



HYMNS

On Various Passages
of Scripture

Thomas Kelly

Hymns
on Various Passages
of Scripture

by

Thomas Kelly

With a Biographical Introduction

by

B.A. Ramsbottom

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THOMAS KELLY: 1769 - 1855:

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

It was into a very influential family that Thomas Kelly was born on July 13th, 1769. His father was the Rt. Hon. Chief Baron Kelly of Kellyville, Queen's County, Justice of the Irish court of common pleas – taking his title from the Kelly home, near Dublin.

It was obvious that young Thomas, the only son, should be intended for a career in law. So from Trinity College, Dublin, he entered the Middle Temple in London to train as a lawyer. Here he became a close friend of Edmund Burke, the eminent Whig statesman, and was often found at his house.

But more important, God having designs of love and mercy toward him, he became acquainted with the writings of the godly William Romaine. It would appear that this was whilst he was studying Hebrew and he was attracted by Romaine's Hebrew concordance. In the providence of God this led him to study Romaine's spiritual writings, which made a great impression on him. It is not clear whether he actually knew or heard Romaine preach – but most people did in those days. It was said that visitors to London went, either to see David Garrick act or to hear William Romaine preach.

Under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, Thomas Kelly was deeply convinced of sin and brought into great concern about his never-dying soul. He tried self-reform – asceticism, fasting, so that he even endangered his life. But he found no peace with God till led to rest on Christ alone.

From this time his thoughts were led to becoming a minister; so, forsaking the law, he was ordained as a clergyman in the Church of Ireland, and began to preach the glorious truths of the gospel he now knew and loved.

Soon he was to meet the well-known Rowland Hill, and the two of them together in the city of Dublin preached the truths of God's free grace.

Sadly, Robert Fowler, Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of all Ireland, was angered by these "new doctrines" (as he considered them) and stopped Thomas Kelly preaching. This was to him a great sorrow, but a much deeper sorrow was the opposition from his family, whom he dearly loved. He even said at this time that to go to the stake would have been a lesser trial.

Kelly now became in essence an Independent minister, though not associating with any particular denomination. Having ample means, he

himself built four Independent chapels. About this time he married a very wealthy lady, Elizabeth Tighe of Rosanne in County Wicklow, whose father was a well-known Christian gentleman and a Member of Parliament. He was now free from any financial anxiety and gladly used his means for the work of the gospel. Chapels were built at Athy, Portarlington, Wexford, and various other places.

Thomas Kelly always made it clear that his separation from the Established Church was not because his preaching was prohibited, but from principle. He prayerfully considered the position of a national church and was brought to believe that it was unscriptural.

For the long period of sixty-three years he was maintained as a faithful preacher of the gospel.

1. The Preacher

Crowds flocked to hear Thomas Kelly preach. His great desire, almost his motto, was, “Do all to the glory of God.”

The Dublin *Christian Examiner*, after his death, recorded that Kelly’s preaching was “excellent and of constant variety, exhibiting mature thought, sound judgment and eminent faithfulness.” The two chapels where he specially preached (and seems to have been regarded as pastor) were in Dublin and at Athy.

Unusually, none of his sermons seem to have survived in print – though a recent article in *The Dictionary of National Biography* states that he “published a number of controversial religious tracts.” The same article describes him as “one of the outstanding figures in early Irish evangelicalism.”

2. The Hymnwriter

It is as a hymnwriter that Thomas Kelly is best remembered today. Altogether he wrote 765 hymns, written and published over fifty-one years, and gathered together in one volume. The mammoth *Dictionary of Hymnology* by Dr. Julian expresses the view that they “rank with the finest hymns in the English language.”

It is interesting to recall the opinion of the late Poet Laureate, Sir John Betjeman, of Kelly’s hymns. He described them as “some of the real jewels of English hymnology.” Quite clearly Kelly’s poetry is of a high standard, both spiritually and as literature. Of the hymn, “We sing the praise of Him that died,” Betjeman comments: “About as good a piece of hymnwriting as you could get.” Some have spoken of the “exceptional power and beauty” of his hymns.

Over the years Thomas Kelly's hymns have appeared in most hymnbooks, with one or two still appearing in the hymnbooks of the present day. Undoubtedly his best known hymns, along with "We sing the praise of Him that died," are, "The head that once was crowned with thorns," and, "Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious."

Gadsby's Selection of Hymns contains thirty-four hymns by Thomas Kelly, all but one being chosen by J.C. Philpot in the supplement that he added. It is an interesting fact that Thomas Kelly was still alive when Philpot included these hymns of his. Thomas Kelly was one of the *later* hymnwriters (the great period of hymnwriting being the previous century).

Thomas Kelly also published a book of tunes he composed specially for his own hymns. These were described as of "great beauty and originality," though mysteriously none of them are known or sung today.

Typically, Thomas Kelly concluded his introduction to his hymnbook with the following words: "Brethren, pray for the author. You can confer no greater favour upon him."

3. The Man

If Thomas Kelly is best remembered today for his hymns, and in his day was an eminent preacher, his contemporaries seemed specially impressed by the godliness of his life.

A man of great and varied learning, skilled in oriental languages, he was the humblest of men. The *Christian Examiner* wrote: "Of all humble men, Mr. Kelly seemed to be amongst the most humble. He derived great comfort from knowing that the Israelites who stood farthest from the brazen serpent might look at it with the same benefit as those who were near."

A most amiable man, genial and kindly, he was the advocate of every good religious cause. He was specially beloved by the poor in Dublin. During the severe Irish famine of the 1840s he was renowned for his generosity and liberality, often at great cost to himself. The story is told of a very poor couple, disconsolate because of the hard times through which they were passing – the husband saying, "Hold up, Bridget. There's always Mister Kelly to pull us out of the bog after we've sunk for the last time."

Towards the end of his life Thomas Kelly had a fear of dying, imagining he might experience great agony. He was always a praying man, but now he was led more deeply into the pathway of prayer. He seemed to live in an atmosphere of prayer. Continually he used such expressions as, "Lord, help Thy poor creature"; "Thy worm looks for Thy help."

About a year before the end, while preaching in Dublin, he suffered what seemed to be a slight paralytic stroke, but his weakness gradually increased, and he never fully recovered.

When near the end, he emphatically exclaimed, "My great High Priest supports me now." Someone quoting to him the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," he quietly added, "The Lord is my everything." His last words were: "Not my will, but Thine be done."

So on May 14th, 1855, Thomas Kelly passed for ever to "sing the praise of Him that died," and to "see the exalted Saviour now" in heaven.

B.A. Ramsbottom

January 2010

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

This is a reprint from the seventh edition of Thomas Kelly's hymns published by Marcus Moses in 1853 to which has been added a biographical note and indexes. Apart from a few instances explained by footnotes, the text is exactly as the author's last published edition.

The author, as a preacher, was full of gracious zeal for his Saviour and for the souls of sinners in every class of society throughout the world. As can be seen in his hymns he was an enthusiastic supporter of the world-wide missions which had been formed to spread the knowledge of Christ among the heathen nations in his day. Concern for souls and Christ's glory sometimes overflowed into offering to all men the atonement made by Christ for the elect of God only. In the fervour of that age there was a conviction that all the kingdoms of the earth would be subdued to receive Christ. At times, all men and women were exhorted to leave their occupations and devote themselves to the extension of the Lord's kingdom.

While we cannot subscribe to such sentiments which find their way at times into these hymns, particularly in the sections titled *Addresses to Unbelievers* and *Missionary*, we are glad to be able to submit Kelly's complete work to spiritually-minded readers in the hope that they will be drawn to a closer walk with Christ, and sincere concern for never-dying souls.

PREFACE TO THE LAST EDITION OF THE HYMNS PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1853

The present edition of the author's Hymns contains all those that have been published from time to time to the present period; consisting of the hymns contained in the last edition, and those subsequently published by the author, under the titles, Appendix No. I. and Appendix No. II.; to which is now added a number of hymns, not before published.

In the present edition, all the hymns are arranged under different heads, with the exception of those that did not seem reducible to any particular class, and which are, therefore, brought together under the title of "Miscellaneous." These, however, are not numerous; and the Author, on looking over them, now that the work is finished, finds that he has, by an inadvertency, left among the miscellaneous class, two or three hymns which ought to have had a place under one of the defined classes. This, however, is not a matter of much consequence. It will be perceived by those who may read these hymns, that though there is an interval between the first and the last, of over fifty years, both speak of the same great truths, and in the same way. In the course of that long period, the author has seen much, and heard much; but nothing that he has seen or heard, has made the least change in his mind, that he is conscious of, as to the grand truths of the Gospel. What pacified the conscience then, does so now. What gave hope then, does so now. "Other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Brethren, pray for the Author; you can confer no greater favour upon him.

HYMNS

ON VARIOUS PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE

Nativity

Hymn 1

8.7.8.7.4.7.

*"Ye shall find the babe ... in a manger."—
Luke 2. 12.*

- 1 Christ is born, go tell the story,
Tell the nations of his birth:
Tell them that the "Lord of glory"
Comes from heaven to dwell on earth:
Let the tidings
Fill the world with sacred mirth.
- 2 See he lies in yonder manger;
"Prince of Life" his title is:
Midst his own, and yet a stranger,
All things seen and unseen his;
Yet neglected:
Wonder, O ye heavens, at this.
- 3 See fulfilled prophetic vision,
"Unto us a child is born;"
Though an object of derision,
Though the theme of human scorn:
Yet his people
Hail his birth, and cease to mourn.
- 4 Hail Emmanuel, child of promise,
"Lord of all," in humble guise;
Long detained, and absent from us.
Come at length to bless our eyes:
Hail Emmanuel!
God the Saviour, only wise!

Hymn 2

7.7.7.7.

*"There shall come a star out of Jacob."—
Num. 24. 17.*

- 1 Jacob's star is risen at last,
Brighter than the brightest sun:
Darkness is for ever past,
And the joyful day begun.
- 2 Sing aloud, the cause is great;
Sing, ye heavens, and sing, thou earth:

Still the joyful theme repeat;
Joyful theme, Emmanuel's birth.

- 3 This is Jacob's promised star,
Giving light to all around;
Shining clear, and seen afar,
Seen to earth's remotest bound.
- 4 Sing the Infant, virgin-born,
He a King, a King by birth;
Though the mark of human scorn,
Heir of all in heaven and earth.
- 5 Now, ye saints, dry up your tears;
See the day is come at last:
Jacob's promised star appears,
Darkness is for ever past.

Hymn 3

6.5.6.5.D

*"A multitude of the heavenly host praising
God."—Luke 2. 13.*

- 1 Whence those sounds symphonious,
Solemn, sweet, and rare,
Music, how harmonious!
Filling all the air?
Hark! 'tis angels singing,
Singing here on earth:
Joyful tidings bringing
Of the Saviour's birth.
- 2 In that region yonder,
Where the angels sing,
Bursts of joy and wonder
Make the air to ring;
"Praise and adoration
Be to God above:
And to man, salvation,
Object of his love."
- 3 Now, ye heavens, sing ye;
Earth, break forth and cry;
O ye mountains, ring ye
With the sound of joy;
For the Lord has done it:
His the victory.

His own arm has won it:
Israel shall be free.

Hymn 4 8.7.8.7.7.7.
"And all they that heard it wondered."—
Luke 2. 18.

- 1 Fly abroad, and tell the story
Of the mighty Saviour's birth;
Say ye, that the Lord of glory
Leaves his throne and comes to earth.
He, before whom angels bow,
Takes the form of man below.
- 2 Hither come, and view the stranger,
View the infant lately born;
See he lies in yonder manger,
By the world cast out in scorn.
Mark him well, for this is he,
Born to set his people free.
- 3 Wonder not that thus you see him
Lying in this humble place;
Nor indulge a wish to free him
From a state so low and base.
Worldly pomp the Saviour scorns,
Him no outward state adorns.
- 4 Sing, ye saints, the Saviour's praises:
'Twas for you he suffered shame;
Yes, he stooped, that he might raise us
To the place from whence he came.
Though he now appears so low,
Crowns shall soon adorn his brow.
- 5 Learn, from his obscure condition,
How to think of all below:
Scorn he meets and opposition:
Jesus finds in man his foe.
Such our Master was, and we
Must expect like him to be.

Hymn 5 6.6.6.6.8.8.
"For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is
given"—Isaiah 9. 6.

- 1 We'll sing in spite of scorn;
Our theme is come from heaven;
"To us a child is born,
To us a son is given."
The sweetest news that ever came,
We'll sing, though all the world should
blame.

2 The long-expected morn
Has dawned upon the earth;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing his birth:
We'll join with heaven's seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

- 3 O 'tis a lofty theme,
Supplied by angels' tongues!
All other objects seem
Unworthy of our songs.
This sacred theme has boundless charms,
It fills, it captivates, it warms.
- 4 Now sing of peace divine,
Of grace to guilty man;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
Could form the wondrous plan:
Where peace and righteousness embrace,
And justice goes along with grace.
- 5 Give praise to God on high,
With angels round his throne;
Give praise to God with joy;
Give praise to God alone;
'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

Hymn 6 7.7.7.7.
"We have seen his star in the east, and are
come to worship him."—Matt. 2. 2.

- 1 Hark! what sounds salute our ears,
CHRIST THE LORD at length appears:
"Unto us a son is given:"
Angels bring the news from heaven.
- 2 Come, ye saints, arise and sing,
"Glory be to God our King!
Unto us a child is born,"
Zion is no more forlorn.
- 3 Who are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star?
Lo! they gather like a cloud,
Or as doves their windows crowd.
- 4 Strangers these, to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.
Zion wonders at the sight;
Zion feels a strange delight.
- 5 Zion now no more shall sigh;
God will raise her glory high:

He will send a large increase;
He will give her people peace.

- 6 Sons of Zion, sing aloud;
See her sky without a cloud:
God will make her joy complete:
Zion's sun shall never set.

Hymn 7

Irreg.

*"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,
which shall be to all people."—Luke 2. 10.*

- 1 Angelic messenger, repeat
Those joyful sounds once more;
For sure no accents half so sweet,
E'er reached my ears before.
"Glory to God on high be given;
And on earth peace, good will from heaven."
2 "Glad tidings from heaven I bring,
Glad tidings to all upon earth:
This day is Christ born to be King,
And Bethlehem's the place of his birth."
"Glory to God on high be given;
And on earth peace, good will from heaven."
3 Sounds seraphic fill the air,
Angel bands assemble there:
Heaven itself, come down to earth.
Celebrates the Saviour's birth.
"Glory to God on high be given;
And on earth peace, good will from heaven."

Hymn 8

8.7.8.7.4.7.

*"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2. 14.*

- 1 "Unto us a Son is given;"
'Tis the promised Christ is meant,
Bands of angels come from heaven
To announce the tidings sent,
Filled with rapture,
Celebrate the great event.
2 "Glory in the highest! glory
Be to God, and peace on earth."
Now proclaim the joyful story
Of the mighty Saviour's birth;
Let the tidings
Fill the world with sacred mirth.
3 This is "the desire of nations"
Promised to the church so long;

Object of its expectations;
Burden of prophetic song;
Sing, ye people,
Join with heaven's angelic throng.

- 4 Lo! he comes, the Lord from heaven;
Lo! the mighty God appears.
"Unto us a Son is given:"
This is music in our ears;
Nothing sweeter,
Mortal or immortal hears.

Hymn 9

6.6.6.6.D

"Thy holy child Jesus."—Acts 4. 30.

- 1 Born in a stable he,
And cradled in a stall,
In whom his people see
The very "Lord of all."
No wonder carnal men
The claims of one should scorn,
So weak, to human ken,
And so ignobly born.
2 Yet all the power in earth,
And all in heaven is his;
Entitled by his birth,
He "Heir of all things" is;
"The First" he is, "and Last,"
Who does not, cannot change;
The Future, as the Past,
Is his. 'Tis passing strange.
3 To those who judge by sense,
The stable and the cross
Are folly and offence,
But theirs the shame and loss.
While faith a glory sees,
A majesty above,
Whatever outward is;
The majesty of love.
4 All hail "The Holy Child,"
"The first-begotten," thou;
By men on earth reviled,
Before whom angels bow,
The kingdom is thine own,
The glory and the power;
The praise be thine alone,
Both now and evermore.

Hymn 10

7.7.7.7.8.8.

"For mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—

Luke 2. 30.

- 1 Child of promise, looked for long!
Child of promise, come at length!
Thou, our Hope, our Joy, our Song;
Thou, our "Righteousness and Strength;"
Hallowed be thy name for ever,
Thine a kingdom ending never.
- 2 Arms of flesh uphold thee now,
Though thine arm upholds us all;
Royal crowns adorn thy brow,
Though thy chamber be a stall,
And thy bed an humble manger,
Strange it is, there's nothing stranger.
- 3 While the great and wise, with scorn,
Look upon a sight like this,
They who from above are born,
Know that nothing is amiss,
All is right, and as it should be,
Nothing greater, wiser could be.
- 4 'Tis the case of one who rich,
Poor became, and lowly was;
Riches his, compared to which
Other wealth no value has,
He bestows his wealth on others,
This is love beyond a brother's.
- 5 Holy Child! those lips of thine,
Mute though now they seem, and are,
Soon will utter words divine,
Words that will be heard afar,
To the distant nations reaching,
Till "the end of all things" teaching.
- 6 And that feeble arm of thine
Destined is to do a deed,
Other deeds that will outshine,
And their measure far exceed;
One of love, of grace abounding,
One, all human thought confounding.
- 7 Hail! mysterious Infant, hail!
Thee we honour and adore;
Thine a throne that will not fail,
Thine a name all names before,
Thine a power, all power transcending,
Thine a glory never ending.

Hymn 11

L.M.

*"Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God
with us."*—Matt. 1. 23.

- 1 Seed of the woman, looked for long,
He comes at the appointed time.
With joy we hear the angels' song,
'Tis sweet, 'tis solemn, 'tis sublime.
- 2 "To God on high let glory be,
To man, good will and peace on earth;"
We give the praise, O Lord, to thee,
And hail with joy the Saviour's birth.
- 3 Mysterious Child! to thee we bow;
To thee a willing homage yield;
To thee, of all things heir, though now
A babe, by mortal arms upheld.
- 4 A mystery confounding thought!
And yet a fact to childhood plain!
A fact with blessings richly fraught,
What angels love, what men disdain.
- 5 But those there are throughout the earth
Who know what others do not know;
They own the royal infant's birth,
And meekly in his presence bow.
- 6 A glorious day will come, they know,
When he, who now appears so weak,
Will, "conquering, and to conquer," go,
And all the other sceptres break.
- 7 But he has much to suffer ere
That glorious day arrive. For pain
And shame, and death, await him here;
Till this is passed, he cannot reign.
- 8 'Tis thus the awful debt is paid
To justice due; and thus a way
For love to gain its end is made,
We read and wonder: well we may.

Hymn 12

7.7.7.7.8.8.

"The holy child Jesus"—Acts 4. 30.

- 1 Welcome, welcome, "Holy Child!"
Welcome to our world below;
Everything is here defiled,
Sin has filled the world with woe;
Thou hast brought a cure for sadness,
Fountain thou of "joy and gladness."

- 2 Holy Child! A crown is thine—
From thy word this truth we learn—
Yet of royalty no sign
Can the eye of sense discern.
All around is poor and humble,
And because of this they stumble.
- 3 Promised Infant, come at length!
Though a babe in arms we see,
Without speech, and without strength,
Thee alone we own to be
Lord of earth, and Lord of heaven,
Him to whom all power is given.
- 4 Some may smile, in pity smile,
Some may mock, and some may scorn,
Tranquil we remain the while;
Owning thee, though lowly born,
Shall we doubt, when angels could not?
Shall we shrink, when angels would not?
- 5 Wondrous Infant, thee we own
"Lord of all" beyond a doubt.
Every eye shall see thee soon,
Every ear shall hear "the shout;"
Shout of angels lauding thee
What a day that day will be!

Crucifixion

Hymn 13

S.M.

"Himself he cannot save."—Matt. 27. 42.

- 1 "Himself he cannot save."
Insulting foe, 'tis true;
The words a gracious meaning have,
Though meant in scorn by you.
- 2 "Himself he cannot save."
This is his highest praise.
Himself for others sake he gave,
And suffers in their place.
- 3 It were an easy part
For him the cross to fly;
But love to sinners fills his heart,
And makes him choose to die.
- 4 'Tis love the cause unfolds,
The deep mysterious cause,
Why he, who all the world upholds,
Hangs upon yonder cross.
- 5 Let carnal Jews blaspheme,
And worldly wisdom mock;

The Saviour's cross shall be my theme,
And Christ himself my Rock.

- 6 I leave the world for this;
Let others share its toys:
I envy not their fancied bliss,
The cross yields purer joys.

Hymn 14

8.7.8.7.D

"Smitten of God, and afflicted."—Isaiah 53. 4.

- 1 "Stricken, smitten, and afflicted,"
See him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected!
Yes, my soul, 'tis he! 'tis he!
'Tis the long-expected prophet,
David's son, yet David's Lord;
Proofs I see sufficient of it:
'Tis a true and faithful word.
- 2 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,
Was there ever grief like his?
Friends through fear his cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress.
Many hands were raised to wound him,
None would interpose to save;
But the awful stroke that found him,
Was the stroke that justice gave.
- 3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load!
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of man, and Son of God.
- 4 Here we have a firm foundation;
Here's the refuge of the lost:
Christ's the rock of our salvation;
His the name of which we boast.
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded,
Who on him their hope have built.

Hymn 15

8.7.8.7.7.7.

*"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup
pass from me."*—Matt. 26. 39.

- 1 Jesus drains the cup of sorrows;
See he lies beneath our load;

Gives his life a ransom for us,
 And redeems us by his blood.
 Was there ever love like this?
 Was there ever grief like his?

- 2 Jesus is "a man of sorrows,"
 Here he claims pre-eminence;
 See him pierced by heaven's own arrows;
 See him die for our offence.
 We, like sheep, had gone astray;
 Jesus takes our sin away.
- 3 Jesus suffers—wondrous victim!
 'Tis the Son of God that dies!
 Heaven, and earth, and hell afflict him:
 Justice claims the sacrifice.
 Darkness now exerts its power;
 Darkness reigns this fearful hour.
- 4 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder;
 Come behold what love could do:
 Gaze upon the victim yonder:
 Jesus suffered thus for you.
 Bid adieu to low desire;
 Here let earthly love expire.

Hymn 16 8.7.8.7.7.7.
"He was wounded for our transgressions"—
Isaiah 53. 5.

- 1 Jesus is the victim offered;
 On him fell vindictive fire:
 When he died, the victim suffered
 All that justice could require.
 This is welcome news from far,
 Why should any now despair?
- 2 Now let others boast of doing,
 We have no such plea as this:
 Grace alone prevents our going
 Down to hell's profound abyss.
 Jesus came to save the lost;
 In his name alone we boast.
- 3 Resting on this "faithful saying,"
 We are safe from force and guile;
 On the Lord our spirits staying,
 We may look around and smile:
 Leaning on his powerful arm,
 Who or what can do us harm?
- 4 Fair our lot—in pleasant places
 God has cast the lines for us;

Well may we show forth his praises,
 Who has loved his people thus.
 Of his love we'll gladly talk,
 By its power constrained we'll walk.

Hymn 17 8.7.8.7.7.7.
"He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter."—
Isaiah 53. 7.

- 1 As a lamb led forth to slaughter,
 Jesus on his way proceeds:
 See his foes are filled with laughter,
 While the patient victim bleeds.
 Jesus dies, by man abhorred;
 Jesus, chosen of the Lord.
- 2 Jesus dies in love to others;
 Greater love hath none than this:
 Love of kindred, love of mothers,
 Feeble is, compared to his.
 Who can tell its breadth and length?
 Who its depth, its height, its strength?
- 3 Come, my soul, look here and wonder,
 Here's a sight to cause surprise:
 Well the rocks might cleave asunder;
 Well might darkness veil the skies:
 'Twas the voice of nature then;
 Nature's voice reproving men.
- 4 Nature's voice, again reproving,
 Would be heard should I not speak:
 None has greater cause for loving
 Him who came the lost to seek:
 Yet my love, how cold it is!
 O how different mine from his!
- 5 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st thy servant,
 Weak, unfaithful, apt to slide;
 Make his love more pure and fervent,
 Let him at thy feet abide.
 Thine the tribute of his praise,
 Thine the remnant of his days.

Hymn 18 8.7.8.7.4.7.
"Praise ye the Lord."—Psalm 113. 1.

- 1 Praise the Lord, who died to save us,
 Praise his name, for ever dear;
 Praise his blessed name, who gave us
 Eyes to see, and ears to hear.
 Praise the Saviour,
 Object of our love and fear.

- 2 Grace it was, 'twas grace abounding,
 Brought him down to save the lost:
 Ye above, his throne surrounding,
 Praise him, praise him all his host.
 Saints adore him,
 Ye are they who owe him most.
- 3 Ye, of all his hand created,
 Objects of his grace alone,
 Aliens once, but reinstated,
 Destined now to fill a throne,
 Sing with wonder,
 Sing of what the Lord has done.
- 4 Praise his name, who died to save us,
 'Tis by him his people live;
 And in him the Father gave us
 All that boundless love could give;
 Life eternal
 In our Saviour we receive.

Hymn 19

L.M.

"Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd."—
Zech. 13. 7.

- 1 "Awake, O sword," awake and smite
 The Shepherd; he expects the blow;
 Resistance there is none, nor flight;
 Awake and do thine office now.
- 2 A victim he prepared to fall;
 He came on purpose, for this hour.
 He knows the worst, he knows it all;
 Awake, O sword, and use thy power.
- 3 It never would have come to this
 If he had meant to ward the blow;
 Then strike, his sovereign purpose is
 To pay the debt that others owe.
- 4 Thou didst not look, when called to smite,
 To meet a victim such as this.
 To others it was due by right,
 The guilt was theirs, the pang is his.
- 5 Awake, O sword, the word obey,
 And do thy work as thou art taught;
 The blow that thou wilt strike today
 Is big with wonders passing thought.
- 6 'Tis felt beneath, above, around,
 'Tis felt in time, and felt will be
 When earth and heaven shall remove;
 Its limit is eternity.

Hymn 20

8.7.8.7.D

*"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us
 all."*—*Isaiah 53. 6.*

- 1 See the holy victim smitten,
 By the Father's stern decree;
 So it is, for so 'tis written;
 So it is, and needs must be.
 Yes, it must be, if no change is
 Where no change can ever be.
 'Tis a scene that passing strange is,
 Awful is the mystery.
- 2 In his sufferings no complaint is,
 Smitten though he be to death.
 Yes, the Lord of glory faint is,
 And he yields his latest breath;
 But his dying words, what were they?
 "It is finished!" Wondrous words!
 But the world around, how hear they?
 Truth to them no joy affords.
- 3 Little know they what's impending,
 When the Lord shall come again;
 Come with clouds, from heaven
 descending.
 Every eye shall see him then,
 They who seized and who condemned
 him,
 They who pierced his hands and feet,
 They who slighted and contemned him;
 All before his throne shall meet.

Hymn 21

7.7.7.7.9.

*"The Lord God shall give unto him the throne
 of his father David."*—*Luke 1. 32.*

- 1 David's royal son behold,
 Long expected, long foretold;
 Him of whom the prophets showed
 Coming, as they taught he would.
 Hosanna to the Son of David.
- 2 Rightful heir of David's throne,
 His the title, his alone.
 But ere this admitted is,
 Toil and strife and pain are his.
 Hosanna to the Son of David.
- 3 Sore the conflict is, and strange;
 But his purpose knows no change;
 And in this eventful hour,
 Darkness fails, and all its power.
 Hosanna to the Son of David.

- 4 David's royal son prevails.
His a power that never fails;
His the sceptre and the crown,
His the spoil and the renown.
Hosanna to the Son of David.
- 5 'Tis to him the praise belongs,
Raise, ye saints, triumphal songs,
His the suffering, ours the gain,
Reign, O Lord, for ever reign.
Hosanna to the Son of David.

Hymn 22 8.7.8.7.7.7.
*"For it is the blood that maketh an atonement
for the soul."—Lev. 17. 11.*

- 1 Without blood is no remission,
Life for life the sentence is;
Pardon comes on this condition,
Tremble we when hearing this:
Where's the victim?—make him known;
Say ye, is his life his own?
- 2 Can he deal with it as one who
No superior owns, or has?
This belongs to him alone, who
Fills the throne that ever was,
And for ever will remain,
His an everlasting reign.
- 3 But will he whose voice is thunder,
And whose bolt the lightning is,
Whom the angels view with wonder,
Majesty and glory his;
Will he do what he alone
Equal is to, else undone?
- 4 Seest thou one, who, more than others,
Seems to know what sorrow is?
Love is his beyond a brother's;
Grace, and power, and truth are his,
Yet he comes, and dwells with men,
Dies, and takes his life again.
- 5 He could do it, but no other;
None whose life was not his own.
How could one redeem his brother?
Could he for his sin atone?
Were his life a gift bestowed,
Had he ought but what he owed?
- 6 But the Lord who comes from heaven,
Is the Holy One of God;

Life is his—his own—not given,
Hence the value of his blood,
Hence he could atone for sin,
Hence impart new life within.

- 7 Sing we then, it well befits us,
'Tis a sweet, a blessed theme;
Wonder upon wonder meets us,
Tracing God's mysterious scheme;
Sing of him who came to save,
Who his life for sinners gave.

Hymn 23 7.7.7.7.
*"God forbid that I should glory, save in the
cross."—Gal. 6. 14.*

- 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 wants 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 To the cross away, away,
While forbearance still endures;
Haste ye, "while 'tis called today,"
For tomorrow is not yours.
- 5 Ere another dawn begins,
Who can tell what change may be?
He that dieth in his sins
Life in heaven will never see.
- 6 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.

Hymn 24 7.7.7.7.D
*"Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup
from me."—Luke 22. 42.*

- 1 'Twas a dark and fearful hour,
'Twas beyond example so,
When, as one bereft of power,
Or as one oppressed with woe,

Jesus to his Father prayed,
That the cup might pass away:
What a load on him was laid,
When the Saviour thus could pray!

- 2 But it was the Father's will,
Not his own, he came to do,
All his pleasure to fulfil,
And for this all else forego.
Hence the cup his Father gave,
Drank he, bitter as it was.
This, and nothing else could save;
Nothing, nothing but the cross.
- 3 Through this channel, this alone,
Mercy flows, all others barred;
He who mediates, must atone
For the guilt, nor can be spared;
Though his Son the victim is,
God will magnify his law;
Ponder this, O ponder this.
Let our minds be filled with awe.

Resurrection

Hymn 25

S.M.

"He is not here, but is risen."—*Luke 24. 6.*

- 1 The Lord, who late was dead,
Now lives; then haste away,
And through the world the tidings spread,
THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY.
- 2 While foes are filled with fear,
His joyful friends may say,
What glorious news is this we hear?
THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY.
- 3 His triumph is complete,
Let all his people say;
And let ten thousand tongues repeat,
THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY.
- 4 Let all his people sing,
For well his people may;
The theme is sweet, of hope the spring,
THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY.
- 5 On him our souls rely,
Desponding thoughts away;
We know 'tis true, and sing with joy,
THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY.

Hymn 26

L.M.

"If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain."—

1 Cor. 15. 17.

- 1 If Jesus rose not from the grave,
The faith of all his saints is vain:
That he can have no power to save,
If death detains him still, is plain.
- 2 If Jesus rose not from the grave,
We're guilty still, our sins remain:
The hope is vain his people have;
If Jesus rose not, hope is vain.
- 3 If Jesus rose not from the grave,
His foes were right in all they said;
For he to all assurance gave,
That he would rise and leave the dead.
- 4 If Jesus rose not from the grave,
Then all he said was empty boast:
His claims no good foundation have,
And they who sleep in him are lost.
- 5 If Jesus rose not from the grave,
The thief, that perished by his side,
As just a claim as he would have
To be the sinner's hope and guide.
- 6 But now is Jesus risen indeed;
The first-fruits he of those who sleep:
Rejoice, ye saints, the prisoner's freed,
For who could such a prisoner keep?
- 7 He fought with Death, the saints' last foe,
And though he seemed to lose the day,
'Twas Death sustained the overthrow,
Subdued by him who seemed his prey.
- 8 Doubt then no more, ye saints, nor grieve,
The Lord is risen, is risen indeed;
Because he lives, his saints shall live,
Shall live with him, their glorious Head.
- 9 He sits at God's right hand above,
The dread of foes, the joy of friends;
Supreme in power, in truth, in love;
His kingdom, one that never ends.
- 10 The glorious day is drawing near,
When he who lay in yonder tomb,
With crowds of angels shall appear,
And take his waiting people home.

Hymn 27 7.7.7.8.8.*"Death is swallowed up in victory."*—**1 Cor. 15. 54.**

- 1 Hark! ten thousand voices cry,
"Victory, victory," through the sky!
Swiftly flies the welcome sound,
Spreading rapturous joy around.
Then haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
And crown him everlasting King.
- 2 Jesus comes, his conflict over;
Comes to claim his great reward:
Angels round the victim hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.
Then haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
And crown him everlasting King.
- 3 O what honours now await him!
Friends and foes shall hear his voice:
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him;
Ye who love his name, rejoice.
Then haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
And crown him everlasting King.
- 4 Yonder throne, for him erected.
Now becomes the victor's seat;
Lo, the man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet.
Then haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
And crown him everlasting King.
- 5 Day and night they cry before him,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word.
Then haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
And crown him everlasting King.

Hymn 28 7.7.7.7.*"So they went, and made the sepulchre sure,
sealing the stone, and setting a watch."*—**Matt. 27. 66.**

- 1 Go, and seal the sepulchre,
Make it sure, for much depends;
Jesus living did aver,
He would rise and meet his friends.
- 2 Hell its utmost aid will give;
Go and hold the prisoner fast:
Satan knows that should he live,
Long his kingdom cannot last.

- 3 O, ye vain and foolish men,
What though earth and hell combine,
Jesus will revive again,
Death his prisoner must resign.
- 4 Lo! th' appointed hour is come!
All suspense for ever ends;
Jesus lives, and leaves the tomb;
See, he stands among his friends!
- 5 When he meets their wondering eyes,
Whom he called, and made his own,
Many doubts at first arise,
But the Lord dispels them soon.
- 6 Happy they who have not seen,
Yet believe the record true;
They shall see the Saviour reign,
They shall share his glory too.
- 7 'Tis a sweet, reviving hope,
Saviour, let thy kingdom come;
Haste, and take thy people up
To their bright, eternal home.

Hymn 29 S.M.*"The Lord is risen indeed."*—**Luke 24. 34.**

- 1 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed."
Then is his work performed;
The captive surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 5 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 6 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
This yields my soul a plea;

He bore the punishment decreed,
And satisfied for me.

- 7 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 8 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Hymn 30 **S.M.**
"And your joy no man taketh from you."—
John 16. 22.

- 1 Rejoice, the Lord is risen;
Let all his friends rejoice;
This day the Lord has left his prison;
The grave has heard his voice.
- 2 The grave has felt his power,
And yielded up his prey;
For darkness had its fearful hour;
But now again 'tis day.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed;
And he will die no more.
He lives again, and lives to plead,
The mercy-seat before.
- 4 We see him not, 'tis true;
But still we may be glad.
The work is done he came to do;
Then why should we be sad?
- 5 The Lord who risen is,
Whose place is now in heaven,
Will come again: rejoice in this,
All power to him is given.
- 6 And when the Lord appears,
His people then are blest.
A place in heaven is theirs; and theirs
An everlasting rest.

Hymn 31 **L.M.**
*"Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of
heart to believe all that the prophets have
spoken."—Luke 24. 25.*

- 1 O fools, and backward to receive
What God by all his prophets said,
That Christ a suffering life should live,
And then be numbered with the dead.

- 2 Why are ye pensive thus, and sad?
Why, like to men astonished, flee?
Why now resign the hopes ye had,
That Jesus should the Saviour be?
- 3 Go, search the prophets and the law,
And find the true Messiah there;
Then meditate on all ye saw,
So shall the joyful truth appear.
- 4 But see, he comes! the very same
Who lately hung on yonder tree:
Ye can no more resist his claim;
Behold his wounds! 'tis he! 'tis he!
- 5 Till the appointed hour arrived,
He lay a prisoner in the grave;
(Death could no more), he then revived,
And now he lives, and lives to save.
- 6 All hail! victorious Lord, all hail!
Thy people's life! thy people's joy!
Thy love to them shall never fail;
Thy praise shall all their powers employ.

Hymn 32 **8.8.6.8.8.6.**
"He is not here: for he is risen, as he said."—
Matt. 28. 6.

- 1 He's gone! see where his body lay,
A prisoner till th' appointed day,
Released from prison then:
"Why seek the living with the dead?"
Remember what the Saviour said,
That he should rise again.
- 2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
When Jesus, by almighty power,
Revived, and left the grave.
In all his works behold him great!
Before, almighty to create!
Almighty now to save.
- 3 "The first begotten from the dead,"
Behold him risen, his people's head!
To make their life secure.
They too, like him, shall yield their breath.
Like him, shall burst the bands of death:
Their resurrection sure.
- 4 Why should his people now be sad?
None have such reason to be glad,
As reconciled to God.

Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives;
To them eternal life he gives,
The purchase of his blood.

- 5 Why should his people fear the grave?
Since Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their bodies too.
What though this earthly house shall fail?
Almighty power will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.
- 6 Ye ransomed, let your praise resound,
And in your Master's work abound,
With strong and patient faith:
Be sure your labour's not in vain;
Your bodies shall be raised again,
No more to suffer death.

Hymn 33 7.7.7.7.

*"Why seek ye the living among the dead."—
Luke 24. 5.*

- 1 Yes, the Lord no more is found
In the grave, the dead among;
Seek him not beneath the ground;
They who seek him there, do wrong.
- 2 First among the living he,
First in power and first in place;
"Lord of all," ordained to be:
"Full of truth, and full of grace."
- 3 Hail the Lord returned to life;
Living, and to die no more;
Past the suffering and the strife;
His the name all names before.
- 4 Hail the blessed name he bears;
He who came from heaven to die.
This is he who "sows in tears;"
This is he who "reaps in joy."
- 5 Yes, the day not distant is
When he shall collect his own.
O what joy will then be his!
His the glory, his alone.

Hymn 34 7.7.7.7.

*"I am he that liveth, and was dead."—
Rev. 1. 18.*

- 1 Crowns of glory, ever bright,
Rest upon the victor's head:
Crowns of glory are his right,
His "who liveth and was dead."

2 Jesus fought and won the day;
Such a day was never fought;
Well his people now may say,
See what God, our God, has wrought.

3 He subdued the powers of hell;
In the fight he stood alone;
All his foes before him fell,
By his single arm o'erthrown.

4 They have fall'n to rise no more:
Final is the foe's defeat:
Jesus triumphed by his power,
And his triumph is complete.

5 His the fight, the arduous toil;
His the honours of the day;
His the glory and the spoil;
Jesus bears them all away!

6 Now proclaim his deeds afar;
Fill the world with his renown:
His alone the victor's car;
His the everlasting crown.

Hymn 35 8.6.8.6.8.8.

*"A little while, and ye shall not see me: and
again, a little while, and ye shall see me"—
John 16. 16.*

- 1 Though foes should triumph in his death,
And friends should mourn and fear,
Yet Jesus will resume his breath,
And in the world appear.
His friends shall then confess his claim,
And all his foes be filled with shame.
- 2 The name of Jesus shall be borne
To lands involved in night;
And like the rising of the morn,
Shall bring the welcome light.
Though now a prisoner with the dead,
His name throughout the world shall
spread.
- 3 Hail, mighty Lord, a conqueror thou!
With this peculiar boast,
That then thine honours brightest grow,
When men despise them most;
And Death, that boasts his myriads slain,
Appears a captive in thy train.

Hymn 36 8.7.8.7.4.7.
"Behold the place where they laid him."—
Mark 16. 6.

- 1 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder,
 See the place where Jesus lay;
 He has burst his bands asunder;
 He has borne our sins away;
 Joyful tidings!
 Yes, the Lord is risen today.
- 2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises:
 By his death he overcame:
 Thus the Lord his glory raises;
 Thus he fills his foes with shame:
 Sing ye praises!
 Praises to the victor's name.
- 3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
 Come from heaven to meet their King:
 Soon in yonder blessed regions
 They shall join his praise to sing.
 Songs eternal
 Shall through heaven's high arches
 ring.

Hymn 37 7.7.7.7.7.7.
*"Then were the disciples glad, when they saw
 the Lord."—John 20. 20.*

- 1 Glad they were, how should they not?
 Glad to see the Lord again;
 When he breathed his last, they thought
 All was lost; they sorrowed then;
 But the world rejoiced to be
 Rid of him they loathed to see.
- 2 But his people's grief is now
 Turned to joy, as he had said;
 While his hands, his feet, his brow,
 Proof afford that he was dead;
 Dead, indeed; but now he lives,
 And to others life he gives.
- 3 All the power above, below,
 All is his, by compact his,
 Fruit of strife, and toil, and woe.
 But his conflict over is;
 Him in glory now we see,
 "Lord and Christ" ordained to be.
- 4 His we are, we love his name,
 And would serve him as we ought,
 But, we own it to our shame,
 What we would, we do it not.

Thine it is to pardon, Lord,
 Pardon us, and strength afford.

Exaltation of Christ

Hymn 38 C.M.
*"In the midst of the throne ... a Lamb as it
 had been slain."—Rev. 5. 6.*

- 1 Behold the Lamb, with glory crowned!
 To him all power is given;
 No place too high for him is found,
 No place too high in heaven.
- 2 He fills the throne, the throne above;
 He fills it without wrong;
 The object he of angels' love,
 The theme of angels' song.
- 3 With faces veiled yon seraphs bright
 Upon his glory gaze;
 Not seraphs could endure the light,
 The full resplendent blaze.
- 4 Though high, yet he accepts the praise
 His people offer here:
 The faintest, feeblest cry they raise,
 Will reach the Saviour's ear.
- 5 Well may his people then be found
 Transported with the sight;
 To see the Lamb with glory crowned,
 Must yield them sweet delight.
- 6 This song be ours, and this alone,
 That celebrates the name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And that exalts the Lamb.
- 7 To him whom men despise and slight,
 To him be glory given:
 The crown is his, and his by right,
 The highest place in heaven.

Hymn 39 C.M.
"And on his head were many crowns."—
Rev. 19. 12.

- 1 Let crowns of glory wreath the head
 Of him who bore the cross:
 He liveth now; he once was dead;
 He died and rose for us.

- 2 For us the Saviour died and rose,
For us whom he has saved;
For us, who once appeared his foes;
Whom sin had once enslaved.
- 3 How rich the grace, how free the love,
That saves a people thus!
The theme is high, our thoughts above,
'Tis far too high for us.
- 4 Nor can the brightest seraph there,
In yonder world above,
The subject fathom, and declare
The mystery of love.
- 5 Its breadth and length, its depth and
height,
Are such, that he alone
Can measure its extent aright,
To whom all things are known.
- 6 But this we know, that God is love;
A truth by heaven confessed:
And those below, and those above,
Who know his name are blessed.
- 7 And when to yonder place we go,
Where soon we hope to be;
We then shall know what angels know,
And see what angels see.

Hymn 40

C.M.

*"Endured the cross, despising the shame, and is
set down at the right hand of the throne of
God."—Heb. 12. 2.*

- 1 For whom is yonder crown prepared,
Of workmanship divine?
For Jesus is the bright reward;
For him its glories shine.
- 2 Beneath the earth awhile he lies,
A prisoner with the dead;
A victor soon the Lord will rise,
And glory wreathes his head.
- 3 He saw the cross, despised its shame,
And bowed beneath its weight;
For this he bears the greatest name,
And gains the highest seat.
- 4 To him shall every knee be bowed;
His claim shall angels own;
Around the rising victor crowd,
And bear him to his throne.

- 5 Behold, ye saints, behold your King,
By hosts angelic crowned:
They shout, and heaven's high arches ring
With the triumphant sound.
- 6 Let saints on earth their tribute bring,
And echo back the sound;
For he who saves them is the King,
By hosts angelic crowned.

Hymn 41

8.7.8.7.

"Worthy is the Lamb."—Rev. 5. 12.

- 1 Hark the notes of angels singing—
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.
- 3 Saints and angels thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise;
Though despised on earth, and slighted,
Jesus is above all praise.
- 4 See th' angelic hosts have crowned him,
Jesus fills the throne on high:
Countless myriads, hovering round him,
With his praises rend the sky.
- 5 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above:
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.
- 6 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name:
Glory, honour, power and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

Hymn 42

8.7.8.7.7.7.

*"Let all the angels of God worship him."—
Heb. 1. 6.*

- 1 Hark ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 Well may angels bright and glorious,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While on earth, he proved victorious;
Now, he bears a matchless name:
Well may angels sing of him,
Heaven supplies no richer theme.
- 3 Come, ye saints, unite your praises
With the angels round his throne;
Soon we hope our Lord will raise us
To the place where he is gone.
Meet it is that we should sing,
Glory, glory to our King.
- 4 Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
How he bore the cross below;
How all power to him is given;
How he reigns in glory now:
'Tis a great and endless theme:
O 'tis sweet to sing of him!
- 5 Jesus hail, whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth.
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
- 6 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine
own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
- 7 Saviour, hasten thine appearing:
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing—
"Glory, glory to our King."

Hymn 43 7.7.7.7.
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."—
Rev. 19. 16.

- 1 "King of kings, and Lord of lords!"
These are great and awful words;
'Tis to Jesus they belong:
Let his people raise their song.
- 2 Hark, how angels sound his praise!
Filled with transport while they gaze:

- Glory, honour, praise and power,
These are thine for evermore.
- 3 Crown him, then, whom angels sing;
Crown him everlasting king!
Jesus fills the throne above,
Jesus is the God of love.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Heaven and earth thy name record;
Power and praise to thee belong;
Lord, accept our feeble song.
- 5 Rich in glory, thou didst stoop:
This is now thy people's hope:
Thou wast poor, that they might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.
- 6 When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess:
Joy, that thou couldst pity thus;
Shame, for such returns from us.
- 7 Yet we hope the day to see,
When we shall from earth be free;
Borne aloft, to heaven be brought,
There to praise thee as we ought.
- 8 While we still continue here,
Let this hope our spirits cheer.
Till in heaven thy face we see,
Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

Hymn 44 7.7.7.7.7.
"Sing praises unto our King, sing praises!"—
Psalm 47. 6.

- 1 Glory, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreath his head!
Jesus is the name we sing;
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus mighty now to save.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'Tis the King of glory waits."
- 3 Now behold him high enthroned!
Glory beaming from his face!
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace!

O for hearts and tongues to sing
 "Glory, glory to our King."

- 4 Jesus, on thy people shine!
 Warm our hearts, and tune our tongues!
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss, and swell their songs.
 Glory, honour, praise and power,
 Lord, be thine for evermore!

Hymn 45 8.7.8.7.7.7.
*"That at the name of Jesus every knee should
 bow."*—*Psal. 2. 10.*

- 1 Every knee shall bow to Jesus,
 'Tis decreed, and must be done;
 God ordains it, whom it pleases
 Thus to glorify his Son:
 Honour is to Jesus given,
 All the power in earth and heaven.
- 2 He who without usurpation,
 Claims equality with God,
 Comes from his exalted station,
 And with men has his abode:
 Though we see him humbled now,
 Every knee to him shall bow.
- 3 See the Lord, "A man in fashion,
 Of no reputation made."
 See, he dies without compassion!
 In the tomb behold him laid!
 Though he seems deserted now,
 Every knee to him shall bow.
- 4 See the Saviour risen victorious,
 Late a prisoner with the dead:
 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
 Jesus risen his people's head;
 Crowns adorn the victor's brow;
 Every knee to him shall bow.
- 5 See him now to glory raised,
 Bearing an unrivalled name:
 Angels, at the sight amazed,
 Worship, and confess his claim;
 All in heaven adore him now:
 Every knee to him shall bow.
- 6 Hark! the trumpet loudly sounding,
 Now proclaims the Judge is near:
 Jesus comes, his foes confounding,
 Jesus, to his people dear:
 Lo! he comes on yonder cloud;
 Every knee to him is bowed.

Hymn 46 L.M.
"Who coverest thyself with light"—
Psalm 104. 2.

- 1 See where the Lord his glory spreads,
 Through yonder mansion filled with light;
 His least perfection far exceeds
 The reach of fancy's boldest flight.
- 2 Around his everlasting throne
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sing:
 They worship him as God alone,
 And crown him everlasting King.
- 3 Approach, ye saints, this God is yours;
 'Tis Jesus fills the throne above;
 Ye cannot fail while God endures;
 Ye cannot want while God is love.
- 4 Come then, and swell the note of praise,
 In Jesus' name rejoice and sing:
 While angels on his glory gaze,
 The saints may cry, "Behold our King."
- 5 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
 To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
 Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
 The tribute of our humbler songs.
- 6 Though sin defile our worship here,
 We hope, ere long, thy face to view;
 In heaven with angels to appear,
 And praise thy name as angels do.

Hymn 47 7.7.7.7.
"God our Saviour."—*Titus 3. 4.*

- 1 Lo! the infant Saviour lies;
 Angels call him "only wise;"
 To his name they join the words—
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords."
- 2 See! he stands at Pilate's bar;
 Most despised of all by far;
 Still to him belong the words—
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords."
- 3 He who wears the crown of thorns,
 He whom man reviles and scorns,
 Claims exclusively the words—
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords."
- 4 On the cross 'tis still the same;
 Never does he yield his claim:
 Clear his title to the words—
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

- 5 Past the conflict of his love;
See! he takes his place above:
On his vesture shine the words—
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."
- 6 O ye bright seraphic choirs,
Strike anew your golden lyres:
While ye gaze, proclaim the words—
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."
- 7 Join, ye saints, with heaven agree,
Let the name of Jesus be
Still united to the words,
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Hymn 48 C.M.
*"And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a
name written, King of kings, and Lord of
lords."—Rev. 19. 16.*

- 1 Whence those unusual bursts of joy,
Whose sound through heaven rings?
They welcome Jesus to the sky,
And crown him "King of kings."
- 2 At sight of him, yon seraphs bright
Exulting clap their wings;
They hail their Lord with new delight,
And crown him "King of kings."
- 3 The brightest angel glory boasts,
To him his tribute brings,
And joins high heaven's assembled hosts,
To crown him "King of kings."
- 4 Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things:
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown him "King of kings."
- 5 While heaven, in honour of his name,
With exultation sings,
His saints on earth will own his claim,
And crown him "King of kings."
- 6 When here, he bore our sin and shame;
And thence our comfort springs:
'Tis meet we should exalt his name,
And crown him "King of kings."
- 7 We hope, ere long, beyond those clouds,
To tune celestial strings;
And join with heaven's exulting crowds,
To crown him "King of kings."

Hymn 49 8.7.8.7.4.7.
*"And he shall reign for ever and ever."—
Rev. 11. 15.*

- 1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of Sorrows" now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour "King of kings."
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him.
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him.
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the victor's fame.
- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him;
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Hymn 50 7.7.7.7.
"Who is this King of glory?"—Psalm 24. 8.

- 1 Ye who dwell in heaven, declare
Who the "King of Glory" is;
Who is first and highest there?
His the power, the kingdom his?
- 2 'Tis the Lamb, the Lamb alone,
Claims the title justly his;
He it is that fills the throne;
He the "King of Glory" is.
- 3 Blessed news! the Lamb is King:
Glorious truth! he reigns alone:
Come, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Bow before the Saviour's throne.
- 4 Let the world deride his claim;
Let the world refuse to bow:
Angels triumph in his name;
All in heaven adore him now.

- 5 Jesus hail! whom angels sing;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain;
Reign for ever, glorious King;
Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign.

Hymn 51 8.7.8.7.7.7.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom?"—

Isaiah 63. 1.

- 1 "Who is this that comes from Edom?"
All his raiment stained with blood,
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoils he bears.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain;
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 This the Saviour has effected,
By his mighty arm alone;
See the throne for him erected,
'Tis an everlasting throne;
'Tis the great reward he gains,
Glorious fruit of all his pains.
- 5 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what thou hast done:
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou wilt heal thy people's woes.

Hymn 52 7.7.7.7.

"He hath triumphed gloriously."—

Exod. 15. 1.

- 1 Sons of Zion, raise your songs,
Praise to Zion's King belongs;
His the victor's crown and fame,
Glory to the Saviour's name!
- 2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the victor's eyes;

Glorious is the work achieved,
Satan vanquished, man relieved.

- 3 Sing we then the victor's praise.
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid him welcome to his throne,
He is worthy, he alone.
- 4 Place the crown upon his brow;
Every knee to him shall bow;
Him the brightest seraph sings,
Heaven proclaims him "King of kings."

Hymn 53 C.M.

"Perfect through sufferings."—Heb. 2. 10.

- 1 The head that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
"THE KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS,"
And heaven's eternal light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.
- 4 To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.
- 6 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Hymn 54 7.6.7.6.D

*"His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten
him the victory."—Psalin 98. 1.*

- 1 See! he comes, his work is done,
See the victor coming!
See! he comes, the day is won;
Fresh his honours blooming:

This is he whom many foes
Threatened and assailed;
But above them all he rose,
Now the more exalted.

- 2 Jesus is the victor's name,
Jesus, Lord of glory;
Fly, ye heralds, spread his fame,
Tell the joyful story:
Make the Saviour's triumph known,
Let the nations hear it;
He alone deserves the crown,
He alone shall wear it.
- 3 Jesus comes, he won the day,
Go ye forth to meet him;
Bring the palm, and strew the way,
And with singing greet him:
Well his people now may sing,
Sing with exultation,
Since the victor is their king,
And he brings salvation.

The Day of Christ

Hymn 55 **S.M.**
"The earth and the heaven fled away."—
Rev. 20. 11.

- 1 O what a sound was there!
'Tis nature's final groan:
And Jesus bids the world appear
Before his awful throne.
- 2 The day at length is come,
As threatened, like a snare;
A source of endless joy to some;
To others, of despair.
- 3 The Saviour is at hand;
Behold he comes with clouds;
And angels, at their Lord's command,
Appear in joyful crowds.
- 4 But who may stand this day,
Destroying far and wide?
When heaven and earth shall flee away,
Who can the storm abide?
- 5 The saints alone shall stand,
The people of his love;
He sets them at his own right hand,
And gives them joys above.

- 6 Into his presence brought,
They see him face to face:
No other grace his people sought;
And now he grants this grace.

Hymn 56 **C.M.**
*"And what I say unto you I say unto all,
Watch."*—**Mark 13. 37.**

- 1 Awake, ye saints, awake and watch,
The bridegroom may be near;
How awful, should the summons catch
His people slumbering here!
- 2 They who are ready to attend
The Lord when he appears,
With him to glory shall ascend;
Eternal life is theirs.
- 3 With him they shall sit down, and feast
On heaven's unbounded store;
Enjoy an everlasting rest,
And never hunger more.
- 4 When once the chamber door shall close,
Be sure beyond a doubt,
No further hope remains for those
Who then are found without.
- 5 Awake, and be ye like to those
Who wait their Lord's return;
Awake, nor yield to that repose,
Whose end it is to mourn.

Hymn 57 **8.7.8.7.4.7.**
"To wait for his Son from heaven."—
1 Thess. 1. 10.

- 1 Saviour, come! thy friends are waiting,
Waiting for the final day;
Thence the promised glory dating:
Come and bear thy saints away.
Come, Lord Jesus,
Thus thy waiting people pray.
- 2 Base the wish, and vain th' endeavour,
While on earth to find our rest;
Till we see thy face, we never
Shall or can be fully blest.
In thy presence
Nothing shall our peace molest.
- 3 Lord, we wait for thine appearing;
Tarry not, thy people say;

Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
Of beholding thee that day;
When our sorrows
Shall for ever pass away.

- 4 Till it comes, O keep us steady,
Keep us walking in thy ways;
At thy call may we be ready,
And our heads with triumph raise.
Then with angels
Sing thine everlasting praise.

Hymn 58 7.6.7.6.D
"Behold, he cometh with clouds."—*Rev. 1. 7.*

- 1 Jesus comes, the Judge of all:
Heaven's bright hosts adore him:
All the people, great and small,
Now must stand before him.
Crowns of glory wreath his head:
Christ, the Lord's anointed:
Judge of living and of dead;
Judge of old appointed.
- 2 Heaven and earth, that stood so long
Showing forth his glory,
Now are, though they seemed so strong,
Like a finished story.
Caused to cease by him whose power
Gave them first a being;
Lo! they perish from this hour;
'Tis the Lord's decreeing.
- 3 Saviour, in that awful day
Keep our hearts from sinking:
For e'en now we feel dismay,
Of the season thinking.
May we lift our heads that day—
Day of God's salvation;
May we joyful hear him say,
"Yours a glorious station."

Hymn 59 7.7.7.7.
*"For the Lord himself shall descend from
heaven with a shout."*—*1 Thess. 4. 16.*

- 1 Hark! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and, through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.
- 2 Now the world's duration ends;
Now the Lord will meet his foes;

These shall perish, but his friends
Shall in heaven obtain repose.

- 3 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.
- 4 See! the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky.
- 5 Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love!
Blessing, and for ever blest.

Hymn 60 8.8.6.8.8.6.
"To wait for his Son from heaven."—
1 Thess. 1. 10.

- 1 To wait for that important day,
When Jesus will his power display,
Be this my one great care;
To do his will, my business here;
No toil to shun, no danger fear,
Resolved his cross to share.
- 2 Should men pronounce me fool, and say,
I never need expect the day,
And all are fools who do;
Their word I never can receive,
For well I know whom I believe;
I know his word is true.
- 3 Though he should still prolong his stay,
And sinners mock at the delay,
His people need not fear:
The man who wore the crown of thorns,
Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,
In glory will appear.
- 4 Bright angels shall attend their King,
And heaven with acclamations ring,
When Jesus comes with clouds:
Methinks I see the dazzling train;
It seems to fill yon azure plain
With heaven's exulting crowds.
- 5 Transported with the glorious sight,
My soul prepares her wings for night,
Resigning all below.

But, ah! the charm is quickly past,
 She feels a chain that holds her fast,
 Nor suffers her to go.

- 6 Be patient, then, my soul, and rest,
 Be sure the Saviour's time is best,
 And cannot be too late:
 Rejoice in hope, the day will come
 When Jesus will convey thee home;
 Till then in patience wait.

Hymn 61 6.6.6.6.8.8.
"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—
 Rom. 13. 12.

- 1 The night is now far spent,
 And day comes on apace;
 The veil will soon be rent,
 That hides the Saviour's face;
 The clouds that now obstruct our sight
 Will all be quickly put to flight.
- 2 Ye saints, lift up your heads,
 Salvation draweth nigh;
 See where the morning spreads
 Its radiance through the sky;
 Oh, let the sight your spirits cheer;
 The Lord himself will soon appear.
- 3 Though men your hope deride,
 Nor will themselves believe;
 Yet in his word confide,
 Who never can deceive;
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 The saints shall see a glorious day.
- 4 For you the Lord intends
 A bright abode on high;
 The place where sorrow ends,
 And nought is known but joy:
 With such a hope, ye saints, rejoice;
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice.

Hymn 62 8.8.8.
*"But he shall appear to your joy, and they shall
 be ashamed."*—Isaiah 66. 5.

- 1 From far I see the glorious day,
 When he who bore our sins away,
 Will all his majesty display.
- 2 "A man of sorrows" once he was;
 No friend was found to plead his cause,
 For all preferred the world's applause.

- 3 He groaned beneath sin's awful load;
 For in the sinner's place he stood,
 And died to bring him back to God.
- 4 But now he reigns with glory crowned,
 While angel-hosts his throne surround,
 And still his lofty praises sound.
- 5 To few on earth his name is dear;
 And they who in his cause appear,
 The world's reproach and scorn must bear.
- 6 But yet there is a day to come,
 When he will seal the sinner's doom,
 And take his mourning people home.
- 7 Jesus, thy name is all my boast;
 And though by waves of trouble tossed,
 Thou wilt not let my soul be lost.
- 8 Come then, come quickly from above,
 My soul, impatient, longs to prove
 The depths of everlasting love.

Hymn 63 5.5.8.5.5.8.
"The trumpet shall sound."—1 Cor. 15. 52.

- 1 The trumpet shall sound
 And fill the world round;
 From shore it shall echo to shore;
 The angel shall stand
 With uplifted hand,
 Proclaiming that time is no more.
- 2 And now shall the tomb
 Discharge from its womb
 The load it no more can contain;
 The earth and the sea
 The call shall obey,
 And give up their myriads of slain.
- 3 The Saviour with crowds
 Shall come in the clouds;
 His glory to all shall appear:
 All power is given,
 In earth and in heaven,
 To him who was crucified here.
- 4 Then joy to the saints;
 Whatever complaints
 Attend on their state here below,
 They all in that day
 Shall vanish away;
 No more shall their tears ever flow.

- 5 Their Lord they shall see;
 With him they shall be;
 With him in his kingdom above;
 For ever to gaze:
 For ever to praise;
 For ever to sing of his love.

Hymn 64

L.M.

*"But who may abide the day of his coming?"—**Mal. 3. 2.*

- 1 The day of God at length appears,
 But who its terrors may abide?
 It far exceeds the sinner's fears;
 It humbles all the sons of pride.
- 2 Hark! 'tis the trumpet's awful sound;
 It shakes the pillars of the earth;
 Its mighty voice is heard around:
 O where is now the worldling's mirth!
- 3 The Judge appears; around his seat
 Ten thousand times ten thousand shine;
 The dead are quickened, small and great;
 The living changed by power divine.
- 4 But mark the issue of the day!
 Some are received with joy to heaven;
 While others, turned with shame away,
 From God and happiness are driven.
- 5 How blest are they who welcome now,
 In him who fills the judgment-seat,
 The Saviour whom they loved below,
 And longed with great desire to meet.
- 6 Their cup is full, their joys abound,
 No wish unsatisfied have they;
 In seeing him their heaven is found,
 And every sorrow flies away.

Hymn 65

8.7.8.7.4.7.

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22. 20.

- 1 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster;
 Let the glorious day come on,
 When we shall behold our Master
 Seated on his heavenly throne;
 When the Saviour
 Shall descend to claim his own.
- 2 What is earth, with all its treasures,
 To the joy the Gospel brings?
 Well may we resign its pleasures,
 Jesus gives us better things.

- All his people
 Draw from heaven's eternal springs.
- 3 But if here we taste of pleasure,
 What will heaven itself afford?
 There our joy will know no measure;
 There we shall behold our Lord;
 There his people
 Shall obtain their bright reward.
- 4 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster;
 Swiftly bring the glorious day;
 Jesus come, our Lord, our Master!
 Come from heaven without delay;
 Take thy people,
 Take, O take them hence away!

Hymn 66

6.6.6.6.8.8.

*"For the trumpet shall sound."—**1 Cor. 15. 52.*

- 1 Hark! 'tis the trumpet's sound;
 It closes earthly things;
 It echoes all around,
 And great the news it brings:
 It tells that Jesus is at hand,
 And bids the world before him stand.
- 2 The sound is heard afar,
 It goes through sea and land;
 And now, before his bar,
 Th' assembled nations stand:
 His friends are mingled with his foes,
 But who are his, the Saviour knows.
- 3 And now he calls his own
 To dwell with him above;
 To sit upon his throne,
 And share his endless love:
 With joy they meet him in the clouds,
 And mix with heaven's exulting crowds.
- 4 But oh! what storms await
 The trembling crowds below!
 Their pleas are now too late;
 This is the time of woe:
 The Judge decrees their final doom;
 Their portion is "the wrath to come."
- 5 O that, in that great day,
 We may with those appear,
 To whom the Lord will say,
 "Ye blessed, now come near;
 To you eternal life is given;
 The glory and the joy of heaven."

Hymn 67 8.7.8.7.4.7.

"For he cometh to judge the earth."—
Psalm 98. 9.

- 1 Jesus comes, by crowds attended,
 Heaven the dazzling train supplies:
 Call the dead; the night is ended;
 Bid the sleeping dust arise:
 Let the ransomed
 Join the Saviour in the skies.
- 2 'Tis the day so long expected;
 Shout, ye saints, and triumph now;
 See your Lord, by man rejected;
 Many crowns adorn his brow;
 'Tis his triumph:
 Every knee to him shall bow.
- 3 While dismay on others seizes,
 Go and share your Master's joy;
 Sound the sacred name of Jesus;
 Let his praise your tongues employ:
 Praise him, praise him!
 Pleasures yours that never cloy.
- 4 Yonder mansion, filled with glory,
 Is the place where Jesus reigns!
 Go, repeat the joyful story
 Of his love, in rapturous strains;
 For his people
 An eternal rest remains.
- 5 There around his throne assembling,
 All his people see his face;
 Here their joy was mixed with trembling,
 But in heaven no fear has place:
 Happy people!
 Happy made by sovereign grace.

Hymn 68 8.7.8.7.4.7.

"And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us."—**Rev. 6. 16.**

- 1 "Fall, ye rocks, and fall, ye mountains,
 Hide, O hide us by your fall!
 Wrath is poured from all its fountains;
 God is come, the Judge of all:"
 Thus will sinners
 On the rocks and mountains call.
- 2 But can rocks or mountains hide them,
 When the mighty God appears?
 Refuge will be then denied them,
 'Spite of wishes, sighs, and tears.

Then the sinner
 Goes where hope no creature cheers.

- 3 They who witnessed Sinai's thunders,
 Flew with terror and dismay;
 Who then can abide the wonders
 Of that great and awful day?
 When the Saviour
 Comes, his glory to display.
- 4 God will then for ever banish
 All the wicked from his sight;
 Then delusive hope will vanish;
 Dreams of joy be put to flight;
 And the sinner
 Sink into eternal night.
- 5 Sinners hear, for O there's reason!
 When shall wisdom guide you, when?
 Think of the approaching season,
 When the Lord will plead with men:
 Hear, O hear him!
 So shall ye be blessèd then.

Hymn 69 8.8.8.8.8.8.

"And the angel which I saw ... lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth for ever and ever ... that there should be time no longer"—**Rev. 10. 5, 6.**

- 1 Loud thunders shake the earth and sky,
 And lightnings flash from pole to pole:
 Methinks I hear the angel cry,
 (How awful to the guilty soul!)
 "The mystery of God is o'er,
 'Tis done! there shall be time no more."
- 2 The Lord appears! before his face
 An all-consuming fire destroys;
 The worldling's glory sinks apace,
 With all that pleases or employs;
 But man survives the general doom,
 Man destined to a life to come.
- 3 Ah! sinner, living without God,
 What shame will fill thee in that day!
 How canst thou bear the iron rod?
 How stand—when nature flees away?
 Creation now an awful void!
 Thy hopes, thy prospects all destroyed!
- 4 O may we all be found that day,
 With those whom Jesus will confess!

When heaven and earth shall flee away,
The Lord will yield us happiness:
New heavens and earth he then will make,
And bless them for his people's sake.

- 5 Sweet prospect of unfading joys!
My soul anticipates the day;
And leaving to the world its toys,
To Christ, my Lord, would haste away;
With him for ever to remain,
And share the glories of his reign.

Hymn 70 L.M.
*"For the Lord himself shall descend from
heaven with a shout, and with the voice of the
archangel, and with the trump of God."—
1 Thess. 4. 16.*

- 1 The trump of God is heard on high;
The shout of angels rends the sky;
'Tis Jesus coming in the clouds,
Attended by exulting crowds.
- 2 How glorious is the Saviour now!
While many crowns adorn his brow;
Upon his vesture mark the words—
"The King of kings and Lord of lords."
- 3 The final day at length is come,
And sinners now must hear their doom:
What horror fills the trembling heart,
While Jesus speaks that word, "Depart."
- 4 In vain upon the rocks they call,
To hide, or crush them by their fall;
To them e'en death no help can give,
Whom God in justice dooms to live.
- 5 But oh! what transports fill their hearts,
To whom he thus his will imparts!
"The kingdom take, your blest reward,
For you before the world prepared."
- 6 This is the people, who on earth
Were subjects for the worldling's mirth;
But, lo! The Saviour owns their name,
And fills their enemies with shame.
- 7 O may I now with those appear,
Who dare confess the Saviour here!
So shall my happy portion be,
Jesus will then acknowledge me.

Hymn 71 8.7.8.7.7.7.
*"But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that
that day should overtake you as a thief."—
1 Thess. 5. 4.*

- 1 Nothing know we of the season
When the world shall pass away;
But we know the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day;
When the Saviour will return,
And his people cease to mourn.
- 2 While a careless world is sleeping,
Then it is the day will come;
Mirth shall then be turned to weeping;
Sinners then must meet their doom;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.
- 3 O what sacred joys await them!
They shall see the Saviour then;
Those who now oppose and hate them,
Never can oppose again;
Brethren, let us think of this;
All is ours if we are his.
- 4 Waiting for the Lord's returning,
Be it ours his word to keep;
Let our lamps be always burning;
Let us watch while others sleep:
We're no longer of the night;
We are children of the light.
- 5 Being of the favoured number,
Whom the Saviour calls his own,
'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
Nothing should be left undone.
This should be his people's aim;
Still to glorify his name.

Hymn 72 8.7.8.7.4.7.
"Behold, the Lord cometh."—Jude 14.

- 1 What were Sinai's awful wonders,
To the wonders of that day,
When a voice, like many thunders,
Shall be heard from heaven to say,
Come to judgment!
Lo! the Judge is on his way.
- 2 Lo! he comes, the Lord from heaven,
He who bore the cross below;
All the power to him is given,
He appears in glory now;

Great his glory!
Every knee to him shall bow.

3 See! the nations all assembling,
Stand before the Saviour's throne;
Thousands at his presence trembling;
Hope extinguished, pleasures gone;
Calling, seeking
For relief, and finding none.

4 But his people, they who knew him,
And on earth his name confessed,
These the Saviour welcomes to him,
These he makes supremely blest:
Sweet their portion!
Theirs an everlasting rest.

Hymn 73 11.11.11.11.
"The day is at hand."—Rom. 13. 12.

1 Yes, the day is at hand; rejoice, then, ye
saints;

The Saviour is coming, away with
complaints.

With pleasure we hail the approach of the
day;

Come quickly, Lord Jesus, come quickly, we
say.

2 But often, alas! too like others we are;
We think as they think, and their feelings we
share.

Forgetting our lot, and our heavenly birth,
We cleave to the dust, as if born for the
earth.

3 Ah! Lord, how perverse, how unworthy
are we!

How little we are what thy servants should
be!

We are not consumed, because thou changest
not,

Our Lord is unchanging, how blessed the
thought!

4 The favour, O Lord, that we ask thee is
this,

To know the amount of our debt what it is;
Then to live as they should do who owe thee
so much:

Thou art glorified then, when thy people are
such.

5 Thy love in our hearts, and in prospect the
day,

When sorrow and sighing shall vanish away;
When all the redeemed shall be gathered in
one,

Themselves without sin, and their dwelling
thy throne.

Hymn 74 9.8.9.8.D Irreg.
*"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from
our sins in his own blood ... be glory."—
Rev. 1. 6.*

1 In the region of light and of glory,
The people whom Jesus has saved
Will be telling the wonderful story,
Of how they had once been enslaved;
And how the Redeemer had bought them
With blood, with his own precious
blood;

And from bondage the vilest had brought
them;
How pleasant their work, and how
good!

2 How blessed for ever in union,
To sing of the Lord whom they love;
In closest and sweetest communion,
The joys of his presence to prove!
How blessed to drink of the river
Of pleasure, that flows from his throne!
To be rid of all evil for ever,
To inherit a blessing alone!

3 The prospect before us is cheering,
We lift up our heads on the way;
Away then with doubting and fearing,
Since God is our strength and our stay.
O keep us, Lord, keep us from sinning;
Thy people from evil defend;
The work is thine from its beginning,
And thine must it be to the end.

Hymn 75 7.7.7.7.10.10.
"Surely I come quickly!"—Rev. 22. 20.

1 What a grand and awful sight!
Jesus comes with all his saints;
Nothing eye has seen so bright;
Nothing equal fancy paints;
Jesus comes from heaven to judge the
nations;
Object of his people's expectations.

- 2 Great the change from what was here;
They who were despised on earth,
Now the sons of God appear;
Sons of God by heavenly birth;
Yes, the Lord his people now confesses,
And how blest are they whom Jesus blesses!
- 3 Rich their portion, high their place,
Full their cup of blessing is;
Now they see the Saviour's face;
All is theirs since they are his;
In his favour every good possessing;
All enjoying in the Saviour's blessing.
- 4 Henceforth they shall never be
Separate from him they love;
All his glory they shall see.
All his goodness they shall prove;
Theirs a treasure, never, never wasting,
Life is theirs, and glory everlasting.

Hymn 76

8.7.8.7.7.7.

*"Not to me only, but unto all them also that
love his appearing."*—2 Tim. 4. 8.

- 1 Welcome sight! the Lord descending!
Jesus in the clouds appears;
Lo! the Saviour comes, intending
Now to dry his people's tears.
Lo! the Saviour comes to reign:
Welcome to his waiting train.
- 2 Long they mourned their absent Master;
Long they felt like men forlorn;
Bid the seasons fly still faster,
While they sighed for his return:
Lo! the period comes at last;
All their sorrows now are past.
- 3 Now from home no longer banished,
They are going to their rest;
Though the heavens and earth have
vanished,
With their Lord they shall be blest:
Blest with him his saints shall be;
Blest throughout eternity!
- 4 Happy people! grace unbounded,
Grace alone exalts you thus;
Be ashamed, and be confounded;
Sing for ever—"Not to us,
Not to us be glory given—
Glory to the God of heaven!"

Hymn 77

9.8.9.8.D

*"The upright shall have dominion over them in
the morning."*—Psalm 49. 14.

- 1 The saints shall have joy in the morning,
Their triumph will not be till then;
Their Master has given them warning
To look for the hatred of men.
But what is contempt or aversion?
Our Lord felt them both in his day:
Shall we think of retreat or desertion?
Ah! Lord, put the thought far away!
- 2 'Tis honour enough that we should be
As he whom we imitate was;
We ought not to wish, if it could be,
To shun the reproach of the cross.
Ah! Lord, let us count it our blessing,
To be in the world as thou wast;
Enough in thy favour possessing,
Though every thing else should be lost.
- 3 The morning is dawning, we greet it;
We hail the approach of the day:
Our spirits go forward to meet it,
Come quickly, come quickly, we say.
The wheels of his chariot, why move they
So slowly? and why this delay?
His people, while waiting, why love they
The things that are passing away?
- 4 Forgive us, our Master, forgive us,
To thee it belongs to forgive;
From all this corruption relieve us,
Thy people to glory receive.
'Tis then we shall be where we would be,
Enjoying thy presence above;
'Tis then we shall be what we should be,
Made perfect for ever in love.
- 5 Then welcome the dawn of the morning!
'Tis thus that thy people should say;
And earth with its vanities scorning,
Should hasten the wonderful day.
When thou, by thine angels surrounded,
Shalt come to relieve the oppressed,
Thy foes will all then be confounded,
Thy people be perfectly blest.

Hymn 78

L.M.

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout."—1 Thess. 4. 16.

- 1 The Lord is coming in the clouds,
Is coming with angelic crowds;
A universal shout will rend
The air, and Jesus will descend.
- 2 How grand the pomp of his descent!
What glory waits on the event!
The glory that to heaven belongs
Is his, and his angelic songs.
- 3 Upon his awful word depends
The joy or woe that never ends;
From his award is no appeal—
Th' alternative is heaven or hell.
- 4 If blessedness, without alloy,
Is theirs who share the Saviour's joy,
What holiness becoming is,
The men who look for things like these!
- 5 Unlike to those who nothing see
Beyond the world, the men should be,
Who look for Jesus in the air,
And know that they shall meet him there.
- 6 Their girded loins, and lamps on fire,
Should tell what is their soul's desire,
To see the object of their love,
And dwell with him in heaven above.

Hymn 79

P.M.

*"And to wait for his Son from heaven"—
1 Thess. 1. 10.*

- 1 Glad when the trumpet sounds;
But when the Lord appears,
Our joy will know no bounds:
He wipes away our tears.
Then let the trumpet sound aloud,
Let Jesus come on yonder cloud.
Why tarries our Master?
Why comes he not faster?
The wheels of his chariot seem slowly to
move,
Yet shall we presume the delay to reprove?
Ah! Lord, let us feel as we should do, we
pray,
Impatient to go, and yet willing to stay.
Contented, with reason,
To wait for the season

Appointed by wisdom that never can err,
Our wish is, thy will to our own to prefer.
Submissive then make us,
And never forsake us,
Till, kept by thy power, thy glory we see;
And dwell, O our Saviour, for ever with thee.

Hymn 80

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

*"For the trumpet shall sound."—***1 Cor. 15. 52.**

- 1 'Tis the last trumpet's voice,
Now let the saints rejoice,
Jesus appears.
'Tis the day looked for long,
Theme of prophetic song;
Angels around him throng,
Our King and theirs.
- 2 Jesus, the Lord confessed,
Jesus, for ever blessed,
High is his place.
His name all names above,
Symbol of truth and love,
What man knows nothing of,
Man without grace.
- 3 What a place now is his!
Glorious the Saviour is,
High is his throne.
All eyes behold him now,
All knees before him bow,
Crowns many grace his brow,
All is his own.
- 4 They who are heirs of grace
Now fill their destined place,
Near to their King.
Now that their Lord appears,
He will dry up their tears:
Triumph and joy are theirs;
Henceforth they sing.
- 5 Numbers unnumbered they;
"Worthy the Lamb," they say,
He that was slain.
Fountain of truth and grace,
Saving a ruined race,
Worthy the highest place,
Worthy to reign.
- 6 Reign then for ever thou,
Lord, at thy feet we bow;
Thou art our King.

Thy name we now adore,
 Thy name all names before,
 Thy name for evermore,
 Thine will we sing.

Hymn 81 12.11.12.11.
"It is done"—Rev. 16. 17.

1 The trumpet is sounding, the Lord is appearing;
 The earth and the heavens are passing away;
 Here end, and for ever, our doubting and fearing;
 It all disappears in this wonderful day.

2 How awful, how glorious, how dazzling the sight is!
 The Saviour descending to gather his own;
 'Tis the day that we looked for, and vanished the night is;
 'Tis the day with a sun that will never go down.

3 Then joy to his people, their griefs are all over,
 No evil can ever approach them again;
 The Lord will to them all his glory discover;
 What joy must be theirs, and what blessedness then.

4 No tongue could describe it, no thought could conceive it,
 What eye had not seen, and what ear had not heard;
 A promise so great, it was hard to believe it,
 Though written in God's own infallible word.

5 A promise no longer, but now a possession;
 His people are blessed with their Master above;
 They feel as they ought, and they give full expression
 To feelings of wonder, of joy, and of love.

6 They sing of the Saviour, who loved and who bought them,
 Who died for their sin, and who made them his own;
 Who raised them from death, and who graciously brought them
 To dwell with himself, and to sit on his throne.

Hymn 82 11.11.11.11.Irreg.
"The night is far spent."—Rom. 13. 12.

1 The night is far spent, and the day is at hand;
 Already the dawn may be seen in the sky;
 Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own command;
 Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

2 What a day will that be, when the Saviour appears!
 How welcome to those who have shared in his cross!
 A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
 A rich compensation for suffering and loss.

3 What is loss in this world, when compared to that day,
 To the glory that then will from heaven be revealed?
 The Saviour is coming, his people may say;
 The Lord whom we look for, our sun and our shield.

4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name
 Is so faint, with so much our affections to move!
 Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame,
 So much to be loved, and so little to love!

5 O kindle within us a holy desire,
 Like that which was found in thy people of old,
 Who felt all thy love, and whose hearts were on fire,
 While they waited impatient thy face to behold.

Hymn 83 12.8.12.8. Irreg.
"For the trumpet shall sound."—1 Cor. 15. 52.

1 The trumpet shall sound at the Saviour's appearing;
 Be ready, ye saints, for the day;
 His people no cause have for doubting or fearing,
 'Tis his foes he will strike with dismay.

- 2 They do not believe that the Lord is
preparing
To meet both his friends and his foes;
And while he delays, they are only more
daring
His cause and his friends to oppose.
- 3 The promise they say, of his coming,
where is it?
The world, as it was, so it is.
The time when our Master the earth will
revisit,
We know not. This knowledge is his.
- 4 "The Lord is not slack, concerning his
promise,
As some men count slackness," we know:
The hope of his coming they cannot take
from us;
And the world, for this hope, we forego.
- 5 As a thief in the night, is the Saviour's
appearing;
Unlooked for, and sudden, the sight:
When men are secure, and no enemy fearing,
The Saviour will come in his might.
- 6 Then judge ye, "what manner of persons
they should be,"
Who look for this wonderful day;
Like him, they should walk, in whose
presence they would be,
Till he takes them for ever away.
- 7 Then make us, oh! make us, Lord, what
thou wouldst have us;
No power nor goodness have we:
From evil within and without do thou save
us;
We cast ourselves wholly on thee.

Hymn 84 6.5.6.5.D
*"Seeing then that all these things shall be
dissolved."*—2 Pet. 3. 11.

- 1 Fast the years are flying,
Few remain in store;
Time itself is dying,
Soon to be no more.
All that measures time is
Soon to pass away;
That which so sublime is
Has its final day.

- 2 All we see will soon be
In oblivion lost;
Where will sun and moon be,
And the starry host?
Sunk, to lie for ever,
In the vast abyss.
He who changes never
Has appointed this.
- 3 Grieve we not that this is
By the Lord decreed;
The believer his is,
Blessed news, indeed;
News to gladden those who
For his coming long.
Why then fear the foes who
Would repress their song.
- 4 Glad they are when thinking
Of the final day;
When the world is sinking,
Sing his people may;
In that fearful season,
Those he owns as his,
May rejoice with reason,
Life their portion is.
- 5 Life with him in heaven,
Him to whom they owe
All that here is given,
All hereafter too.
Gladness ending never,
This their portion is,
Glory, and for ever;
Think, O think of this.

Hymn 85 8.8.8.8.8.8.
"The end of all things is at hand."—
1 Peter 4. 7.

- 1 What words are these? Awake, my soul,
"The end of all things is at hand."
One common doom awaits the whole,
The fluid sea, the solid land,
The moon and stars that rule the night,
The sun, its substance, with its light.
- 2 "The end of all things is at hand,"
How fearful and how strange is this,
The very earth on which we stand,
Will perish in the great abyss;
And those who have no other lot,
Will lose their all—a fearful thought!

- 3 "The end of all things is at hand,"
Then why my soul thus full of care,
As though the earth, its sea, and land,
Both solid and enduring were?
Arise, my soul, shake off the dust,
In that which is not, cease to trust.
- 4 "The end of all things is at hand,"
Be glad all ye that love the Lord;
Before him shall his people stand,
Himself his people's great reward.
Redeemed by blood, and saved by grace,
They then shall see the Saviour's face.
- 5 "The end of all things is at hand,"
The world which is; but we shall see
A new one rise at his command,
Who makes what is not come, to be
The place where saints for ever dwell,
In blessedness no tongue can tell.

Hymn 86 8.8.11.8.8.11. Irreg.
"The revelation of Jesus Christ."—
1 Peter 1. 13.

- 1 The Saviour will soon be revealed,
His glory no more be concealed;
He's coming, and soon will he gladden our
eyes.
The prospect is cheering to those,
Who now in his promise repose,
On the world it will come, as a snare by
surprise.
- 2 But joy to the people of God!
His love in their hearts shed abroad,
Is the earnest of what he intends to bestow;
Our thought of that glory how faint!
'Tis brighter than fancy can paint,
'Tis far beyond all that e'en angels yet know.
- 3 A hope of the things then to be,
Our souls from their bondage should free,
And keep us from loving the things that are
here;
What are they compared to that day,
When the Lord will his glory display?
How vain and how worthless they then will
appear.
- 4 How blessed are they who are taught,
By the Spirit, to think as they ought,

Of things that are unseen, and things that are
seen.

As strangers they live here below,
Their Master is coming they know;
His dealings with them have wonderful been.

5 A ransom more precious than gold;
A ransom too great to be told;
'Twas his life that he gave to redeem them
from hell;
He plucks them as brands from the fire,
He gives all that heart can desire,
And brings them for ever in heaven to dwell.

6 Be this then his people's great aim,
To show forth the praise of his name;
Till his coming from heaven in glory and
power;
'Tis then that their troubles shall cease,
And their portion be "honour and peace,"
No more shall their tears ever flow from that
hour.

Hymn 87 L.M.
*"We ... look for new heavens and a new
earth."*—2 Pet. 3. 13.

- 1 How blessed and how bright the day,
When Jesus shall again appear,
To take his waiting saints away,
And give them all they hope for here.
- 2 The name he bears no equal has,
His kingdom everlasting is;
The Lord of all, who is, who was,
And will be, grace and glory his.
- 3 The theme is wondrous all, and teems
With glorious things surpassing thought.
What now is seen, and goodly seems,
What is it? And its value what?
- 4 The whole is gone, and in its place
A mass of liquid fire is seen;
The molten elements no trace
Retain of what they once had been.
- 5 But, lo! he maketh all things new;
Things go and come at his command
New heavens, new earth appear in view,
And have their being from his hand.
- 6 'Tis here his people have their home,
The place of rest from toil and strife.

'Tis conflict all, this side the tomb;
Beyond it is eternal life.

Hymn 88 L.M.

"Love his appearing."—2 Tim. 4. 8.

- 1 I love to think of that bright day,
When Jesus shall with clouds appear;
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
It serves the drooping heart to cheer.
- 2 The bed of death, the grave, the shroud,
The sight of friends in grief and tears;
From this I shrink, and fain I would
Escape from what so sad appears.
- 3 To hear "the trump of God" resound
O'er sea and land, through earth and sky,
To see the Lord with glory crowned,
The hope of this is full of joy.
- 4 But though the thought of death is sad,
And things that unto death belong;
The pardoned sinner may be glad,
And e'en in death may raise his song.
- 5 Then be it mine no choice to have,
But on the Lord my care to cast;
Content to know that he will save,
And bring me to himself at last.

Hymn 89 8.7.8.7.4.7.

"All that are in the graves shall hear his voice."—John 5. 28.

- 1 Hark, a voice! it comes from heaven,
'Tis the final trumpet's sound;
Graves are opened, tombs are riven,
All who sleep beneath the ground,
Are awaking;
Jesus comes with glory crowned.
- 2 Yes, the Saviour comes in glory,
Not as once when here below;
But the poorer then, the more he
Dazzles by his greatness now.
'Tis his triumph,
Every knee to him shall bow.
- 3 This is he who made the heaven
And the earth, with all their host;
He, whom none would own, not even
They whom he had favoured most.
None would know him,
Yet he came to save the lost.

- 4 See him now, all eyes upon him,
Who so glorious now as he?
They who when on earth would shun him,
Now amazed his glory see,
And, despairing,
Learn with him they cannot be.
- 5 But his people, they who knew him,
Loved and served him here below;
These are all now gathered to him,
And with him to heaven they go,
There to praise him,
And as they are known to know.

Hymn 90 9.8.9.8.D

"What manner of persons ought ye to be?"—
2 Pet. 3. 11.

- 1 "What manner of persons" should they be,
Who wait for the Saviour from heaven?
The day may be distant—or may be
At hand—this to know is not given.
But come when it may, 'tis his pleasure,
His people should look for the day,
When a joy will be theirs without
measure,
A joy that will never decay.
- 2 Our Saviour has said what we should be,
Like servants expecting their Lord;
And this is, we trust, what we would be,
Conformed to his will and his word.
With loins girt about, and lamps burning,
Awaiting the signal from heaven,
That tells us our Lord is returning,
The pledge to redeem he has given.
- 3 All ye who expect him, be ready,
The day is advancing apace;
"Hold fast that ye have," and be steady,
Take heed, lest ye fail of his grace.
A little more patient endurance,
And Jesus from heaven will descend;
Hold fast, then, the blessed assurance,
"Assurance of hope to the end."

Hymn 91 C.M.

"Time no longer."—Rev. 10. 6.

- 1 The trumpet sounds, the angel cries,
That time is past and gone;
The Judge appears, the dead arise,
And stand before his throne.

- 2 The day is come, the awful day,
By prophets long foretold;
And heaven and earth now pass away,
’Twas so ordained of old.
- 3 But who his coming may abide,
Or who his presence bear?
And where are now the sons of pride?
The foe, the scorner, where?
- 4 And where are they who would not hear
The word of truth and grace?
The sinner, where will he appear?
Where find a hiding-place?
- 5 But they whom God has saved by grace,
Whom he has made his own,
Shall dwell with him, shall see his face,
And “know as they are known.”

Hymn 92 8.7.8.7.4.7.
“The day of Jesus Christ.”—Phil. 1. 6.

- 1 Bright the prospect is and cheering,
Of that day, the last and best;
When the Lord, from heaven appearing,
Will bring in the promised rest.
And his people
Thenceforth be for ever blest.
- 2 Much and oft his people should be
Thinking of the glorious day;
Doing so, his people would be
Cheered, and often would they say,
Come, Lord Jesus!
Why, O why this long delay!
- 3 But how much the things around us
Draw us from the Lord away;
’Tis a thought may well confound us,
Pardon, Lord, our sin we pray:
Freely pardon,
We have nothing, Lord, to pay.
- 4 Further, Lord, we pray, renew us,
“In the spirit of our mind;”
Show thy grace and mercy to us,
To thyself our spirits bind.
Nor forsake us,
Till in heaven our rest we find.

Hymn 93 8.8.6.8.8.6.
“Surely I come quickly.”—Rev. 22. 20.

- 1 Jesus soon will come to bless us;
Thenceforth nothing will distress us;
We shall then the Saviour meet:
Let us hail the coming season,
Let us sing, for we have reason:
Hope is ours, and hope is sweet.
- 2 Yes, the blessed hope of seeing
Him we love, and ever being
With the Lord, is sweet indeed:
Saviour, let our love be greater,
And our hope will then be sweeter,
This is what thy people need.
- 3 While on earth remaining, let us,
Though ten thousand ills beset us,
Put our steadfast trust in thee:
Let the thought of thine appearing,
Ever sweet, and ever cheering,
To our souls a blessing be.
- 4 What we should be, Saviour, make us:
Never leave us, nor forsake us,
Till thy face in heaven we see.
’Tis thy grace alone can save us:
Grace, the very grace that gave us
Hope, when first we turned to thee.

Hymn 94 12.11.12.11.
*“Enter thou into the joy of thy lord.”—
Matt. 25. 21.*

- 1 What pleasure there is in expecting the
season,
When Jesus will come, and his glory be seen;
His people are looking, and not without
reason,
For joys they must patiently wait for till then.
- 2 ’Tis “the joy of the Lord,” ’tis a joy without
measure,
Too holy, too blessed, too much for us here;
’Tis having a rich inexhaustible treasure,
With nothing to wish for, and nothing to
fear.
- 3 ’Tis to be with the Saviour for ever and
ever,
Before him to stand without blemish or
blame;

With hearts and with voices to praise him,
and never
Be weary of hearing the sound of his name.

4 'Tis this, and far more, but no language
can show it,
What the eye does not see, and the ear does
not hear;
In the day of the Lord, it is then we shall
know it,
For till then what his people are, does not
appear.

5 With a prospect like this, O how much it
behoes us
To walk as they should, who are born from
on high;
Our Saviour is coming, our Saviour who
loves us.
To him let us live, and to him let us die.

Hymn 95 8.8.8.8.D
"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—
Matt. 16. 3.

1 A dawning of light in the east,
Gives notice that day is at hand;
The saints will be speedily blest,
But others do not understand.
A sound will be heard before long,
Both sudden and loud it will be;
'Twill scatter the proud and the strong,
And in that day the valiant will flee.

2 'Tis "the great and the terrible day,"
Predicted by prophets of old;
When the earth and the heavens pass
away
Like a dream, or a tale that is told.
There it is—'tis the terrible sound,
The earth is dissolving with heat;
There's a cry of despair all around,
And for sinners no place of retreat.

3 But joy to the saints! they behold
Their master appearing from heaven;
Their joy is too great to be told,
Such joy to his people is given.
'Tis joyful to see him they love,
To see him in glory appear;
'Tis joyful to praise him above,
In a way they could never do here.

Hymn 96 C.M.
"New heavens and a new earth."—
2 Pet. 3. 13.

1 A loud, a dreadful sound is heard,
'Tis nature's dying groan;
What late to men so fair appeared,
Is gone, for ever gone.

2 No wreck remains, no trace appears
Of what so goodly was;
'Tis like a tale of by-gone years,
It now no being has.

3 But see, the Lord comes forth to bless,
Ye happy saints, draw near;
The dwelling-place of righteousness,
New heavens and earth appear.

4 For you the Lord is doing this,
The objects of his grace;
For you this new creation is,
This holy dwelling-place.

5 The Lord will there make known to you
What cannot here be told;
His love, with interest ever new,
The Lord will there unfold.

6 To him who washed us in his blood,
The Lord of earth and heaven,
Who made us kings and priests to God,
Eternal praise be given.

Hymn 97 6.6.11.6.6.11.
"For the great day of his wrath is come."—
Rev. 6. 17.

1 The trumpet sounds loudly,
Who now will deal proudly?
The heart of the valiant no longer is brave:
His courage forsakes him,
To flight he betakes him,
And calls on the rocks and the mountains to
save.

2 This the day of the Lord is,
For faithful his word is;
'Tis come, though so many said, when will it
be?
A snare it resembles—
And now the earth trembles—
And wonder on wonder around us we see.

3 The day, O how cheering—
The Saviour's appearing,
To those who were waiting, midst many, the
few:
Their conflicts are over,
And now they discover,
The glory once hid, but now opened to view.

4 No language is equal
To tell of the sequel,
When saints to the promised possession are
brought;
The blessedness given,
The glory of heaven,
'Tis something beyond either language or
thought.

Hymn 98 8.7.8.7.4.7.
"For the trumpet shall sound."—
1 Cor. 15. 52.

1 Soon the trumpet sounding loudly,
Will proclaim the Judge at hand;
Then will those who here deal proudly,
Feel the power they now withstand.
Awful summons!
'Twill be heard through sea and land.

2 'Tis a sound, that will awaken
All who sleep beneath the ground.
Heaven and earth will then be shaken,
And their place no more be found.
But the ransomed,
How their joy will then abound!

3 Pure and full, and never wasting,
Is the joy for them in store.
Theirs is glory everlasting,
They shall never hunger more:
All they hoped for,
Then is theirs, but not before.

4 Would they wish it sooner should be,
Than the time the Lord sees best?
Were it right, it sooner would be.
They who wait his time are blessed.
At his coming,
They shall gain their promised rest.

Hymn 99 8.8.7.8.8.7.
"And the seventh angel sounded."—
Rev. 11. 15.

1 Hark! the trumpet last of seven
Sends its voice through earth and heaven:
Louder than the thunder peals.
All who sleep are now awaking,
Earth is to its centre shaking,
Universal nature reels.

2 'Tis the day so long expected:
When the man on earth rejected
Comes in majesty and power.
Fly ye moments, fly still faster,
Jesus comes, "our Lord and Master!"
Hail, ye saints, the joyful hour.

3 Rest is yours, the strife is over,
And the Lord will now discover
All his glory to your view.
Yours to dwell with him for ever,
Yours a glory ending never;
Yours enjoyment ever new.

Hymn 100 6.6.6.6.8.8.
"At midnight there was a cry made."—
Matt. 25. 6.

1 Hark! hark a midnight cry!
'Tis loud and terrible;
It echoes through the sky,
The world's departing knell.
The peal of thunder nothing is,
'Tis nothing when compared to this.

2 It finds the world asleep;
But who can slumber now?
The time is come to weep,
For where escape or how?
The sinner, whither can he fly?
To hide from God's all-seeing eye?

3 The Lord appears in view,
"Rejected once of men."
The word he spoke is true,
For, lo! he comes again,
He comes the second time from heaven,
To him the judgment-seat is given.

4 His foes, where are they now?
How feel they in this hour,
When every knee must bow,
To Jesus in his power?

How bear they such a sight as this?
To them his coming dreadful is.

- 5 But, oh! how glorious is
The coming of the Lord,
To those he owns as his,
Himself their great reward!
Henceforward all their troubles cease,
They dwell with him in endless peace.

Hymn 101 7.7.7.7.7.7.

"To meet the Lord in the air."—
1 *Thess. 4. 17.*

- 1 Shouts of joy shall fill the air,
When the Saviour comes again;
All his friends shall meet him there;
Great will be their triumph then.
Happy they he owns as his—
They shall see him as he is.
- 2 Hark the trumpet! hark it sounds,
And its voice is heard abroad,
To the earth's remotest bounds;
Through the wide domain of God.
What a fearful crash was there!
Some rejoice, and some despair.
- 3 'Tis the end of all below;
Wreck of worlds no more to be;
Who can bear to see it? Who?
Who the ruin bear to see?
He whom Jesus deigns to own,
He can bear it, he alone.
- 4 Midst the ruin he can say,
Jesus comes, my hope, my crown;
Hail the day, the joyful day;
His it is—'tis all his own.
Who is he that does not bow
At the name of Jesus now?

Hymn 102 L.M.

"The end of all things is at hand."—
1 *Peter 4. 7.*

- 1 "The end of all things is at hand"
The world we live in soon will be
No world; dissolved by his command
Who made it—'tis his stern decree.
- 2 And yet, how solid does it seem!
As if it could not but endure;
How hard to think, that as a dream
It ends—yet so it is, be sure.

- 3 The earth we stand upon is doomed.
The sun, the moon, the stars of light,
In one great gulf will be entombed;
A fearful, an amazing sight!
- 4 New heavens, new earth will then arise;
The saints' abode—their place of rest;
Where all is pure, where nothing dies,
Where all are safe, and all are blest.
- 5 Then let this earth we stand upon,
And all around us cease to be;
When all that now we see is gone,
Then what we see not, we shall see.
- 6 If we are his who reigns above,
Whom all his people then shall see,
The God of grace, the God of love,
How blessed will our portion be!

Hymn 103 8.7.8.7.7.7.

*"Then look up ... for your redemption draweth
nigh."*—*Luke 21. 28.*

- 1 Sing we loudly, sing we gladly;
There is reason why we should.
While the world around us madly
Presses on in thoughtless mood,
Be it ours to watch and pray,
Waiting for the final day.
- 2 When the trumpet sounds, what terror,
What amazement will there be!
They who in the path of error
Wander now, with dread will see
Him, whose word they slighted here;
Him they did not, would not fear.
- 3 What a day for them that day is!
Where is now the sinner's boast?
To escape his doom, no way is;
All is lost, for ever lost:
His "the worm that dieth not;"
'Tis a sad, a fearful thought.
- 4 But how blest the lot of those is,
Who shall be with him they love!
Who shall sing "the song of Moses
And the Lamb," in heaven above:
Dwelling there, where all is bright;
God their everlasting light.
- 5 Welcome, then, the glorious season,
When the Lord from heaven appears.

Let us sing, for we have reason;
 He will wipe away all tears.
 Jesus gives his people rest;
 He it is that makes them blest.

Hymn 104 5.5.8.5.5.8.
"As a thief in the night."—1 Thess. 5. 2.

- 1 'Tis midnight and dark;
 'Tis silence—but hark!
 Whence this sudden alarm through the sky?
 This shaking of all,
 As if to its fall;
 Whence is it?—What means it?—we cry.
- 2 The Saviour it is;
 The trumpet is his,
 Proclaiming the terrible day.
 His coming is felt;
 The elements melt;
 Things present are passing away.
- 3 How blessed it is,
 For those who are his!
 How blessed the Saviour to see!
 The man crowned with thorns;
 Whom all the world scorns;
 How mighty, how glorious is he!
- 4 Rejected he was;
 He hung on a cross;
 No sorrow was equal to his.
 But look at him now;
 A crown on his brow;
 The fruit of his suffering it is.
- 5 Dominion and power,
 Are his in this hour;
 His foes are all under his feet.
 His people are blest;
 They enter their rest;
 With glad salutations they meet.
- 6 In triumph they sing,
 The praise of their King
 Who bought them, and raised them to
 heaven.
 No name is like his,
 No theme is like this,
 For sinners redeemed and forgiven.

Hymn 105 5.5.5.5.7.7.
*"The heavens shall pass away with a great
 noise."*—2 Pet. 3. 10.

- 1 Hark! what sound is that!
 Sudden, loud, and strange;
 And this motion, what!
 Whence this sudden change!
 Think upon us, Lord, O think!
 Now sustain us, or we sink.
- 2 Who can now be strong?
 Or what heart endure?
 Falling worlds among,
 Who can be secure?
 Saviour, in this fearful hour,
 O sustain us by thy power!
- 3 Earth, with its contents,
 Fails beneath our feet;
 And the elements
 Melt with fervent heat.
 But behold, the Lord appears;
 And his presence calms our fears.
- 4 Welcome, welcome, Lord,
 'Tis the glorious day,
 Promised in thy word,
 Welcome, then, we say;
 Welcome to thy waiting train;
 Long they waited, not in vain.
- 5 Past their grief and care;
 Past their toil and strife;
 Saved and blest they are;
 Theirs eternal life.
 Theirs to dwell in heaven above;
 Theirs to be with him they love.

Hymn 106 7.7.7.7.7.7.
*"And swear ... that there should be time no
 longer."*—Rev. 10. 6.

- 1 Yes, the stern decree has passed;
 Henceforth "time shall be no more;"
 And the end is come at last,
 Seen by prophets long before.
 Heaven and earth have passed away;
 'Tis the great, the final day.
- 2 Great it is, and final too;
 All that is ordained this day,
 Will remain for ever so;
 Change there will not be, nor may.

Some to endless life will go;
Some to shame, and endless woe.

- 3 Sun and moon, where are they now?
And the stars of heaven, where?
Gone, for ever gone, and how?
By his hand who placed them there.
Gone their light, their substance gone;
Not a trace remaining—none.
- 4 But the Lord, who made them all,
Still the same, makes all things new;
Power is his, and at his call,
Other heavens appear in view,
And another earth is seen;
Mourn we not for what has been.
- 5 Here it is where saints repose,
After toil, and after strife;
Here their labours reach a close;
Theirs is joy and endless life.
Nothing henceforth to molest;
Nothing to disturb their rest.

Hymn 107

L.M.

"We shall see him as he is."—1 John 3. 2.

- 1 What love, what pleasure, what surprise
Shall fill th' enraptured heirs of heaven,
The day the Saviour meets their eyes,
The day the promised rest is given!
- 2 Their love is kindled here below,
The author of their hope they love;
A purer, brighter flame will glow
In yonder glorious world above.
- 3 Of pleasure too they taste below,
But pleasure not unmixed with pain;
In yonder world 'twill not be so,
For there no sorrow will remain.
- 4 And if obscure and transient views
Of heavenly things yield such surprise,
What wonder must the sight produce
When God appears before their eyes!
- 5 O joyful sight! O glorious day!
When God the Saviour shall be seen,
When earthly things shall pass away,
And heaven's unchanging state begin!

Hymn 108

8.7.8.7.7.7.

"That unto me every knee shall bow."—

Isaiah 45. 23.

- 1 Thus the mighty God has spoken,
"Every knee shall bow to me;"
Shall the word of God be broken?
No, this will not, cannot be;
Heav'n and earth shall be destroyed,
But his word shall not be void.
- 2 Yes, the proudest shall be humbled,
In the day when God appears;
They who at his message stumbled,
And against it closed their ears,
Then must see and own his power,
Then they must, if not before.
- 3 While his friends, with exultation,
See and own the Saviour's right,
All his foes, with consternation,
Shall behold the glorious sight;
And in that triumphant hour,
They must own the Saviour's power.
- 4 Ye who live at awful distance
From the God who gave you breath,
Who can then afford assistance?
Who can save you then from death?
Kiss the Son, O kiss him now,
To his golden sceptre bow.

State of Blessedness

Hymn 109

L.M.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Psalm 17. 15.

- 1 What tongue can tell, what fancy paint
The joys that fill th' enraptured saint,
When mixed with heaven's triumphant
throng,
He shares their bliss, and swells their
song?
- 2 He feels no pain, he fears no want;
His portion all that God can grant;
To see the Saviour as he is,
And dwell in heaven with him and his.
- 3 No darkness now obscures his mind:
The darkness all is left behind:
And objects lately half concealed,
In full resplendence stand revealed.

- 4 His love, so cold, so mixed before
In heaven is cold and mixed no more;
It gains the region whence it came
And lives a pure eternal flame.
- 5 He dwells exempt from all alarm:
No world is there to fright or charm;
No foes to plot against his peace;
No sin to give their schemes success.
- 6 O may I reach that blest abode,
Where saints obtain their rest in God!
For this, let every conflict here
As nothing in my sight appear.

Hymn 110 8.7.8.7.7.7.
"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. 7. 17.

- 1 See the saints in heaven appearing;
Heaven that yields them sweet repose:
Nothing wanting, nothing fearing.
Safe from every storm that blows;
Free from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Having all they hoped for here.
- 2 All their conflicts now are over;
All their dangers are no more;
And with joy they now discover
All that lay concealed before.
Filled with wonder they survey
All the perils of the way.
- 3 Perils past and gone for ever;
O how cheering is the thought!
Once we pass through yonder river,
Then we rest and labour not.
Nothing is to those oppressed
Grateful as the thought of rest.
- 4 Rest from toil, and rest from terror;
Rest from all assaults of foes;
Rest from those who, loving error,
Hate the Saviour, and oppose;
Rest from all that causes grief,
Sweet the hope of such relief.
- 5 Hope of this our toils can lighten;
Hope has power to cheer the faint;
Hope of this our gloom will brighten;
Hope sustains the trembling saint;
Hope is ours, then farewell fear;
Hope the darkest hour can cheer.

Hymn 111 L.M.
"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard."—
1 Cor. 2. 9.

- 1 It has not fully yet appeared
What blessedness to saints is given:
No eye has seen, no ear has heard,
Nor heart conceived the joys of heaven.
- 2 In heaven itself, and there alone,
The joys of heaven are understood;
Where saints shall know, as they are
known,
And shall behold the face of God.
- 3 The face of him, who, here below,
Appeared and died, to save his own:
The same who reigns in glory now,
And fills yon bright eternal throne.
- 4 A sight of him his people fills
With transport never known before:
They feel no want, they fear no ills;
And sin and sorrow are no more.
- 5 They view the Lord, whom angels view,
(He there without a cloud appears;)
And praise the Lord, as angels do,
With joy, perhaps, exceeding theirs.
- 6 How blest our lot, if we are his!
We too shall dwell with him above;
Yea, we shall see him as he is,
In yonder world of light and love.

Hymn 112 8.7.8.7.4.7.
"A land that floweth with milk and honey"—
Deut. 26. 9.

- 1 Canaan flows with milk and honey,
Round the world no spot's so fair;
Fruits, whose price is more than money,
Are the fruits that flourish there;
Happy Israel,
Destined all its sweets to share.
- 2 There eternal summer glowing,
Never yields to winter's force;
Streams of living water flowing,
All enliven in their course;
Streams that issue
From a never-failing source.
- 3 Trees of life, spontaneous growing,
There on every side are found:

Softest breezes ever blowing,
 Rich with fragrance, breathe around:
 Purest pleasure
 There in all its forms abound.

- 4 Canaan's sun abides for ever,
 Hers is day without a night;
 Darkness there approaches never,
 All is pure and all is bright;
 Great her glory!
 Canaan shines with endless light.
- 5 When on Canaan's beauties musing,
 Nothing seems to me so fair;
 Every other lot refusing,
 I would dwell for ever there:
 Earthly treasures
 Fading all and worthless are.
- 6 But when on the dangers thinking
 That await me in the way,
 Then I feel my spirit sinking,
 Sadness comes and deep dismay:
 "Come not hither,"
 Foes unnumbered seem to say.
- 7 O! my soul why thus despairing?
 Look to God and cease to sigh;
 In his promised succour sharing,
 Thou may'st smile at danger nigh;
 At his presence,
 All thy foes shall trembling fly.
- 8 O! my God, though faint and trembling,
 Yet my soul shall trust in thee,
 When I see my foes assembling,
 To thy power for help I'll flee;
 And thy promise
 Shall my hope and refuge be.

Hymn 113 8.7.8.7.7.7.
*"These are they which came out of great
 tribulation."—Rev. 7. 14.*

- 1 See how many thousands yonder
 On the Saviour's glory gaze,
 Filled with love, and joy, and wonder,
 While they celebrate his praise;
 Jesus is their glorious theme,
 Every eye is fixed on him.
- 2 Those are they, whose foul offences
 Have been washed away with blood,

Blood that by its virtue cleanses,
 Flowing from the Lamb of God;
 Therefore do they now appear,
 Praising and rejoicing there.

- 3 They were brought through tribulation,
 In their way to yonder place;
 Now with joy and exultation,
 They behold the Saviour's face;
 They are saved from foes and fears,
 Jesus wipes away their tears.
- 4 'Tis the Lamb himself that feeds them,
 Theirs is heaven's eternal store;
 He to living fountains leads them,
 They shall thirst again no more;
 Dwelling in the Saviour's light.
 They shall serve him day and night.
- 5 Where they dwell with full enjoyment,
 There we hope ere long to be;
 Praise, his people's sweet employment,
 Through a bright eternity;
 While we still remain on earth,
 Let us prove our heavenly birth.

Hymn 114 L.M.
*"They shall behold the land that is very far
 off."—Isaiah 33. 17.*

- 1 The world with all its pageantry,
 Is nothing in the pilgrim's eyes;
 He aims at immortality;
 He seeks a home beyond the skies:
- 2 A land of pure and hallowed joy,
 Where all is peace, and all is love;
 Where sweets are found that never cloy,
 A land the world knows nothing of.
- 3 Compared to this, the blessed isles
 By poets feigned, possess no charms;
 Though there eternal verdure smiles,
 Though nought offends, and nought
 alarms.
- 4 A blessedness surpassing thought
 Is theirs, in measure and in kind,
 Who, by the sacred Spirit taught,
 This holy land of promise find:
- 5 This land, where all the saints shall meet,
 Shall see the Saviour face to face,
 Shall cast their crowns before his feet,
 And sing for ever of his grace.

- 6 If we are his, our hearts are there;
In prospect we enjoy our home;
And, while on earth, an earnest share
Of joys above, of joys to come.
- 7 If all the joys that earth supplies
Were offered in exchange for this,
'Twould seem as nothing in our eyes,
For all is ours, if we are his.

Hymn 115 **8.8.8.8.D Irreg.**
"And I said, O that I had wings like a dove!"—
Psalm 55. 6.

- 1 O had I the wings of a dove,
I'd make my escape and be gone;
I'd mix with the spirits above,
Who encompass yon heavenly throne:
I'd fly from all labour and toil,
To the place where the weary have rest;
I'd haste from contention and broil,
To the peaceful abode of the blest.
- 2 How happy are they who no more
Have to fear the assaults of the foe!
Arrived on the heavenly shore,
They have left all their conflicts below:
They are far from all danger and fear,
While remembrance enhances their joys,
As the storm, when escaped, will endear
The retreat that the haven supplies.
- 3 Around that magnificent throne,
Where the Lamb all his glory displays,
United for ever in one,
His people are singing his praise:
How holy, how happy are they,
No tongue can express their delight!
My soul, now unwilling to stay,
Prepares for her heavenly flight.
- 4 But why do I wish to be gone?
Do I want from the danger to flee?
And shall I do nothing for one
Who was once such a sufferer for me?
Ah, Lord, let me think of the day,
When thou wast "rejected of men,"
And put the base wish far away,
And never be fearful again.
- 5 Nor less my perverseness forgive,
That when ease and prosperity come,

Thy servant is willing to live,
And his exile prefers to his home:
Ah, Lord, what a creature am I!
Sure nothing can heighten my guilt;
Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,
And make me whatever thou wilt.

Hymn 116 **C.M.**
*"Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown;
but we an incorruptible."—1 Cor. 9. 25.*

- 1 Let others labour to possess
A temporary fame,
We cannot be content with less
Than an immortal name.
- 2 Not such as poets can bestow
On those whom they extol;
The brightest honours here below
For us are far too small.
- 3 The honour we desire to have,
From God alone descends;
The honour that survives the grave,
That never, never ends.
- 4 A real immortality,
Substantial blessedness,
'Tis this we seek, nor can we be,
Though poor, content with less.
- 5 For ever be his name adored,
Who bids us hope for this!
Eternal honour to the Lord,
Who saved and made us his.
- 6 Yes, 'tis our hope, that through his love,
We shall at last arise
And from the spring of life above
Drink everlasting joys.

Hymn 117 **8.8.6.8.8.6.**
*"Blessed is he whose transgression is
forgiven."—Psalm 32. 1.*

- 1 How blest is he, whom God forgives,
The man, who by his favour lives,
And hopes to see his face;
The child of God by heavenly birth,
He scorns the highest place on earth,
For yonder higher place.
- 2 The God he serves is God alone,
He fills yon bright, eternal throne,
The power and kingdom his;

He rules, he reigns with sovereign sway,
And they who will not, must obey:

His arm almighty is.

- 3 When he forgives, then peace is known,
The peace that comes from him alone:
The sacred peace of God;
And hope, that lifts the soul on high,
That points to yonder world of joy,
And lightens every load.
- 4 How blest is he whom God forgives;
The man who by his favour lives,
In hope already blest;
But O what joys await him there,
Where saved from sin, from toil, from
fear,
He gains his heavenly rest!

Hymn 118

7.7.7.7.

*"How great is thy goodness, which thou hast
laid up for them that fear thee."*—

Psalms 31. 19.

- 1 Lord, 'tis good to know thy grace,
Better still to taste thy love;
Best of all to see thy face,
In the realms of light above.
- 2 There it is thy people rest;
Rest from toil, and rest from strife;
And of blessedness possessed,
There they live an endless life.
- 3 O what good thou hast prepared,
For thy people in that day;
When, thyself their "great reward,"
Thou wilt wipe their tears away.
- 4 Something seen but darkly here,
Tasted only, not enjoyed;
There possessed, and without fear,
Pleasure, full and unalloyed.
- 5 Such the prospect is for those,
Who on earth confess thy name;
Who in presence of thy foes,
Bear the cross, nor shun the shame.
- 6 Welcome, Lord, reproach for thee;
Thou hast borne our guilt and shame;
Everlasting honour be,
To thy great, thy glorious name.

State of Wrath

Hymn 119

L.M.

"Where their worm dieth not."—*Mark 9. 44.*

- 1 Whence come those loud and mournful
cries,
That speak a mind bereft of joy?
They come from him who yonder lies,
Where flames devour, but don't destroy.
- 2 I wonder not that he should fill
The world with loud incessant cries;
He feels no joy, nor ever will:
His foe the worm that never dies.
- 3 One drop of water! one! he cries:
Unhappy wretch! what woe is thine!
While Justice with a frown replies,
"It cannot be—the prisoner's mine."
- 4 Beholding such a sight as this,
Let things eternal be my care;
And never may my case be his,
Whom God abandons to despair.
- 5 I'll keep in view the sinner's friend,
Whose arms I see extended wide:
At sight of him my terrors end;
His merit all my guilt will hide.

Hymn 120

8.7.8.7.7.7.

*"I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood,
Live."*—*Ezek. 16. 6.*

- 1 When we lay in sin polluted,
Wretched and undone we were,
All we saw and heard was suited
Only to produce despair;
Ours appeared a hopeless case,
Such it had been, but for grace.
- 2 As we lay exposed and friendless,
Needing what no hand could give,
Then the Lord (whose praise be endless)
Passed by, and bid us live;
This was help in time of need,
This was grace, 'twas grace indeed.
- 3 When he came, he found us guilty,
We had broken all his laws;
When he looked, he saw us filthy,
All corrupt our nature was;
Ours appeared a hopeless case,
'Twas the time to show his grace.

- 4 Yes, 'twas grace beyond all measure,
When he bid such sinners live,
Laid aside his just displeasure,
And determined to forgive;
But he chose our hopeless case,
With a view to show his grace.
- 5 And shall we be found forgetful
Of the Lord, who thus forgave?
Lord, our hearts are most deceitful,
'Tis in thee our strength we have;
Should'st thou let thy people go,
They'd forget how much they owe.
- 6 Keep us then, O keep us ever!
While we stand, 'tis in thy strength;
Leave us not, forsake us never,
Till we see thy face at length!
Hold thy helpless people fast,
Save us, Lord, from first to last.

Christ a King

Hymn 121

7.9.7.9.

"Hosanna to the Son of David."—Matt. 21. 9.

- 1 Lo! he comes, 'tis Zion's King,
Rejoice ye, whom his grace has savèd;
Let the saints together sing,
"HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID."
- 2 Though in lowly guise a King,
And long his people were enslavèd;
Freed by him they now may sing,
"HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID."
- 3 Strike, ye saints, a cheerful string,
Your King for you all dangers bravèd;
Were ye mute, the stones would sing,
"HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID."
- 4 Though the world no plaudits bring,
The world by Satan still enslavèd;
Yet angelic voices sing,
"HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID."
- 5 Heaven's high arches soon shall ring,
While angels join with all the savèd;
And while both together sing,
"HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID."

Hymn 122

C.M.

"Great is the Lord."—Psalm 48. 1.

- 1 How glorious is the King today!
How glorious Israel's King!
With truth his people thus may say,
And well his praise may sing.
- 2 He makes his goodness pass before
His wondering people's eyes;
And feeds them with a boundless store
Of satisfying joys.
- 3 He meets them with a smiling face,
And with a father's voice;
He bids them triumph in his grace,
And in his name rejoice.
- 4 Their praise with favour he receives,
And hearkens when they pray;
Forgives their sins, their wants relieves,
And leads them in the way.
- 5 To Israel's God be glory given,
The God whom saints adore,
On earth, and in the highest heaven,
Both now and evermore.

Hymn 123

8.7.8.7.4.7.

"The Lord is our king."—Isaiah 33. 22.

- 1 'Tis to thee we owe allegiance,
God our Saviour and our King;
May we render true obedience;
Every day our tribute bring,
And with rapture,
Of thy love and glory sing.
- 2 May we bow to thy dominion,
Yielding to thy righteous sway;
Careless of the world's opinion,
May we all thy will obey:
Saviour lead us;
Lead us in the perfect way.
- 3 Thine is greatness never-wasting:
High thou art, with glory crowned:
Thine a kingdom everlasting:
Grace and Truth thy throne surround;
While all others
Vanish, and no more are found.
- 4 Happy they whom thou dost govern!
Great their peace, their honour great;

Thee beholding, thee their Sovereign,
Thee enthroned in royal state:
Happy people,
Who before thee ever wait!

- 5 O may we, through grace unbounded
Reach that place, that honour share!
Thou, on whom our hopes are founded,
See us needing all thy care:
O preserve us!
Thee we serve, and thine we are.

Hymn 124 L.M.
"Hail, King of the Jews!"—John 19. 3.

- 1 Jesus, we hail thee Israel's King;
To thee our tribute, Lord, we bring;
Nor do we fear to bow the knee;
They worship God, who worship *thee*.
- 2 Hail, Israel's King, enthroned in light,
Whose glory never shone more bright,
Than when, by trembling friends
betrayed,
Thy foes insulting homage paid.
- 3 Then did admiring angels see
Divine forbearance, Lord, in thee;
With emphasis pronounced thee *good*;
And heaven and earth contrasted stood.
- 4 An object of contempt beneath,
And judged by men to suffer death:
By angels owned, admired, adored,
The great, the everlasting Lord!
- 5 Reign, mighty King, for ever reign!
Thy cause throughout the world maintain;
Let Israel's God his triumphs spread,
And crowns of glory wreath his head.

Christ a Priest

Hymn 125 6.6.6.6.8.8.
*"Having an high priest over the house of
God."—Heb. 10. 21.*

- 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 He sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

- 3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,
An 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 brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

Christ a Prophet

Hymn 126 C.M.
"Him shall ye hear."—Acts 7. 37.

- 1 Great Prophet of the ransomed church,
Command the light to shine;
For stores of wisdom let us search,
Thy word the sacred mine.
- 2 Jesus, sole oracle of truth,
O may we learn of thee!
Receive true wisdom from thy month,
And live from error free.
- 3 Of future things content to know
As much as thou hast taught;
Not idly curious here below,
In things that profit not.
- 4 One great event, by thee foretold,
Teach us to keep in view;
Thy coming!—when we shall behold,
And share thy glory too.
- 5 Till then, let all thy people here,
Walk with increasing light;
And when thy glory shall appear,
Welcome the joyful sight.