

2
COLLECTION

OF

H Y M N S,

FOR

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

BY ANDREW LAW, A. M.

HYMN I. FOR CANAAN.

On the Sun's rising.

1. **H**AIL to thy brightness glorious sun,
That gilds the op'ning day,
How far beyond the cold pale moon,
Thy warm superior ray!
At thine approach all nature smiles,
Its orient tears dry up,
The birds with songs the time beguile,
With glad'ning joy they hop.
2. But ah! how short the transient gleam,
Thy hast'ning steps forebode;
That the refulgence of thy beam,
Is but a fading good.
Yet still a sun prepares to rise,
That brings eternal day;
And shows us an immortal prize,
That never will decay.

HYMN

HYMN II. FOR FAIRFIELD.

Christ's Birth.

1. **F**ATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And bless thee for the precious gift,
Of thine incarnate Son:
The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

2. Jesus, the holy child,
Doth by his birth declare
That God and man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are.
Salvation thro' his name
To all mankind is giv'n,
And loud his infant cries proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heav'n,

3. A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end:
The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings
Declares himself our friend;
Assumes our flesh and blood,
That we his sp'rit may gain,
The everlasting Son of God,
The mortal Son of Man.

4. O might we all receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in his spirit live,
And in his love increase!
Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
Come, thou desire of nations come,
And take us all to God!

HYMN III. FOR INFANT SAVIOUR.

Christ's Infancy.

1. **O** SIGHT of anguish! view it near,
 What weeping innocence is here,
 A manger for his bed?
 The brutes yield refuge to his woe,
 Men the worst brutes no pity show,
 Nor give him friendly aid.

2. Why do no rapid thunders roll?
 Why do no tempests rock the pole?
 O miracle of grace!
 Or why no angel on the wing,
 Warm for the honors of their king,
 T' extirpate all the race?

3. Did he that infant bath'd in tears,
 Call into form the rolling spheres?
 Did seraphs wait his nod?
 Helpless he calls, but man delays;
 The moral chaos disobey's
 This offspring of a God.

4. Say radiant seraphs, thron'd in light,
 Did love e'er tow'r so high a flight;
 Or glory sink so low?
 This wonder angels scarce declare,
 Angels the rapture scarce can bear,
 Or equal praise bestow.

5. Redemption! 'tis a boundless theme!
 Thou boundless mind, our hearts inflame
 With ardour from above.
 Words are but faint, let joy express;
 Vain is mere joy, let actions bless
 This prodigy of love.

[4]
HYMN IV. FOR L Y M E.

Christ's Crucifixion.

1. **J**ESUS drinks the bitter cup;
The wine press treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan:
Lo! the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies,
Earth's profoundest center quakes,
The great Jehovah dies!

2. Dies the glorious cause of all,
The true eternal pan,
Falls to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man:
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the sufferer sympathize
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his Creator dies.

3. O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too,
Look on him ye pierc'd and mourn,
For one who bled for you.

4. Weep o'er your desire and hope
With tears of humblest love;
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above;
Lives our head to die no more
Pow'r is all to Jesus given,
Worship'd as he was before,
Th' immortal King of heav'n.

HYMN V. FOR MIDDLETOWN.

Christ's Ascension.

1. **H**AIL the day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
 Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native heaven.

There the pompous triumph waits:

“Lift your heads, eternal gates!

“Wide unfold the radiant scene,

“Take the King of glory in!”

2. Him though highest heav'n receives,

Still he loves the earth he leaves;

Though returning to his throne,

Still he calls mankind his own:

Still for us he intercedes,

Prevalent his death he pleads;

Next himself prepares our place,

Harbinger of human race.

3. Master (may we ever say)

Taken from our head to-day;

See thy faithful servants see,

Ever gazing up to thee!

Grant, though parted from our sight,

High above yon azure height,

Grant our hearts may thither rise,

Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4. Ever upward let us move,

Wasted on the wings of love,

Looking, when our Lord shall come,

Longing, gasping after home;

There we shall with thee remain;

Partners of thine endless reign;

There thy face unclouded see,

Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN VI. for PROVIDENCE.

Christ's Triumph.

1. **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.
2. Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.
3. His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n!
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.
4. He all his foes shall voice,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.
5. Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up,
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' arch angel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

HYMN VII. for TRUMPET.

Christ's second coming.

1. **H**E comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near:
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful soul,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome to the faithful soul.
2. From heav'n, angelic voices sound,
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory decks the Saviour's face!
3. Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own:
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord:
 Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
 Hail him their triumphant Lord.
4. Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the most high:
 Our God who now his right obtains
 Forever and forever reigns;
 Ever, ever, ever, ever,
 Ever and forever reigns.
5. The Father praise, the Son adore,
 The Spirit blest forever more:
 Salvation's glorious work is done
 We welcome thee *great three in one!*
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome thee *great three in one.*

HYMN

HYMN VIII. for LITTLETON.

Judgment.

1. **L**O! he cometh! countless trumpets,
Blow before the bloody sign,
Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See the crucified shine!
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!
2. Now his merit, by the harpers,
Through the eternal deep resounds:
Now resplendent shine his nail prints,
Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds.
They who pierc'd him, they &c. they &c.
Shall at his appearance wail.
3. Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away:
All who hate him, must ashamed
Hear the trump proclaim the day.
Come to judgment, come, &c. come, &c.
Stand before the Son of Man.
4. Saints who love him, view his glory;
Shining in his bruised face;
His dear person on the rainbow,
Now his people's head shall raise.
Happy mourners, happy, &c. happy, &c.
Lo in clouds he comes, he comes.
5. Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All his people, once rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Now the promis'd kingdom's come.
6. View him smiling, now determined
Ev'ry evil to destroy;
All the nations now shall sing him,
Songs of everlasting joy.
O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,
Hallelujah, come Lord, come.

HYMN

HYMN IX. FOR TRINITY.

To the Trinity.

1. **C**OME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious!
 Come and reign over us,
 Antient of days!
2. Jesus our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall!
 Let thine Almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on thee be stay'd;
 Lord hear our call!
3. Come, thou incarnate word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword---
 Our pray'r attend!
 Come! and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success,
 Spirit of holiness
 On us descend!
4. Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour!
 Thou who Almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of pow'r.
5. To the great one in three
 Eternal praises be
 Hence---evermore!
 His sov'reign Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

HYMN X. FOR H O T H A M.

For One under Temptations.

1. **J**ESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past:
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All mine help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness!
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make, and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 Spring thou up within mine heart,
 Rise to all eternity!

H Y M N X I. F O R S T A M F O R D.

Breathing after Holiness.

1. **L** O V E divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down !
Fix in us thine humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown ;
Jesus ! thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart !

2. Breathe ! O breathe thy loving spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest ;
Take away the power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning
Set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come ! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive !
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave !
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

4. Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be,
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by thee !
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

[12]
HYMN XII. FOR WEDNESBURY.

The Christian's Complaint, and Prayer for the Impenitent.

1. **A**H! woe is me, constrain'd to dwell,
Among the sons of night :
Poor finners dropping into hell,
Who hate the gospel light :
Wild as the untam'd Arab's race,
Who from their Saviour fly ;
And trample on his pard'ning grace,
And all his threats defy.

2. Yet here alas ! in pain I live,
Where satan keeps his seat,
And day by day for those I grieve,
Who will to sin submit :
With gushing eyes their deeds I see,
Their punishment is nigh,
I ask with him who ransom'd me,
Why will you sin and die ?

3. Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving pow'r ;
Thy mercy let those outcasts find,
To know their gracious hour.
Ah ! give them Lord, a longer space ;
Nor suddenly consume,
But let them take the proffer'd grace,
And flee the wrath to come.

4. Open their eyes and ears to see
Thy cross, to hear thy cries.
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies.
All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive ;
And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

HYMN

HYMN XIII. FOR H A B A K K U K.

An Act of Faith.

1. **A**WAY my unbelieving fear !
 Fear shall in me no more take place !
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face ;
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield ?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no !
 I never will give up my shield.
2. Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The field illude the tiller's toil,
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race ;
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of thy salvation praise.
3. Barren although my soul remain,
 And no one bud of grace appear,
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin and only sin is here ;
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he dy'd for me.
4. In hope, believing against hope,
 Jesus my Lord and God I claim,
 Jesus my strength shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in Jesu's name :
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN

HYMN XIV. FOR LAUNCESTON.

Farewell to the World.

1. **W**ORLD adieu ! thou real cheat,
 Oft have thy deceitful charms
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
 Foolish hopes, and false alarms ;
 Now I see, as clear as day,
 How thy follies pass away.

2. Vain thy entertaining fights,
 False thy promises renew'd,
 All the pomp of thy delights
 Does but flatter and delude :
 Thee I quit, for heav'n above,
 Object of the noblest love.

3. Farewell honour's empty pride,
 Thy own nice, uncertain gust,
 If the least mischange betide,
 Lays thee lower than the dust :
 Worldly honours end in gall,
 Rise to-day---to-morrow fall.

4. Foolish vanity---farewell---
 More inconstant than the waves,
 Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
 Purest tempers they deprave :
 He, to whom I fly from thee,
 Jesus Christ shall set me free.

5. Let not, Lord ! my wand'ring mind
 Follow after fleeting toys,
 Since, in thee alone, I find
 Solid and substantial joys :
 Joys which never overpast,
 Through eternity shall last.

6. Lord ! how happy is a heart
 After thee while it aspires !
 True and faithful as thou art,
 Thou shalt answer its desires :
 It shall see the glorious scene
 Of thine everlasting reign.

HYMN XV. FOR AMSTERDAM,

The Pilgrim's Song.

1. **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.
2. Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course:
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source:
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
3. Fly me riches, fly me cares,
 While I that coast explore;
 Flat'ring world, with all thy snares,
 Solicit me no more.
 Pilgrims fix not here their home:
 Strangers tarry but a night,
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.
4. Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows cast below,
 And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

HYMN XVI. FOR FEVERSHAM.

Before Sacrament.

1. **C**OME let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above :
If thine heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.
2. Who in Jesus confide,
They are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath :
With the prophet they soar
To that heav'nly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death!
3. By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve :
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies---
For the heaven of heavens is love !
4. Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the city of God the great King !
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace,
The whole heavenly company sing !
5. What a rapturous song
When the glorify'd throng
In the spirit of harmony join ?
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices and lyres,
And the burthen is mercy divine.
6. Hallelujah they cry
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I Am,
To the Lamb who was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

HYMN XVII. FOR BIRKSTED.

1. **W**HO hath our report believed?
 Shiloh come is not received,
 Not received by his own,
 Promised branch from root of Jesse,
 David's offspring sent to bless ye,
 Comes too meekly, too meekly to be known;
2. Tell me O thou favour'd nation,
 What is thy fond expectation!
 Some fair spreading lofty tree?
 Let not worldly pride confound thee;
 'Mong the lowly plants around thee;
 Mark the lowest that is he.
3. Lo Messiah unrespected,
 Man of griefs despis'd, rejected;
 Wounds his form disfiguring;
 Marr'd his visage more than any,
 For he bears the sins of many,
 All our sorrows carrying.
4. No deceit his mouth had spoken,
 Blameless he no laws had broken,
 Yet was number'd with the worst;
 For because the Lord would grieve him;
 We who saw it did believe him,
 For his own offences curst.
5. But while him our thoughts accused
 He for us alone was bruised,
 Stricken smitten for our guilt,
 With his stripes our wounds are cured,
 By his pains our peace assured,
 Purchas'd with the blood he spilt.
6. Blessed be the pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave his son to save us,
 Bless'd the son who freely came,
 Honour, blessing, adoration,
 Ever, from the whole creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

HYMN XVIII. FOR READING

The Soul departing.

1. **H**APPY Soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended
To the sight of Jesus go! Hallelujah, Amen.
2. Waiting to receive thy spirit
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love. Hallelujah. Amen.
3. Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation
To his everlasting rest: Hallelujah. Amen.
4. For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain,
Die to live the life of glory,
Suffer with thy Lord to reign. Hallelujah. Amen.

HYMN XIX. FOR SOMERSET.

The Christian's Prospects.

1. **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As you journey sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!
2. Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us, to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout;

4. Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.
5. Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
6. Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N XX. FOR GREENWICH.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1. **P** LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
2. With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
4. O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak!
5. Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all our harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N

HYMN XXI. FOR DORSET.

Faith in Christ.

1. **H**OW sad our fate by nature is,
 Our sin how deep it stains !
 And satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.
 But there's a voice of sov' reign grace
 Sounds from God's sacred word ;
 Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come
 And trust upon the Lord.
2. O may we hear th' Almighty call,
 And run to this relief !
 We would believe thy promise, Lord,
 O help our unbelief !
 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
 Teach us, O Lord, to fly ;
 There may we wash our spotted souls,
 From crimes of deepest dye !
3. Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
 Our reigning sins subdue ;
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,
 With his infernal crew.
 Poor, guilty, weak and helpless worms,
 Into thine hands we fall ;
 Be thou our strength and righteousness,
 Our Jesus and our all !

HYMN XXII. FOR FALMOUTH.

1. **L**ORD we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow :
 Oh ! do not our suit disdain,
 Shall we seek thee Lord, in vain.
2. Lord, on thee our souls depend,
 In compassion now descend :
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3. In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee---here we stay,
Lôrd, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
4. Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
5. Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those who are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.
6. Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God sincere and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N XXIII. FOR PORTSMOUTH.

The departed Christian.

1. **S**OLDIER of Christ adieu !
Thy conflicts here are past ;
Thy Lord hath brought thee through,
And giv'n the crown at last,
Rejoice to wear the glorious prize,
Rejoice with God in paradise.
2. There all thy suff'rings cease,
There all thy griefs are o'er ;
The pris'ner is at peace,
The mourner weeps no more ;
From man's oppressive tyranny
Thou liv'st, thou liv'st for ever free.
3. Thou out of great distress
To thy reward art past ;
Triumphant happiness,
And joys that always last :
Thanks be to God, who set thee free,
And gave thee final victory.

H Y M N

O D E XXIV. FOR E A S T E R.
*Delivered for our Offences---Raised again for our
 Justification.*

1. **H**E dies, the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come faints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;
We shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
2. Here's love and grief beyond degree!
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus the dead revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
3. Break off your tears, ye faints; and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster *Death* in chains!
 Say, "live forever, wond'rous King!
 "Born to redeem; and strong to save;"
 Then ask the monster, "where's thy sting?
 And where's thy victory, boasting *Grave*!"

H Y M N XXV. FOR R O N D E A U.
God our Shepherd.

1. **T**H E Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care:
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When

2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.
3. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horror overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade?
4. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN XXVI. FOR FUNERAL THOUGHT.

A Funeral Thought.

1. **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry ;
“ Ye living men, come view the ground
“ Where you must shortly lie.
2. “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,
“ In spite of all your tow'rs ;
“ The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
“ Must lie as low as ours.”
3. Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure !
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more !
4. Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN XXVII. FOR EASTER-DAY.

Christ's Victory over Death.

1. **J**ESUS CHRIST is ris'n to-day, Hallelujah,
 Our triumphant holiday, Hallelujah,
 Who so lately on the cross. Hallelujah,
 Suffer'd to redeem my loss, Hallelujah.

2. Hymns of praises let us sing, Hallelujah,
 Unto Christ our heav'nly King, Hallelujah,
 Who endur'd the cross and grave, Hallelujah,
 Sinners to redeem and save, Hallelujah.

3. But the pains which he endur'd, Hallelujah,
 Our salvation hath procur'd, Hallelujah,
 Now he reigns above the sky, Hallelujah,
 Where the angels ever cry, Hallelujah.

HYMN XXVIII. FOR CHRISTMAS.

Christ's Birth.

1. **L**IFT up you heads in joyful hope,
 Salute the happy morn ;
 Each heav'nly pow'r
 Proclaims the glad hour,
 Lo Jesus the Saviour is born.

2. All glory be to God on high,
 To him all praise is due ;
 The promise is seal'd,
 The Saviour's reveal'd
 And proves that the record is true.

3. Let joy around like rivers flow,
 Flow on, and still increase ;
 Spread o'er the glad earth
 At Jesus his birth,
 For heav'n and earth are at peace.

4. Now

4. Now the good-will of heav'n is shown,
Tow'rds Adam's helpless race,
Messiah is come
To ransom his own,
To save them by infinite grace.

5. Then let us join the heav'ns above,
Where hymning seraphs sing,
Join all the glad pow'rs,
For their Lord is ours,
Our prophet, our priest, and our king.

H Y M N X X I X . F O R M O U R N E R S .

The Christian longing to depart.

1. **F** A I N T is my head and sick my heart;
While thou dost ever ever stay !
Fixt in my soul I feel the dart ;
Groaning I feel it night and day ;
Come, Lord, and shew thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee !

2. Canst thou withhold thy healing grace,
So kindly lavish of thy blood ;
When swiftly trickling down thy face,
For sin the purple current flow'd. Come, &c.

3. O loose this frame, life's knot untie ;
That my free soul may use her wing,
Now pinion'd with mortality,
A weak entangled wretched thing. Come, &c.

4. Why should I longer stay and groan?
The most of me to heav'n is fled :
My thoughts and joys are thither gone ;
To all below I now am dead. Come, &c.

HYMN XXX. FOR JUBILEE.

The Year of Jubilee.

1. **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bounds,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home!
2. The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal home!
3. Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home!

HYMN XXXI. FOR HALIFAX.

The Gospel Invitation.

1. **H**O! ev'ry one who thirst's, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race)
Mercy, and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
2. Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your maker's call,
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.
3. See, from the rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money you need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.
4. Nothing you in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon, and peace, in Jesus find.

A N O D E • N S P R I N G .

1. **H**AIL, hail reviv'd reviving Spring,
 Fair type of Heav'n's eternal year!
 While natures works thy praises sing,
 Lo ! gratitude salutes thee here.
 Swell, gently swell, the solemn song :
 Now pour the bounding notes along ;
 Teach choirs below to choirs above,
 To echo back the common lay ;
 And as they praise unbounded love,
 To join in bounty's holiday.

2. All lost beneath stern winter's reign,
 Creations genial pow'rs appear'd ;
 Spring call'd them into life again,
 See ! budding verdure shows they heard.
 Bless, bless O man the kind design,
 Whose nobler counterpart is thine :
 Thy pow'rs a gloomier winter froze,
 Till thy Messiah's cheering ray
 Prolific of fair truth arose,
 And shed the blaze of mental day.

3. All spotless as the truth he taught.
 Free as the mercy he display'd,
 He show'd what human duty ought,
 He did what heav'nly goodness bade,
 Enforc'd each just command he gave,
 Nor liv'd nor dy'd in vain to save :
 His realms on high, his worlds below,
 All witness'd his unwearied care ;
 The victim here of gen'ral woe,
 The Captain of Salvation there.

To God the universal King,
 Be sacred ev'ry grateful choir :
 In endless hymns all praises sing,
 That heavenly bounty can inspire.

ANTHEMS.

A N T H E M S.

A N T H E M. FROM SUNDRY SCRIPTURES.

ARISE, shine, O Zion, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee: And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and Kings to the brightness of thy rising. Sing, sing, O Heavens, and be joyful, O earth, for behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Amen. Hallelujah. Amen.

A N T H E M. FROM PSALM CXXXVII.

BY the rivers of Babylon, we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion! As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the trees that were therein. For they who led us away captive, required of us then a song and melody. Sing, sing us *one* of the songs of Zion. How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her *cunning*. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.

A N T H E M. FROM ISAIAH XLIV.

SING, sing, O ye Heavens! for the Lord hath done it: Shout, shout, ye lower parts of the earth: For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and ev'ry tree therein: For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

ANTHEM

A N T H E M. FROM PSALM XLVII.

O CLAP your hands together, all ye people. **O** sing unto God with the voice of melody! For the Lord is high, and to be fear'd. He is the great King upon all the earth. God is gone up with a merry noise, and the Lord with the found of a trumpet. O sing praises unto our God! sing praises unto our King!

A N T H E M. FROM PSALM CIV.

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art become exceeding glorious! Thou art clothed with majesty and honour. Hallelujah---Amen. Thou deckest thyself with light, as it were with a garment, and spreadest out the Heavens like a curtain. Who layest the beams of his chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind: He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire: He laid the foundations of the earth, that it never be removed. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches. The glorious majesty of the Lord shall endure forever. The Lord shall rejoice in his works. Hallelujah---Amen.

A N T H E M, FROM PSALM XCVI.

O SING unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the whole earth, and praise his name. Be telling of his salvation from day to day. Declare his honour unto the heathen, and his wonders unto the people. Glory and worship are before him, power and strength are in his sanctuary. Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye kindred of the people, ascribe unto the Lord worship and power; ascribe unto the Lord the honour due unto his name. Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea make a noise, and all that is therein. Let the fields be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord. Hallelujah.

ANTHEM

A N T H E M. FROM JOB, Chap. VII.

IS *there* not an appointed time to man upon earth? *Are not* his days also as the days of an hireling? I'm made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me. When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? I'm full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day. My flesh is cloth'd with worms, and clods of dust; my skin is broken, and become loathsome, I loath *it*, I would not live always: let me alone, for my days *are* vanity. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope. O remember that my life is wind! mine eye shall no more see good. As the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away; so he who goeth down to the grave, shall come up no *more*: for now shall I sleep in the dust, and thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be.

A N T H E M. FROM PSALM XXXIX.

I SAID, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle, while the ungodly is in my sight. I held my tongue and spake nothing; I kept silence; yea, *even* from good words; but it was pain and grief unto me. My heart was hot within me, and while I was musing, the fire kindled; and at last I spake with my tongue. Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days, *that* I may be certified how long I have to live. Behold, thou hast made my days *as it were* a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily all men living are altogether vanity. For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up *riches*, and cannot tell who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in thee.---Hear my prayer, O Lord! and with thine ears consider my calling; hold not thy peace at my tears; for I *am* a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers *were*. O spare me a little while, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen.

ANTHEM

A N T H E M. FROM LUKE, Chap. II.

BEHOLD, I bring you glad tidings of joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this *shall be* a sign unto you. You shall find the babe wrapt in swaddling cloths, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heav'nly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men. Hallelujah.

A N T H E M. FROM PSALM CXXIV.

IF the Lord himself had not been on our side--- now may Israel say; if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us; they had swallowed us up quick; yea, the waters had drown'd us, and the stream had gone over our soul. But praised be the Lord, our soul is escap'd, *even* as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are delivered. Our help standeth in the name of the Lord, who made heav'n and earth.

A N T H E M. FROM 2^d SAM. Chap. I.

THE beauty of Israel is slain upon thine high places: How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon: Lest the daughters of the Philistines should rejoice, and the daughters of the uncircumcised should triumph--- Ye mountains of Gilboa, *let there be* no dew, neither rain upon you; for there the shield of the Mighty is vilely cast away. Saul and Jonathan *were* lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.---Ye daughters of Israel, weep, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with *other* delights; who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen, in the midst of the battle!--O Jonathan! *thou wast* slain upon *thine* high places: I am distressed for thee, O my brother Jonathan! very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.---How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

A N T H E M

ANTHEM. FROM PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the world! Thou hast set thy glory above the heavens! Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger. I will consider the heavens the works of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained. What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou mad'st him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory and worship. O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the world!

ANTHEM. FROM I. KINGS, Chap. viii, AND
PSALM 152.

O LORD God of Israel, *there's* no God like thee; in heav'n above, or on the earth beneath; who keep'st covenant and mercy with those, who *walk* before thee with all their heart. Arise, O Lord, into thy resting place; thou, and the ark of thy strength. Let thy priests, O Lord, be cloathed with righteousness, and let thy saints sing with joyfulness: But will God indeed dwell on earth? Behold, the heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain thee! Yet have respect to the prayer of thy servants, that thine eyes may be open day and night to the prayer of thy people. O Lord my God, hear from heav'n, thy dwelling place; and when thou hear'st, forgive. For thy servant David's sake, turn not away the face of thine anointed. For the Lord hath chosen Zion, to be an habitation for himself. This shall be my rest forever: here will I dwell.--I will deck her priests with health, and her saints shall rejoice and sing. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from this time forth, forever-more. Amen.

HYMN XXXII. FOR WORCESTER.

On Peace.

1. **B**EHOLD, array'd in Light
 And by Divine Command,
 Fair Peace, the Child of Heav'n, descends
 To this afflicted Land !
 Like the bright Morning Star
 She leads a glorious Day,
 And o'er this western World extends
 Her all reviving Ray.
2. Your Swords to Plough shares turn'd,
 Your Fields with Plenty crown'd,
 Shall laugh and sing---and Freedom spread
 The Voice of Gladness round.
 Oh, Sing a new made song !
 To God your Hymns address,
 He rul'd the hearts of mighty Kings,
 And gave our Arms Success.
3. He check'd our haughty Foe
 And bad the Contest cease,---
 " Thus, and no farther, shalt thou go
 Be all the World at Peace,
 No more shall savage War
 Lead on the hostile Band ;
 No more shall suff'ring Captives mourn,
 Or Blood pollute the Land."
4. Confess Jehovah's Pow'r
 And magnify his Name,
 Let all the World with one Accord,
 His wondrous work proclaim,
 Let us with Hearts devout
 Declare what we have seen,
 And to our Children's Children tell
 How good the Lord hath been.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIII. FOR CRUCIFIXION:

1. **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus cross subdu'd,
See his body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood,
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murther'd God's eternal Son!
2. Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix him here,
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with a soldiers spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice:
For a sinful world he dies.
3. Shall we let him die in vain?
Still to death pursue our God?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No; with all our sins we part--
Saviour, take my broken heart.

HYMN XXXIV. FOR GROTON.

CHRIST on the Tree.

1. **M**OURN, mourn, ye Saints, who once did see
Our Saviour dear nail'd to the tree:
A bitter death he did endure,
To save the souls of men secure.
2. Oh, how his purple streams did flow!
His blood on man he did bestow;
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
And pierced side ran down with blood.
3. What wisdom can conceive or know,
What tongue or pen can truly show
The vast dimensions of his love,
Or show his pow'r in heav'n above?
4. To God be praise and worship done,
For giving us his only Son;
Let's tune our souls, and him adore
In hallelujahs evermore.

HYMN

HYMN XXXV. FOR P E W S E Y.

1. **T**HOU Jesus, art our king!
 Thy ceaseless praise we sing;
 Praise shall our glad tongue employ
 Praise o'erflow our grateful soul,
 While we vital breath employ,
 While eternal ages roll.
2. Thou art th' eternal light,
 Thou shin'st in deepest night,
 Wan'dring gaz'd th' angelic train
 While thou bow'dst the heav'ns beneath,
 God with God wert man with man,
 Man to save from endless death.
3. Thou with our pain didst mourn,
 Thou hast our sickness born:
 All our sins on thee were laid!
 Thou with unexampled grace
 All the mighty debt hast paid,
 Due from Adam's helpless race!
4. Enthron'd above yon sky,
 Thou reign'st with God most high:
 Prostrate at thy feet we fall!
 Pow'r supreme to thee is giv'n,
 Thee, the righteous judge of all,
 Thee, the Lord of earth and heav'n!
5. Arise stir up thy pow'r,
 Thou deathless conqueror!
 King of all! with pitying eye
 Mark the toil and pains we feel!
 'Midst the snares of death we lie
 'Midst the banded pow'rs of hell.
6. O Lord! O God of love!
 Let us thy mercy prove!
 Help us to obtain the prize,
 Help us well to close our race;
 That with thee above the skies,
 Endless joy we may possess.

HYMN XXXVI. FOR SKY LARK.

1. **W**HEN all thy mercies O my God,
 My rising soul furveys.
 Why my cold heart art thou not lost,
 In wonder love and praise?
 Thy providence my life sustain'd
 And all thy wants redress'd,
 While in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast. Hallelujah!
2. To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in pray'r.
 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd. Hallelujah!
3. When in the slip'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way,
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they. Hallelujah!
4. Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The pleasing theme renew.
 Through all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But O! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise. Hallelujah!

HYMN XXXVII. FOR NEWPORT.

1. **T**HOU great and sacred Lord of all,
 Of life the only spring,
 Creator of unnumber'd worlds,
 Immensely glorious King.
 Whose image shakes the stagg'ring mind,
 Beyond conception high,
 Crown'd with omnipotence and veil'd
 With dark eternity.

2. Drive from the confines of my heart,
 Impenitence and pride :
 Nor let me in erroneous paths
 With thoughtless ideots glide.
 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
 Sees for thy creature fit,
 I'll bless the good and to the ill
 Contentedly submit.

3. With humane pleasure let me view
 The prosp'rous and the great ;
 Malignant envy let me fly,
 With odious self-conceit.
 Let not despair nor curs'd revenge
 Be to my bosom known ;
 O give me tears for others woe
 And patience for my own.

4. Feed me with necessary food,
 I ask not wealth or fame :
 But give me eyes to view thy works,
 And sense to praise thy name.
 May still my days obscurely pass,
 Without remorse or care ;
 And let me for the parting hour,
 My trembling ghost prepare.

HYMN XXXVIII. FOR FULHAM.

1. PRAISE to the God who arch'd the sky,
 Is the high note that wakes my tongue ;
 Praise to the God who reigns on high,
 Shall be the cadence of the song :
 Celestial worlds your Maker's name
 Resound through ev'ry shining coast :
 Our God a greater praise will claim,
 Where he unfolds his glories most.

2. Angels who his commission bear,
 And ye who wait around the throne, |
 Next in the tuneful work appear,
 And send your lofty honours down.
 Stupenduous globe of flaming day,
 Praise him in your sublime career,
 He struck from night thy peerless ray,
 Weigh'd thee thy path and guides thee there.

3. Monarchs, who hold imperial sway,
 By leave from heav'ns eternal King,
 Come with the millions who obey
 Your nod, and your Creator sing.
 Judges enthron'd in Salems gates,
 Th' impartial Judge of all revere ;
 And while you seal the mortal fates,
 Think of your sentence at his bar.

4. Let youth of ev'ry sex and rank,
 Exulting in the bloom of life,
 Their God for all his blessings thank,
 And join the loud harmonious strife.
 Hoary in holiness, the sage
 With grateful songs should meet his death,
 And infants in their tender age,
 Should lift their God with joyful breath.

5. From

5. From clime to clime, from shore to shore;
Be the almighty God ador'd ;
He made the nations by his pow'r,
And sways them with his sov'reign word.
At once let nature's ample round,
To God the vast thanksgiving raise :
His high perfection knows no bound,
But fills th' immensity of space.

H Y M N X X X I X . F O R P A L M I S .

1. **E**TERNAL pow'r whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2. Thee while the first archangel sings
He hides his face behind his wings
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping and spread the ground.

3. Lord what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to thee we cry
The great, the holy and the high !

4. Earth from afar has heard thy fame ;
And worms have learnt to list thy name ;
But O the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5. God is in heav'n and men below
Be short our tunes, our words be few !
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

H Y M N

1. **J**ESU, my God and King;
 Thy regal state I sing:
 Thou, and only thou art great,
 High thine everlasting throne;
 Thou the sov'reign Potentate,
 Blest immortal thou alone.

2. Essay your choicest strains,
 The King Messiah reigns!
 Tune your harps, celestial choir,
 Joyful all, your voices raise,
 Christ than earth-born monarchs higher;
 Sons of men and angels praise.

3. Hail your dread Lord and ours,
 Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs;
 Source of pow'r he rules alone;
 Veil your eyes and prostrate fall,
 Cast your crowns before his throne,
 Hail the cause, the Lord of all.

4. Justice and truth maintain
 Thine everlasting reign:
 One with thine almighty fire,
 Partner of an equal throne,
 King of hearts, let all conspire,
 Gratefully thy sway to own.

5. Let earth's remotest bound
 With echoing joys resound;
 Christ to praise let all conspire;
 Praise to Christ doth all belong;
 Shout ye first-born sons of fire,
 Earth repeat the glorious song.

1. **B**EGIN the high celestial strain,
 My ravish'd soul, and sing
 A solemn hymn of grateful praise,
 To heav'n's almighty King.
 Ye circling mountains as you roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Whisper to all your verdant shores
 The subject of my song.

2. Retain it long, you echoing rocks,
 The sacred sound retain,
 And from your hollow winding caves
 Return it oft again.
 Bear it, ye winds on all your wings
 To distant climes away,
 And round the wide extended world
 My lofty theme convey.

3. Take the glad burthen of his name,
 Ye clouds, as you arise,
 Whether to deck the golden morn,
 Or shade the ev'ning skies.
 Let harmless thunders roll along
 The smooth ethereal plain,
 And answer from the crystal vault
 To ev'ry flying strain.

4. Long let it warble round the spheres,
 And eccho through the sky,
 Till angels with immortal skill
 Improve the harmony.
 While I with sacred rapture fir'd
 The blest creator sing,
 And warble consecrated lays
 To heav'n's almighty King.

1. **O** God of good th' unfathom'd sea,
 Who would not give his heart to thee ?
 Who would not love thee with his might ?
O Jesus lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength to thee unite ?
 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays ;
 Before th' unsufferable blaze,
 Angels with both wings veil their eyes :
 Yet free as air their bounty streams
 On all thy works ; thy mercy's beams
 Diffusive as thy sun's arise.

2. Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
 Earth, hell, and heav'n's strong pillars bow,
 Terrible majesty is thine !
 Who then can that vast love express
 Which bows the down to me, who less
 Than nothing am, till thou art mine !
 High thron'd on heav'n's eternal hill,
 In number, weight, and measure still
 Thou sweetly orderest all that is :
 And yet thou diegn'st to come to me,
 And guide my steps, that I with thee
 Enthron'd may reign in endless bliss !

3. Fountain of good, all blessing flows
 From thee, no want thy fulness knows,
 What but thyself canst thou desire ?
 Yes, self-sufficient as thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless heart,
 This only this thou dost require !
 Primeval beauty ! in thy sight
 The first born, fairest sons of light,
 See all their brightest glories fade
 What then to me thy eyes could turn,
 In sin conceiv'd, of woman born,
 A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade ?

4. Hell's

2. Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
 And trembling own th' almighty God,
 Sov'reign of earth, air, hell and sky !
 But who is this who comes from far,
 Whose garments roll'd in blood appear ?
 'Tis God made man for man to die !
 O God of good th' unfathom'd sea,
 Who would not give his heart to thee ?
 Who would not love thee with his might ?
 O Jesus, lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind
 With all his strength to the unite ?

HYMN XLIII. FOR SCOTLAND.

1. **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll,
 O'er the sharp sorrows of my soul,
 And read my maker's broken laws,
 Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross ;
 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
 Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
 And see the man who groan'd and dy'd,
 Sit glorious by his fathers side ;

2. My passions rise and soar above,
 I'm wing'd with faith and fir'd with love ;
 Fair would I reach celestial things,
 And learn the notes that Gabriel sings :
 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
 For want of their immortal strains
 And in such humble notes as these
 Must fall below thy victories.

HYMN

HYMN XLIV. FOR W A T E R T O W N.

On the Day of Judgment.

1. **W**Hen the fierce north wind, with his airy forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
Rushing amain down.
2. How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.
3. Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great Ark angel
Shakes the creation ;
4. Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Break up old marble, the repose of princes ;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them !
5. Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare through their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.
6. Thoughts, like old Vultures, prey upon their
[heart-strings.
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.
7. Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and shiver
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them head-long
Down to the centre.
8. Stop here, my fancy : (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas) come, arise to Jesus,
How he sits God-like ! and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring !
9. O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the redeemer.

HYMN XLV. FOR DEERFIELD.

On the death of Miss R.

1. **A**ND is the lovely shadow fled.
The blooming wonder of her years,
So soon inshrined among the dead.
She justly claims our pious tears :
Who now to heav'nly spirits join'd,
Hath left our wretched world behind.
2. Her early shortliv'd excellence
With meek submission we bemoan,
Snatch'd in a fatal moment hence,
Gone from our arms to Jesus gone,
To heighten by her swift remove
The grief below, and joy above.
3. In vain the dear departing saint
Forbids our gushing tears to flow,
Forbear my friends your fond complaint,
From earth to heav'n I gladly go,
To glorious company above,
Bright angels, and the God of love.
4. O praise him and rejoice for me
So happy, happy in my God !
So soon from all my pain set free,
And hasten to that blest abode,
With swift desire my steps pursue,
And take the prize prepar'd for you.
5. Meet am I for the great reward,
The great reward I know is mine,
Come O my sweet redeeming Lord,
Open those lovely arms of thine,
And take me up thy face to see,
And let me die to live with thee.
6. The pray'r is seal'd the soul is fled,
And sees the Saviour face to face :
But still she speaks to us though dead.
She calls us to that heav'nly place,
Where all the storms of life are o'er,
And pain and parting is no more.

HYMN

HYMN XLVI: FOR SOPHRONIA.

An Elegy on Sophronia, who died of the Small-Pox 1711.

1. **F**Orbear, my friends, forbear, and ask no more,
Where all my cheerful airs are fled?
Why will you make me talk my torments o'er?
My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.
2. Deep from my soul, mark how the sobs arise,
Hear the long groans that waste my breath,
And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes,
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.
3. Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face
With tumors of a mortal pale,
While mortal purples with their dismal grace
And double horror spot the veil.
4. Uncomely veil, and most unkind disease!
Is this Sophronia, once the fair?
Are these the features that were born to please?
And beauty spread her ensigns there?
5. I was all love, and she was all delight,
Let me run back to seasons past;
Ah flow'ry days when first she charm'd my sight!
But roses will not always last.
6. Yet still Sophronia pleas'd, nor time, nor care,
Could take her youthful bloom away:
Virtue has charms which nothing can impair;
Beauty like hers could ne'er decay.
7. Grace is a sacred plant of heav'nly birth:
The seed descending from above
Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy, and love.
8. Such was Sophronia's soul celestial dew
And angels food were her repast:
Devotion was her work; and thence she drew
Delights which strangers never taste.
9. Not the gay splendors of a flattering court
Could tempt her to appear and shine:
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort;
But I was blest and she was mine.
10. Safe

10. Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung;
 Her smiles could all my pains control,
 Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue
 Was soft and gentle as her soul.

11. She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all;
 Love grew with ev'ry waning moon;
 Had heaven a length of years delay'd its call,
 Still I had thought it call'd too soon.

12. But peace my sorrows! nor with murmuring voice,
 Dare to accuse heavens high decree:
 She was first ripe for everlasting joys;
 Sophron, she waits above for thee.

HYMN XLVII. FOR CHESHUNT.

1. **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds,
 While o'er the mountain tops he bounds,
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my soul with transport fills:
 Gently doth he chide my stay,
 Rise my love and come away.

2. The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
 The rain is gone, the winter's past,
 The lovely vernal flow'rs appear,
 The feather'd choirs invite our ear:
 Now with sweetly pensive moan,
 Coos the turtle dove alone.

3. The voice of my beloved sounds,
 While o'er the mountain tops he bounds,
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my soul with transport fills:
 Gently doth he chide my stay,
 Rise my love and come away.

HYMN

HYMN XLVIII. FOR DUNSTAN.

1. **G**LORY and honour be to thee,
Thou self-sufficient Deity;
Thee we revere, and thee adore,
In mercy infinite, and power.
2. To thee, our joyful hearts we raise,
To thee, we bring our songs of praise;
Whose bounteous care and love imparts,
Celestial blessings to our hearts.
3. Unto the holy triune God,
Who hast on us, poor worms, bestow'd
Such favours, such amazing grace,
We pay our homage, thanks and praise.

The Reader is desired to make the following Corrections.

PAGE 6, verse 4, line 1, for *voice* read *quell*.

Page 17, line 6, the words *too meekly* should not be repeated.

Page 22, for *Ode* read *Hymn*.

Page 32, for *Psalms* 152 read 132.

Hymn 25, set to *Rondeau*, may be sung in the tune *Stratford*, and the tune *Rondeau*, in the 145th Psalm by Dr. Watts, repeating the first line, *Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,* after every second line.