

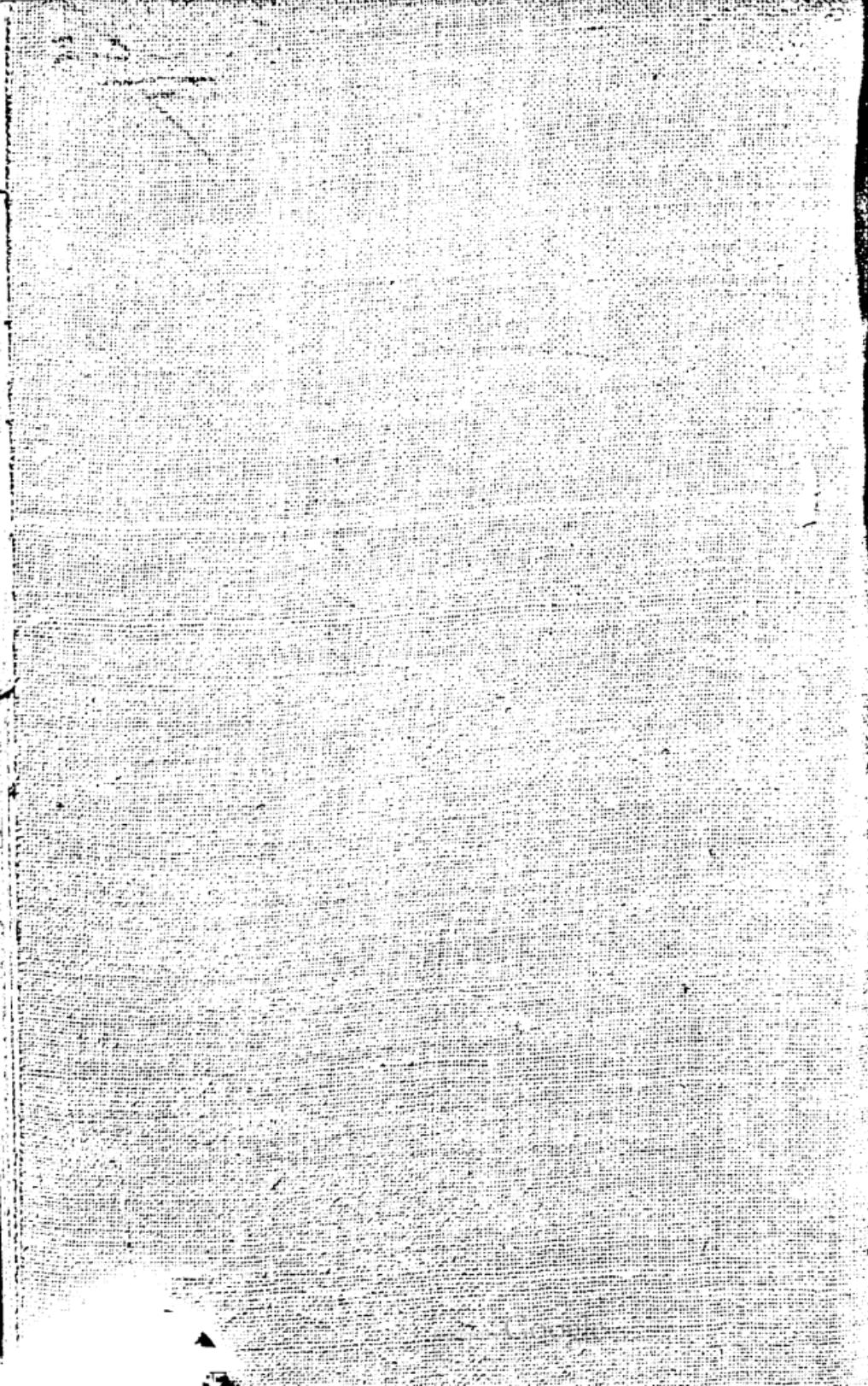
SELECT
HYMNS
FOR
THE GOSPEL.



LONDON :
G. MORRISH, 24, WARWICK LANE,
PATERNOSTER ROW ;
C. LOVEDER, UNION STREET, PORTSEA.

Price Two-pence.

Digitized by Google



3437. C.C. 2

SELECT

H Y M N S

FOR

THE GOSPEL.



LONDON:

G. MORRISH, 24, WARWICK LANE,
PATERNOSTER ROW;

C. LOVEDER, 9, UNION STREET
PORTSEA.



H Y M N S.

1—S. M.

- 1 GRACE is the sweetest sound
That e'er can reach the ears.
Should conscience charge or justice frown,
'Tis grace removes 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 sovereign spring of health;
'Tis *life for evermore*.
- 4 When we this grace can sing,
(O joyful, wondrous theme!)
Who grace has brought shall glory bring;
And we shall reign with Him.
- 5 Then we shall see His face,
With all the saints above;
And sing for ever of His grace—
For ever of His love.

HYMNS.

2-8s.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
Display thy attributes divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
Beyond thine other wonders shine.
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive—
Such guilty, wretched worms to spare:
This is thine own prerogative;
And in the honour none shall share.
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon—bestowed through Jesu's blood!
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh!
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3-6, 6, 8.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Exalted now on high
The ascended Jesus stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in His hands:
Commissioned from His Father's throne,
To make His grace to mortals known.

3 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of man's salvation came—
The joyful news of sin forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

4 Jesus, the Great High Priest,
Offer'd Himself, and died.
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

4—C. M.

1 All hail the great Emanuel's name!
Ye angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saved you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

HYMNS.

3 Ye realms of every tongue and name—
 Ye nations great and small,
Your mighty Saviour's praise proclaim,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

4 In glory, all the ransomed throng
 Soon at His feet shall fall,
Join in one everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

5—8, 7, 4.

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

2 “ It is finished !” Oh, what pleasure
 Do the wondrous words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
 “ It is finished !”
 So his dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law:
Finished what our God had promised;
 Death and hell no more need awe.
 “ It is finished !”
 Hence alone your comfort draw.

HYMNS.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Emanuel's name:
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
"It is finished!"
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

6—L. M.

1 THERE 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 and earth,
Could offer that which justice claim'd.

3 But He, the Lord of glory, came;
Upon the cross He bowed His head:
He suffered pain, He suffered 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.

HYMNS.

7—6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

- 1 Th' atoning work is done;
The victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their Great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.
- 2 See, "sprinkled with the blood,"
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love:
But justice now withstands no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His:
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again.
In clouds of glory He will come,
And take His waiting brethren home.

HYMNS.

8—6 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 Jesus the Lord is ris'n
Triumphant o'er the grave;
For man He burst the pris'n
Almighty now to save:
Captiveity is captive led, —
Since Jesus liveth who was dead.

2 Who to their charge shall lay
Iniquity or guilt
Whose sin is done away,
Now Jesu's blood is spilt?
Captiveity, &c.

3 Who now accuseth them
Whom God hath justified?
Or who shall those condemn
For whom their Surety died?
Captiveity, &c.

4 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The wondrous work is done.
On Him our help is laid:
The victory is won.
Captiveity, &c.

9—C. M.

1 WELL may we sing, with triumph sing,
The great Redeemer's praise—
The glories of the living God,
Revealed in Jesu's face.

HYMNS.

2 The Father's love it was that sought
 Sinners from hell to free—
That gave the Son, whose precious blood
 Procures full liberty.

3 Reading in Him the Father's love,
 We find eternal peace;
We meet our God in Jesus Christ,
 And fear and sorrow cease.

4 Then gladly sing, and sound abroad,
 The great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of the living God,
 The riches of His grace.

10—S. M.

1 THE Lord is ris'n indeed:
 Then justice asks no more.
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
 Which stood opposed before.

2 The Lord is ris'n indeed:
 And great the work performed.
The captive Surety now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarmed.

3 The Lord is ris'n indeed:
 He lives—to die no more;
He lives—His people's cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame He bore.

HYMNS.

4 The Lord is ris'n indeed;
And death has lost its prey:
And with Him all the ransomed seed
Shall reign in endless day.

11—8, 7, 4.

1 Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross;
Who redeem'd the soul by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us.
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed 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 tell 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.

12—7, 6.

1 By thee, O God, invited,
We look unto the Son;
In whom thy soul delighted;
Who all thy will hath done.

HYMNS.

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,
Can free the soul completely
From unbelieving fear.

3 The trembling sinner feareth
That God can ne'er forget;
But one full payment cleareth
His memory of all debt.
Though 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
T'wards those who Him receive;
No dread in ours remaineth,
When we His love believe.
Returning sons he kisses,
And with His robe invests;
His perfect love dismisses
All terror from their breasts.

13—7, 6.

1 THE God of wide creation,
 The all upholding One,
To save from condemnation
 Gave up his only Son;
He 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 Jesus' blood,
Which gives entire exemption
 From sin's o'erwhelming flood
To all who now receive it,
 In simpleness of faith,
And from their heart believe it,
 'Tis victory over death.

14—8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

1 SOFT the voice of mercy sounded,
 Sweet as music to the ear;
Grace abounds, where sin abounded,
 This the word that soothes our fear;
Grace the sweetest sound we know,
 Grace to sinners here below.

HYMNS.

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.

15—6, 6, 4.

1 GLORY to God on high!
 Peace upon earth and joy,
 Good will to man.
All who God's blessing prove,
 His name all names above,
 Sing now the Saviour's love,
 Too vast to scan.

2 Mercy and truth unite—
 Oh! 'tis a wondrous sight,
 All sights above!
Jesus the curse sustains!
 Guilt's bitter cup He drains!
 Nothing for us remains—
 All's done in love.

3 Love that no tongue can teach,
 Love that no thought can reach—
 Such love is His.
God is its blessed source,
 Death will not stop its course,
 Nothing can stay its force—
 Matchless it is.

HYMNS.

4 Blest in His love, we sing,
To God our praises bring,
When sin's forgiven.
Jesus our Lord, to thee
Honour and majesty
Now and for ever be,
Here and in heaven.

16—8, 7, 4.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

2 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.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

HYMNS.

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

5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful realms of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

17—L. M.

1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first did plan
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave the soul a hiding place!

2 Against the God that rules the sky
Why fight with hand uplifted high?
Why spurn His rich, abounding grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place?

3 Vain every hope, until is heard
The voice of mercy in the word,
Proclaiming free, redeeming grace,
And Jesus, as a hiding place.

4 But there, though various tempests roll,
And threaten to o'erwhelm the soul;
Still we shall find, in every case,
That Jesus is a hiding place.

18—C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb, whose precious blood
Poured from His opened 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 glorious trophy stood,
From sin and death retrieved.

4 All who that cleansing power have known
Of rich atoning blood,
By grace have learnt His name to own
Who brings them back to God.

5 To Him, then, let our songs ascend,
Who stooped in grace so low;
To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's friend,
Let ceaseless praises flow.

19—8, 8, 6.

- 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 cancelled 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! adore His name,
He came—in love to sinners came,
 And bowed 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 us to hear!
Though sinful, man may yet draw near
 To God, the righteous God.
The obstacles which stood before
To bar the way, are now no more,
 Since Jesus shed His blood.

HYMNS.

20—C. M.

- 1 Lo! at Bethesda's pool, the poor,
The withered, halt, and blind,
With waiting hearts, expect a cure,
And free admittance find.
- 2 Restrained to no one case or time,
These waters always move;
Sinners in every age and clime
Their vital influence prove.
- 3 Yet numbers daily near them lie,
Who meet with no relief;
With life in view they pine and die,
In hopeless unbelief.
- 4 Satan their consciences has sealed,
And stupified their thought.
Are sinners willing to be healed?
How soon their cure is wrought.
- 5 Blest type of Him, whose blood was spilt
To save from guilt and sin!
This fount restores the very dead!
The Spirit puts them in.

21—L. M.

- 1 THE God who once to Israel spoke,
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,
In gentler strains of gospel grace,
Invites us now to seek His face.

HYMNS.

2 He wears no terrors on His brow,
He speaks in love, and woos us now;
It is the voice of Jesus' blood,
Calling poor wanderers home to God.

3 Moses himself once quaked and feared,
When Sinai's thundering law he heard;
But reigning grace, with accents mild,
Speaks to the sinner as a child.

4 Hark! how from Calvary it sounds,
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds!
"Pardon and grace I freely give;
Poor sinner, look to me, and live."

22—S. M.

1 Oh! the transcendent love,
Which Christ the Saviour shows;
For enemies Himself He gave,
And mercy freely flows.

2 His blood to God brings near
The vilest of our race;
He bids stout-hearted sinners hear
The gospel of His grace.

3 Though pride of man disclaim,
And all His grace despise;
Yet when we love the Saviour's name,
'Tis wondrous in our eyes.

HYMNS.

4 Then, to life's utmost end
Thy grace, Lord, they shall show,
Who own thee as the sinner's friend,
Though sin's eternal foe.

23—7s.

1 LET us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, in love too vast to scan,
Gave His Son to die for man;
For His mercy, &c.

3 He His chosen race will bless,
Passing through the wilderness;
For His mercy, &c.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For His mercy, &c.

5 Let us, then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,
For His mercy, &c.

24—C. M.

1 AMAZING love! the Saviour bled,
Earth's Sovereign came to die;
Came to devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I.

HYMNS.

2 Was it for sins that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Oh wondrous pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Man's boasting must be silenced too,
 And humbled all his pride;
When faith holds out before his view
 The Saviour crucified.

5 Nor tears, nor zeal, can ever pay
 The debt of love they owe
For whom thou gav'st Thyself away.
 Lord, who *thy* love can know?

25—104th M.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious and reigns over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumphs will sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus the King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
 Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son;
 The praises of Jesus all saints shall proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces to worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right;
 All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,
 All honour and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

26—6, 8.

1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learnt the Gospel too:
 The types and figures were a glass,
 In which they saw a Saviour's face.

2 The scape-goat, on his head,
 The people's trespass bore,
 And, to the desert led,
 Was to be seen no more:
 In him our Surety seemed to say,
 "Behold, I bear your sins away."

3 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free;
 The type, well understood,
 Expressed the sinner's plea—
 Described a guilty soul enlarged,
 And by the Saviour's death discharged.

HYMNS.

4 Jesus, 'tis well to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age:
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light, vouchsafed to me.

27—8, 7.

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."
Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him—
"Come and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but He could give:
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Light he saw, and won by kindness
Followed Jesus in the way.

3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising—
Publishing to all around—
"Friends, is not my cure amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!"

Oh! that all the blind but knew Him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely they would hasten to Him,
 He would cause them all to see.

28—7s.

- 1 To the cross away, away!
 'Tis the place for you and me;
 'Tis the place, again I say,
 Where a sinner ought to be.
- 2 There it is, and only there,
 What the sinner needs is found;
 There he breathes a purer air;
 All is tainted, all around.
- 3 Light is there, and there alone;
 All is dark but one bright spot—
 That on which the Lord has shone—
 Light is there, but elsewhere not.
- 4 Ere another dawn begins,
 Who can tell what change may be!
 He that dieth in his sins
 Life in heaven will never see.
- 5 Happy they who life have found,
 In the cross, of life the spring.
 Joy is theirs, and shall abound
 When in heaven they see their king.

29—L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the savour of His name,
Who suffered in His people's stead;
His portion here, reproach and shame,
He liveth now—He once was dead.
- 2 He once was dead, the very same
Who sits on yonder throne above,
Who bears in heaven the greatest name,
Whom angels serve, whom Christians love.
- 3 He once was dead, the very same
Who made the worlds, a mark of power!
Who now upholds the mighty frame,
And keeps it till the final hour.
- 4 He once was dead, but now He lives,
His glory fills all heaven above;
Its blessedness to heaven He gives—
The fountain He of joy and love.

30—C. M.

- 1 AND did the gracious Son of God
For sinners deign to bleed?
The purchase of such precious blood
Must needs be rich indeed.
- 2 God's wisdom would not pay for toys
So great a price as this;
'Tis godlike glory, boundless joys,
And unexampled bliss.

HYMNS.

3 Then raise your expectations high;
 Hope all that heaven has good!
Think what the blood of Christ could buy:
 Invaluable blood!

4 By others, for their virtue fair,
 Let rich rewards be sought;
Believers only claim to share
 What Christ has dearly bought!

31—C. M.

1 WHATEVER prompts the soul to pride,
 Or gives us room to boast,
Except in Jesus crucified,
 Is not the Holy Ghost.

2 That blessed Spirit does not speak
 Of what Himself has done;
But bids the weary sinner seek
 Salvation in the Son.

3 He never moves a man to say,
 “Thank God, I’m made so good;”
But turns his eye another way,
 To Jesus and His blood.

4 Great are the graces He confers,
 But all in Jesu’s name;
He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
 “Salvation to the Lamb.”

32—7s.

- 1 O ye sons of men, be wise;
Trust no longer dreams and lies;
Out of Christ, almighty power
Can do nothing but devour.
- 2 When the blessed Jesus died,
God was clearly justified:
Sin to pardon without blood
Never in his nature stood.
- 3 See, the afflicted Son of God
Suffering, groaning, sweating blood!
This indeed had never been,
Had not God detested sin.
- 4 Be His mercy, therefore, sought
In the way Himself has taught:
There His clemency is such,
We can never trust too much.
- 5 He that better knows than we,
Bids us all to Jesus flee;
Humbly take Him at His word,
And your souls shall bless the Lord.

33—8, 7, 4.

- 1 MIGHTY God, though angels bless thee,
Sinners here may praise thy name;
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou shalt be creation's theme.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen!

HYMNS.

2 "Brightness of the Father's glory,"
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?

Shun, my soul, such guilty silence;
Praise the Lord, who came to die.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Did the angels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe!
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah, &c.

34—6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 JESUS! that name is love;
Jesus, our Lord!
Jesus, all names above;
Jesus, the Lord!
Thou, Lord, our all must be,
Nothing that's good have we,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, our Lord!

2 As Son of man it was,
Jesus, the Lord!
Thou gav'st thy life for us,
Jesus, our Lord!

HYMNS.

Great was, indeed, thy love,
All other loves above,
Love thou didst dearly prove,
Jesus, our Lord !

3 Ascended now on high,
Jesus, the Lord !
Sinners may still draw nigh,
Jesus, our Lord !
Oh ! once despised and meek,
Thou wilt sweet pardon speak
To all who mercy seek—
Jesus, our Lord !

4 Righteous alone in thee,
Jesus, the Lord !
Thou wilt a refuge be,
Jesus, our Lord !
Whom, then, have saints to fear,
What trouble, grief, or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, the Lord ?

5 Soon thou wilt come again,
Jesus, the Lord !
Thine shall be happy then,
Jesus, our Lord !
Those to thy cross who flee,
Then shall resemble thee,
Dwell evermore with thee,
Jesus, our Lord !

35—C. M.

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know,
The gospel's joyful sound.
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their faith shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 They glory in His cross alone;
They conquer by His grace;
And near the King's eternal throne
Will soon possess-a place.
- 4 The Lord, their glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Jesus, as King, for ever reigns,
As God for ever lives.

36—8s.

- 1 SWEET to the lost to know and own
That He on whom all hopes depend,
Though now He fills the heav'n's high throne,
Was styled on earth "the sinner's friend."
- 2 The title came from those who sought
To bring dishonour on His name;
But Jesus then refused it not,
Nor sought to vindicate His fame.

HYMNS.

3 Though high above all names is His,
 He bears the gracious title still;
Jesus "the friend of sinners" is,
 And owns the name, and ever will.

4 The title that was meant in scorn
 He took, and wears it on His brow;
And thus the guilty and forlorn
 Are taught His character to know.

5 And while His name is set at nought
 By those who on their worth depend,
The wretched and the vile are taught
 To bless Him as "the sinner's friend."

37—C. M.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone,
 Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
 And His eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood !
 Yet must this building rise;

HYMNS.

'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

38—148th.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
Behold th' accepted time is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad.
Behold, &c.
- 3 Exalt the Lamb of God—
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption, by His blood,
Through all the world proclaim.
Behold, &c.
- 4 The gospel-trumpet hear!
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye ransomed souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
Behold, &c.

39—C. M.

- 1 Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
The great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

HYMNS.

2 Jesus ! the name that soothes all fears,
That bids all sorrows cease;
'Tis music in His people's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

4 Look unto Him, ye nations—own
Your God, ye fallen race;
When justified through faith alone,
You're saved by sovereign grace.

40—L. M.

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

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

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

INDEX.

HYMNS

All hail the great Emanuel's name	4
Amazing love! the Saviour bled	24
And did the gracious Son of God	30
Behold the Lamb, whose precious blood.....	18
Behold the sure foundation-stone.....	37
Blest are the souls that hear and know	35
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	38
By thee, O God, invited.....	12
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	16
From all that dwell below the skies	40
Glory, glory everlasting	11
Glory to God on high	15
Grace is the sweetest sound	1
Great God of wonders, all thy ways	2
Hail! sovereign love, that first did plan.....	17
Hark! the voice of love and mercy.....	5
Israel in ancient days.....	26
Jesus, that name is love.. ..	34
Jesus the Lord is risen	8
Join all the glorious names	3
Let us with a gladsome mind	23

INDEX.

	Hymn.
Lo! at Bethesda's pool, the poor	20
Mercy, O thou Son of David	27
Mighty God, though angels bless thee	33
Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing	39
Oh! the transcendent love	22
O ye sons of men, be wise	32
Soft the voice of mercy sounded	14
Sweet is the savour of His name.....	29
Sweet to the lost to know and own.....	36
Th' atoning work is done	7
The God of wide creation	13
The God who once to Israel spoke	21
The Lord is risen indeed	10
There is a pardon bought with blood	6
Though all the beasts that live and feed.....	19
To the cross, away, away	28
Well may we sing, with triumph sing	9
Whatever prompts the soul to pride	31
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim.....	25

3 AP60

SELECT SERIES
OF
Christian Tracts & Books.

Envelope Size, 6d. per doz.

Boldness in the Day of Judgment.
The Life Boat.
" And have I nothing to do ?"
" What wait I for ?"
Christian Position, What is it ?
Balm for a Troubled Soul.
God's Mercy is Man's Resource.
God's Word and Man's Evidences.
The True Ground of Peace.
A Heart for Christ.
A Worshipper and a Workman.
Perfect and Permanent.

*The above in an assorted Packet,
price 6d.*

Select Hymns for Children, 1d.