall come	19
The Lord is risen indeed	96
The perfect righteous- ness of God	83
There's a blessed land of life	79
There is a stream ...	58
There is a throne of grace	80
This earth is stained with blood	43
Those who are young	68
Though all the beasts	2
To glory, to glory ...	85
To us, our God	64
Trembling sinner ...	38
We adore Thee	97
We sing of the realms of the blest	16
We speak of the mercy of God	82
Welcome news the Gospel brings ...	92
Welcome, welcome!...	43
What is the manner of God's love?	69
What, sinner, canst thou do?	9
What would the profit be?	90
When I survey	46
When sinners on the Cross transfix'd ...	55
When the Saviour said	94
Whene'er I read the tale of woe	86
Where God begins ...	70
Why distrust the Sa- viour, sinner?... ..	40



H Y M N S.

C.M.

1

- 1 Behold the Lamb! whose precious blood
Pour'd from His open'd veins,
Had power to make our peace with God,
And cleanse our deepest stains.
- 2 The dying thief beheld that Lamb
Expiring by his side ;
And proved the value of the name
Of Jesus crucified.
- 3 His soul, by virtue of the blood,
To paradise received,
Redemption's earliest trophy stood,
From sin and death retrieved.
- 4 We, too, the cleansing power have known
Of the atoning blood,
By grace have learnt His name to own,
Which brings us back to God.
- 5 To Him, then let our songs ascend,
Who stoop'd in grace so low ;
To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's friend,
Let ceaseless praises flow.

1

A

- 1 Though all the beasts that live and feed
 Upon a thousand hills, should bleed—
 Though all their blood should flow,
 The sacrifice would be in vain,
 The stain of sin would still remain :
 Sin is not cancell'd so.
- 2 "A better sacrifice" than these
 It needs, the conscience to appease,
 Or satisfy the Lord.
 No blood hath virtue to atone
 For man's offence, but His alone,
 Whose title is "The Word."
- 3 Jesus the Christ, on earth His name,
 He came—in love to sinners came—
 And bow'd His head, and died ;
 A full atonement now is made,
 The ransom, by His death, is paid,
 And justice satisfied.
- 4 What news is this for man to hear ?
 Though sinful, yet may man draw near,
 To God, the righteous God.
 The obstacles heap'd up before
 To bar the way, are now no more,
 Since Jesus shed His blood.

2
5 That sinners might draw near to Him,
God plann'd this great, this gracious
scheme,

And found the ransom too.

Let all His saints their voices raise,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise,
While endless ages flow.

3 *a Midlane* 8,7s.

1 Lord, prepare the hearts of sinners,
To receive the preached word ;
Let it now with deep attention,
Mix'd with precious faith be heard.

2 Let the gospel come with power,
Proving that it is from Thee,
Laying bare the hearts of sinners,
Causing souls to Christ to flee.

3 Let this be a time of blessing—
Let thy saving power be known ;
Glorify the name of Jesus,
Him exalt, and Him alone.

4 Help in speaking, help in hearing,
Hold the hearts of each and all ;
Father, here let goodly numbers,
Now thy saving grace extol.

4 *J R Cook*

8,8,8,6

- 1 Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place—
O guilty sinner, come!
- 2 Come hither, bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—
O trembling sinner, come!
- 3 Jesus the Lord, the Christ, says
"Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come—
O needy sinner, "Come!"

5 *A Midlane*

8s.

- 1 No goodness or merit we claim,
We only rely on the blood,
And mention the Saviour's dear name,
Whene'er we approach unto God;
His name is as incense on high,
A name that the Father doth own;
And sinners by faith can rely
On the sweet name of Jesus alone.

- 2 What wonders unite in that name!
 Far more than an angel could tell;
 Yet man will not bow to its claim,
 Nor loves on its sweetness to dwell.
 They only, enlightened by God,
 Its sweet adaptation can see,
 To ease them of sin's heavy load,
 Accepted, and pardon'd, and free.
- 3 Dear name to the lost and undone—
 Dear name to the wretched, distress;
 It biddeth their fears to be gone,
 It giveth to weary ones rest;
 'Tis the watchword of faith and of hope,
 'Tis the power to serve and endure;
 4 It lifteth the lowly one up,
 And makes immortality sure!

6 *a Midlane* 7s.

- 1 Sinner, hear the Saviour's call,
 "Mercy, mercy's free for all;
 "Come, believe in Me and live,
 "Come, eternal life receive.
- 2 "I have died upon the tree,
 "From all sin to set thee free;
 "I can save from sin and thrall,
 "Mercy, mercy's free for all."

7 *A Midlane*

8,7,4

- 1 Now we'll render to the Saviour,
 Praise for all that He has wrought ;
 For the precious full salvation,
 Which has now to souls been brought
 Hallelujah,
 Jesus shall have all the praise !
- 2 Angels have retuned their lyres,
 While we here have been convened,—
 Heaven has rung with joy and transport
 Over precious souls redeemed,
 Hallelujah,
 Jesus shall have all the praise !

8

C.M

- 1 Salvation ! oh, the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sov'reign balm for every wound—
 A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS.

- Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever :
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !
 Hallelujah ! praise ye the Lord.

2 Salvation! O ascended Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

9 *A Midlane*

S.M.

- 1 What, sinner, canst thou do?
Where, sinner, canst thou fly?
Eternal wrath hangs o'er thy head,
And judgment lingers nigh.
- 2 For God must visit sin,
With His displeasure sore;
For He is holy, just, and true,
And righteous evermore.
- 3 Yet Jesus died for sin—
Upon the Cross He died;
God's righteousness was there displayed,
And justice satisfied.
- 4 This only thou canst do,—
Believe in Christ and live;
Fly to the shelter of His blood,
Who only life can give.
- 5 The life He gives to those
Who love Him, ne'er shall end;
O, make Him now by simple faith,
Thy Saviour and thy friend!

10

C.M.

- 1 Come, sinner, to the Gospel feast ;
 Oh, come without delay ;
 For there is room on Jesus' breast
 For all who will obey.
- 2 There's room within the church redeem'd
 With blood of Christ divine—
 Room 'mid the white-robed throng con-
 For that dear soul of thine. [vened,
- 3 There's room in heaven among the choir,
 And harps, and crowns of gold ;
 And glorious palms of victory there,
 And joys that ne'er were told.
- 4 There's room around the Father's board,
 For thee, and thousands more,
 Oh ! come and welcome to the Lord—
 Yes, come this very hour.

11

T. Kelly

8,7,8,7,4,7.

- 1 Happy they who trust in Jesus !
 Sweet their portion is, and sure ;
 When the foe on others seizes,
 God will keep His own secure ;
 Happy people !
 Happy, though despised and poor.

- 2 Since his love and mercy found us.
 We are precious in His sight ;
 Thousands now may fall around us,
 Thousands more be put to flight ;
 But his presence
 Keeps us safe by day and night.
- 3 Lo ! our Saviour never slumbers ;
 Ever watchful is His care,
 Though we cannot boast of numbers,
 In His strength secure we are : •
 Sweet their portion,
 Who our Saviour's kindness share !
- 4 As the bird beneath her feathers
 Guards the objects of her care,
 So the Lord his children gathers,
 Spreads His wings, and hides them
 Thus protected, [there :
 All their foes they boldly dare.

12 *C Wesley*

P.M.

- 1 Let earth and heaven agree,
 Let men with angels join,
 To sing salvation free,
 The work of grace divine ;
 To praise the great atoning Lamb,
 And all his wondrous love proclaim.

2 Jesus! life-giving sound,
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
In which the sons of men can boast,
But His who seeks and saves the lost.

3 His name the sinner hears,
And is from guilt set free,
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
His heart o'erflows with sacred joy,
And songs of praise his lips employ.

13 *a Midlane* 8,7s.

1 Sinner, where is room for doubting?
Has not Jesus died for sin?
Did He not, in resurrection,
Victory over Satan win?

2 Hear Him on the cross exclaiming—
"It is finished" ere He died;
See Him in His mercy saving,
One there hanging by His side.

3 'Twas for sinners that He suffered
Agonies unspeakable;
Canst thou doubt thou art a sinner?
If thou canst—then hope farewell!

- 4 But, believing what is written—
 “ All are guilty ”—“ dead in sin ”
 Looking to the crucified One,
 Hope shall rise thy soul within.
- 5 Hope and peace, and joy unfailing,
 Through the Saviour's precious blood,
 All thy sin and guilt forgiven,
 And thy soul brought nigh to God.

14 *A Midlane* Double C.M.

- 1 Jesus, thy blessed word proclaims
 Salvation full and free,
 To every contrite heart that feels
 Its need, deep need of Thee ;
 That feels though ruined, lost, undone,
 And far estrang'd from God,
 There is forgiveness still with Thee,
 Through Thine atoning blood.
- 2 Yes, Lord, thy precious word proclaims
 Salvation full and free ;
 O give to sinners here to feel
 Their deep, deep need of Thee ;
 Thy Spirit must begin the work,
 For Thou alone canst save ;
 Work, blessed Lord, in living power,
 And Thou the praise shalt have !

15 *President-Gavies* 6, 8s.

- 1 Great God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are wondrous, matchless, and divine;
But the blest triumphs of Thy grace,
Most marvellous,—unrivall'd shine.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none can in that honor share.
Pardon, O God! is only Thine,
Mercy and grace are all divine.
- 3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We hail the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon traced in Jesu's blood.
To pardon thus is Thine alone,
Mercy and grace are both Thine own.
- 4 Soon shall this strange, this wondrous
grace,
This perfect miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth, while sweeter praise
Sounds its own note in heaven above.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich, so free?

16 *Mrs. E. Mills*

8s.

- 1 We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair :
The glorious mansions of rest—
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 We tell of its service of love ;
The robes which the glorified wear ;
We sing of the blessed above—
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We tell of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there !

17 *Newton*

C.M.

- 1 The God of love, to earth He came,
That thou might'st go to heaven ;
Believe in Jesu's name, and all
Thy sin's shall be forgiven.
- 2 Believe in Him that died for thee,
And, sure as He hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, come to Jesus,
 Think upon the gracious Lord;
 He has pitied your condition,
 He has sent his gospel-word;
 Mercy calls you,
 Mercy flows through Jesu's blood.
- 2 Gracious Saviour, help thy servant,
 To proclaim Thy wondrous love:
 Pour Thy grace upon this people,
 That Thy truth they may approve;
 Bless, O bless them,
 From Thy shining courts above.
- 3 Now Thy gracious word invites them
 To partake the gospel feast;
 Let Thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
 Every soul be Jesu's guest:
 O receive them,
 Let them find the promised rest.

19 *J Montgomery*

- 1 The Lord Himself shall come,
 And shout a quickening word;
 Thousands shall answer from the tomb:
 "For ever with the Lord."

- 2 Then as we upward fly,
That resurrection-word,
Shall be our shout of victory,
“*For ever with the Lord.*”
- 3 How shall I meet those eyes?—
Mine on Himself I cast,
And own myself the Saviour's prize :
Mercy from first to last.
- 4 “Knowing as I am known!”—
How shall I love that word,
How oft repeat before the throne,
“*For ever with the Lord.*”
- 5 That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory—
Once more : “*For ever with the Lord !*”
Amen, so let it be.

20. A Midland

S.M.

- 1 How vast, how full, how free,
The mercy of our God !
Proclaim the blessed news around,
And spread it all abroad.
- 2 How vast ! “Whoever will”
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation e'en for him.

- 3 How *full!* It doth remove
The stain of every sin,
And leaves the soul as white and pure
As though no sin had been.
- 4 How *free!* It asks no price,
For God delights to give,
It only says—a simple thing—
“Believe in Christ, and live.”
- 5 Poor trembling sinner, “come,”
God waits to comfort thee;
O cast thyself upon His love,
So *vast, so full, so free!*

21

P.M.

- 1 Soft the voice of mercy sounded,
Sweet as music to the ear,
“*Grace abounds where sin abounded;*”
This the word that soothed our fear.
Grace, the sweetest sound we know;
Grace to sinners here below.
- 2 Grace, we sing God’s grace through Jesus;
Grace, the spring of peace to man;
Grace, that from each sorrow frees us;
Grace, too high for thought to scan;
Grace, the theme of God’s own love;
Grace, the theme all themes above.

22

S.M.

- 1 It was the Father's love—
The Well-beloved chose,
And sent Him for our wretched race,
Deep in our sea of woes.
- 2 His hand no thunder bore,
No terror clothed His brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 3 'Twas mercy from above
To rebels doom'd to die,
When Christ was sent, in pardoning love,
Under their curse to lie.
- 4 'Tis this remove our fears,
Makes hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bows by the sense of pardoning love,
And gives eternal peace.

23

S Medley

. C.M.

- 1 Oh ! what amazing words of grace,
Are in the Gospel found !
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.

- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here ;
 Salvation like a river rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and
 wounds,
 Your ev'ry burden bring ;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will, (Oh, gracious word !)
 Shall of this stream partake :
 Come, thirsty soul, and bless the Lord,
 And drink for Jesu's sake.
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace ;
 Come, then, and prove its virtue true,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

24 *a Midlane*

- 1 Salvation, Lord is Thine,
 Then graciously incline
 Thine ear, and save ;
 Sinners Thy mercy need,
 Make them all blest indeed,
 For them in faith we plead,
 Lord Jesus, save.

2 Jesus, Thy precious blood,
Brings sinners near to God,
Stretch forth Thine arm!
Thou who dost never sleep,
Guarding Thy precious sheep,
Now a rich harvest reap,
Stretch forth Thine arm.

3 Jesus, make known Thy love;
Draw sinners hearts above;
Blessing we crave.
Arm of the Lord, awake!
Captive each sinner make,
Save, for Thy mercy's sake,
Lord Jesus, save!

25 *a Midlane* 8,7s. Double.

1 Now command Thy richest blessing,
Saviour, on our souls to rest,
Thoughts of grace our souls refreshing,
May we all be truly blest.
For Thy presence, help, and power,
O accept our feeble praise;
Cold the tribute now we offer,
Soon a nobler strain we'll raise—
Hallelujah!
Soon a nobler strain we'll raise.

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

- 1 Sinners, come, though poor and needy,
 Jesus will receive the poor ;
 He declares, " All things are ready,"
 And what Jesus says is sure.
 Oh ! believe Him ;
 Take of mercy's boundless store.
- 2 Hear how God himself beseeches—
 " Sinners, be ye reconciled ;"
 Jesus in the Gospel teaches
 How a foe becomes a child.
 When he suffer'd
 Love prevail'd, and Justice smiled.
- 3 See, his sacred body broken—
 Broken on th' accursed tree ;
 Hear the words the Lord hath spoken—
 " Sinners live, beholding Me."
 Hopeless sinner,
 Thus the Saviour speaks to thee.
- 4 Should you slight His great salvation,
 Can you stand when He appears ?
 When the Judge shall take His station,
 What shall then avail your tears ?
 Seek, oh, seek Him !
 While the Lord in mercy hears.

28

a midlane

8,7,4.

- 1 Father bless the heavenly message,
Now in Jesus' name declared ;
Let no heart by Satan hardened,
To the heavenly voice be barred—
Bless the Gospel,
Father, bless Thy preached word !
- 2 Thou art working for the honour,
And the glory of Thy Son ;
Lay Thy word upon each conscience,
Let each soul to Christ be won—
Bless the Gospel,
And exalt Thy blessed Son.
- 3 By Thy Spirit work in power,
Souls subdue to Jesus' sway ;
Speak to each and all assembled,
Let each soul Thy voice obey—
Bless the Gospel,
Father, bless the word we pray !

29

C Wesley

L.M.

- 1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast ;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and
 blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

3 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice !
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

30

7,6s.

1 The God of wide creation,
The all-upholding One,
To save us from damnation,
Gave up His only Son ;
Who to this earth descended
And died a death of pain ;
Rose, and on clouds ascended
To God's right hand again.

2 Hence full and free redemption
Are found in Jesu's blood,
Which gives entire exemption
From sin's o'erwhelming flood.
To all who have received it,
In simpleness of faith,
And from their heart believed it,
'Tis victory over death.

31 *a midlane*

C.M.

- 1 Angels rejoice o'er sinners saved,
 And heaven with raptures swell,
 As tidings rise up to the throne,
 That souls are saved from hell.
- Another soul to Jesus born,
 And ransomed from the fall;
 To Thee, O Lord, the praise we give,
 Thou, Thou shalt have it all!
- 2 Nor angels only—God beholds,
 The trophy of His grace;
 And radiant, happy smiles beam forth,
 From Jesus' blessed face.
- Another soul to Jesus born, &c.
- 3 O sinner, sinner, *now* believe—
 With contrite spirit bow;
 Let saints and angels sweetly join,
 In happy chorus now.
- Another soul to Jesus born, &c.

32 *a midlane*

7s.

- 1 Look to Jesus, look, and live,
 Mercy at His hands receive;
 He has died upon the tree,
 And His words are "Look to Me."

2 Come to Jesus, come, and live,
He has endless life to give;
He from sin will set you free,
For His words are "Come to Me."

3 Trust in Jesus, trust and live,
Now upon His name believe;
He has blessing e'en for thee,
For His words are "Trust in Me,"

4 Rest in Jesus, there repose,
Shelter find from all thy foes,
Let His name be all thy plea,
For His words are "Rest in Me."

33 T Kelly

L.M.

1 *Let sinners saved give thanks and sing,*
Salvation's theirs and of the Lord;
They draw from heaven's eternal spring,
The living God, their great reward.

2 *Let sinners saved give thanks and sing,*
Whom grace has kept in dangers past,
And, O sweet truth! the Lord will bring
His people safe to heaven at last.

3 *Let sinners saved give thanks and sing,*
Of Jesus sing, through all their days,
In heaven above their harps they'll string,
And there for ever sing His praise.

34

T. Kelly

8,7,8,7,4,7.

- 1 Glory, glory everlasting,
 Be to him who bore the cross,
 Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
 Death, the death deserved by us :
 Spread his glory,
 Who redeem'd his people thus.
- 2 His is love : 'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end :
 Human thought is here confounded :
 'Tis too vast to comprehend !
 Praise the Saviour !
 Magnify the Sinner's Friend !
- 3 While we hear the wondrous story,
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we, " Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb !"
 Hallelujah !
 Give ye glory to his name !

35

C Wesley

P.M.

- 1 Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
 Thy power to us make known ;
 Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
 And break these hearts of stone !

- 2 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,
 Nor feels his want of Thee?
 A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree?
- 3 Convince him now of unbelief;
 His desperate state explain:
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 4 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise!
 And bid his guilty conscience dread,
 The death that never dies.
- 5 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
 And then remove the load;
 Trouble, and wash the troubled heart,
 In Thine atoning blood.

36 *a midlane*

P.M.

- 1 Jesus died upon the tree,
 O boundless love!
 Died to set the sinner free,
 O boundless love!
 To the cross, grace matchless drew Him,
 There man's sin and hatred slew Him—
 Now we have redemption through Him,
 O boundless love!

- 2 Love beyond a mortal's speech,
 O boundless love !
 Love that thought can never reach,
 O boundless love !
 Death most cruel Jesus suffered,
 When for sin His soul he offered,
 And His blood to justice proffered,
 O boundless love !
- 3 Loud and far the theme shall swell,
 O boundless love !
 On it saints shall ever dwell,
 O boundless love !
 Matchless theme ! He died, yet liveth,
 To that soul salvation giveth,
 Who in Him, by grace believeth,
 O boundless love !

37

8,7s.

- 1 Come to Jesus, all ye weary,
 Burden'd with the load of sin :
 Come to Jesus, He is ready
 To receive such wanderers in.
- 2 Come to Jesus, He'll receive you ;
 He will cancel all your guilt ;
 'Twas for this He came to save you—
 'Twas for this His blood was spilt.

38

a midlane

8,7,4.

- 1 Trembling sinner look to Jesus,
Nailed to the accursed tree ;
Hear Him cry to God ere dying,
“ Why hast Thou forsaken Me ? ”
Hear the answer,—
Jesus died to set thee free !
- 2 Yes, the face of God was hidden—
Hidden from His darling Son,
While the work of man's redemption,
On the cross was being done ;
There He triumphed,
There a blessed victory won !
- 3 Share that triumph, trembling sinner,
It is yours if you believe,
Nothing but His blood can help you,
Look to Jesus *now* and live ;
Triumph in Him,
Life and peace in Him receive !

39

S.M.

- 1 Grace is the sweetest sound
That ever reached our ears,
When conscience charged and justice
frown'd ;
'Twas grace removed our fears.

- 2 'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
From death its victory.
- 3 Grace is a mine of wealth
Laid open to the poor ;
Grace is the sov'reign spring of health ;
'Tis LIFE FOR EVERMORE.
- 4 Of grace then let us sing !
(A joyful, wondrous theme !)
Who *grace* has brought, shall *glory* bring,
And we shall reign with Him.
- 5 Then shall we see His face
With all the saints above,
And sing for ever of His grace,
For ever of His love.

40

8,7s.

Why distrust the Saviour, sinner,
Has He ever souls deceived ?
No! beyond all others, Jesus
Worthy is to be believed ;
Give then to the winds thy doubting,
Take the gift His hand bestows,
Haste ! accept the offered mercy,
Soon the day of grace will close.

41

A Midlone

6,7s.

- 1 O the mercy of our God,
 How it passes human thought!
 Mercy shown in drops of blood—
 Mercy unto rebels brought—
 By it sinners are forgiven,
 Mercy opes the door of heaven.
- 2 O the mercy of our God,
 Free it is and knows no bound;
 Spread the joyful news abroad,
 Tell it unto all around.
 Tell of Jesu's precious blood—
 Tell the mercy of our God.

42

A Midlone

8,7,4.

- 1 Grace is but the dawn of glory;
 'Tis the gift of God, and free;
 'Tis the tale of love and mercy
 Told so sweetly, Lord, by Thee;
 Grace and glory,
 In Thy blessed self we see.
- 2 Grace of glory is the foretaste;
 'Tis the earnest of the joy,
 By Thy blood, Lord Jesus, purchased,
 E'en the rest of saints on high;
 Grace and glory,
 Brought by Thee to sinners nigh.

- 3 Let Thy precious grace, dear Saviour,
Now to every heart be known,
Earnest of the coming glory,
When Thou shalt receive Thine own
Grace and glory,
'Tis our happy theme alone!

43

78.

- 1 Welcome, Welcome! sinner, hear!
Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call—
Mercy is proclaim'd to all.
- 2 Welcome, weeping penitent,
Grace has made thy heart relent;
Welcome, long estranged child;
Come to Christ, be reconciled.
- 3 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.
- 4 All ye weary and distress'd,
Welcome to relief and rest;
All is ready, hear the call,
There is ample room for all.

- 1 Passing onward, quickly passing,
 But I ask thee—whither bound?
 Is it to the many mansions
 Where eternal rest is found?
 Passing onward—
 Tell me, sinner, whither bound?
- 2 Passing onward, quickly passing,
 Nought the wheels of time can stay;
 Sweet the thought that some are going,
 To the realms of perfect day,
 Passing onward,
 Christ their Leader—Christ their Way.
- 3 Passing onward, quickly passing,
 Many to the downward road;
 Careless of their souls immortal,
 Heeding not the call of God,
 Passing onward—
 Trampling on the Saviour's blood,
- 4 Passing onward, quickly passing,
 Time its course will quickly run;
 Sinner hear the fond entreaty
 Of the ever gracious One,—
 "Come and welcome,"
 "'Tis by *Me* that life is won."

- 1 Hark ! the voice of Jesus calling—
“ Come, ye laden, come to me ;
I have rest and peace to offer,
Rest, thou labouring one, for thee ;
Take salvation,
Take it *now* and happy be.”
- 2 Yes, though high in heavenly glory,
Still the Saviour calls to thee ;
Faith can hear His gracious accents—
“ Come ye laden, come to me ;
Take salvation,
Take it *now* and happy be.”
- 3 Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee ;
Sinner, heed the gracious message—
To the blood for refuge flee ;
“ Take salvation,
Take it *now* and happy be.”
- 4 Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee—
Offered without price or money,
'Tis the gift of God, sent free ;
“ Take salvation,
Take it *now* and happy be !”

46

In Watts

L.M.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Lord of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God.
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I'd sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an off'ring far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

47

O Hordent

C.M.

- 1 Ten thousand thousand souls there are,
 Enter'd within the door;
 These countless souls are gather'd in,
 And yet there's room for more.

- 2 Room, for the lame, the halt, the blind ;—
 Sinner, there's room for thee ;
 'Twas Christ made room for such poor
 By dying on the tree. [souls,
- 3 Room, in the Saviour's loving heart,
 For all the Father gave ;
 He bore their sins, their curse, their guilt,
 That he might freely save.
- 4 Room, for the feeble and the faint,
 The helpless and the poor,
 Who wait and hope, and watch and cry
 At mercy's open door.
- 5 Room, for the chief of sinners still,
 Though plagued with unbelief ;
 That precious Christ can save thy soul,
 Who saved the dying thief.

48

S.M.

- 1 This earth is stained with blood—
 The blood of God's dear Son ;
 And inquisition shall be made
 By God, the righteous One.
- 2 Man shed that precious blood,
 Yet, joyful news to tell !
 The soul that to its shelter flies
 Is saved from wrath and hell.

- 3 But they who madly choose
 In unbelief to live,
 The fearful penalty of blood,
 From God must soon receive.
- 4 For they are guilty judged,
 Of all that then was done ;
 How fearful to be guilty, of
 The death of God's dear Son.
- 5 But O, that cleansing blood
 Is efficacious still ;
 Believe in Christ, and happy be,
 Love calls, "*whoever will.*"

49

a Midlane

S.M.

- 1 "All things are ready," Come,
 Come to the supper spread ;
 Come rich and poor, come old and young,
 Come, and be richly fed.
- 2 "All things are ready," Come,
 The invitation's given,
 Through Him who now in glory sits
 At God's right hand in heaven.
- 3 "All things are ready," Come,
 The door is open wide ;
 O feast upon the love of God,
 For Christ, His Son, has died.

4 "All things are ready," Come,
All hindrance is removed ;
And God, in Christ, His precious love,
To fallen man has proved.

5 "All things are ready," Come,
To-morrow may not be ;
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits,
This hour to welcome thee !

50 *a Midlane* 8,7s. Double.

1 Like the sea by tempests troubled,
God proclaims the wicked are ;
Fear and terror in their bosoms,
Wage one long protracted war ;
Peace they have not, joy possess not,
Knowing not the God of love ;
Ignorant of the great salvation,
Brought by Jesus from above.

2 Strange infatuation ! blinded
To their everlasting weal ;
Seeming anxious that they only
Their eternal doom might seal.
Strange infatuation ! never
Thinking of their precious soul,
Which must live, for God has said it,
While eternal ages roll.

3 O the bitter, bitter anguish,
Such a soul, alas! must know,
When, his time of mercy over,
He must part from all below ;
Never more to hear of mercy,
Never more to hear of grace ;
Banished from the joy of heaven,
Banished from the Saviour's face.

51 *A Midlane.* C.M.

- 1 Ascended Jesus, from Thy throne
Of mercy and of love,
Look now in sweet compassion down,
And draw our hearts above.
- 2 We're here to speak Thy precious word,
And herald forth Thy grace ;
O may Thy word, by power divine,
Find in each heart a place.
- 3 Give faith that it might profit all,
Who hear it now declared ;
We only can Thy grace proclaim,
The *power* is Thine, O Lord.
- 4 Now cause the healing streams to flow
Into each heart and soul ;
Speak life and peace to each one here,
And joy unspeakable.

52. *a Midlane*

C.M.

1 O what a gift the Father gave,
When He bestowed His Son!
To save poor ruined, guilty man,
By sin defiled, undone.

O what a gift! His praise shall be
For ever on my tongue;
And mine shall be the loudest praise,
That ransomed soul hath sung!

2 For I was lost, a wretch indeed!
To every sin a prey;
Till God in mercy interposed
And turned my night to day.

O what a gift! &c.

3 Now I can call the Saviour mine
Though all unworthy still,
I'm sheltered by His precious blood,
Beyond the reach of ill.

O what a gift! &c.

4 Come all who trust in Jesus, now,
And tell our joys abroad,
Let thankful hymns of praise ascend
For Christ, the gift of God.

O what a gift! &c.

- 1 Jesus will quickly come,
Then, closed the day of grace,
He'll take His ransomed people home,
To dwell before His face.
- 2 But O, shall all we love,
Then meet Him in the air?
Shall any then be left behind
In darkness and despair?
- 3 Shall any here, O Lord,
Be absent in that day?
Forbid it, Saviour, in Thy grace,
And save each soul, we pray.
- 4 Now by Thy Spirit, Lord,
Work Thou in every heart;
That each might richly know the joy,
Thou canst alone impart.

- 1 "Come unto Me and rest,"
Jesus, the Saviour cried;
Come, all by sin and guilt opprest,
He has for sinners died.

- 2 "Come unto Me and rest,
All ye that labour come ;"
Come to His gentle, loving breast,
The contrite sinner's home.
- 3 Come with your heavy load,
Of unforgiven sin ;
Come trust His rich, atoning blood,
Which makes the guilty clean.
- 4 His yoke is easy—come,
His burden light to bear ;
Come and from Him no longer roam,
Rest for the soul is there.

55 *a midlane* Double C.M.

- 1 When sinners on the Cross transfixed
The blessed Son of God,
And there imbrued their wicked hands
In His most precious blood ;
E'en then the Saviour prayed, "Forgive,
They know not what they do."
And can *you* doubt, poor trembling soul,
There's mercy e'en for *you* ?
- Yes, there is mercy, prove Him *now*,
His blood hath virtue still ;
Say, "Precious Lord, I do believe,"
And peace your soul shall fill.

2 When by His side a sinner hung,
Sinner of deepest dye,
Who crying said, "Remember me,"
And Jesus heard the cry.
O can you doubt, poor trembling soul,
Since Jesus proved so true,
And saved that dying, murderous thief,
There's mercy e'en for you!
Yes, there is mercy, &c.

3 O think upon the bitter death
Which He for you endured;
And see Him now in glory bright,
Nor longer doubt His word;
He died to save—He lives to bless;
His love is ever new,
Come as you are—come now, and find
There's mercy e'en for you!
Yes, there is mercy, &c.

56

In Watts

S.M.

1 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,
Took all our guilt away,—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

- 3 My soul looks back to see
 The burden Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on th' accursed tree,
 For all my guilt was there.
- 4 Believing, I rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing Redeeming Love.

57 *Charlotte Elliott* 8,8,8,6.

- 1 Just as I was—without one plea
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidst me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God ! I came !
- 2 Just as I was—poor, wretched, blind ;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God I came !
- 3 Just as I am—Thy love I own
 Has broken every barrier down ;
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am—of that free love,
 The breadth, depth, height and length, to
 Here, for a season, then above, [prove,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

- 1 There is a stream of precious blood,
Which flowed from Jesu's veins,
And sinners wash'd in that bless'd flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Saviour in his day ;
And by that blood, though vile as he,
My sins are wash'd away.
- 3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy wounds supplied for me,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall for ever be.
- 4 Soon in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save ;
No more with lispings, stammering tongue,
But conqueror o'er the grave.
- 5 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A harp of God for me.
- 6 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

- 1 I heard the Saviour speak to me,
When wandering far away,
And power was in His precious words,
I could not but obey ;
Love drew me on ; to Him I came,
My Lord, my life, my way.
- 2 I saw the Saviour smile on me,
With countenance benign ;
My soul was glad, o'erwhelmed I cried,
" Thou, precious Lord, art mine ! "
Transcendant smile ! it filled my heart,
With confidence divine.
- 3 I felt the Saviour's love to me,
So sweet, so real, so true !
It still'd the voice of unbelief,
It quell'd my doubtings, too ;
And glory dawned upon my soul,
And joy celestial grew.
- 4 And O ! these eyes shall yet behold,
My Lord in glory bright,
When hope shall to fruition grow,
And faith be lost in sight ;
Jesus uphold me till that hour—
Uphold me by Thy might.

- 1 Come, poor sinners, come to Jesus,
Weary, heavy laden, weak ;
None but Jesus Christ can ease us,
Come ye all, His mercy seek.
- 2 "Come," it is His invitation ;
"Come to Me," the Saviour says,
Why, O why such hesitation,
Gloomy doubts, and base delays ?
- 3 Do you fear your own unfitness,
Burdened as you are with sin ?
'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness ;
Christ invites you ;—enter in.
- 4 Do your sins, and your distresses,
'Gainst this sacred record plead ?
Know that Christ most kindly blesses
Those who feel the most their need.
- 5 Hear His words, so true and cheering,
Fitted just for the distress ;
Dwell upon the sound endearing ;
"Mourners, I will give you rest."
- 6 Stay not pondering on your sorrow,
Turn from your own self away ;
Do not linger till to-morrow,
Come to Christ without delay.

7 He will give—we ne'er can merit,
Perfect peace and heavenly rest ;
What a treasure we inherit !
How are contrite sinners blest.

61 *a Midlane*

C.M.

- 1 Dark was that hour when man arose,
To slay the Son of God :
And to imbrue his wicked hands,
In Jesu's precious blood.
- 2 The Cross uplifted, told that man
To God could render nought,
But malice and ingratitude,
In action or in thought.
- 3 Yet, O it further told, that God,
Toward man had thoughts of grace ;
For by that blood His purpose was,
That man might see His face.
- 4 Without that blood, man never could
At peace with God have been ;
For nothing but its precious worth,
Could cleanse him from his sin.
- 5 That blood has flowed ; then come, rely
Poor sinner, on its power,
To wash away thy many sins :
Delay not, come this hour !

62 *Mary Bowley*

7,6s.

- 1 By Thee, O God, invited,
We look unto the Son,
In whom Thy soul delighted,
Who all Thy will hath done ;
And by the one chief treasure
Thy bosom freely gave ;
Thine own pure love we measure,
Thy willing mind to save.

- 2 O God of mercy—Father,
The one unchanging claim,
The brightest hopes, we gather
From Christ's most precious name ;
What always sounds so sweetly
In Thine unwearied ear,
Has freed our souls completely
From all our sinful fear.

- 3 The trembling sinner feareth
That God can ne'er forget ;
But one full payment cleareth
His memory of all debt.
When nought beside could ease us,
Or set our souls at large,
Thy holy work, Lord Jesus,
Secured a full discharge.

- 4 No wrath God's heart retaineth
To us-ward who believe ;
No dread in ours remaineth
As we His love receive ;
Returning sons He kisses,
And with His robe invests ;
His perfect love dismisses
All terror from our breasts.

63

L.M.

- 1 See mercy, mercy from on high,
Descend to rebels doom'd to die ;
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound ;
How sweet, how pleasant is the sound !
- 2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
When God announced the blessed news,
"The woman's seed thy head shall bruise."
- 3 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,
When Christ, the holy child, was born ;
And brighter still in splendour shone
When Jesus, dying, cried "'Tis done !"
- 4 Complete in power when He arose,
And burst the bands of all His foes ;
When Captive led captivity,
And took for us His seat on high.

- 5 Till we shall join the happy throng,
This mercy shall be still our song ;
And every scheme shall God confound
Of all who strive its course to bound.

64 *J Stennett*

C.M.

- 1 To us, our God His love commends,
When by our sins undone ;
That He might spare His enemies,
He would not spare His Son,—
- 2 His only Son, on whom was placed
His whole delight and love,
Before He form'd the earth below,
Or spread the heavens above.
- 3 Our sorrows and our guilt to bear,
Our judgment to sustain ;
He came, upon the tree to die,
That we might life obtain.
- 4 This life is hid in God, with Him
Who fell a sacrifice,
And dying, conquer'd death for us,
That we, like Him, might rise.
- 5 Quickly, He triumph'd o'er the grave,
And went to heaven again ;
There intercedes, and thence will come
With all His saints to reign.

65 *a Midlane*

6,7s.

- 1 I am not told to labour,
To put away my sin ;
So foolish, weak, and helpless,
I never could begin ;
But blessed truth—I know it !
Though ruined by the fall,
Christ has my soul redeemed—
Yes ! Christ has done it all !
- 2 I have not now to seek Him,
In love He sought for me,
When far from Him I wandered
In sin and misery ;
He ope'd my ears, and gave me,
To listen to His call ;
He sought me, and He found me,
Yes, Christ has done it all !
- 3 And now I cannot please Him,
In aught I say or do,
Unless He daily helps me,
His glory to pursue ;
Still helpless and still feeble,
On His strong arms I fall,
My strength in pressing onward—
Yes ! Christ must do it all !

- 4 And when in heavenly glory,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 From sin, and all pollution,
 For ever, ever free,
 I'll cast my crown before Him,
 And loud His grace extol—
 "Thou hast Thyself redeemed me!
 Yes! Thou *hast* done it all!"

66 *A Midland*

C.M.

- 1 O Saviour, look with pity down
 On all assembled here;
 Dispose each heart to bow to Thee,
 And worship in Thy fear.
- 2 Yet, Lord, the heart can never know
 What worship truly means,
 Unless the heart, by living faith,
 Upon Thy bosom leans.
- 3 Arrest the sinner, bid him look
 To the atoning blood;
 His covert from the coming wrath,
 His present peace with God.
- 4 Arouse each saint, and bid him hear
 Thy blessed voice, "Arise!
 With quickened, firmer steps, pursue
 Thy journey to the skies."

5 Thus, Lord, we crave Thy power divine,
To work upon each heart ;
That we may know Thy presence here,
And 'neath Thy smiles depart.

67 *a midlane* S.M.

- 1 How sweet the cheering words,
"Whoever will may come !
The door of mercy open stands,
As yet, there still is room."
- 2 'Tis the "accepted time,"
The day of grace and love ;
And God invites "whoever will"
His faithfulness to prove.
- 3 The Saviour sits on high,
The proof that all is done ;
And sinners, now, God can accept,
By virtue of His Son.
- 4 That Saviour soon will rise,
And close the open door ;
Then all who have refused to come,
Will hear of grace no more.
- 5 O God, to Thee we cry,
While Jesus still delays,
That Thou would'st bring lost sinners
And save them by Thy grace. [nigh,

- 1 Those who are young, O God,
 Make them Thine own ;
Hear from Thy blest abode,
 Make them Thine own ;
Now in their early days,
Turn them to Thy blest ways,
Save from the giddy maze,
 Make them Thine own.
- 2 Those who are older, too,
 Make them Thine own ;
Give them affections new,
 Make them Thine own ;
Now in their manhood's prime,
Now in salvation's time,
To Thee their hearts incline,
 Make them Thine own.
- 3 Those who in years abound,
 Make them Thine own ;
Now may the lost be found
 Make them Thine own ;
Soon must their journey end,
Fast to the grave they wend,—
Father, their souls befriend,
 Make them Thine own.

4 Then shall they happy be,
 All made Thine own,
 Shout then the victory,
 All, all Thine own ;
 Satan shall lose his prey,
 Mercy shall win the day,
 Each shall with rapture say—
 “ All, all Thine own ! ”

69 *a Midlane*

P.M.

- 1 What is the *manner* of God's love ?
 O the Cross, O the Cross !
 Expressed in deeds, all words above,
 On the Cross, on the Cross ;
 The world with all its wealth were vain
 To cleanse the soul from sin's deep stain,
 Blood only could remission gain—
 O the Cross, O the Cross !
- 2 What is the *measure* of God's love ?
 O the Cross, O the Cross !
 There, there He did its greatness prove,
 On the Cross, on the Cross ;
 There Jesus did His love declare,
 And all our weight of judgment bear—
 O what can with the Cross compare ?
 O the Cross, O the Cross !

3 What is the *fulness* of God's love?
O the Cross, O the Cross!
His love to *all* He there did prove
On the Cross, on the Cross;
No greater gift could God bestow,
To prove His love to man below,
Than thus to let His mercy flow.
O the Cross, O the Cross!

4 Thank God for such a cleansing tide!
O the Cross, O the Cross!
Forth streaming from the Saviour's side
On the Cross, on the Cross;
O that we may through all our days,
There fix our soul's most earnest gaze,
And, for such love give ceaseless praise,
O the Cross, O the Cross!

70 *a Miscellany*

C.M.

1 Where God begins His gracious work,
That work He will complete,
For round the objects of His love,
All power and mercy meet.

2 Man may repent him of his work,
And fail in his intent;
God is above the power of change,
He never can repent.

- 3 Each object of His love is sure
 To reach the heavenly goal ;
 For neither sin nor Satan can
 Destroy the blood-washed soul.
- 4 Satan may vex, and unbelief
 May mar the saved one's joy ;
 But he must conquer ; yes, as sure
 As Jesus sits on high.
- 5 The precious blood of God's dear Son,
 Shall ne'er be spent in vain ;
 The soul on Christ believing, must
 With Christ for ever reign.

71 *A Mid Lane* Double C.M

- 1 Not all the gold of all the world,
 And all its wealth combined,
 Could give relief, or comfort yield
 To one distracted mind ;
 'Tis only to the precious blood
 Of Christ, the soul can fly,
 There only, can the sinner find
 A flowing, full supply.
- O joyful news ! O happy news .
 The precious, precious blood
 Of Christ, can bring the sinner nigh
 And give him " peace with God."

2 Was it for gold, the dying thief,
The malefactor craved ?
Ah, no ! 'twas Christ, and faith in Him
That malefactor saved ;
'Twas faith in Him who bleeding hung
A victim by his side.
" O Lord, remember me," he said,
" I will," he heard, and died.
O joyful news ! &c.

3 O what can equal joy divine ?
And what can sweeter be,
Than knowing that the soul is safe,
For all eternity ?
Safe in the Lord, without a doubt,
By virtue of the blood ;
For nothing can destroy the life,
That's hid with Christ in God.
O joyful news ! &c.

72

A Midlane

P.M.

1 Come to the royal feast,
Come, sinners, come,
Come and salvation taste,
Come, sinners, come.
There is a full supply,
Haste, ere of want you die,
Now to the Saviour fly,
Come, sinners, come.

2 Jesus will bless you all,
Come, sinners, come ;
Heed ye His gracious call,
Come, sinners, come.
None are too bad for Him,
Worthless though you may seem,
He doth the *lost* redeem,
Come, sinners, come.

3 Welcome you all shall be,
Come, sinners, come ;
Now to the Saviour flee,
Come, sinners, come.
Make Him your happy choice ;
List to His gracious voice,
Then shall your hearts rejoice,
Come, sinners, come.

4 Glory shall then be yours,
Come, sinners, come ;
Peace that for aye endures,
Come, sinners, come.
Jesus will ne'er deceive,
Those who in Him believe,
Come, then, and life receive,
Come, sinners, come.

73 *Miss Nunn* 8,4,8,4,8,8,8,4.

- 1 One there is above all others—
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,—
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
O how He loves!
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him—
O how he loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us—
O how He loves!
- 3 We have found a friend in Jesus—
O how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us—
O how he loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him—
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
O how he loves!

4 Through His name we are forgiven—
O how He loves !
Backward shall our foes be driven—
O how He loves !
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Naught but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us.
O how He loves !

74 *G B under*

C.M.

- 1 COME, ye that know the Saviour's name
And raise your thoughts above :
Let every heart and voice unite
To sing—that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth His word reveals,
And all His mercies prove ;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show—that God is love.
- 3 His patience, bearing much and long,
With those who from Him rove—
His kindness when He leads them home,
Both mark—that God is love.
- 4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above ;
And every step, from first to last,
Declares—that God is love.

6 Oh ! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove,
Till nobler songs in brighter worlds
Proclaim—that God is love !

75 *Linzendone, Eng. Weekly* L.M.

- 1 O come, Thou stricken Lamb of God !
Who shed'st for us Thine own life-blood,
And teach us all Thy love :—then pain
Were sweet, and life or death were gain.
- 2 Take Thou our hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but Thee ;
Thy willing servants, let us wear
The seal of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd by Thy watchful side,
Who life and strength from Thee receive,
And with Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 5 First-born of many "Brethren," Thou !
To whom both heaven and earth must bow ;
Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,
We bear Thy cross, and seek Thy crown.

76 *a Midlane* P.M.

1 O what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord,
Well might His name by His saints be
adored!

He has redeemed them from hell by His
blood,

Saved them for ever, and brought them
to God.

Jesus the Saviour is mighty to save,
Jesus hath triumph'd o'er death and
the grave.

2 Now in the glory, He waits to impart,
Peace to the conscience and joy to the
heart,

Waits to be gracious, to pardon and heal,
All who their sin and their wretchedness
feel.

Jesus the Saviour, &c.

3 Thousands have fled to His spear-pierced
side,

Welcome they all have been, none are
denied;

Weary and laden they all have been blest,
Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest.

Jesus the Saviour, &c

- 4 Come then poor sinner, no longer delay,
Come to the Saviour, come *now* while you
may ;
So shall your peace be eternally sure ;
So shall your happiness ever endure !
Jesus the Saviour, &c.

77

L.M.

- 1 Ours is a pardon bought with blood,
Amazing truth ! the blood of One
Who, without usurpation, could
Lay claim to heaven's eternal throne.
- 2 No victim of inferior worth
Could ward the stroke that justice
aim'd ;
For none but He, in heaven 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 suffer'd pain, He suffer'd shame,
And lay a pris'ner with the dead.
- 4 But lo ! He's risen from the grave
And bears the greatest sweetest name,
The Lord, almighty now to save,
From sin, from death, from endless
shame.

- 1 The Gospel table's largely spread,
 And richly furnished too,
 With wine, and milk, and living bread,
 Oh sinner, all for you.
- 2 The helpless outcasts, vile and base,
 The guilty and undone,
 Are welcome to the feast of grace,
 Tho' goodness they have none.
- 3 Come boldly, whosoever will,
 Nor vainly strive to mend,
 Sinners are freely welcome still,
 To Christ, the sinner's friend.

79 *a Midlane*

- 1 There's a blessed land of life, and a blessed
 land of love,
 In the heavens far away ;
 And I charge my weary footsteps, that
 they faster, faster move
 To those regions of bright day.
- O I shall soon be there, soon be there,
 soon be there,
 O I shall soon be there, to praise the
 Lord for aye.

2 There's a loving Father there, and a
patient Father there,
In the heavens far away ;
And He beckons me His child, to possess
those mansions fair
In those regions of bright day.

3 There's a Saviour in His glory too, the eye
of faith can see
In the heavens far away ;
And He cheers me with the thought that
I soon shall with Him be
In those regions of bright day.

4 And the loved who're gone before, are
with Jesus happy there
In the heavens far away ;
And I long to join their chorus, and their
happiness to share
In those regions of bright day.

5 In myself I'm all unworthy, e'en the
lowest place to claim
In the heavens far away ;
I rely alone on Jesus, on His blood, and
precious name
For those regions of bright day.

O I shall soon be there, &c.

80 *a Midlane*

P.M.

- 1 There is a throne of grace,
 Where Jesus meets the soul ;
 Thrice blessed meeting-place,
 Where surges never roll ;
 Sweet peace, and only peace is known,
 Within the circle of that throne.
- 2 For drops of precious blood,
 Before and on it view ;
 Meeting the eye of God,
 By faith we see it too ;
 And all its preciousness is known,
 To Him who sits upon the throne.
- 3 Come, ye, who feel your need,
 Of pardon full and free ;
 The name of Jesus plead,—
 Believe, and happy be :
 Approach the throne of grace and love,
 And all a Saviour's goodness prove.

81 *a Midlane*

P.M.

- 1 Come, weary, anxious, laden soul,
 To Jesus come, and be made whole ;
 On Him your heavy burden roll—
 Come, anxious sinner, come !

- 2 Behold the Cross on which He died,
Behold His wounded, bleeding side,
Come, in His precious love confide—
Come, anxious sinner, come!
- 3 True joy the world can ne'er afford,
'Tis found alone in Christ the Lord,
In Him for wretched sinners stored—
Come, anxious sinner, come!
- 4 God waits to hear the contrite cry,
He waits to see the tearful eye,
To read the spirit's deep felt sigh—
Come, anxious sinner, come!
- 5 Oh! if to Jesus you repair,
You'll find eternal comfort there;
And soon shall heavenly glory share—
Come, anxious sinner, come!

82 *a Midlane*

8s.

- 1 We speak of the mercy of God,
So boundless, so rich, and so free!
But what will it profit my soul,
Unless 'tis relied on by *me*.
- 2 We speak of salvation and love,
By the Father, in Jesus, made known;
But if I would live unto God,
By faith, I must make it *my* own.

- 3 We speak of the Saviour's dear name,
 By which God can poor sinners
 Yet still I am lost and undone, [receive:
 Unless in that name *I* believe.
- 4 We speak of the blood of the Lamb,
 Which frees from pollution and sin ;
 But its virtues by *me* must be proved,
 Or I shall be for ever unclean.
- 5 We speak of the glory to come,
 Of the heavens so bright and so fair ;
 But unless *I* in Jesus believe,
 I shall not, I cannot, 'be there !

83 *a Midlane*

L.M

- 1 The perfect righteousness of God,
 Is witnessed in the Saviour's blood ;
 'Tis in the Cross of Christ we trace
 His righteousness, yet wondrous grace.
- 2 God could not pass the sinner by,
 His sin demands that he must die ;
 But in the Cross of Christ we see
 How God can save, yet righteous be.
- 3 The sin alights on Jesu's head,
 'Tis in His blood sin's debt is paid ;
 Stern justice can demand no more,
 And mercy can dispense her store.

4 The sinner who believes, is free,
Can say, "The Saviour died for me;"
Can point to the atoning blood,
And say, "This is my peace with God."

- 5 How wondrous the redemption plan,
Designed by God, for ruined man!—
His precious Son in death laid low,
That He might endless life bestow.

84 *a Mid. Lane*

S.M.

- 1 "All things are ready"—come,
O make no vain excuse;
No yoke of oxen, wife, or field,
Instead of Jesus choose.
- 2 "All things are ready"—come,
Come all, both bad and good;
The best and worst both need alike,
The Saviour's cleansing blood.
- 3 "All things are ready"—come,
And taste God's love so free;
See mercy's door stands open wide,
For all who needy be.
- 4 "All things are ready"—come,
Nor pass that open door;
Too late you may an entrance seek,
Too late your loss deplore.

- 5 "All things are ready"—come,
God calls you by His grace ;
O turn not from His offered love,
But seek e'en *now* His face.

85

A. Midland

P.M.

- 1 To glory, ~~to glory~~ I'm hasting along,
To see my Redeemer, with gladness and
song ;
Come, start on the journey, come
sinner and flee
To the Saviour who died both for you
and for me,—
Come, come to Him flee,
To the Saviour who died both for you
and for me.
- 2 Too long you have trifled with heavenly
things,
Receive now the tidings which happiness
brings ;
To Jesus, the Saviour, for mercy now
flee,
For He has salvation for you and for
me,
Come, come to Him flee,
For He has salvation for you and for
me.

- 6 O think of the pleasure which there we
shall know,
And the joy with which Jesus the prize
will bestow ;
No longer delay, or too late it may be,
Now, NOW there is mercy for you and
for me,
Come, come to Him flee,
Now, now there is mercy for you and
for me.

86

a Midlane

L.M.

- 1 Whene'er I read the tale of woe,
Of Jesu's sufferings here below—
Jesus, who left His seat in bliss—
O'erwhelmed I cry—"What grace is
this!"
- 2 What grace is this! that Thou should'st
give,
Jesus, Thy blood that I might live,
God's well-beloved and only Son,
Thou spotless, sinless, perfect One.
- 3 What grace is this! that I should be
Loved and accepted, Lord, by Thee ;
Defiled I was, and full of shame,
But now I would adore Thy name !

4 What grace is this! dear Jesus, give,
That to Thy glory I may live—
That I, my grateful songs may raise,
And all my life be to Thy praise.

5 And when I see Thee face to face,
And better know Thy matchless grace,
There, shining with the hosts in bliss,
My song shall be, "What grace is this!"

87

Newton

7, 6s.

1 How lost was our condition,
Till Jesus made us whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
In sin and death—he found us,
He snatched us from the grave;
To tell to all around us,
His wondrous power to save.

2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith;
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
How gracious this Physician!
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only LOOK and LIVE.

- 1 "Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice which wakes the
dead,
And make Thy people hear.
- 2 "Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Disturb this sleep of death,
Quicken the smouldering embers, Lord,
By Thine almighty breath!
- 3 "Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Create soul-thirst for Thee,
And hungering for the bread of life,
O may our spirits be.
- 4 "Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.
- 5 "Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Give power unto Thy word,
Grant that Thy blessed Gospel may,
In living faith, be heard.
- 6 "Revive thy work, O Lord!"
Give pentecostal showers,
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

- 1 "Himself He could not save,"
He, on the Cross must die,
Or mercy cannot come
To ruined sinners nigh ;
Yes Christ, the Son of God, must bleed,
That sinners might from sin be freed.
- 2 "Himself He could not save,"
For justice must be done ;
And sin's full weight must fall,
Upon a sinless one ;
For nothing less can God accept,
In payment for the fearful debt.
- 3 "Himself He could not save."
For He the surety stood,
For all who now rely
Upon His precious blood ;
He bore the penalty of guilt,
When on the Cross His blood was spilt.
- 4 "Himself He could not save,"
Yet now a *Saviour*, He ;
Come, sinner to Him, come,
He waits to welcome thee ;
Believe in Him, and thou shalt prove,
His saving power, His deathless love.

- 1 What would the profit be,
To gain this wide-spread world,
And for the soul to be at last,
From light and glory hurled ?
- 2 Earth's joys are transient all,
They cannot satisfy ;
The soul, unsaved, can never know,
A real substantial joy.
- 3 But vast would be the gain,
If it were ours to give,
To yield the world with all its store,
And for the soul to live.
- 4 To live with Christ on high,
What more can heart desire ;
Saviour divine, let each one here,
To this sweet hope aspire.

- 1 Save, Jesus, save,
Thy blessing now we crave,
For every anxious sinner here,
O let Thy mercy now appear,
Lord Jesus, save.

- 2 Save, Jesus, save,
Thy banner o'er us wave,
Of love, eternal and divine ;
O Lord, let each one here be Thine,
Lord Jesus, save.
- 3 Save, Jesus, save,
Thou conqueror o'er the grave,
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And to the troubled whisper "Peace,"
Lord Jesus, save.
- 4 Save, Jesus, save,
And Thou alone shalt have
The glory of the work divine,
Yea, endless praises shall be Thine,
Lord Jesus, save.

92

78.

- 1 Welcome news the Gospel brings,
Welcome news from heaven above ;
Tidings from the King of kings,
Tidings full of grace and love.
- 2 Oh, ye sons of men, give ear !
Listen to "the joyful sound ;"
Better news ye cannot hear—
In the Gospel, truth is found.

78

- 3 Truth, that makes the simple wise ;
Truth, on which the hungry feed ;
Truth, the source of many joys ;
Truth, that makes us free indeed.

93 *Linzendorf To J Wesley L.M.*

- 1 Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness !
Our beauty Thou, our glorious dress !
Midst flaming worlds, in this array'd
With joy shall we lift up the head.
- 2 Bold shall we stand in that great day,
For who aught to our charge shall lay,
While by Thy blood absolved we are
From sin's tremendous curse and fear ?
- 3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the saints redeem'd with blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim,
And all their boast is in Thy name.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years,
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 Till we behold Thee on Thy throne,
In Thee we boast, in Thee alone,
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,
"Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness."

- 1 When the Saviour said " 'Tis finished,"
 Every thing was fully done ;
 Done, as God Himself would have it—
 Christ the victory fully won.
 Vain and futile the endeavour
 To improve, or add, thereto ;
 God's free grace is thus commended—
 To " believe," and not " to do."
- 2 All the *doing* is completed,
 Now 'tis "look, believe, and live ;"
 None can purchase his salvation,
 Life's a gift, that God must *give* ;
 Grace, through righteousness, is reigning,
 Not of works, lest man should boast ;
 Man must take the offered mercy,
 Or, eternally be lost.

- 1 Hark, the glad sound ; the Gospel calls—
 The Gospel of Free Grace :
 Glad tidings of great joy it brings
 To man's lost ruined race.
 Sinners ! obey the call and come
 To Christ the living Lord ;
 He is the only way to God,—
 Hear, and believe His Word.

- 2 His Precious Blood, on Calv'ry spilt,
The guilt of sin removes ;
Gives victory o'er its pow'r, too,
And calms and heals its woes.
Come then to Him, the sinner's Friend,
He freely will receive ;
Accept His offer'd Grace to you—
Believe—Believe and Live.

96 *T Kelly*

S.M.

- 1 The Lord is risen indeed :
Then justice asks no more ;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Which stood opposed before.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed :
And great the work performed !
The captive Surety now is freed,
And Death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed :
He lives— to die no more ;
He lives— His people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 4 The Lord is risen indeed :
And Death has lost its prey :
And with Him all the ransom'd seed
Shall reign in endless day.

97

P.M.

- 1 We adore Thee evermore ; Hallelujah !
Saviour, for Thy boundless grace ;
Hallelujah !
For the Cross, whereby to us, Hallelujah !
Sure is made eternal bliss ; Hallelujah !
- 2 For Thy death which sets us free,
Hallelujah !
From sin's cruel slavery ; Hallelujah !
For Thine all-atoning blood ; Hallelujah !
Which hath brought us nigh to God ;
Hallelujah !

98

R. Robinson

8, 7s.

- 1 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie ?
Who would hush the boundless story,
Of the One who came to die ?
- 2 Came from off the throne eternal,
Down to Calvary's depth of woe ;
Came to crush the powers infernal !—
Streams of praises ceaseless flow !
- 3 Sing His blest triumphant rising ;
Sing Him on the Father's throne ;
Sing—till heaven and earth surprising,
Reigns the Nazarene alone.

- 1 Nothing but mercy 'll do for me,
Nothing but mercy—full and free ;
Of sinners chief—what but the blood
Could calm my soul before my God ?
- 2 Save by the blood He could not bless ;
So pure, so great His holiness :
But He it is Who gave the Lamb,
And by His blood absolved I am.

100 *Richard Jukes*

- 1 BEHOLD ! behold the Lamb of God
On the Cross, on the Cross.
For us He shed His precious blood
On the Cross, on the Cross.
O ! hear His sad expiring cry,
“ Eli, lama sabachthani ; ”
Draw near, and see the Saviour die
On the Cross, on the Cross.
- 2 Behold His arms extended wide ;
Behold His bleeding hands and side,
‘The sun witholds its rays of light,
The heav’ns are cloth’d in shades of night,
While Jesus wins the glorious fight.

- 3 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
He drinks for you the bitter cup ;
The rocks do rend, the mountains qu
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake.
- 4 And now the mighty deed is done,
The battle's fought, the vict'ry's won
Jesus hath nobly won the prize,
" 'Tis finished now," the conq'ror cri
Then bows His sacred head and dies.
- 5 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the Cross, of the Cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the Cross, save the Cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the Cross, on the Cross.



