

HYMNALS (Folios)

~~H. 5. 9. 38.~~

Anglican
CHRISTIAN SONGS:

TO 3640 & 10

WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE

EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

OF

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION,

VERSIFIED,

FOR THE HELP OF THE MEMORY.

*“ From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs,
“ Glory to the RIGHTEOUS ONE.”*

ISAIAH XXIV. 16.

THE TENTH EDITION.

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M.DCC.XCVI.

THE
EVIDENCE AND IMPORT
OF
CHRIST'S RESURRECTION,
VERSIFIED,
FOR THE HELP OF THE MEMORY.

INTRODUCTION.

- 'TIS not a thing incredible
I'm called to believe ;
That God should raise the dead, whose pow'r
Hath made us be and live.
- 2 'Tis not so hard for me to know
How God shou'd us restore
From death, as to perceive how sin,
And death came in before.
- 3 'Tis easier to credit this,
Than hope, if sin remain
Unpurged ; or for pardon look,
If death for ever reign.
- 4 When I survey the evidence
Which serves the fact to shew,
That Christ was raised from the dead,
I find it fair and true.

2 THE EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

PART I.

SECTION I.

THE witnesses were not deceiv'd,
By fancy or by fraud;
They mov'd, and held by ev'ry doubt,
Till glaring truth forbade.

2 For forty days, from time to time,
He unto those appear'd,
Who knew him best before his death;
They saw, they felt, they heard.

3 With jealous eyes, and ears, they all,
In company, him try'd;
Oft with him ate and drank; and thus
Were fully satisfy'd.

4 When by the scriptures he their minds
Of this mistake reliev'd,
That Christ should be an earthly prince;
They saw, and they believ'd.

5 Suppose his friends, who mourn'd his death,
Too fond, too easy all;
No thought like this can touch the case
Of persecuting SAUL;

6 Whose honour, conscience, every thing
That's dearest to mankind,
Fix'd him in mortal spite 'gainst all
Who to the faith inclin'd.

SECTION II.

NOR did they cunningly devise
 A fable to deceive
 Mankind, so credulous what soothes
 Their passions to believe.

2 This task had been as hard for them,
 As from the guards to steal
 The body, or for sleeping guards
 To see what then befel.

3 They were not fit for such a task;
 Too many, and too rude,
 To manage such a plot, before
 The prying multitude —

4 Of *Jews and Gentiles*, both combin'd,
 As their own int'rests led,
 If possible, to manifest
 That JESUS still was dead.

5 Nor can I think what gain or prize
 They in the world propos'd;
Impostors in their schemes have still
 Their int'rests fast inclos'd.

6 In face of shame, of pain, of death,
 They boldly testify'd;
 All hope, but of eternal life,
 They chearfully deny'd.

7 No pride of knowledge could be fed,
 By telling such a tale;
 Religious honour there confin'd
 Was to the *Jewish* zeal;

4 THE EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

8 Why then did *Paul* the zealous *Scribe*,
Forsake the strictest sect,
And leave the learn'd, to follow men
Held base in each respect ?

SECTION III.

HOW did the fishers speak with tongues
Of nations all around ?

Whence all at once such liberty,
And boldness had they found ?

2 Why did the pow'r that Jesus rais'd
Appear as he foresaid ?

As they believ'd his word, so was
That promis'd pow'r display'd ;

3 In mighty signs and wonders done
Before the eyes of all ;
And that same pow'r they witness'd of,
was ready at their call.

4 Why did the pow'r of God, in signs,
Call on the world to hear
These men bear witness of that fact,
If false it could appear ?

5 Did God to rogues or madmen lend
His wonder-working pow'r ?
Was ever cheat, or raving tale,
So own'd of God before ?

SECTION IV.

HOW could the fishers' testimony
 Explain the prophecies,
 Far better than the doctrine taught
 By *Scribes* and *Pharisees*?

- 2 No other thing they testify'd,
 But what had been foretold
 In *Isr'el's* law ; its mysteries
 Their witness did unfold.
- 3 The Rabbi's sense of their own law
 Unworthy was of God ;
 The *Galileans* clear'd the book,
 And all divine it show'd.
- 4 The scope of all the prophets forth
 In their report they bring,
 Concerning Jesus' sufferings,
 And glory following.
- 5 Their story of his life and death
 Draws that MESSIAH true ;
 And so divine a character
 Man's wisdom never drew!

SECTION V.

HOW could the divine glory shine,
 And ev'ry property
 Of Godhead shew itself so bright
 In a contrived lie!

6 THE EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

- 2 Forgiving mercy, grace, and love,
In Jesus fully shine ;
No less God's judgment 'gainst all sin,
And sov'reignty divine :
- 3 His truth, his wisdom, are display'd
With his almighty pow'r :
No fact or word did ever shew
So much of God before.
- 4 This fact demands with awful pow'r,
My faith, yea faith divine ;
As it declares to me, O God !
The glory that is thine.
- 5 As I believe I see thee near :
The sight quells all my pride ;
No worldly lust can shelter here,
Nor in thy sight abide.
- 6 Thus the apostles witnessed
The very word of God ;
Their testimony bare his name
Through all the world abroad.

SECTION VI.

THEY wrote their testimony down
For future ages then,
Tradition's frauds all to prevent,
By their well-guided pen,

OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. 7

- 2 In the New Testament ; where we find
The monstrous things foretold,
Which worldly men have built on it,
And how they would it mould,
- 3 To serve their int'rests in this life,
Their honour, wealth, and ease ;
A worldly kingdom from the cross
Of Jesus Christ to raise !
- 4 Th' apostles writings, in the hands
Of such ungodly men,
For many ages hidden lay,
And kept from vulgar ken.
- 5 Yet it was never in their pow'r
That scripture to destroy :
But still it stands ; and nothing can
Their kingdom more annoy.
- 6 God's marv'llous providence o'er it,
Preserv'd it thus entire,
And in the sev'ral languages
Made it again appear ;
- 7 To testify 'gainst all the ways
The clergy ever took
To blind the world, and raise themselves ;
—Their doom stands in their book.
- 8 Ev'n as th' Old Testament (from whence
New Test'ment scripture shews
The truth of what it testifies)
Is sacred held by *Jews* ;

8 THE EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

- 9 These spiteful enemies of Christ,
Who stupidly maintain
The credit of the book, which shew
Christ dy'd, and rose again ;
- 10 That race so long without a place,
That nation not yet past,
A standing sign is, that the words
Of Christ shall ever last :
- 11 So in the *Roman* kingdom broke
The clergy's strange empire,
(Which to consume, God's providence
And word do now conspire,)
- 12 Most evidently hath fulfill'd
The Scriptures, Old and New,
Which speak so much of Antichrist,
And shews the whole is true.
- 13 They from the clergy's ways who take
Occasion to blaspheme
The way of truth, and scoffers are
Under the Christian name ;
- 14 These walking after their own lusts,
God's works and patience, still
Construe against his word ; but thus
The scripture they fulfil

PART II.

THUS ev'ry thing conspires to shew,
 That Jesus is alive:
 From this his whole religion doth
 A certainty derive.

SECTION I.

- HIS resurrection him declares
 The just and holy One,
 Who dy'd a sacrifice for sin,
 Since he himself knew none,
- 2 It shews that from the guilt of all
 Those sins for which he dy'd,
 He was discharg'd, the law fulfill'd,
 And justice satisfy'd.
- 3 The holy law made life his right,
 Who should perform these things ;
 And Jesus did them: so his work
 From death again him brings ;
- 4 To live, as th' end of *Moses'* law
 For righteousness, to all
 Who shall on him believe ; to save
 All on his name who call.
- 5 God's wrath, as darkness, fill'd his soul,
 While he a curse was made
 For us ; but now the Father's face
 Makes him exceeding glad.

10 THE EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

6 This just deliverance from death
And divine favour due
To Christ's complete obedience,
Is their's who hold it true.

SECTION II.

AS Jesus lives; the *Jews* blasphem'd
His Godhead who deny'd:
His resurrection clear'd this point
In question when he dy'd;

2 And manifested him to be
That shepherd great foretold,
And call'd **THE LORD GOD** in the word,
Which him foreshew'd of old.

3 That living One, who for his sheep
A mortal man became;
Had power to give his life for them,
And take again the same.

4 All worth divine shines bright in him,
Who merited to rise
From death, the wages of our sins,
And reign above the skies.

5 The Father's majesty appear'd,
And all his glory shin'd,
When he commanded him to live,
And him his heir design'd.

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. 11

6. The holy Spirit's pow'r divine
Did then work mightily,
To raise the first-born of the dead,
And him to glorify.
- 7 This *worth* entitles men to life;
By this *command* they live;
And this same *power* enlivens all
Who through it do believe.
- 8 Thus *three* in one JEHOVAH did
Create the world; one said;
One did complete each work; and one
Approv'd all that was made:
- 9 These three made man, who now restore
Him lost, and manifest
Their Godhead one: we in their name
Are both baptiz'd and blest:
- 10 Thus, in the first-born of the dead,
We find the only God,
In persons three to be ador'd,
By faith in Jesus' blood.

SECTION III.

JESUS both dy'd and rose to rule
The living and the dead:
The dead shall rise; he'll judge the world;
He's over all the head.

12 THE EVIDENCE AND IMPORT

- 2 The judgment unto him pertains
The law who magnify'd
By his divine obedience,
And for its honour dy'd.
- 3 His resurrection did declare
Him the King of *Israel*;
That son of *David*, *David's* lord,
Whom prophets did foretel.
- 4 His condemnation on this head
Revers'd was when he rose,
To sit on the right hand of God,
And reign amidst his foes,
- 5 Till they at last shall all be made
His footstool; and his own,
With him, o'er all God's works restor'd,
Shall reign upon his throne:
- 6 His kingdom is not of this world,
Who rose to reign in heav'n;
His people suffer first with him,
Then heav'nly life is giv'n.

SECTION IV.

THROUGH Christ's arising we repent
The sins for which he dy'd,
As pardon just, we crave through him
By mercy glorify'd.

- 2 His agony, when guilt transferr'd
 Upon him, press'd him sore,
 Turns into grief that cursed joy
 We had in sins before.
- 3 His cross undid the strength of sin,
 When he a curse was made:
 From trespasses we live to God,
 Through's rising from the dead,
- 4 Who is exalted as a Prince,
 And Saviour, to give
 Repentance and forgiveness free
 To those he makes believe.

SECTION V.

- FROM him obedience we are taught,
 With patient suffering,
 Whose humble cries and tears from death
 Eternal life did bring.
- 2 When though he were the Son, the things
 He suffered made him know
 That self-deny'd obedience,
 From which that life did flow.
- 3 His love constraineth us to live
 Unto ourselves no more ;
 But unto him who dy'd, and rose,
 From death us to restore.

- 4 His law of love well fits the men
 Their common life who owe
 To his most loving life, and death,
 By which God's love they know.
- 5 And as he kept his father's laws,
 And in his love doth stay ;
 So his own love he'll manifest
 To such as him obey.

 SECTION VI.

- IF we by faith be rais'd with him,
 Thence faileth our desire
 To things on earth ; with lively hope
 To heaven we aspire :
- 2 We have no standing city here,
 But seek for one to come :
 A worldly rest we do renounce,
 And heaven is our home.
- 3 Our portion is not in the things
 Which worldly men inflame
 With envy, while they strive for pow'r,
 For ease, for wealth, and fame.
- 4 But let us patiently expect
 The rising of the dead ;
 This is the hope of all the church
 Which owns Christ as its head.

CHRISTIAN SONGS.

S O N G I.

BLESS'D be the day, Fair Charity,
When, with a SAVIOUR's name,
On earth, with blooming grace adorn'd,
A heavenly guest you came.

2 Born of no man, to none on earth
Thy heavenly birth thou owes :
Sprung from thy GOD, in thy bright charms
His glorious image glows.

3 True as the object to the glass,
With him you wake your fire ;
Frown when he frowns, hate what he hates,
And what he loves desire.

4 On ev'ry chosen human breast,
Thou stamp'st with work divine,
The form of GOD, and bid'st a heav'n
In ev'ry bosom shine.

5 The beggar basking in thy beams,
Forgets his miseries :
Hark! lonely widows sing to thee,
And shouts from orphans rise.

6 Happy the man whose fervent breast
Contains so fair a guest !
He hath dispers'd, (his Maker cries)
And lo, his fame shall last.

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- 7 Diffuse thy beams, and teach my heart
With genial warmth to glow :
For lo, without thy heav'nly aid,
In vain my numbers flow.
- 8 Could I with elocution speak,
Transcending human tongue ;
And could I sing in strains more sweet
Than ever angel sung ;
- 9 And did not Charity inspire,
And raise herself my voice ;
My flowing verse were empty sound,
“ My eloquence were noise.”
- 10 Yea, had I faith to weary racks,
And pass unhurt through flame :
And did not Charity inspire ;
My labours were in vain.
- 11 'Tis love which plumes the wings of hope,
And bids her strength exert ;
Which brings our faith from sound to things,
From Fancy to the heart.
- 12 A time shall come, when constant Faith
And patient Hope shall die ;
One lost in certainty of sight,
And one dissolv'd in joy :
- 13 But thou shalt last, when these no more
Shall warm the pilgrim's breast,
Or open on his dying eyes
His long expected rest :

PART III.

- 13 BUT, first, they're doom'd for sin to woe,
That he for them might undergo
Their curse; and so might fully prove
Th' infinite *jealousy* of Love:
- 14 And at the same time manifest
Mercy relieving the distress;
Mercy, all sov'reign, and all free,
Saving from boundless misery.
- 15 He's unto them the fruit of love,
The *gift* which can its greatness prove;
And ev'ry gift which grace bestows
Is GOD-like as from him it flows.
- 16 And he's the *object*; it goes forth
On them made perfect in his worth;
All built in him, one mansion meet,
Where God's love ever dwells complete.
- 17 Let *Wisdom*, therefore, be his name;
The spring of wisdom him proclaim:
Call him the *Word* who can express
GOD's goodness all, and fully bless.
- 18 Acknowledge him the only Son,
Son of his love; in him alone
The *Spirit's* fulness all can dwell
Who is our great *Immanuel*.

 SONG IV.

FOOLS worship gods who hate not sin,
 Nor saving power have :
 Our **G**OD, the living and the true,
 Can both be just and save.

2 The *just God* and the *Saviour*, is
 His character alone :
 His throne is fix'd in righteousness,
 And Grace reigns on the throne.

3 Man's life, which in God's favour lies,
 Is stung to death by sin ;
 The skill and pow'r which form that life,
 The deadly sting drive in :

4 That God who wounds, alone can heal
 The mortal wound he gave :
 In Jesus, dead and rais'd, we see
 God's pow'r and skill to save.

5 Hast thou to buy the just God's grace ?
 Or know'st thou what to give ?
 First Justice slew his only Son,
 Ere Grace could make us live.

6 Know, then, on no precarious ground
 Stand Grace and Life to men ;
 For life now reigns in God's dear Son,
 For us by Justice slain.

- 7 This is the only true God; this
Is life eternal, sure:
Then, little children, keep yourselves
From every idol pure.
-

SONG V.

- D**ESCEND, fair Hope, (tho' heav'nly born,
Thou visist's human race,)
And let us in thy sacred glass
Survey our Saviour's face.
- 2 Let songs for ever crown that morn,
When, new to life again,
Immanuel rose, and sent thee down,
Full fraught with life to men.
- 3 Though man, in *Eden*, was of old
With heav'nly visits blest;
More happy they to dwell with whom
Descends this heav'nly guest:
- 4 For them a fairer *Eden* shines,
And on their wond'ring eyes
The riches of their smiling God
In larger prospects rise.
- 5 Led by the hand, celestial Hope,
How oft, at thy desire,
Has man encounter'd shame and want,
Nor shrunk to pass through fire?

- 6 See, gazing on the ample joys
Which wait a happier day,
How the pale famish'd visage smiles,
And poverty looks gay!
- 7 O happy they whose dying eyes
By thy bless'd hand's are seal'd!
In hope of life they sleep, and wake
To see that hope fulfill'd.
- 8 Let others bound their life and joys,
In what's to earth confin'd:
Take wing, ye saints, and soar with Hope
To pleasures more refin'd;
- 9 Where Jesus waits to crown your flight
With transport in his face,
And where th' eternal arms unfold
To meet your dear embrace.
- 10 But what is Hope, and what is Faith?
But fainter stars of night,
To guide the pilgrim through the shade,
Till dawns the morning light,
- 11 O! let the morning-star arise,
And usher in the day
With brighter beams; then paler lights
And shadows fly away.



SONG V.*

PART I.

- YE nations hear, 'tis Heav'n doth call:
 Ye slaves, ye kings of ev'ry tongue,
 Give ear; the theme concerns you all;
 The great salvation is my song.
- 2 'Tis not for this, or for that realm,—
 'Tis no such mean contracted scheme,—
 Let *ev'ry* tongue adopt the Psalm;
 The *common* safety is my theme.
- 3 The grand deliv'rance then display'd,
 By God's dear Son, the Prince of Peace,
 When, rising from the grave, he said
 To his elev'n, with lips of grace;
- 4 All hail! my brethren, peace to you!
 That perfect bliss my father hath,
 He gives to me, I give to you;
 For I have turn'd away his wrath.
- 5 Your works are finish'd by my hand;
 Your debt is paid, your sin forgiv'n;
 And, lo! I mount yon sky to stand
 Your ever faithful friend in heav'n.

- 6 Ye see I live, who once was slain :
 Tell all the world the gladsome news ;
 That God is reconcil'd to men,
Barbarians, Greeks, as well as Jews.
- 7 In desarts, towns, to ev'ry kind,
 O'er ev'ry mountain, ev'ry plain,
 Tell, my salvation's not confin'd
 To any rank or sort of men.
- 8 Speak boldly in my name to all :
 My word with equal force prevails
 On wise, on fools, on great, on small ;
 The mountains level, raise the vales.
- 9 Suspect not how the news may please
 The sons of pride, who make their boast
 Of wisdom, wealth, and worldly ease ;
 Nor think your labour will be lost.
- 10 Dream not in all th' apostate race,
 A well-disposed heart to find,
 To welcome or improve my grace :
 Hope nothing from the human mind.
- 11 The great reward of all my pain
 Stands not on such precarious ground :
 Thus not one soul should life obtain ;
 Thus all my pangs were fruitless found.

SONG V.*

PART II.

HE that surveys the heart of man,
Who testifies 'tis only ill,
Would ne'er have form'd his saving plan,
On aught depending on his will.

2 Yet God, *in mercy*, purpos'd hath,
(And God's salvation standeth sure)
To bless all nations; and my death
Hath made their blessedness secure.

3 All my redeem'd *sure* mercies boast:
For so his will that sent me is,
Of all I've giv'n let none be lost;
But raise them to eternal bliss.

4 The glad report, my soul, embrace;
The bless'd decree, my soul, adore;
Here only all thy comfort place,
When heart and flesh can aid no more.

5 Away with that redemption lame,
That with salvation is not crown'd;
I scorn that narrow-bounded scheme;
My soul abhors th' insipid sound.

- 6 How vain that universal grace,
Which doth no certain bliss bestow ;
Which leaves the universal race
Expos'd to universal woe!
- 7 The grace of God in Jesus shown,
Most sure salvation brings along ;
Salvation to our God alone,
Of ev'ry tribe shall be the song.
8. Is any heart so black, so foul,
Excluded here ? 'Tis surely mine :
But who's that narrow-hearted soul
God's common safety dares confine ?
- 9 Who dares confine it unto them,
Who boast a will dispos'd t' embrace ?
Who boast a mind of better frame
T' improve the influence of his grace ?
- 10 Who can by merit God prevent ?
Let him stand forth for recompence :
But Lord, for ever, ever grant
Preventing grace be my defence.
- 11 Be that redemption mine for ay,
Which from the dreadful curse doth free
That, with the whole redeem'd I may,
The praise of all ascribe to thee.



SONG VI.

- W**HERE shall the guilty who hath lost
 The divine favour by his sin,
 Find worth, which he can safely trust,
 A righteousness to glory in?
- 2 How calm his guilty conscience' fears?
 What shall he work, what shall he feel?
 He wearies heav'n with prayers and tears:
 But, ah! there's something lacking still.
- 3 Behold the cross! the blood divine
 Which there for sons of wrath was spilt!
 Here's worth enough to glory in,
 Enough to purge the foulest guilt.
- 4 When fond experiences are gone,
 All frames and feelings blown to air,
 The cross remains your boast alone;
 For all your righteousness is there:
- 5 Is guilt your burden? from the cross
 Springs glorious liberty to you:
 Or would you worldly lusts oppose?
 The cross victorious stands to view.
- 6 Would ye like Jesus shine, when he
 In glory comes the second time?
 Mark well his aspect on the tree;
 Take up the cross and follow him.

- 6 How vain that universal grace,
Which doth no certain bliss bestow ;
Which leaves the universal race
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In glory comes the second time?
Mark well his aspect on the tree;
Take up the cross and follow him.

SONG VII.

MELCHIZEDECK, immortal priest!
O'er peace and righteousness doth reign,
O Most high God, before thy face,
And glory fills the bless'd domain:

- 2 For now the strife is at an end,
'Twixt sinners, righteous God! and thee,
How thou should'st make the guilty bless'd,
Yet just and righteous herein be.
- 3 To end this strife, God interpos'd,
His dread and solemn oath: He swore,
To consecrate the only Son
Of God a priest for evermore.
- 4 With sacrifice his hand was fill'd,
In God's own presence to appear,
With blood divine shed from himself,
Most precious, and for ever dear.
- 5 No more a sinful mortal priest,
With dying breath for sin atones;
Nor stands confessing his own guilt,
Nor dies, succeeded by his sons:
- 6 No more the blood of bulls and goats
Sprinkles the earthly holy place;
No more in tinsel'd glory stands
A sinful mortal begging grace.

SONG VIII.

- T**O thee, O Jesus! is my pray'r,
 Who mankind by thy death hast sav'd,
 And to the holiest of all
 A new and living way hast pav'd.
- 2 Rescue me from myself, O Lord;
 Break Satan's power within my soul;
 And let not worldly lusts me rule,
 But by thy spirit them controul.
- 3 Tho' red as crimson are my sins,
 Thy blood can make them white as snow:
 If thou but speak'st the word, then straight
 My soul shall vanquish'd see its foe.
- 4 Most precious Faith thou purchas'd hast,
 And Love which never fades away,
 And Hope which soars on swiftest wing,
 Breathing for everlasting day.
- 5 Teach me thou meek and lowly One,
 To learn of thee this world to scorn,
 Thy cross to make my only boast:
 Humility let me adorn.
- 6 Let faith of things, not seen as yet,
 And fear of evils slow but sure,
 And love of truth, and hope of bliss
 Unmerited, my soul secure.

SONG IX.

- T**HANKS to that love which gave us God
 To bleed, to purge our sin ;
 Who in the worth of his own blood,
 The heav'ns hath enter'd in ;
- 2 And to the holiest of all
 Hath consecrate a way,
 To enter thro' the rended vail,
 And grateful worship pay.
- 3 Here ends all search, our God to please ;
 We'll work for life no more :
 This blood gives ev'ry conscience ease ;
 'Tis balm for ev'ry sore.
- 4 Bless'd be the day that we were taught
 By sov'reign grace to stand ;
 In righteousness we have not wrought,
 Nor once touched with our hand.
- 5 Turn, ev'ry wounded conscience, here
 Our bleeding God survey :
 God from the glorious sufferer
 Hath turn'd his wrath away.
- 6 Here's access to the Father's face
 Thro' Jesus' wounds and blood :
 At the blood-sprinkled throne of Grace
 Adore the living God.

SONG X.

PRAISE ye JEHOVAH, and the Lamb,
 Who dy'd and yet alive became ;
 Who hath redeem'd us unto God,
 Out of the nations, by his blood :

- 2 And raised us from the dunghill,
 To shew his pow'r and sov'reign will,
 And set us up as priests on high,
 To offer praise eternally ;
- 3 And made us reign as kings with God,
 To rule the nations with a rod ;
 For he'll in glory come again,
 To give the saints the righteous reign,
- 4 On earth, where they have lien low,
 Beneath oppression of the foe :
 Sing forth the glory of his name,
 And ever more his grace proclaim.

SONG XI.

WHEN this great world was fram'd of God,
 And earth carv'd out for our abode ;
 When all these orbs their course began,
 And in harmonious order ran ;

- 2 When God had laid the corner stone,
And rested in the works he'd done ;
The morning stars together sang,
The heav'ns with tuneful echoes rang.
- 3 The sons of God a shout did raise,
To see the fabric speak his praise ;
The pow'rs of fire, of light, and air,
Express'd his godhead ev'ry where.
- 4 But chiefly in the corner stone,
In man, his image brightest shone :
A creature, fit to take delight
With him in all his works of might.
- 5 But, ah! this harmony e'er long
Stopt short.—Sin enter'd—marr'd the song :
Infected first the corner head,
Then quick thro' all the building spread.
- 6 No human skill could e'er avail
This fretting leprosy to heal ;
No creature's blood, no mortal priest,
Could purge away the noxious pest ;
- 7 Dread ruin, lousing from on high,
With all her bolts of wrath, drew nigh ;
Till that bless'd day, decreed of heav'n,
When from the dead to us was giv'n,
- 8 The Lord in human likeness, made
More fit the works of God to head,
Than any being could be found
In all the wide creation round.

- 9 This glorious *Immanuel*
With wretched us vouchsaf'd to dwell,
Transferr'd our fretting leprosy,
And felt its worst malignity :
- 10 Shut out from God, and *Isra'l's* camp,
His spirit felt a fearful damp :
Fill'd with our plagues, a loathsome cup
Was giv'n to him; — he drank it up.
- 11 This draught, envenom'd with the curse,
Soon left him breathless on the cross ;
The blood gush'd from his pierced side,
And first, himself it purify'd.
- 12 Then having sprinkl'd ev'ry stone,
He, as head-corner was laid on :
Thus, of God's temple ev'ry whit,
Speaks forth his praise, in Christ complete.
- 13 Two guiltless birds were captive led
To paint this truth; the one was bled ;
One dipt in blood, to heav'n let loose :
That blood restor'd th' unhallow'd house.
- 14 The whole creation evermore
Stands now more glorious than before,
Knit by a corner stone, thro' which
No evil can the building touch.
- 15 Ye morning stars, renew your notes,
Triumphing o'er all Satan's plots,
In concert with the church of God,
Who shew the worth of Jesus' blood.

- 16 Sin's but a pause put in your song,
 To make the following notes more strong;
 The Just, the Saviour, shines more bright
 Than in the fire, the air, the light.

S O N G XII.

- T**HIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
 Before the Lord was wav'd;
 And Christ, first-fruits of them who slept,
 Was from the dead receiv'd;
- 2 In name of all for whom he dy'd,
 That after him they may
 Rise when he comes, a harvest full
 Of life that lasts for ay.
- 3 And, as the truth of the first-fruits,
 The Spirit came, this day
 Of that glad feast, a comforter
 With us on earth to stay;
- 4 As th' earnest of th' inheritance,
 Ev'n that same heavenly rest,
 Where Jesus ent'ring, hath from thence
 Us with the first fruits blest.
- 5 Then let us keep the day of rest;
 Our works for us are done:
 The seventh day Sabbath is no more;
 The earthly rest is gone.

- 6 To th' heavenly rest let's follow him,
 Whose death hath pav'd the way;
 And, with the whole creation, groan
 For that redemption-day.

S O N G XIII.

THY worthiness is all our song,
 O Lamb of God! for thou wast slain;
 And by thy blood bought'st us to God,
 Out of each nation, tribe, and tongue;
 To our God mad'st us kings and priests,
 And we shall reign upon the earth.

- 2 Salvation to our God, who shines
 In face of Jesus on the throne,
 The only just and merciful:
 Salvation to the worthy Lamb,
 With loud voice, all the church ascribes;
Amen! say angels round the throne.

- 3 To him who lov'd us, and hath wash'd
 Us from our sins in his own blood,
 (And he hath made us kings and priests,
 To his own Father and his God,)
 The glory and dominion be
 To him eternally. *Amen!*

SONG XIV.

- T**HO' loads of guilt oppress my soul,
And make me to complain ;
Tho' floods of sorrows on me roll,
And cause me cry for pain ;
- 2 Tho' wretched and distress'd I am,
All darkness and despair ;
And though I see myself shut out
From life, and hell appear ;
- 3 One ray of light, shot from the sun
Of righteousness, can warm
My frozen soul, restore the day,
And all my fears disarm.
- 4 'Tis his to bring reviving warmth,
Where coldness sat before,
And usher in the day on those
Who mourn'd in darkness sore.
- 5 I then begin to lift my head,
And cast my eyes around,
With joy behold the glorious scenes
Which in the day abound.
- 6 I'm pleas'd, and happy, and lay down
To bask me in his rays ;
And wish no intervening cloud
May hide him from my eyes.

SONG XV.

- H**E that would enter into life,
 Must first himself deny,
 As lost in *Adam*, self-destroy'd,
 And justly doom'd to die.
- 2 No prayers nor tears can here avail,
 No working out of merit,
 No godly thoughts, nor warm desires,
 Nor tastings of the Spirit.
- 3 God says, In my belov'd Son
 I fully am well pleas'd.
 The sinner hears, and answers him,
 Amen! my soul is eas'd.
- 4 Then love to God in Jesus Christ,
 Love to his saints, his words,
 Confirms, and proves unfeigned faith,
 And joyful hope affords.
- 5 Thus, Lord, let us thy word believe:
 Grant us the love of God;
 And when our hearts and strength do fail,
 With thee be our abode.

SONG XVI. — (ISA. XI. 12.)

FROM *Jesse's* humble stem shall shoot
 A glorious branch; but first lopt off
 It shall be from its native root,
 Then for an ensign rais'd aloft.

36 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 2 Upon Mount *Zion* he shall sit ;
His voice shall reach remotest lands ;
At hearing, nations shall submit,
And, list'ning, wait his dear commands.
- 3 His lips drop wisdom ; righteousness,
And truth divine, begird his loins ;
And with abundant peace, he'll bless
The happy folk o'er whom he reigns.
- 4 No hurtful beasts shall then annoy,—
All jarring feuds shall melt away ;
The child shall with the viper toy ;—
The lambs with lions frisk and play.
- 5 Then he shall set the poor on high,
And part the righteous from the vile :
No gloomy storm shall rend the sky,
But an eternal day shall smile.
- 6 Thou, prince, shalt sing in that bless'd age,
JEHOVAH, I'll thy praise make known.
Thy word's fulfill'd ; take up thy pledge,
And claim thy being as thine own :
- 7 Because thy wrath against me burn'd,
My folks sins fiercely to reprove ;
Because thy wrath away is turn'd,
And thou hast me solac'd with love.
- 8 God my salvation is ; behold,
And share with me, my ransom'd throng
Beyond all fear, I'll now be bold,
JEHOVAH is my strength and song.

- 9 Here let your feasted eyes remain ;
See ! God is my salvation :
Now I'm refresh'd from all my pain,
To see his glory rais'd thereon.
- 10 His glorious perfections all,
So wondrously summ'd up in love,
Shall to my soul, once serv'd with gall,
An ocean full of pleasure prove.
- 11 Ye meek ones, from this fount of bliss,
That without measure in me dwells,
Draw now salvation to your wish,
As from so many living wells.
- 12 And ye shall sing in that glad day,
Praise ye JEHOVAH ; let his name,
Who was, and is, and is for ay,
Be ever your delightful theme :
- 13 And make his works done mightily,
Among all people to be known ;
And ever keep in memory,
His name exalted is alone.
- 14 JEHOVAH sing, the man of war,
Whose right hand hath done valiantly,
Amazing deeds, excelling far
The wonders wrought at the *Red* sea.
- 15 And this in all the earth is known :
Rejoice with shouts, O *Zion's* bride ;
For great is *Isr'el's* Holy One,
Within thy courts who doth reside.

SONG XVI.

- LET the saints all rejoice, and triumph in their king,
 To Jesus with shouting and melody sing;
 For sinners' redemption his life's blood he gave,
 And the faithful true witness will never deceive.
- 2 His blood's all your boasting, his blood shed for you;
 With confidence trust him — his words are all true:
 For he seal'd with his blood ev'ry promise he gave,
 And the faithful true witness will never deceive.
- 3 He promis'd a crown, when he left you the cross,
 And he with a kingdom rewards all your loss:
 To glory he leads, while close to him you cleave,
 And the faithful true witness will never deceive.
- 4 How glorious to follow the dear suff'ring God?
 Through great tribulation, the path that he trod!
 His faithful redeem'd in that path follow'd have,
 And the faithful true witness did never deceive.
- 5 When he calls you afflictions and sorrows to bear,
 He feels these afflictions; and he wipes ev'ry tear:
 Through fire and through water he never will leave,
 And the faithful true witness will never deceive.
- 6 He promis'd more grace, that you fall not away,
 And his blood is plighted for your life for ay;
 He lives wholly for you, what more can you crave?
 And the faithful true witness will never deceive.
- 7 He promis'd most sure, *He comes quickly again,*
 And he waits to hear you echo back your *Amen*:
 Of that hope of glory he'll never bereave,
 And the faithful true witness will never deceive.
- 8 That he'll change your vile body he caus'd you to hope,
 Like his glorious body he shall raise you up,
 All shining in glory, redeem'd from the grave;
 And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

SONG XVII.

THOU Lion of *Jehudah's* tribe,
 Thou root of *David*, who's like thee!
 To whom all creatures must ascribe
 Of worth divine th' excellency :
 O Lamb of God! who once wast slain,
 But now appear'st amidst the throne,
 From death by thy blood brought again,
 We sing thy worthiness alone :
 Where others fail for want of worth,
 In strength thy glory there shines forth.

2 Thou only worthy art to take
 The book, and open all its seals
 Because thou slain wast ; for thy sake
 Are all the things that book reveals :
 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
 From ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
 Nation and people, unto God,
 As his own portion them among :
 We're consecrated, by thy blood,
 A royal priesthood to our God.

3 That book foretels a glorious reign
 For us upon the earth with thee,
 When we from death are brought again,
 And nations all shall broken be :
 Thou wilt fulfil whate'er it says,
 Of suff'rings first, of glory then :

Each event the seal'd book displays,
 And hasten thee to us again,
 To make us reign on earth as kings,
 With thee, and ay possess all things.

S O N G XVIII.

AWAKE, O *Zion's* daughter! rise;
 Shake off thy dust; no more repine;
 Let gladness sparkle in thine eyes,
 In all thy fairest garments shine.

2 Behold thy King, expected long,
 In humble pomp at length appears;
 Amidst yon praising infant throng,
 His meek majestic head he rears.

3 No fiery steed he rides; he sways
 No tinsel rod of earthly reign:
 A colt, ne'er us'd till now, conveys
 To thee thy lowly Prince divine.

4 Here's no vain croud, no gaudy shew:
 Babes, taught of heav'n, resound his praise;
 His paths the *Galileans* strew
 With branches of triumphing peace.

5 With ardent zeal to crown the law,
 He enters grand! see there he is!
 His presence strikes a gen'ral awe;
 The wonder circles, Who is this?

6. He visits now his Father's house,
And shews himself the son and heir;
He frowns away all vile abuse,
Smiles on his babes who praise him there.
7. This first day of the week, he shews
A grand prelude of joys to come,
When he should rise, and wide diffuse
The oil of joy his friends among.
8. The blind and lame by him reliev'd,
His saving light and strength proclaim;
His foes with shame and spite are griev'd,
To see his works, and hear his fame.
9. Hosanna! thronging myriads shout,
JEHOVAH brings salvation nigh:
Hosanna! ev'ry babe cries out,
JEHOVAH, send prosperity.
10. To him; who, in JEHOVAH's name,
Draws nigh to save, all praise belongs:
Peace reigns in heav'n with ev'ry beam
Of glory in the Highest Ones.
11. Salvation unto *David's* son;
All blessing unto *Isr'el's* King:
His kingdom blessed be alone,
And bless'd the people of his reign.
12. To praise the just and saving King,
How bless'd to be a little child!
When he in glory comes to reign,
Then all his babes shall kings be stil'd.

- 13 In all the earth how worthy is,
 JEHOVAH, our dear Lord, thy name;
 From infant lips thou perfect'st praise,
 Thy strength, to put thy foes to shame.

 S O N G XIX.

- S**EE yonder cross! come, turn aside,
 And this great sight behold:
 The veh'ment flames of wrath divine
 On Christ the man take hold.
- 2 This bush did burn 'midst fiercest flames;
 Yet unconsum'd it stood:
 The man Almighty wrath sustains;
 For why? The man was God,
- 3 Lifeless awhile his body lay,
 To shew the flame was dire;
 But uncorrupted soon it rose;
 His body quench'd the fire.
- 4 That hour, on all his church unite
 With him, the flame did rush;
 And not a branch nor twig was burnt,
 For God was in the bush.
- 5 Tho' guilt, in all your suff'rings, makes
 You brambles for the fire;
 Yet God, in midst of you, preserves
 From all that wrath entire.

- 6 Then follow Christ 'midst floods and flames ;
 With him go dauntless through :
 Nor floods, nor flames, repell'd the love
 He, gracious, bare to you.
- 7 Are ye like *Isr'el*, well nigh crush'd
 With burdens, sins, and foes ?
 To clear your path, he'll part the deeps,
 And on your en'mies close.
- 8 Shrink not although the furnace burn
 With seven times heated flame ;
 The Son of God will tend you there,
 Who suff'ring overcame.
- 9 He quickly comes, from all your pains
 To give you bless'd repose :
 And then, with pow'rful hand, he'll turn
 The flame upon your foes.

SONG XX.

- W**HEN to my sight, thou God, appears,
 I'm fill'd with sudden fear,
 Thy justice, with uplifted arm,
 O'erwhelms me with despair.
- 2 The former signs of grace no more
 Relieve my troubl'd heart ;
 And past experiences of love
 Are torture to my smart.

3. What shall I do? my pray'rs and tears
 Are impious in thy sight:
 I am remov'd from thee as far
 As darkness from the light.
4. Is there no room for mercy left?
 Is grace for ever gone?
 I'll mind the years of thy right hand,
 And wonders thou hast done:
5. How to be one with sons of men,
Immanuel did not scorn;
 And how from *Mary's* virgin womb,
 The holy child was born:
6. I'll mind the greatness of the love
 Which in his breast did burn,
 When all the wrath of God for sin,
 Upon his soul did turn.
7. Oh! did the Father's dearest Son
 Go mourning to the grave?
 And did he die for sin, that grace
 Might dying sinners save?
8. See from the dead the Prince of Life
 In glory bright appears!
 No further proof of love I'll seek;
 This quiets all my fears.
9. This stream of light, within the cloud
 Sure token is of grace:
 Where wrath did frown, see mercy smiles
 From lovely Jesus' face.

10 This sign of love my soul relieves ;
 'Tis ease from all my pain :
I will not blush to see thee, God,
 Because the Lamb was slain.

S O N G X X I .

HOW sweet's the grace that doth appear,
 In healing sinners stray'd from God !
How oft that sight may we behold,
 Where JAH himself makes his abode !
His tender mercies, like himself,
 Our utmost stretch of thought surpass ;
Where we expected wrath and frowns,
 There he discovereth love and grace,
 Which shine to us in Jesus' face.

2 Thus, when the youngest son with shame
 Seeks ways to plead for's father's grace ;
His father eyes him yet afar,
 And meets him with a fond embrace ;
His mouth he stops with kindest kiss,
 With finest robe doth him invest,
His hunger by rich food doth cease,
 And mirth succeeds, to glad the feast.
Thus grace to rebels is exprest.



 S O N G X X I I .

- T**HE death of God, who death o'ercame,
 Doth fire our love, our lusts destroy ;
 The praises of the worthy Lamb
 Our tongues shall ever speak with joy :
 His blessed merit now doth shine!
 And we're possess'd of worth divine.
- 2 Tho' floods of guilt our souls invade.
 A wounded conscience pain us sore,
 We'll say the ransom's fully paid,
 And justice can demand no more :
 Justice and mercy are unite,
 And our salvation is complete.
- 3 In midst of deepest grief we'll sing ;
 For boundless mercy swells the song ;
 We'll soar aloft on swiftest wing,
 And join the heavenly choir among :
 This blessed harmony alone
 Holds heav'n and earth in union.

 S O N G X X I I I .

- W**HEN Jesus shall the second time
 Appear, to judge the man of sin,
 And to reward his faithful saints,
 Whose joyful reign shall then begin ;

- 2 The separation of the seeds
 Shall then most evident appear ;
 No hypocrite shall then lie hid :
 Take heed for now the time draws near.
- 3 As from a rocks's stupendous height,
 The eagle doth descry her prey ;
 She with her young sucks up the blood,
 And where the slain is, there are they :
- 4 So when the Lamb who once was slain,
 And by his blood bought us to God,
 Shall in his glory come again ;
 The saints shall flock to his abode,
- 5 Then they who feasted here below,
 On his broke body and shed blood,
 Shall ever fill'd be with his love,
 And fully *see* that God is good.
- 6 Let us then look and long for him,
 Say, with the church, Come quickly, Lord ;
 To such the righteous crown he'll give,
 As promis'd in his faithful word.

 S O N G XXIV.

THE divine lover and his spouse,
 Their marriage is a lofty theme,
 Meet only for the heavenly muse,
 And them fir'd with the divine flame :

- 2 They only can the beauties see
Which are display'd in him who chose,
Tho' he was God, a man to be,
That he might seek and find his spouse.
- 3 For him, who, in the form of God,
Had been before the world began,
And then in flesh made his abode,
And shew'd himself in form of man,
- 4 No match was found. But he to have,
By purchase dear his wish'd-for bride,
His life for her most freely gave;
And she came of his pierced side.
- 5 Thus *Eve* from sleeping *Adam's* side,
A comely form was brought to him:
He waking, his own likeness spy'd;
And, knowing well from whence she came
- 6 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh,
This is, said he; and let her name,
Deriv'd from mine, serve to express
Her rise from me, another same.
- 7 Therefore a man his parents dear
Shall leave, and unto one remain,
Join'd as his wife, in bond most near;
One flesh they are, and no more twain.
- 8 A better source, Christ in his death
Of being, to his mate doth prove:
And rising from the dead, he hath
Found the fair object of his love.

- 9 Where sin and death's deformity
 Had been, behold! a living form,
 His image shews in purity,
 And beauty such as could him charm.
- 10 From his great Father he came forth,
 And left his mother church of *Jews*,
 To join the church that has her worth
 From him; and cleave to her, his spouse.
- 11 The name he gave her,* can declare
 That she's of him, and with him one
 In sp'rit divine, ev'n as they share
 In flesh and blood; such nearness none.
- 12 A firmer band than mingled clay;
 A tie divine knits the bless'd pair,
 In union which shall last for ay:
 My soul, in this have thou thy share.

 S O N G XXV.

- S**AY, word of truth, why sin and death
 Among God's works were found?
 Why, by a law to sinners giv'n,
 Was sin made to abound?
- 2 Why where the highly-favour'd *Jews*,
 Abandon'd to fulfil
 The things foretold of Christ, and dare
 The prince of life to kill? —

E

* Christian.

50 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 3 It was that mercy might triumph,
Where sin before did reign ;
That, in the darkest wickedness,
The strength of grace might shine.
- 4 Why was that nation broken off ?
The *Gentiles* grafted in ?
And they again, like *Jews*, cast off
By following their sin ? —
- 5 It was to stain the pride of all ;
Pour shame on ev'ry face ;
That all th' elected remnant might
Indebted stand to *grace*.
- 6 And that they all might be built up,
Thro' faith, an house for God,
And grace might shine more bright to them
When wrath pursues the proud.
- 7 O great the depth ! O rich the store
Of knowledge all divine !
Most perfect wisdom, thro' the whole,
Surprisingly doth shine !
- 8 Who can his judgments deep search out ?
His awful steps pursue ?
Who *was* to pry into his thoughts,
When first his plan he drew ?
- 9 Who was upon his counsels, when
His great designs were laid ?
Who hath oblig'd him with a gift ?
It sure shall be repaid.

10 For of him, thro' him, all things are,
 And unto him again ; -
 To him all glory be ascrib'd,
 For evermore. *Amen.*

S O N G XXVI.

SEE Mercy, Mercy, from on high,
 Descends to rebels doom'd to die !
 'Tis mercy free that knows no bound :
 How grand, how gladsome is the sound !

2 'Tis grace by righteousness that reigns,
 Where every God-like beauty shines ;
 So leaves no doubt from whence it came ;
 Then grace *divine* we dare it name.

3 First mercy favour'd mortal view,
 When God's own Son an infant grew ;
 And in its full perfection shone,
 When dying Jesus cry'd, '*Tis done!*

4 It triumph'd when from death he rose,
 And broke the pow'r of all our foes ;
 And since he took his seat on high,
 Now mercy reigns eternally.

5 Grace down in show'rs of mercy fell,
 Refreshing thousands ripe for hell ;
 Who lately fill'd with dev'lish wrath,
 Had doom'd the Lord of heav'n to death.

- 6 It courts not men of mighty name,
But visits those o'erwhelm'd with blame ;
It makes the poorest wretch look gay,
And empty sends the rich away !
- 7 Let haughty mortals frown and fret,
Who sov'reign boundless mercy hate ;
Thro' all the mansions of the blest,
That mercy only is confest.
- 8 Until we join the happy throng,
Let boundless mercy be our song ;
And may the mighty God confound
All those who dare its course to bound.
- 9 *Amen*, the holy prophets cry ;
Amen, th' apostles loud reply ;
Amen, thro' all the heavens goes round ;
Amen, let us on earth resound.

S O N G XXVII. — (ISA. XLIII. 1-4.)

BEHOLD, my Servant, whom I send
Down from the pure realms of light ;
My chosen One, my darling Son,
In whom is fix'd my soul's delight.

- 2 My Spirit's fulness ever dwells.
On head of this anointed One ;
By him my judgment, and my truth,
To lands remote shall be made known.

- 3 He shall not cry, nor lift his voice,
'Mong crowds to raise the loud alarm ;
He'll shun all strife for kingly pow'r ;
No earthly grandeur shall him charm.
- 4 The bruised reed he shall not break,
His strength in weakness to display :
His lovely folk shall wear his yoke ;
His gentle rod they will obey.
- 5 The smoking flax can ne'er expire,
For he sustains the hidden flame ;
The sinking sinner he relieves,
Who trusts for life his precious Name.
- 6 Yea, many waters cannot quench
The fire which burns with feeble ray :
His kingdom's light that dimly shines,
Shall blaze like noon-tide of the day.
- 7 He judgment unto victory
Shall bring, to put his foes to shame :
His brethren then triumphantly
Shall sing the glories of his name.
- 8 Arise, O Lord, victorious come,
In all thy Father's brightness shine ;
O come to save thy saints ! and, Lord,
Begin thine everlasting reign.



SONG XXVIII.

- T**HE Love that thought on helpless man,
 Doth angels tongues employ ;
 The grace that stoop'd to *Adam's* race,
 The heav'ns doth fill with joy.
- 2 This, from eternity, was hid
 In divine Wisdom's breast ;
 The grand design of mighty Love
 The church doth manifest.
- 3 When we survey that stately dome,
 Where heavenly beauties shine ;
 In wonder lost, we must proclaim
 The architect divine.
- 4 The depth's as low as **JESUS** lay,
 When humbl'd to the death :
 The height's above all heav'ns with him ;
 All things are far beneath.
- 5 All in the heav'ns and on the earth
 The breadth well comprehends ;
 To ev'ry nation, tribe, and tongue,
 With freedom it extends.
- 6 The length from *Adam* to time's end,
 Thro' ev'ry age doth reach,
 The building shews the love of **CHRIST**,
 Which doth our ken outstretch.

- 7 Th' angelic throng with raptures view
 Salvation's structure rise :
 By it God's wisdom manifold
 With wonder strikes our eyes.
- 8 From ev'ry tribe and tongue are made
 Materials for the frame ;
 Here ev'ry kind of sinners join ;
 In CHRIST they are the same.
- 9 When the head-stone shall be brought forth
 Redemption work to crown ;
 The saints and angels then shall shout,
Grace! Grace! in high renown.

SONG XXIX. — PSAL. CX. *paraphrased.*

- JEHOVAH to my Lord hath said,
 At my right hand sit thou and wait ;
 Till I beneath thy feet have laid,
 Thy footstool, all who do thee hate.
- 2 From Zion forth JEHOVAH sends
 The sceptre of thy sov'reign power ;
 As far as thy foes pow'r extends
 In midst of them be governor.
- 3 Thy folk, as off'rings of free will,
 In that day of thy pow'rful call,
 The heav'nly holy place shall fill ;
 Thy pow'r on them as dew shall fall.

4 The dew of thy nativity,
That from the womb upon thee lay,
Is all with thee, since thou rose high,
In morning of that mighty day.

5 Jehovah gaye his solemn oath,
And as his being it must stand;
His word and oath, unshaken both,
Unshaken faith, and hope command.

6 Thou art a priest for evermore,
After the order of that Type,
Melchizedeck; none him before,
Nor after, could his station keep.

7 The Lord at thy right hand shall kill
Great kings, in that day of his ire;
He'll judge the nations, and them fill
With bodies heap'd in slaughter dire.

8 To *Antichrist*, head o'er much land,
He then shall reach the deadly blow;
That dreadful pow'r shall not withstand
The much more dreadful overthrow.

9 He shall drink up his people's part
Of that fierce torrent in his way;
And leave the rest to fill the heart
Of all his foes with wrath for ay.

10 Therefore he shall lift up the head
Above all things in glory great;
To raise his people and down tread,
In endless death, all who him hate.

SONG XXX.

JEHOVAH the name is of our God alone ;
Who was, is, and shall be, and change he knows none ;
In purpose, and promise, and deed, he's the same ;
And where he's performing his word, there's his name.

- 2 He was Independent in purpose of grace,
Before any being besides him had place ;
The source of all beings, depending on none ;
I AM, THAT I AM, then he dares say alone.
- 3 He is Independent in that word of grace,
That make's a distinction among Adam's race ;
He will be for ever performing his word,
And so shall his name be for ever ador'd.
- 4 In **JESUS** the purpose of grace was sure laid ;
In Jesus declared it is, and full said ;
In Jesus the promise shall surely be done ;
God's name's in the slain Lamb, in midst of the throne.
- 5 He's **Alph'** and **Omega**, the first and the last ;
Divine grace, and truth all in Jesus stand fast ;
The works of creation all on him depend ;
In him their beginning they have, and their end.
- 6 And that new creation the church, that's the crown
Of all the divine works, him ever will own,
Its beginning, and ending ; in him it stands sure,
And leaning all on him, shall ever endure.

SONG XXXI. — PSAL. CXXXVII. *paraphrased.*

P A R T I.

- B**Y streams of rivers, broad and strong,
 That strength and pleasure do afford
 To Babel, there we sat among
 The proudest en'mies of our Lord.
- 2 But when we Zion call'd to mind,
 With Shiloh's streams that softly go,
 No ease in Babel we could find,
 And from our eyes sad tears did flow.
- 3 Our pleasant harps, in grief of mind,
 We hung upon the willows there:
 These instruments were ne'er design'd
 In Babel's concert to have share.
- 4 Our captive-leaders, when they saw,
 Said, why may ye not here take heart?
 And sing to us beneath our law?
 So in our mirth come take a part.
- 5 They made us howl, and yet forbade
 Our groans, and mirth required thus;
 Bring of the music Zion had,
 Such part as may best take with us.
- 6 In decent uniformity
 With ours, and no more from your mouth,
 Complaints of sad calamity,
 Nor antique songs to us uncouth.

- 7 How shall Jehovah's holy song
Sound from our lips in th' alien's land?
And songs to Zion that belong
In Babel's concert be prophian'd?
- 8 Shall this fill Zion's place? shall we
Take pleasure here and quite forget
Our native land, and thoughtless be
Of Zion's former comely state?
- 9 Or shall we never drop a tear
Upon her rubbish and her dust?
Shall we for Babel's hope or fear
Quit our regard to her most just?
-

PART II,

- 10 JERUSALEM! if in this land,
I lose of thee the memory;
Then, for thy sake, let my right hand
In play lose all dexterity!
- 11 Yea, unto my mouth's roof let cleave
My tongue, no more to move in song;
When, on my heart, I no more have
The rights that unto thee belong!
- 12 And if I do not still take care
To set Jerusalem above
The head of all my joy, that there
Its joy and crown she still may prove!

- 13 As Zion rises, so high flow
 My joy, but still beneath that crown ;
 And as she is depress'd, fall low,
 And underneath be thou press'd down.
- 14 Remember, in Jerusalem's day,
 His children, Lord, who did despise
 His birth-right, and gave it away
 For morsel, that might him suffice.
- 15 These never could subjection bear
 To Zion's laws and yoke most just ;
 That carnal race, void of God's fear,
 Said, raze it, raze it, to the dust.
- 16 Daughter of Babel, painted whore,
 On many waters set in state ;
 Thou think'st not (for thou art secure)
 Of him who brings thy dreadful fate.
- 17 Blessings upon that righteous One!
 The Lord's anointed Cyrus true ;
 Who, as thou unto us hast done
 Comes to reward thee quickly now.
- 18 Yea, blessings on him ; for he'll take
 The younger harlots by thy side,
 And them in pieces, for our sake,
 Dash shall THE ROCK where we confide.



SONG XXXII.

THERE'S no name among men, nor angels, so bright
 As the name of Jesus, the Father's delight:
 The joy of his children, they lisp out this name,
 And sweetly its praises soon learn to proclaim.

- 2 The wonder of angels, their choir sound it high;
 The terror of devils, far from it they fly.
 'Tis great thro' the whole earth, and highly esteem'd;
 As ointment forth poured among the redeem'd.
- 3 The serpent's seed hate it, while yet 'tis their fear;
 By *their* spite against it, it shines the more clear.
 In all gospel churches this name is ador'd,
 As their shield and glory, with cheerful accord;
- 4 And there 'tis declared, the help of distress'd,
 The hope of the hopeless, and ease of oppress'd.
 The church of the first-born, with angels of light,
 Shall sound forth its praises in endless delight:
 But fully unfolded it cou'd be by none
 But Jesus among them, who knew it alone.

SONG XXXIII.

BLEST he! who chast'ned, and well taught of God,
 To lead and love the heav'n-directed road:

Whose breast receives, by heav'n's all gracious plan,
 A sober mind, God's greatest gift to man,
 Like him who tho' the sov'reign Lord of all,
 Yet thus allur'd mankind to hear his call;

- 2 All ye who groan, with fruitless labour prest,
 Come see my labour, I will give you rest:

Take up my yoke, and learn the lowly part
 From me, for meek and lowly is my heart.
 Thus, only thus, your souls true rest shall find;
 And know my yoke is light, my burden's kind.

SONG XXXIV.

- W**HEN Israel pass'd the pathless main,
Jehovah led the chosen train ;
And when pursuing foes drew near,
His cloud remov'd to guard their rear.
- 2 While its bright light was Israel's guide,
Thick darkness on the other side
Diffused horrors, fears, and woes,
A double night on Israel's foes.
- 3 So as he leads his chosen band,
By light divine from Babel's land,
A wall of fire defends their lines,
And in the midst his glory shines.
- 4 His word a lamp is to their ways,
Life, light, and joy, are in its rays ;
Their hope partakes of heav'n begun,
And rest in prospect cheers them on.
- 5 Yet this same word of peace and rest
Darkens the kingdom of the beast ;
While darkness fills the wide domain,
They rage and gnaw their tongues for pain.
- 6 Then fear them not, but still proceed
Like Israel, where his word shall lead :
Soon comes the Lord to end your fears,
To crush your foes, and dry your tears.

SONG XXXV.

- T**HE glorious myriads round the throne,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
Tell of no merit of their own,
But Jesus' worth alone proclaim.
- 2 They do not say, "Thou gav'st us grace,
This and the other work to do:"
The only song in that blest place
Is, *Thou art worthy: only thou.*
- 3 *Thou'st wash'd our robes and made them white
In thy own blood; this is the song; —*
And they shout forth, with great delight,
Salvation doth to God belong.
- 4 Ten thousand times ten thousand shout,
Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain:
Surrounding angels all cry out,
With an united voice, *Amen!*
- 5 Let us on earth, with grateful voice,
Cheerful, resound a loud Amen;
And say, while we in him rejoice,
Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain.
- 6 Without one thought that's good to plead,
O! what could shield us from despair?
But this — tho' we are vile indeed,
There's worth — yes, worth infinite there

SONG XXXVI.

- W**HEN I my wicked heart survey,
 And course of life from day to day ;
 There's nought to meet my wretched view,
 But sin, and death, its proper due.
- 2 My heart's a source of ev'ry ill,
 Averse to all that's good my will ;
 And pride, by which the angels fell,
 Proclaims aloud, I'm ripe for hell.
- 3 O ! can a wretch, so vile, so blind ;
 So ripe for hell, forgiveness find ?
 There's not a wretch who breathes the air,
 Has stronger reasons to despair.
- 4 But honour, praise, and glory, rise
 To him who reigns above the skies !
 To pardon guilt of deepest stains,
 Unbounded mercy ever reigns !
- 5 The mighty God, Immanuel,
 Deign'd on this earth with man to dwell ;
 That sinners might be freed from guilt,
 The blood of God's own Son was spilt.
- 6 His chosen he redeem'd from death,
 When he for them resign'd his breath :
 Bearing the curse, the wrath divine,
 That mercy might for ever shine.

- 7 See from the dead the First-born come!
The Lord of life has burst the tomb!
To all the world, from this blest hour,
Declar'd the Son of God with pow'r.
- 8 When he had his disciples blest,
Who worshipp'd him, their God confest,
To his reward in heav'n he rose,
In name and stead of all he chose.
- 9 At God's right hand most blessed made,
The man of sorrow's now made glad,
His kingdom stands; his reign is sure;
His worth for ever doth endure.
- 10 This is enough; — 'tis all we need;
The Lord of life is ris'n indeed:
The vilest wretch who breathes the air,
Has now no reason to despair!
- 11 O may our joy and boasting be
In him, who died upon the tree:
May the redemption shining there,
For ever shield us from despair.

S O N G X X X V I I .

SING the praises of the Lord;
His great love to us record,
Who hath made his grace divine,
Towards guilty men to shine.

- 2 When by sin we were expos'd
Unto death — God interpos'd ;
And did lay our help upon
His own Son, the mighty One !
- 3 *He thro' death destroy'd the foe ;*
By his grief remov'd our woe :
Thro' his glorious saving might,
Life eternal brought to light.
- 4 *He the curse bare on the tree,*
That the guilty might go free :
And redeemed us from wrath ;
Where is now thy sting ! O death ?
- 5 All our works for us he wrought ;
Peace and liberty he brought :
Greater blifs, we have to boast,
Than the life which *Adam* lost :
- 6 For, he lives beyond the grave,
From death's hand us to receive ;
Where eternal joys remain ;
Where no sorrow is, nor pain.
- 7 To the Lamb who died and rose,
And hath conquer'd all our foes,
Glory be for ever giv'n
By the saints, in earth, and heav'n.



SONG XXXVIII.

(ACTS, CHAR. I. VER. 9, 10, 11.)

- W**HY Galileans stand you now
 Up gazing to the sky?
 The Saviour's gone from mortal view:
 To Zion's mount on high!
 You saw him slain a sacrifice:
 He now High Priest is known
 In heaven, to appear for you;
 And send the blessing down.
- 2 Remember well his last adieu;
 And oft his friends remind:
 How you with lifted hands he bless'd,
 And shew'd his heart so kind.
 How, as he bless'd, he mounted up,
 And met the cloud of light;
 So be assur'd he'll come again
 In heav'nly glory bright!
- 3 Then gaze not here, nor think till then:
 Your eyes can see his face:
 Keep his commands; go tarry where
 Himself assign'd the place.
 They went; — the promis'd Spirit came;
 Their friends were multiplied:
 'Midst all their suff'rings gladness reign'd;
 And God they glorified.

 S O N G X X X I X .

- '*TIS finished!* THE SAVIOUR cried,
 When on the cross he bow'd, and died;
 'Tis finished! all heav'n resounds,
 Th' Eternal's mercy knows no bounds! —
- 2 Let's catch, my friends, the heavenly theme,
 'Tis finished! let us proclaim:
 Justice divine is now appeas'd,
 God rests in his own Son well pleas'd.
- 3 'Tis finished! ye nations hear,
 Your fruitless labours now forbear;
 By Jesus' finish'd work alone,
 There's access to God's holy throne.
- 4 'Tis finished! The work is done!
 By God's own well beloved Son;
 His work most perfect is, and pure,
 And shall eternally endure.
- 5 'Tis finished! The Lamb once slain,
 Is from the dead rais'd up again;
 He hath ascended up on high,
 And captive led captivity.
- 6 'Tis finished! Now may we sing,
 Devouring death! where is thy sting?
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 Here's life and immortality!

- 7 *'Tis finished!* Here's food for praise,
 Here's subject meet for heav'nly lays;
 And God's redeem'd shall ever sing,
 The praises of th' Eternal King!
- 8 Then let us still with thankful voice,
 In Jesus' finish'd work rejoice;
'Tis finished! Let us proclaim,
 Eternal thanks to God's great name.

 S O N G XL.

- W** Herewith shall I o'erwhelm'd with sin,
 Before **THE LORD** appear?
 Or how can such a wretch as I
 To the **MOST HIGH** draw near?
- 2 Where shall the conscience stung with sin
 Apply, relief to find?
 And where's the balm, whose healing pow'r
 Can cure a wounded mind?
- 3 Can all the pow'r of man do ought?
 Ah no! 'tis all in vain—
 'Tis **GOD** that wounds, and **GOD** alone
 Can heal the wound again
- 4 And lo! Jehovah's boundless grace
 The blessed cure supplies;
 To save his people from their sins,
 See! Jesus bleeds and dies!

- 5 Yea, rather see he lives again !
And shall for ever live ;
And will to all for whom he died,
This life eternal give.
- 6 Then, what tho' in this vale of tears,
Our sorrows may abound ?
And for afflictions mortal stroke,
No cure can here be found ?
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ, in God ;
When Christ our life appears,
His people he'll with glory crown,
And wipe away their tears.
- 8 Let this, my friends, be all our hope,
Let this our thoughts employ ;
Thro' this blest hope, in death itself,
There's glorious room for joy :
- 9 Fill'd with such hope, let this vain life
Evanish from our eyes :
Let solid, boundless, endless bliss
Before our view arise ;
- 10 And let us with one heart, and soul,
To God our voices raise ;
By him this grace was purchased ;
To him be all the praise.



SONG XLI.

BEHOLD! what love the Father hath
On guilty man bestow'd!
That we, poor sinners, sons of wrath,
Should be the *Sons of God!*

O! how beyond expression great
The love of Christ doth shine:
'Tis like himself! **TH' ETERNAL GOD**
Past knowledge! all divine!

Behold! for guilty, guilty man,
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down his life, them to redeem,
A precious sacrifice!

And God the sacrifice accepts,
His wrath is now appeas'd;
He looks to his beloved Son,
And says, "I am well pleas'd."

Now, doth the ever worthy Lamb,
Who for his people died,
See of the travail of his soul,
And is well satisfied;

Now peace and good will, towards men,
In boundless streams do flow;
And joy, and hope of endless life,
Doth God thro' Christ bestow.

- 7 O! let us then resound the note
 Which still prevails above ;
 And ever sing, with joyful hearts,
 The wonders of his love.

S O N G XLII.

- T**O guilty mortals why so kind,
 So long indulgence shown ?
 So many bounties round the year
 Thus copiously sent down ?
- 2 Why does the sun renew the day,
 With all reviving beams ?
 The skies, like breasts which ne'er run dry,
 Refreshment send in streams ?
- 3 Doth judgment sleep ? Can God the judge,
 On sin forget to frown ?
 Nay! Death devouring ev'ry hour,
 In course all men cuts down.
- 4 But 'midst the rage of sin and death,
 Proceeds a grand design ;
 The glorious light of endless life,
 Across the gloom doth shine.
- 5 The Lord is ris'n, the King of peace,
 The King of righteousness ;
 He bare the curse, he reigns on high,
 The nations he will bless.

- 6 He spares the world, till he completes
His grand design of love:
For this he makes his sun to shine,
And rain sends from above.
- 7 For this are pow'rs ordain'd of God,
To keep the world in awe;
That vi'lence may'nt o'erwhelm the earth,
Till thence his folk he draw.
- 8 Then let us raise our voice to God,
And daily praise his name,
Since all the bounties of the day
That mercy reigns, proclaim.

 S O N G XLIII.

HABAKUK iii. VER. 17, 18, 19.

THO' the fig-tree to blossom should cease;
 And no fruit in the vine should appear;
 Tho' the labour of the olive decrease,
 And the fields with no meat crown the year;
 From the fold tho' the flocks should decay,
 And no herd in the stall should be found;
 In JEHOVAH yet joyful I'll be,
 In's salvation my joy shall abound!

SONG XLIV.

- A**LTHO' temptations threaten round,
And feeble as the moth I'm found ;
'Midst greatest dangers let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.
- 2 And when my faith is like to fail,
And doubts and darkness most prevail ;
Hold thou me up, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.
- 3 When (Heav'n forgot) my foolish heart
In this vain world would choose its part ;
Call back the wanderer Lord to thee,
And let thy grace my safety be.
- 4 When warring passions vex me sore,
And I dare trust myself no more ;
Thy strength, my stay in weakness be,
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.
- 5 When all conspires to work my woe,
And in despair to plunge me low,
When terror takes fast hold on me ;
Lord, let thy grace my safety be.
- 6 And when thro' death's dark vale I go,
O let me then thy guidance know ;
Then comfort send, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

7 Thanks to thy name, that thou, O Lord,
 Help to the worthless can't afford ;
 Lord, help me then, and let me see
 Thy grace sufficient still for me.

8 I have no claim for grace at all,
 On me thy wrath might justly fall :
 But Jesus died ! — His merit see,
 And reach thy mercy, Lord, to me.

S O N G XLV.

GLORY unto Jesus be,
 From the curse he set us free ;
 All our guilt on him was laid,
 He the ransom fully paid.

2 All his glorious work is done,
 God's well pleased in his Son :
 For he rais'd him from the dead,
 And he reigns his Church's head.

3 His redeem'd his praise shout forth,
 Ever glorying in his worth :
 Angels sing around the throne,
 " Thou art worthy ! Thou alone ! "

4 He will soon return again,
 And his saints with him shall reign ;
 In this hope they joyful say
 Come Lord Jesus — come away.

SONG XLVI.

BEHOLD! the bright morning appears,
 And Jesus revives from the grave :
 His rising removes all our fears,
 And shews him Almighty to save :
 How strong were his tears and his cries!
 The worth of his blood how divine!
 How perfect his sacrifice is
 Who rose, tho' he suffer'd for sin!

2 The man, who was crowned with thorns,
 The man who on Calvary died,
 The man, who bore scourging and scorn,
 Whom sinners agreed to deride ;
 Now blessed for ever is made,
 And life has rewarded his pain ;
 Now glory has crowned his head,
 Heav'n sings of the Lamb who was slain

3 Believing, we share of his joy ;
 By faith, we partake of his rest ;
 With this, we can cheerfully die ;
 For with him we hope to be blest.
 This makes us regardless of fame,
 And riches and honours despise,
 We suffer for Jesus' great name,
 And die, that with him we may rise.

- 4 We wait for his coming again,
To raise us in glory with him ;
Then, gladness his saints shall obtain,
His foes shall be cloathed with shame.
Then shall his afflicted, and poor,
From dust and the dunghill, be rais'd ;
Their want and disgrace are no more :
By him they with princes are plac'd.
- 5 Then will he most fully reward
The kindnesses done to his name ;
For faithfully he hath declared,
He takes them as deeds done to him :
Ye blest of my Father come near,
Sit down on my heav'nly throne ;
Inherit the kingdom prepar'd
For those who delight in his Son.
- 6 Then let us look forward to this,
And joyfully take up his cross ;
His servants shall be where he is,
And all that we lose is but dross :
They're honour'd whom he shall approve,
There riches shall never decay ;
Their joy is complete in his love,
Their tears shall be all wip'd away.



SONG XLVII.

HOWE'ER despis'd Christ's people be,
 Howe'er 'midst desert lands they stray,
 Them carefully seek out will he,
 And cheerful they'll his voice obey.

- 2 He'll like a faithful shepherd lead
 Them safe, and keep with tender care:
 With his life-giving truth them feed,
 Where streams of promis'd comfort are.
- 3 Whatever dangers threaten round,
 From dangers he'll their refuge prove;
 Thus strength in greatest straits be found,
 And none shall tear them from his love.
- 4 Thro' life and death their guide he'll be,
 (His worth in life and death their boast!)
 "Of these whom thou hast given me"
 (He'll say at last) *Lo none I've lost!*

SONG XLVIII.

WHEN God to sinners first displays
 The glory of his sov'reign grace,
 So wonderful it seems to them,
 They almost fear 'tis all a dream.

- 2 Shall sinners, who from day to day
Have spurn'd his grace, and gone astray,
Yet in his boundless mercy share
And find no reason to despair.
- 3 And has *the man, God's fellow*, died,
And all his justice satisfied —
That mercy might flow free to those
Who all their life, have been his foes ?
- 4 Yes, God's well pleased in his Son,
Who all our works for us hath done:
None may for want of worth complain,
Since Jesus died, and rose again.
- 5 What grace! what boundless grace is this!
Like God, and God alone it is!
(The vilest in his name may trust)
While he forgives, divinely just!
- 6 Hence fill'd with rapture, we his praise
In grateful, joyful songs do raise;
And foes surpriz'd sometimes exclaim,
“ The Lord hath done great things for them ! ”
- 7 Yes, he hath done great things for us,
Whereof we're glad, and glory thus;
And well we in his work may boast,
For Jesus died to save the lost!
- 8 O still from Satan's bondage, Lord
Do thou deliverance afford:
As streams enrich the barren ground,
So let thy grace in us be found.

- 9 And as we need it more and more,
May we still see unbounded store,
Grace, reigning thro' Christ's worth, may we
For us still all-sufficient see.
- 10 For tho' we sow in tears, ere long
No sigh shall interrupt our song!
When Christ in glory shall appear,
We'll joyful reap *without a tear*.
- 11 For Christ, the man, with power to save,
Did go forth weeping to the grave;
And in the earth *this precious seed*
Himself, the grain of wheat, was laid.
- 12 Now glorious fruit from him doth spring,
Which he'll returning, with him bring;
In that glad day his ransom'd throng,
Full of his joy, shall come along.
- 13 He comes! let all his people say
Amen— Ev'n so — Lord come away!
Soon may thy sheaves be gather'd in,
And thy expected reign begin.
- 14 For thou shalt reign on earth, and we
Hope Lord to reign as kings with thee:
O may we, looking for that day,
Spurn ev'ry other hope away.



SONG XLIX.

THIS day, we call to memory,
That Christ the Lord for us did die :
He bore the curse us to relieve ;
And died, that we might ever live.

2 But death no power on him could have ;
For death he conquer'd, and the grave ;
And pass'd triumphantly on high,
Where now he reigns eternally.

3 This day, a sign to us is giv'n,
That peace is now enthron'd in heav'n ;
That grace, through righteousness divine,
Unto eternal life doth reign.

4 Christ now is enter'd to his rest ;
And we by faith in him are blest,
With pardon free and heavenly peace ;
All flowing from his sov'reign grace.

5 By this, we hope a blest release
From sin and death ; and henceforth cease
To work for life, since Jesus said
With his last breath, *'Tis finished!*

6 Then let us on this holy day
To him our grateful worship pay :
On his eternal worth rely,
And love and serve him cheerfully.

SONG L.

HAIL! hail! the happy wish'd for time,
 When Jesus shall appear:
 When the last trumpet loud shall sound,
 And all the dead shall hear.

2 They'll burst the bands of death with joy,
 And loud Hosannas raise:
 In him who lov'd them they'll rejoice,
 And glorious make his praise.

3 "Thou! Thou art worthy" still shall be
 The burden of their song;
 "For thou redeem'd us, and to thee
 "The glory doth belong."

4 We hope to join the grateful note,
 And with loud triumph sing,
 "Where? where's thy vict'ry now, O grave!
 "O death! where is thy sting?"

SONG LI.

WHEN pale distress o'erspreads the face,
 And dismal fears of death take place,
 What then shall soothe the troubled breast,
 And give th' awaken'd conscience rest?

When life is to a period brought,
 And all its joys not worth a thought,
 What is it then can calm the soul?
 And what our doubts and fears controul?

2 Men set our worth before our eyes,
 And boast the comforts thence which rise;
 A life well spent, they say gives joy,
 Which death nor hell can ne'er destroy.

But where's this well spent life they boast?
 God's law once seen, man's worth is lost;
 God's awful justice loud doth sound,
 And dash our boasting to the ground!

3 Not our sincerity of heart,
 Nor works, nor worth, can peace impart:
 At death all these dissolve in air,
 Christ's worth alone's sufficient there.

Christ's blood, and only *his* can save,
 And make us conqu'rors o'er the grave:
 It death unstings, and shews us how
 God can be *just* and *gracious* too!

4 Hence has the weak and tim'rous soul
 Been seen to triumph at the goal:
 And neither doubt nor terror show,
 But joy'd to feel the pulse beat slow.

How have they joy'd in Jesus name,
 His worth divine their darling theme!
 Thro' that alone expect the crown,
 Then smile at death, and mock his frown!

5 Thus when they pass thro' death's dark vale,
 In vain do doubts and fears assail :
 The Lord is with his people there,
 His rod and staff their comfort are.

O when to us these shades appear,
 May God our comforter be near,
 Make strong our faith as life decays,
 And tune our dying lips to praise!

S O N G LII.

THE victim's flesh, without the camp,
 Was burnt, as stain'd with sin ;
 Whose blood was for atonement brought,
 The holy place within.

2 So Christ, that by his blood he might
 His people sanctify,
 Loaded with guilt, without the gate,
 Was led to groan and die.

3 Tho' his pure heart, when tempted much,
 Ne'er lodg'd an impious thought ;
 Yet sov'reign grace, the sins of all
 His people, on him brought.

4 The earthly church, tho' ill they meant,
 Did yet conspire to shew,
 (By loading him with heinous crimes)
 He was the victim true.

- 5 With crimes their own, not his, they did
The Just One vilify ;
With felons vile, they led him forth,
A felon's death to die.
- 6 Thus the reproaches of our crimes
Against the Highest done,
Not whence they came, fell back ;—but fell
All on the Holy One.
- 7 But shall we, dare we, join his foes,
By low'ring our esteem
Of him, because he stoop'd so low,
Such wretches to redeem ?
- 8 Nay, rather let us leave the camp,
And unto him go forth,
Bearing our honour, his reproach,
And glory in his worth.
- 9 Because the sov'reign judge of worth
Hath put the highest price
On his abasement, and hath made
Him Lord of Paradise.
- 10 Deign'd he to come so nigh to us,
As not to count it shame,
To call us brethren ? Should we blush
At ought that bears his name ?
- 11 Nay, let us *boast* in his reproach,
And *glory* in his cross :
When he appears, one smile from him
Will far o'erpay our loss.

SONG LIII.

- H**ow glorious is thy name
Thro' all the ransom'd host,
O worthy Lamb! — who came
To seek and save the lost!
- 2 Thou art beyond compare
Most precious in our sight!
Than sons of men more fair;
And infinite in might!
- 3 Thy perfect work divine
Makes us for ever blest:
Here truth and mercy shine;
And men with God do rest.
- 4 Thy ways are far above
The ways of men, O God!
Above their thoughts thy love,
In saving by thy blood.
- 5 Let us count all things loss,
That Jesus we may win:
Let's glory in his cross,
And leave the paths of sin.
- 6 In him let us rejoice;
Salvation he hath wrought:
Be his commands our choice:
For with his blood we're bought.

SONG LIV.

THE fear of death in bondage holds,
All those who know not God ;
Because the judgment which succeeds,
Awakes his wrathful rod.

2 The heart of man, till then unknown,
Shall be expos'd to view ;
By him who knows its inmost thought,
Who weighs each action true.

3 To hide from his all-searching eye,
Nor rocks nor mountains can ;
Each idle word on record stands,
Though long forgot by man.

4 None from this judgment shall escape,
Because none guiltless are ;
For as his fear, so is his wrath,
The mighty man of war.

5 But sure as death and judgment be,
So sure Christ offer'd was ;
To bear his elects sins away,
And vindicate his laws :

6 So sure to those who look for him,
Shall he salvation bring ;
Then shall his saints in safety dwell,
Rejoicing in their king.

 S O N G L V.

- T**H E truth, which giveth life to man,
 And bids his troubled soul be still ;
 Was fix'd, in great Jehovah's plan,
 To manifest his sov'reign will.
- 2 Justice and judgment here unite,
 Establish'd ever round his throne ;
 And mercy free his chief delight,
 To mortal's view is fully shewn.
- 3 When, God the Son, the Father own'd,
 Then righteousness from heav'n look'd down,
 When Jesus rose with vict'ry crown'd,
 Then truth sprang up, by mercy sown.
- 4 To know this truth on him depends,
 Whose pow'rful voice the dead obey :
 Whose mercy keeps, whose grace defends,
 Lest from his fold his flock should stray.
- 5 To love this truth is heav'ns behest,
 Which by its proper fruit is known ;
 That work of faith will stand the test
 Which flows from charity alone.
- 6 How bless'd are those who dwell in love,
 Their vessel's oil shall ne'er run out ;
 With joy the bridegroom from above,
 They'll meet, and join the heav'nly shout.

SONG LVI.

BLEST Jesus, whom should ransom'd sinners sing,
But he their Saviour, sacrifice and king?
Whom should our verse, or song exalt but thee?
And sing thy boundless love eternally.

- 2 The Lord of glory leaves his shining throne,
And for our sakes, his brethren's form put on;
The glorious God in human flesh appears,
And all the marks of servile meanness wears.
- 3 The King of kings, by all heaven's host rever'd,
Is by the mob with rude profaneness jeer'd,
And he whose head celestial crowns adorn,
Patient submits to wear a crown of thorn.
- 4 The holy, harmless, undefiled one,
With heavy loads of guilt is made to groan;
Under his Father's frown behold he dies!
For guilty men, a willing sacrifice.
- 5 Thus to the church he shew'd his love and grace,
And at this dear expence procured them peace:
To make us free he was a prisoner made,
By a base traitor with a kiss betray'd.
- 6 Our Saviour's ris'n, let us his vict'ry tell;
He conquer'd death, and triumph'd over hell;
He's now enthron'd at the right hand of God,
And pleads the divine worth of his own blood.
- 7 To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
(Let the church join with all the heavenly host)
Be everlasting praise and glory given,
By all the family in earth and heaven.

 SONG LVII.

- L**ORD, when involv'd in guilt, I see,
 Thy wrath against all sin reveal'd ;
 Safe from that wrath where shall I be ?
 Where from thy vengeance lie conceal'd ?
- 2 In vain I'd to the mountains call,
 They cannot hide me from thine ire,
 And though the rocks upon me fall,
 They at thy presence shall retire.
- 3 Where shall a guilty rebel then
 For shelter from thy vengeance fly ?
 Darkness and death would all in vain
 Join to conceal me from thine eye.
- 4 Spread thou thy wing, O Lamb of God,
 And then in safety shall I be ;
 When the destroyer sees thy blood,
 He'll drop his sword, and pass by me.

 SONG LVIII.

WELCOME, welcome, brother sinner,
 To this poor, but happy place ;
 Where you'll meet with nothing finer,
 Than the guilty cloth'd with grace.

- 2 Harken well, and still remember,
If you mean to tarry here ;
He who is of Christ a member,
Meek like Jesus must appear.
- 3 Your self-righteousness abased,
As a beggar you must stand ;
Asking mercy manifested,
From the Mediator's hand.
- 4 Nought your own must be your boasting,
Your self-righteous labour cease ;
Christ alone your only boasting
For life, for pardon, and for peace.
- 5 From Babel's temples well escaped :
Temples fill'd with worldly fame ;
Expect that on you will be heaped,
Foul contempt, the cross's shame.
- 6 When you see the world disdain,
Pouring forth the serpent's rage ;
Then, companion, think of reigning,
When you leave this mortal stage.
- 7 'Twas in this world Christ was rejected,
He no place, — no quarter had ;
Say then, can it be expected,
We should loll on downy bed ?
- 8 Judge yourself if it be fitting —
Can it really well accord ? —
We in grandeur to be sitting,
High above our humble LORD.

- 9 Hail! we greet you to that station,
 Where the sons of God must stand ;
 Here you may make full profession
 Of whate'er he did command.
- 10 On Jesus therefore still depending,
 Dread not what can happen here ;
 Lo ! he with his saints descending
 Soon, in glory, shall appear.

 S O N G L I X .

- C**OME, come, let us raise our glad songs,
 Let gratitude wake ev'ry voice :
 To Jesus all glory belongs ;
 In him let us ever rejoice.
- 2 How wretched, how helpless were we
 When Jesus from glory came down ;
 And bore all our sins on the tree ;
 Yea, made all our sorrows his own,
- 3 That wrath we deserv'd, he endur'd ;
 He pitied, and sav'd us from hell :
 Our pardon and peace he procur'd,
 That we with him ever might dwell.
- 4 O raise then your songs to his name,
 And rejoice in the work he hath wrought ;
 His mighty salvation proclaim,
 Which with his own blood he hath bought.

- 5 Unto him, unto him, evermore,
 Let our praises still grateful ascend :
 With one heart and one soul, all adore
 The sinners great Saviour and friend.
- 6 He is worthy of honour and praise,
 All glory to Jesus belongs ;
 Let his people their grateful notes raise,
 And his name ay be heard in their songs.

 S O N G L X.

- H**OW grand, how glorious is the name
 Of our Lord God, the great I AM!
 Which he in Sinai did declare,
 When Moses saw his glory there.
- 2 A God of mercy and of grace,
 Long suffering to Adam's race ;
 Mercy for thousands hath design'd ;
 To anger slow, and very kind.
- 3 Abundant goodness, truth, and love,
 Belong to him that reigns above ;
 Who visits the iniquity
 Of fathers on their progeny.
- 4 Who clearing, he by no means clears
 The guilty, yet he just appears
 In pard'ning sinners, even all,
 Who on his holy name do call.

- 5 This name of God is call'd a tower,
To which the righteous, by his power,
Flee, and are safe from all that wrath,
Which he with sin connected hath.
- 6 This comforting, tremendous name,
Christ to his brethren did proclaim,
When he partook in flesh and blood
With them, to bring them unto God.
- 7 In his most perfect sacrifice,
Justice and mercy harmonize ;
The just God and the Saviour see,
In Jesus dying on the tree.

S O N G L X I.

BEHOLD the bread of God,
Which cometh down from heav'n,
The lively token of his love,
To sinners freely given.

- 2 He whom the Father lov'd
Before the world began,
Assum'd the body he propos'd,
And liv'd and died for man.
- 3 Death by sin's dreadful pow'r,
O'er Adam's seed must reign ;
But Jesus, blest with endless life,
Will raise his seed again.

- 4 In joyful hope of this,
 We learn to bear his cross,
 And count the treasures of the world
 But vanity and dross.
- 5 Away our anxious cares
 For transient earthly good;
 What thing will he with-hold from them,
 For whom he shed his blood,

S O N G L X I I .

- W**HEREWITH shall guilty sinners come
 Before a holy God?
 Or how shall rebels doom'd to die,
 Bow down before the Lord?
- 2 Not all the off'rings they can bring,
 Can for one sin atone;
 But he has shewn us what is good,
 In his beloved Son.
- 3 Justice by him is satisfied,
 And mercy freely flows,
 To every one who unto life
 Through sov'reign grace is chose.
- 4 And while this mercy sov'reign reigns,
 No sinner need despair;
 Since through the work that Jesus wrought,
 There is no room for fear.

- 5 Man only shares this blest estate,
 Redeem'd from sin, made free
 By sovereign boundless love replete
 With bliss to such as we.
- 6 Behold how grand this mercy flows,
 More prov'd since Christ has ris'n ;
 Rewards his Son, the gift bestows,
 No greater could be given.

S O N G L X I I I .

- H**E comes, he comes, the Saviour comes;
 Tremble, O earth, and burst ye tombs;
 Thou sun in darkness veil thy rays,
 To brighter glories in his face.
- 2 Behold it comes, the judgment comes,
 The judge his awful state assumes ;
 Shout heav'n and earth, and raging main,
 'Tis Jesus comes, he comes to reign.
- 3 It comes, it comes, the morning comes ;
 Ye mountains burst, ye marble tombs ;
 Ye long forgotten dead arise,
 Meet Jesus coming in the skies.
- 4 Behold it comes, salvation comes ;
 Awake ye tenants of the tombs ;
 Awake, and sing in heavenly strain,
 Say, welcome. Jesus, come and reign.

5 It comes, it comes, the kingdom comes,
The foes of Jesus meet their dooms;
Unmeasur'd joys his people know,
And welcome him to reign below.

S O N G. LXIV.

WHEN God appear'd in human form,
Heaven's sov'reign seem'd a feeble worm;
Grief, weariness, and pain, he feels,
With the long train of mortal ills.

2 Foxes have holes, and birds have nests,
Their Maker hath not where to rest;
Though heav'n and earth are all his own,
And hell in horror feels his frown.

3 A bruis'd reed his power appear'd,
His light a taper near expir'd;
Yet in his deeds the Godhead shone,
As God he spake, and it was done.

4 See Jesus weep at Laz'rus' grave,
As mortals weep, that cannot save;
As Lord of life the word he gives,
Dead Laz'rus hears his voice, and lives.

5 When waves and tempests fill the ship,
He's like a weary man asleep;
His word, as God, rebukes the seas,
He frowns the raging storm to peace.

- 6 When wearied in his humbl'd state,
Thirsty on Jacob's well he sat ;
Water he of a woman sought,
And thus of living waters taught.
- 7 " Water of life I have to give ;
" Who drinks thereof shall ever live ;
" He thirsts no more who drinks of this,
" It flows to everlasting bliss."
- 8 The woman's conscience hears his voice,
It sets her guilt before her eyes ;
Amaz'd to see herself she cry'd,
He tells me all that e'er I did.

S O N G L X V .

WHEN sin and guilt oppress my soul,
And death and hell in view,
How terrible doth God appear !
For vengeance is my due.

- 2 What must I do? my prayers and tears,
And all my works are sin :
My frames and feelings are but wind,
My heart is still unclean.
- 3 My acts of faith are all deceit,
My past religion vain ;
I'm now reduc'd to this bare truth,
That Christ the Lamb was slain-

- 4 His work is finish'd, God well pleas'd ;
 This truth doth comfort give ;
 A ray of hope revives my heart,
 Though guilty I may live.

S O N G L X V I .

- Y**E followers of the Lamb of God,
 Behold the wond'rous plan !
 Wherein divine and sov'reign grace
 Rebukes the pride of man.
- 2 Kindly it smiles on sucking babes,
 And owns the infant race ;
 " My heavenly kingdom," (says our Lord,)
 " Consists of such as these."
- 3 Th' apostles testify the same,
 For they are all agreed,
 The saving promise comprehends
 Believers and their seed.
- 4 They both are holy to the Lord,
 And so to be baptiz'd,
 On equal ground, adults and babes
 In Christ are circumcis'd.
- 5 He that believes shall sure be sav'd,
 He and his household too ;
 However human pride oppose,
 God's words affirm it true.

6 Believing this, the jailor gave
 His household to the Lord ;
 And Lydia sanctified her house,
 When she receiv'd the word.

7 Assur'd of this, let us adore
 The grace that sets aside
 Ev'ry distinction man can boast,
 To cherish human pride.

S O N G L X V I I .

EMANUEL, who justly claims
 Equality with God ;
 Descends from heav'n, becomes a child,
 Assuming flesh and blood.

2 Behold this heav'nly humble child,
 Surprising to relate !
 Both for the fall, and for the rise
 Of multitudes is set.

3 Many by him from deepest woe,
 Are rais'd to bliss and peace ;
 While haughty thousands meet their fall,
 In stumbling at his grace.

4 He also is the people's scorn,
 Who is the church's Lord ;
 A sign that must be spoke against,
 Though one to be ador'd.

5 What strange and wide extremes unite,
 In our Emanuel's name ;
 What mixture of affection there
 Is fitted to the theme.

S O N G L X V I I I .

THROUGH Adam's guilt, imputed sin
 Descends to all his infant race ;
 Through Christ's obedience, they enjoy
 In heav'n's abode, eternal peace.

2 " Of such my kingdom is compos'd,"
 He when on earth, to man made known,
 Yea, that adults as helpless babes,
 Could only share his heavenly throne.

3 Man's reason against this truth recoils,
 His pride repels the humbling thought ;
 God's pow'r alone, makes him submit
 To live by what free grace hath wrought.

4 The world, with Satan as their prince,
 With all their strength this truth oppose ;
 And pleasures, 'honour, wealth, unite
 To tempt the remnant God hath chose.

But all their dev'lish arts were foil'd,
 When Christ thro' power divine was rais'd,
 They captive in his train were led,
 While heav'n the glorious victor prais'd.

- 6 Where, as our great high priest he lives,
 And ever intercedes for those,
 Who come to God thro' him alone,
 Who conquer'd death, and all their foes.

S O N G . L X I X .

- T**H Y name O God majestic shines,
 In face of Jesus, who was slain ;
 Who seated pleads at thy right hand,
 That sinners may remission gain.
- 2 These facts diffuse a glorious light,
 O'er all the works which thou hast wrought ;
 Confirm thy law, make known thy grace,
 Thus hope, to hopeless man is brought.
- 3 The death of Jesus on the cross,
 Shew'd thy law holy, good, and just ;
 Thy vengeance 'gainst each sin proclaim'd,
 Condemning every worldly lust.
- 4 Hence fill'd with shame, and dire remorse,
 Eternal death we all might dread ;
 But Jesus cried aloud, " 'Tis done"
 Gave up the ghost, and join'd the dead.
- 5 This truth to prove thou gav'st him pow'r,
 The bands of death to burst in twain,
 Thy throne t'ascend, thy glory share,
 And ever with his ransom'd reign.

- 6 Here Lord thou hast made light t'arise,
 On men whom darkness gross beset ;
 Where law and conscience both condemn'd,
 A living hope thou didst beget.
- 7 Thanks to thy name O God of grace,
 For righteousness to men brought near:
 May in our minds thy law be put,
 And in our hearts thy promis'd fear ;
- 8 So shall we not from thee depart,
 But ever in thy love abide :
 'Till faith and hope are done away,
 Be thou our never-failing guide.

 S O N G LXX.

WHO is a liar like the man,
 Who dares debase the Holy One ;
 They all with Antichrist combine,
 Who grudge to Jesus praise divine.

But all who know his worthy name,
 One with the Father him proclaim :
 Th' eternal Spirit makes them one,
 In worshipping the heavenly man.



SONG LXXI.

- B**EHOLD my Son! the Father said,
 In him well pleas'd I am ;
 By him the ransom's fully paid,
 For he's the worthy Lamb.
- 2 I'm satisfy'd the conscience cries,
 In what is here declar'd
 Concerning this great sacrifice,
 Which was by God prepar'd.
- 3 No off'ring can by us be brought,
 To wipe away our stain ;
 The righteousness by Christ was wrought ;
 For he the Lamb was slain.
- 4 Still in his cross let us rejoice,
 Be this our constant theme ;
 Let us with one united voice,
 For ever praise his name,

SONG LXXII.

WHEN darkness spread its awful sway
 On all the human race ;
 Then heav'n vouchsaf'd a bright display
 Of light of life, and grace.

- 2 Jesus appears in flesh and dies,
 Then takes his seat above ;
 And in a form like ours enjoys,
 The Father's smiles of love.
- 3 He did enough, from endless night,
 To save the base and vile ;
 And fill their souls with joyful light,
 By heav'n's benignant smile,
- 4 This gives us ease from all our toils,
 'Tis this and this alone,
 Wards off the curse, and brings the smiles
 Of heaven to mortals down.

 S O N G LXXIII.

THIS is the day the Lord arose,
 And triumph'd over all his foes :
 Though hell and earth strove to detain
 Him 'mongst the dead, 'twas all in vain.

The guards were plac'd, the stone was seal'd,
 But neither guards nor stone avail'd ;
 Th' illustrious pris'ner to confine,
 Because the pris'ner was divine.

He came not there an abject slave,
 To lie for ever in the grave ;
 No — as a king he enter'd there,
 The spoils of death and hell to share.

- 4 And rising on this bless'd day,
The gates of death he bore away ;
Of death and hell a show he made,
And of their proud, now vanquish'd head.
- 5 In bloody robes victorious clad,
Captive captivity he led ;
Then took his seat in highest heaven,
By his well-pleased Father giv'n.
- 6 In proof that all these things are true,
He left this day of rest for you
Who call him Lord, and have confest
His worth as all that gives you rest.
- 7 Let's keep this sabbatism then,
Which for God's people doth remain :
From all self-righteous labour cease,
And in his word alone find peace.
- 8 In patience waiting his return,
When Babel's nations all shall mourn ;
The bless'd in Christ their rest begin,
Where nought shall enter stain'd with sin.

S O N G LXXIV.

THE promis'd time is drawing nigh,
When Christ, our hope, shall from on high,
In glorious triumph come again,
Surrounded with a spotless train.

We'll hear the trumpet's awful sound,
 Which will the trembling world confound;
 And put them all in wild dismay,
 Who hold his coming far away.

2 That sound shall earth's foundation shake;
 The dead in Christ shall first awake;
 All ransom'd from the darksome grave,
 Death no more pow'r on them shall have.
 That power which makes the dead arise,
 Shall change the elect then alive;
 And quick as doth the light'ning fly,
 Them clothe with immortality.

3 Then all the saints together join'd,
 None shall be lost, or left behind;
 Angelic guards shall them convey,
 To meet the Lord in endless day:
 The bride and bridegroom then shall meet,
 On every side their bliss complete;
 While gladness fills each cheerful heart,
 They never, never more shall part.

All crown'd with everlasting joy,
 No lurking foe shall them annoy;
 No tempting doubts, no guileful snare,
 Nor unbelief shall enter there;
 Their glorious ransom'er shall then
 Behold the purchase of his pain,
 Like sparkling stars around him shine,
 And cloth'd in righteousness divine.

5 Their worth shall then with charms divine,
 In Jesus' eye unspotted shine ;
 While they his matchless love adore,
 And sing his praises evermore ;
 No limits bound their endless bliss,
 The glorious Son of righteousness
 Shall yield them life, and light alway ;
 No night succeeds that joyful day.

6 Oh ! thou who art the Shepherd true,
 Who guides thy flocks the desert through,
 Awake our slumbering hearts that we
 May hear thy voice, and follow thee ;
 Fast holding by thy faithful word,
 Unite our hearts with one accord ;
 With all thy ransom'd host to say,
 Amen ! Lord Jesus come away.

S O N G LXXV.

ALL hail ! thou Saviour of mankind,
 O Jesus ! on thy throne ;
 Whose sacrifice the law fulfill'd,
 Thy blood for sins atone.

2 He on its merits intercedes,
 For all for whom he died ;
 That they from sin may all be freed,
 Through justice satisfied.

- 3 He strips them of their filthy rags,
Where they in ashes lay ;
With his unspotted righteousness
Their souls he doth array.
- 4 The glory of his kingdom blest,
To them he doth unfold ;
And he will set upon their heads
A crown of purest gold.
- 5 That they before his throne may stand,
Without one spot or stain ;
Yea, all their wants he will supply,
When he returns again.
- 6 Then let us hear his sacred word,
Which shews his will most clear ;
That very page to us declares
The time is drawing near.
- 7 Then Zion's daughter shall rejoice,
And glory in her king,
To share with him in his reward :
From death he will them bring.

S O N G LXXVI.

WE sing of sov'reign, matchless grace,
Which comes unsought to Adam's race ;
How guilty men with joy confess,
The grace that reigns thro' righteousness.

- 2 When sinners hear the Father's voice,
And in the Son of God rejoice,
They thro' the joyful sound find rest,
And by his worthiness are blest.
- 3 The well-beloved Son is he,
Who bore their sins upon the tree;
They are redeem'd with blood divine,
And in his righteousness they shine.
- 4 They sing the wonders God has done,
Who, rich in mercy, sent his Son;
While in the great Redeemer's face,
Shines forth his justice and his grace.
- 5 The men who sit in shades of night,
The Gospel calls to glorious light;
And righteousness already wrought,
To guilty souls is freely brought.
- 6 Rich and free pardon now proclaim,
How grace o'ertakes the sons of shame;
The vilest sinner's soul is eas'd,
When he beholds the Father pleas'd.

S O N G LXXVII.

FOR ever blessed be the name
Of our Emmanuel God,
Who from the heavenly Father came,
And life and peace bestow'd.

- 2 Unspeakable his love it was,
 So great was never known,
 That God the Son from heav'n should come,
 And for our sins atone.
- 3 The holy law he did fulfil
 In its perfection broad ;
 Infinite worth mark'd every step,
 Because the Man was God.
- 4 The dreadful wrath due to our sins,
 Was all upon him laid :
 That dreadful load he did sustain,
 And all the ransom paid.
- 5 What praises then unspeakable,
 To Jesus' name is due ;
 God's glorious gift of righteousness,
 Dear, and for ever new !
- 6 His grace and meekness let us learn,
 That we may bear the cross ;
 The glory yet to be reveal'd
 Will pay for every loss.

S O N G LXXVIII.

YE sleeping virgins wake, give ear ;
 Behold! the Bridegroom's voice draws near ;
 Trim ye your lamps with sacred truth,
 And at his call with speed go forth.

- 2 Behold! he stands before the door;
 He'll ransom his afflicted poor;
 If any man will hear his voice,
 He'll sup with him, and shall rejoice.
- 3 Brethren beware, lest we should say
 Like scoffers, "He doth long delay;"
 But wait until his ransomed throng
 Are brought from every tribe and tongue.
- 4 Then shall the building be complete;
 The great I AM shall take his seat;
 Before the Ancient he shall reign,
 The worthy Lamb who once was slain.
- 5 O may this sure and ancient hope,
 As a firm anchor keep us up;
 And with the whole redeemed say
 Amen! Lord Jesus make no stay.

 S O N G LXXIX.

LO he comes, the King of glory,
 With his chosen tribes to reign;
 Innumerable saints and angels
 Swell the mighty Conq'ror's train.

Now in triumph, &c. &c.
 Sin and death are captive led.

2 He who once on Calv'ry's mountain
 Groan'd, and bow'd his sacred head,
 Now appears enthron'd in glory,
 The sov'reign Judge of quick and dead.
 Hallelujah, &c. &c.
 Now the promis'd kingdom comes.

3 Nation rising against nation,
 Antichrist's declining sway ;
 All these signs are fast fulfilling,
 Ush'ring in that awful day,
 When the secrets, &c. &c.
 Of all hearts shall be reveal'd.

See the rocks and mountains rending !
 All the nations fill'd with dread :
 Hark, the trump of God proclaiming
 Through the mansions of the dead,
 Come to judgment, &c. &c.
 Stand before the Son of man.

Hear the chief among ten thousand
 Thus address his faithful few :
 " Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 The kingdom is prepar'd for you :
 I was hungry, I was thirsty, I was naked,
 And ye minister'd to me."

But how awful is the sentence !
 " Depart from me ye cursed race,
 To that place of endless torment,
 Never more to see my face ;
 I was hungry, I was thirsty, I was naked
 Ye to me no mercy shew'd."

- 7 Then awake ye slumb'ring virgins,
 Trim your lamps, the Bridegroom's near;
 Let your loins with truth be girded,
 The times proclaim he'll soon appear:
 Mark the fig tree, &c. &c.
 Budding shews the summer's near.

S O N G LXXX.

- W**HEN guilt appears, then horror great
 Doth seize my troubled heart;
 Where! where shall I a respite find
 From this tormenting smart?
- 2 My tears and pray'rs avail me not,
 No comfort they afford;
 The spring's corrupt from whence they flow,
 'Tis cursed by the Lord.
- 3 Accurs'd is he who breaks the law,
 And I the Law have broke;
 Where! where shall I a respite find
 From its relentless stroke.
- 4 Shou'd men and angels intercede
 For my atrocious guilt;
 One stain they cannot wipe away,
 Tho' all their blood was spilt.
- 5 Delusive hope, despondency,
 Alternately have sway,
 Till unexpected news I hear,
 Which tidings glad convey;

- 6 Proclaiming a dead Saviour ris'n,
 And God in him well pleas'd,
 This stills the conflict in my breast,
 By this report I'm eas'd.
- 7 Lord, may my heart with thanks abound,
 And praises unto thee,
 That thy dear Son the ransom paid,
 To set poor captives free.

S O N G LXXXI.

- H**ARK! from above, the joyful sound,
 The great good Shepherd calls around;
 "Ye weeping tribes look up on high,
 "Lift up your heads, redemption's nigh.
- 2 "No more by death and hell annoy'd,
 "Their pow'r to hurt I have destroy'd;
 "Now ye as kings and priests shall reign;
 "My death for you did this obtain."
- 3 Say doth this fill our hearts with joy,
 This glorious hope our thoughts employ!
 Or ling'ring still like Lot behind,
 In worldly bliss our comfort find?
- 4 Or do we rest our hopes of peace,
 Saying, our faith and love increase?
 O impious thought! to such he'll say,
 "Hence from me wicked, far away.

- 5 “ But you my chosen humbled flock,
 “ Whom pride and av’rice ever mock ;
 “ Let not their counsel lead astray,
 “ But all my words with fear obey.
- 6 “ O! yet to day hear ye my voice,
 “ Now fix’d for ever be your choice ;
 “ Or life or death upon it wait,
 “ Be quick, e’er yet it prove too late.
- 7 “ Haste, gird your sandals on your feet,
 “ Go forth with joy, the bridegroom meet ;
 “ Thro’ fire and death advancing bold,
 “ On life eternal laying hold.”
- 8 Then join the **THEME** ye pardon’d throng,
 To Jesus raise the lofty song ;
AMEN, O come, come quickly Lord!
 Fulfil the holy blest record.

 S O N G LXXXII.

WHEN first this spacious globe was fram’d
 By the almighty word of God :
 When all its brilliant orbs he nam’d,
 And earth produc’d her teeming load :
 Then all the sons of God were glad,
 Rejoicing in the works display’d.

- 2 When in fair Eden's fruitful plain,
The first of pairs in peace repos'd ;
Their Maker's favour to retain,
On them obedience was impos'd.
Then Satan, to o'erthrow God's plan,
With subtle art, corrupted man.
- 3 When self dependance, stubborn pride,
And enmity 'gainst God took place ;
An evil heart became his guide,
And reas'ning tried God's ways to trace.
The curse of God was then denounc'd,
And death, thro' him, on all pronounc'd.
- 4 When conscious guilt, that gnawing worm,
With dread despair his bosom fill'd ;
And God's forboding wrathful storm,
Like deadly poison was instill'd :
Then God's eye pitied, and his arm
Salvation brought, death to disarm.
- 5 When God Emmanuel became,
Th' angelic host their voices rais'd ;
On earth his mercy to proclaim,
Which they before in heav'n had prais'd :
The Father then, in boundless love,
Declar'd his pleasure from above.
- 6 When for his people's sins he died,
His holy law was magnified ;
When from the grave he conqu'ror rose,
He vanquish'd death, and all their foes :
And when this world shall be no more,
As kings, and priests, they'll him adore,

E L E G I E S.

E L E G Y I.

- B**Y sov'reign mercy he was chose,
Who now demands our mournful lay,
From Babylon, to gather those,
Whom antichrist had led astray.
- 2 The ancient order to restore,
Which mystic darkness long conceal'd;
The daughters of that scarlet whore,
His writings fully have reveal'd.
- 3 Their worldly kingdoms he expos'd,
By proving Christ's to be in heav'n;
By strangers to the cross oppos'd,
But lov'd by those to whom 'tis giv'n.
- 4 The Philadelphian state begun,
He as a pillar thus appear'd:
Thro' faith, the christian race he run;
God's word he kept, his name rever'd.
- 5 His private friendships all gave place,
When call'd his love to exercise;
He was, to keep the bond of peace,
Meek as the dove, as serpent wise.
- 6 In patience he his soul possess'd,
'Midst poverty, reproach, and shame;
In Job like trials, he profess'd
His confidence in Jesus' name.

- 7 In good old age, when death drew near,
 His faith, and hope seem'd to express!
 " My faithful servant, now appear;
 " Before my God, I'll thee confess."
- 8 Now crown'd, in glory bright, he shines
 A monument of sov'reign grace:
 If God, in mercy rich, inclines
 We soon shall see him face to face.

 E L E G Y II.

- W**HAT is our life in this vain world?
 At best, but as a taper,
 That shines away — We blaze awhile,
 And vanish like a vapour.
- 2 Vain are our cares, as vain our hopes,
 And boastings of to-morrow:
 We mind not, that thro' sin we're born
 To trouble and to sorrow.
- 3 The breath of life is still expos'd
 To many thousand dangers
 And death is sure: the case know well,
 Nor to the cure be strangers.
- 4 " Incline the ear, and come to me;
 Your souls shall live in hearing:
 Your life is hid with me in God,
 Reserv'd to my appearing."

- 5 Fear not, I am that living One,
 Who unstring'd death by dying:
 Take up your cross, relieve the poor,
 Me follow, self-denyng.
- 6 For see, I live for evermore,
 From death's hand to receive you,
 To reign in endless life with me:
 My word shall ne'er deceive you!"
- 7 Then, death, where is thy sting? O grave,
 Where is thy mighty conquest?
 Thy sting is sin — its strength the law:
 The cross thy pow'r hath vanquish'd.
- 8 Our souls to thee we do commend,
 Lord of the dead and living:
 In life and death we'll cleave to thee,
 None perish thee believng.

 E L E G Y III.

AS streams, ambitious to be lost,
 Push forward to the sea;
 So runs thy narrow span of life,
 To meet eternity.

- 2 Thy weary springs of life grown dull,
 Their painful task give o'er;
 Death now sits hov'ring on thy lip,
 And bids thee be no more.

- 3 Who would in life repose his bliss,
So subject to decay ;
Ready with wings, at ev'ry step,
To start and fly away ?
- 4 Say, saint, what raptures swell'd thy soul,
When on thy closing eyes
Heav'n dawn'd, and boundless love and grace
Bade joys on joys arise !
- 5 How did thy bosom pant for death,
Thy Saviour to enjoy ?
How oft's that name made pain to smile,
And sickness bloom with joy !
- 6 Jesus ! thy name can smooth the face
Of death with sweetest song ;
Thy love in gloomy silence forms
A chorus from the tomb.
- 7 Methinks I see thy quiv'ring soul,
Just started from the clay,
Mount heav'n with wings, and Jesus face,
His form, his wounds survey.
- 8 Amazing love o'erwhelms thy soul,
“ And, O my God ! ” you cry :
Thy saviour smiles, and wipes the tear
Just starting from thine eye.
- 9 Nor need you blush before your God,
Tho' stripp'd of ev'ry sense,
With divine merit cloth'd, and safe
Beside Omnipotence.

- 10 The naked soul beneath this worth,
Shall find new organs rise ;
By this, new joys in Jesus' form
Shall feast your ravish'd eyes.
- 11 Thy God, thy Maker on thee smiles
With mercy's sweetest beams ;
Say, can thy infant heart contain
Such new transporting scenes ?
- 12 O lov'd of God ! such rapt'rous thoughts
Transcend a mortal's theme :
Say are such joys for man prepar'd,
Or is it all a dream ?
- 13 How oft in racks, in fire, and death,
Have faithful Christians sought
That bliss you now enjoy, nor seem'd
The prize too dearly bought.
- 14 Thy endless life depends no more
On time, or fleeting years :
No grief is blended with thy bliss,
Thy joys admit no tears.
- 15 Nor need you grudge the years you've left,
Or hopes of flatt'ring time :
See ! future ages rise ; and round
Eternity is thine !
- 16 No thought can add unto thy bliss,
-No wish thy joys prolong ;
Sickness no more, nor feverish pains,
Shall interrupt thy song.

- 17 O brethren! let this darling theme
 From mouths like yours resound;
 Nor think the labour lost t' have sung,
 A soul with Jesus join'd.

 E L E G Y IV.

- AS Billows roll to meet their fate,
 And break upon the shore;
 So rolls that billow, human life,
 So breaks, and is no more.
- 2 Hush'd in the grave, life's busy dream
 Disturbs no more thy breast:
 There empty glitt'ring joys no more
 Conspire to thwart thy rest.
- 3 Nor sin, nor future cares, invade
 That land of long repose,
 Where rest and mortals meet at last,
 And are no longer foes.
- 4 Calm is the deep, and smooth the sea,
 When hush'd from ev'ry breeze;
 So calm the mind, so smooth the soul,
 When ruffling passions cease.
- 5 Stretch'd in the grave, our last retreat,
 You view at distance there
 The vain pursuits of busy man,
 And smile at human care.

- 6 So in some deep sequester'd vale,
In peace the hermit lies ;
He hears the noise, and sees the smoke
Of distant cities rise.
- 7 Bless'd be the grave whose earth contains
What's dear to Jesus' breast:
Let ev'ry soul whom Jesus warms
Pronounce the relics blest.
- 8 A time shall come, when life shall yet
Inform this mould'ring clay ;
And these clos'd eyes shall yet awake,
And Jesus' form survey.
- 9 The dead to flatter would be vain,
Or speak in praise of dust :
For *that* is all that's found of man,
Or human pride at last.
- 10 'Tis not my task, with flatt'ring tongue,
Thy virtues to commend :
The man whom never spot deform'd,
Was never Jesus' friend.
- 11 Heav'n in rewarding Jesus' worth,
Thy merits shall unfold ;
Enough for thee — *that Jesus died* ;
And so thy bell is toll'd.



E L E G Y V.

BLESS'D in the mansions of thy God,
 Thy tongue no more complains
 Of distance from thy Saviour's arms,
 Of sickness, or of pains.

2 Another theme employs that voice,
 A theme that pleases God ;
 The divine excellence and worth,
 O Jesus ! of thy blood.

3 For ever bless th' all bounteous God,
 Who sent his only Son
 To work a righteousness divine
 For sinners who had none.

4 Tis that that smooths the paths of death,
 And calms the dying soul :
 'Twas broadly viewing this that taught
 Thy lips in death to smile.

5 What, tho' like flow'rs nipt in their bloom,
 Was thy untimely fate ?
 'Tis what we once must undergo,
 And waits us soon or late.

6 Ev'n he who sings thy praise, whose soul
 Now melts in mournful lays,
 From other men shall shortly want
 That generous tear* he pays.

7 Yet never shall he grudge the change,
 While that same purity,
 And worth divine, can join his soul
 To Jesus and to thee,

8* That tear I pay.—With thy last breath
 In death I heard thee sing:
 Short was thy song; but how sublime!
 “O death! where is thy sting?”

E L E G Y VI.

ALL hail! to thee divinely blest,
 Among the heav'nly throng,
 Partaking of thy Saviour's smiles,
 And joining in the song;

2 “All praise and thanks unto the Lamb,
 “Who bought us with his blood,
 “And without fault presented hath
 “Before the throne of God.”

3 A crown of life adorns thy head;
 Thou dwell'st with endless joy:
 Continual raptures fire thy breast,—
 Bliss that knows no alloy.

4 Life's idle dream thou hast slept out,
 Its cares are past away;
 Which prey upon the mortal mind,
 Renewing ev'ry day.

- 5 You wak'd, and found yourself convey'd
 To lands of lasting peace ;
 And the first object struck your eye,
 Was the dear Saviour's face.
- 6 Prostrate you fell before the throne,
 And, full of transport, cried,
 " These are the triumphs of thy grace,
 " Jesus! for thou hast died."

 E L E G Y VII.

- W**RAPT in the shades of death, no more
 That friendly face I see ;
 Empty, ah! empty every place,
 Once so well fill'd by thee.
- 2 What made thy comely presence dear,
 My heart with sorrow swells ;
 Yet what endear'd thee, most entire
 With us for ever dwells.
- 3 The truth divine did live in thee ;
 That truth shall never die ;
 What breath'd sweet odour from thy lips,
 Embalms thy memory.
- 4 " He dwells in God who dwells in love ;"
 Yet echoes round thy grave,
 Blest they, who thee, eternal God!
 Their habitation have.

- 5 There's room for us, we'll mourn in hope,
Lament with thankful voice ;
Lo! quickly comes the Lord, to give
His church unsadden'd joys.

E L E G Y VIII.

- 'M I D S T wasting pains for many days,
I saw thee death's dark vale descend ;
The great good Shepherd, kind always,
Thy heart from terror did defend,
- 2 Thy heart at breaking gleam'd delight ;
Henceforth, thy sun shall ne'er go down ;
The Lord's thy everlasting light,
Thy God thy never-fading crown.
- 3 O let that tender kindness still
Me from all threatning dangers free ;
So my vain life, by God's good will,
An happy end, like thine, may see.
- 4 No more shall sin and death annoy,
No fear suggest a secret groan ;
The Lord's thy everlasting joy,
Thy mourning days for ever gone.
-
- 5* Thy prayer was heard, Palemon dear !
No threatning dangers now annoy ;
By God's good will, and tender care,
You heav'nly peace in Christ enjoy.

6 No tongue of slander, now, thine ear,
 No pen of gall, thine eyes offend:
 The one thing needful, now shines clear,
 Thy part in it shall never end.

 E L E G Y IX.

L I K E as an oak, which firm hath stood
 Many a winter's storm,
 Droops, and decays, by lightning struck;
 You scarce discerns its form:

2 So was it with our friend, whose name,
 Whose mem'ry must be dear,
 To all who knew his anxious zeal,
 The heavy heart to cheer.

3 If virtue is its own reward,
 He all its value knew:
 If doing good to all gives peace,
 From all he blessings drew.

Why stain his fame, with human worth,
 At best but filth, and dross?
 Knowing the pearl of greatest price,
 He counted all things loss.

Tho' weak in body, strong in faith,
 In joyful hope, and love;
 From these, a source of comfort flow'd,
 Presaging joys above.

- 6 Hence all his exhortations serv'd,
 To bear conviction home ;
 Least sin's deceitful wiles should lead,
 Our hearts from Christ to roam.
- 7 May we like him, with joy await,
 That time of hope, and dread ;
 Which soon must close our fleeting years,
 And mix us with the dead.
- 8 If Christ, the victor over death,
 Whose power alone can save,
 Say but the word, our friend we'll meet
 Triumphant from the grave.

 E L E G Y X.

- O**UR brother nipt in early bloom,
 Has left this scene of idle care ;
 He's reach'd his Father's house in peace ;
 We mourn—but there's no mourning there.
- 2 While we on earth assembling join'd,
 To Jesus' name our songs to raise,
 He fled to join the heav'nly throng,
 Ent'ring th' eternal courts with praise.
- 3 What tho' his active manly strength
 Did promise length of healthy days ;
 What could the longest life have giv'n,
 Compar'd with what he there surveys ?

- 4 Long life had giv'n but toils and pains,
Griefs under which the bravest bow ;
Sins, disappointments, anxious cares,
And oft to feel what *we feel now*.
- 5 This had giv'n room for many doubts
And fears lest he the faith let go :
An evil heart of unbelief,
And all the troubles thence that flow.
- 6 Now there's no fear of falling left ;
Now unbelief assaults no more :
The fight of faith is done ;—his pains,
And sins, and anxious cares are o'er.
- 7 What tho' he promis'd fair to shine
In active life, esteem'd by all !
Sure those have shone enough, whom God,
Christ to confess, hath pleas'd to call.
- 8 And wherefore did we wish him shine ?
Was heav'n our vast ambition's bound ?
What then tho' here he shines no more,
Since *all that's worth pursuit* he's found.
- 9 But 'tis *our* loss we mourn : Alas !
Poor selfish creatures that we are !—
Yet dry the tear.—*We'll meet again !*
Nor is the time now distant far.
- 10 Then joy shall spread o'er ev'ry face,
While *our united songs* we raise,
With rapture new to Jesus' name,
And tell the wonders of his grace !

E L E G Y XI.

- T**HE Shepherd true, with watchful care,
 His flock by night and day protects;
 And turns them from each threat'ning snare,
 His well-known voice their path directs.
- 2 In passing thro' death's gloomy shade,
 When their short hour of life is run;
 No cause have they to be afraid,
 For on them beams the righteous Sun.
- 3 We cannot doubt, if we believe
 That Jesus died, and rose again;
 When he returns, they shall receive
 The righteous crown, and with him reign.
- 4 What else can soothe the pangs of woe,
 At parting with a friend we love?
 Cease then, for her your tears to flow,
 Her joy and crown are fix'd above.
- 5 Where everlasting songs of praise,
 With the redeem'd engage each thought:
 Hark! loud they Hallelujahs raise
 To him whose blood their purchase bought.
- 6 Like her, let us "be of good cheer,"
 By Christ the world was overcome;
 And soon he'll with his saints appear,
 To pass the world's eternal doom.

E L E G Y XII.

- F**OR ever blessed are the dead,
 Whose eyes in Jesus' love are clos'd ;
 Who trusted in that glorious head,
 Where all their faith and hope repos'd.
- 2 This glorious hope, this lively faith,
 Dwelt richly in our much-lov'd friend ;
 Thro' this he trod the narrow path,
 By that was joyful to the end.
- 3 His death-sunk eyes and ghastly face,
 A lovely pleasant form portray'd ;
 When to his friends he'd calmly trace,
 God's love to sinners from him stray'd.
- 4 God's sov'reign grace, that stumbling block .
 To the self-righteous moral man,
 Made him rejoice in Christ the rock,
 Who was before the world began.
- 5 In heav'n his eyes the Lamb survey,
 To whom his tongue sings endless praise ;
 Where he enjoys a cloudless day,
 Illumin'd by Christ's glorious rays.
- 6 Lift up your heads, rejoice with fear,
 The time with hasten'd pace draws nigh,
 When Christ shall with his saints appear,
 To reign with him eternally.

E L E G Y XIII.

- S**HALL man presume to question Him,
 Whose works his power proclaim;
 Whose sway o'er-rules both heav'n and earth,
 Whose sov'reign will's supreme?
- 2 Shall we arraign the ways of God,
 Or impiously complain?
 Although his chast'nings sore afflict,
 Are these afflictions vain?
- 3 Submissive let us bend to him,
 And kiss his chast'ning rod;
 Our friend, tho' like the grass cut down,
 Now lives in Christ our God:
- 4 By whose good-will she kept the faith,
 Thro' which Christ overcame;
 The blessed hope she now enjoys,
 In presence of the Lamb:
- 5 Whose boundless love in heav'nly strains,
 His purchas'd myriads sing;
 And cast their crowns before his throne,
 Who reigns as Sion's King:
- 6 Who quickly comes, his dead to raise,
 And change his longing friends;
 To reign on earth, and then enjoy
 A life that never ends.

E L E G Y XIV.

IS there for hope a solid ground
In any worth of men?
Far be it; for 'tis only found
In Christ who rose again.

2 No excellence or human worth
Can possibly avail;
We are ungodly from our birth,
Therefore our hope must fail.

3 Nor can desires, or pray'rs, or tears,
Relieve the guilty heart;
But sad forebodings, painful fears,
Will aggravate the smart.

4 The truth of this our sister knew,
And found her strivings vain;
The blood of Christ, that witness true,
Alone reliev'd her pain.

5 Happy are those who here confess
The name of God's dear Son;
They liv'd by faith, but now are blest;
Their tears are ever gone.

6 Then let us hoping bear the cross,
And for the faith contend,
Count all things here but loss and dross,
And follow Christ our friend.

I N D E X.

EVIDENCE AND IMPORT OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. — BY JOHN GLAS.

SONG I.	Bless'd be the day - -	Alexander Glas.
II.	Shall earth-born man	Ditto.
III.	Praise ye Jevovah's -	John Glas.
IV.	Fools worship gods -	Robert Sandeman.
V.	Descend, fair Hope, -	Alexander Glas.
*V.	Ye nations hear - - -	Robert Sandeman.
VI.	Where shall the guilty	William Leighton.
VII.	Melchizedeck, - - -	Ditto.
VIII.	To thee, O Jesus! - -	Thomas Black.
IX.	Thanks to that love -	W. L.
X.	Praise ye Jehovah - -	Jane Black.
XI.	When this great - - -	Robert Sandeman.
XII.	This is the day - - -	John Glas.
XIII.	Thy worthiness - - -	Ditto.
XIV.	Tho' loads of guilt - -	W. L.
XV.	He that would enter	Thomas Black.
XVI.	From Jesse's humble	Robert Sandeman.
XVI.	Let the saints - - - -	William Leighton.
XVII.	Thou lion of Jehudah	John Glas.
XVIII.	Awake, O Zion's - -	Robert Sandeman.
XIX.	See yonder cross! - -	Ditto.
XX.	When to my sight, -	Thomas Glas.
XXI.	How sweet's the grace	Thomas Black.
XXII.	The death of God - -	W. L.
XXIII.	When Jesus shall - -	Thomas Black.
XXIV.	The divine lover - - -	John Glas.
XXV.	Say, word of truth - -	Robert Sandeman.
XXVI.	See mercy, mercy - -	Ditto.
XXVII.	Behold, my servant -	Thomas Glas.
XXVIII.	The love that - - - -	Ditto.
XXIX.	Jehovah to my Lord	John Glas.
XXX.	Jehovah the name is -	Ditto.
XXXI.	By streams of rivers,	Ditto.
XXXII.	'There's no name - - -	Ditto.
XXXIII.	Blest he! who - - - -	
XXXIV.	When Israel pass'd -	Robert Sandeman.
XXXV.	The glorious myriads	
XXXVI.	When I my wicked -	D. H.
XXXVII.	Sing the praises - - -	Wm. Waterstone.
XXXVIII.	Why Galileans stand	Robert Sandeman.

I N D E X.

XXXIX.	'Tis finish'd! - - - - -	R. Boswell.
XL.	Wherewith shall I - -	Ditto.
XLI.	Behold! what love -	Ditto.
XLII.	<i>On first day of the year.</i>	Robert Sandeman.
XLIII.	Tho' the fig-tree - - -	
XLIV.	Altho' temptations -	Arch. Rutherford.
XLV.	Glory unto Jesus be -	Ditto.
XLVI.	Behold! the bright -	J. B.
XLVII.	Howe'er despis'd - -	Arch. Rutherford.
XLVIII.	When God to sinners	Ditto.
XLIX.	This day, we call - -	W. L.
L.	Hail! hail! the happy	Arch. Rutherford.
LI.	When pale distress -	Ditto.
LII.	The victim's flesh - - -	Robert Sandeman.
LIII.	How glorious is - - -	Arch. Rutherford.
LIV.	The fear of death - -	G. S.
LV.	The truth, which - -	Ditto.
LVI.	Blest Jesus, whom -	G. Emerson, sen.
LVII.	Lord, when involv'd	
LVIII.	Welcome, welcome -	Archibald Bowie.
LIX.	Come, come, let us -	
LX.	How grand, how - - -	G. E.
LXI.	Behold the bread - -	John Chater.
LXII.	Wherewith shall - - -	E. C.
LXIII.	He comes, he comes,	J. B.
LXIV.	When God appear'd	Ditto.
LXV.	When sin and guilt -	Thomas Vernor.
LXVI.	Ye followers of - - -	S. Pike.
LXVII.	Emmanuel, who - - -	Ditto.
LXVIII.	Thro' Adam's guilt -	G. S.
LXIX.	Thy name O God - -	Ditto.
LXX.	Who is a liar like - -	A. De C.
LXXI.	Behold my Son! - - -	H. K.
LXXII.	When darkness - - -	A. B.
LXXIII.	This is the day - - -	R. Ferrier.
LXXIV.	The promis'd time - -	
LXXV.	All hail! thou Saviour	
LXXVI.	We sing of sov'reign	
LXXVII.	For ever blessed be -	
LXXVIII.	Ye sleeping virgins -	J. W.
LXXIX.	Lo he comes, - - - - -	W. S.
LXXX.	When guilt appears -	T. N.
LXXXI.	Hark! from above - -	R. O.
LXXXII.	When first this - - - -	G. S.

I N D E X.

E L E G I E S.

ELEGY I.	G. S.	On	John Glas.
II.	John Glas - - -	His son.
III.	Alexander Glas -	His sister.
IV.	Ditto - - - - -	William Cant.
V.	Ditto - - - - -	John Fleming.
VI.	W. L. - - - - -	Baillie Lyon.
VII.	R. Sandeman - -	Thomas Glas.
VIII.	Ditto - - - - -	His wife.
IX.	G. S. - - - - -	Wm. Sandeman.
X.	A. Rutherford -	R. Sandeman, jun.
XI.	G. S. - - - - -	Mrs. York.
XII.	Ditto - - - - -	Tho. Corthorn.
XIII.	Ditto - - - - -	Mrs. T. Walker.
XIV.	J. V. - - - - -	Mrs. Hodgson.



CHRISTIAN SONGS.

PART II.

SONG I.

ETERNAL love's the darling song,
Well-pleasing to JEHOVAH's ear.
Attend, ye sav'd, ye pardon'd throng,
With all your grateful harps draw near.

2 'Tis your's to sing th' eternal date
Of love divine, and how it moves
To helpless man, with gladness great.
Sing loud, for God the song approves.

3 Hail, *Bethleh'm!* hail! that ruddy morn,
Whose rays adorn the infant God,
JEHOVAH of a virgin born,
Who righteousness and life bestow'd.

4 For us salvation wide displays
Her ample all-refreshing wing;
Safe in the shade, that love we praise,
And all its peerless glories sing.

5 We sing the garden and the tree,
Red with the blood that cries for peace,
Heav'n echoes back, I'm pleas'd in thee;
And wrath to mercy now gives place.

6 To this dread object soars our joy,
Where all the majesty, and worth,
And love of God, without alloy,
In brightest splendour ay shine forth.

- 7 We sing a note that high prevails,
Above the angels free from sin ;
Who cannot taste the cure that heals
The deadly smart of wrath divine.
- 8 As food the hungry soul relieves,
As choice perfumes delight the smell ;
So mercy from the cross revives
Man sinking in the jaws of hell.
- 9 The wonders of Christ's blood arise
Bright in the drooping wretch's view :
Astonish'd with the dear surprise,
His joyful transport who can shew ?
- 10 Thy love, O Jesus! is a theme
That never never old shall grow :
All ages of the church proclaim
How sweetly did its numbers flow.
- 11 Down from the birth of infant time,
Thro' *Eve*, *Abra'am*, and *David's* line,
Thy love doth run in strains sublime ;
And running with new glories shine :
- 12 Till thou wast found a babe, O God !
When angels throng'd to join our lay ;
Until thy love, in streams of blood,
Did all its wealthy store display.
- 13 At thy ascent the spacious heav'n .
All round re-echo'd with this theme,
When from the throne the word was giv'n,
" Let all the angels praise his name."

- 14 At thy return, eternal fame
From all the saints shall sound to thee,
On banks of *Eden's* cheering stream,
Beneath the life-restoring tree.
- 15 Thy love makes us count all things loss;
To scorned poverty gives charms;
Makes martyrs bold ev'n on the cross,
And, singing triumph, reach thy arms.
- 16 When thy love glows upon the heart,
Disgrace forgets her shocking name,
Afflictions lose their deadly smart,
And Patience smiles amidst the flame;
- 17 Salvation sounds from racks and stakes,
Hope blunts the sword's devouring edge;
Severest torture joy partakes,
Of heav'nly bliss the welcome pledge.
- 18 Broad heav'n and earth shall sing of thee,
And their melodious numbers raise.
We'll make thy name remember'd be,
Th' eternal centre of all praise.
- 19 Sing all ye bright angelic pow'rs;
Ye sons of mercy, praise your King;
The burden of the song is your's:
Let wide creation chorus sing.
- 20 And O! to join that heavenly strain,
Admit poor us, who say no more,
But *Jesus dy'd, and rose again*;
And all our toil for life is o'er.

SONG II.

- G**OD'S mercies we will ever sing
 And tell the wonders of his grace:
 Eternal love, we'll view thy spring,
 The marvels of that love rehearse.
- 2 For ever hallow'd be thy name,
 Fair Mercy, in the blood of God,
 Sweet to the soul that feels the pain
 Of guilt, th' intolerable load.
- 3 Sinners behold a breathless God;
 For with yon cry his soul is fled:
 View him, by wrath divine pursu'd,
 'Till his last drop of blood was shed.
- 4 Extol that grace, ye saints, which gave
 The spotless, holy, and the just,
 To devils rage and to a grave;
 And mix'd with blood of God the dust.
- 5 His soul with dreadful anguish fill'd
 Unutterable torments felt;
 While his pure conscience, stain'd, defil'd,
 And guilty, made his soul to melt.
- 6 What wonder now, if, thro' thy love,
 Our conscience, purg'd from ev'ry stain,
 Partake the peace of God, and proves
 In us that Christ dy'd not in vain?

- 7 O Jesus! now how mercy flows!
What blotting out of sin is here!
God to thy wounded conscience shows.
No mercy, till 'tis fully clear.
- 8 Of all our horrid guilt, made thine;
Until the power of thy love,
Thro' blameless innocence divine,
And bloody death, that stain remove.
- 9 Mercy was far, dear Lord, from thee;
Thy God frown'd on thy parting soul;
Ev'n in thy latest agony,
His wrath into thy heart did roll.
- 10 O God! thy wrath o'erwhelm'd thy Son,
And pierc'd that soul most dear to thee,
That we to Mercy's seat might come,
Crying, *Be merciful to me!*
- 11 Sinners of ev'ry tribe, behold
The price of ev'ry kind of sin;
God's various wrath and manifold,
For various guilt met all in him.
- 12 What millions' sins that death atones!
When God himself in blood expir'd,
A whole burnt-offering at once,
The whole of what our God requir'd.
- 13 Let hypocrites behold the man,
Ev'n in the eye of God, sincere;
The covetous behold *him*, than
The fox have less, or birds of air.

6 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 14 Who hunt for honour and a name,
See Christ's mock-robe, and crown of thorns;
Whom angels worship, fill'd with shame,
A mock-king, in contempt and scorn.
- 15 Proud self-conceited sinner, see
The humble lowly spirit, and mild:
Malicious, stand condemned, when ye
See Jesus made a little child.
- 16 Lovers of pleasures, hear the cries
And torments of his soul so great,
Sorrows, amazements, agonies,
In anguish dropping bloody sweat.
- 17 Backsliders, wonder at this grace,
And blush to think how Jesus stood
Unshaken, crying in your place,
"Why hast thou left me, O my God!"
- 18 He shrunk not in that fatal hour,
When our accurs'd backslidings all
O'erwhelm'd his soul replete with love,
And fill'd his bitter cup with gall.
- 19 MERCY, the guilty sinner's plea,
In its Almighty broad extent,
Sweet to our souls for ever be
The grace which gave that mercy ven
- 20 Mercy's our portion to the end,
That mercy which the saints do claim;
Which, how we share, is all explain'd,
Jesus! when we repeat thy name.

SONG III.*

- I**N this one act redemption shines
 In all its parts complete;
 Eternal Love! all thy designs
 Here view'd, at once do meet.
- 2 This shews the covenant of peace
 Firm seal'd and ratify'd.
 Here opens all that store of grace
 By which we're justify'd.
- 3 Here God shines inexorable,
 Spotless: his holy law
 Here vindicate, more honor'd still
 Than ever *Eden* saw.
- 4 Great God! did e'er thy Justice shine
 With such unsully'd flame,
 As when the Son of God for sin
 A bloody corse became?
- 5 When we this broken body see,
 And this shed blood behold;
 Tho' vile, O holy God! to thee
 Approaching, we are bold.
- 6 Hence, now thy throne, sirnam'd *of grace*,
 No sinner will affright:
 Thy satiate Justice smileth now
 Where all thy wrath did light.

* This song refers to the Lord's Supper.

8 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 7 For lo! th' all-worthy Son of God
His brethren's flesh put on;
And their whole guilt (horrible load!)
Accounted as his own.
- 8 Each sin adopt'd fill'd his pure soul
With agonies of shame,
To purge our souls, most monstrous foul,
And clear them from all blame.
- 9 What anguish must the Father's wrath
Give such a loving Son!
The blot of guilt was double death
To such a foe to sin.
- 10 Conscious of all his brethren's sins,
Before the righteous God
He groans: his sweat the garden stains,
With crimson show'rs of blood.
- 11 God saw our guilt collected meet
On Jesus in our name;
His fury burnt with fervent heat,
His jealousy did flame.
- 12 At once, to shew his vengeance just,
He summon'd all his wrath;
Indignant glory rose; he curst
And frown'd the Lord to death.
- 13 This spreads our table, fills our cup;
Salvation without bound!
The frown is past.—What joy's laid up
A suff'ring God to crown?

- 14 Shall e'er the vilest sinner clad
 In all that worth, great God!
 Be damn'd? or can'st thou e'er forget
 The cry of Jesus' blood?

S O N G I V.

- S**AY, Faith, what think'st thou of thy Lord;
 Know'st thou that visage marr'd and torn?
 My wounded God! angels adore
 Your dread Creator crown'd with thorn.
- 2 Astonish'd with amazement, ye
 Beheld him in the garden bleed;
 Come hear him, dying on the tree,
 " 'Tis finish'd!" cry, and bow the head.
- 3 Step nearer; view these ghastly wounds!
 See how his yearning bowels move!
 See how his breaking heart abounds
 With streaming pledges of his love!
- 4 Lord! what are *we*, that *we* are lov'd:
 Till wrath pour on thee all its storms?
 Thou grasp'st us fast in death unmov'd;
 Nor hell can tear us from thy arms.
- 5 Hark! ah! that mournful loud complaint!
 To his forsaking God he cries!
 His horrors shake the earth! lo rent
 The vail! the sun in darkness dies.

- 6 Nature, with horror, see thy God,
 Who bade thee be, groan and expire!
 Mourn, sun ; at his almighty nod
 Your beams shot first refulgent fire.
- 7 Astonish'd earth with trembling shook:
 Rocks' dreadful bosoms burst and rend ;
Gabriel, and every angel, stoop'd,
 In holy silence wait the end.
- 8 Justice divine ! for all we owe,
 Tho' sums immense are multiply'd,
 A broad discharge, blood-seal'd ; we'll show:
 " 'Tis finish'd ! " Jesus said, and dy'd.

 SONG V.

- W**HILE I my merit all explore,
 To ease my conscience wounded sore:
 That fruitless task, thou say'st, give o'er,
 And take up the cross, and follow me.
- 2 For in the sinner's place I stood:
 A spotless sacrifice to God,
 To purge the conscience by my blood ;
 Then take up the cross, and follow me.
- 3 The righteousness is fully wrought ;
 The ransom's paid, Salvation bought:
 Partake rest to thy soul for nought,
 And take up the cross, and follow me.

- 4 When guilt, with agonizing pain,
 Thy conscience wounds, behold me slain;
 Lo! I from death am brought again;
 Then take up the cross, and follow me.
- 5 Fear not, o'er hell and death I reign;
 Your griefs I bear, I feel your pain;
 Because I live, you life obtain;
 Then take up the cross, and follow me.
- 6 'Twas Jesus spoke; the thrilling sound
 A balsam was to ev'ry wound;
 Thy voice life giving power I found;
 I'll take up the cross, and follow thee.
- 7 A flood of joy, till now unknown,
 O'erwhelm'd my heart, and fill'd my tongue;
 My soul dwelt on that melting song,
 I'll take up the cross, and follow thee.
- 8 What glory saw I now in him,
 Who shed his blood to purge all sin;
 Salvation swell'd my soul to brim!
 I'll take up the cross, and follow thee.
- 9 Now all my hope and treasure lies
 Where Jesus lives above the skies;
 O let me ne'er apostatize,
 From bearing the cross, to follow thee.
- 10 Till with thy patient saints I sing,
Grave! where's thy vict'ry? death! thy sting?
 Thou mak'st all conquerors to reign,
 Who take up the cross, and follow thee.

SONG VI.

O JESUS! the glory, the wonder, and love,
 Of angels and glorify'd spirits above,
 And saints, who behold thee not, yet dearly love,
 Rejoicing in hope of thy glory :
 Thou only and wholly art lovely and fair,
 Who robb'st not JEHOVAH, with him to compare;
 JEHOVAH glows in his own image; shines there
 In visible bodily glory.

Worthiness dwells in thee ;
 Divine excellency,
 Beauty and majesty,
 Glory environs thee ;

Pow'r, honour, dominion, and life, rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands.

2 Where ever we view thee, new glories arise :
 The man that's God's fellow, who rides on the skies,
 Made flesh, dwelt among us, brought God near our eyes,
 And in grace and truth shew'd all his glory.

Thou spoke to existence the heav'ns and their hosts,
 Earth and all its fullness, oceans and their coasts ;
 Time hangs on thy word, and eternity boasts
 To crown and adorn thee with glory.

Worthiness &c.

3 But how lovely art thou, when, with infant cries
 And childhood, thou meet'st us in that dear disguise !
 Thy love's past all knowledge, with raptures surprise,
 And ravish our hearts with thy glory.

In thy blessed body on the cursed tree,
 Thou bar'st all our sins, while thy God frown'd on thee,
 Expiring in blood in our stead ; and lo, we
 Exult in thy merit and glory.

Worthiness &c.

1 Thy blood all divine from the grave back again,
Brought thee, King of glory; O thou Lamb that was slain,
First-born of the dead, crown'd with honour supreme,

Thy throne is establish'd in glory.

There reign in thy glory, O thou great ador'd!
Till thy foes, crush'd under thy feet, be no more;
Thy throne shall triumph over all things restor'd,
And eternity blaze with thy glory.

Worthiness, &c.

SONG VII.

1 HOW long shall it be, e'er thy saints, Lord with thee,
As kings and as priests exalted shall reign? [home,
O! when shall the time come, that thou'lt bring them all
With thee in thy glory for ay to remain.

2 Here ills are abounding, and dangers surrounding,
And sorrows perplexing us, day after day:

But when Christ appears, he will dry up our tears,
O! Come then Lord Jesus, Come quickly away.

3 No sin shall prevail, no temptations assail;
No evils be found, no doubts shall remain;
But joy shall abound, and peace smile around,
And holiness flourish, when Christ comes again!

4 No pain's there remaining, nor cause of complaining,
But pleasures unbounded shall flow ever there:

What eye hath not seen, nor our thought can attain,
True, lasting, and glorious beyond all compare!

5 They'll all join their praises, with joy there to Jesus,
All sing the worth of the Lamb who was slain;

They'll ever adore him, who lov'd and died for them,
And wash'd their robes white, that with him they might
reign!

SONG VIII.

- N**OW, thron'd on high, the humbled man
O'er wide creation reigns :
That face, once dark with grief, now bright
With heav'nly glory shines.
- 2 He's now most blest at God's right hand,
And crown'd as God's own Son ;
Determin'd King by God's sure oath ;
Sure pledge his work is done.
- 3 Sent, by thy high command, he came,
And in the guilty's place,
Fulfill'd thy law, and bore thy wrath :
O God ! how rich thy grace !
- 4 How far above the ways of man,
O Lord, thy grand design !
To clothe the guilty sons of men,
With righteousness divine !
- 5 O ! what but endless life and joy
Such worth was meet to crown !—
Away with ev'ry idol false ;
This screens us from thy frown.
- 6 This ample shade can hide us from
The fury of thine ire ;
When all the foes to this shall be
Consum'd with flaming fire.

7 No more let want of righteousness
 Our guilty souls oppress :
 The righteous work of Christ's enough
 To banish our distress.

8 O never let us grudge to stand
 Indebted to this grace,
 Which can direct our wandering steps
 Into thy holy place.

S O N G IX.

SINNERS, running from the truth,
 May divert their fears a while ;
 And in crooked paths of youth,
 Coming sorrow may beguile :
 But in search of future hope,
 They must wander and repine ;
 In thick darkness they must grope,
 Till preventing mercy shine.

2 So, backsliding sinners, when
 They from faith apostatize,
 And to love grow cold again ;
 Awful darkness blinds their eyes.
 Then in search of vanish'd joy,
 They may toil, and still complain ;
 Fruitless labours them employ,
 Till that mercy shines again.

SONG X.

BEHOLD the traitor is gone forth
 To work his dark designs ;
 The Son of Man's now glorify'd ;
 God's glory in him shines !

2 If God be glorify'd in him,
 The sure effect shall be,
 Him in himself he'll glorify ;
 And this ye soon shall see.

3 Thus spake the Lord before his death,
 To cause his friends attend
 To that event, at which all heav'n
 Doth wonder without end.

4 Thus said ;—His virtue stood the shock
 Of darkness' pow'rs combin'd ;
 Virtue was n'er so tried before,
 Nor so triumphant shin'd.

5 Not heav'n and earth, when all their host
 First into order rose,
 Obedient as commanded, could
 So much of God disclose.

6 Their steady course while they maintain'd,
 Or changed at his word,
 Such glorious honour to his will
 Ne'er did, nor could afford.

- 7 Here all the glories of that love,
Which all perfection claims,
He brought to view, here in its strength
Each Godlike beauty beams.
- 8 Sure, as foretold, th' effect appear'd ;
Earth quak'd ; he from the dead
Was by the Father's glory rais'd,
O'er all things to be head.
- 9 His friends beheld him mount to heav'n,
And as he pierc'd the sky,
The glory met him to conduct
Him to his throne on high.
- 10 He thence to them the Spirit sent
Himself who glorify'd,
That of his glory they might be
By sharing certify'd ;
- 11 Among the nations to declare
How highly God did prize
That lovely lowly character
Which mortals did despise :
- 12 That all his chosen, finding joy
Where God's good pleasure lies,
Wean'd from the earth, might place their
With him above the skies. [hope



SONG XI.

- W**HILE others glory in their wealth,
Their wisdom and their might :
O! let the cross of Christ be still
Our glory and delight.
- 2 The wisdom, wealth, and might of man,
All perish like to dross ;
But everlasting fulness flows
To sinners from the cross.
- 3 The wisdom, and the power of God
To save, doth shine therein ;
In Jesus' cross we see how God
Can *justly* pardon sin.
- 4 How guilty rebels such as we
May, after all, find grace ;
May still be reconcil'd to God,
And see his face in peace.
- 5 Thro' Jesus crucify'd for sin,
God smiling doth appear
On guilty man ;—his precious blood
Doth bring the vilest near.
- 6 It blotteth out the various guilt
Of all for whom he died ;
There's balm for every wounded soul
In Jesus crucified.

- 7 Then what tho' worldly men the cross,
 The *plain, bare* cross despise;
 And what tho' all who trust in it
 Seem little in their eyes!
- 8 Let us, in face of all contempt,
 Of all reproach and shame,
 In Jesus' cross still make our *boast*,
 And *triumph* in his name:
- 9 In view of his great love, let us
 For him count all things loss;
 And far let ev'ry glorying be
 Save *only* in his cross.

 SONG XII.

- WITH ravish'd eyes, Lord, we admire
 These radiant curtains of thy throne!
 Wide heav'n, adorn'd with studs of fire,
 Proclaims Omnipotence alone:
 These shining watchers, in their silent talk,
 Proclaim thy glory, proclaim thy glory,
 In their evening walk.
- 2 The purple morn, with gilded ray,
 Renews the day with glad'ning light;
 Th' o'erjoy'd creation welcomes day,
 With cheerful motion, till the night
 To silent slumbers hush the lab'ring ball:
 These preach thy glory, these preach thy glory,
 Thro' the spacious all,

3 Array'd with light, in silver streams,
 Thron'd in his fiery tent, the sun,
 Diffusing all enliv'ning beams,
 Round heaven's extremities doth run;
 Swift as a racer, as a bridegroom gay,
 In pride of glory, in pride of glory,
 Constituting day.

4 His genial warmth, the world immense
 Confesses, in each fruit and flow'r;
 Thou mak'st his brooding influence
 Feast thy creation ev'ry hour: [soul,
 Thou mad'st him this great world's both eye and
 Sole vital spirit, sole vital spirit,
 Known from pole to pole.

5 Art dimly paints that brilliant ball;
 That's but an emblem faint, to shew
 The sun of righteousness, where all
 The beams of God shine forth most true.
 With rays diffus'd, in healing words he glows,
 And circling warms, and circling warms
 The nations as he goes.

6 Tho' blinded reas'ners mark thee not,
 In Nature's wide amazing scene,
 Where all thy labours point thee out,
 And all thy footsteps shew so plain
 Thy pow'r, and godhead, to earth's utmost line,
 Where brighter rays, where brighter rays
 Of God ne'er deign'd to shine;

7 Yet ravish'd; with sublime delight,
 Believers view in ev'ry line
 Of thy pure oracles, the light
 Of truth, and mercy all divine :
 Thy law, and law fulfill'd, these testify,
 Convert the soul, convert the soul,
 And bow the heart to thee.

SONG XIII.

WHO's this, that from the desert doth
 Like smoky pillars rise ;
 Who, leaning on her dearest Lord,
 All others doth despise ?

2 It is the Lamb's beloved spouse,
 It is his virgin bride ;
 Who from the rage of Antichrist,
 Did in the desert hide.

3 The woman who to John appear'd
 Is clothed with the sun,
 The perfect righteousness of Christ,
 Which he alone hath done:

4 All earthly things beneath her feet
 She tramples on, and scorns ;
 The doctrine preached by the Twelve,
 Like stars her head adorns:

- 5 With Antichrist she will not join ;
No head but Christ her Lord,
And by no other rule will she
Be measur'd, but God's word.
- 6 Her doctrine, worship, discipline,
Must all conformed be
Unto God's word ; and children dwell
In love and unity.
- 7 The shepherd's voice she hears, and knows,
In it she doth rejoice ;
And cheerfully doth follow him:—
She knows no stranger's voice.
- 8 The hireling shepherd, will not stand,
To face the enemy ;
And when the flock in danger is,
Doth quickly from them fly.
- 9 But the Good Shepherd, for his sheep
Did give his life away ;
That he might them redeem, who from
His fold had gone astray.
- 10 Let all his people here below,
Join loud with all above ;
And, in triumphant heav'nly notes,
Sing his redeeming love.



SONG XIV.

- I**VE seen the lovely garden flow'rs
In all their beauty glow :
I've seen the stormy hailstone show'rs
Lay all their glory low.
- 2 I've seen the youth in beauty's pride
And highest health to day,
Before to-morrow's even-tide,
A loathsome lump of clay.
- 3 Then what's our life ? a vapour sure !
Away, it swiftly flies ;
The joys of life, how insecure,
How trifling such a prize !
- 4 How oft this lesson we've been taught ;
Yet still the earthly mind
Pursues its earthly hope full fraught,
To heav'nly hope still blind :
- 5 That lesson which we now despise,
Presuming on our might,
Shall soon be set before our eyes,
Clear as the noon day light.
- 6 The hast'ning day shall soon arrive,
When awful death shall come,
And close the scene of this vain life,
In darkness, and the tomb.

24 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 7 O! may the Living Word, the light,
Shine forth before our eyes ;
In that dread hour, dispel the night
With everlasting rays :
- 8 When in the dark and dismal road,
Which we are doom'd to tread,
Our comfort be the word of God,
Our rock, our strength, our shade :
- 9 His word, who died upon the tree,
Can fortify the heart,
And, ev'n in death, our minds can free,
And bid all fear depart ;
- 10 For he's alive, who once was slain,
And reigns exalted high ;
His word can raise us up again,
Tho' in the grave we lie.
- 11 The work he finish'd on the cross,
Doth bring salvation sure ;
And his unspotted righteousness
For ever doth endure.

S O N G XV.

HARK! the trump of God doth sound!
Th' archangel's voice is heard on high:
Now the Lord himself descends,
With a shout that rends the sky.

2 See! his dead have heard the sound!
Spring immortal from the tomb;
And with rapture meet their Lord,
Crying, "*Now the kingdom's come.*"

3 Lo! his people too on earth
In a moment chang'd all rise,
In the clouds caught up with them,
To meet their Saviour in the skies.

4 See! Mortality of life
Swallow'd up eternally!
Death, O Death! where is thy sting?
Where, O Grave! thy victory?

5 Now, all tears are wip'd away;
Free from curse, and free from pain,
All Christ's people, now with him,
Kings, and priests, for ever reign;

6 Heirs of God! joint heirs with Christ!
All triumphant o'er their foes;
All God's fullness they possess,
And their cup still overflows.

7 In the hope of all this joy,
Let us, brethren, still be found,
Stedfast in the faith of Christ,
And in love let us abound.

8 Let his matchless love to us,
To *his work* our souls constrain,
Knowing, that our labour wrought
In the Lord, shall not be vain.

SONG XVI.—EXOD. xv. Moses' Song.

- U**NTO JEHOVAH I will raise
 My song, and chearful, shout his praise ;
 Divinely glorious he excels !
 His mighty hand his grandeur tells.
- 2 The horse, and the proud rider down
 Into the deep, his arm hath thrown ;
 JEHOVAH is my strength and song,
 Salvation doth to him belong.
- 3 This is my God ! to his great name
 An habitation I will frame ;
 My father's God he is, and I
 Will shout his praise triumphantly.
- 4 A man of war, JEHOVAH is,
 This glorious name is only his ;
 He Pharaoh's chariots and his host,
 Hath down into destruction toss'd !
- 5 His chosen warriors all hath he
 O'erthrown, and drowned in the sea ;
 Down to the bottom as a stone
 They sank,—the deeps have o'er them gone
- 6 In power thy right-hand glorious shone,
 JEHOVAH, O thou mighty One !
 Thine own right-hand the en'my all
 O God, hath dash'd in pieces small,

- 7 In thy excelling greatness thou
All who against thee rose o'erthrew ;
'Gainst them thy wrath thou didst prepare,
Like stubble they consumed were.
- 8 Thy nostrils' blast the floods uprear'd,
Astonish'd seas in heaps appear'd ;
Ev'n as a wall on either hand
The mighty deeps congeal'd did stand !
- 9 " I will pursue," (the en'my cried)
" O'ertake them, and the spoil divide ;
" My lust of vengeance I'll enjoy,
" Yea, utterly I'll them destroy."
- 10 Thou with thy wind didst blow, and straight
The deeps them cover'd from our sight:
They 'midst the torrent sank like lead,
And raging waves roll'd o'er their head !
- 11 Among the mighty who is there
O God, that may with thee compare ?
Who is like thee ? In holiness
Thus glorious ! Fearful in thy praise !
- 12 Thou wonders dost ! thy right hand thou
Out-stretched, and did sink them low ;
Wrapt up in sudden ruin, they
Beneath the rushing torrent lay !
- 13 While in thy mercy thou didst lead
The people, thus from bondage freed ;
And in thy strength them guided hast
Unto thy holy place of rest.

28 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 14 The nations of thy work shall hear,
And tremble with foreboding fear ;
While they of Palestina shall
With sorrow be o'erwhelmed all.
- 15 Then Edom's lofty ones shall quake ;
And Moab's mighties trembling shake,
Th' inhabitants of Canaan, they
With fear, like wax shall melt away !
- 16 Terror and dread shall on them fall,
And as a stone be still, they shall
By thy great arm, till every one
Of thine, JEHOVAH, o'er have gone.
- 17 Yea, till each one thou purchas'd hast
Safely their land have over past ;
Thou'lt bring them in, and plant them there,
They thine inheritance shall share.
- 18 Within the place ordain'd by thee,
JEHOVAH, thy abode to be :
The sanctuary which thy hand,
O Lord, establish'd firm to stand.
- 19 For ever, and for evermore
The glorious Lord shall reign in pow'r :
The Lord shall reign,—the mighty One
Who all our foes hath overthrown !
- 20 Proud Pharaoh's horse, and chariots strong
Rush'd the divided seas among ;
God spake—the waters backward came,
And swift destruction cover'd them !

- 21 While Israel's sons upon dry land
Securely pass'd—on either hand
The parted sea its billows rear'd,
And a defending wall appear'd!
- 22 Raise then JEHOVAH's praises high;
He hath triumphed gloriously!
The horse and his proud rider down
Into the deep his arm hath thrown.

S O N G X V I I .

- H**EAR O heav'ns! O earth attend!
Creation hear the joyful sound!
Christ who died, is ris'n again,
And with endless glory crown'd.
- 2 Hence flows hope to guilty man,
Hence our way is pav'd to heav'n;
Jesus died for our sins,——
Now he lives! and we're forgiy'n.
- 3 What tho' we are worthless all,
Sinners 'gainst the richest grace!
Wrath divine is now appeas'd,
Boundless mercy now takes place.
- 4 See! our Intercessor lives,
Hear him plead before the throne!
Father, save my guilty flock,
Save, for now thy will is done:

30 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 5 These are they whom I have lov'd,
They whom thou to me didst give;
These I purchas'd with my blood,
Since I dy'd, O let them live.
- 6 Just, O well belov'd, thy plea,
Just whate'er thy lips can crave;
Thou hast died for guilty men,
Now I can be *just* and save.
- 7 Save then these, thy much lov'd sheep,
Save them all, for they are thine;
Bless as I have blessed thee;
Let them be for ever mine.
- 8 Blessed God! what grace is here!
How shall sinners grateful prove!
How that gratitude express
For thy rich preventing love!
- 9 How, but by their love to thee,
To thy people, to thy laws,
Daily taking up the cross,
Gladly suff'ring for thy cause?

SONG XVIII.

HAIL! glorious times of joy and peace,
When we'll be safe from ev'ry grief;
And this our bosom foe shall cease,
This evil heart of unbelief.

- 2 Then safe from ev'ry dreaded ill,
Death never more shall break our rest ;
Nor more our breast with terror fill,
For ever in God's presence blest !
- 3 And is the blessedness our choice
Which Jesus with his blood hath bought ?
Do we in *him* alone rejoice
Who all our works for us hath wrought ?
- 4 Why then of death so much afraid ?
The gate of heav'n—our wish'd for home !
When he seems near, why shrink dismay'd ;
Why not with pleasure bid him come ?
- 5 And do we, after all, then prize
This motley scene of grief and care ?
Is heav'n so little in our eyes,
We would not die tho' to be there ?
- 6 When we survey the grizly form,
Does nature shudder at the sight ?
The pallid look ;—the shroud ;—the worm ;
And darkness of perpetual night !
- 7 The silent tongue,—the fixed eye,—
The clay cold hand,—our long, long home !
Are we afraid lest we should lie
Eternal tenants of the tomb ?
- 8 Fear not: our great Redeemer lives,
And he from death shall set us free !
Tho' now we die, if we are his,
These very eyes the Lord shall see.

- 9 Dread we in death to lay us down?
 Know, Jesus in the grave was laid.
 He made it easy for his own,
 When he their ransom fully paid!
- 10 Are we afraid of racking pain?
 O! think what pains our Saviour bore;
 He bore our griefs and sorrows all
 When nails and thorns his body tore!
- 11 Or do we dread yet more to find
 God's awful wrath upon us fall?
 Here's comfort to the guilty mind:
 Our great Redeemer bore it all!
- 12 He bore th' Almighty's frown, that we
 Might never feel the wrath divine,
 Behold him bleeding on the tree!
 See Justice there, and Mercy shine!
- 13 " My God, my God, why hast thou me
 " Forsaken?" the bless'd sufferer cried!
 But, none of his forsake will he
 (In death) who for their ransom died.
- 14 God now well-pleas'd for Jesus sake,
 Smiles on his people's parting hour:
 Hence they of lively hope partake,
 Tho' worms their body shall devour.
- 15 He ever liveth, who was dead:
 Of death he keeps the keys alone;
 He'll say (when from the grave they're freed)
 " Of those thou gav'st me I've lost none!"

16 And when he brings them back again,
 From worms and death a glorious prize;
 They shall appear without a stain,
 All lovely e'en in God's own eyes!

S O N G X I X .

WHEN Jesus comes again,
 Faith shall be rare on earth to see;
 And sin abounding, then
 The love of many cold shall be!
 Let us beware,
 And watch with care,
 And for the faith contend:
 And jointly strive
 To keep alive
 Our hope unto the end.

2 If we shall thus endure,
 With patience suff'ring for his sake,
 His promise standeth sure
 That we shall in his joy partake:
 Beyond compare,
 The glories are,
 Which then reveal'd shall be;
 When cloth'd in light,
 'Midst angels bright,
 He'll shine forth gloriously!

3 See men (as he foretold)

Do put his coming far away ;

They purchase, plant, and build,

As if this world should last for ay :

What soon shall they,

In smoke decay ;

O may our faith be strong !

Yet worldlings prize

Let us despise ;

For Christ will come e'er long.

4 We've seen *the man* of sin

Reveal'd, and to his height arise :

And now consum'd again,

His kingdom almost ruin'd lies !

That pow'r shall be

Crush'd utterly,

Before Christ's glory bright :

Dire vengeance shall

O'erwhelm them all

Who dar'd his grace to slight !

5 His en'mies are reserv'd

To dreadful scenes of endless woe :

And have not we deserv'd

To be shut out from comfort too ?

But bless'd be he

Who set us free,

And bore himself God's wrath !

His work's complete,

Truth, mercy meet !

The sting is drawn from death !

What then, tho' famines spread,
 And pest' lence stalk, devouring round;
 Filling each heart with dread;
 While earthquakes rend the trembling ground:
 Tho' nations are
 Engag'd in war,
 And all is wild dismay,
 We without fear
 Our heads will rear,
 And cry, "Lord come away!"
 Blest be his glorious name,
 That we've his perfect work to boast;
 That e'er he did proclaim
 He came to seek and save the lost!
 His love shall be
 Eternally
 Our joyful theme of praise:
 We will shout forth
 His matchless worth,
 And trust his boundless grace!

 SONG XX.

HAIL! blest scenes of endless joy,
 Where Christ in boundless glory reigns;
 Where nothing hurtful shall annoy,
 But gladness fills the happy plains:
 Free from sin, and free from fear,
 None e'er shall sigh, or shed a tear.

- 2 Ten thousand thousands there shall raise
 Their glad notes, and sing this strain,
 “ Wake the song of grateful praise,
 “ To the Lamb; for he was slain!
 “ Hosannas, loud Hosannas sing,
 “ Hosannas to th’ eternal King.”
- 3 There in Jesus’ presence blest,
 They fear no death, nor feel a pain;
 They there shall smile in endless rest,
 Nor dangers e’er shall threat again.
 For Jesus reigns, and they shall share
 With him, in his own glory there.

 SONG XXI.

O WHY so slow, ye simple, say,
 The Saviour’s faithful words to hear?
 Why put his coming far away?
 Look up, for lo! the signs appear.
 The time is short, when ev’ry foe
 Shall vanquish’d lie, no more to rise:
 For Christ shall tread his en’mies low,
 While shouts of triumph fill the skies.

See nation against nation rise;
 Kingdoms and states for war prepare;
 Distress, perplexities arise,
 Men’s anxious hearts do fail for fear:

- Dire famines waste, and earthquakes rend
 The ground, and desolation spread:
 The pest'ence rage does wide extend,
 And fills the trembling world with dread.
- 3 That Kingdom for the Clergy rais'd,
 (Christians! yet strangers to the Cross)
 Their former grandeur how debas'd!
 Their pomp's brought low, their power is lost!
 This pow'r consum'd, shall Christ destroy
 When in His brightness he shall come:
 His people all shall shout for joy,
 While the loud voice declares, *'Tis done.*
- 4 Men mock the Christian's hopes, and cry,
 They're idle visionary views;
 They build, they plant, they sell and buy,
 And each his fav'rite scheme pursues.
 See how iniquities abound ;
 The love of many waxes cold :
 Lukewarmness in the church is found,
 And faith's a rare thing to behold.
- 5 When Lot from Sodom hasted out,
 Till he was safe, God's vengeance staid:
 Then ruin wrapt them round about,
 And all the plain in ashes laid!
 So, when each elect soul's brought in,
 More dreadful vengeance shall devour;
 And those who would not Christ should reign,
 Shall feel the terrors of his power.

6 And sudden as the thief by night,
 Christ unexpected shall appear:
 But let his saints with patience wait,
 For their redemption now draws near.
 "Quickly I come," hear him declare—
 He comes to bring his people home;
 Let's join the church's ardent pray'r,
 "Amen! ev'n so, Lord Jesus," come.

SONG XXII.

WHY should we give way to vain fears?
 Why ever ungrateful repine?
 In God trust, and banish your cares,
 At his word all your sorrows resign.
 Should seas roar, and toss round the world,
 And hills from their bases be torn,
 Or stars from their orbits be hurl'd,
 His people sure need never mourn.

2 The tempest which rolls at his word,
 At his bidding sinks instant to rest:
 O'er creation's wide bounds he is Lord,
 His people he'll save 'midst distress.
 Their rock and their fortress he'll prove,
 Their strength and their refuge he'll be:
 No dangers them ever shall move;
 Their shield and their safeguard is he.

- 3 He laid the foundations of earth,
And daily upholds by his pow'r:
He spoke, and the heav'ns had their birth,
By him they're upheld till this hour.
All these shall wax old and decay,
As a vesture be changed they shall:
At his presence they'll vanish away,
And their glories before him shall fall.
- 4 But God from all changes secure,
No end of his years shall be known:
The same he'll for ever endure,
And eternity all is his own!
His glories all infinite shine,
In mercy and justice the same:
His goodness and love how divine!
O! join to adore his great name.
- 5 All glory, all honour, and praise,
And thanks to JEHOVAH be giv'n;
Ye saints, your glad voices all raise,
His mercy is higher than heav'n!
To Jesus, the Lamb who was slain,
The redeem'd ever raise their glad songs;
Salvation ascribe unto him;
For to him all the glory belongs!



SONG XXIII.

MAN like a flow'r at morn appears,
 And blooms perhaps a few short years:
 The flatt'rer *Hope* still leads him on,
 Pursuing pleasure, finding none;
 Or, if he finds it for a day,
 It soon takes wing and flies away!

2 Oft things which promise passing fair,
 Deceive, and yield him nought but care:
 Cares ever various, ever new,
 Is all the happiest ever knew;
 Comes joy, care with it comes along,
 And spoils the Syren's sweetest song!

3 See pleasure with bewitching charms,
 Man grasps it in his eager arms;
 The vision swift dissolves in air—
 He grasps—but finds it is not there!
 The airy phantom still he views,
 And still as vainly he pursues!

4 A better hope the Christian chears,
 Which joyful thro' life's gloom appears;
 Firm on a rock his hope he builds,
 Which to no storm nor tempest yields;
 Let earth dissolve—he will not fear,
 For why, his hope's not fixed here.

- 5 He looks to heav'n, where every joy
Is pure, unmixed with alloy;
Joys such as mortals never knew,
Nor raptur'd fancy ever drew;
Joys which shall never pass away,
Tho' heav'n and earth should both decay!
- 6 Tho' here afflictions do annoy,
There sorrow shall be turn'd to joy;
Tho' troubles here the sigh do raise,
There's nothing heard in heav'n but praise:
Pleasures past utterance they share,
And face to face see Jesus there!
- 7 And shall the world's deceitful smile
Us of the glorious hope beguile?
Shall we earth's empty pleasures prize,
And heav'n seem little in our eyes?
It must not be—vain dreams away,—
Let's look for joys which ne'er decay.

 SONG XXIV.

WHEN God's own Son from heav'n came
And tabernacled here below, [down
He made his grace and mercy known,
Yet stood expos'd to want and woe!

Despis'd and destitute was he,
 He who the earth's foundations laid:
 Beasts found a shelter, birds a shade,
 He had not where to lay his head!

2 Yet man presumptuous dares complain,
 When sorrows come, or wants assail;
 Th' Eternal Sov'reign they arraign,
 And think his tender mercies fail.
 But why complain, is't not enough
 The servant as his Lord appear?
 Thro' suff'ring he was perfect made,
 We (suff'ring too) his bliss shall share.

3 O ye of little faith, look up,
 See, careless, fly the birds of air,
 Nor barns, nor store houses have they
 Yet, ev'n of those doth God take care.
 The very flow'rs which deck the field;
 And shine more bright than kings e'er shone,
 Tho' soon they fade, yet God them cloaths;
 Is man forgot then,—man alone?

4 When Israel out of Egypt came
 By God's strong arm, and wonders great,
 When hunger threaten'd, their faith fail'd,
 "Can God, (they said,) give flesh to eat?"
 Ev'n *Moses* ask'd, "where shall we find
 Food for the crouds which here resort?"
 God check'd his doubts with this reply,
 "Say, is your Maker's hand wax'd short?"

5 Ev'n while they murmur'd he them fed!—

We have been fed, and murmur'd too;
For food and raiment oft repin'd,

Yet have been fed and cloath'd till now.
And is his hand now waxed short?

Away our doubts and fears away;
The lilies grow, and birds are fed,—
His people are not less than they.

S O N G XXV.

WHEN Israel sinn'd against their God,
His awful wrath began to flame;
He sent his pow'rful word abroad,
And fiery serpents instant came;
Fierce pain assail'd the guilty host around,
And all attempts of cure were fruitless found.

2 When God does wound, there's none but he
Relief can to the wounded give;
'Tis he who sets the captive free,
And bids despairing wretches live! [soul,
He speaks; and peace and gladness fill the
And mercy flows to man without controul.

3 He said to Moses graciously,
“Go thou, a brazen serpent make,
“And on a pole exalt it high,
“And let the guilty comfort take:
“Whoever looks to that shall quickly know
“'Tis God who wounds,—and he does health
bestow.”

- 4 But ye redeem'd, lift up your eyes,
 And see, what Moses faintly shows,
 Christ lifted up for sinners dies!
 To save from death rebellious foes!
 Whoe'er believing, looks to him, shall live;
 Eternal life is his alone to give.
- 5 The world he came not to condemn,
 As guilty mortals well might fear;
 But peace and pardon to proclaim;
 This was his gracious errand here.
 Our works he wrought—and justice satisfied,
 For us he groan'd, and in our stead he died.
- 6 Let the proud boaster vainly think,
 By his own merit God to please;
 Or that Christ's work is not enough,
 To give the guilty conscience ease.
 May that *alone* for ever be our boast,
 Thro' life our glory, and in death our trust:

 S O N G X X V I .

WHEN Christ in poverty appear'd,
 Was crown'd with thorns, and scourg'd, and
 Man's understanding was declar'd, [slain,
 And all his boasted wisdom, vain.

- 2 His haughty pride, alarm'd, cried out;
 " Shall this despis'd One, o'er us reign?
 " By him, who thus inglorious dy'd,
 " Must we the Divine favour gain?"

- 3 "What, shall that worth all men admire,
 "Which we rejoice to call our own,
 "With God be deem'd a thing most vile,
 "And all who trust it be undone?"
- 4 "Shall he who is all goodness, e'er
 "Our aims to please him thus contemn?
 "Must we with thieves and murd'ers stand,
 "As much oblig'd to grace as them!"
- 5 That boasted dignity of soul
 In which man glories, shudders here;
 Reas'ners and Pharisees, take arms,
 As if God would unjust appear.
- 6 Let them presumptuous still go on,
 And glory in their fancy'd worth;
 We'll boast the work which Jesus wrought,
 And bearing his reproach, go forth!
- 7 However foolish God's way seems,
 'Tis wiser than man's wisdom far:
 More strong is his weak way to save,
 Than all their schemes of safety are.
- He scorns the things men most admire,
 And chuses what they most despise:
 The weak, the mighty to abase;
 The foolish, to confound the wise!
- The vallies rais'd—the hills brought low,
 Before him all men equal stand:
 To whom he will, he mercy shews,
 For none *deserve* it at his hand!

10. But Jesus dying said " 'Tis done,"
 And God approv'd—this gives relief
 Ev'n to the vilest,—for he died
 For sinners, and of such the chief.
- 11 Here's worth divine in which to trust,
 Whoe'er will boast, come glory here ;
 Here God can boundless mercy shew,
 And yet divinely just appear !

SONG XXVII.

- C**OME brethren, lift up your souls, tune
 your voices,
 And praise the author of your being ;
 Th' angelic song the heav'nly host rejoices,
 Swift to his praise, to his will still on the wing.
 Hail! blest throng,
 For your tongue
 Still is strung
 To the song,
 That his mercy endureth for ever.
- 2 To him who made these glorious hosts, ce-
 lestial habitants,
 To praise him, and shew forth his glory,
 To minister around, as guardians to his saints,
 Sojourning in this lower story.
 Heavens resound
 To his name,

With the sound
Of the theme,
That his mercy endureth for ever.

3 To him who inhabits eternity, who made
This beauteous world, and yon glorious
heav'n;
Who bade to shine yon glorious orbs which
roll around your head,
And measure out the morn and ev'n,
Whilst ye gaze
On his ways,
Tune your lays
To his praise,
For his mercy endureth for ever.

4 To him who from eternity bore us upon his heart;
His love, like himself, is eternal;
Who bare all our sins, and felt the wrathful
smart,
From God, wicked men, powers infernal,
For his love,
Most profound,
Still doth move,
Knows no bound,
Yea his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that united his god-head to our nature,
When wretched, accursed, abandon'd, forlorn,
till he's God, still he's man, (mysterious matter,)
Who to own his brotherhood doth not scorn.

The curse he,
 On the tree,
 Bore that we,
 Might be free ;

For his mercy endureth for ever.

- 6 Reviled, rejected, despised, contemned,
 Afflicted, yea poor as a beggar,
 Persecuted, perverted, arraigned, condemned,
 His cordial was gall and vinegar ;
 Crucified
 Twixt two thieves,
 There he died,
 Who e'er lives ;
 For his mercy endureth for ever.

S O N G XXVIII.

WHAT tho' these bodies shall decay,
 And moulder into dust ?
 What tho' this world shall pass away,
 As all its glories must ?

- 2 Why let them pass,——'Tis nought to us ;
 In heav'n our treasure lies ;
 Our hope is there,——there's all our trust,
 Where joys unfading rise.

- 3 New heav'ns and earth we hope to see,
Where Jesus ever reigns ;
Where nothing hurtful e'er shall be ;
No sorrow,—sin,—nor pains.
- 4 Our eyes no more then dim'd with tears ;
No fear shall there be found :
Nor sigh be heard, when Christ appears ;
But endless joys abound.
- 5 We'll chearful bid these scenes adieu,
Which worldly men most prize :
We've other glories in our view,
Glories beyond the skies :
- 6 Glories which never shall decay,
But evermore remain ;
While endless ages pass away,
Beginning to begin.
- 7 These are the times when Christians yet
Shall bliss unbounded share ;
Let all who for this mercy wait,
To meet their God prepare.
- 8 For lo ! he comes ! Loud anthems raise ;
Be his great name ador'd :
May our last theme be Jesus' praise ;
Our song, " Come quickly, Lord."



SONG XXIX.

- W**E who need mercy every hour,
And by compassions stand,
Should shew that mercy to the poor
Which Jesus doth command :
- 2 In evidence that we have fled
For mercy to his blood ;
To bow'ls of grace, which flow in the
Compassions of our God.
- 3 Think what your need of mercy was,
When all your merit vain
You saw,—and all mere loss and dung ;
How sweet was mercy then ?
- 4 Show forth a sense of all that grace ;
Regard the widow's plaint :
With mercy meet the hunger-starv'd,
Whose faces speak their want.
- 5 Christ in his members asks your alms ;
Speaks in his brethren's cries :
The widow's wail his language is ;
And orphans sighs his sighs.
- 6 The lonely widow, desolate,
With cheerfulness, relieve ;
The fatherless commiserate ;
Bread to the hungry give.

- 7 See ! how the husbandman his seed
With lib'ral hand doth sow,
In hope of gladning harvest, when
His barns with wealth shall flow ;
- 8 So, we a glorious harvest hope:
Sow sparingly no more ;—
We hope to reap eternal life,
A never failing store !

SONG XXX.

- C**OME with united voices raise
Your chearful songs of grateful praise ;
And wide proclaim the boundless grace
Of Jesus, King of glory !
- 2 He bow'd the heavens, and came down,
And left for us th' eternal throne ;
For all our sins he did atone,
That we might share his glory !
- 3 He who the heav'ns and earth did make,
Humbled himself ev'n for our sake ;
And did the human nature take ;
Thus veiling all his glory !
- 4 A man of sorrows he became,
And bore for us contempt and shame,
While he salvation did proclaim ;
And pay'd our way to glory !

- 5 For sinners destitute and poor,
He did God's fiercest wrath endure,
That he our pardon might procure,
And lead us unto glory!
- 6 On him his people's guilt was laid ;
For them he bow'd his gracious head ;
And Divine justice frown'd him dead,
E're we could share his glory!
- 7 Tho' well he knew the dreadful sum
That must be paid, he said, " I come ;"
He shrunk not back, till all was done,
To bring lost man to glory !
- 8 His work's compleat ! nought wanting found !
Here mercy flows, and knows no bound ;
And all his saints shall yet be crown'd,
To reign with him in glory !
- 9 O ! let us then with transport raise
Our loudest songs of grateful praise ;
And evermore adore the grace
Which freely leads to glory !

 SONG XXXI.

THIS is the day on which the Lord
Who loved us, and gave
Himself a sacrifice for us,
Was raised from the grave.

- 2 He brought with him the peace divine,
By his own blood procur'd ;
The world can give no peace like this,
By his life well secur'd.
- 3 Death's pangs, about the Prince of Life,
As waves against a rock
Did dash themselves,—and broken were ;
For he could bear the shock.
- 4 Death could not hold the Son of God,
Nor could that Holy One
Corruption see, whose worth our sins
Could expiate alone.
- 5 The Father resting in his love,
To life the Son hath rais'd ;
As light from fire, so shin'd he forth
From wrath divine appeas'd.
- 6 His merit infinite prevail'd ;
His blood again him brought
From all the wrath our sins deserv'd,
And our redemption wrought.
- 7 The Holy Spirit quick'ned him,
The first born of the dead ;
And all that power which works in us,
He shew'd first in our Head.
- 8 Then let us hate the sins which caus'd
The dying of our Lord ;
Let us rejoice in him our life,
And in his praise accord.

- 9 God's mercies we will ever sing ;
Good-will gave him to die ;
Complacence raised him again ;
To reign eternally :
- 10 He lives for ever as our Priest,
Our Prophet, and our King,
On Zion mount, where glory shines ;
And there he will us bring.
- 11 Thro' him our access unto God
By faith is bold and free ;
Thro' him the Father's near to us ;
His Sp'rit gives liberty.
- 12 His life on the right hand of God,
The pledge is of our life,
When he returns again, and ends
The long continu'd strife ;
- 13 By putting death and all our foes
Beneath our feet, and us
Advancing high to reign with him
In life most glorious.
- 14 Then let us look for him with whom
Our life is safe and sure ;
And let us die to this vain life ;
And patiently endure,
- 15 Till he who is our life appear ;
And then shall we with him
In glory shine ; and endless joy
Shall fill our souls to brim.

SONG XXXII.

- G**LORY to God, now mercy reigns
For ever on the throne ;
And grace flows free, thro' Jesus worth,
To sinners, who have none.
- 2 His blood can cleanse from ev'ry sin ;
His worth gives sure relief:
'Twas sinners whom he came to save,
And ev'n of them *the chief*.
- 3 'Tis not by any worth of ours,
Nor works which we have done,
That God is pleas'd ;—He's pleas'd alone
In his beloved Son.
- 4 No sacrifice which man could bring,
Could calm the guilty breast ;
But Christ compleat atonement made :
This, only This, gives rest.
- 5 He is the rock establish'd sure
On which firm hope to build :
Hell's utmost malice threats in vain,
While he's our strength and shield.
- 6 His work is perfect, and outweighs
Guilt's aggravating load !
Infinite virtue's in his blood,
For 'tis the blood of God !

SONG XXVIII.

THUS saith the church's head,
Judge of the quick and dead,

Quickly I come:
Let my redeemed pray,
O Lord! make no delay;
Hasten that happy day:

Lord, quickly come.

2 Let us, with one accord,
Shout our returning Lord;

Welcome him near:

Soon shall he come again;
Soon shall begin his reign;
Soon shall his foes be slain;

Soon he'll appear.

3 Earthquakes and storms attend;
Rocks, hills, and mountains rend;

Who shall abide?

Heav'ns melt, and thunders roar;
Seas rage and rend the shore;
Hope sinks, to rise no more;

Rocks cannot hide.

4 See how the lightnings blaze!
Jesus his wrath displays;

Vengeance appears:

Lift up your heads with joy,
 Ye suff'ring company ;
 Now your redemption's nigh :
 Banish your fears.

5 Jesus who died for sins,
 Now in his glory shines,
 Claiming his own :
 " Father, I will (saith he)
 " Those thou hast given me,
 " Should all my glory see,
 " Sharing my throne."

6 Well may the ransom'd throng
 Make sov'reign grace their song,
 Mercy adore :
 For all their works are done
 By him who fills the throne ;
 Praise to the Lamb alone
 For evermore.

7 Now shall the scarlet whore
 Shed blood of saints no more ;
 Boasting her slain :
 Now wrath has fill'd her cup ;
 Now she drinks vengeance up ;
 Torments, devoid of hope ;
 Endless her pain.



SONG XXXIV.

WHEN the King of Kings comes,
 When the King of Kings comes,
 We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of Kings comes.

2 We'll see the righteous cause prevail,
 And all debates decided well,
 And all mouths stopp'd which lies do tell;
 When the King of Kings comes.

3 When the trump of God calls,
 And the last of foes falls;
 We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of Kings comes.

4 We'll see the saints rais'd from the dead,
 And all together gathered,
 And made like to their glorious Head;
 When the King of Kings comes.

5 When the Lord from heaven comes,
 And the host of heaven comes;
 We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of Kings comes.

6 We'll see the nations broken down,
 Ev'n kingdoms now of great renown,
 And the saints enjoy the crown;
 When the King of Kings comes.

- 7 When this world's course is run,
And the judgment is begun ;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of Kings comes.
- 8 We'll see the sons of God well known,
All spotless to their Father shown,
And Jesus his poor brethren own ;
When the King of Kings comes.
- 9 When the foes distress comes,
And the church's rest comes ;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of Kings comes.
- 10 We'll see the man of sin destroy'd,
And all his helpers sore annoy'd,
And freedom full by saints enjoy'd ;
When the King of Kings comes.
- 11 We'll see the New Jerusalem,
Its fulness, and its matchless frame,
Surpassing all report and fame ;
When the King of Kings comes.
- 12 We'll see all things by him restor'd,
And the Lord alone ador'd,
By all the saints with one accord ;
When the King of Kings comes.



SONG XXXV.

WOND'ROUS patience toward them,
 Who do still prophane thy name,
 Thou art shewing; yet the more
 Thankless we provoke! therefore
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind!

2 Abused patience, into wrath
 Should be turn'd, all reason saith;
 And rich goodness still despis'd,
 Should bring us to hell surpris'd.
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind!

3 Yet thy mercy ent'red in,
 Mercy great, forgiving sin;
 And when sin did much abound,
 More abundant grace was found:
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind!

4 Where *sin* reigned unto death,
 Conquering grace gives life and breath
 To love divine,—and Jesus reigns
 O'er the fruit of all his pains.
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind!

5 For his soul did travail sore,
 To bring forth to God full store
 Of living sons, that he the first
 Born from the dead, should rule the rest.
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind!

6 Justice saith that we should live,
 And to our Redeemer give
 Tribute due of thanks and praise,
 Singing in his righteous ways.
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind!

7 Is it not our service due,
 To his yoke our necks to bow?
 After him the cross to bear,
 Whose cross frees us from all fear?
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind!

SONG XXXVI.

WHEN I, a sinner, think on death,
 It yields me great relief,
 That Christ endur'd the cross, and died
 For sinners e'en the chief.

G

62 CHRISTIAN SONGS.

- 2 And that he rose, and comes again,
Full fraught with life and pow'r,
To raise our bodies, that they may
Corruption see no more.
- 3 But I am puzzled still to think,
When all our members die,
How these our spirits, separate,
Can either live or be!
- 4 Since our souls' life consists in thought;
How can we further think,
When all our instruments of thought
Are utterly extinct?
- 5 "Fear not," saith Jesus, "follow me,
I past that state before;
The glory round me, to your souls
A cloathing shall restore.
- 6 Your souls departing trust to me,
And to my care commend:
Death's keys I have; and from its sting
I can your souls defend.
- 7 When this your house of earth's dissolv'd,
You shall not naked be;
A house eternal in the heav'ns
Shall cover you with me.
- 8 Abundant entrance I'll give you
Into my kingdom bless'd,
There present to abide with me,
Of heav'nly house possess'd.

- 9 Think how the moon's opacous globe,
And how the planets bright,
A being have among the orbs
Who minister the light.
- 10 Do they not shine, by dwelling in
The bright, the living rays,
Which that refulgent orb, the sun,
Thro' all the world displays ?
- 11 So you by me, the fount of light,
The Sun of Righteousness,
As lesser lights, with borrow'd rays,
Shall shine in holiness."
- 12 Our body's absence is no loss :
For, saith his faithful word,
That absence fully is supplied
By presence with the Lord.
- 13 Our mortal shall be cloath'd upon
With immortality ;
Mortality shall swallow'd be
Of life eternally.
- 14 And in due time, when loos'd from death,
Our bodies also shall
Within these mansions near the Lord,
Reside thro' ages all.
- 15 While in this house then, let us live
Unto the Lord, that when
He comes in glory, we with him
May ever live.—AMEN.

SONG XXXVII.

- M**MAGNIFICENT free Grace arise,
 Outshining all the thoughts of man;
 Sov'reign, preventing, all surprize,
 To him who neither will'd nor ran;
- 2 Grand as the bosom whence it flow'd!
 Kind as the heart that gave it vent;
 Rich as the gift which GOD bestow'd,
 And lovely like the Christ he sent.
- 3 Did the imperial law of Death;
 For one man's sin his whole race dopn,
 And all who draw the human breath,
 Tho' sinning not like him, inhume?
- 4 E'en here the sov'reign sway of Grace
 Shines with superior power to save,
 Than sin to damn, which doom'd the race
 To one wide universal grave.
- 5 Sin reign'd to Death; but over Sin
 And Death, with more imperial sway,
 Grace spreads her more extensive reign,
 And doth eternal life convey.
- 6 Grace, by a righteousness, doth reign,
 Wrought in the bloody death of GOD
 Where Sin is spoil'd; so Grace doth reign
 In all the worth of divine blood.

CHRISTIAN SONGS. *65

- 7 Since Sin first slew the human race,
An host of daily sins pursues
Man to a second death; but Grace
Steps sov'reign forward, and rescues.
- 8 Who counts the sand that bounds the sea,
Not half his sins hath number'd o'er:
And, ah! what millions yet! But see,
Grace hath ten thousand mercies more;
- 9 Transcending far Sin's direful throne,
By one offence that all accurst,
Divinely grand as God's dear Son,
The second man excels the first.
- 10 Infinite Grace, how full of God
In ev'ry work of thine thou glows,
We see the wounds, the divine blood,
Whence life to dying nations flows.
- 11 Life more abundant we possess,
O second man! than *Adam* lost:
An earthly prospect crown'd his bliss,
We reigning heav'nly pleasures boast.
- 12 And as a God's obedience, *free*,
And divine blood, excel by far
Man's *due*, abstaining from one tree;
So great's the life thy children share.
- 13 We, bowing, sing thy death so strong
As all our souls from death defends.
Shout, ye redeem'd; for here your song
Begins, and never never ends.

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 Begins, and never never ends.

* SONG XXXVII.

HE comes, the Lord himself, he comes
Descending from the sky ;
While op'ning clouds roll on before
Th' Archangel, sounding high.

2 The awful trumpet speaks him near,
While quick its echo flies ;
Reviving mortals hear the sound,
And from their tombs arise.

3 The living Sons of God are chang'd,
Their mortal life is gone ;
Immortal garments cloath them round,
And heav'nly forms put on.

4 Thus chang'd they join the rising throng,
Redeem'd from every tongue ;
Unnumber'd Sons of Mercy meet,
From ev'ry nation sprung.

5 Unnumber'd notes of triumph rise,
Thro' all the ransom'd throng ;
Salvation sounds from ev'ry lip,
Eternal love's the song.

SONG XXXVIII. PSALM XCII.

- T**O make confession unto JEHOVAH!
 It is a good and comely thing;
 And thy great name, O thou Most High!
 To celebrate in song of praise;
 Thy tender mercy to proclaim,
 When shines the morning light; [psaltery,
 With solemn sound, upon ten string'd, on
 On the harp, thy faithfulness in the night.
- 2 For thou, JEHOVAH! hast made me glad.
 In that wond'rous work of thine:
 In the operation of thy hands,
 I will triumph exceedingly.
 Thy works, JEHOVAH! grandly done;
 Thy counsels most profound,
 A stupid man perceives not, and the foolish
 This grand matter will not understand.
- 3 When the impious flourish as the herb,
 And evil doers all spring up,
 It is to be destroyed for ay;—
 But thou, JEHOVAH! art ever high.
 For lo! JEHOVAH, thy foes destroyed,
 All evil doers broke;
 But thou wilt raise my horn as the unicorn,
 And with green oil I all anointed am.

4 Mine eye saw on my foes, my ears shall hear
 On wicked that against me rise :
 The just shall flourish as the palm ;
 Grow cedar-like in Lebanon.
 In JEHOVAH's house they planted shall
 Flourish in our God's courts :
 Even in old age, they yet shall fruitful be ;
 They shall be fat, and ever green appear ;
 That upright is JEHOVAH to declare,
 My rock, and no unrighteousness in him.

SONG XXXIX. PSALM CXXXIII.

BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant, in one
 Are brethren who together dwell !
 As the good oil upon the head,
 Which was descending on the beard,
 The beard of *Aaron*, falling down
 Upon his garments mouth :
 As *Hermon's* dew descends on *Zion's* mountains
 Where bids JEHOVAH bliss, *eternal lives*.



SONG XL.

YES, thou art worthy! thou alone,—
 O Lamb of God! there's none like thee:
 Thy blood can, for our sins atone,
 And set the guiltiest rebel free.
 All praise and thanks to thee be given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

2 We have no worth at all to plead,
 But God proclaims "He's pleas'd in Thee;"
 'Tis done, thou said'st, and bow'd thy head,
 Nor ought remains to do by me.
 Thou said'st 'Tis done—what lack I then?
 And God is pleas'd—my soul, *Amen*.

3 What tho' I have no worth to boast?
 Thy worth, O Lord's enough for me;
 None trusting thee can e'er be lost;
 Thy blood can set the guiltiest free!
 Thou, thou art worthy! thou alone,
 Who all our works for us hast done.

4 What tho' the law pronounce me vile,
 And conscience should condemn me too;
 Yet I dare lift my head and smile,
 For thou fulfill'd the law, ev'n thou:
 Thou from its curse can set me free;—
 O stand, and answer, Lord, for me.

 S O N G XLI.

- “**BEHOLD!** I quickly come,” says Jesus!—
 Amen, ev’n so—Lord come away—
 O make haste, make haste and save us,
 We with all thy church do pray.—
- 2 Come, O come, Lord, we implore thee ;
 With thy saints and angels come :
 Come in all thy Father’s glory ;
 Lead thy waiting people home.
- 3 Come, and all our sorrows banish,
 From each eye wipe off the tear ;
 Come and bid afflictions vanish ;
 We’ll rejoice if thou appear.
- 4 On earth begin thy glorious reign, Lord,
 With thy saints who suffer now :
 All thy foes shall tremble then, Lord,
 And beneath thy footstool bow.—
- 5 Come, and thy reward bring with thee,
 That thy saints with thee may share,
 In thy bright unrivall’d glory ;
 Where all shine supremely fair !
- 6 That blest throng shall raise their voices,
 And thy worthiness proclaim ;
 Come Lord—we would join our praises,
 And adore thy mighty name,

SONG XLII.

'T WAS at the silent midnight hour,
When others were at rest,
That Jesus sought, by pray'r, to ease
His heart with woe opprest.
When he his well frequented place,
The garden, enter'd in,
Amazement overwhelm'd his soul,
The dire effects of sin.

2 He said, "My soul is sorrowful,
Exceeding mortal grief:
O Father, cause this cup to pass,
O send me quick relief:
Yet, not my will, but thine be done,"
He said,—and mourned sore:
His sweat was as great drops of blood,
Bursting from every pore.

3 Jehovah frown'd upon him now,
When he with sin was load,
And double death was in the frown
Which he received from God:
Angels, who celebrate his birth,
With songs, in glory bright,
Their songs suspend, and silent stand,
Astonish'd at the sight.

- 4 While man, for whom he bore such grief,
 (O vile ingratitude !)
 Come forth against him as a thief,
 To shed his precious blood.
 Ev'n of his chosen few, on whom
 He, as his friends, relied,
 One him betray'd, the rest all fled,
 But one, who him denied.
- 5 They lead him to their judgment seat,
 They smite him with the reed,
 Spit on him, and with wreathes of thorns,
 They crown their Master's head :
 At last, with nature's vilest sons,
 They lead him forth to death,
 And nail him to the cursed tree,
 With unrelenting wrath.
- 6 " My God, My God ! " in grief, he cries,
 Why from me thus depart ;
 O why so far from helping me,
 When sorrow breaks my heart."
 His foes with cruel scoffs upbraid ;
 None pity him at all :
 They give to quench his parching thirst,
 The vinegar and gall.
- 7 But now he loudly cries, " 'Tis done ! "
 And bows his gracious head ;
 The flinty rocks their bosoms rend,
 The grave gives up her dead !

The heav'ns in mourning black are clad,
And nature all complains!

The sun, confounded, hides his head,
And dreadful darkness reigns!

PART II.

BUT see this scene how chang'd? for HE
Comes from the dead again!

The clouds dispel, the morning breaks;
And angels raise their strain:

Ye sinners, join the glorious lay,
With hearts rejoicing, sing,—

O Grave! where is thy victory?

O Death! where is thy sting?

2 Thy mighty bars too weak were found,
THE PRINCE OF LIFE to hold:

Thy potent sway was ne'er before
So wond'rously controul'd!

Now high beyond the reach of foes,
Triumphant, he returns;

Yet, no fierce wrath or dire revenge
Within his bosom burns.

3 But ev'n unto his vengeful foes,

His lips do grace impart;

And love, still unextinguish'd, glows,
Within his tender heart:

His chosen few, who lately fled

From him, with care he seeks;

With healing words removes their grief,
And comfort to them speaks.

- 4 "All hail," he said, "peace be to you,
 For perfect lasting peace,—
 I purchas'd have ; go, tell the news
 To all the human race ;
 For lo ! I now ascend on high,
 My Father's face to see ;
 But soon I will return again,
 And take you home with me."
- 5 With yearning bow'ls he leads them forth,
 And tells them what to do ;
 And blessing them with lifted hands,
 Was parted from their view :
 Thousands of thousands on him wait,
 To hail him to his throne :
 The word is given ; " Ye angels great,
 Adore mine Only Son."
- 6 Th' Angelic throng with rapture shout,
 Ye gates be lifted high,
 The King of Glory comes, unfold
 Ye portals of the sky."
 They cast their crowns down at his feet,
 And fall before his throne,
 With faces veil'd ; and cry aloud,
 " Thou worthy art alone."
- 7 Soon shall he, as he said, return,
 With all his glorious train,
 To crush his foes, and raise his saints,
 With him for ay to reign :

Then shall their sorrows fly away,
 And raptures fire each breast ;
 And love divine shall swell the lay,
 While endless ages last.

8. The morning stars, and sons of God,
 With shouting joy did sing,
 When this creation first was made,
 And man declar'd its king :
 But far transcending, shall they sing,
 When this terrestrial ball
 Again dissolves ; for then shall God
 Himself be All in All.

S O N G XLIII.

HOW cheering is the Christian's hope ?
 It springs from Jesus' cross :
 It bears the sinking spirit up,
 Amidst all worldly loss.

2. Believing in his promise sure,
 Let us forget our woes ;
 And trust in him for all we need,
 Who's mercy ever flows.

- 3 Our earthly friends may cease to love;
 Their number may decay ;
 But he who lov'd the sons of men,
 Remains unchang'd for ay.
- 4 How happy 'tis for guilty we,
 Our hope does not depend
 On any work, or worth in us,
 Ourselves to recommend.
- 5 But on his sov'reign boundless love,
 Is our salvation built,
 Who gave himself a sacrifice
 For all his people's guilt.

 S O N G XLIV.

LET ambition fire your mind ;
 Leave the joys of earth behind ;
 Your affections place above ;
 Fix your hearts on Jesus' love.

- 2 Absent, he prepares a place :
 Glory crowns the christian race :
 Mercy smiling on the throne,
 Swells their notes, in every song.
- 3 Cause thy face on us to shine ;
 Let our hearts, O Lord, be thine ;
 Keep us from all snares below ;
 Grace divine on us bestow.

- 4: Happy thus, no more repine,
At the want of corn and wine;
Glory only in the cross;
Count, for Christ's sake, all things loss.
- 5 Soon he'll come and reign on th' earth;
Then sorrow will give place to mirth:
Come, my Saints! aloud he'll cry,
Share with me Salvation's joy.
- 6 Then the poor despised few,
With their Lord, unmov'd, shall view
Creation melt in dreadful fire;
Praise Jehovah and admire.
- 7: Let ambition fire your breast;
Nothing short of glory's rest:
Make your works before men shine;
Prove your hope to be divine.

SONG XLV. . . PSALM lxxxviii. Paraphrased.

O THOU God of my salvation,
Day and night my supplication,
I have pour'd with bitter cries;
Let my tears and pray'rs before thee
Come, nor my deep sighs despise.

- 2 For my soul is full of anguish ;
Lo ! my ebbing life doth languish,
Fast approaching to the grave ;
Number'd with the dead I vanish,
Like a man whom strength doth leave.
- 3 Among the dead a free companion,
With the slain in grave remaining,
Whom thou think'st upon no more :
From thy hand cut off, I'm pining ;
For my soul's afflicted sore.
- 4 In lowest pit of death thou laid'st me ;
Darkest glooms of death o'ershade me ;
Heavy lies thy wrath on me :
All thy wrathful waves invade me
Sore ; O ! my affliction see.
- 5 Far my friends thou hast removed ;
Made me loath'd of each beloved ;
They abhor and count me vile.
In mine anguish I'm abandon'd ;
Hated in my sad exile.
- 6 View mine eyes with mournful weeping,
While my God I'm daily seeking ;
Hide not, cast not out my groans.—
See my hands, how stretch'd ! my bleeding
Heart, behold, and hear my moans.
- 7 Wilt thou shew the dead thy wonder ?
Shall I break death's bands asunder ?—
Shall I rise and sing thy praise ?
Shall my grave proclaim thy kindness,
And my death thy faithfulness ?

- 8 By these wonders all shall know thee;
Darks of death shall righteous shew thee;
Even forgetful death:—my cry
In the resurrection' morning;
Shall, and pray'rs before thee lie.
- 9 Lord, why then hast thou rejected?
Casting off my soul neglected;
Wherefore hid'st thy face from me?
From my soul in death afflicted—
Cheer my parting soul:—I die.
- 10 From my youth, thy dreadful terrors;
I have felt distracting horrors;
My sad soul doth ever flow.
I'm cut off:—Amazing terrors
Chase my soul and haunt me so!
- 11 Like the floods their force they gather;
All thy wrath surrounds me, Father;
Wave on wave, thy wrath combin'd,
Rolling, my sad soul doth cover—
No relief,—no ease I find.
- 12 Ev'ry friend and ev'ry lover
Fly me, and their faces cover;
Comfortless, in death I howl:
Mine acquaintance hid in darkness—
None to soothe my wounded soul!



SONG XLVI.

COME, and behold the SAVIOUR GOD,
In mortal flesh array'd;
Dwelling with weak and sinful men,
Whom his own hand had made.

2 Holy and harmless is his life;
His heart knows no deceit:
Perfection, human and divine,
In him together meet.

3 See him, a servant now become,
To do the Father's will;
Each jot and tittle of the law
Compleatly to fulfil.

4 A man of sorrows and of griefs,
He condescends to be;
That all the glory of the Lord,
Angels and men may see.

5 The scorn of fools, see, how he bears,
And opens not his lips;
But to their cruel treatment, he
Most patiently submits.

6 Into their hands he is betray'd
By treach'ry of a friend;
And all their malice they exert,
T'accomplish their base end.

- 7 Deserted now by all his friends,
To Pilate's bar he's led,
His judgement there is ta'en away,
And thorns plac'd on his head.
- 8 See him by wicked hands convey'd
To the accursed tree;
To suffer all the pains of death,
With public infamy.
- 9 Such contradiction he endures
From sinful, wicked men:
But tho' he is by them revil'd,
Revileth not again.
- 10 The sufferings, which from men he bore,
Tho' great indeed they were,
With what oppress'd his righteous soul,
Admit of no compare.
- 11 In wrath the Father hides his face
From this his only Son:
That wrath which is the death of man,
Falls on this Holy One.
- 12 Behold Emmanuel, God with us!
On the cold ground he lies;
And to the Father makes his prayers,
With mournful-tears and cries.
- 13 His soul, exceeding sorrowful,
His sweat, like drops of blood!
The wrath of God o'erwhelms his heart
Like a tremendous flood.

- 14 His love to God, so perfect is,
He deprecates his frown;
It fills his soul with awful dread,
And bows his spirit down.
- 15 Father He cries, if possible,
Let this cup pass from me;
Yet not my will, but thine be done,
I yield myself to thee.
- 16 See him extended on the cross,
And hear his dying groan;
My God! My God! O why hast thou,
Now left me thus alone!
- 17 Pierc'd to the soul by wrath divine,
He with a loud voice cried;
'TIS DONE! the arduous work is done,
And bow'd his head and died.
- 18 O wond'rous grace! O matchless love!
To suffer thus for those,
Who by their works most fully prove,
That they are all his foes.
- 19 See him in all his native worth
From the dark grave arise,
And now ascending up on high,
Beyond the lofty skies.
- 20 He now as Saviour and a Prince,
In heaven for ever lives;
Repentance, and remission too,
To men he freely gives.

- 21 Justice and mercy now appear,
With splendor all divine ;
The glory of the only God,
In Jesus now doth shine.
- 22 O! let us all in him rejoice,
For him count all things loss ;
Deny ourselves, and follow him ;
With patience bear the cross.
- 23 Let us his yoke upon us take,
And all his burden bear ;
And learn his meek and lowly heart ;
For all our peace is there.
- 24 His love will make his burden light,
His yoke will easy make ;
And happy shall we think ourselves,
In suff'ring for his sake.
- 25 Soon will he come the second time,
As all things now declare,
To summon all his faithful friends
To meet him in the air.
- 26 See him descend with awful pomp,
And seated on his throne,
With all the Father's glory clad,
As well as with his own.
- 27 Angels, and all celestial powers,
In solemn train attend
This mighty God, this Son of Man,
His people's faithful Friend.

- 28 He now bestows the crown of life
 He promis'd to his sheep ;
 He wipes their tears away, and they
 For ever cease to weep.
- 29 With them he reigns a thousand years,
 In perfect peace and joy ;
 No foe, nor any vexing thing,
 Their bliss can now annoy.
- 30 Ye saints, lift up your drooping heads,
 For your Redemption's nigh :
 Come, come, O Jesus, quickly come !
 Be your united cry,

 SONG XLVII.

- B**EHOLD what love God hath bestow'd
 Upon his chosen race,
 Tho' dead in sin, he makes them live,
 Through his unbounded grace;
2. He calls them sons, and makes them so,
 Nor can his purpose fail ;
 Or all the powers of earth and hell
 Against his word prevail.
3. That word which promis'd grace to men,
 Hath brought the same to view ;
 And not to us, but to his name,
 Is all the glory due.

SONG XLVIII.

YE saints, in hope rejoice,
And sing with cheerful voice;
Your heads lift up on high,
Redemption draweth nigh:

For soon appears
The Lord and King,
His saints to bring
From all their fears.

2. Insulted tho' you stand,
And feel oppression's hand,
Yet be ye not dismay'd,
Nor of your foes afraid:

For soon appears, &c.

3 You trials bear, and toil,
If goods are made a spoil;
Yet count all things but loss,
And glory in the Cross:

For soon appears, &c.

4 Maintain your faithful fight,
Against the powers of night;
The serpent's pointed steel,
Can only wound the heel.

For soon appears, &c.

Your souls in patience keep,
 Amidst afflictions deep,
 Since tribulations here
 God's children all must bear :

For soon appears, &c.

6 Put th' armour on of light,
 Since far spent is the night ;
 Look up with longing eyes,
 The morning star doth rise :

Now comes again
 The King of Kings,
 And with him brings
 His saints to reign.

S O N G X L I X.

AT Calv'ry's Mount, behold the Lamb,
 The Sacrifice divine ;
 Each guilty conscience, see him there,
 The wrath of God sustain !

2 The vengeance due to all our sins,
 The dreadful curse we see,
 When we behold Emmanuel, God,
 Hang bleeding on the tree !

- 3 He paid the ransom for our souls,
No less than blood divine ;
That God, the just, the Saviour,
Might in his glory shine.
- 4 To save our souls from hell, he died,
And rose to justify ;
Now Jesus is the advocate
Enthron'd above the sky.
- 5 Here let us learn the divine fear,
From great Jehovah's ire :
No sin can pass, because our God
Is a consuming fire.
- 6 Here let us learn the divine love,
From God's beloved Son ;
Who shrunk not in the storms of wrath,
'Till Jesus said, " Its done ."

SONG L.

SHOUT, ye saints with glowing bosom,
Chide your hearts cold, numb'd, and frozen ;
While almighty love you view ;
Love that blossoms to his chosen,
Ever fresh and ever new.

- 2 View that love in Jesus venting,
Working grace that's all preventing ;
See that blood for mercy cries,
Grace intending, apprehending
His malicious enemies.
- 3 See him in his incarnation
Casting off his kindred nation,
For that love still making room,
Brings his Church to one relation,
Out of every tribe and tongue.
- 4 See him in the garden lying,
Bleeding in your stead and dying,
Bitter cries, strong tears, and groans ;
Deep abasement ! all amazement !
Horror seiz'd his soul upon.
- 5 See him scourg'd and crown'd with thorns,
Load with scoffs, reproach, and scorn,
Spitting fill'd his face with shame,
To the cross of all forlorn,
Nail'd with a blasphemer's name.
- 6 See him hang, of God forsaken,
Drench'd in blood, in love unshaken,
Hear that shout which rent the veil !
Ratifying in his dying
Mercy that shall never fail.

SONG LI.

- W**HEN God's own Law to man appears
In vengeance 'gainst all sin,
Where shall he look to quell his fears?
All human hopes are vain.
- 2 When death and hell, his awful foes,
Appear on ev'ry side;
How sweet the promise then that flows,
Jehovah will provide!
- 3 See how the Patriarch's breast did burn
With true paternal love:
Yet from the faith he did not turn,
But boldly on did move.
- 4 To sacrifice his only Son,
Where all his hopes reside;
Because the promise thus did run,
Jehovah will provide.
- 5 Behold the knife! the victim bound;
The hand stretch'd out to kill:
Jehovah's voice did then resound,
His blood thou must not spill!
- 6 Look up, behold the promise stands,
Secure on every side;
As thou obey'st my just commands,
Ev'n so I will provide!

- 7 He look'd, and greatly did rejoice ;
 He saw redemption there :
 The ram was caught, a sacrifice,
 The promis'd seed to spare.
- 8 The promise down through ages ran,
 To stain all human pride ;
 The God of Jacob still declares,
 A lamb I will provide.
- 9 Till John the Baptist points him out,
 His earthly church among ;
 He cried, " Behold the Lamb of God !"
 The Saviour promis'd long !
- 10 The holy Lamb, on whom God's love
 In justice shall abide ;
 The Mighty One ; yea, Israel's God,
 Himself he did provide.
- 11 To offer up a sacrifice,
 To purge away our sin ;
 And on the merits of his blood,
 The heavens he enter'd in.
- 12 Let us obey his just command,
 Rejoicing in our guide ;
 Yea, bless his name with lifted hand,
 Because he did provide.



SONG LII.

- T**HOU heavenly Truth, that hold'st to
view,
As in a glass, the Godhead true,
Where worth divine in brightest rays,
The character of God displays :
- 2 At distance far thou throw'st the proud,
That stand distinguish'd from the crowd;
Thy piercing eye, and awful frown,
The tow'ring thoughts of man pull down.
- 3 No worth can in thy presence stand,
When God appears supremely grand ;
For human worth to nothing turns,
When God in flaming glory burns.
- 4 The great I AM, thou settest forth,
Exalted in his matchless worth—
Before him, worth created flies,
Abash'd, and seiz'd with dread surprize.
- 5 'Tis thine to visit sons of woe,
And bid their cup with joy o'erflow ;
To raise the lowly from their bed,
And sink the proud aspiring head.
- 6 That God alone may stand confest,
The source of good, the only blest,
And worthless man may prostrate own,
The great I AM deserves the crown.

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SONG LIII.

THE promis'd time is drawing nigh,
 When Christ, our hope, shall from on high,
 In glorious triumph come again,
 Surrounded with a spotless train:
 We'll hear the trumpet's awful sound,
 Which will the trembling world confound,
 And put them all in wild dismay,
 Who hold his coming far away.

2 That sound shall earth's foundations shake;
 The dead in Christ shall first awake;
 All ransom'd from the darksome grave,
 Death no more power on them shall have;
 That power which makes the dead arise,
 Shall change the elect then alive,
 And, quick as doth the light'ning fly,
 Them cloath with immortality.

3 Then all the saints together join'd,
 None shall be lost or left behind;
 Angelic guards shall them convey,
 To meet the Lord in endless day:
 The bride and bridegroom then shall meet,
 On every side their bliss complete,
 While gladness fills each cheerful heart,
 They never, never more shall part.

- 4 All, crown'd with everlasting joy,
No lurking foe shall them annoy :
No tempting doubts, no guileful snare,
No sigh, nor sorrow enter there.
Their glorious Ransomer shall then
Behold the purchase of his pain,
Like sparkling stars, around him shine,
And cloath'd in righteousness divine.
- 5 Their worth shall then with charms divine,
In Jesus' eye unspotted shine ;
While they his matchless love adore,
And sing his praises evermore :
No limits bound their endless bliss ;
The glorious Son of righteousness,
Shall yield them life and light alway ;
No night succeeds that joyful day.
- 6 O thou, who art the Shepherd true,
Who guid'st thy flocks the desarts through,
Awake our slumb'ring hearts, that we
May hear thy voice, and follow thee,
Fast holding by thy faithful word ! —
Unite our hearts with one accord,
With all thy ransom'd host to say
Amen, Lord Jesus, come away !



SONG LIV.

- T**HERE'S nought beyond the orbs above,
 Nor yet beneath, that can
 Be equal'd with the work of love,
 Which Jesus wrought for man.
- 2 Far distant this most sacred stands,
 'Bove all that creatures know;
 Whether among the angelic bands,
 Or mortals here below.
- 3 For he who said, "Let there be light,"
 And instantly it shone,
 Was wrapt in darkness and in night,
 And thus was heard to moan.
- 4 "My God! my God! why by thy frown
 Am I so strangely pain'd?
 Why from me is thy favor gone?
 Oh! why thy smile restrain'd?"
- 5 T'was thus, o'erwhelm'd with grief, he died,
 Whose soul was free from stain,
 That many, ruin'd by their pride,
 Might heirs of glory reign.
- 6 On him, the just, their crimes were laid,
 That they might be forgiv'n:
 He his own worth to them convey'd,
 To give them life in heav'n.

- 7 Our labour only makes us worse ;
This, only this, can heal
Our common wound, the dread remorse,
Which guilty mortals feel.
-

SONG LV.

- I**N vain we hope for comfort here,
Where all our joys decay ;
Where waves on waves of trouble roll,
And sweep our hopes away.
- 2 This life by sin is forfeited ;
To death we're all a prey ;
And soon we shall like others be,
A lifeless lump of clay.
- 3 This view of nature darkness shews,
No gleam of light appears ;
And guilt, which does our conscience seize,
Fills with foreboding fears.
- 4 And nought can give the conscience ease,
But that which Christ has done,
And knowing God to be well-pleas'd
In his beloved Son.
- 5 A firm persuasion of this truth,
Does make new joys arise ;
And hope is as an anchor fix'd,
Most sure above the skies.

- 6 Where all substantial is and firm,
 Nor subject to decay;
 Where joys unsullied never end,
 And tears are wip'd away.
- 7 Blest is the soul, when chang'd from scenes-
 Of trouble here below,
 To those substantial joys above,
 Which mortals cannot know.

SONG LVI.

- W**HEN darkness spread its awful sway
 O'er all the human race,
 Then heav'n vouchsaf'd a bright display
 Of light, of life, and grace.
- 2 Jesus appears in flesh, and dies,
 Then takes his seat above;
 And in a form like our's, enjoys
 The Father's smiles of love.
- 3 He did enough, from deepest hell
 To save the base and vile;
 Their souls with joyful hope to swell,
 Of heav'n's benignant smile.
- 4 This gives us rest from all our toils;
 'Tis this, and this alone,
 Wards off the curse, and brings the smiles
 Of heav'n to mortals down.

SONG LVII.

YE rescu'd from Babel, sing Babel's distress,
 And the pow'r of the arm that sav'd you, confess :
 The cup that she fill'd you, fill double again,
 And with double vengeance redouble her pain.
 Her wealth, power, her beauty wherein she put trust,
 Shall shortly be buried in ashes and dust ;
 Ye subjects of heaven when Babel doth mourn,
 Ye prophets, apostles triumph in your turn.

2 Her covetous merchants the scriptures did hoard,
 By weight and by measure they sold out the word :
 Your woes in full measure, ye prophets repay
 Her merchants, when now doth her market decay.
 Ye holy apostles, your threat'nings fulfil,
 Cast off such proud masters and rule them at will :
 Ye merchants of Babel, lament in your turn ;
 Ye subjects of heaven, rejoice as they mourn !

3 These spiritual merchants have proudly o'erthrown
 The honor of Jesus, to set up their own ;
 Of the cup they have fill'd, let *them* doubly drink ;
 In the pit they have digg'd, let them stumble and sink.
 Contempt and disgrace on their honor shall prey,
 Confusion and shame shall pursue them for aye :
 Ye subjects of Jesus, triumph in your turn,
 Ye great ones of Babel, 'tis yours now to mourn.

4 From Jesus her husband she stray'd like a whore,
 To commit fornication with each earthly pow'r :
 Of the wine of the wrath of her curs'd fornications,
 Let her drink to the full unto all generations.
 In the day of her plagues, when her lovers decay,
 Shall forsaken Jesus forsake her for aye.
 Ye prophets, apostles, who told of this thing,
 Ye virgins of Jesus her widowhood sing.

- 5 To the kings of the earth she had bastards in store;
 Who were not begotten by Jesus Christ's pow'r :
 Of the wine of the wrath of her base fornication,
 Let her drink without ceasing, shame of the creation.
 In her widowhood day shall her children be ta'en,
 Her spurious issue with death shall be slain ;
 Ye prophets, apostles,—ye heavens, be glad,
 And with loss of children let Babel be sad !
- 6 With the help of her kings she destroyed the just,
 With prophets and saints blood she stained the dust :
 The cup she had fill'd, fill her double again,
 And with double fury redouble her pain.
 These kings shall distress her and lessen her hire,
 Thus burning her flesh she shall burn as with fire ;
 Ye merchants of Babel, lament and be sad,
 Ye prophets, apostles,—ye heavens, be glad !
- 7 Next she stirs up her children the mob of each nation,
 Who are drunk with the wine of her lewd fornication;
 To distress, to revile and abuse ev'ry soul,
 Whom all her grimace and big words cannot rule.
 Both she and her children, her lovers also,
 Shall be drown'd in the lake of perpetual woe,
 Ye prophets, apostles,—ye heavens, rejoice;
 Sing loud hallelujahs at their torments and noise !
- 8 'Midst anguish and torment, their shrieks reach the skies,
 At each hallelujah their smoke doth arise !
 Ye thousands—an hundred and forty and four
 Give glory, and wisdom, dominion and pow'r,
 To God, who redeem'd you from each tongue and nation;
 Whom, when he hath brought back from great tribulation;
 He'll make like to Jesus in glory and bliss,
 With him unsucceeded all things to possess.

SONG LVIII.

- A**TTEND all ye, who fear the Lord ;
His day of vengeance draweth near !
The signs foretold to us afford
Undoubted proofs he'll soon appear.
- 2 Do not lukewarmness, hateful pride,
Self-love, and worldly lusts abound ?
Does the first love the churches guide ?
Or, on the earth, can faith be found ?
- 3 Lo! Antichrist declines apace,
His kingdom's nearly overthrown ;
Seducing spirits, hellish race,
Their damning doctrines wide have sown.
- 4 Thus is the way of truth defam'd,
And Christ as Lord of life denied ;
Thus of his cross, are men asham'd ;
Where, God made flesh, for rebels died.
- 5 Lo! hostile vi'lence now doth make,
Her blood stain'd banners wave on high ;
The powers ordain'd of heav'n do shake,
Thro' fear, men's hearts within them die.
- 6 Great tribulations seem at hand,
Fitted the firmest faith to shake ;
Christ's elect can alone withstand,
For of his grace they all partake.

- 7 Réjoicing raise your heads on high,
Ye patient, suff'ring, little flock;
Lo! your salvation draweth nigh,
Whose trust is Christ, the living rock.
- 8 Behold, he comes, like thief by night!
Watch ye, prepar'd as virgins wise,
To meet the Bridegroom, (*glorious sight!*)
In clouds descending thro' the skies.



FINIS.