

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HYMNAL

A Companion Volume
to
William Gadsby's Selection

Intended for Children and Young People

2008

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PREFACE

It has long been felt desirable that an entirely new hymnbook for children and young people should be published, a hymnbook containing the best hymns from various selections. To this end many hymnbooks have been carefully searched for suitable hymns – new and old, well known and little known – this little hymnbook being the result.

The vital point that has constantly been in view is *soundness in the truth*. It is for this reason that a few of the very popular children's hymns have, after careful consideration, been omitted. For the same reason a few amendments have been made here and there; these have been kept as few as possible. *Simplicity of language* has been aimed at so that many of the hymns can be understood by even the smallest children. At the same time it has been borne in mind that the hymnbook will be used by teenagers, we trust in some cases where the work of grace is begun. Language of very high personal assurance has generally been avoided though just a few of our beautiful hymns, containing the language of assurance, appear.

One special feature of the hymnbook is the section on Bible narratives. An attempt has been made to find suitable hymns on all the important incidents, both of the Old and New Testaments. Many of these, though comparatively little known, were written by Newton and Cowper, and so are of high poetic quality. Also, a section containing paraphrases of some of the Psalms appears at the end, many having felt that the singing of Psalms is neglected among us.

As the Companion Tune Book contains no tune to several of the hymns, the Tune Book Committee is preparing a suitable supplement.

Acknowledgement is made to the National Christian Education Council for permission to use hymn 135, and to the Oxford University Press for hymn 144. Every effort has been made to check if a copyright exists. If any copyright has unknowingly been infringed, we regret this and will seek to rectify it in any future edition.

Grateful acknowledgement is made of the help received in various ways. Especial thanks are due to those friends who have spent many hours typing out the hymns for publication.

We desire that this hymnbook may be to the glory of God, and that it will come to be loved in our Sabbath schools as William Gadsby's Selection is in so many of our chapels. May our young people and children be divinely taught to sing praises to the Lord with heart and understanding, and at last be favoured to "join in the everlasting song, and crown Him Lord of all."

The Hymnbook Sub-Committee
January 1973

INTRODUCTION TO THE SUPPLEMENT

For a long time it has been felt that the value of our Young People's Hymnal would be increased by adding a Supplement containing well-known, well-loved hymns.

It will be noticed there are only a few children's hymns in the new Supplement, most of the suitable ones having already appeared.

The one point that needed careful consideration was that many of the best-loved hymns contain language of very high assurance. We believe it is right to include them (though a few of the exceedingly high expressions have been modified) because:

1. This is a Young People's Hymnal, not just a hymnbook for children, and is in fact on occasions used by older people also.

2. To exclude beautiful hymns like "Immortal honours" and "The sands of time" would impoverish the Supplement.

3. We trust that many will sing these hymns *as a prayer* where they dare not "claim a portion so divine."

In the interest of divine truth, a few words have been altered in some of the hymns.

Our desire is the honour and glory of God, and that young and old together may be taught by the Holy Spirit to sing "with the heart, and with the understanding also."

The Young People's Hymnal Sub-Committee
January 2002

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The hymns in the supplement are in alphabetical order.

PRAISE

1

C.M.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 3 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thy endless praise.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

2

8.7.4.

- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Praise Him, praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;

PRAISE

Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race;
Praise Him, praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

3

7s.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day.

PRAISE

God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

4

L.M.

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

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

5

C.M.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
The dear Redeemer's praise,

PRAISE

The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

- 2 Jesus, the Name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!
- 3 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

6

6.6.8.4.D.

- 1 The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love!
Jehovah! Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blessed.
- 2 The God, who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!"

PRAISE

Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be!
Jehovah! Father! Great I AM!
We worship Thee!”

3 Before the Saviour’s face
The ransomed nations bow,
O’erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows His prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb!

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
“Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!”
They ever cry.
Hail! Abraham’s God, and mine!
I’d join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise!

7

L.M.

1 Praise ye the Lord! ’tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works unite
To make this effort our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom’s vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

PRAISE

- 3 Sing to the Lord, extol Him high,
Who spreads the clouds around the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 But saints are lovely in His sight;
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear;
And looks, and loves His image there.

8

7.7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 Little children, join to sing
Glory, glory to our King;
Christ is risen from the dead,
Crowns unfading wreath His head.
He is Conqueror o'er the grave!
Mighty to redeem and save!
- 2 Now behold Him high enthroned,
Mercy beaming from His face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace;
Little children, join to sing
Glory, glory to our King.
- 3 Jesus, on us deign to shine,
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues;

PRAISE

May we with the blest combine,
Share their joy and swell their songs;
And with hearts and voices sing
Glory, glory to our King.

9

L.M.

- 1 Give to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;

PRAISE

His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

10

S.M.D.

- 1 Crown Him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own:
 Awake, blest soul, and sing
 Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
 Through all eternity.
- 2 Crown Him the Son of God
 Before the world began.
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
 Crown Him the Son of Man,
 Who every grief hath known
 That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
 That we in Him may rest.
- 3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
 Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
 For those He came to save;
 His glories now we sing,
 Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
 And lives, that death may die.
- 4 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
 Enthroned in worlds above,

PRAISE

Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

11

7s.

- 1 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

PRAISE

- 6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

12

L.M.

- 1 O bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours His blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies!
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to His care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of His love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy or endless pains.

13

8.7.D

- 1 Mighty God, while angels bless Thee,
May we sing Thy glorious Name?
Lord of all the vast creation,
High in honour, power, and fame;
Children though we be, and sinful,
Wilt Thou, Lord, our song disdain?

PRAISE

Children praised Thee in the temple;
We would praise Thee, Lord, again.

2 Child of sorrows once was Jesus,
Mean His lot, His mother poor;
Love like His should sure amaze us,
Who can tell the griefs He bore?
Oft the day He spent in troubles;
Oft the night in secret prayer;
Sinners, whom He loved so dearly,
Little thought what love was there.

3 All His holy ways mistaken,
All His gracious words denied;
Stretched upon the cross, forsaken,
There He bowed His head and died.
'Twas to save His saints from dying,
He did suffer on the tree;
If upon His blood relying,
Who so happy, Lord, as we?

14

C.M.

1 Creatures, now all your voices raise,
And join me in my song,
It is my Maker's wondrous praise,
Should now employ my tongue.

2 But O, this tongue so fitly made,
To sound His Name abroad,
Is far less able, without aid,
Than birds to praise the Lord.

PRAISE

- 3 The wind and tempest, moon and sun,
The powers of earth and sea,
Can better praise the Three-in-One
Than a poor child like me.
- 4 They never did their God offend,
Sin does our powers destroy,
Mankind is dumb because of sin
In every girl and boy.
- 5 But should the dear Redeemer speak,
And take our guilt away,
Our tongues, like angels, no more weak,
Shall praise Him more than they.

15

8.7.D.

- 1 Once in shouts of lofty praises,
Jewish children hailed their King,
Made old Salem's glorious temple
With their glad Hosannas ring.
While from infant lips ascended
Notes of joy and words of praise,
Jesus bowed His ear with pleasure,
Glad to hear their simple lays.
- 2 Jesus now, enthroned in glory,
Stoops to hear when children sing;
If they're brought indeed to know Him,
And to own Him as their King;
If, convinced of their own vileness,
To His cross for refuge flee;
On His blood their hopes reposing,
Peace they taste at Calvary.

PRAISE

- 3 Soon the hour of death is coming,
 Soon before Jehovah's face
All must stand to hear their sentence;
 Happy those who're saved by grace;
They shall join the host of heaven,
 And their glad Hosanna sing
To the Lord of life and glory,
 Jesus Christ, their Saviour King.

16

C.M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name,
 Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye souls redeemed of Gentile race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 Throughout this earthly ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 We too, amid the sacred throng,
 Low at His feet would fall,

PRAISE

Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

GOD

17

C.M.

- 1 Great God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee!
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To Thy immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears –
Great God! there's nothing new!
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While Thy eternal thought moves on
Thy undisturbed affairs.
- 6 Great God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee!

18

11.12.12.10.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the
 glassy sea,
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
 Thee,
 Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not
 see;
 Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth
 and sky, and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

19

C.M.

- 1 Holy and reverend is the Name
 Of our eternal King;
 "Thrice holy Lord!" the angels cry;
 "Thrice holy," let us sing.
- 2 Holy is He in all His works,
 And truth is His delight;

GOD

But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from His sight.

- 3 With sacred awe pronounce His Name,
Whom words nor thought can reach,
A broken heart shall please Him more
Than the best forms of speech.

20

C.M.

- 1 None is like God, who reigns above,
So great, so pure, so high;
None is like God, whose Name is love,
And who is always nigh.
- 2 In all the earth there is no spot
Excluded from His care;
We cannot go where God is not,
For He is everywhere.
- 3 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
Wherever we may be.

21

L.M.

- 1 Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.
- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No, for a constant watch He keeps
O'er every thought of every soul.

GOD

- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone,
On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven, He frowns in hell,
He fills the earth, the air, and sea;
I must within His presence dwell,
I cannot from His anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee, He shows me where,
To Jesus Christ 'tis safe to fly;
For those who seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in His eye.

22

L.M.

- 1 I'm not too young for God to see,
He knows my name and nature, too,
And all day long He looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.
- 2 He listens to the words I say,
And knows the thoughts I have within;
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see me if I sin.
- 3 O how could children tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
If they remembered God was by,
And had them always in His sight?
- 4 If some good minister is near,
It makes us careful what we do;

GOD

And how much more we ought to fear
The Lord, who sees us through and through.

- 5 Then when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
O may I always think of this,
I'm not too young for God to see.

23

C.M.

- 1 Where'er I am, whate'er I do,
Cannot concealèd be,
For God from His exalted throne,
Does always look at me.
- 2 The secret thought within my heart
No mortal eye can see;
But God beholds it moving there;
He always looks at me.
- 3 I cannot from His presence go,
Nor from His Spirit flee;
He is Himself in every place,
And always looks at me.
- 4 If I am led to fear Thy name,
To love and worship Thee;
Then will the words delight afford;
"God always looks at me."

24

C.M.

- 1 God is in heaven. Can He hear
A little prayer like mine?

GOD

- Yes, that He can; I need not fear;
He'll listen unto mine.
- 2 God is in heaven. Can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can; He looks at me
All day and all night long.
- 3 God is in heaven. Would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes; though I said it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.
- 4 God is in heaven. Does He care,
Or is He good to me?
Yes; all I have to eat and wear,
'Tis God that gives it me.
- 5 God is in heaven. May I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes; all who seek Him shall one day
Dwell with Him in the sky.

25

C.M.

- 1 Great God, how wonderful art Thou
In all Thy works and ways,
To Thee should all Thy creatures bow,
And meditate Thy praise.
- 2 The summer's heat, the winter's cold,
The seasons all proclaim,
As each their various scenes unfold,
Thy goodness still the same.

GOD

- 3 Thy mighty hand, Thy watchful care,
Direct each fleeting hour,
And nature's countless forms declare
Thy wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 But in the Saviour's work divine,
We learn the wondrous plan,
Where justice, love, and mercy join
To save rebellious man.

26

112th.

- 1 Great God of wonders, all Thy ways,
Are matchless, Godlike and divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace,
More Godlike and unrivalled shine;
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's Name
With an incomparable blaze:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

GOD

- 4 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This Godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

THE LORD JESUS

27

His Birth

C.M.

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 “Fear not!” said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind:
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 “To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born of David’s line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 “The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands
And in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 “All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease!”

THE LORD JESUS

28

His Birth

8.7.7.

- 1 Once in royal David's city,
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
 In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little child.
- 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
 Who is God and Lord of all;
And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 May our eyes at last behold Him,
 Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child, so dear and gentle,
 Is the Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.
- 4 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high,
When like stars His children crowned,
 All in white shall wait around.

29

His Birth

7s.D.

- 1 Hark! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,

THE LORD JESUS

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb,
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

30

His Birth

Irregular

- 1 O come, all ye faithful, joyful and
triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem,
Come and behold Him, born the King of
angels,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!
- 2 God of God, Light of light,
Lo, He abhors not the virgin's womb,
Very God, begotten not created;
O come let us adore Him, etc.
- 3 Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,

THE LORD JESUS

Glory to God, in the highest;
O come let us adore Him, etc.

- 4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy
morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing,
O come let us adore Him, etc.

31

His Birth

C.M.

- 1 And was the Saviour once a child,
A little child like me?
And was He humble, meek and mild,
As little ones should be?
- 2 O why did not the Son of God
Come as an angel bright?
And why not leave His fair abode,
To come with power and might?
- 3 Because He came not then to reign
As sovereign here below;
He came to save man's soul from sin,
Whence all his sorrows flow.
- 4 And did the Son of God most high,
Consent a Man to be?
And did that blessed Saviour die
For sinners such as we?
- 5 And did the Saviour freely give
His life for sinful men?
Yes, Jesus died that souls might live;
Oh, how He loved them then!

THE LORD JESUS

32

His Birth

C.M.

- 1 “Glory to God,” the angel said,
“Good tidings lo! I bring;
In David’s city is a Babe,
Your Lord and Saviour-King.
- 2 “Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Good will to man is shown;
Let heavenly joy at Jesus’ birth
Be through the nations known.”
- 3 “Glory to God,” let man reply,
“For Christ the Lord is come;
Behold Him in a manger lie,
A stable is His home.
- 4 “Glory to God for love so mild;
How wonderful the plan,
That Jesus once became a child,
To save rebellious man.”
- 5 “Glory to God!” let saints on earth
Join in the heavenly song,
And praise Him for the Saviour’s birth
In every land and tongue.

33

His Birth

7s.

- 1 Shepherds keeping watch by night,
Saw around a glorious light,
Heard an angel’s voice proclaim,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

THE LORD JESUS

- 2 Soon by many a heavenly tongue,
“Glory be to God,” was sung;
“Peace on earth, good will to men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
- 3 O how great the Saviour’s love,
Thus to leave His throne above!
All to suffer guilt and shame,
He was “born in Bethlehem.”
- 4 Christians can with joy give praise
For this condescending grace,
This doth set their hearts in flame,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

34

His Birth

8.7.4.

- 1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o’er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation’s story,
Now proclaim Messiah’s birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o’er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant Light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son,

THE LORD JESUS

Evermore your voices raising
To the eternal Three-in-One;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

35

His Birth

L.M.

- 1 Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes:
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this Child so young and fair?
The blessed Christ Child lieth there.
- 2 Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed!
- 3 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.
- 4 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.
- 5 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more their silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:
- 6 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given;

THE LORD JESUS

While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth.

36

His Birth

8.7.

- 1 Earth has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.
- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing,
Seen in fleshly form on earth.
- 3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
- 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning;
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.
- 5 Jesus, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

37

His Birth

148th.

- 1 We'll sing, in spite of scorn;
Our theme is come from heaven:

THE LORD JESUS

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 the bright 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.

THE LORD JESUS

38

His Birth

11.10.

- 1 What star unknown, with ardent lustre beaming,
Fires all the eastern skies with wondrous light?
Ne'er till this day across the darkness gleaming
Did rays so brilliant pierce the veil of night.
- 2 To Bethlehem Ephratah pointing ever,
O'er Judah's hills those rays their glory fling,
And guide true worshippers in their endeavour
To find the Christ, and kneel before their King.
- 3 Scorn if thou wilt, proud world, the Saviour
lowly;
Despise Immanuel stooping from above;
But we will triumph in His advent holy,
And hail the abounding greatness of His love.
- 4 O, bright and morning star, shine forth
victorious;
Within our hearts thy heavenly light display;
Reveal the Saviour in His coming glorious,
And guide our footsteps in His holy way.

39

His Birth

C.M.

- 1 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful tribute bring;
And celebrate, with one accord,
The birthday of our King,
- 2 Let us with humble hearts repair
(Faith will point out the road)
To little Bethlehem, and there
Adore our infant God.

THE LORD JESUS

- 3 In swaddling bands the Saviour view!
Let none His weakness scorn;
The feeblest heart shall hell subdue,
Where Jesus Christ is born.
- 4 No pomp adorns, no sweets perfume
The place where Christ is laid;
A stable serves Him for His room,
A manger is His bed.
- 5 The crowded inn, like sinners' hearts,
(O ignorance extreme!)
For other guests, of various sorts,
Had room; but none for Him.
- 6 But see what different thoughts arise
In our and angels' breasts;
To hail His birth they left the skies,
We lodged him with the beasts!
- 7 Yet let believers cease their fears,
Nor envy heavenly powers;
If sinless innocence be theirs,
Redemption all is ours.

40

His Birth

10s.

- 1 Ye souls redeemed with Jesus' precious blood,
Proclaim the grace of your incarnate God;
Sing that amazing, boundless, matchless love,
Which brought the Lord of glory from above.
- 2 Mary's first-born was God and Man in one;
David's own God, and David's blessed Son.

THE LORD JESUS

Well might the angels wing their way to earth,
To celebrate so glorious a birth.

3 They sang, with new surprise and fresh delights,
Glory to God, in all the angelic heights;
Surrounded with God's glory, in a blaze
To heaven they fly, the incarnate God to praise.

4 Shall angels sing the honours of His Name,
And sinners, saved by grace, silent remain?
Good God, forbid! inflame us with Thy love,
And set our grovelling minds on things above.

5 This God-like mystery we will gladly sing,
And own the virgin's Babe our God and King;
Jehovah Jesus, we will Thee adore,
And crown Thee Lord of all for evermore.

41 *His Person* 7.7.8.8.7.7.

1 Who is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord! the King of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall –
Crown Him! crown Him, Lord of all!

2 Who is He in deep distress
Fasting in the wilderness?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

3 Who is He to whom they bring
All the sick and sorrowing?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

THE LORD JESUS

4 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

5 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

6 Who is He on yonder tree
Dies in grief and agony?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

7 Who is He who from the grave
Comes to succour, help, and save?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

8 Who is He who from His throne
Rules through all the worlds alone?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

42

His Person

L.M.

1 What wonders in the Saviour meet,
His head, His hands, His side, His feet,
Present to the astonished view
Eternal glories ever new.

2 Poor and despised, yet rich and loved;
Humbled to death, His throne unmoved;
A servant, and a sovereign Lord;
Reviled and murdered, yet adored.

3 Pardon and life are His to give,
He died that all His church might live;

THE LORD JESUS

Became accursed, yet deigns to bless;
He is the Lord their Righteousness.

4 He had not where to lay His head,
Although the worlds were by Him made;
He hungered, yet He thousands fed;
Sinless, and yet for sin He bled.

5 The Father's co-eternal Son,
The Friend of sinners (though undone);
The Portion all believers crave,
He's Man to suffer, God to save.

43

His Person

7.6. Iambic.

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus.
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.

2 I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor:
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.

4 I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

44

His Work

11s.

- 1 Christ could not be hid! for the sinner would
haste
Behind Him to weep at the Pharisee's feast,
To wipe with her hair, when she'd washed with
her tears
His feet, who had loved her, and silenced her
fears.
- 2 Christ could not be hid! for the blind and the
lame,
His love and His power would together
proclaim;
The dumb would speak out, and the deaf would
recall
The Name of that Jesus, who healèd them all.
- 3 Christ could not be hid! for around Him would
press
The children of sorrow, of pain, and distress;
And faith, by the hem of His garment, would
prove
What virtue there issued from Him who is love.
- 4 Christ could not be hid! for the widow of Nain
Would point to the son, now restored her again;
Would say 'twas His love, His compassion and
grace
Gave back that lost son to a mother's embrace.

45

His Work

7.6.

- 1 The Author of salvation,
The Saviour meek and mild,

THE LORD JESUS

Once took a lowly station,
Became a little child.

2 In infancy a stranger,
How mean was His abode!
His cradle was a manger,
Himself the Son of God.

3 No stain of sin nor folly,
Could ever cloud His brow;
His heart, so pure and holy,
With love did ever glow.

4 And when His foes assailed Him,
He sought but to forgive;
When to the cross they nailed Him,
He died that they might live.

46

His Work

C.M.

1 When Jesus left His Father's throne,
He chose a humble birth;
Alike unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Sweet were His words, and kind His look,
When mothers round Him pressed;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.

3 Safe from the world's alluring charms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie!

THE LORD JESUS

- 4 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strewed
Their garments on the ground.
- 5 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing!

47 *His Work* 104th

- 1 How great is the love which Jesus hath shown,
He came from above, from heaven's bright
throne,
That He might deliver poor sinners from hell,
And take them for ever in glory to dwell.
- 2 O did He come down to rescue my soul
From God's dreadful frown and Satan's control?
He came to deliver all who to Him fly,
He'll take them for ever to glory on high.

48 *His Work* 11s.

- 1 How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
His hands and His feet were once nailed to the
tree,
And all this He suffered for sinners like me.
- 2 How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!

THE LORD JESUS

When weak He supports them, when erring He
guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

- 3 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!
His glory is for them, their home is above,
And Jesus will fetch them to dwell in His love.

49 *Baptism* C.M.

- 1 Behold the Prince of glory go
To be baptized by John;
While Jordan's honoured waters flow,
Around God's Holy One.
- 2 Though many memorable things
Distinguished Jordan's shore;
It never had the King of kings,
Beneath its waves before.
- 3 The Holy Spirit like a dove,
Comes with His pinions spread,
Down from the shining realms of love,
And settles on His head.
- 4 Now speaks the Father from His throne,
(Be earth and heaven amazed),
"Jesus is My beloved Son,
In whom I am well pleased."

50 *His Death* 11.8.

- 1 Come, children, and learn of the infinite grace
Of Jesus, in coming to die;

THE LORD JESUS

- He left His bright throne, that all-glorious place,
His beautiful home in the sky.
- 2 O! think of the Lamb, who on Calvary died,
And died for such sinners as we;
The thorns on His brow, and the spear in His
side,
When He suffered and bled on the tree.
- 3 Ah! never was sorrow so bitter as this,
The anguish He suffered below;
The dear Son of God had done nothing amiss;
For others He tasted such woe.
- 4 O! think of His love, when He gave up His life
For sinners so guilty as we;
'Twas for them He finished the conflict and
strife;
'Twas for them He bled on the tree.
- 5 Dear little ones, think, is it nothing to you,
The tale of His wonderful grace?
He'll come in the clouds; will you joyfully view,
Or tremble to look on His face?
- 6 O may you be led to the Saviour who died,
And died for such sinners as we;
Find shelter from wrath in His once riven side,
Find health in His wounds on the tree.

51

His Death

L.M.

- 1 Jesus, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a Man and die;

THE LORD JESUS

And in the Bible we may see,
How very good He used to be.

- 2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.
- 3 And more than that, He told them too,
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.
- 4 But such a cruel death He died,
He was hung up and crucified;
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.
- 5 And so He died, and this is why
He came to be a Man and die:
The Bible says He came from heaven,
That souls might have their sins forgiven.
- 6 He knew how wicked men had been,
And knew that God must punish sin,
So for His people Jesus said,
He'd bear the punishment instead.

52

His Name

C.M.

- 1 'Twas God who gave the precious Name
Of Jesus to His Son,
Because He knew His gracious work
By Him would well be done.

THE LORD JESUS

- 2 The Name of Jesus Saviour means;
And such He is indeed
To all who feel the weight of sin,
And peace and pardon need.
- 3 His Name was Jesus when on earth,
His Name is Jesus now;
And God declares that to that Name
All heaven and earth shall bow.

53

His Name

8.6.8.6.8.8.7.

- 1 There is a Name which fills with praise,
The countless hosts of heaven,
And there are some to whom the joy
Of naming it is given;
Who, even in their childhood learn
Towards the cross their eyes to turn
And love the Name of Jesus.
- 2 There is a Name which sweetly tells
Of some great wonder done,
And makes the heart which knows it glad,
Though other joys he's none;
For then his life, his hope begins,
And then he finds that all his sins
Were put away by Jesus.
- 3 There is a Name which children's lips
Most happily can use,
As soon as truly in their hearts
Is hid the gospel news;
For all that's present, all that's past,

THE LORD JESUS

And every good from first to last,
They then receive from Jesus.

- 4 There is a Name which, often used,
Yet never, never tires;
And in the blessed sound of which
The dying saint expires,
Who thinks of Calvary and longs,
With sweeter note and ceaseless songs,
To praise the Name of Jesus.

54

His Name

8.7.

- 1 There's a Name, the Name of Jesus,
Far above all other names;
All in heaven delight to hear it,
All delight to hold its claims.
- 2 Ruined sinners learn its meaning,
And rejoice with those above,
Find it more than all things precious,
Taught of God that Name to love.
- 3 Many name the Name of Jesus,
Strangers to its power still;
Who they are that love Him truly,
He who reads the heart can tell.

55

His Name

C.M.

- 1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

THE LORD JESUS

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding place;
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

56

The Good Shepherd

C.M.

- 1 Shepherd of Israel, from above
Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose Thy love,
Nor wander from Thy fold.
- 2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near,

THE LORD JESUS

- To guide them lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.
- 3 Thy tender care supports the weak,
And will not let them fall;
Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to speak,
And on Thy Name to call!
- 4 We want Thy help, for we are frail:
Thy light, for we are blind;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that Thou art kind.
- 5 Teach us the things we ought to know,
And may we find them true,
And still, in stature as we grow,
Increase in wisdom too.
- 6 Guide us through life; and then at last
Receive us into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to Thy breast.

57

The Good Shepherd

C.M.

- 1 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Friend of sinners came."

THE LORD JESUS

- 3 He'll lead them to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow,
And guide them to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
'Tis safe from every snare.
- 5 O am I made a lamb indeed,
Born of a heavenly power?
My soul from death must here be freed,
Or sink to rise no more.

58

The Good Shepherd

C.M.

- 1 How carefully the shepherds keep
Their flocks within their sight,
So Jesus watches o'er His sheep,
And guards them day and night.
- 2 The shepherd numbers twice a day
The flock beneath his care;
He knows if any go astray,
Or sick or dying are.
- 3 So Jesus reckons one by one,
And numbers all His sheep;
He knows if but a lamb is gone,
For He doth never sleep.
- 4 The flocks of men are bought with gold,
And grass is all their food;

THE LORD JESUS

The sheep and lambs of Jesus' fold
Are purchased with His blood.

- 5 Each child that's wise would wish to be
One of that happy band
Who know His voice, His mercy see,
Led by His gentle hand.

59

The Good Shepherd

C.M.

- 1 Jesus, the gentle Shepherd, stands,
And calls His sheep by name;
He leads them with His mighty hands,
And feeds each tender lamb.
- 2 He loved them in the ages past,
And died that they might be
His portion while the ages last –
To all eternity.
- 3 He seeks them when they go astray,
And from the Shepherd roam;
And goes o'er many a rugged way,
To fetch His wanderers home.
- 4 He leads the lambs, with love untold,
To feed in pastures fair;
The feeblest lamb in all the fold
Receives the Shepherd's care.
- 5 Dear Jesus, may I hear Thy voice,
And learn to follow Thee.
O may Thy ways be all my choice,
To prove Thy choice of me.

THE LORD JESUS

60

The Good Shepherd

S.M.

- 1 Green pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath His beams,
Or in His shadow blest.
- 2 Secure amidst alarms
From violence or snares,
The lambs He gathers in His arms
And in His bosom bears.
- 3 The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals, and binds;
The lost He came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when He finds.
- 4 Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and His flock are one,
One Shepherd and one fold.
- 5 When the last trump shall sound,
And graves break up their sleep,
At His right hand they will be found,
They are His chosen sheep.

61

The Lamb of God

C.M.

- 1 The Lamb of God! O lovely word,
How tender and how meek,
The sweetest title of the Lord
A child can learn to speak.

THE LORD JESUS

- 2 What is so gentle and so mild,
So harmless as a lamb?
Just such is Jesus to the child
Who loves His holy Name.
- 3 A lamb is white and spotless, too,
Its wool is soft and clean;
The Lamb of God is pure as snow,
And undefiled by sin.
- 4 “Behold the Lamb of God,” said John,
And two disciples heard;
Open our eyes to look upon,
This sacred, holy word.

62

A Friend

8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

- 1 There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear Name He bears.
- 2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

THE LORD JESUS

- 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.
- 4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour
And loved His Name below.
- 5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.
- 6 There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And palms of victory;

THE LORD JESUS

All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant these little children
To know Thee as their own.

63

His Tenderness

8.7.4.

- 1 'Tis the tender hearted Jesus,
Who could weep o'er human woe,
None but this dear Friend could ease us,
Could such deep compassion show,
Man's transgression
Marred His face and bruised Him too.
- 2 See a widow hopeless crying,
She has lost her only son,
Jesus meets her, and her sighing
Touches this most tender One,
Soon He helps her,
Speaks – gives life – her grief is gone.
- 3 How He weeps to see that city
Given up to unbelief,
He could see with tender pity,
(And this melted Him with grief),
Near to ruin,
But they had no will or faith.
- 4 May a child ask one petition?
Tender Jesus, hear and give,
Let me share in Thy compassion,
Pity me, and bid me live;
All the glory,
Thou, kind-hearted Lord, shalt have.

64

His Death

C.M.

- 1 On Calvary's cross the Saviour died,
Then in the grave was laid,
But long He did not there abide,
His power was soon displayed.
- 2 The massive stone, the watchful guard
Could not Him there confine;
He, as the mighty conquering Lord,
Arose by power divine.
- 3 Yes, the amazing work was done,
Redemption was complete;
Hence He ascended to the throne,
Where saints bow at His feet.
- 4 But this will only profit them,
Who're taught by grace to see
There's beauty in the bleeding Lamb,
And to His cross to flee.

65

His Death

L.M.

- 1 What empty things can mortals trust!
What vanities they make their boast!
He boasts aright, whose boast must be
In Calvary's sin-atoning tree.
- 2 When earth, and all its works decay,
And elements shall melt away,
This ground of trust shall never flee,
Rich Calvary's sin-atoning tree.

THE LORD JESUS

- 3 When earthly riches fade away
As tapers in the blaze of day,
The Christless rich shall wretched be;
Then rich the boast in Calvary's tree.

66

His Resurrection

7s.D.

- 1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume;
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling while the crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.
- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ has risen from the dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice,
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.
- 3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed.
On Himself your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morn will bring you joy.

THE LORD JESUS

67

His Resurrection

7s.

- 1 Christ is risen from the grave,
Christ, the Lamb for sinners slain,
He who died the church to save,
Is returned to life again.
- 2 Early from the rocky tomb,
Where His lifeless form they laid,
See, the Prince of life is come;
Christ is risen from the dead.
- 3 Shepherd of His ransomed sheep,
Now He lives, to die no more;
Death could not the Saviour keep,
When His work of love was o'er.
- 4 Now they need not fear the grave,
Though they die and turn to dust,
Whom the grace of Christ doth save;
Christ is risen, in whom they trust.

68

His Resurrection

7s.

- 1 Christ, the Lord, is risen today,
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won,
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

THE LORD JESUS

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?
- 5 Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet, triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!
- 6 Christ, the Lord, is risen today,
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

69

His Exaltation

C.M.

- 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,

THE LORD JESUS

- 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.

70

His Intercession

148th.

- 1 The 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.

THE LORD JESUS

3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His:
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory He will come
And take His waiting people home.

71

His Kingdom

8.7.4.

- 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;

THE LORD JESUS

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.

72

His Reign

L.M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power
Death and the curse are known no more.

THE LORD JESUS

In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

- 6 Let every creature rise and bring,
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

73

L.M.

- 1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare:
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

74

L.M.

- 1 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort! heavenly Guide!
Still o'er Thy holy church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

75

S.M.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of Hosts, the Mighty God,
The eternal Prince of Peace.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart.
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Then shall we know, and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

76

S.M.

- 1 O may the Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
The truth which all His servants preach,
And all His saints believe.
- 2 Now we can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake their great concern,
Whose ransom cost His blood.
- 3 And now He reigns above,
He sends His Spirit down
To show the wonders of His love,
And make His gospel known.
- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read His Word,
And have not learned in vain.

77

7s.

- 1 Gracious Spirit, Dove divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
With atoning blood and love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free,

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart,
Dwell Thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

78

S.M.

1 To God the Spirit we
With Scripture do ascribe,
A Person in the sacred Three,
Distinct from all beside.

2 He wills, and speaks, and acts
For God to sinful men:
And writes within us gospel facts
With an immortal pen.

3 The things of God most deep
He searches and reveals:
And when for sin and guilt we weep,
Our souls with blood He heals.

4 To Him all things are known;
And here His Godhead shines,
Who brings the truth from Jesus' throne,
In bright celestial lines.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

- 5 Thus we of Him will tell,
 And spread His praise abroad;
As God distinct, yet one as well
 In Israel's triune Lord.

CREATION

79

7.6. and refrain

- 1 All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

- 2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings:
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
All things bright, etc.

- 3 The rich man in his castle;
The poor man at his gate;
He made them high and lowly,
And ordered their estate.
All things bright, etc.

- 4 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning,
The brightness of the sky.
All things bright, etc.

- 5 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.
All things bright, etc.

CREATION

- 6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things bright, etc.

80

L.M.

- 1 Yes, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
“God made us all, and God is good.”
- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night’s sparkling hosts all seem to say
In accents clear, that God is good.
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whisper, “God is good.”
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, “God is good.”
- 5 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God’s own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

81

7s.

- 1 Come, behold the midday sun
Shed around his golden light,
Every leaf that meets his ray
Glitters gaily to the sight.
- 2 God is good, He made the sun,
Blessing everything that lives;
God, who light, and joy, and good
To each living being gives.
- 3 He who formed the seeing eye,
He who made the hearing ear,
Gave each beauty we behold,
Each delightful sound we hear.
- 4 But there is another gift,
All important, for we know,
Without this – 'tis saving grace,
We to glory cannot go.

82

C.M.D.

- 1 Who taught the little birds to sing
Their songs so glad and free?
Who taught them how to build their nests
Away up in the tree?
Who taught the busy little bees
To gather honey sweet,
And showed them how to store it up,
For boys and girls to eat?
- 2 Who made the golden buttercups,
And taught them how to grow?

CREATION

Who kept them through the winter time
Down underneath the snow?
Who made the pretty daisies white?
And gave them hearts of gold?
Who told them in the summer time
Their petals to unfold?

- 3 Who made the sun so warm and bright
To shine through all the day?
Who makes it sink to rest at night,
And rise up in the day?
Who made the shining stars so bright,
And placed them in the sky?
Who keeps them twinkling all the night
Above our heads so high?

- 4 'Tis God, the heavenly Father good,
Who made and cares for all,
For birds, and bees, and shining stars;
He knows if one should fall.
And if He cares for little things,
And tells them what to do,
He surely loves His children more,
And watches o'er them too.

83

C.M.

- 1 There's not a tint that paints the rose
Nor decks the lily fair,
Nor streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.
- 2 There's not of grass a single blade
Nor leaf of loveliest green,

CREATION

Where heavenly skill is not displayed
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But heaven gave it birth.

4 There's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.

84

C.M.

1 Nature is very beautiful,
Her forms extremely fair,
Her aspects give a real joy,
That all mankind may share.

2 The changing sky, the mighty sea,
The verdant, fruitful fields,
The lofty peaks, and fertile vales,
Each its own pleasure yields.

3 The rainbow's hues, the sunset's glow,
The rose's tender blush,
The moon's pale beam, which changes all
To silver with her touch.

4 The babbling stream, the rustling leaves,
The birds' sweet carefree songs,
The drowsy hum of anxious bees,
To nature's mirth belongs.

CREATION

- 5 But O! may nature draw my heart
From earth to nature's God,
And may I feel that He is mine,
O'er all created good.
- 6 O may I know His special love,
Displayed to His own choice,
All nature does His goodness prove,
But may I hear His voice.

85

C.M.

- 1 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn my eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 2 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.
- 3 All creatures, numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee.
But God is present there.
- 4 In heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.

- 1 I sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 His hand is our perpetual guard,
He sees us with His eye;
And yet how we forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh.

PROVIDENCE

87

C.M.

- 1 O wondrous wheel of providence,
Held in Jehovah's hand;
Mysterious to the sons of sense,
Moved by divine command!
- 2 Each of time's changes, like a spoke,
Proceeds from God, its source;
Each fills its station, none are broke,
All aid its wondrous course.
- 3 Its circle reaches earth's wide bound,
Its axis is God's will;
On His decrees it must go round
Till He shall say, "Be still."
- 4 Let atheists vainly talk of chance,
I would this wheel adore,
Which rules and guides each circumstance
Which angels can't explore.
- 5 Through seas, o'er hills it makes its way,
Though earth and hell oppose;
'Tis hastening on the last great day,
Its wonders to disclose.

88

S.M.

- 1 Say not, my soul, from whence
Can God relieve thy care,

PROVIDENCE

Remember that Omnipotence
Hath servants everywhere.

- 2 His method is sublime,
His thoughts supremely kind;
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.

89

C.M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

PROVIDENCE

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

90

7s.

- 1 There's a God in Israel still,
Lives and reigns, and works His will,
For His people ever cares,
All He is or has is theirs.
- 2 Providence for them He shows,
And His loving heart still glows;
All things must work for their good,
They are sons and heirs of God.
- 3 All within and all without,
Fiery trials, fears, or doubts,
Every storm He will control,
For thy good, thou troubled soul.
- 4 Leave thee? No, He never will,
Though thy heart with sorrow fill,
Though thy heart within thee faint,
Sink it can't, thou trembling saint.

91

7s.

- 1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise;
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

PROVIDENCE

- 2 His decree who formed the earth
Fixed my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.
- 3 He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness; times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.
- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste the Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

92

10s.

- 1 There is an overruling providence,
That wisely marshals every circumstance;
Heaven, air, and seas, and this terrestrial ball,
With their contents, are all at His control.
- 2 There's not a particle of dust can fly,
A sparrow fall, or cloud obscure the sky,

PROVIDENCE

A moth be crushed, or leaf fall from a tree.
But in submission to His wise decree.

- 3 He raiseth men to sceptres and a crown,
And at His pleasure treads the monarch down,
His wise decrees as firm as heaven do stand,
He's in one mind, though oft He turns His hand.
- 4 He must and will at all times keep in view
His glory, and His people's welfare too;
Bright days, dark nights, the furnace or the
flood,
He overrules for Zion's real good.

93

C.M.

- 1 Lord, I should own Thy tender care,
And all Thy blessings free;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.
- 2 'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.
- 3 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here,
But what is sent from heaven.
- 4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.

- 1 Now that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
'Twere well if ere I further run,
My soul were brought to God.
- 2 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretell:
But if the Lord will be my Friend,
I know all will be well.
- 3 Then if my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here,
Since God regards the orphan's cry,
What should I have to fear?
- 4 Should I be rich, He'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand,
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of His hand.
- 5 Should I be poor, He can supply
Who has my table spread:
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills His poor with bread.
- 6 And if, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
I'm made submissive to His will,
I need not ask for more.

SIN

95

L.M.

- 1 If Thou, O Lord, should'st be severe,
Where would the race of man appear,
Who could Thy piercing sight abide,
Or who, with Thee, be justified?
- 2 My thoughts were evil from my birth,
My passions wild and vile as earth;
Impurity still reigns within,
And my best deeds partake of sin.
- 3 I have no worth nor works to boast;
If Thou art strict, my soul is lost;
The righteousness of faith I need,
And mercy! mercy! Lord, I plead.
- 4 For the dear sake of Christ alone,
My soul at last accept and own;
And let me in Thy presence shine,
A trophy of Thy grace divine.

96

C.M.

- 1 The heart by nature is defiled
And closed against the Lord;
Nor can it e'er be reconciled
Till conquered by His Word.
- 2 Yet Jesus can its power subdue,
Satan and sin dethrone,

SIN

His image in the soul renew
And melt the heart of stone.

3 He draws the heart to heavenly things,
And writes His laws therein;
And where the reign of Christ begins
There ends the reign of sin.

4 Our ears He opens to His Word,
Our eyes to see His face,
Our mouths He opens to record
The wonders of His grace.

97

C.M.

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason debased can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, eternal Spirit, Thine,
To form the heart anew.

4 To chase the shades of death away
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.

98

C.M.

- 1 A little, 'tis a little word,
 But much may in it dwell;
Then let the warning truth be heard:
 O learn the lesson well.
- 2 The way of ruin thus begins,
 Down, down, like easy stairs,
If conscience suffers little sins,
 Soon larger ones it bears.
- 3 A little theft, a small deceit,
 Too often leads to more;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet,
 As through an open door.
- 4 Just as the broadest rivers run
 From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
 Have grown from little things.
- 5 The child who early disobeys,
 Stands now on slippery ground;
And who shall tell, in future days,
 How low he may be found?

99

C.M.

- 1 Were I to reckon sin's account,
 At least were I to try,
How dread would be the vast amount
 My soul to terrify!

SIN

- 2 Coveting, anger, pride, disdain,
A disobedient will,
And all my foolish thoughts in vain,
Would a vast volume fill.
- 3 How humble should my spirit be
Before a holy God!
Lest He should spurn, and turn from me,
And strike me with His rod.
- 4 O may I pray with earnest breath,
Before His awful throne,
And seek for mercy through the death
Of His beloved Son.

100

L.M.

- 1 Man had no sorrow, knew no shame,
When first he from his Maker came;
Good, wise and happy, all was well;
But Satan tempted, and he fell.
- 2 Behold! His Son the Father gave;
The Son descends, and dies to save!
The Spirit next to earth comes down,
The wondrous work of love to crown.
- 3 Thus, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Unite to seek and save the lost;
How vast the love of God to man!
How perfect and how wise the plan!

101

C.M.

- 1 Lord, is my heart unclean and vile
And quite unfit for Thee?
Is all my nature filled with guile,
And pride and enmity?
- 2 Can this be true, and I'm each day
So careless of my state?
Lord, stir my infant powers to pray,
A new, clean heart create;
- 3 A heart to love the Lord so good,
Who feeds me day by day;
A heart to fear His holy Word,
And turn from sin away.
- 4 O Lord, take out the heart of stone,
Where love can never be,
And give a tender, contrite one,
A dwelling fit for Thee.

102

C.M.

- 1 Almighty God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment day.

SIN

- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there,
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord! at Thy feet ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
The dear Redeemer felt,
And let His blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt!

THE GOSPEL

103

8.7.4.

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

THE GOSPEL

On the rugged tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies,
“It is finished!”
Sinner, will not this suffice?

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

104

L.M.

- 1 I hear the great Jehovah's voice,
He speaks His everlasting choice,
Tells me its spring is sovereign grace,
Its end ensures a world of bliss.
- 2 When the Lord chose the numerous seed,
He viewed them in their glorious Head;
He clearly saw their awful fall,
But made provision for them all.
- 3 For He determined ne'er to lose
The objects He had loved and chose;
From His dear sons He ne'er could part,
They lay so near His gracious heart.
- 4 Therefore, in wisdom, He decreed
A way to save the chosen seed;
Jesus, their loving Surety, stands
And answers all the law's demands.

THE GOSPEL

- 5 Jesus, to Thee we now would fly,
And on Thy precious blood rely:
Find through the conduct of Thy grace,
That we're among the chosen race.

105

C.M.

- 1 What various ways do men invent,
To give the conscience ease,
Some say, Believe; and some, Repent;
And some say, Strive to please.
- 2 But, brethren, Christ, and Christ alone,
Can rightly do the thing;
Nor ever can the way be known,
Till He salvation bring.
- 3 What mean the men that say, Believe,
And let repentance go?
What comfort can the soul receive
That never felt its woe?
- 4 Christ says, "That I might sinners call
To penitence, I'm sent";
And, "Likewise ye shall perish all,
Except ye do repent."
- 5 Those who are called by grace divine
Believe, but not alone;
Repentance to their faith they join,
And so go safely on.
- 6 But should repentance, or should faith,
Should both deficient seem,

THE GOSPEL

Jesus gives both, the Scripture saith;
Then ask them both of Him.

106

C.M.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose,
I know His courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer,
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

THE GOSPEL

- 7 But if I die, with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

107

L.M.

- 1 Do any ask the heavenly road,
The shining way that leads to God?
Then hear the blessed Jesus say,
“Come unto Me, I am the Way.”
- 2 Do any wish the truth to learn,
The good from evil to discern;
To shun the tempter in their youth?
The Saviour says, “I am the Truth.”
- 3 Do any feel the plague of sin,
Satan and death at work within?
Jesus can quell the mortal strife,
For Jesus says, “I am the Life.”

108

C.M.

- 1 How vain it is to seek to hide
From God’s all-piercing view;
His eyes are as a flame of fire,
To search us through and through.
- 2 Well might you tremble, then, to die,
While sin is unforgiven;
For no uncleansed, unpardoned soul
Can dwell with God in heaven.

THE GOSPEL

- 3 But listen to the gracious plan
The gospel brings to view –
How God the Holy and the Just
Became a Saviour, too.
- 4 A new and living way by Him
Was opened on the cross,
When Jesus suffered willingly
For souls, the righteous curse.
- 5 This is the stream can make us clean;
'Tis His most precious blood
Can make us fit to stand again
Before a holy God.

109

L.M.

- 1 God, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known:
'Tis here His richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here Jesus in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts His poverty and pains,
And tells His love in melting strains.
- 3 Man's raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides the saint his journey through.
- 4 If this blest gospel now should lie
Deep in my heart and near mine eye;

THE GOSPEL

When life's last hours my soul engage,
'Twill be my chosen heritage.

110

S.M.

- 1 Not what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.
- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.
- 4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

111

C.M.

- 1 Is there a little sinner here,
Who mourns because of sin;
And sees with grief and shame and fear,
How wicked he has been?
- 2 Is there a little aching heart,
Which does its vileness feel,

THE GOSPEL

And groans beneath that deadly smart
Which none but Christ can heal?

- 3 Is there a little soul that pants
To taste redeeming grace,
And longs to pour out all its wants
Before the Saviour's face?
- 4 Fear not, poor little trembling thing,
With cruel scorn to meet;
To Christ your sins and sorrows bring,
And lay them at His feet.
- 5 He is a kind and gracious Lord,
Love fills His gentle breast;
"Come unto Me," is His own word,
"And I will give you rest."
- 6 Think how He answered praying Paul,
And sinking Peter, too;
And so, if you for mercy call,
He'll hear and answer you.

112

C.M.

- 1 And does thy labouring bosom heave?
Thy heart for Jesus sigh?
Though guilt and doublings make thee grieve
Still for His mercy cry.
- 2 If there's a space within thy breast,
That none but Christ can fill;
He died, and therefore, can give rest;
He's true, and, therefore, will.

THE GOSPEL

- 3 Did ever sinner sink to woe,
Thirsting for pardoning grace?
Ten thousand voices answer,
No! None die that seek His face.
- 4 Go then, poor leper, cast thy soul
Down at His nail-pierced feet;
He'll raise thee up; He'll make thee whole,
And all thy foes defeat.
- 5 His word, His cross, His blood, His pain,
His rising from the grave,
Ring through the earth again, again,
He's willing now to save.

THE NEW BIRTH

113

S.M.

- 1 Unless we're born again,
To heaven we cannot go;
By nature we're a mass of sin,
Guilt, wretchedness, and woe.
- 2 Unless the Holy Ghost
Eternal life impart,
Raise us from self in Christ to trust,
And give us a new heart,
- 3 We cannot bliss enjoy;
Wrath must our portion be;
With Jesus none can reign on high
Unless from sin set free.
- 4 The quickening power of God,
The love and blood of Christ,
Can save from wrath's tremendous rod,
And make our souls rejoice.

114

C.M.

- 1 Do I believe that certain truth,
From heaven the record came,
Which tells the child, the man, the youth,
Ye must be born again?
- 2 And should the Lord by death call me
Before this heavenly birth,

THE NEW BIRTH

Where Jesus is I could not be,
But sink below the earth.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, condescend
To breathe Thy life within,
This life from heaven shall never end,
If I am born again.

4 Then shall I sing with saints on high,
When this short life is o'er,
And see the Lamb who came to die,
And praise Him evermore.

115

11s. Trochaic.

- 1 Hark! 'tis Jesus speaking, speaking words of
truth,
Children give attention in your days of youth,
Hark! He speaks in accents, solemn, clear and
plain,
Glory's gates but open to the born again.
- 2 Born in sin by nature, captives of the foe;
Blind, and dead, and careless, wandering on to
woe,
Sinai thunders loudly, fire and curse and pain;
None are safe a moment but the born again.
- 3 Born again's the mourner, flying to the cross,
Jesus trusting solely, counting earth as dross,
He, through Christ the Saviour, glory shall
obtain,
Safe he is for ever, he is born again.

THE NEW BIRTH

- 4 Wearing Jesus' garment, bowing to His yoke;
Trusting to the promise lips of truth have spoke;
Grace has kindly broken Satan's cruel chain;
Jesus now's his sovereign, he is born again.

PRAYER

116

L.M.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is to saints a sure retreat,
The Saviour on His mercy-seat.
- 2 He welcomes sinners there and sheds
The Holy Spirit on their heads,
And gives with God communion sweet
At this, the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 This is the place where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 We've reason great to be afraid,
If we have never asked God's aid;
Nor sought, nor found a pardon sweet,
At Jesus' blood-stained mercy-seat.

117

L.M.

- 1 God is so good that He will hear
Whenever children truly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear,
To what the youngest child can say.
- 2 His own most holy Book declares,
He loves all seeking children still,
And that He'll hear their feeble prayers,
Just as a tender father will.

PRAYER

- 3 He will not scorn an infant tongue,
That thanks Him for His mercies given;
And when by babes His praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs ascend to heaven.
- 4 When little children trust His Word,
And seek Him for their Friend and Guide;
Their little voices will be heard,
And they will never be denied.

118

C.M.

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry. Behold, he prays!
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;

PRAYER

His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

119

C.M.

1 The Lord attends when children pray,
A whisper He can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.

2 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
Wherever we may be.

3 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.

PRAYER

- 4 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright,
Thy grace to us impart;
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve Thee with the heart.

120

S.M.

- 1 I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?
- 2 I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.
- 3 For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.
- 4 Lord, teach me what I need,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me ask Thee for Thy grace
Not feeling what I say.

121

8.7.8.7.8.7

- 1 Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

PRAYER

- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

122

8.8.6.

- 1 O love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For this I sigh, for this I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.
- 3 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:

PRAYER

My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

- 4 O that I could, with favoured John,
Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care and sin and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
 My everlasting rest.

123

6s.

- 1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things both great and small;

PRAYER

Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

124

C.M.

- 1 When I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.
- 2 Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.
- 3 And O! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:
- 4 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.
- 5 "Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end!"

125

C.M.

- 1 O that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!

PRAYER

- O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!
- 2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in Thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

126

6.4.

- 1 Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea.
- 2 Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word.

PRAYER

3 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
 To me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
 By Galilee.

4 Then shall all bondage cease,
 All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
 My All in all.

127

8.8.8.4.

1 For one great favour oft I've prayed,
Prayed that Thy love might be displayed,
In one soft word to me conveyed –
 O speak to me!

2 Thou sayest, "My sheep do hear My voice";
Am I a sheep, Lord, of Thy choice?
Speak, then, and make my heart rejoice,
 O speak to me!

3 If 'tis Thy will that I should wait
For many years at mercy's gate,
For Christ revealed to my poor heart,
 Yet speak to me!

4 Tell me I shall not wait in vain,
That I at length the Pearl shall gain,
Thus help me to my suit maintain,
 O speak to me!

128

7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 Rock of Ages, shelter me;
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands,
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 2 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

129

C.M.

- 1 Lord, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart;

PRAYER

And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my youthful heart.

- 2 A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.
- 4 To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home;
Their tears He'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek His face
Shall surely taste His love;
Jesus shall guide them by His grace,
To dwell with Him above.

130

S.M.

- 1 Jesus, the Truth, the Way,
The sure, unerring Light,
On Thee my feeble soul I'd stay,
Which Thou canst lead aright.
- 2 O may Thy Spirit, Lord,
Soon as the foe comes in,
His mighty needful help afford,
And stem the tide of sin.

PRAYER

- 3 May I from every sin,
 As from a serpent, fly;
Abhor to touch the thing unclean,
 And rather choose to die.
- 4 Myself I cannot save;
 Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in Thee I fain would have,
 Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 5 My soul to Thee alone
 I therefore now commend;
Since Jesus, having loved His own,
 Will love them to the end.

131

S.M.

- 1 Prepare me, gracious God,
 To stand before Thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
 For it is all of grace.
- 2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
 And wash me in His blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy
 Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do Thou my sins subdue;
 Thy sovereign love make known,
The spirit of my mind renew,
 And save me in Thy Son.
- 4 Let me attest Thy power;
 Let me Thy goodness prove,

PRAYER

Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

132

C.M.

- 1 Lord Jesus, draw my soul to Thee
While on this earth I stay,
O let me Thy salvation see,
Reveal Thyself I pray.
- 2 Draw me from earth and all its joys,
Draw me from Satan's snares,
O may I count these things but toys,
And seek for heavenly shares.
- 3 O may Thy Holy Spirit teach
Thy boundless, matchless worth,
And may my soul attracted be,
And sound Thy praises forth.
- 4 I want to feel Thy drawing, Lord,
I want to know Thy love,
O bind me to Thine own dear Self,
My heart's so prone to rove.
- 5 Deal with me, Lord, familiarly,
Prepare my heart for Thee,
I am so poor, so foolish, Lord,
Yet Thou canst come to me.

133

C.M.

- 1 Lord, keep me when I mix with those
Who do not fear Thy name;

PRAYER

- I'd pitying pray, yet shun Thy foes,
Though I was once the same.
- 2 O let the light that Thou hast put
Within this breast of mine,
The honour of Thy name speak out,
And in Thy presence shine.
- 3 Let me not trifle, Lord, because
Thy people can't be lost;
David was saved – but broken laws,
What woeful hours they cost!
- 4 Let me not smile when others sin,
Or help them to fill up,
For treasured wrath shall fill with stings
An endless bitter cup.
- 5 And while I may Thy sorrows share,
Keep me from guilty shame;
O make me humbly bold, nor fear
To own Thy blessed name.

134

C.M.

- 1 Shall Satan come and steal the word,
Our ears have heard today?
Jesus, Thy power can help afford,
O keep him far away.
- 2 Children, he ruined all our race,
He ruined me and you,
And now he would our lives disgrace,
And keep from Jesus too.

PRAYER

- 3 We know there's but one path of life,
Lord, draw us in that way,
And to this end, let power attend
Thy Word of grace today.

135

112th.

- 1 Lord Jesus, be Thou with us now,
As in Thy house in prayer we bow;
And when we sing, and when we pray,
Help us to mean the words we say.
Help us to listen to Thy Word,
And keep our thoughts from wandering,
Lord.

136

7s.

- 1 Jesus, cast a look most sweet
On the one that's laid aside,
We've the privilege to meet,
Which to that one is denied.
- 2 Let Thy hand the pain control,
May the heart be now awoke,
Ease the body, touch the soul,
Sanctify this heavy stroke.
- 3 Let the medicine healing prove,
To relieve the tender frame,
Kind Physician, may Thy love
Soon restore to health again.

137

7s.

- 1 Jesus! over all supreme;
Jesus! mortals' highest theme:

PRAYER

Thou whose glory Gabriel sings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

- 2 For thy blessings now we plead;
For these children intercede;
Take, O take them 'neath Thy wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
- 3 Through life's journey be their Guide,
All things that they need provide,
And in danger, let Thy wings
Keep them safely, King of kings.
- 4 If according to Thy will,
Grant a richer favour still,
Even grace (from Thee it springs);
Give them grace, Thou King of kings.

138

L.M.

- 1 Great All in all, eternal Power,
On us Thy richest blessings shower;
Inspire our hearts with ardent zeal,
And let us now Thy presence feel.
- 2 Shed on our school Thy heavenly light,
And give it favour in Thy sight:
May each young learner early find
A Saviour merciful and kind.
- 3 Direct their footsteps, God of grace;
Teach them to seek their Maker's face;
Let them Thy great salvation know,
And be their portion here below.

PRAYER

- 4 And O may we, who teach them, share
In the almighty Father's care:
In zeal and love may we be found,
And in each Christian grace abound.
- 5 Thus, when the last great trump shall sound,
To call us from beneath the ground,
May we, with these dear children, rise
To dwell for ever in the skies.

139

L.M.

- 1 Great God, our feeble efforts own,
And crown our labours with success;
Grant that the seed in weakness sown,
May soon be raised in righteousness.
- 2 On babes and children mercy show,
And let their souls before Thee live,
For we may plant and water too,
But Thou alone canst increase give.
- 3 Seal our instructions on each heart,
And teach them to observe Thy ways;
Teach them to choose the better part,
And serve Thee in their youthful days.
- 4 Then we and they, when time shall end,
Shall joyful meet Thee in the sky;
Before Thy gracious footstool bend,
And praise Thee to eternity.

140

8.7.

- 1 Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to worship Thee:
Thou art great, and high, and holy;
Meek and humble let us be.
- 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.
- 3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story,
Of our thoughts and actions too.
- 4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

141

7.7.7.5

- 1 Gentle Saviour, ever nigh,
Though adored by hosts on high,
Wilt Thou listen to the cry
Of a little child?
- 2 Cleanse my heart from every sin,
Make me pure and clean within;
Ere the cares of life begin,
Save a little child.

PRAYER

- 3 When my feet are prone to stray
From the strait and narrow way,
In that dark and evil day,
 Keep a little child.
- 4 Bless me all my journey through;
Let Thy grace my heart renew;
Make me constant, wise, and true,
 Thine obedient child.

142

C.M.

- 1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
 We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
 O grant us power to pray,
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
 Lord, meet us by the way.
- 3 Give deep humility; the sense
 Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence,
 To hear Thy voice and live;
- 4 Faith in the only Sacrifice
 That can for sin atone;
To build our hopes, to fix our eyes,
 On Christ, on Christ alone;
- 5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay;

PRAYER

Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

- 6 Give these, and then, Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We through Thy Spirit and Thy Son
Shall pray, and pray aright.

143

6.5.

- 1 Jesus, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.
- 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.
- 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.
- 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.
- 5 Then, if Thou shalt call us
To Thy heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come!

PRAYER

144

8.5.8.3.

- 1 Jesus, Friend of little children,
Be a Friend to me,
Take my hand and ever keep me
Close to Thee.
- 2 Never leave me, nor forsake me,
Ever be my Friend,
For I need Thee from life's dawning
To its end.

145

8.7.

- 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless a little child tonight;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.
- 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

146

8s.D.

- 1 Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian divine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign;

PRAYER

If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

- 2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
And watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.
Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,
Fly swift to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.
- 3 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King;
I, too, at the season ordained
Their chorus for ever would join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their gracious Creator and mine.

147

10s.

- 1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

PRAYER

- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through clouds and sunshine, O abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

THE BIBLE

148

6s.

- 1 Lord, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By the Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying.
- 6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

149

7s.

- 1 Quick and powerful is the Word,
 Sharper than a two-edged sword:
 In the Lord Jehovah's hand
 Nothing can its force withstand.
- 2 How its power was felt of old,
 They who felt its power have told;
 Many were the wonders wrought,
 Multitudes were fed and taught.
- 3 Mighty God! whose Word it is,
 Hear our prayer and grant us this:
 What Thy power has done before
 Now descend and do once more.

150

11.8.

- 1 How many good books that demand our respect,
 Deserve to be well understood;
 But one Book there is we should never neglect,
 The Bible was written by God.
- 2 How many a pleasing and marvellous tale
 This Book's sacred pages record;
 The moon once stood still over Ajalon's vale;
 The sun, too, at Joshua's word.
- 3 How Adam, through sin, lost his Eden so fair,
 The earth with the deluge was drowned;
 Of God-fearing Joseph, of Solomon's prayer,
 Are all in this Book to be found.

THE BIBLE

- 4 How David, with only a stone and a sling
The mighty Philistine o'erthrew;
How Samuel chose the young shepherd as king;
Of Ahab and Jezebel, too.
- 5 And, far more important to you and to me,
It tells of Christ's wonderful birth,
Who lay in a stable as mean as could be,
Although He created the earth.
- 6 It tells us He died to atone for vile sin,
And now lives in glory above:
That hearts where He early His work shall begin,
Shall find Him all blessing and love.
- 7 O may I more highly my Bible hence prize,
That doth such glad tidings record;
It's able to make me both holy and wise,
Through faith in the Saviour and Lord.
- 8 Though other good books may be valued and
read,
May this chiefest pleasure impart;
Though other good volumes enlighten the head,
This Book contains truth for the heart.

151

C.M.

- 1 How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide the soul to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers the drooping heart
In this dark vale of tears;

THE BIBLE

Life, light, and joy it can impart,
To quell the rising fears.

- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, can guide the way,
Till night gives way to the clear light
Of an eternal day.

152

C.M.

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 O has its heavenly light been shed
Within my darkened breast?
Have I to Jesus Christ been led,
For mercy, peace, and rest?

153

7s.

- 1 "Search the Scriptures," Jesus said,
"Where eternal life ye see;

THE BIBLE

These your study should be made,
For they testify of Me.”

- 2 Search the Scriptures, day or night,
Mines of knowledge they contain,
All who search therein aright,
Stores of heavenly wisdom gain.
- 3 Search the Scriptures evermore
With a docile, humble mind;
Light and aid from heaven implore,
All their hidden wealth to find.
- 4 Search the Scriptures, young and old,
Learn their sayings well by heart;
Half their worth can ne'er be told;
Endless blessings they impart.

154

Irregular C.M.D. or 7.6.D.

- 1 O may we love the Bible!
God's holy Book of truth!
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth;
The lamp that sheds a glorious light
On else a dreary road;
The Word that speaks a Saviour's love,
And shows the way to God.
- 2 O may we love the Bible!
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From Satan, sin, and hell.

THE BIBLE

In words of truth it tells us how
Lost souls ascend to heaven;
That all who trust in Jesus' blood,
Their sins are all forgiven.

- 3 O may we love the Bible!
That tells of Jesus' love;
Who came to earth for men to die,
And pleads for them above.
O may we love the Bible!
For which the martyrs died;
And spread the glorious truth of God
Wherever men reside.

155

C.M.

- 1 Great God! with wonder and with praise,
On all Thy works I look;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in Thy Book.
- 2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But Thy good Word informs us all
How we must rise to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy Word.
- 4 Here we are taught how Christ has died,
To save from death and hell;

Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

156

C.M.

- 1 Father of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

BIBLE NARRATIVES

Old Testament

157

Adam and Eve

C.M.

- 1 Near Eden's land, in days gone by,
A lovely garden stood:
The trees were pleasant to the eye,
The fruit was good for food.
- 2 Two holy creatures spent their days
Within that garden fair;
In love they dwelt; they sang God's praise,
And humbly knelt in prayer.
- 3 In that sweet land one tree was placed,
Their faithful love to try,
"That fruit," God said, "you shall not taste;
Who eats shall surely die."
- 4 O, why did Eve to Satan's lies
So readily attend?
Upon the fruit why fix her eyes,
Then pluck it with her hand?
- 5 No more shall Eve nor Adam stray
Within that garden fair?
An angel stands to guard the way,
That none may enter there.
- 6 But there's an Eden better far,
The Paradise of grace;
No flaming cherub hinders there
The souls who seek God's face.

158*Adam and Eve*

C.M.

- 1 How happily the moments fled
In Eden's garden fair!
For sin, the source of death and shame,
Had never entered there.
- 2 And man, the lord of that bright place,
Could most of all rejoice,
To feel his glorious Maker near,
To hear his Maker's voice.
- 3 But when, with Eve, he disobeyed,
The tempting fruit to eat,
He hid himself, and was afraid
This holy God to meet.
- 4 And, children, let me ask you why
Your hearts are full of fear,
To think you must, whene'er you die,
Before God's face appear?
- 5 'Tis sin that makes you thus afraid,
Your conscience tells within;
For surely hath the Scripture said,
"The sting of death is sin."

159*Cain and Abel*

7.6.

- 1 See the first brothers standing,
Each with his offerings brought:
Say, will the Lord accept them
In their own deed and thought?

- 2 The elder one approaches;
The product of his land
He offers the Almighty,
And there he takes his stand.
- 3 And now draws near the younger,
In faith with loving heart,
Presents a living offering,
Of his own flock a part.
- 4 That man shall be accepted
Who, being taught of God,
Comes to the throne of mercy
By the Redeemer's blood.

160

Enoch

C.M.

- 1 To walk with God: this Enoch did,
And thus God's children do;
They walk by faith, and not by sight,
With Jesus Christ in view.
- 2 To walk with God: as two dear friends
Conversing every day;
Such company will make amends
For troubles by the way.
- 3 To walk with God: that child who would,
Must first with God agree;
His sins must bring to Jesus' blood;
Get peace at Calvary's tree.
- 4 To walk with God the saints desire,
Whatever others do;

And lest they weary grow and tire
They lean upon Him, too.

- 5 O, if I'm taught to lean on God,
And trust His faithful word,
And find support in Jesus' blood,
Along earth's painful road,
- 6 Then when my journey here is done,
My happy lot will be
To sit with Jesus on His throne,
His glorious face to see.

161

The Flood

C.M.

- 1 Like as the days of Noah were,
So shall they also be,
When Christ, the Son of man, shall come,
Whom every eye shall see.
- 2 Before the flood, they ate, they drank,
And married day by day;
And knew not till the flood was come,
And took them all away.
- 3 So now men live, and buy, and sell,
And peace and safety cry,
Not knowing, in their unbelief,
That Christ the Lord is nigh.
- 4 The ark, the ark, and it alone,
Was safety in the flood,
So Jesus, and no other name,
Saves sinners by His blood.

- 5 All in the ark were very safe,
 For God had shut them in;
 So all Christ's sheep are in His hand,
 And none can pluck from Him.

162

The Rainbow

L.M.

- 1 When, deaf to every warning given,
 Man braved the patient power of heaven,
 Great in His anger, God arose,
 Deluged the world, and drowned His foes.
- 2 Vengeance, that called for this just doom,
 Retired to make sweet mercy room;
 God, of His wrath repenting, swore
 A flood should drown the earth no more.
- 3 That future ages this might know,
 He placed in heaven His radiant bow,
 The sign, till time itself shall fail,
 That waters shall no more prevail.
- 4 A sign in which by faith we read
 The covenant God with Noah made;
 A noble end and truly great;
 But something greater lies there yet.
- 5 This bow that beams with vivid light,
 Presents a sign to Christian sight,
 That God has sworn (who dares condemn?)
 He will no more be wroth with them.
- 6 Thus the believer, when he views
 The rainbow in its various hues,

May say, “Those lively colours shine
To show that heaven is surely mine.”

163

Various

C.M.

- 1 The saints should never be dismayed,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect His aid,
The Saviour will appear.
- 2 This Abr'am found: he raised the knife:
God saw, and said, “Forbear”;
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there!
- 3 Once David seemed Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand!
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.
- 4 When Jonah sank beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;
But God prepared a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.
- 5 Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
That meet us in His Word!
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord!

164

Various

C.M.

- 1 Isaac was ransomed when he lay
Upon the altar bound;

- Moses, an infant cast away,
Pharaoh's own daughter found.
- 2 Joseph, by his false brethren sold,
God raised above them all;
To Hannah's child the Lord foretold
How Eli's house must fall.
- 3 David the bear and lion slew,
And o'er Gath's champion trod;
Josiah, from his boyhood, knew
His father David's God.
- 4 To good Naomi gentle Ruth
Clave with a daughter's soul;
A little maid revealed the truth,
When Naaman was made whole.
- 5 Children have thus been made God's care,
May youths here seek His face;
Since His own Son He did not spare,
O may He give them grace.
- 6 Grace, like the young of whom we read,
Early in Him to trust;
A Friend in need, a Friend indeed,
As merciful as just.
- 7 That when like them their course they've run,
They may find God their Friend,
Safe in the footsteps of His Son,
Conducted to the end.

165

Jacob at Bethel

7s.D.

- 1 Kings are often waking kept,
Racked with cares on beds of state;
Never king like Jacob slept,
For he lay at heaven's gate;
Lo! he saw a ladder reared,
Reaching to the heavenly throne;
At the top the Lord appeared,
Spake and claimed him for His own.
- 2 "Fear not, Jacob, thou art Mine,
And My presence with thee goes:
On thy heart My love shall shine,
And My arm subdue thy foes:
From My promise comfort take,
For My help in trouble call,
Never will I thee forsake,
Till I have accomplished all."
- 3 Well does Jacob's ladder suit,
To the gospel throne of grace;
We are at the ladder's foot,
Every hour, in every place;
By assuming flesh and blood,
Jesus heaven and earth unites;
We by faith ascend to God,
God to dwell with us delights.

166

Joseph

L.M.

- 1 The Lord, how wondrous are His ways!
With humble awe repeat His praise;

His judgments are a deep profound,
Where all our scanty thoughts are drowned.

- 2 See how to Jacob's favourite son
He makes His power and wisdom known;
In him the secrets of His will
He doth mysteriously fulfil.
- 3 His brethren hate him, and contrive
His death, by whom they all must live;
He's sold at last, and made a slave,
That he their guilty lives might save.
- 4 Thus Jesus doth His brethren save,
For them His precious life He gave;
He's hated, sold, condemned, and slain,
But rises, o'er His church to reign.
- 5 His brethren bow before His throne,
And all their vile transgressions own:
Jesus, their Brother Jesus, lives,
And, with a smile, their guilt forgives.

167

Joseph

S.M.

- 1 Yes, Joseph must be sold,
A type of Christ, his Lord;
But God was with him, we are told,
And kept him by His word.
- 2 How wondrous are the ways
Of providence on earth!
The darkest and the saddest days
Are often turned to mirth.

- 3 One day in prison seen,
 Another on the throne;
 Yet every day the Lord has been
 The same toward His own.

168

Joseph

7s.D.

- 1 Joseph was the darling son,
 Jacob's heart was set on him.
 Yet loved by a higher One,
 Mercy's door closed Joseph in.
 And this mercy sweetly ran,
 Through his life from first to last,
 Childhood, youth, and up to man,
 When in prison he was cast.
- 2 Joseph hated, nearly slain,
 (See what hardened brethren do!)
 Mercy interfered again,
 Yet they stripped and sold him too;
 Poor old Jacob's heart was rent.
 Comfort he refused to share,
 But with Joseph mercy went,
 See God's wondrous timely care.
- 3 Joseph tempted, God was nigh,
 Him he feared, and loved Him too,
 Mercy prompted him to fly:
 Sin against his God? Ah, no!
 Pharaoh dreamed, and Joseph told
 'Twas the Lord gave him the light,
 Grace, sweet grace, made Joseph bold,
 He found all God's ways were right.

- 4 Ah! poor Jacob, what sayest thou?
 Great indeed's Jehovah's care;
 When thou didst with sorrow bow,
 Was not mercy blended there?
 For a time the boy is lost,
 Borne on wings of favour still;
 For a time thy way is crossed,
 Mercy comes thy cup to fill.
- 5 Joseph dying, favoured been,
 Ends a life of grace below;
 Just a hundred years and ten,
 Joseph does to glory go.
 (O to be thus greatly blessed!)
 Guarded through a world of sin,
 And by saving love caressed,
 Heaven, his home, he enters in.

169

Joseph

L.M.

- 1 How many changes Joseph passed
 Before he thirty years had known,
 He's now a slave in prison cast,
 And now exalted next the throne.
- 2 Yet grace appears in every scene,
 And gilds the various paths he trod;
 How wise, how just, how kind to men,
 How fearful of offending God!
- 3 In deep adversity oppressed,
 He's active, cheerful and resigned;
 And when with health and honour blessed,
 Humility adorns his mind.

- 4 From his example we may learn,
Should grace our favoured spirit fill,
'Twill then be our supreme concern
To please the Lord, and do His will.

170

Moses

7s.

- 1 Calm the Hebrew infant slept,
In his ark of rushes laid,
While her watch his sister kept,
Eager to afford her aid.
- 2 Soon was Pharaoh's daughter seen,
With her maidens drawing nigh;
And the ark, though small and mean,
Caught the notice of her eye.
- 3 At her bidding it was brought,
And, when opened to her view,
Feelings with such interest fraught
Pharaoh's daughter never knew.
- 4 There the lovely babe she saw
Just awaking from his sleep;
And, yet more her love to draw,
Lo! the babe began to weep.
- 5 Thus was her compassion won
By this Hebrew child forlorn;
And the babe became her son,
Moses, from the waters drawn.
- 6 Rescued from a watery grave,
Moses lived to serve the Lord,

Lived the chosen tribes to save,
And God's wondrous acts record.

- 7 He who cared for Moses thus,
Watches o'er our helplessness;
Daily He provides for us,
And our souls with peace can bless.

171

Moses

6.5.

- 1 Where the reeds were growing,
And the stream was still,
There she placed her darling,
Whom they sought to kill.
- 2 In an ark of rushes,
Made with loving care,
Did the mother, weeping,
Lay her son so fair.
- 3 O! indeed she knew not,
What might then befall;
But she knew that, watching,
God was over all.
- 4 For the heavenly Father
Sees in sun and shade,
Not one hour forgetting
What His hands have made.
- 5 Even little sparrows
God remembers still;
Feeds the raven dwelling
On a lonely hill.

- 6 Lo! the young child Moses
 Safe from all alarms:
 Once again his mother
 Folds him in her arms.

172

Moses

8.7.

- 1 On proud Egypt's reedy water,
 Lo, the infant Moses lies,
 Cruel Pharaoh, bent on slaughter,
 Must not find him, or he dies.
- 2 There his sobbing mother laid him,
 In his little osier bed,
 Praying Israel's God to aid him,
 Bless and guard his infant head.
- 3 While she sighs farewell for ever,
 Pharaoh's daughter passes by;
 In the reeds of that dark river
 Sees the lovely infant lie.
- 4 In her royal palace tended,
 By his own fond mother reared,
 Soon the child, so unbefriended,
 Grew a man renowned and feared.
- 5 But a court could not seduce him,
 Nor its pleasures all outpoured;
 Gold nor grandeur could induce him
 To neglect or leave the Lord.

173

The Plagues

C.M.

- 1 When Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,
And thus provoked their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Armed with his dreadful rod.
- 2 He called for darkness – darkness came,
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He turned each lake, and every stream,
To lakes and streams of blood.
- 3 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread,
And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.
- 4 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
Then tenfold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devoured their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.
- 5 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
God's church shall live through every age,
And be the Almighty's care.

174

The Passover

11s.

- 1 No heart can conceive, and no tongue can
declare,
How precious to Israel the blood did appear;
When God in His mercy did pass each house
o'er
With blood on the lintel and posts of the door.

- 2 Destruction in Egypt most fearfully spread,
Till the firstborn of all the Egyptians were dead.
Lamentation and wailing for those that are not,
At midnight are heard from the palace and cot.
- 3 But Israel beneath the blood-guarded roof,
In peaceful repose, from destruction aloof,
Enjoys, though surrounded with terror abroad,
Both refuge and calm through the sign of the
blood.
- 4 An emblem is this of the blood of the cross,
Beneath it no sinner can e'er suffer loss,
When taught by the Spirit for pardon to fly,
Though vile as Manasseh, or Mary, or I.

175

Various

L.M.

- 1 The water stood like walls of brass,
To let the sons of Israel pass;
And from the rock did rivers burst,
At Moses' prayer, to quench their thirst.
- 2 The fire, restrained by God's commands,
Could only burn His children's bands;
Too faint, when He was with them there,
To singe their garments or their hair.
- 3 At Daniel's feet the lions lay,
Like harmless lambs, nor touched their prey;
And ravens, which on carrion fed,
Procured Elijah flesh and bread.

- 4 Thus creatures only can fulfil
Their great Creator's righteous will;
And when His children need their aid,
His purposes must be obeyed.

176

Moses in the Wilderness

8.7.

- 1 Forty years through deserts dreary,
Moses led God's people on,
Neither age nor cares could weary,
Till his Master's work was done.
- 2 Where he once, a child, had floated,
There he waved his mystic rod;
There the prophet, so devoted,
Turned the river into blood.
- 3 When at length his hair grew hoary,
Honoured, useful, blessing, blest,
God received him up to glory,
Changed his labour into rest.
- 4 Thus we learn, whate'er betide them,
Saints are safe, though hope be dim;
He, the Lord, will keep and guide them,
Honour those who honour Him.

177

The Golden Calf

C.M.

- 1 When Israel heard the fiery law
From Sinai's top proclaimed,
Their hearts seemed full of holy awe,
Their stubborn spirits tamed.

- 2 Yet, as forgetting all they knew,
 Ere forty days were past,
 With blazing Sinai still in view
 A molten calf they cast.
- 3 Yea, Aaron, God's anointed priest,
 Who on the mount had been,
 He durst prepare the idol beast,
 And lead them on to sin.
- 4 Lord, what is man, and what are we,
 To recompense Thee thus!
 In their offence our own we see,
 Their story points at us.

178

The Types

148th.

- 1 Israel, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learned the gospel too:
 The types and figures were a glass
 In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
 The blood besprinkled door,
 Seen with enlightened eyes,
 And once applied with power,
 Would teach the need of other blood
 To reconcile the soul to God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
 His perfect innocence,

Whose blood of matchless worth,
Should be the soul's defence;
For He who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of His own.

- 4 The scapegoat on his head
 The people's trespass bore,
 And to the desert led
 Was to be seen no more:
In him our Surety seemed to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipped in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free;
 The type, well understood,
 Expressed the sinner's plea,
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.
- 6 Jesus, I love to trace
 Throughout the sacred page,
 The footsteps of Thy grace,
 The same in every age.
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me!

179

The Types

L.M.

- 1 By types and figures through the year,
 God taught His church that Christ drew near,
 And in them darkly might they see
 A shadow of good things to be.

- 2 The paschal lamb at evening slain,
With bone unbroke, without a stain,
The blood on door and lintel shed;
The hyssop and unleavened bread;
- 3 The scapegoat, bearing far away
The sins that on his head they lay;
The daily sacrifice that bled,
Morning and evening in man's stead;
- 4 The brazen serpent, set on high,
That Israel looking might not die,
Pointed to Him that should arise,
To be the sinner's Sacrifice.
- 5 The manna that at break of day
About the tents of Israel lay,
Told of that true and living Bread
Wherewith God's holy church is fed.
- 5 The cloven rock whence streams were sent
Following the people as they went,
Day after day their thirst sufficed
Unfailing, and that rock was Christ.

180

The Brazen Serpent

7.7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 Wandering in the desert wide,
By the Lord Himself sustained,
Israel, full of lust and pride,
Of their gracious Lord complained;
Weary of the way He led,
Thankless for their daily bread.

2 Fiery serpents soon were sent:
Israel filled with sore distress,
Now their waywardness repent,
Now their sinful words confess:
Sick and sore they lie around,
Who can heal their deadly wound?

3 Lo! the serpent lifted high,
God a remedy doth give:
Wounded sufferers, ere you die,
To the serpent “look and live.”
Such the cure by grace devised,
E’en the faintest look sufficed.

4 Sorer sickness, my dear child,
Deep within your heart is found;
Yours a soul by sin defiled,
Yours a darker, deadlier wound.
May you feel your wound and flee
To the only remedy.

181 *The Pillar of Cloud and Fire*

L.M.

1 When Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is Thy glorious Word, O Lord,
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And quickens its inactive powers;
 It sets our wandering footsteps right,
 Displays Thy love and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
 Its doctrines are divinely true;
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
 It comforts and instructs us too.

182

Balaam

S.M.

- 1 How blessed the righteous are,
 When they resign their breath!
 No wonder Balaam wished to share
 In such a happy death.
- 2 “O! let me die,” he said,
 “The death the righteous do;
 When life is ended let me be
 Found with the faithful few.”
- 3 The force of truth, how great!
 When enemies confess,
 None but the righteous, whom they hate,
 A solid hope possess.
- 4 But Balaam’s wish was vain,
 His heart was insincere;
 He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
 And sought a portion here.
- 5 He seemed the Lord to know,
 And to offend Him loath;

But Mammon proved his overthrow;
For none can serve them both.

- 6 May you, my friends, and I,
 Warning, from hence receive,
If like the righteous we would die,
 To choose the life they live.

183

Gideon and David

148th.

- 1 By whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low?
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
 Who sent him to the fight,
 Who gave him strength to sling
 And skill to aim aright;
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
 To storm the invader's camp,
 With arms of little worth –
 A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 A pebble, thus we're taught,
 (A sword I will forego)

Says God, to bring to naught
And quell the giant foe;
I'll use a lamp and pitcher too
To show the wonders I can do.

184

Samson

C.M.

- 1 The lion that on Samson roared,
And thirsted for his blood,
With honey afterwards was stored,
And furnished him with food.
- 2 Believers, as they pass along,
With many lions meet,
But gather sweetness from the strong,
And from the eater meat.
- 3 The lions rage and roar in vain,
For Jesus is their shield;
Their losses prove a certain gain,
Their troubles comfort yield.
- 4 The world and Satan join their strength,
To fill their souls with fears;
But crops of joy they reap at length
From what they sow in tears.
- 5 Afflictions make them love the Word,
Stir up their hearts to prayer,
And many precious fruits afford
Of their Redeemer's care.
- 6 The lions roar, but cannot kill,
Then fear them not, my friends;

They bring us, though against their will,
The honey Jesus sends.

185

Ruth

C.M.

- 1 Lord, hast Thou me a gleaner made
Like Ruth, who chose to leave
Her home, her gods, her people too,
And to Naomi cleave?
- 2 She longed to know Naomi's God,
And love Him for herself;
And is not that my wish, dear Lord;
O, do reveal Thyself!
- 3 Have I been made to cleave in truth
With strong and ardent plea?
Then make me, Lord, a real Ruth,
Let me my Boaz see.
- 4 I feel I have a little gleaned
Within the gospel field,
But O, 'tis such a little, Lord,
It does but longing yield.
- 5 Longing for more, for much, much more,
I want to see Thy face,
To know that Thou wilt me redeem,
That Thou wilt me embrace.
- 6 Ruth knew her Boaz' love and care,
He spoke to her by name,
He let her glean without reproof,
Her husband then became.

- 7 May this my blest experience be,
 To hear Thy gracious voice,
 To be assured that I'm with Thee
 One, by the Father's choice.
- 8 Ah, Lord, it seems too good, too great,
 Too high, for such as I,
 I am not like Thine handmaids, Lord,
 But Thou canst draw me nigh.

186

Ruth

S.M.

- 1 When Ruth a gleaning went,
 Jehovah was her guide;
 To Boaz' field He led her straight,
 And she became his bride.
- 2 Jesus my Boaz is:
 My strength and portion too;
 His Word of grace the precious field,
 Where I a gleaning go.
- 3 O what a heavenly field!
 What handfuls it contains;
 What strength and comfort gleaners get,
 To recompense their pains!
- 4 Rejoice, ye mourning souls;
 Ye broken hearts, be strong;
 The field is ripe for harvest now,
 And ye shall glean ere long.
- 5 Ye gleaners, one and all,
 Let Christ be all your song;

He is your strength and portion too,
And you to Him belong.

- 6 All blessings He contains;
He cannot let you starve;
The meanest gleaner in His field,
At length shall walk at large.

187

Hannah

148th.

- 1 When Hannah pressed with grief,
Poured forth her soul in prayer,
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there:
Like her, in every trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pained and sad,
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad;
In trouble what a resting-place,
Have they who know the throne of grace!
- 3 Eli her case mistook;
How was her spirit moved
By his unkind rebuke!
But God her case approved.
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at a throne of grace.
- 4 Numbers before have tried,
And found the promise true;

Nor yet one been denied,
 Then why should I or you?
 Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
 And hasten to the throne of grace.

188

Samuel

148th.

- 1 Hushed was the evening hymn,
 The temple courts were dark,
 The lamp was burning dim
 Before the sacred ark,
 When suddenly a voice divine
 Rang through the silence of the shrine.
- 2 Old Eli, meek and mild,
 The priest of Israel, slept;
 His watch the temple child,
 The little Levite kept;
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.
- 3 O give me Samuel's ear,
 The open ear, O Lord,
 Alive and quick to hear
 Each whisper of Thy Word;
 Like him to answer at Thy call,
 And to obey Thee first of all.
- 4 O give me Samuel's heart,
 A lowly heart that waits
 Where in Thy house Thou art,
 Or watches at Thy gates;
 By day and night a heart that still
 Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

189

Samuel

L.M.

- 1 Once in the silence of the night,
The lamp of God was clear and bright;
And there, by holy angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 An unknown voice the stillness broke;
“Samuel,” it called, and thrice it spoke;
He rose, he asked, whence came the word?
From Eli? No; it was the Lord!
- 3 Thus early called to serve his God,
The paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions filled his breast,
And Israel, taught by him, were blest.
- 4 Speak, Lord, and from their earliest days
Incline their hearts to love Thy ways;
O let Thy voice now reach their ear.
Speak, Lord, and let these children hear.

190

David

11.8.

- 1 Good David, whose psalms have so often been
 sung,
 At first was not noble nor grand,
But only a shepherd boy when he was young,
 Though afterwards king of the land.
- 2 He tended his flocks on the pastures by day,
 And kept them in safety by night;
And though a poor shepherd, he did not delay
 To do what he knew to be right.

- 3 For while he sat watching his sheep in the fold,
To guard them from danger abroad,
It then was his greatest delight, we are told,
To think on the works of the Lord.
- 4 Thus seeking so early for knowledge and truth,
His childhood in wisdom began,
And therefore the Lord was the guide of his
youth,
And made him so mighty a man.

191

David

S.M.

- 1 If David tuned his harp,
Of Christ the Lord to sing,
Delighting much to praise in psalms
His promised Priest and King;
- 2 Much more believers now,
In this more favoured day,
Should sing His praise, who since has come
And put their sins away.
- 3 And O! how sweet it is,
When children's hearts are led
The pleasant paths of faith and love
In early life to tread.
- 4 When learning much of Christ,
And more and more of truth,
They seek, as David did of old,
To serve Him in their youth.

192

David's Sin

C.M.

- 1 How David, when by sin deceived,
From bad to worse went on!
For when the Holy Spirit's grieved
Our strength and guard are gone.
- 2 His eye on Bathsheba once fixed,
With poison filled his soul;
He ventured on adultery next,
And murder crowned the whole.
- 3 So from a spark of fire at first,
That has not been descried,
A dreadful flame has often burst
And ravaged far and wide.
- 4 When sin deceives, it hardens too,
For though he vainly sought
To hide his crimes from public view,
Of God he little thought.
- 5 He neither would nor could repent,
No true compunction felt;
Till God, in mercy, Nathan sent,
His stubborn heart to melt.
- 6 The parable held forth a fact,
Designed his case to show;
But though the picture was exact
Himself he did not know.
- 7 "Thou art the man," the prophet said,
That word his slumber broke,

And when he owned his sin and prayed,
The Lord forgiveness spoke.

- 8 Let those, who think they stand, beware,
For David stood before;
Nor let the fallen soul despair,
For mercy can restore.

193

Solomon's Choice

S.M.

- 1 King Solomon of old
A happy choice had made;
'Twas not for life, 'twas not for gold,
Nor honours that he prayed.
- 2 He chose that better part
That leads to heavenly joys,
A wise and understanding heart,
And God approved the choice.
- 3 And though both wealth and ease,
And power and honour came,
We find he did not gain from these
His glory and his fame.
- 4 Far better than his crown,
And all his grand array,
That wisdom which the Lord sent down,
To guide him in his way.
- 5 For wisdom from above,
Will teach us heavenly things,
How we may learn to fear and love,
And serve the King of kings.

- 6 If this is what we seek,
 We cannot ask amiss;
 The youngest, seeking child may speak,
 And ask the Lord for this.

194

Solomon's Choice

L.M.

- 1 If Solomon for wisdom prayed,
 The Lord before had made him wise;
 Else he another choice had made,
 And asked for what the worldings prize.
- 2 Thus He invites His people still,
 But first instructs them how to choose,
 Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
 Assured that He will not refuse.
- 3 And dost Thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
 Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
 I pray to be released from guilt,
 And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 4 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
 More of Thy image let me bear;
 Erect Thy throne within my heart,
 And reign without a rival there.
- 5 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
 And from Thy joy to draw my strength;
 To have Thy matchless love revealed
 In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 6 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
 But to Thy care the rest resign;

Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All will be well if Thou art mine.

195

The Queen of Sheba

L.M.

- 1 The Queen of Sheba came from far,
Like those who saw the leading star;
Wishing to learn from David's son,
What things the God of grace had done.
- 2 News of this king had reached her ear,
But she would see as well as hear;
And when she saw his glory such,
She never wondered half so much.
- 3 And if, like her, we prove His love,
Who's King of kings and Lord above,
We'll surely say, as she of old,
He's greater far than we were told.
- 4 More lovely far than we had thought,
Is He by whom our souls are taught,
More grace and goodness from Him flow
Than any at a distance know.

196

Abijah

S.M.

- 1 In Jeroboam's son
Some good thing we may trace,
Which brought him to his grave in peace,
A sinner saved by grace.
- 2 His was a holy fear,
Implanted in the mind,

Which made him Israel's God revere,
And full salvation find.

3 And we are not too young
This saving change to know;
The Spirit of the Lord alone
This good thing can bestow.

4 God hears when children pray,
He heard Abijah's prayer;
None disappointed go away,
Who seek salvation there.

5 And when they come to die,
Peaceful their end shall be;
Their souls redeemed to heaven shall fly,
The Saviour's face to see.

197

Elijah

L.M.

1 When God's own children stand in need,
His goodness will provide supplies;
Thus, when Elijah faints for bread,
A raven to his succour flies.

2 At God's command, with speedy wings,
The hungry bird resigns its prey,
And to the fainting prophet brings
The needful portion day by day.

3 This wonder has been oft renewed;
And saints by sweet experience find
Their evils overruled for good,
And foes to friendly deeds inclined.

198

Elijah

8s.

- 1 Elijah's example declares,
Whatever distress may betide,
The saints may commit all their cares
To Him who will surely provide.
- 2 When rain long withheld from the earth,
Occasioned a famine of bread,
The prophet, secured from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.
- 3 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey;
But when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way.
- 4 This instance to those may be strange
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.
- 5 How safe and how happy are they,
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He gives them out strength for their day,
Their wants He will surely supply.
- 6 He lions and ravens can tame,
All creatures obey His command;
And they who believe in His Name
May leave all their cares in His hand.

199

Elijah

C.M.

- 1 By the poor widow's oil and meal
Elijah was sustained;
Though small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintained.
- 2 It seemed as if from day to day,
They were to eat and die,
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.
- 3 Thus to His poor He still will give,
Just for the present hour,
But for tomorrow they must live
Upon His word and power.
- 4 No barn or storehouse they possess,
On which they can depend;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their Friend.

200

The Little Maid

8.8.6.

- 1 A little Israelitish maid,
By Syrian soldiers rudely made,
To bid her home adieu,
Was captive led to Naaman's wife,
A slave to serve her all her life,
And all her bidding do.
- 2 But though idolaters among,
She ne'er forgot that it was wrong
To bow to gods of stone,

From God's own Word she had been taught,
'Twas Israel's gracious God who ought
To worshipped be alone.

- 3 She knew His power to heal disease,
To cleanse the leper, and give ease
To mind and body, too.
“Would God my master,” so she said,
“Were to Jehovah's prophet led,
He would his health renew.”
- 4 The king of Syria heard the news,
Told Naaman no time to lose,
But get him healèd soon.
So God His sovereign love made clear,
Passed over Israel's lepers near;
A Syrian gets the boon.

201

Gehazi

C.M.

- 1 No real advantage can proceed
From doing what is wrong;
For if at first it should succeed,
'Twill not continue long.
- 2 Elisha's servant told a lie,
In hopes to gain some gold;
He knew his master was not by,
And thought he'd ne'er be told.
- 3 But God, with great displeasure, sees
The money thus procured;
And for his sin a sad disease
He all his life endured.

- 4 Then may we all avoid and fear
 To say what is not true,
 Since God can always see and hear,
 And He can punish too.

202

Hezekiah

8.8.6.

- 1 King Hezekiah lay diseased,
 With every dangerous symptom seized,
 Beyond the cure of art,
 With languid pulse and strength decayed,
 With spirits sunk, and soul dismayed,
 And ready to depart.
- 2 His friends despair, his servants droop;
 The learned leech can give no hope;
 All signs of life are fled:
 When lo! the seer Isaiah came,
 With words to damp the expiring flame.
 And strike the dying dead.
- 3 Entering the royal patient's room,
 He thus denounced the dreadful doom:
 "Of flattering hopes beware,
 God's messenger behold I stand.
 Thus saith the Lord, thy death's at hand:
 Prepare, O king, prepare."
- 4 Methinks I hear the hero say:
 "And must my life be snatched away,
 Before I'm fit to die?
 Can prayer reverse the stern decree,
 And save a wretch condemned like me?
 It may – at least I'll try."

- 5 He said; and weeping poured a prayer,
That conquered pain, removed despair,
 With all its heavy load;
Repelled the force of death's attack;
Brought the recanting prophet back,
 And turned the mind of God.

203

The Three Hebrew Children

C.M.

- 1 A mighty king in days of old
 A golden image reared;
And men to worship it were told,
 As they his anger feared.
- 2 A burning fiery furnace he
 Commanded to be made;
And cast in that sad place should be
 Whoever disobeyed.
- 3 With idol worshippers around,
 Of Jewish children three,
True servants of the Lord, were found
 Who would not bend the knee.
- 4 Their bodies to be burned they gave,
 Nor shrunk from fiery pain;
For well they knew their God could save,
 Or strengthen, or sustain.
- 5 What sight of wonder and of awe,
 There met the monarch's gaze!
Unbound, unhurt, four men he saw
 Walk 'mid the fiery blaze.

- 6 O! well we know the wondrous tale;
 The Son of God was there.
 His servants' trust He did not fail,
 Who numbers every hair.
- 7 And now, as then, His arm is strong
 To succour and defend;
 And they may sing the victor's song,
 Enduring to the end.

204

Belshazzar

C.M.

- 1 Poor sinners! little do they think
 With whom they have to do!
 But stand securely on the brink
 Of everlasting woe.
- 2 Belshazzar thus, profanely bold,
 The Lord of hosts defied;
 But vengeance soon his boasts controlled.
 And humbled all his pride.
- 3 He saw a hand upon the wall,
 (And trembled on his throne)
 Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall
 In characters unknown.
- 4 Why should he tremble at the view
 Of what he could not read?
 Foreboding conscience quickly knew
 His ruin was decreed.
- 5 See him o'erwhelmed with deep distress!
 His eyes with anguish roll;

His looks and loosened joints express
The terrors of his soul.

- 6 His pomp and music, guests and wine,
No more delight afford,
“O never may this case be mine,
Have mercy on me, Lord.”

205

Daniel

8.6.8.

- 1 Good Daniel would not cease to pray,
With all his foes in view;
He called on God three times a day,
As he was used to do;
Nor feared the power of wicked men,
Who put him in the lions' den.
- 2 Nor was he of those beasts afraid,
Though ready to devour;
The Lord his God, to whom he prayed,
Preserved him from their power;
The hungry lions did not dare
To touch the holy prophet there.
- 3 And thus the Lord did once preserve
Three good young men of old,
Who did not dare bow down and serve
The image made of gold:
For as they feared His holy name,
He saved them from the burning flame.

BIBLE NARRATIVES

New Testament

206

The Woman of Samaria

L.M.

- 1 To Jacob's well a woman came,
For water from a neighbouring town,
A stranger there, unknown His name,
Had, faint and weary, sat Him down.
- 2 He meekly said, "Give me to drink,"
As water from the well she drew;
Ah, little did that woman think
The tribute that to Him was due.
- 3 He asked for water; but had she
Known that the Lord of life was there,
For His salvation, full and free,
Had been her own, her earnest prayer.
- 4 From His own lips the truth she learned,
From His own love the gift received:
And in the Stranger's form discerned
The Lord, in whom she now believed.
- 5 Christ in His gospel now is nigh;
O, if we truly knew Him there,
Our souls at once to Him would fly,
To seek His saving grace by prayer.

207

The Woman of Samaria

L.M.

- 1 Once as the Friend of sinners dear,
A Man of sorrows sojourned here;

Eternal love ordained it so,
That through Samaria He must go.

- 2 There wandering from the fold of God
He saw the purchase of His blood,
And o'er this wretch to lust a slave,
Did sovereign grace her banner wave.
- 3 This object of eternal love,
Ordained to fill a throne above,
Shall in the gospel annals shine,
And prove election all divine.
- 4 Jesus, our Shepherd, God and King,
Thy guardian care and love we sing;
And hail that grace both rich and free,
That brings Thy wandering sheep to Thee.

208

The Miracles

C.M.

- 1 The miracles by Jesus wrought,
To show that from above
His peaceful embassy was brought,
Were miracles of love.
- 2 To show His love in every place,
Salvation He revealed;
Dark minds enlightened by His grace,
Diseasèd bodies healed.
- 3 He to the blind gave open eyes,
And to the deaf gave ears;
He bade the slumbering dead arise,
And wiped the widow's tears.

209

The Miracles

112th.

- 1 See how the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
Come to the Friend of sinners kind,
And freely all receive their cure:
To whom did He His help deny?
Whom, in His days of flesh, pass by?
- 2 Did not His word the fiends expel,
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
Did He not all their sickness heal?
And satisfy their every need?
So now, whate'er your sin may be,
The blood He shed can set you free.
- 3 But Jesus' blood will only save
Those who are led to seek His face.
If you true peace through blood would have,
If you are thirsting now for grace,
Fly to the cross, and you shall find
The Saviour true and good and kind.

210

The Miracles

C.M.D.

O! who can give the blind their sight,
And make the simple wise;
And pour a flood of holy light
On nature's darkened eyes?
O! who can give the heart relief,
The sinking spirits raise,
And change the heavy sigh of grief
To songs of joy and praise?

- 2 'Tis Jesus gives the blind their sight,
 And makes the simple wise,
 And pours a flood of holy light
 On nature's darkened eyes.
 And He can give the heart relief,
 The sinking spirits raise,
 And change the heavy sigh of grief
 To songs of joy and praise.

211

Crossing the Lake

10s.

- 1 The day was done; beside the sultry shore
 The cooling shadows fell upon the sea;
 The words of wondrous wisdom now were o'er
 That made thy waves so sacred, Galilee!
- 2 The thronging multitudes, from far and nigh,
 All day around the Master's bark had pressed;
 And as He taught, the hours sped swiftly by,
 And many a weary heart found peace and rest.
- 3 The shadows lengthened, softly fell the dew,
 And the long day, with all its toil, was o'er;
 Then spake the Master to His chosen few,
 "Let us pass over to the other shore."
- 4 So, when life's day is ended, and we stand
 At even on the brink of death's dark tide,
 Oh, may we feel the Saviour's mighty hand,
 And pass in safety to the other side!

212

Stilling the Storm

8.7.7.

- 1 "Who is this that calms the ocean?"
 Thus they cried, Who were on board,

When they saw the wild commotion
Cease as Jesus spoke the word:
When the sudden calm they saw,
Wonder filled their minds, and awe.

- 2 He who bids the tempest riot
On the deep, and makes it swell,
He alone the storm can quiet,
Saying to it, "Peace be still!"
He whose power to all gives birth,
All in heaven and all in earth.
- 3 He who calms the sea when raging,
Stills the tumult of the soul;
By His word the storms assuaging,
Storms too furious for control;
But He binds them with His hand,
And they cease at His command.
- 4 Ye who, all your hope deriving
From yourselves, have laboured long
To allay the storm by striving,
But have found the storm too strong;
From the hopeless labour cease,
Jesus gives the troubled peace.

213

Stilling the Storm

C.M.

- 1 A little ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

- 2 When lo! a storm began to rise;
 The wind grew loud and strong;
 It blew the clouds across the skies,
 It blew the waves along.
- 3 And all but One were sore afraid
 Of sinking in the deep;
 His head was on a pillow laid,
 And He was fast asleep.
- 4 “Master, we perish, Master, save,”
 They cried; their Master heard:
 He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
 And stilled them with a word.
- 5 He to the storm says, “Peace, be still!”
 The raging billows cease;
 The mighty winds obey His will,
 And all are hushed to peace.
- 6 O well we know it was the Lord,
 The coming sinner’s Friend,
 Whose care of those who trust His Word
 Will never, never end.

214 *Jairus’ Daughter*

7.6.

- 1 Hark! ’tis a father crying,
 And this is what he saith,
 “My little daughter’s lying
 Just at the point of death.”
- 2 The Saviour soon consented
 To go and heal the maid;

Nor was He e'en prevented
By hearing she was dead.

3 He found the people weeping
Because her breath was gone,
And when He said, "She's sleeping,"
They laughèd Him to scorn.

4 The Lord no sinful mocker
Would suffer to remain;
Then by the hand He took her,
And bade her rise again.

5 Ah! see the maid arising,
According to His word;
Does not the deed surprising
Show Jesus is the Lord?

6 See in their fond embraces
The parents clasp the maid,
Ashamed are now the faces
That mocked at what He said.

215

Jairus

8.7.D.

1 Could the creatures help or ease us,
Seldom should we think of prayer;
Few, if any, come to Jesus
Till reduced to self-despair:
Long we either slight or doubt Him,
But, when all the means we try
Prove we cannot do without Him,
Then at last to Him we cry.

- 2 Thus the ruler, when his daughter
Suffered much, though Christ was nigh,
Still deferred it, till he thought her
At the very point to die;
Though he mourned for her condition
He did not entreat the Lord,
Till he found that no physician
But Himself could help afford.
- 3 Jesus did not once upbraid him
That he had no sooner come;
But a gracious answer made him,
And went straightway with him home.
Yet his faith was put to trial
When his servants came and said,
“Though He gave thee no denial,
'Tis too late, the child is dead.”
- 4 Jesus to prevent his grieving,
Kindly spoke and eased his pain;
“Be not fearful but believing,
Thou shalt see her live again.”
When he found the people weeping,
“Cease,” He said, “no longer mourn,
For she is not dead, but sleeping.”
Then they laughèd Him to scorn.
- 5 O thou meek and lowly Saviour,
How determined is Thy love!
Not this rude unkind behaviour
Could Thy gracious purpose move.

Soon as He the room had entered,
Spoke, and took her by the hand,
Death at once his prey surrendered,
And she lived at His command.

- 6 Fear not then, distressed believer,
Venture on His mighty name;
He is able to deliver,
And His love is still the same:
Can His pity or His power
Suffer thee to pray in vain?
Wait but His appointed hour,
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.

216 *The Woman that pressed through the Crowd* C.M.

- 1 When nothing better for the means,
That each physician tried,
A sick one sought the Lord of life,
But wished herself to hide.
- 2 And in the virtue of His grace,
Her simple faith was such,
She came behind Him in the crowd
His garment's hem to touch.
- 3 She touched, and, straightway with delight,
She found that she was whole,
That not in vain had He been made
The refuge of her soul.
- 4 Nor could the trembling one escape
The notice of His heart,

Who sought to draw her nearer yet
Before she could depart.

- 5 And when she went, she went in peace,
In soul and body sound,
Happy and blest, and loving much
The Saviour she had found.

217

The Widow of Nain

C.M.

- 1 A widowed mother lost her son,
She had no son beside;
He was her loved, her only one,
And he fell sick and died.
- 2 And many a friend shed many a tear,
But none had power to save;
They placed the body on a bier,
To bear it to the grave.
- 3 When lo! a company appears,
A band by Jesus led:
Jesus can dry the mourner's tears,
Jesus can raise the dead.
- 4 His heart, with tender pity moved,
Felt for the widow's grief;
"Weep not," He said, and soon He proved
His hand could give relief.
- 5 He touched the bier; the mourner's eyes
Are fixed upon the Lord:
"Young man, I say to thee, Arise!"
Is His almighty word.

- 6 He rises up, he speaks, he lives;
No tear need now be shed;
Christ to the widowed mother gives
The child she mourned as dead.

218 *Jesus Walking on the Sea* C.M.

- 1 Who walks the waves in wondrous guise
By nature's laws unstayed?
"Tis I," a well-known voice replies;
"Tis I, be not afraid."
- 2 Thus, when the storm of life is high,
Come, Saviour to my aid;
Come, when no other help is nigh,
And say, "Be not afraid."
- 3 Speak, and my griefs no more are heard;
Speak, and my fears are laid;
Speak, and my soul shall bless the word,
"Tis I, be not afraid."
- 4 When on the bed of death I lie,
And stretch my hands for aid,
Stand Thou before my closing eye,
And say, "Be not afraid."
- 5 Before Thy judgment-seat above,
When nature sinks dismayed,
O cheer me with Thy word of love!
"Tis I, be not afraid."

219

The Syrophenician Woman

7s.

- 1 Prayer an answer will obtain,
Though the Lord awhile delay;
None shall seek His face in vain,
None be empty sent away.
- 2 When the woman came from Tyre,
And for help to Jesus sought,
Though He granted her desire,
Yet at first He answered not.
- 3 Could she guess at His intent,
When He to His followers said:
“I to Israel’s sheep am sent;
Dogs must not have children’s bread”?
- 4 From His words she draws a plea:
“Though unworthy children’s bread,
Be it so; yet one like me
Surely may with crumbs be fed.”
- 5 Jesus then His mind revealed:
“Woman, canst thou thus believe?
I to thy petition yield;
All that thou wouldst have, receive.”
- 6 ’Tis a pattern set for us,
If we truly wait and pray;
None who plead and wrestle thus,
Shall be empty sent away.

220

Bartimaeus

8.7.

- 1 See this poor man by the wayside,
 Begging from the passers-by;
Sunlight floods the scene at noontide,
 Makes it pleasant to the eye;
- 2 But the beggar sits in darkness,
 Sees no light of any kind.
Who can measure utter blackness?
 Pity him, for he is blind!
- 3 When the sound of footsteps falling
 Breaks upon his listening ear,
Then for alms we hear him calling;
 Will some kindly traveller hear?
- 4 Then, one day, he hears the tumult
 Of a multitude draw near.
“What is this?” he asks. They answer,
 “‘It is Jesus coming here.’”
- 5 “Jesus, Master, show me mercy!”
 Cries the blind man. Jesus hears,
Stops, and calls the beggar to Him,
 Gives him sight, and calms his fears.
- 6 We need mercy also, Jesus,
 Sin and Satan blind our eyes;
Send Thy Spirit down to teach us,
 Make us see, and make us wise.

221

Bartimaeus

8.7. D

- 1 “Mercy, O thou Son of David!”
 Thus blind Bartimaeus prayed;
 “Others by this word are savèd,
 Now to me afford Thine aid.”
 Many only thought to scold him,
 But he called the louder still;
 Till the gracious Saviour told him,
 “Come, and ask Me what you will.”
- 2 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live;
 But he asked, and Jesus granted,
 Alms which none but He could give:
 “Lord remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day,”
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.
- 3 O! methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around,
 “Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found:
 O that all the blind but knew Him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely would they hasten to Him,
 He would cause them all to see.”

222

The Prodigal Son

C.M.

- 1 Afflictions, though they seem severe,
 In mercy oft are sent;

They stopped the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.

- 2 Although he no relentings felt
Till he had spent his store;
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.
- 3 “What have I gained by sin” (he said)
“But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread
While I am starving here.
- 4 “I'll go and tell him all I've done
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.”
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 “Father, I've sinned, but, O forgive!”
“I've heard enough,” he said,
“Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.
- 7 “Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.”

- 8 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.

223

Zacchaeus

11.8.

- 1 The sycamore tree by Zacchaeus was climbed,
When fearful of losing a day
In seeing the Teacher they spoke of so much,
Who was passing in mercy that way.
- 2 Though little of stature, he was not too small
For Jesus the Saviour to see,
Who knew what he wished, as the Searcher of
hearts,
And bade him come down from the tree.
- 3 And seeking to teach him yet more of His mind,
The Saviour became then his guest,
To tell him of treasures he knew not before,
And lead him to blessing and rest.
- 4 That day did salvation come into his house,
That day this poor sinner was saved,
And though with extortion he acted before,
And as an oppressor behaved,
- 5 How quick was his passage from darkness to
light,
How happy the publican's haste,
To welcome the Friend of the lost to his house,
The sweets of His mercy to taste!

224

The Two Thieves

7s.

- 1 Sovereign grace has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with Him died:
One, with vile, blaspheming tongue,
Scoffed at Jesus as He hung;
- 3 But the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
He, by grace, his God adored,
And believed upon the Lord.
- 4 “Lord,” he cried, “remember me
When in glory Thou shalt be.”
“Soon with Me,” the Lord replies,
“Thou shalt rest in Paradise.”

225

The Philippian Jailer

7s.

- 1 A believer free from care,
May in chains or dungeons sing,
If the Lord be with him there,
And be happier than a king.
- 2 Paul and Silas thus confined,
Though their backs were torn by whips,
Yet, possessing peace of mind,
Sung His praise with joyful lips.

- 3 Suddenly the prison shook,
Open flew the iron doors;
And the jailer, terror-struck,
Now his captives' help implores.
- 4 Trembling at their feet he fell,
“Tell me, sirs, what must I do,
To be saved from guilt and hell?
None can tell me this but you.”
- 5 “Look to Jesus,” they replied;
“If on Him thou canst believe,
By the death which He hath died,
Thou salvation shalt receive.”
- 6 While the living word he heard,
Faith sprang up within his heart;
And, released from all he feared,
In their joy his soul had part.
- 7 Sinners, Christ is still the same,
O that you could likewise fear!
Then the mention of His Name
Would be music to your ear.

226

Paul's Voyage

C.M.

- 1 If Paul in Caesar's court must stand,
He need not fear the sea,
Secured from harm on every hand
By the divine decree.
- 2 Although the ship in which he sailed
By dreadful storms was tossed,

The promise over all prevailed,
And not a life was lost.

- 3 Believers thus are tossed about
On life's tempestuous main,
But grace assures beyond a doubt
They shall their port attain.
- 4 Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threatening wave;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.

THE LORD'S DAY

227

C.M.

- 1 Welcome, most welcome, Sabbath morn,
The best of all the seven;
Lord of the Sabbath, deign to form
Our youthful hearts for heaven.
- 2 May we not meet in vain and part,
But have Thy special care,
As Thou didst open Lydia's heart,
May we Thy favour share.
- 3 Faith and repentance Thou must give,
And love comes down from heaven;
O, may we now to Jesus live,
Since all is freely given.
- 4 'Twas young Abijah had the truth,
Thou didst that gift bestow,
And many more are called in youth,
And unto glory go.
- 5 But some have hearts unchanged within,
And this 'tis sad to tell;
For all who die in love with sin,
Must surely sink to hell.

228

112th.

- 1 The day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;

THE LORD'S DAY

The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near;
Ye people all, obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.

2 Obedient to Thy summons, Lord,
We to Thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send Thy people joyful home;
Of Thee our King O may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb!

3 O hasten, Lord, the day when those,
Who know Thee here, shall see Thy face;
When suffering shall for ever close,
And they shall reach their destined place;
Then shall they rest supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to Thy grace!

229

7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek
On the present Sabbath day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy ever-smiling face,
Shine away our sin and shame;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this day in Thee!

THE LORD'S DAY

230

C.M.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 Today He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
Today the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Make haste to help us, Lord, and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's Name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

231

7.6.D.

- 1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;

THE LORD'S DAY

On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

232

148th.

1 Awake, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day!
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay.
Come, bless the day that God hath blessed,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings.
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain
Through endless years to live and reign!

233

L.M.

1 Another Lord's day's nearly gone:
Where have I been, what have I done?
Have I to God for mercy cried,
Or have I His great Name defied?

THE LORD'S DAY

- 2 Have I been listening to His Word,
Panting to feel atoning blood;
Or have I lived, O sad to tell!
Careless of God, or heaven, or hell?
- 3 Lord, guide me in Thy holy way;
Give me a heart to Thee to pray;
Teach me to live by faith in Him
Who saves from wrath, who saves from sin.

234

7s.

- 1 Ere another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our song ascends to Thee;
At Thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven!
- 3 Cold our services have been;
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live!
- 4 Whilst our daily path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead!
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last!
- 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;

THE LORD'S DAY

While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end!

WARNINGS

235

L.M.

- 1 There is a day, 'tis hastening on,
When Zion's God shall purge His floor;
His own elect shall then be known,
For He shall count those jewels o'er.

- 2 Nought but the grains of gospel gold
Will ever stand this trying day,
When like a scroll, together rolled,
The starry heavens shall pass away.

- 3 How stands the case, my soul, with thee?
For heaven are thy credentials clear?
Is Jesus' blood thy only plea?
Is He thy great forerunner there?

- 4 Is thy proud heart subdued by grace
To seek salvation in His name?
There's wisdom, power and righteousness,
All centring in the worthy Lamb.

- 5 Then thou may'st rest assured of this,
And lift thy favoured head with joy,
Thy hopes of heaven's eternal bliss,
Earth, hell and sin shall ne'er destroy.

236

11.8. and refrain

- 1 How solemn the question: with me is it well?
Am I saved by God's grace from my sin?

WARNINGS

Are my steps now directed to heaven or hell?
Let me search for the answer within.
Is it well with my soul?

2 If the world holds my heart, though its happiness
seem

For a time all my longings to fill,
'Tis but a vain shadow, a vanishing dream;
With my soul thus ensnared – it is ill.
Is it well with my soul?

3 If Jesus I know not, no hope can I have,
He alone gives salvation to men,
He alone the lost sinner can cleanse and can
save,

By the work of His Spirit within.
Is it well with my soul?

4 Lord, grant us the witness Thy Spirit imparts,
Thou alone canst our destiny tell.

O answer this question in each of our hearts,
“Is it well with my soul?” – “It is well.”
Is it well with my soul?

237

C.M.

1 If godly fear the work begins,
The truth must plainly be,
If I have unrepented sins,
No wisdom's yet in me.

2 If wisdom's work is not begun,
The truth is still as plain,

WARNINGS

Folly and sin my heart o'errun,
And Satan there must reign.

3 Should this now be my present state,
I am not fit for heaven,
I'm one of those whose sins, as yet,
The Lord has not forgiven.

4 Great God, engrave Thy holy fear,
And wisdom's work begin,
Lest I should sport with truths I hear,
And perish in my sin.

238

C.M.

1 Narrow's the way of life, alas!
And strait the gate I see,
But many sinners never pass:
Lord, is there room for me?

2 Jesus says, "Strive to enter in";
In earnest may we be,
But O! the way so narrow seems,
Lord, is there room for me?

3 Poor anxious child, if thou art pressed
By sin but in degree,
Jesus invites thee to His breast,
For there is room for thee.

239

S.M.

1 Come, my dear child, and hear
A loving father speak:

WARNINGS

Before you plan, in godly fear
Always God's blessing seek.

2 What you're ashamed to ask,
Then be afraid to do;
To ask His will's an easy task,
And all His words are true.

3 What thou hast in thy heart,
And can't commend in prayer,
Be sure those things you need not start,
They have no business there.

4 My child, 'tis good to be,
Thus broken to His will,
To move when He says, "Go, you're free";
At His command be still.

240

11.8.

1 If Jesus should come to our meeting today,
To call out the Christians by name,
O how we should listen to what He would say!
How solemn the moments would seem!

2 He'd know who they were, for He searches the
heart;
We could not the Saviour deceive;
O who are the ones that He'd call out apart?
And who are the ones He would leave?

3 Yet Jesus is here, though His form is unseen,
His eye is on each of us now;
He knows who has truly sought pardon for sin,
And longs the dear Saviour to know.

WARNINGS

- 4 His angels are coming like reapers some day,
To sever the tares from the wheat,
And carry God's children in safety away,
Their loving Redeemer to meet.

241

C.M.

- 1 The grass and flowers which clothe the field,
And look so green and gay,
Touched by the scythe, defenceless yield,
And fall, and fade away.
- 2 Fit emblem of our mortal state!
Thus, in the Scripture-glass,
The young, the strong, the wise, the great,
May see themselves but grass.
- 3 Ah! trust not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own,
Around you see the scythe of death
Is mowing thousands down.
- 4 And you, who hitherto are spared,
Must shortly yield your lives:
Your wisdom is to be prepared,
Before the stroke arrives.
- 5 The grass, when dead, revives no more;
You die to live again;
But O! if death should prove the door,
To everlasting pain!

242

112th.

- 1 Should I rejoice in this my youth,
And shun the paths of peace and truth;
And should I let my heart embrace
The mirth of every carnal place;
For this and every such like thing,
God will my soul to judgment bring.
- 2 If I to sinful feelings yield,
Although from man it be concealed;
Or, if my eyes, so prone to rove,
Cause me forbidden things to love;
For this and every such like thing,
God will my soul to judgment bring.
- 3 If I should lie, or cheat, or swear;
If I neglect God's house of prayer;
If I my parents disobey;
If I in secret never pray;
For this and every such like thing,
God will my soul to judgment bring.
- 4 Oh, then, what need I have of grace,
To keep me through my youthful days;
This grace, if God vouchsafe to give,
Then I to Him shall truly live;
Then sin and death will lose their sting,
When God shall me to judgment bring.

243

L.M.

- 1 In worship time for me to play,
When Christians meet to praise and pray,

WARNINGS

Is to profane the sacred place,
And mock the Almighty to His face.

- 2 Shall others pray, and I appear
As if there were no God to fear?
As if there were no cause to praise
For mercies shown me all my days?
- 3 'Twere blest should God His aid afford;
Make me attentive to His word;
Nor let me be neglectful found,
Where means of mighty grace abound.

244

7.6.D.

- 1 Remember thy Creator,
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night.
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.
- 2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth, for 'tis its nature,
And life's last ember burns.
Before the God who gave it,
The spirit shall appear.
O none but Christ can save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

245

8s.

- 1 'Tis better to suffer than sin;
For sin, when its pleasures are past,
By those who have revelled therein,
Is always found bitter at last.
- 2 But trial for righteousness' sake
'Tis ever an honour to bear;
Christ's sufferings here must partake,
All who His high glory would share.
- 3 'Tis better a wrong to endure,
Than wrong on another impose;
Revenge will no enmity cure,
Resentment will only make foes.
- 4 To God alone vengeance belongs,
And He has appointed a day,
When all their oppressions and wrongs
He will to the wicked repay.

246

8s.

- 1 We speak of the mercy of God,
So boundless, so rich, and so free;
But what will it profit my soul,
Unless 'tis relied on by me?
- 2 We speak of salvation and love,
In Jesus, the Saviour, made known;
But am I alive unto God?
Has faith made salvation my own?

WARNINGS

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

247

L.M.

- 1 'Tis vain to say we love the Lord,
Unless we also love His Word;
And search the holy Scriptures, too,
To find what God would have us do.
- 2 While we delight and live in sin,
How dwells the love of God within?
That child is serving Satan still,
Who hates the Saviour's holy will.
- 3 The sins that crucified their Lord,
By God's dear children are abhorred,
Too well they love His blessed Name
To put it to an open shame.
- 4 Let little children, then, who dare
To lie, or steal, or curse, or swear,

WARNINGS

Remember that their actions prove:
The Lord they do not fear nor love.

248

10s. Dactylic

- 1 Why should we covet the joy of a day,
Things that will fade in a moment away?
Toiling for wealth and its honours to gain,
Why are we living for trifles so vain?
- 2 We have no promise that fame will endure;
Splendour will never our pardon secure;
Gold cannot brighten the gloom of the grave;
Only the merits of Jesus can save.
- 3 Blessed are they who are lowly in heart;
They who like Mary, have chosen their part:
Learning of Jesus, their Master above,
Lessons of patience, of meekness, of love.
- 4 Trust not the world in its beauty arrayed,
Though at our feet all its treasures be laid;
What would it profit its wealth to control?
What can we give in exchange for the soul?

249

7.6.D.

- 1 Shall men pretend to pleasure,
Who never knew the Lord?
Can all the worldling's treasure
True peace of mind afford?
They shall obtain this jewel
In what their hearts desire,
When they, by adding fuel,
Can quench the flame of fire.

WARNINGS

- 2 Till you can bid the ocean,
 When furious tempests roar,
Forget its wonted motion,
 And rage and swell no more;
In vain your expectation
 To find content in sin;
Or freedom from vexation
 While passions reign within.
- 3 You must be brought to Jesus,
 If you would good possess;
'Tis He alone that frees us
 From guilt and from distress.
When He by faith is present,
 The sinner's troubles cease;
His ways are truly pleasant,
 And all His paths are peace.
- 4 While time in sin is wasted,
 You feed upon the wind;
Until His love is tasted,
 No comfort can you find:
Soon may you stand to witness
 His power and grace to you,
May you perceive His fitness,
 And call upon Him, too.

250

11s.

- 1 The pathway of life is surrounded with snares,
 Its roses are guarded with prickles and cares,

WARNINGS

All wander and die, but the sheep in Christ's
fold;
The knowledge of Christ is more precious than
gold.

2 A few fleeting hours, and the death pang is felt,
All ties that are earthly must sever and melt;
What thousands of death-beds have solemnly
told,
The knowledge of Christ is more precious than
gold.

3 When God is proclaiming the dread judgment
day,
When time and his treasures are passing away,
Oh, then this great truth will not need to be told,
The knowledge of Christ is more precious than
gold.

4 God give you true wisdom, ere death shall draw
nigh,
To number your days, and to Jesus apply;
And O may you learn in His blood-sprinkled
fold,
The knowledge of Christ is more precious than
gold.

251

8s.

1 Whatever the wicked may say,
And those who God's mercy despise,
Although they seem merry and gay,
They know not where happiness lies.

WARNINGS

- 2 They seek it in pleasure and mirth,
They seek it in riches and fame;
Yet when they have sought through the earth,
At most, they have only the name.
- 3 Awhile they may boast of success,
Their goods may increase and abound;
But still, if the Lord do not bless,
No true satisfaction is found.
- 4 The hopes of the wicked will fail,
When called to relinquish their breath;
God's mercy alone can avail
To give a man hope in his death.
- 5 But should we be ever so poor,
And yet have the Lord for our Friend,
Of life everlasting secure,
Our happiness never shall end.
- 6 May we in the days of our youth,
All learn where true happiness lies:
To savingly know the Lord's truth
Will make us both happy and wise.

252

L.M.

- 1 How proud we are, how fond to show,
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,
When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
That very clothing long before!
- 2 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer clothes than I;

WARNINGS

Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers excel me still.

3 The only robe that's worth a thought,
Of linen fine and white is wrought:
'Tis God who gives this beauteous dress.
This robe's the Saviour's righteousness.

4 In this, on earth, God's saints appear,
Then go to heaven and wear it there;
'Twill stand the test of heavenly light,
'Tis Christ's own work, and His delight.

253

11.8.

- 1 Dear children, how soon in the grave you will
lie,
I ask, Have you hope in your end?
O have you through grace a bright home in the
sky
Through knowledge of Christ as a Friend?
- 2 If carelessly still you are passing along,
Your days in your sins you can spend,
O terrible thought, to that world you belong,
That know not the Lord as a Friend.
- 3 But O, if you feel that your sins are your woe,
And long for a peace without end,
You're welcome to Jesus the Saviour to go,
And seek to know Him as a Friend.
- 4 O dread in your youth the sad snares that
abound,
And oft at the throne may you bend,

WARNINGS

And seek that the Lord as a guard may surround
Your steps unto Christ as a Friend.

254

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

- 1 When, descending from the sky,
The Bridegroom shall appear
And the solemn midnight cry
Shall call professors near,
How the sound our hearts will damp!
How will shame o'erspread each face!
If we only have a lamp
Without the oil of grace.
- 2 Foolish virgins then will wake,
And seek for a supply;
But in vain the pains they take
To borrow or to buy.
Then with those they now despise,
Earnestly they wish to share;
But the best among the wise,
Will have no oil to spare.
- 3 Wise they are, and truly blest,
Who then shall ready be!
But despair will seize the rest,
And dreadful misery:
“Once,” they’ll cry, “we scorned to doubt,
Though in lies our trust we put;
Now our lamp of hope is out,
The door of mercy shut.”
- 4 If they then presume to plead,
“Lord, open to us now;

WARNINGS

We on earth have heard and prayed,
And with Thy saints did bow";
He will answer from His throne,
"Though you with My people mixed,
Yet to Me ye ne'er were known;
Depart, your doom is fixed."

- 5 O that none who worship here
May hear that word "Depart!"
Lord, impress a godly fear
Upon each careless heart:
Help us, Lord, to search the camp,
Let us not ourselves beguile;
Trusting to a dying lamp,
Without a stock of oil.

255

S.M.

- 1 And am I born to die,
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
- 2 When from the earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.
- 3 I must from God be driven,
Or with the Saviour dwell;
Must come, at His command, to heaven,
Or else depart to hell.

WARNINGS

- 4 Teach me, O Lord, to flee
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when the Judge of all I see,
I may with joy appear.

256

C.M.

- 1 Like crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are marked to fall:
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon may smite us all.
- 2 Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen;
I passed, and they were gone.
- 3 Read, ye that run, the awful truth,
With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.
- 4 No present health can health insure
For yet an hour to come;
No medicine, though it oft can cure,
Can always balk the tomb.
- 5 But, O, if we to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

257

8.7.

- 1 Let me think, if I were dying,
 (And I very soon must die),
On what hope am I relying,
 To what refuge could I fly?
- 2 Not a sister, nor a brother,
 Nor the holiest of men;
Not a father, nor a mother,
 Could afford me refuge then.
- 3 They could only stand beside me,
 Tend my pillow, weep my fall;
But dark death would soon divide me
 From the dearest of them all.
- 4 On the blood of Christ relying
 May I pass the solemn hour;
Jesus conquered death by dying,
 Saved poor sinners from its power.

DEATH AND ETERNITY

258

7.6.7.6.8.8.

- 1 There is a bridgeless river
Which Adam's race must pass;
And none but true believers
Will find their standing fast.
But faith for them the way will pave
And bear them safe across the wave.
- 2 Great numbers through this river
Have waded free from fears,
Though all their lives in bondage
Were spent in sighs and tears.
All through the stream the arms of love
Have raised their eyes and hopes above.
- 3 Beyond this bridgeless river
There is a heavenly home,
Where Jesus, the Forerunner,
Doth bid His pilgrims come.
There they shall range the heavenly plains
And shout free grace in endless strains.
- 4 Blest Spirit! now prepare me
To pass the swelling flood;
Before I go assure me
I'm washed in Jesus' blood;
And when I'm landed, then I'll sing
Eternal praise to Christ my King.

259

C.M.

- 1 There is an hour, when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.
- 2 There is an hour, when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death,
And yield to Him, who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.
- 3 There is an hour, when I must look
On one eternity,
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.
- 4 O Saviour, then, in all my need,
Be near, be near to me;
And let my soul, in steadfast faith,
Find life and heaven in Thee!

260

C.M.

- 1 Though I am young, I have a soul
The world can never buy;
And, while eternal ages roll,
It will not, cannot die.
- 2 For it must soar to worlds on high,
Where happy spirits dwell;
Or, buried with the wicked, lie
Deep in the grave of hell.

DEATH AND ETERNITY

- 3 Pardon it, cleanse it, God of grace,
And let it righteous be;
Arrayed in Thy own holiness,
And meet to dwell with Thee.

261

C.M.

- 1 How dreadful must the anguish be,
When wicked people die!
What terrors must they feel and see,
If Jesus is not nigh!
- 2 Death's cruel sting, how sad the state,
That fills them with dismay!
Infernal spirits round them wait,
To bear their souls away.
- 3 Thy love, Lord Jesus, may we know,
In childhood's early years,
And may Thy death and sufferings too,
Deliver us from fears.
- 4 That dreadful sting the Saviour took,
He loved poor sinners well,
Happy the child that has forsook
The paths that lead to hell.

262

L.M.

- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

DEATH AND ETERNITY

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venom'd sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

263

C.M.

- 1 Death has been here, and borne away
A scholar from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.
- 2 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast:
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last.
- 3 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath the chastening rod;

DEATH AND ETERNITY

One must be first, but may we all
Be ready to meet God.

264

11s.

- 1 How solemn that day, when all nations shall stand,
As Jesus divides to His right and left hand!
When He on His glorious throne shall be there;
Let each ask the question, Where shall I appear?
- 2 The Cains, and the Esaus, and children that mocked,
When judged by their doings in chains will be locked,
While Abels and Jacobs rejoice without fear;
Let each ask the question, Where shall I appear?
- 3 Great God may Thy Spirit now fit me to stand,
In that solemn day at the Judge's right hand,
"Come in now, thou blessed," that sweet word to hear;
To me how important where I shall appear?
- 4 If Jesus is mine while I travel below,
Then me in that day He most surely will know,
His smile, and His words will eternally cheer,
And I at His right hand with joy shall appear.

265

C.M.

- 1 How long sometimes a day appears
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move as slow as if the years
Would never pass away.

DEATH AND ETERNITY

- 2 But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.
- 3 Days, months, and years must have an end;
Eternity has none;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.
- 4 Great God, we children cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
But do Thou grant that we may dwell
That long, long time with Thee.

266

112th.

- 1 The leaves of autumn pass away;
The summer's brightest flowers decay;
The fairest things beneath the sky
But bloom awhile, then fade and die:
For all of beauty, all of bloom
On earth, is passing to the tomb.
- 2 But there is something that will live,
When light no more the sun shall give;
When moons no more shall set nor rise,
And stars shall quit the silent skies;
And vanished in eternity.
Time and this earth shall cease to be.
- 3 It is the soul, the better part,
That which is thinking in my heart;

DEATH AND ETERNITY

'Tis that which never can decay,
Though all things else shall pass away,
My body in the dust shall lie,
My soul can never, never die.

267

L.M.

- 1 Measure the ocean with the hand,
And on the shore count every sand;
Each drop and grain a million years,
If reckoned, what a sum appears!
- 2 Though these great numbers do exceed
The powers of man to count indeed;
Yet O! compared they cannot be
With boundless, vast eternity.
- 3 Then think, child, how important 'tis,
To know if you're an heir of bliss,
We must for ever, ever be,
In endless joy, or misery.
- 4 Eternity! O awful sound!
I'd pray to be in Jesus found,
And may God's sovereign grace so free,
Make me His child eternally.

268

11s.

- 1 How still is the river, and calm is its tide!
We scarcely discover its waters to glide;
O list you, how noiseless, though mighty it be;
O hark you, how voiceless it hastes to the sea.

DEATH AND ETERNITY

- 2 How swift is the river, and bright is the gleam!
Its rays how they quiver through woods o'er the
stream;
As onward 'tis sweeping so restless and free,
All racing and leaping its course to the sea.
- 3 O, beautiful river, thou seemest to say,
Thus, thus is it ever that life hastes away:
Though noisy or noiseless its waters may be,
Yet, still without pausing, they flow to the sea.
- 4 O, where are they taking, dear children, your
soul,
Eternity truly for man is the goal,
But, O, will you find it of pleasure or pain,
A long everlasting of loss or of gain?

269

C.M.

- 1 Can it incredible appear
That God should raise the dead,
When tokens of His power so clear
Are all around us spread?
- 2 Cast in the earth, the seed-corn lies,
Till o'er the fertile field,
God from corruption makes it rise,
Our daily bread to yield.
- 3 When harvest brings the ripened grain,
Our eyes with joy behold
That scattered seed, restored again,
Increased a hundredfold.

DEATH AND ETERNITY

- 4 The leaves in autumn fade and fall,
The trees look dead and dry;
But spring returns, reviving all,
Fresh verdure meets the eye.
- 5 The caterpillar eats its fill,
Then, sickening, seems to die;
Concealed, as in its coffin, till
God gives it wings to fly.
- 6 So our frail bodies will decay,
And low in dust remain;
But there will surely come a day
When they shall rise again.
- 7 A change most glorious that will be,
If we in Christ are found;
Made like the Saviour, we shall see
Him with His saints around.

HEAVEN

270

L.M.

- 1 On Zion's glorious summit stood
A numerous host, redeemed by blood;
They hymned their King in strains divine;
I heard the song and strove to join.
- 2 Here all who suffered sword or flame,
For truth, or Jesus' lovely Name,
Shout victory now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.
- 3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul;
And scenes of bliss, for ever new,
Rise in succession to their view.
- 4 Here Mary and Manasseh view,
The dying thief and Abraham too;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy, their song the same.
- 5 O sweet employ to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
And spend from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful vast eternity!
- 6 O what a sweet exalted song,
When every tribe and every tongue,
Redeemed by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there!

HEAVEN

- 7 My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

271

L.M.

- 1 As when the weary traveller gains,
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are all forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies;
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 "'Tis there," he says, "I am to dwell,
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away."
- 6 Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to Thine abode;

HEAVEN

Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

272

148th.

- 1 O, shall I ever see
That glorious heavenly sight,
And with bright angels be
All dressed in purest white?
Yes, I shall join them in their bliss,
If Christ is mine and I am His.
- 2 But is there hope for one,
Whose every breath is sin,
Has Christ the work begun,
Do I belong to Him?
For if the heart to Him is drawn
That child from Him shall not be torn.
- 3 Blest souls that glory share,
I'd long to be with you,
A victor's palm to bear,
With Jesus Christ in view;
O what a miracle 'twill be,
If there's a seat for one like me.

273

C.M.

- 1 How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,

HEAVEN

And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 In pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

274

L.M.

1 Exalted high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crowned, in white array,
My wondering soul asks, Who are they?

2 These are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood,
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

HEAVEN

- 3 Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories great, and all divine:
Tell me their origin, and say,
Their order what, and whence came they?
- 4 Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorned the shame:
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on Him rest.
- 5 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain:
To wells of living water led,
By God the Lamb for ever fed.
- 6 Unknown to mortal ears, they sing
The secret glories of their King;
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise?
- 7 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of His Name;
To Him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion, and eternal praise.

275

C.M. and refrain

- 1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
All singing, Glory, glory!
- 2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,

HEAVEN

Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?
All singing Glory, glory!

3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sins,
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean;
All singing Glory, glory!

4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
And now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb;
All singing Glory, glory!

276

C.M.

1 Hark! how the choir around the throne
Adore their glorious King!
They drink full draughts of bliss unknown,
And hallelujah sing.

2 They range through heaven's unmeasured
plain,
And find new cause for praise;
See more of Jesus, and again
Loud hallelujahs raise.

3 Anon, the pearly gates unfold,
An heir of bliss draws nigh;
Again they strike their harps of gold,
And hallelujah cry.

HEAVEN

- 4 Another sinner, born of God,
 Makes heaven's vast conclave ring;
Again they Jesus' love record,
 And hallelujah sing.
- 5 At last the ransomed throng, complete,
 Is glorified throughout:
Again they bow at Jesus' feet,
 And hallelujah shout.
- 6 Ere long, O may we join that throng,
 Who bow before the King;
And in one everlasting song,
 Our hallelujahs bring.

SEASONS

277

New Year

7s.D.

- 1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little – none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning, from the skies,
Darts and leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy Word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

SEASONS

278

New Year

7s.D.

- 1 See, another year is gone;
Quickly have the seasons passed;
This we enter now upon
Will to many prove their last;
Mercy hitherto has spared,
But have mercies been improved?
Let us ask, Am I prepared,
Should I be this year removed?
- 2 Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun:
Some, but who God only knows,
Who are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death may bow.
- 3 Life a field of battle is,
Thousands fall within our view;
And the next death-bolt that flies,
May be sent to me or you;
While we read, and while we hear,
May we each in earnest think,
Vast eternity is near,
I am standing on the brink.
- 4 If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of God's grace,
Welcome, then, the call will be
To depart and see His face:

SEASONS

To the saints while here below
With new years, new mercies come;
But the happiest year they know,
Is the last which leads them home.

279

New Year

S.M.

- 1 Let hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty, mingled with delight,
To sing the Saviour's praise.
- 2 Now through another year,
Supported by His care;
We raise our Ebenezer here,
The Lord has helped thus far.
- 3 Our lot in future years
Unable to foresee,
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, "Leave it all to Me."
- 4 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon Thy breast;
Help us to praise Thee for the past,
And trust Thee for the rest.

280

Spring

7s. D.

- 1 Pleasing spring again is here,
Trees and fields in bloom appear;
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise!
Where, in winter, all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow;

SEASONS

And the corn, in green array;
Promises a harvest day.

- 2 What a change has taken place,
Emblem of the spring of grace;
How the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;
Till the Spirit's gentle rain,
Bids the heart revive again!
Then the stone is turned to flesh,
And each grace springs forth afresh.

281

Seedtime

S.M.

- 1 When fleecy snows descend,
And cover hill and plain,
It is a gift which God doth lend,
To be returned again.
- 2 When sunny days come round
The dews and vapours rise,
Ordained to carry from the ground
Its tribute to the skies.
- 3 But first through all the field
The gift of heaven must spread,
Seed to the sower it shall yield,
And to the eater bread.
- 4 And such the gracious Lord,
In voice of promise tells,
Shall be the influence of His Word
Where'er that influence dwells.

SEASONS

5 It shall not be in vain,
It shall not void return;
His truth its purposes shall gain,
And men its precepts learn.

6 So may it early be
Within this heart of mine,
The seed of faith be found in me,
The fruit of love divine.

282

Seedtime

7.6.D. with refrain

1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him;
By Him the birds are fed;

SEASONS

Much more to men and children
He gives their daily bread.
All good gifts around us, etc.

- 3 But best of all, He gave us
His written Word of truth,
The comfort of the aged,
The guide of early youth.
This precious seed is scattered
By those who labour here;
O may it oft be watered
By God the Spirit's care!
All good gifts around us, etc.

283

The Sower

C.M.

- 1 Ye sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground;
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.
- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon withered, scorched, and dead.
- 3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain;

SEASONS

The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

5 But when the Lord of grace and power
Has blessed the happy field,
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield!

6 Father of mercies! we have need
Of Thy preparing grace:
Let the same hand, that gives the seed,
Provide a fruitful place!

284

Seedtime and Harvest

C.M.

- 1 Fountain of mercy, God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above.
Matured the swelling grain,
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

SEASONS

- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow!
- 6 Fountain of love! our praise is Thine,
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise!

285

Harvest

112th.

- 1 This is the field, the world below,
In which the sowers come to sow,
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the Word of truth declares;
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.
- 2 Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all the world the harvest know?
All who profess are wheat or tares:
Harvest will come at unawares.
Yes, soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.
- 3 To love my sins, a saint to appear,
To grow with wheat, and be a tare,
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow,
But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

SEASONS

- 4 But all who truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom then shall see,
Shine like the sun for ever there,
He that hath ears then let him hear,
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

286

Harvest

7s.D.

- 1 See the corn again in ear!
How the fields and valleys smile,
Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil,
Should the Lord secure the crop,
It will give us needful food;
In His mercy is our hope,
We have sinned, but He is good.
- 2 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours,
He, in seasons, still affords
Kindly heat and gentle showers:
By His care the produce thrives
Waving o'er the furrowed lands;
And when harvest time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.
- 3 Thus in barren hearts He sows,
Precious seeds of heavenly joy;
Sin and hell in vain oppose,
None can grace's crop destroy:
Threatened oft yet still it blooms,
After many changes past,

SEASONS

Death the reaper, when he comes,
Finds it fully ripe at last.

287

Harvest

7s.D.

- 1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
- 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home,

SEASONS

Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels come;
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

288

Winter

C.M.

- 1 The ice and snow we lately saw,
Which covered all the ground,
Are melted soon before the thaw,
And can no more be found.
- 2 Could all the art of man suffice
To move away the snow,
To clear the rivers from the ice,
Or make the waters flow?
- 3 No, 'tis the work of God alone:
An emblem of the power
By which He melts the heart of stone,
In His appointed hour.
- 4 All outward means, till He appears,
Will ineffectual prove;
Though much the sinner sees and hears,
He's destitute of love.
- 5 But let the stoutest sinner feel
The softening warmth of grace,
Though hard as ice, or rock, or steel,
His heart dissolves apace.

289

Various

L.M.

- 1 Eternal Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole,
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in Thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make Thy mercies known,
Around Thy board, and at our own.

SEASONS

- 7 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

GENERAL

290

C.M.

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

291

7.7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 Blessed are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood;

GENERAL

- They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have;
With them numbered may I be,
Now, and through eternity.
- 2 God did love them in His Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe;
With them numbered may I be,
Now, and through eternity.
- 3 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace,
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them numbered may I be,
Now, and through eternity.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace,
Clothed in Jesus' righteousness,
Born of God, they hate all sin;
God's pure seed remains within.
With them numbered may I be,
Now, and through eternity.
- 5 They have fellowship with God
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun;
With them numbered may I be,
Now, and through eternity.

292

L.M.

- 1 Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I'd go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom has assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
My one desire to follow Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

293

L.M.

- 1 Blest are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

GENERAL

- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

294

L.M.

- 1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

295

7.6.D.

- 1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue

GENERAL

The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.

- 3 Though vine nor fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

296

6.4.

- 1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

GENERAL

- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the water's face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light!

297

C.M.

- 1 There is a little, lonely fold,
 A fold the Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
 With eye that never sleeps.
- 2 By evil beast, nor burning sky,
 Nor damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die,
 Beneath that Shepherd's care.
- 3 For if, unheeding or beguiled,
 In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
 And guards them safely home.
- 4 O am I one in this blest fold,
 Or do I wander wide?
The Lord my heart can now behold,
 I cannot from Him hide.

298

L.M.

- 1 O happy child, whose every sin
Is put away by Jesus' blood;

GENERAL

All spotless, clean and pure within,
Made fit to meet a holy God.

2 O happy child, to whom the Lord
Will not impute a guilty stain;
Who sees by faith his sins transferred
To Christ, the Lamb who once was slain.

3 He knows himself a wretch undone,
Unworthy of a Saviour's love;
Yet rests on Jesus Christ alone,
And hopes to reign with Him above.

4 Then tempests may around him rise,
He sees with calm, untroubled face,
The wildest storm, the darkest skies,
For Jesus is his Hiding-Place;

5 His Guide, his Guard, his All in all,
His joy in health and sickness too;
Who raised him from the lowest fall,
And will in safety bring him through.

6 When sorrows o'er the wicked roll,
He, he shall triumph and rejoice;
Shall feel a peaceful rest of soul,
And praise his God with cheerful voice.

299

C.M.

1 There is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

GENERAL

- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will get to heaven at last.
- 3 How shall a little pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread;
- 4 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.
- 5 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my Guide,
And I shall never stray.
- 6 Then I may go without alarm,
And trust His word of old;
“The lambs He’ll gather with His arm,
And lead them to the fold.”

300

S.M.

- 1 Far down the ages now,
Her journey well nigh done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
And longs to reach her crown.
- 2 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,

GENERAL

No smoother is the ancient path
That leads to light and day.

3 No feebler is the foe,
No slacker grows the fight,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and helmet bright.

4 Thus onward still they press,
Through evil and through good,
Through pain, or poverty, or want,
Through peril or through blood.

5 Still faithful to their God
And to their Captain true,
They follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom still in view.

301

10.10.

1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

GENERAL

- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and
ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
May Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

302

7s.

- 1 Happiness, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, O tell me, where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth and fame,
All cry out, "It is not here."
- 2 Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.
- 3 Object of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.
- 4 Thee to praise and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.
- 5 Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;

GENERAL

Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.

- 6 Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
Happiness complete is Thine;
Mine it is, if Thou art mine.

303

7s.

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ your Advocate is made;
You to save, your flesh assumes;
Brother to your souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Zion's city is in sight;
There your endless home shall be,
There your Lord you soon shall see.

GENERAL

6 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

7 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

304

104th.

- 1 Ye lambs of Christ's fold, ye weaklings in faith,
Who long to lay hold on life by His death;
Who fain would believe Him, and in your best
room
Would gladly receive Him, but fear to presume;
- 2 Remember one thing, O may it sink deep;
Our Shepherd and King cares much for His
sheep;
To trust Him endeavour; the work is His own;
He makes the believer, and gives him his crown.
- 3 Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek;
His Spirit will cherish the life He first gave;
You never shall perish if Jesus can save.
- 4 Blest soul that can say, "Christ only I seek."
Wait for Him alway; be constant though weak;
The Lord whom thou seekest will not tarry long;
And to Him the weakest is dear as the strong.

GENERAL

305

S.M.

- 1 I'm not too young to sin,
I'm not too young to die,
I'm not too little to begin
A life of faith and joy.
- 2 I'm not too young to know
The Saviour's love to me
In coming down to earth below
To die upon the tree.
- 3 I'm not too young to love,
I'm not too young to pray,
To look to Jesus up above,
And all His Word obey.

306

S.M.

- 1 There is a holy Name,
So sacred and so dear,
It should not e'er be spoken but
With reverential fear.
- 2 There is a holy place,
Where Christians meet for prayer,
And Jesus Christ whom saints adore,
Is surely with them there.
- 3 There is a holy Book,
In mercy it is given,
To show the true, the, narrow way,
And light the path to heaven.

GENERAL

- 4 There is a holy day,
 Which God Himself has blessed,
And set apart from other days,
 For worship and for rest.

307

L.M.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be!
 A sinful child ashamed of Thee?
 Scorned be the thought by rich and poor;
 O may I scorn it more and more!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star.
 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight blush to think of noon!
- 3 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
 That morning Star, bids darkness flee;
 He sheds the beam of noon divine
 O'er all this midnight soul of mine.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! shall yon field
 Blush when it thinks who bids it yield?
 Yet blush I most, while I adore,
 I blush to think I yield no more.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! of that Friend
 On whom, for heaven, my hopes depend!
 It must not be! be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.
- 6 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
 When I've no crimes to wash away;

GENERAL

No tears to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

- 7 Till then (nor is the boasting vain),
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my portion be,
That Saviour not ashamed of me!

(This is believed to be the original version as written by a ten year old boy.)

308

C.M.

- 1 O my sad conscience! O my heart,
How do their workings clash!
One hour I'm pained – from sin I start;
The next I'm bold and rash.
- 2 How can I give up sin so sweet?
I know not what to do;
Death may be near, and I'm not fit
To stay, nor yet to go.
- 3 Jesus, Thy love's to me unknown,
But I have heard Thy Name;
O heal, and on me now look down,
And ease me of my pain.
- 4 O come to this poor heart that aches,
Thy great salvation bring;
And then I shall my sins forsake,
And of Thy mercy sing.

309

C.M.

- 1 Father of peace, and God of love!
We own Thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by His sacred blood,
Confirmed and sealed for evermore,
The eternal covenant stood.
- 3 O may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still.

310

8.7.4.

- 1 Hitherto the Lord has brought us,
Children, teachers, on our way,
Our beloved school maintaining
Even to the present day.
Ebenezer!
God hath helped us, would we say.
- 2 He has given a place for worship,
May we love these pastures green,
May we heed the sacred Scriptures
Where the Son of God is seen.
Ebenezer!
Hitherto our help He's been.
- 3 In the future yet before us,
We shall need His helping hand,

GENERAL

Still to wait for His appearing
And to go at His command.
Ebenezer!
Only by His help we stand.

- 4 And when death our souls shall summon,
May we be prepared before,
Washed in Jesus' blood, and landed
Safely on the heavenly shore.
Ebenezer!
Hitherto and evermore!

311

8.7.7.

- 1 Through the day Thy love has spared us;
Wearied, we lie down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
May we ever trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thy love may we repose;
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

312

L.M..

- 1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

GENERAL

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

PSALMS

313

Psalm 1

C.M.

- 1 How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight:
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
- 4 For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

314

Psalm 19

148th.

- 1 The spacious heavens declare
The glory of our God.
The firmament displays
His handiwork abroad.
Day unto day proclaims His might
And night His wisdom tells to night.

PSALMS

2 Aloud they do not speak,
They utter forth no word,
Nor into language break,
Their voice is never heard;
Yet through the world the truth they bear
And their Creator's power declare.

3 The clouds of heaven are spread,
A tent to hold the sun,
And like a bridegroom fair
Comes forth the mighty one,
Rejoicing in his strength and grace
To run his wondrous daily race.

4 His daily going forth
Is from the end of heaven;
The firmament to him
Is for his circuit given;
His journey reaches to its ends,
And everywhere his heat extends.

5 Jehovah's perfect law
Restores the soul again;
His testimony sure
Gives wisdom unto men;
The precepts of the Lord are right
And fill the heart with great delight.

315

Psalm 23

S.M.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

PSALMS

- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way
For His most holy Name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark
shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

316

Psalm 24

C.M.

- 1 Erect your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory; see He comes
With His celestial train.

PSALMS

- 2 Who is this King of glory? who?
The Lord for strength renowned;
In battle mighty, o'er His foes
Eternal Victor crowned.
- 3 Erect your heads, ye gates unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory; see, He comes
With all His shining train.
- 4 Who is this King of glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renowned;
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

317

Psalm 27

148th.

- 1 Jehovah is my light,
And my salvation near,
Who shall my soul affright
Or cause my heart to fear?
While God my strength, my life sustains,
Secure from fear my soul remains.
- 2 When evildoers came
To make my life their prey,
They stumbled in their shame,
And fell in sore dismay,
Though hosts make way on every side,
Still fearless I in God confide.
- 3 My one request has been,
And still this prayer I raise,

PSALMS

That I may dwell within
God's house through all my days;
Jehovah's beauty to admire
And in His temple to enquire.

4 When troubles round me swell,
When fears and dangers throng,
Securely I will dwell
In His pavilion strong;
Within the cover of His tent,
He hides me till the storm is spent.

5 Uplifted on a rock
Above my foes around,
Amid the battle shock
My song shall still resound;
Then joyful offerings I will bring,
Jehovah's praise my heart shall sing.

318

Psalms 32

7.6.D.

1 How blest is he whose trespass
Has freely been forgiven,
Whose sin is wholly covered
Before the sight of heaven;
Blest he to whom Jehovah
Will not impute his sin,
Who has a guileless spirit,
Whose heart is true within.

2 While I kept guilty silence
My strength was spent with grief,
Thy hand was heavy on me,
My soul found no relief;

PSALMS

But when I owned my trespass,
My sin hid not from Thee,
When I confessed transgression,
Then Thou forgavest me.

- 3 So let the godly seek Thee
In times when Thou art near;
No whelming floods shall reach them,
Nor cause their hearts to fear.
In Thee, O Lord, I hide me,
Thou savest me from ill,
And songs of Thy salvation
My heart with rapture thrill.
- 4 I graciously will teach thee
The way that thou shalt go,
And with My eye upon thee
My counsel make thee know.
But be ye not unruly,
Or slow to understand,
Be not perverse, but willing
To heed My wise command.
- 5 The sorrows of the wicked
In number shall abound,
But those that trust Jehovah
His mercy shall surround.
Then in the Lord be joyful,
In song lift up your voice;
Be glad in God, ye righteous,
Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice.

PSALMS

319

Psalm 39

S.M.

- 1 My end, Lord, make me know,
My days, how soon they fail;
And to my thoughtful spirit show
How weak I am and frail.
- 2 To Thy eternal thought
My days are but a span;
To Thee my years appear as nought,
A breath at best is man.
- 3 O Lord, regard my fears,
And answer my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.
- 4 I am a stranger here,
Dependent on Thy grace,
A pilgrim, as my fathers were,
With no abiding place.

320

Psalm 42

C.M.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

PSALMS

- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him, who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.
- 4 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

321

Psalm 45

S.M.D.

- 1 My heart doth overflow,
A goodly theme is mine;
My eager tongue with joyful song
Doth praise the King divine.
Supremely fair Thou art,
Thy lips with grace o'erflow;
His richest blessings evermore
Doth God on Thee bestow.
- 2 Now gird Thee with Thy sword,
O strong and mighty one,
In splendid majesty arrayed,
More glorious than the sun.
Triumphantly ride forth
For meekness, truth and right;
Thy arm shall gain the victory
In wondrous deeds of might.
- 3 Thy strength shall overcome
All those that hate the King,
And under Thy dominion strong
The nations Thou shalt bring.

PSALMS

Thy royal throne, O God,
For evermore shall stand;
Eternal truth and justice wield
The sceptre in Thy hand.

4 Since Thou art sinless found,
The Lord, Thy God confessed,
Anointeth Thee with perfect joy,
Thou art supremely blest.
Thy garments breathe of myrrh
And spices sweet and rare,
Glad strains of heavenly music ring
Throughout Thy palace fair.

5 Amid Thy glorious train
Kings' daughters waiting stand,
And fairest gems bedeck Thy bride,
The queen at Thy right hand.
O royal bride, give heed,
And to My words attend;
For Christ, the King, forsake the world
And every former friend.

322

Psalm 46

8.7.6.

1 A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,

PSALMS

And armed with cruel hate;
On earth is not his equal.

- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Doth ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He!
Lord Sabaoth is His Name,
From age to age the same;
And He must win the battle.
- 3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

323

Psalm 63

C.M.

- 1 Early, my God, without delay
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand
Beneath a burning sky
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink, or die.

PSALMS

- 3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine;
My God! repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine!
- 4 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

324

Psalm 65

7.6.D.

- 1 Praise waits for Thee in Zion;
All men shall worship there
And pay their vows before Thee,
O God who hearest prayer.
Our sins rise up against us,
Prevailing day by day,
But Thou wilt show us mercy
And take their guilt away.
- 2 How blest the man Thou callest
And bringest near to Thee,
That in Thy courts for ever
His dwelling place may be;
He shall within Thy temple
Be satisfied with grace,

PSALMS

And filled with all the goodness
Of Thy most holy place.

- 3 O God of our salvation,
Since Thou dost love the right,
Thou wilt an answer send us
In wondrous deeds of might.
In all earth's habitations,
On all the boundless sea,
Man finds no sure reliance,
No peace, apart from Thee.

325

Psalm 72

6.5.D. and refrain

- 1 Christ shall have dominion
Over land and sea;
Earth's remotest regions
Shall His empire be;
They that wilds inhabit
Shall their worship bring;
Kings shall render tribute,
Nations serve our King.
Christ shall have dominion, etc.
- 2 When the needy seek Him,
He will mercy show;
Yea, the weak and helpless
Shall His pity know.
He will surely save them
From oppression's might,
For their lives are precious
In His holy sight.
Christ shall have dominion, etc.

- 3 Ever and forever
 Shall His Name endure;
 Long as suns continue
 It shall stand secure;
 And in Him forever
 All men shall be blest,
 And all nations hail Him
 King of kings confessed.
 Christ shall have dominion, etc.
- 4 Unto God Almighty
 Joyful Zion sings;
 He alone is glorious,
 Doing wondrous things.
 Evermore, ye people,
 Bless His glorious Name,
 His eternal glory
 Through the earth proclaim.
 Christ shall have dominion, etc.

326*Psalm 73*

6.4.

- 1 O God, how good Thou art
 To all the pure of heart,
 Though life seems vain;
 Burdened with anxious care,
 I groped in dark despair,
 Till in Thy house of prayer
 All was made plain.
- 2 Ever, O Lord, with Thee,
 All shall be well with me,
 Held by Thy hand;

PSALMS

And Thou wilt guide my feet
By Thy own counsel sweet,
Till I, for glory meet,
In glory stand.

- 3 In earth or heaven above
Who is there that I love
Compared with Thee?
My heart may faint with fears,
But God my strength appears,
And will to endless years
My portion be.

- 4 O it is good that I
May still to God draw nigh,
As oft before;
The Lord Jehovah blest,
My refuge and my rest,
Shall be in praise confessed
For evermore.

327

Psalm 87

8.7.4.

- 1 Zion founded on the mountains,
God, thy Maker, loves thee well;
He has chosen thee most precious,
He delights in thee to dwell;
God's own city,
Who can all thy glory tell?
- 2 Heathen lands and hostile peoples,
Soon shall come the Lord to know;
Nations born again in Zion
Shall the Lord's salvation show;

PSALMS

God Almighty,
Shall on Zion strength bestow.

- 3 When the Lord shall count the nations,
Sons and daughters He shall see,
Born to endless life in Zion,
And their joyful song shall be:
Blessed Zion,
All our fountains are in thee.

328

Psalm 90

C.M.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame –
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;

PSALMS

They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

- 6 O God, our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

329

Psalm 91

C.M.

- 1 There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O, be that refuge mine!
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.
- 3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!
- 5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

PSALMS

330

Psalm 92

C.M.

- 1 How good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify!
- 2 With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And of His constant truth each night
The glad effects repeat!
- 3 For through Thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And sing with cheerful voice.

331

Psalm 99

C.M.D.

- 1 Jehovah reigns in majesty,
Let all the nations quake,
He dwells between the cherubim,
Let earth's foundation shake.
Supreme in Zion is the Lord,
Exalted gloriously;
Ye nations, praise His name with awe,
The Holy One is He.
- 2 The mighty King loves justice well,
And equity ordains;
He rules His people righteously
And faithfulness maintains.
O magnify the Lord our God,
Let Him exalted be;

PSALMS

In worship at His footstool bow,
The Holy One is He.

- 3 When priests and prophets called on God,
He their petitions heard;
His cloudy pillar led them on,
And they obeyed His word.
Though sending judgments for their sins,
He pardoned graciously;
Exalt the Lord and worship Him,
The Holy One is He.

332

Psalm 100

L.M.

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good.
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

333*Psalm 103*

11.10.

- 1 Good is the Lord and full of kind compassion,
Most slow to anger, plenteous in love;
Rich is His grace to all that humbly seek Him,
Boundless and endless as the heavens above.
- 2 His love is like a father's to his children,
Tender and kind to all who fear His Name,
For well He knows our weakness and our frailty,
He knows that we are dust, He knows our frame.
- 3 We fade and die like flowers that grow in
 beauty,
Like tender grass that soon will disappear;
But evermore the love of God is changeless,
Still shown to those who look to Him in fear.
- 4 High in the heavens His throne is fixed for ever,
His kingdom rules o'er all from pole to pole;
Bless ye the Lord through all His wide
 dominion,
Bless His most holy Name, O thou my soul.

334*Psalm 104*

C.M.

- 1 O Lord, how manifold the works
 In wisdom wrought by Thee;
The wealth of Thy creation fills
 The earth and mighty sea.
- 2 Let God rejoice in all His works,
 And let His works proclaim
For evermore their Maker's praise
 And glorify His Name.

PSALMS

- 3 While life shall last, my thankful lips
A song to God will raise,
And while my being I possess,
My Maker I will praise.
- 4 My heart shall think upon His grace
In meditation sweet;
My soul, rejoicing in the Lord,
His praises shall repeat.

335

Psalm 119

L.M.

- 1 How shall the young direct their way?
What light shall be their perfect guide?
Thy Word, O Lord, will safely lead,
If in its wisdom they confide.
- 2 Sincerely I have sought Thee, Lord,
O let me not from Thee depart;
To know Thy will and keep from sin,
Thy Word I cherish in my heart.
- 3 O blessed Lord, teach me Thy law,
Thy righteous judgments I declare;
Thy testimonies make me glad,
For they are wealth beyond compare.
- 4 Upon Thy precepts and Thy ways
My heart will meditate with awe;
Thy Word shall be my chief delight,
And I will not forget Thy law.

PSALMS

336

Psalm 119

L.M.

- 1 Teach me, O Lord, Thy way of truth,
And from it I will not depart;
That I may steadfastly obey,
Give me an understanding heart.
- 2 In Thy commandments make me walk,
For in Thy law my joy shall be;
Give me a heart that loves Thy will,
From discontent and envy free.
- 3 Turn Thou my eyes from vanity,
And cause me in Thy ways to tread;
O let Thy servant prove Thy Word
And thus to godly fear be led.
- 4 Turn Thou away reproach and fear;
Thy righteous judgments I confess;
To know Thy precepts I desire;
Revive me in Thy righteousness.

337

Psalm 121

C.M.

- 1 To Zion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will thee from danger keep.

PSALMS

- 3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

338

Psalm 122

C.M.

- 1 With joy and gladness in my soul
I hear the call to prayer;
Let us go up to God's own house
And bow before Him there.
- 2 We stand within thy sacred walls,
O Zion, blest for aye,
Wherein the people of the Lord
United homage pay.
- 3 They come to learn Jehovah's will,
His mighty deeds to own,
For there is judgment's royal seat,
Messiah's kingly throne.
- 4 O pray that Zion may be blest
And have abundant peace,
For all that love thee in their hearts
Shall prosper and increase.
- 5 I pray the Lord that peace may still
Within thy walls abound,

PSALMS

And ever in thy palaces
Prosperity be found.

- 6 Yea, for the sake of friends and kin,
My heart desires thy peace,
And for the house of God the Lord
My care shall never cease.

339

Psalm 139

C.M.

- 1 O Lord, my inmost heart and thought,
Thy searching eye dost see;
Where'er I rest, where'er I go,
My ways are known to Thee.
- 2 Each spoken word, each silent thought,
Thou, Lord, dost understand;
Before me and behind Thou art,
Restraining by Thy hand.
- 3 If I the wings of morning take,
To some remotest land,
Still I shall be upheld by Thee
And guided by Thy hand.
- 4 From Thee, O Lord, I cannot hide,
Though darkness cover me;
The darkness and the light of day
Are both alike to Thee.
- 5 Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, my thoughts to know,
O lead me, if in sin I stray,
In paths of life to go.

340

Psalm 148

8.7.D.

- 1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him,
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light;
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

- 2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail,
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim,
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!

GRACES

341

L.M.

- 1 Lord, bless this food, and grant that we
May thankful for Thy mercies be;
Teach us to know by whom we're fed:
Bless us with Christ, the living Bread.

342

L.M.

- 1 Lord, make us thankful for our food;
Bless us with faith in Jesus' blood;
With bread of life our souls supply,
That we may live with Christ on high.

343

L.M.

- 1 Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.
- 2 In Paradise, within the gates,
A nobler entertainment waits,
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feast, and want no more.

344

L.M.

- 1 We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

GRACES

345

L.M.

- 1 Lord, we would praise Thy tender care,
Which does our daily bread prepare;
O bless us still with earthly good,
And feed our souls with heavenly food.

SUPPLEMENT

346

8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
- 2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace,
And shed His precious blood, in love
For sinners of our guilty race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me!
- 4 No condemnation now I dread;
If Christ, and all in Him, is mine,
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I'd approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my
own.

347

8.5.8.3.

- 1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
“Come to Me,” saith One, “and, coming,
Be at rest!”
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.
- 3 Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my pathway here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.

SUPPLEMENT

- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer: Yes!

348

7.7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 4 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

349

11s.

- 1 Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where
 He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.
- 2 The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.¹
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the
 sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.
- 3 Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

350

7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.

- 1 Beneath the cross of Jesus
 I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
 Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
 A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
 And the burden of the day.

¹ This must not be understood to mean the Lord Jesus was not truly man, and never cried.

SUPPLEMENT

- 2 O safe and happy shelter!
 O refuge tried and sweet!
O trysting-place where heaven's love
 And heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
 That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me
 A ladder up to heaven.
- 3 There lies beneath its shadow,
 But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
 That gapes both deep and wide:
And there between us stands the cross,
 Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
 From that eternal grave.
- 4 Upon that cross of Jesus,
 My eye at times would see
The very dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me;
And from my stricken heart, with tears,
 Two wonders I'd confess –
The wonders of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.
- 5 I'd take, O cross, thy shadow,
 For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face:

SUPPLEMENT

Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss –
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all – the cross.

351

S.M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When for a while we part,
 This thought will soothe our pain,
That we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 From sin we shall be free;

SUPPLEMENT

And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

352

Paraphrase: Hosea 6. 1-4

C.M.

- 1 Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.
- 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:
- 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

353

S.M.

- 1 Commit thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
 Who heaven and earth commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care:
To Him command thy cause; His ear
 Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
 His path unsullied light.
- 6 When He makes bare His arm,
 Who shall His work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay His hand?
- 7 Put thou thy trust in God,
 In humble hope go on;

SUPPLEMENT

Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

354

8.6.8.8.6.

- 1 Eternal Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live and look on Thee.
- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
- 3 O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?
- 4 There is a way by which to rise
To that sublime abode:
Christ's offering and His sacrifice,
The Holy Spirit's energy,
An Advocate with God.
- 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above;
The sons of ignorance and night
Shall dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love.

355

S.M.D.

- 1 “For ever with the Lord!”
 Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
 ’Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day’s march nearer home.
- 2 My Father’s house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith’s foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear!
 Ah! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.
- 3 “For ever with the Lord!”
 Father, if ’tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
 E’en here to me fulfil.
 Be Thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
 Fight, and I must prevail.
- 4 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

SUPPLEMENT

That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory:
Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!

356

7s.

- 1 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.
- 2 O may I to Thee be brought!
Gracious God, forbid it not!
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.
- 3 O supply my every want;
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my Keeper be;
Every moment watch round me.

357

S.M.D.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;

SUPPLEMENT

So that thou wondering own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand.
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

- 3 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee:
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

358

For Sabbath School Teachers

L.M.

- 1 Go, labour on; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?
- 3 Go, labour on; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near – a kingdom and a crown!

SUPPLEMENT

- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, "Behold, I come!"

359

Irregular (with refrain)

- 1 "Great is Thy faithfulness!" O God the Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions they fail
not;
As Thou hast been Thou for ever wilt be.

*"Great is Thy faithfulness! Great is Thy
faithfulness!"*

Morning by morning new mercies I see!

All I have needed Thy hand hath provided!

"Great is Thy faithfulness," Lord, unto me!

- 2 Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.
- 3 Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thy own dear presence to cheer and to guide,
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

360

8.7.4.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;

SUPPLEMENT

Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

361

8s.

- 1 How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend!
His love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end!
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

362

C.M.

- 1 How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

SUPPLEMENT

- 2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.
- 4 When once it penetrates the mind
To conquer every sin,
The enlightened soul begins to find
The path of peace divine.
- 5 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 6 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose ever-cheering ray
Grows brightest at the last.
- 7 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

363

Irregular

- 1 I cannot see into the future,
Or tell what tomorrow will bring:

SUPPLEMENT

It may be the darkness of winter,
Perhaps 'twill be sunshine and spring.
The hopes, fondly cherished, may wither,
The friends I have trusted forsake,
But Jesus my Lord is unchanging:
He knoweth the way that I take.

2 Though darkness may shroud all the future,
His presence the gloom will dispel,
The sea shall divide at His bidding:
With Jesus to lead, all is well.
And still as I go on my journey,
A path through the desert I'll make,
Though briars and thorns may obstruct me,
He knoweth the way that I take.

3 He knoweth the past and the present;
The future my Lord can foresee,
Jehovah, who feedeth the ravens,
Will not be unmindful of me.
At night He will compass my pillow,
Nor leave me when morning doth break,
His arms, everlasting, protect me;
He knoweth the way that I take.

364

C.M.D.

1 I have a dear, a happy home,
And much my home I love,
But is there now prepared for me
A better home above?
There sin and sorrow cannot come,
Or thought of pain and care;

SUPPLEMENT

God wipes the tears from every face,
And all are happy there.

- 2 No angry passions there are felt,
Nor quarrels ever come,
For every heart is full of love,
Within that happy home.
They praise with joy the Saviour's name,
His glorious likeness bear;
They love Him with a perfect love,
For all are holy there.

- 3 Has Jesus made me now His child?
Does grace my soul renew?
Did Jesus shed for me His blood,
That I might enter, too?
If so, when all on earth is done,
A place for me is found;
In heaven a holy, happy home,
Where endless joys abound.

365

C.M.D.

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give

SUPPLEMENT

The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

366

L.M.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives:
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head.
- 2 He lives, triumphant from the grave;
He lives, eternally to save;
He lives, all glorious in the sky;
He lives, exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with His love,
And still He pleads for me above;
He lives to raise me from the grave,
And me eternally to save.

SUPPLEMENT

- 4 He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend,
Who still will keep me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 He lives my mansion to prepare;
And He will bring me safely there;
He lives, all glory to His Name!
Jesus, unchangeably the same!

367

11.8.

- 1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His
fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.
- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my
head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when
He said,
“Let the little ones come unto Me.”
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And all who're led really to seek Him below,
Will see Him and hear Him above.
- 4 A beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and
 fall
 Ne'er heard of that heavenly home;
 'Tis grace can alone them effectually call,
 And lead them to Jesus to come.
- 6 God speaks of a blessed and glorious time,
 The fairest, and brightest, and best,
 When all His dear children of every clime
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

368

8.8.8.D

- 1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God! He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train:
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
 And none shall find His promise vain.
- 3 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

369

10s.

- 1 Immortal honours rest on Jesus' head;
 My God, my Portion, and my Living Bread;
 In Him I live, upon Him cast my care;
 He saves from death, destruction, and despair.
- 2 He is my Refuge in each deep distress;
 The Lord my strength and glorious
 righteousness;
 Through floods and flames He leads me safely
 on,
 And daily makes His sovereign goodness
 known.
- 3 My every need He richly will supply;
 Nor will His mercy ever let me die;
 In Him there dwells a treasure all divine,
 And matchless grace has made that treasure
 mine.
- 4 O that my soul could love and praise Him more,
 His beauties trace, His majesty adore;
 Live near His heart, upon His bosom lean;
 Obey His voice, and all His will esteem.

370

8.8.8.6.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed so free,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am – Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down –
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove,

SUPPLEMENT

Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

371

7.7.7.8.

- 1 Man of Sorrows! what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In their place condemned He stood;
Sealed their pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
Full atonement! – can it be?
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
- 4 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

372

8.7.8.7.7.7.

- 1 Master, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth,
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

SUPPLEMENT

- 2 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock
In the shadow of the Rock.
- 3 Master, speak! though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for O Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart;
Knowest all its truest need;
Speak, and make me blest indeed.
- 4 Master, speak! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak! O speak to me!

373

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;

SUPPLEMENT

If Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

374

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

- 1 My song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
O who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?
- 2 He came from His blest throne,
Salvation to bestow:

SUPPLEMENT

But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.

But O, my Friend!
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend!

- 3 Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King.

Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath,
And for His death
They thirst and cry.

- 4 They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save;
The Prince of life they slay.

Yet cheerful He
To suffering goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

- 5 In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb
But what a stranger gave.

What may I say?
Heaven was His home:

But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

- 6 Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine!
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

375

S.M.

- 1 My times are in Thy hand:
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 My times are in Thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified;
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.

SUPPLEMENT

- 5 My times are in Thy hand:
 I'd always trust in Thee;
 Then, after death, at Thy right hand
 I shall for ever be.

376

7.6.7.6.D

- 1 O sacred head! sore wounded,
 With grief and shame bowed down,
 How scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, Thine only crown!
 How pale art Thou with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn!
 How does that visage languish
 Which once was bright as morn!
- 2 Thy grief and bitter passion
 Were all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain:
 Lo! here I fall, my Saviour:
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favour,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 O make me Thine for ever;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to Thee!

SUPPLEMENT

- 4 Be near me when I'm dying;
O show Thy cross to me;
Thy death, my hope supplying,
From death shall set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love.

377

8.6.8.4.

- 1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.
- 3 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.
- 4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He prepares one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,

SUPPLEMENT

That checks each fault, that calms each fear
And speaks of heaven.

6 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

378

L.M.

1 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

SUPPLEMENT

- 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head in dying pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

379

7.6.7.6.D (with refrain)

- 1 Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love:
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

*Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.*

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in –
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave:
O may I be that sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

SUPPLEMENT

Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

- 4 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story –
Christ Jesus makes thee whole.

380

7.6.8.6.D

- 1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

SUPPLEMENT

- 3 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

381

7.6.7.6.D

- 1 The church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
- 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth;
Her charter of salvation –
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food;
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,

SUPPLEMENT

Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

- 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great church victorious
 Shall be the church at rest.

382

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.

- 1 The sands of time are sinking;
 The dawn of heaven breaks;
 The summer morn I've sighed for,
 The fair, sweet morn, awakes:
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
 But day-spring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.
- 2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
 The deep, sweet well of love;
 The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above;
 There, to an ocean fullness,
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

SUPPLEMENT

- 3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

383

6.6.5.5.6.

- 1 There is a city bright;
Closed are its gates to sin;
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.
- 2 Saviour, I'd come to Thee!
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

SUPPLEMENT

3 Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be;
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee:

4 Till in the snowy dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land!

384

Irregular

- 1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender shepherd's care.
- 2 Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd made answer: This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

SUPPLEMENT

Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

- 4 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven:
Rejoice, I have found my sheep.
And the angels echoed around the throne:
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own.

385

10.11.11.11. (with refrain)

- 1 Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes, where Thy body
lay.
*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won!*
- 2 Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the church with gladness hymns of triumph
sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.
- 3 No more we'd doubt Thee, glorious Prince of
life;
Life is nought without Thee: aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors, through Thy
deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home
above.

386

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

- 1 'Tis the church triumphant singing,
 Worthy the Lamb!
 Heaven throughout with praises ringing,
 Worthy the Lamb!
 Thrones and powers before Him bending,
 Odours sweet with voice ascending
 Swell the chorus never ending,
 Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 Every kindred, tongue and nation –
 Worthy the Lamb!
 Join to sing the great salvation;
 Worthy the Lamb!
 Loud as mighty thunders roaring,
 Floods of mighty waters pouring,
 Prostrate at His feet adoring,
 Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 Harps and songs for ever sounding
 Worthy the Lamb!
 Mighty grace o'er sin abounding;
 Worthy the Lamb!
 By His blood He dearly bought us;
 Wandering from the fold He sought us;
 And to glory safely brought us:
 Worthy the Lamb!
- 4 Sing with blest anticipation,
 Worthy the Lamb!
 Through the vale of tribulation,
 Worthy the Lamb!

SUPPLEMENT

Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling,
Worthy the Lamb!

387

6s.

- 1 We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.
- 2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen flock to greet.
- 3 We love the Word of life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife
And joys that never cease.
- 4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O we long to know
The triumph song of heaven!
- 5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

388

11.10.11.10.

- 1 “We rest on Thee,” our Shield and our Defender!
 We go not forth alone against the foe;
 Strong in Thy strength, safe in Thy keeping
 tender,
 “We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go.”
- 2 Yes, “in Thy Name,” O Captain of salvation!
 In Thy dear Name, all other names above;
 Jesus our Righteousness, our sure Foundation,
 Our Prince of glory and our King of love.
- 3 “We go” in faith, our own great weakness
 feeling,
 And needing more each day Thy grace to know;
 Yet from our hearts a song of triumph pealing:
 “We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go.”
- 4 “We rest on Thee,” our Shield and our Defender!
 Thine is the battle; Thine shall be the praise
 When passing through the gates of pearly
 splendour,
 Victors, we rest with Thee through endless days.

389

8s.

- 1 We sing of the realms of the blest,
 That country so bright and so fair;
 And oft are its glories confessed;
 But what must it be to be there?
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care;

SUPPLEMENT

From trials without and within:
But what must it be to be there?

- 3 We speak of its service of love –
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first born above:
But what must it be to be there?

390

8.7.8.7.D.

- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;

SUPPLEMENT

In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

391

C.M.

- 1 When Abraham's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went.
He met Rebekah – told his wish –
Her parents gave consent.
- 2 Yet for ten days they urged the man
His journey to delay;
“Hinder me not,” he quick replied,
“Since God has crowned my way.”
- 3 'Twas thus I cried when Christ the Lord
My soul to Him did wed;
“Hinder me not, nor friends nor foes,
Since God my way hath sped.”
- 4 “Stay,” says the world, “and taste awhile
My every pleasant sweet”;
“Hinder me not,” my soul replies,
Because the way is great.
- 5 “Stay,” Satan, my old master, cries,
“Or force shall thee detain”;
“Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God has broke my chain!”

* * *

- 6 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;

SUPPLEMENT

Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

7 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

8 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at His command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

9 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
"Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with Thee."

392

L.M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

SUPPLEMENT

- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an offering far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

393

P.M.

- 1 When mothers of Salem
 Their children brought to Jesus,
 The stern disciples drove them back,
 And bade them depart;
 But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
 And sweetly smiled and kindly said,
 "Suffer the children to come unto Me.
- 2 "For I will receive them
 And fold them to my bosom;
 I'll be a shepherd to those lambs,
 O drive them not away;
 For in their hearts My grace I'll give,
 They shall with Me in glory live.
 Suffer the children to come unto Me."
- 3 How kind was the Saviour
 To bid these children welcome!
 But there are many thousands who
 Have never heard His name;

SUPPLEMENT

The Bible they have never read;
They know not that the Saviour said,
“Suffer the children to come unto Me.”

394

Irregular (with refrain)

- 1 Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

*Hope is the anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!*

- 2 Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers roar and the reef is near?
While the surges rave, and the wild winds blow,
Shall the angry waves then your bark o'erflow?
- 3 Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
While your anchor holds within the veil.
- 4 Will your eyes behold through the morning light
The city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
When life's storms are past for evermore?

395

C.M.D.

- 1 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high;
Ye doors that last for aye,

SUPPLEMENT

Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may!
But who of glory is the King?
The mighty Lord is this,
E'en that same Lord that great in might
And strong in battle is.

- 2 Ye gates, lift up your heads; ye doors,
Doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may!
But who is He that is the King
Of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hosts, and none but He,
The King of glory is.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Amen, Amen, Amen.

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