

**HYMNS COMPOSED ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS**

**BY**

**JOSEPH HART,**

**LATE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL**

**JEWIN STREET.**

**LONDON**

**WITH THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE.**

**THIS EDITION CONTAINS**  
**A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,**  
**AND**  
**AN INDEX TO THE FIRST LINE OF EVERY VERSE.**

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things; his right hand,  
and his holy arm, hath gotten him him victory.

Psalm 98:1

## MEMOIR OF JOSEPH HART

It has been for some years the earnest wish of the Editor of the present edition of this volume of hymns, to collect and present to the admirers of them some further account of their author than what he has given himself. Believing such an account would prove acceptable, he has with this view made numerous enquiries, and searched a variety of publications of that time, but without much success. For the materials of which the present memoir is composed, he is indebted principally to Mr. John Hughes' Funeral Sermon, and Mr. Andrew Kinsman's Funeral Oration, with Wilson's History of the Dissenting Churches of London.

Joseph Hart was born in the city of London, about the year 1712, of believing parents, who made him the subject of many prayers. Nothing is known concerning his parents further than what is stated by himself in his Experience, and what may be gathered from Kinsman's Oration. Kinsman says, "I had the pleasure of knowing, and, I will say, the honour too of preaching the gospel to his aged parents, who both died in the faith." "It is probable, from this circumstance, that Hart's parents attended the ministry of George Whitefield, for whom Kinsman used to come to London to preach. Very few particulars of Hart's early years are to be got at. He received a classical education; but where he was educated, or whether for any specific profession, cannot now be ascertained. It appears from the testimony of Mr. John Hughes, who was his brother-in-law, and successor in the ministry in Jewin Street, that "his civil calling was that of a teacher of the learned languages."

About the year 1733, Hart began to be under great anxiety concerning his eternal state; of which he gives a full account in his Experience. In that state of concern he continued till about 1740, when some rays of light broke in upon his gloomy path, and raised him to a comfortable hope: but his continuance in that happy state was but of short duration; for, as he says, "rushing impetuously into notions beyond his experience, he hastened to make himself a christian by mere doctrine; adopting other men's opinions before he had tried them, and set up for a great light in religion." It was at this juncture (1741) that he published a pamphlet (which has been several times reprinted) entitled, *The Unreasonableness of Religion; being remarks and animadversions on Mr. John Wesley's Sermon on Rom. viii. 32.* Soon after the publication of this piece, he fell into the state of gross backsliding described in his Experience, and in that awful state he remained, as far as can be judged, till about 1751.

During that period he "published several pieces on different subjects, chiefly translations of the ancient heathens." One of these works was a translation of Herodian's History of his own time (published in 1749), which we have seen. It is said by a competent judge, to be "a fair translation, except where he would fain give a different meaning to a word, which, in its right interpretation, militates against any hypothesis which he then held." Another was a translation of Phocylides. The notes and prefaces which Hart prefixed to these two works, with others, with whose names we are unacquainted, afterwards cost him many painful reflections. About the year 1751, he "began by degrees to reform a little, and to live in a more sober and orderly manner." He went on in this way for a few years, "feeling tolerably confident of the goodness of his state," till 1755, when it appears he fell into a deep despondency of mind, in which he remained till 1757, when the Lord appeared for his deliverance for the account of which the reader is referred to his own relation.

Mr. Hughes very emphatically describes the state of Mr. Hart during the period we have just been speaking of, and the sincerity of his repentance. He says, "Our poor deceased brother for a time, like Nebuchadnezzar, ran wild with the beasts of the field, till seven times had passed over him; yet his body

was all the while wet with the dew of heaven, to keep him from being utterly consumed in the fire of sin, and his roots (like Nebuchadnezzar's) were left in the earth until his reason returned; and being subdued by faith, was made to acknowledge that the most high God ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and giveth them to whomsoever he will." Mr. Hughes further says, "He gave a proof of the soundness of his faith by the soundness of his repentance, openly confessing his sins to all the world, and forsaking them: and though he knew assuredly that his sins were for ever pardoned, yet he was contented to stand in the porch of the house of the Lord all his, days alone bearing his shame, that others might learn to fear the Lord by the things which he suffered. It is, and hath been of old, the good pleasure of God for example to others, oftentimes to expose the sins of his beloved saints: and it is plain the thing is of God; for man left to himself would never do it; witness David, who strove to hide his sin, with all the subtlety the devil could help him to. And so will every man till God sends some prophet to him, to give him spiritual physic to bring him to repentance; neither can he be cleared of them any other way to his soul's comfort. For though the natural man may think to hide his sin with his body in the grave, yet the regenerate man knows from the Word of God it must not, nor can it be so; for he finds God will make him vomit up his sweet morsels of sins, by reproving, convicting, and setting them in order before his eyes; for God, if he pleaseth, can appear to us as tearing us in pieces, and none can deliver."

In 1759. he published his hymns, to which he prefixed the account of his experience before referred to. This publication most likely drew him into the notice of many godly persons, and was the means, under God, of calling him into the ministry. We find Mr. Kinsman, speaking of this time, says, "I knew him to be the son of many prayers years ago; and from this knowledge, as soon as I had read his Experience and Hymns, (believing his tender parents' earnest addresses to the throne of grace for him were in some measure answered) I found my heart warmed with the relation, and my soul knit to the writer. This love led me eagerly to seek after a personal interview; and from the year 1759, a religious and literary correspondence ensued. O how full were his epistles of sound experience! How sweetly did he write of Jesus and his great salvation! Since that we have lived as brethren, and servants of the same Master."

After the Lord graciously turned the captivity of Mr. Hart, it became his ardent desire to be made useful in the church of God. It was not long before a way was opened. He is said to have "delivered his first discourse at the old Meeting-House, St. John's Court, Bermondsey." In 1760, he took possession of Jewin Street Meeting-House, in which place he continued to minister till the time of his death. This meeting-house stood behind the spot on which the present chapel stands, and was much larger. It was built of wood in the year 1672, for the celebrated William Jenkyn, author of an excellent Commentary on the Epistle of Jude. Being possessed of popular talents, Mr. Hart was attended by a considerable congregation; larger, indeed, frequently, than the place could contain.

Mr. Hughes, in his Funeral Sermon for Mr. Hart, says, concerning this period, "It is well known to many, that he came into the work of the ministry in much weakness and brokenness of soul, and labouring under many deep temptations of a dreadful nature; for though the Lord was pleased to confirm him in his everlasting love to his soul, yet (to my knowledge) he was at times so left to the buffetings of Satan for the trial of his faith, and to such clouds and darkness on his soul, that he has been oftentimes obliged to preach to the church with sense and reason flying in his own face, and his faith at the same time like a bruised reed; insomuch that he has often done by the church as the widow of Zarephath did to the prophet Elijah, who made him a cake of that little she had, when she herself seemed at the very point of starving." While death thus wrought in him, his preaching was no doubt more abundantly blest to poor tried sinners, as is usually the case. "Prayer, meditation, and temptation, make a minister," says Luther. These exercises of soul furnished him with a great variety in his ministry, suitable to the variety of trials common to the called in

Christ Jesus.

Mr. John Towers, recommending one edition of Mr. Hart's Hymns, gives this character of the nature of his preaching: he says, "This book of Hymns so exactly describes the preaching of its author, that it may be justly said, that in them, 'he being dead, yet speaketh.' Herein the doctrines of the gospel are illustrated so practically, the precepts of the word enforced so evangelically, and their effects stated so experimentally, that with propriety it may be styled, a treasury of doctrinal, practical, and experimental divinity."

Mr. Hart's ministry was most abundantly blest to a large and prosperous church, of which many members had been called by grace; and many refreshed under the preached word from his lips, particularly at the table of the Lord, "in which glorious ordinance," says Mr. Hughes, "our departed friend was known to have much of the power and presence of the Lord Jesus." Mr. Hughes says further, in the preface to the Sermon, "It is true our brother was a singular man: but it seems God had singular work for him to do; and that his labour hath not been in vain in the Lord, thousands of souls in this kingdom are living witnesses. His plain, simple, but experimental and comfortable hymns, have been a means of refreshing and strengthening the souls of many who have been ready to give up all soul affairs for lost; and many poor prodigals who have long fed on husks, and have been almost starved, have ventured with him to arise and go to their Father, and say, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son;' and with him have received their Father's kiss; and have had their poor wandering feet shod with the gospel shoes; and the best robe (even that of Christ's righteousness) put on them; and on the right hand of their faith the ring of everlasting love. I have thought sometimes that as he was much beloved of God, therefore he gave him a poetical turn to please him in his solitary path; and though he never made a profession of that art, yet I doubt not but when God shall make up the grand concert, he will be found among the sweet singers of Israel. It is true, it was his lot in the days of his pilgrimage, to sing chiefly the bass, but those who are skilled in music tell us that it is the ground work of that science." Concerning his faithfulness as a minister, Mr. Hughes, addressing himself to the people, calls upon them to bear him remembrance "for his undaunted courage in stoutly defending, with all his might, the peculiar doctrines of the gospel, viz., the Trinity in Unity; the electing love of God; the free justification of the sinner by the imputation of Christ's righteousness, and salvation alone by his precious blood; the new birth and final perseverance of the saints; always insisting upon a life and conversation becoming the gospel; contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, who were chosen to be holy, and without blame before him in love; being watchful over you, as a shepherd over his flock, lest the bear or the wild boar out of the wood should scatter you."

He was not less determined in preserving his pulpit free from the pollution of the errors of the day. Mr. Toplady records this anecdote of him: "The late excellent Mr. Joseph Hart made it his inviolable rule, not to let an Arian, an Arminian, or any unsound preacher, occupy his pulpit so much as once. His usual saying on these occasions was, I will keep my pulpit as chaste as my bed." Another contemporary, the pharisaical Dr. Johnson, makes a memorandum in his Prayers and Meditations, which conveys an opinion of Hart that might be expected. He writes, "Easter-day, 1764. I went to church; I gave a shilling; and seeing a poor girl at the sacrament, in a bed gown, I gave her privately a crown, though I saw Hart's Hymns in her hand." An interesting letter relating to Mr. Hart, under the form of an allegory, may be found in Shrubsole's Christian Memoirs, and though some part of it is obscure, it appears plain that Mr. Whitefield knew him, and was highly gratified with the account Hart gave him of God's dealings with his soul. It intimates also that as soon as God turned his captivity, he zealously contended for the doctrines of sovereign grace against Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors, who were labouring hard at that time (and with too much success) to re-establish the old heresy of Pelagius: nor were his labours in vain; for several were convinced of their delusion, left the Arminians, and continued his constant friends. Mr. Hart continued preaching, valiant for the truth, to

his congregation, even while sinking under the pressure of bodily suffering. We have no account of the duration of his last illness, or of the nature of it; but it may be judged to have been somewhat lingering, from the observations of Mr. Hughes: "He was like the laborious ox that dies with the yoke on his neck: so did he with the yoke of Christ on his neck: neither would he suffer it to be taken off; for you are witnesses that he preached Christ to you with the arrows of death sticking in him."

He died on the 24th of May, 1768, aged fifty-six years, having been about eight years in the ministry. His remains lie interred in Bunhill Fields burying ground, where a tombstone to his memory maybe seen. An oration was delivered at his interment, by Andrew Kinsman, of Plymouth, to a concourse of twenty thousand persons; and his own Hymn, beginning "Sons of God by blest adoption," was sung over his grave by the assembly.

A funeral sermon was preached on the occasion of his death by Mr. John Towers, which was not printed; and another by Mr. John Hughes, from which the foregoing extracts are given, which was printed with Kinsman's Oration appended.

In addition to the works of Mr. Hart already enumerated, a Sermon was published some years after his death, entitled, "The King of the Jews," which, we have been informed, was taken in short hand, by Mr. George Terry (Onesimus), and was first published by him.

Mr. Hart left behind him a widow and five children; being in destitute circumstances, Mr. Hughes' sermon was published for their benefit, and subscriptions were made among the friends of the deceased for the same end. Mrs. Hart survived her husband near twenty-two years, dying in 1790, aged sixty-four, and lies with him in Bunhill Fields. The last survivor of Mr Hart's children died in the year 1836. at an advanced age. He had been a barrister; and having married an heiress of Lincolnshire, and assumed her name, he was not known by that of his family. Of late years he was local preacher among the Wesleyans and preached twice the day before his death. Several grand-children of Mr. Hart are now living; to one of whom, Mr. Joseph Hart, Music Seller, Hatton Garden, we are indebted for his obliging assistance in the compilation of this Memoir.

After the death of Mr. Hart, who was a Paedobaptist, the choice of the church falling upon Mr. Hughes, who was a Baptist, to succeed him, a division took place in the church. The Independent part of it, among whom was Mr. Hart's widow, sat under the ministry of Mr. John Towers.

Mr. Hughes' sermon shews him to have been a man of like spirit with Mr. Hart, and a suitable person to follow him in the same place, to feed the flock of God just bereaved of their beloved pastor. He survived his predecessor only five years, as he died on the 29th of May, 1773, and was also interred in Bunhill Fields. In his last moments he exclaimed, "I have no other refuge for my immortal soul than this: God loved me from all eternity, loved me when a sinner in my blood, and will love me for ever."

## TO THE READER

In the second edition of my Hymns the preface was omitted for several reasons, the chief of which were these.

I thought the account of my experience was sufficiently published and dispersed in the first edition, and therefore there needed no repetition of it; especially as the book was now more adapted, by the addition of the Supplement, to public worship, where narratives of any kind are not very necessary: nor was I without apprehension that some ill use might be made of it, as there are several passages in it that may not suit the condition of many Christians. It was therefore to be feared that some foolish men might take liberty from it to turn the grace of God into lasciviousness: and that which was designed to display the infinite mercy of God to his children might be made, by the tempter's craft, an occasion of falling.

But the earnest and repeated enquiries that were made after the preface, and the longing desire some expressed for it, and (what was above all) the several accounts I received from serious Christians, to whom it had been much blessed, did at last (as so many calls of providence, which I was unwilling to resist) prevail upon me to reprint it in the third edition; and for the same reason it was judged proper to continue it.

I beseech Almighty God to make it further useful to his children, in making them see by it the riches of his free grace to the worst of men; for which intent it was written. And let those who may be tempted thereby to tempt God, or to backslide, in hopes of being so miraculously reclaimed, consider that the repentance to salvation given me may not be given to them. I charge them, therefore, in the name of God, to beware of any such diabolical delusion; for they who say, "Let us sin that grace may abound," their damnation is just. And the damnation which men incur, by a presumptuous, wilful abuse and contempt of the Gospel, is worse than that of Sodom and Gomorrah; for "our God is a consuming fire."

## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

Thun following Hymns were composed partly from several passages of Scripture laid on my heart, or opened to my understanding, from time to time by the Spirit of God, or else hinted to me by other Christians (of which latter there are indeed but very few); partly from impressions felt under different frames of spirit at the times when they were respectively written, and partly from spontaneous impulses or serious reflections on such subjects as accidentally occurred to my mind. There are also passages interspersed here and there that were written many years ago on various occasions, and now thought worthy, after a long suppression, of being revived and brought to light; but these likewise are very few.

They were begun almost two years ago, but have been greatly impeded and often interrupted by disorder and darkness of soul, afflictions and temptations of various kinds, and other hindrances. They are published not only in the same order, but almost in the same manner in which they were first written: for though they have since undergone a cursory revisal, and have been lightly retouched, the alterations I have made in them are neither very numerous nor material.

I desire wholly to submit them, with myself, to the all-wise disposal of that God, the sweet enlivening influence of whose blessed Spirit I often felt while they were composing. All I would humbly wish is, that Jesus of Nazareth, the mighty God, the Friend of sinners, would be pleased to make them in some measure (weak and mean as they are) instrumental in setting forth his glory, propagating and enforcing the truths of his gospel, cheering the hearts of his people, and exalting his inestimable righteousness, upon which alone the unworthy author desires to rest the whole of his salvation.

Though the rich displays of God's free sovereign grace and electing love to me, the chief of sinners, may be seen by an enlightened eye in several parts of the compositions; and though one of them in particular (No. 27, entitled "The author's own confession") be written professedly with that view, I shall nevertheless lay hold on the present occasion to make my public acknowledgment of God's unmerited mercy to me, by giving a brief and summary account of the great things he hath done for my soul; I say a brief and summary account, for a minute and circumstantial detail of them would more than fill an ample volume.

## THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE

As I had the happiness of being born of believing parents, I imbibed the sound doctrines of the gospel from my infancy; nor was I without touches of heart, checks of conscience, and meltings of affections, by the secret strivings of God's Spirit with me while very young; but the impressions were not deep, nor the influences lasting, being frequently defaced and quenched by the vanities and vice of childhood and youth.

About the twenty-first year of my age I began to be under great anxiety concerning my soul. The spirit of bondage distressed me sore; though I endeavoured (as I believe most under legal convictions do) to commend myself to God's favour by amendment of life, virtuous resolutions, moral rectitude, and a strict attendance on religious ordinances. I strove to subdue my flesh by fasting, and other rigorous acts of penance and mortification; and whenever I was captivated by its lusts (which indeed was often the case) I endeavoured to reconcile myself again to God by sorrow for my faults; which, if attended with tears, I hoped would pass as current coin with heaven; and then I judged myself whole again, and to stand on equal terms with my foes, till the next fall, which generally succeeded in a short time.

In this uneasy, restless round of sinning and repenting, working and dreading, I went on for above seven years; when a great domestic affliction befalling me (in which I was a moderate sufferer, but a monstrous sinner), I began to sink deeper and deeper into conviction of my nature's evil, the deceitfulness and hardness of my heart, the wickedness of my life, the shallowness of my Christianity, and the blindness of my devotion. I saw that I was in a dangerous state, and that I must have a better religion than I had yet experienced before I could with any propriety call myself a Christian. How did I now long to feel the merits of Christ applied to my soul by the Holy Spirit! How often did I make my strongest efforts to call God my God! But alas, I could no more do this than I could raise the dead! I found now, by woeful experience, that faith was not in my power; and the question with me now was, not whether I would be a Christian or no; but whether I might; not whether I should repent and believe; but whether God would give me true repentance and a living faith.

After some weeks passed in this gloomy, dreadful state, the Lord was pleased to comfort me a little, by enabling me to appropriate, in some measure, the merits of the Saviour to my own soul. This comfort increased for some time; and my understanding was also wonderfully illuminated in reading the Holy Scriptures, so that I could see Christ in many passages where before I little imagined to find him, and was encouraged to hope I had an interest in his merits and the benefits by him procured to his people.

In this blessed state my continuance was but short; for, rushing impetuously into notions beyond my experience, I hastened to make myself a Christian by mere doctrine, adopting other men's opinions before I had tried them; and set up for a great light in religion, disregarding the internal work of grace begun in my soul by the Holy Ghost. This liberty, assumed by myself, and not given by Christ, soon grew to libertinism, in which I took large progressive strides, and advanced to a dreadful height both in principle and practice. In a word, I ran such dangerous lengths both of carnal and spiritual wickedness, that I even outwent professed infidels, and shocked the irreligious and profane with my horrid blasphemies and monstrous impieties. Hardness of heart was with me a sign of good confidence; carelessness went for trust, empty notions for great light, a seared conscience for assurance of faith, and rash presumption for Christian courage.

My actions were in a great measure conformable to my notions: for having (as I imagined) obtained by

Christ a liberty of sinning, I was resolved to make use of it, and thought the more I could sin without remorse, the greater hero I was in faith. A tender conscience I deemed weakness; prayer I left for novices and bigots; and a broken and contrite heart was a thing too low and legal for me to approve, much more to desire. Not to dwell on particulars, I shall only say (what, though shocking to hear, is too true) that I committed "all uncleanness with greediness."

In this abominable state I continued, a loose backslider, an audacious apostate, a bold-faced rebel, for nine or ten years, not only committing acts of lewdness myself, but infecting others with the poison of my delusions. I published several pieces on different subjects, chiefly translations of the ancient heathens; to which I prefixed prefaces and subjoined notes of a pernicious tendency, and indulged a freedom of thought far unbecoming a Christian. But God, who is rich in mercy, and whose grace is, like himself, almighty, did not altogether give me up to hardness and impenitence: I felt from time to time, meltings of heart, and inward compunction; and had a secret hope at the bottom (which often rose above my gross corruptions) that I should not always go on in this abandoned manner, and run as reprobate to final perdition.

About seven or eight years ago I began by degrees to reform a little, and to live in a more sober and orderly manner. And now, as I retained the form of sound words, and held the doctrines of free grace, justification by faith, and other orthodox tenets, I was tolerably confident of the goodness of my state; especially as I could now also add that other requisite, a moral behaviour. Surely, thought I, though I have been so profligate and profane, yet, as I am now reclaimed, and am not only sound in principles, but sober and honest in practice, I cannot but be in the right way to the favour of God.

For several years I went on in this easy, cool, smooth and indolent manner, with a lukewarm, insipid kind of religion, yet not without some secret whispers of God's love, and visitations of his grace, and now and then warm addresses to him in private prayer. But alas, all this while my heart was whole; the fountains of the great deep of my sinful nature were not broken up! I was therefore conscious that the written Word of God was against me, especially those parts that represent the children of God as a poor, afflicted, mourning, broken-hearted people; of which characteristics I was destitute; nor was the blood of Christ effectually applied to my soul. I looked on his death indeed as the grand sacrifice for sin; and always thought on him with respect and reverence; but did not see the inestimable value of his blood and righteousness clearly enough to make me abhor myself, and count all things else but dung and dross. On the contrary, when I used to read the Scriptures (which I now did constantly, both in English and the original languages), though my mind was often affected, and my understanding illuminated, by many passages that treated of the Saviour; yet I was so far from seeing or owning that there was such a necessity for his death, and that it could be of such infinite value as is represented, that I have often resolved (O the horrible depth of man's fall, and the desperate wickedness of the human heart!) that I never would believe it; and have been tempted to tell God himself that he could not make me, without injuring my reason, and imposing on my understanding by downright violence and perversive power.

About three or four years ago I fell into a deep despondency of mind, because I had never experienced grand revelations and miraculous discoveries. I was very melancholy, and shunned all company, walking pensively alone, or sitting in private, and bewailing my sad and dark condition, not having a friend in the world to whom I could communicate the burden of my soul; which was so heavy, that I sometimes hesitated even to take my necessary food. But after many a gloomy, doleful hour, spent in solitude and sorrow, not without strong and frequent cries and tears to God, and beseeching him to reveal himself to me in a clearer manner, I thought he asked me, in the midst of one of my prayers, whether I rather chose the visionary revelations of which I had formed some wild idea, or to be content with trusting to the low, despised

mystery of a crucified man? I was enabled to prefer the latter; and felt great comfort in expecting the future effects of my choice.

But gloom of mind and dejection of spirit still frequently overwhelmed me: from which I used to be relieved by pouring out my soul to Christ, and beseeching him, with cries and groans and tears, to reveal himself to me; praying, at the same time, that it might be done without pain; for I was so much a coward, that I preferred ease to every other consideration. I was often answered by such portions of Scripture as these: "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me." "That which thou hast already, hold fast till I come." To the latter of these I closed my hands fast, and cried, I would sooner part with every drop of blood than let go the hopes I already had in a crucified Saviour; and to the former I used to reply (after considering tht words, "My reward is with me." "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." For, though I expected some sore visitation, yet believing that Christ would bring strength and power with him, I waited and longed for his coming.

The week before Easter, 1757, I had such an amazing view of the agony of Christ in the garden as I know not well how to describe. I was lost in wonder and adoration: and the impression it made was too deep, I believe, ever to be obliterated. I shall say no more of this; but only remark that, notwithstanding all that is talked about the sufferings of Jesus, none can know anything of them but by the Holy Ghost; and I believe he that knows most knows but very little. It was upon this I made the first part of Hymn 1. "On the Passion;" which, however, I afterwards mutilated and altered. I used to be often terribly cut down with those words, "And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Matt. 25:30) which sometimes sunk me almost to utter despair; and then again I used to receive some comfort. At length despair began to make dreadful head against me. Hopes grew fainter, and terrors stronger; which latter were increased by a faithful letter I received, from a friend, who had also ran great great lengths of impiety with me formerly, but was now reclaimed. The convictions I now laboured under were not like those legal convictions I had formerly felt, but far worse, horrible beyond expression. I had trampled under foot the blood of Jesus, and for whom there remained no more sacrifice for sin. I shall not enlarge here, choosing rather to suppress than exaggerate; as I do not lay stress on my own sufferings, or those of any other man, except the man Christ Jesus: but surely what I felt was very grievous; for so deep was my despair, that I found in me a kind of wish that I might only be damned with the common damnation of transgressors of God's law. But, oh! I thought the hottest place in hell mut be my portion. All the evangelical promises were so far from comforting me, that they were my greatest tormentors, because they would only increase my condemnation.

This distress and anguish of soul was likewise attended with great infirmity of body. One morning I was waked with intollerable pain, as if balls of fire were burning my reins. Amidst this excruciating torture, which lasted near an hour, one of the first things I thought on was the pierced side of Jesus, and what pain of body, as well as soul, he underwent. Soon after this fiery stroke I was seized in the evening with a cold shivering, which I concluded to be the icy damp of death, and that after that must come everlasting damnation. In this condition I went to my bed, but dared not close my eyes, even when nature was overcharged, lest I should awake in hell.

While these horrors remained I used to run backwards and forwards to places of religious worship, especially to the Tabernacle in Moorfields, and the Chapel in Tottenham Court; where indeed I received some comfort, which, though little, was then highly prized, because greatly needed: but in the general almost every thing served only to condemn me, to make me rue my own backslidings, and envy those children of God who had continued to walk honestly ever since their first conversion. Notions of religion I

wanted no man to teach me – I had doctrine enough; but found, by woful experience, that dry doctrine, though ever so sound, will not sustain a soul in the day of trial.

In this sad state I went moping about, (and that I could was next to a miracle), having some little hope at the bottom under all, which now and then would glimmer, but was soon overwhelmed again with clouds of horror, till Whit Sunday, 1757, when I happened to go in the afternoon to the Moravian Chapel in Fetter Lane, where I had been several times before. The minister preached on these words, “Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee in the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth” (Rev 3:10). Though the text and most of what was said on it, seemed to make greatly against me, yet I listened with much attention, and felt myself deeply impressed by it. When it was over I thought of hastening to Tottenham Court Chapel: but presently, altering my mind, returned to my own house.

I was hardly got home when I felt myself melting away into a strange softness of affection, which made me fling myself on my knees before God. My horrors were immediately dispelled, and such light and comfort flowed into my heart as no words can paint. The Lord by his Spirit of love came, not in a visionary manner into my brain, but with such divine power and energy into my soul, that I was lost in blissful amazement. I cried out, “What me, Lord?” His Spirit answered to me, “Yes, thee.” I objected, “But I have been so unspeakably vile and wicked.” The answer was, “I pardon thee fully and freely. Thy own goodness (for I had now set about a thorough amendment, if peradventure I might be spared) cannot save thee, nor shall thy wickedness damn thee. I undertake to work all thy works in thee and for thee, and to bring thee safe through all.” The alteration I then felt in my soul was as sudden and palpable as that which is experienced by a person staggering, and almost sinking, under a burden, when it is immediately taken from his shoulders. Tears ran in streams from my eyes for a considerable while; and I was so swallowed up in joy and thankfulness, that I hardly knew where I was. I threw my soul willingly into my Saviour’s hands, lay weeping at his feet, wholly resigned to his will, and only begging that I might, if he was graciously pleased to permit it, be of some service to his church and people.

Henceforth I enjoyed sweet peace in my soul; and had such clear and frequent manifestations of his love to me, that I longed for no other heaven. My horrors were banished, and have not, I think, returned since with equal violence. And, though I can see little signs as yet of his granting my request concerning usefulness; though I am very barren of good and full of evil; though I have many sore trials and temptations in my soul; yet it pleases the Lord to reveal himself often in me, to open the mysteries of his cross, and give me to trust in his precious blood.

Not long after this my – shall I call it Re-conversion? – I was terribly infested with thoughts so monstrously obscene and blasphemous, that they cannot be spoken, nor so much as hinted; and I believe such as hardly ever entered into the heart of any other man; though I am sensible that most of God’s children are sometimes attacked in like manner: but mine were foul and black beyond example, and seemed to be the master-pieces of hell. They haunted me some months: and used to make me weep bitterly, and cry earnestly to my God to remove them: which at last he was pleased to do in a great measure; though they would often be returning still, like intruding visitants, but are not permitted to come with much power. In short, I feel myself now as poor, as weak, as helpless and dependant as ever; but now my weakness is my greatest strength; I now rejoice, though I rejoice with trembling.

I soon began to be visited by God’s Spirit in a different manner from what I had ever felt before. I had constant communion with him in prayer. His sufferings, his wounds, his agonies of soul, were impressed

upon me in an amazing manner. I now believed my name was sculptured deep in the Lord Jesus' breast, with characters never to be erased. I saw him with the eye of faith, stooping under the load of my sins; groaning and grovelling in Gethsemane for me. The incarnate God was more and more revealed to me; and I had far other notions of his sufferings than I had entertained before.

Now I saw that the grief of Christ was the grief of my Maker; that his wounds were the Wounds of the Almighty God: and the least drop of his blood now appeared to me more valuable than ten thousands of worlds. As I had before thought his sufferings too little, they now appeared to me to be too great; and I often cried out in transports of blissful astonishment, "Lord, 'tis too much; 'tis too much; surely my soul was not worth so great a price!" I had also such a spirit of sympathetic love to the Lord Jesus given me, that, after I had left off to sorrow for myself, for some months I grieved and mourned bitterly for him. I looked on him whom I had pierced, and felt such sharp compunction, mixed at the same time with so much compassion, that the pain and the pleasure I experienced are much better felt than expressed.

Jesus Christ, and him crucified, is now the only thing I desire to know. In that incarnate mystery are contained all the rich treasures of divine wisdom. This is the mark towards which I am still pressing forward. This is the cup of salvation, of which I wish to drink deeper and deeper. This is the knowledge in which I long to grow; and desire at the same time a daily increase in all true grace and godliness. All duties, means, ordinances, &c., are to me then only rich when they are enriched with the blood of the Lamb, in comparison of which all things else are but chaff and husks.

Pharisaic Zeal and Antinomian Security, are the two engines of Satan, with which he grinds the church in all ages, as betwixt the upper and the nether millstone. The space between them is much narrower and harder to find than most men imagine. It is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen; and none can shew it us but the Holy Ghost. Here let no one trust the directions of his own heart, or of any other man; lest by being warned to shun the one, he be dashed against the other. The distinction is too fine for man to discern; therefore let the Christian ask direction of his God. These two hideous monsters continually worry and perplex my soul: nor is the former, though appearing in a holier shape, one whit less, but (if possible) more odious to me than the latter. Therefore, from the wonderful dealings of God towards me, I endeavour to draw the following observations. On the one hand I would observe – that it is "not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God which showeth mercy." – That none can make a Christian but he that made the world – That it is the glory of God to bring good out of evil – that whom he loveth he loveth unto the end – that though all men seek, more or less, to recommend themselves to God's favour by their works, yet "to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" – that the blood of the Redeemer, applied to the soul by his Spirit, is the one thing needful – that prayer is the task and labour of a Pharisee, but the privilege and delight of a Christian – that God grants not the requests of his people because they pray, but they pray because he designs to answer their petitions – that self-righteousness and legal holiness rather keep the soul from than draw it to Christ – that they who seek salvation by them pursue shadows, mistake the great end of the law, and err from the way, the truth and the life – that God's design is to glorify his Son alone, and to debase the excellence of every creature – that no righteousness beside the righteousness of Jesus (that is, the righteousness of God) is of any avail towards acceptance – that to be a moral man, a zealous man, a devout man, is very short of being a Christian – that the eye of faith looks more to the blood of Jesus than to the soul's victory over corruptions – that the dealings of God with his people, though similar in the general, are nevertheless so various, that there is no chalking out the paths of one child of God by those of another; no laying down regular plans of Christian conversion, Christian experience, Christian usefulness, or Christian conversation – that the will of God is the only standard of right and good – that the sprinkling of the blood of a crucified

Saviour on the conscience by the Holy Ghost sanctifies a man, without which the most abstemious life and rigorous discipline is unholy – lastly, that faith and holiness, with every other blessing, are the purchase of the Redeemer’s blood; and that he has a right to bestow them on whom he will, in such a manner and in such a measure as he thinks best, though the spirit in all men lusteth to envy.

On the other hand I would observe – that it is not so easy to be a Christian as some men seem to think – that for a living soul really to trust in Christ alone, when he sees nothing in himself but evil and sin, is an act as supernatural as for Peter to walk the sea – that mere doctrine, though ever so sound, will not alter the heart; consequently, that to turn from one set of tenets to another is not Christian conversion – that, as much as Lazarus coming out of his grave, and feeling himself restored to life, differed from those who only saw the miracle, or believed the fact when told them, so great is the difference between a soul’s real coming out of himself, and having the righteousness of Christ imputed to him by the precious faith of God’s elect, and a man’s bare believing the doctrine of imputed righteousness, because he sees it contained in Scripture, or assenting to the truth of it when proposed to his understanding by others – that a whole-hearted disciple can have but little communion with a broken-hearted Lord – that “if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his” – that a prayerless spirit is not the Spirit of Christ; but that prayer to a Christian is as necessary and as natural as food to a natural man – that the usual way of going to heaven is through much tribulation – that the sinner who is drawn to Christ is not he that has learnt that he is a sinner by head knowledge, but that feels himself such by heart contrition – that he that believeth hath an unction from the Holy One – that a true Christian is as vitally united to Christ as my hand and foot to my body; consequently suffers and rejoices with him – that a believer talks and converses with God – that a dead faith can no more cherish the soul than a dead corpse can perform the functions of life – that where there is true faith there will be obedience and the fear of God – that he that lives by the faith of the Son of God eateth his flesh and drinketh his blood – that “he that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life” – that many imagine themselves great believers who have little or no faith at all: and many, who deem themselves void of faith, cleave to Christ by the faith of the operation of God – that faith, like gold, must be tried in the fire before it can be safely depended on – lastly, that Christians are sealed by the Holy Ghost to the day of redemption; and to this seal they trust their eternal welfare; not to naked knowledge, or speculative notions, though ever so deep. They dread to dream they are rich, when they are blind and poor; to have a name to live, and yet be dead; or to be forced to fly for precarious refuge to the conjectural scheme of universal salvation, with those who hope to be saved, because they think there will be none lost.

For my own part, I confess myself a sinner still; and though I am not much tempted to outward gross acts of iniquity, yet inward corruptions and spiritual wickedness continually harass and perplex my soul, and often make me cry out, “O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” From me they are not yet removed; though I once hoped, with many others, that I should soon get rid of them. All I can do is to look to Jesus through them all; cling fast to his wounded side; long to be clothed with his righteousness; pray him to plead my cause against these spiritual enemies that rise up against me; and though I feel myself leprous from head to foot, believe that I am clean through the word which he hath spoken unto me. In short, I rejoice, not because the spirits are always subject to me (for, alas! I find they are often too strong for me to control), but because my name is written in heaven.

I am daily more and more convinced that the promises of God to his people are absolute; and desire to build my hopes on the free, electing love of God in Christ Jesus to my soul before the world began, which I can experimentally and feelingly say hath delivered me from the lowest hell. He hath plucked me as a brand out of the fire. Though my ways were dreadfully dangerous to the last degree, his eye was all along upon me for good. He hath excited me to love much, by forgiving me much. He hath shewed me, and still daily

shows me, the abominable deceit, lust, enmity, and pride of my heart, and inconceivable depths of his mercy; how far I was fallen, and how much it cost him of his sweat and blood to bring me up. He hath proved himself stronger than I, and his goodness superior to all my unworthiness. He gives me to know, and to feel too, that without him I can do nothing. He tells me (and he enables me to believe it) that I am all fair, and there is no spot in me. Though an enemy, he calls me his friend; though a traitor, his child; though a beggared prodigal, he clothes me with the best robe, and has put a ring of endless love and mercy on my hand. And though I am sorely distressed by spiritual internal foes, afflicted, tormented, and bowed down almost to death, with the sense of my own present barrenness, ingratitude, and proneness to evil, he secretly shows me his bleeding wounds; and softly, but powerfully, whispers to my soul, "I am thy great salvation." His free distinguishing grace is the bottom on which is fixed the rest of my poor, weary, tempted soul. On this I ground my hope, oftentimes when unsupported by any other evidence, save only by the Spirit of adoption received from him. He hath chosen me out from everlasting in whom to make known the inexhaustible riches of his free grace and long suffering. Though I am a stranger to others, and a wonder to myself, yet I know him, or rather am known of him. Though poor in myself, I am rich enough in him. When my dry, empty, barren soul is parched with thirst, he kindly bids me come to him, and drink my fill at the fountain head. In a word, he empowers me to say with experimental evidence. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." Amen and Amen.

April, 1759.

# DEDICATION

JESUS, JEHOVAH, Lord of heaven and earth.  
To whom I owe my first and second birth;  
Whose hands first formed me, and whose precious blood  
Redeemed my soul, and gave me peace with God.  
My faithful Friend, my Father reconciled.  
Accept an offering from thy feeble child:  
Whose helpless hand this token, mean and small,  
Would fondly give to thee, who givest him all.  
Take both the gift and giver to thy care;  
May both thy bounty and thy love declare;  
By thee be both directed to fulfil  
The holy counsels of thy heavenly will.

FROM THE REV. JAMES OSBOURN

Mr. Publisher,

I have just been informed that you intend shortly to issue a new edition of Mr. Hart's Hymns, and in so doing you have my cheerful concurrence; for it is a work which my esteem for is unbounded, and such it has been for more than forty years; and as John ate up the little book in gone-by days, so James of modern date has eaten up the little hymn book again and again, and is now ready for a new edition. In compiling a hymn-book in the United States of America, and which I published in the city of Baltimore in the year 1836, I made free use of the inestimable hymns of J. Hart, and very highly are they estimated by all such professed Christians in my country, who love and respect the fundamental truths of the Holy Bible, and have, by Jehovah the Spirit, been made acquainted with the plague of the heart, the depravity of human nature, the abounding of corruption, the deceitfulness of sin, the devices of Satan, the terrors of the law, and the blessings of the everlasting gospel.

In conclusion, then, I say, that of all hymnbooks that have ever yet come under my notice, with all things taken into view, I am bound to give a decided preference to the one you now design to issue; and which I, with great cheerfulness of heart, recommend to the household of faith throughout Immanuel's land, and wish the perusal of it may be as useful to their souls as it has, under God, been to mine.

I am respectfully yours,

JAMES OSBOURN.

No. 50, Bedford Square, Oxford Street,  
London, May, 1847.

## **I. On the Passion**

1. COME, all ye chosen saints of God,  
That long to feel the cleansing blood,  
In pensive pleasure join with me,  
To sing of sad Gethsemane.
2. Gethsemane, the olive press!  
(And why so called let Christians guess)  
Fit name! fit place! where vengeance strove,  
And grip'd and grappled hard with love.
3. 'Twas here the Lord of life appeared,  
And sighed, and groaned, and prayed, and feared;  
Bore all incarnate God could bear,  
With strength enough, and none to spare.
4. The powers of hell united pressed,  
And squeezed his heart, and bruised his breast:  
What dreadful conflicts raged within,  
When sweat and blood forced thro' the skin!
5. Dispatched from heaven an angel stood,  
Amazed to find him bathed in blood;  
Adored by angels, and obeyed;  
But lower now than angels made!
6. He stood to strengthen, not to fight;  
Justice exacts its utmost mite:  
This victim vengeance will pursue;  
He undertook, and must go through.
7. Three favoured servants, left not far,  
Were bid to wait and watch the war:  
But, Christ withdrawn, what watch we keep!  
To shun the sight, they sank in sleep.
8. Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,  
As if he sought some help from man;  
Or wished, at least, they would condole  
( 'Twas all they could) his tortured soul.
9. Whate'er he sought for, there was none;  
Our Captain fought the field alone:  
Soon as the Chief to battle led,  
That moment every soldier fled.

10. Mysterious conflict! dark disguise!  
Hid from all creatures' peering eyes:  
Angels astonished viewed the scene,  
And wonder yet what all could mean.
11. O mount of Olives, sacred grove!  
O garden, scene of tragic love!  
What bitter herbs thy beds produce!  
How rank their scent, how harsh their juice!
12. Rare virtues now these herbs contain;  
The Saviour sucked out all their bane:  
My mouth with these if conscience cram,  
I'll eat them with the Paschal Lamb.
13. O Kedron, gloomy brook, how foul  
Thy black polluted waters roll!  
No tongue can tell (but some can taste)  
The filth that into thee was cast.
14. In Eden's garden there was food,  
Of every kind for man, while good;  
But, banished thence, we fly to thee,  
O garden of Gethsemane!

## **Part 2**

1. AND why, dear Saviour, tell me why  
Thou thus would'st suffer, bleed, and die?  
What mighty motive could thee move?  
The motive's plain – 'twas all for love!
2. For love of whom? Of sinners base;  
A hardened herd, a rebel race;  
That mock'd and trampled on thy blood,  
And wantoned with the wounds of God.
3. When rocks and mountains rent with dread,  
And gaping graves gave up their dead,  
When the fair sun withdrew his light,  
And hid his head to shun the sight.
4. Then stood the wretch of human race,  
And raised his head, and shewed his face,  
Gazed unconcerned, when nature failed,  
And scoffed, and sneered, and cursed, and  
railed!

5. Harder than rocks and mountains are,  
More dull than dirt and earth by far,  
Man viewed unmoved thy blood's rich stream,  
Nor ever dreamt it flowed for him.
6. Such was that race of sinful men,  
That gained that great salvation then:  
Such, and such only, still we see:  
Such they were all, and such are we.
7. The Jews with thorns his temples crowned,  
And lashed him when his hands were bound:  
But thorns, and knotted whips, and bands,  
By us were furnished to their hands.
8. They nailed him to the accursed tree:  
They did, my brethren, so did we:  
The soldier pierced his side, 'tis true;  
But we have pierced him thro' and thro'.
9. O love of unexampled kind!  
That leaves all thought so far behind;  
Where length, and breadth, and depth, and  
height,  
Are lost to my astonish'd sight.
10. For love of me the Son of God  
Drained every drop of vital blood:  
Long time I after idols ran;  
But now my God's a martyr'd man!

## 2. Unsettledness

1. LORD, what a riddle is my soul!  
Alive when wounded, dead when whole:  
Fondly I flee from pain, yet ease  
Cannot content, nor pleasure please.
2. Thou hid'st thy face, my sins abound;  
World, flesh, and Satan, all surround:  
Fain would I find my God, but fear  
The means perhaps may prove severe.

3. If thou the least displeasure shew,  
And bring my vileness to my view;  
Tim'rous and weak, I shrink, and say,  
"Lord, keep thy chastening hand away."
4. If reconciled I see thy face,  
Thy matchless mercy, boundless grace;  
Tortured with bliss, I cry, "Remove  
That killing sight; I die with love."
5. My dear Redeemer, purge this dross;  
Teach me to hug and love the cross;  
Teach me thy chastening to sustain,  
Discern the love, and bear the pain:
6. Nor spare to make me clearly see  
The sorrows thou hast felt for me:  
If death must follow, I comply;  
Let me be sick with love, and die.

## 3. The Doubting Christian.

1. IF unbelief's that sin accurst,  
Abhorred by God above,  
Because, of all opposers worst,  
It fights against his love;
2. How shall a heart that doubts like mine,  
Dismayed at every breath,  
Pretend to live the life divine,  
Or fight the fight of faith?
3. Conscience accuses from within,  
And others from without;  
I feel my soul the sink of sin,  
And this produces doubt.
4. When thousand sins of various dyes,  
Corruptions dark and foul,  
Daily within my bosom rise,  
And blacken all my soul;
5. I groan, and grieve, and cry, and call  
On Jesus for relief;  
But, that delayed, to doubting fall,  
Of all my sins the chief.

6. Such dire disorders vex my soul,  
That ill engenders ill:  
And, when my heart I feel so foul,  
I make it fouler still.
7. In this distress, the course I take  
Is still to call and pray,  
And wait the time when Christ shall speak,  
And drive my foes away.
8. For that blest hour I sigh and pant,  
With wishes warm and strong;  
But, dearest Lord, lest these should faint,  
Oh! do not tarry long.

#### 4. To the Holy Ghost

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come;  
Let thy bright beams arise:  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes.
2. Cheer our desponding hearts,  
Thou heavenly Paraclete;  
Give us to lie, with humble hope,  
At our Redeemer's feet.
3. Revive our drooping faith;  
Our doubts and fears remove;  
And kindle in our breasts the flames  
Of never-dying love.
4. Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.
5. Shew us that loving Man  
That rules the courts of bliss,  
The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,  
The eternal Prince of peace.
6. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new create the whole.

7. If thou, Celestial Dove,  
Thine influence withdraw,  
What easy victims soon we fall,  
To conscience, wrath, and law!
8. No longer burns our love;  
Our faith and patience fail;  
Our sin revives; and death and hell  
Our feeble souls assail.
9. Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

#### 5. Another

1. BLEST Spirit of truth, eternal God,  
Thou meek and lowly Dove;  
Who fill'st the soul, thro' Jesus' blood,  
With faith, and hope, and love;
2. Who comfortest the heavy heart  
By sin and sorrow prest:  
Who to the dead canst life impart,  
And to the weary rest;
3. Thy sweet communion charms the soul,  
And gives true peace and joy,  
Which Satan's power cannot control,  
Nor all his wiles destroy.
4. Come from the blissful realms above;  
Our longing breasts inspire  
With thy soft flames of heavenly love,  
And fan the sacred fire.
5. Let no false comfort lift us up  
To confidence that's vain;  
Nor let their faith and courage droop  
For whom the Lamb was slain.
6. Breathe comfort where distress abounds;  
Make the whole conscience clean;  
And heal, with balm from Jesus' wounds,  
The festering sores of sin.

7. Vanquish our lusts; our pride remove;  
Take out the heart of stone;  
Shew us the Father's boundless love,  
And merits of the Son.
8. The Father sent the Son to die;  
The willing Son obeyed;  
The witness Thou to ratify  
The purchase Christ has made.

## 6. Another

1. DESCEND from heaven, celestial Dove;  
With flames of pure seraphic love  
Our ravish'd breasts inspire:  
Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete!  
Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,  
And set our souls on fire.
2. Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead;  
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed  
In all our hearts abroad;  
Point out the place where grace abounds;  
Direct us to the bleeding wounds  
Of our incarnate God.
3. Conduct, blest Guide, thy sinner-train  
To Calvary, where the Lamb was slain,  
And with us there abide;  
Let us our loved Redeemer meet,  
Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,  
And view his wounded side.
4. From which pure fountain if thou draw  
Water to quench the fiery law,  
And blood to purge our sin,  
We'll tell the Father, in that day,  
(And thou shalt witness what we say),  
"We're clean, just God, we're clean."
5. Teach us for what to pray, and how;  
And since, kind God, 'tis only thou  
The throne of grace canst move,  
Pray thou for us; that we through faith  
May feel th' effects of Jesus' death,  
Through faith that works by love.

6. Thou, with the Father and the Son,  
Art that mysterious Three in One,  
God blest for evermore,  
Whom, though we cannot comprehend,  
Feeling thou art the sinner's friend,  
We love thee, and adore.

## 7. Christ, very God and Man.

1. A MAN there is, a real man,  
With wounds still gaping wide,  
(From which rich streams of blood once ran)  
In hands, and feet, and side.
2. ('Tis no wild fancy of our brains,  
No metaphor we speak :  
The same dear Man in heaven now reigns,  
That suffered for our sake.)
3. This wondrous Man, of whom we tell,  
Is true Almighty God:  
He bought our souls from death and hell;  
The price: his own heart's blood.
4. That human heart he still retains,  
Though throned in highest bliss;  
And feels each tempted member's pains;  
For our affliction's his.
5. Come, then, repenting sinner, come;  
Approach with humble faith;  
Owe what thou wilt, the total sum  
Is cancelled by his death.
6. His blood can cleanse the blackest soul,  
And wash our guilt away;  
He shall present us sound and whole  
In that tremendous day.

## 8. Salvation by Christ alone.

1. HOW can ye hope, deluded souls,  
To see what none e'er saw,  
Salvation by the works obtained  
Of Sinai's fiery law?

2. There ye may toil, and weep, and fast,  
And vex your heart with pain;  
And when ye've ended, find at last  
That all your toil was vain.
3. That law but makes your guilt abound:  
Sad help! and (what is worst)  
All souls that under that are found,  
By God himself are cursed.
4. This curse pertains to those who break  
One precept e'er so small:  
And where's the man in thought or deed,  
That has not broken all?
5. Fly, then, awaken'd sinners, fly;  
Your case admits no stay;  
The fountain's opened now for sin;  
Come, wash your guilt away.
6. See how from Jesus' wounded side  
The water flows, and blood;  
If you but touch that purple tide,  
You make your peace with God.
7. Only by faith in Jesus' wounds  
The sinner gets release;  
No other sacrifice for sin  
Will God accept but this.

### 9. Of Sanctification.

1. THE Holy Ghost in Scripture saith,  
Expressly, in one part,  
Speaking by Peter's mouth,  
"By faith God purifies the heart."
2. Now what in holy writ he says,  
In part, or through the whole,  
The self-same truths, by various ways,  
He teaches in the soul.
3. Experience likewise tells us this;  
Before the Saviour's blood  
Has washed us clean, and made our peace,  
We can do nothing good.

4. But here, my friends, the danger lies;  
Errors of different kind  
Will still creep in; which devils devise  
To cheat the human mind.
5. "I want no work within," says one,  
" 'Tis all in Christ the head."  
Thus, careless, he goes blindly on,  
And trusts a faith that's dead.
6. "'Tis dangerous," another cries,  
"To trust to faith alone;  
Christ's righteousness will not suffice,  
Except I add my own."
7. Thus he, that he may something do,  
To shun th'impending curse,  
Upon the old will patch the new,  
And makes the rent still worse.
8. Others affirm the Spirit of God,  
To true believers given,  
Makes all their thoughts and acts so good,  
They're always fit for heaven.
9. The babe of Christ, at hearing this,  
Is filled with anxious fear;  
Conscience condemns, corruptions rise,  
And drive him near despair.
10. These trials weaklings suffer here;  
Censure and scorn without,  
And from within, (what's worse to bear),  
Despondency and doubt.
11. But, gracious Lord, who once didst feel  
What weakness is, and fears;  
Who got'st thy victory over hell  
With groans, and cries, and tears.
12. Do thou direct our feeble hearts  
To trust thee for the whole;  
The work of grace in all its parts  
Accomplish in the soul.

13. Thy Holy Spirit into us breathe:  
A perfect Saviour prove:  
Lord, give us faith, and let that faith  
Work all thy will by love.

#### 10. The Enlightened Sinner.

1. MY God, when I reflect  
How all my life-time past  
I ran the roads of sin and death  
With rash impetuous haste,
2. My foolishness I hate,  
My filthiness I loathe;  
And view, with sharp remorse and shame,  
My filth and folly both.
3. With some the tempter takes  
Much pains to make them mad;  
But me he found, and always held,  
The easiest fool he had.
4. His deep and dangerous lies  
So grossly I believed,  
He was not readier to deceive  
Than I to be deceived.
5. His light and airy dreams  
I took for solid good,  
And thought his base adulterate coin  
The riches of thy blood.
6. And dost thou still regard,  
And cast a gracious eye  
On one so foul, so base, so blind,  
So dead, so lost, as I?
7. Then sinners black as hell  
May hence for hope have ground;  
For who of mercy needs despair,  
Since I have mercy found?

#### 11. Jesus our all.

1. JESUS is the chiefest good;  
He has saved us by his blood;  
Let us value nought but him;  
Nothing else deserves esteem.
2. Jesus, when stern Justice said,  
"Man his life has forfeited,  
Vengeance follows by decree,"  
Cried, "Inflict it all on me."
3. Jesus gives us life and peace,  
Faith, and love, and holiness;  
Every blessing, great or small,  
Jesus for us purchased all.
4. Jesus therefore let us own;  
Jesus we'll exalt alone:  
Jesus has our sins forgiven,  
Jesus' blood has bought us heaven.

#### 12. Christ's Nativity.

1. COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your grateful tribute bring;  
And celebrate, with one accord,  
The birthday of our King.
2. Let us with humble hearts repair  
(Faith will point out the road)  
To little Bethlehem, and there  
Adore our Infant-God.
3. In swaddling bands the Saviour view!  
Let none this weakness scorn;  
The feeblest heart shall hell subdue,  
Where Jesus Christ is born.
4. No pomp adorns, no sweets perfume  
The place where Christ is laid;  
A stable serves him for his room,  
A manger is his bed.

5. The crowded inn, like sinners' hearts,  
(O ignorance extreme !)  
For other guests of various sorts  
Had room; but none for him.
6. But see what different thoughts arise  
In ours and angels' breasts;  
To hail his birth they left the skies,  
We lodged him with the beasts.
7. Yet let believers cease their fears,  
Nor envy heavenly powers;  
If sinless innocence be theirs,  
Redemption all is ours!

### 13. Another.

1. HOW blest is the season  
At which we appear;  
Bow down, sense and reason;  
Faith only reign here.  
'Tis heard by mere nature  
With coldness and scorn,  
That God our Creator.  
An Infant was born.
2. Lost souls to recover,  
And form them afresh,  
Our wonderful Lover  
Took flesh of our flesh:  
Then let each dull dreamer  
Awake to this morn,  
And hail the Redeemer,  
At Bethlehem born.
3. Ye drunkards, ye swearers.  
Ye muckworms of earth,  
Repent, and be sharers  
In this blessed birth:  
From sin to release us,  
That yoke so long worn,  
The holy child Jesus  
Of Mary was born.

4. Opposers, transgressors,  
Of every degree,  
And formal professors,  
(The worst of the three)  
With tears of contrition  
Your foolishness mourn;  
To give you remission,  
Immanuel's born.
5. Ye vilest of creatures,  
Backsliders so base,  
Bold rebels and traitors,  
Abusers of grace.  
Come; cease your backslidings,  
And once more return;  
Receive the glad tidings,  
A Saviour is born!

6. Poor sinners dejected,  
Of comfort debarred,  
Whose hearts are afflicted  
Because they're so hard.  
Despairing of favour,  
Cold, lifeless, forlorn;  
Remember, the Saviour  
In winter was born.

7. And ye that sincerely  
Confide in the Lamb,  
(He loves you most dearly),  
Rejoice in his name:  
No more the believer  
From God shall be torn;  
To hold him for ever  
An Infant is born.

### 14. Another.

1. LET us all with grateful praises,  
Celebrate the happy day  
When the lovely loving Jesus  
First partook of human clay;  
When the heavenly host, assembled,  
Gazed with wonder from the sky,  
Angels joyed, and devils trembled,  
Neither fully knowing why.

2. Long had Satan reigned imperious,  
Till the woman's promis'd seed,  
Born a babe by birth mysterious,  
Came to bruise the serpent's head.  
Crush, dear babe, his power within us,  
Break our chains, and set us free;  
Pull down all the bars between us,  
Till we fly and cleave to thee.
3. Shepherds, on their flocks attending,  
Shepherds that in night-time watched,  
Saw the messenger descending,  
From the court of heaven dispatched.  
Beams of glory decked his mission,  
Bursting through the vale of night;  
Fear possessed them at the vision;  
Sinners tremble at the light.
4. Dove-like meekness graced his visage;  
Joy and love shone round his head;  
Soon he cheered them with his message;  
Comfort flowed from all he said,  
"Fear not, favourites of th' Almighty;  
Joyful news to you I bring;  
You have now, in David's city,  
Born a Saviour, Christ the King."
5. "Go, and find the royal stranger.  
By these signs: A babe you'll see,  
Weak, and lying in a manger,  
Wrapt and swaddled, that is he."  
Straight a host of angels glorious  
Round the heavenly herald throng,  
Uttering, in harmonious chorus,  
Airs divine; and this the song.
6. "Glory first to God be given  
In the highest heights; and then  
Peace on earth, proclaimed by heaven.  
Peace and great good-will to men!"  
Thus they sang with rapture, kindling  
In the shepherds' hearts a flame,  
Joy and wonder sweetly mingling;  
All believers feel the same.

7. Lo, sweet babe, we fall before thee;  
Jesus, thee we all adore;  
To thee kingdom, power, and glory,  
Be ascribed for evermore.  
Glory to our God be given  
In the highest heights, and then  
Peace on earth, brought down from heaven;  
Peace and great good-will to men!

## 15. Tribulation.

1. THE souls that would to Jesus press  
Must fix this firm and sure,  
That tribulation, more or less,  
They must and shall endure.
2. From this there can be none exempt,  
'Tis God's own wise decree:  
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,  
Nor is the strongest free.
3. The world opposes from without,  
And unbelief within;  
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,  
And feel the load of sin.
4. Glad frames too often lift us up,  
And then how proud we grow!  
Till sad desertion makes us droop,  
And down we sink as low.
5. Ten thousand baits the foe prepares  
To catch the wandering heart;  
And seldom do we see the snares  
Before we feel the smart.
6. But let not all this terrify;  
Pursue the narrow path;  
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,  
And fight with hell by faith.
7. Though we are feeble, Christ is strong,  
His promises are true;  
We shall be conquerors all ere long,  
And more than conquerors too.

## 16. New Year's Day.

1. ONCE more the constant sun,  
Revolving round his sphere.  
His steady course has run,  
And brings another year.  
He rises, sets,  
But goes not back,  
Nor ever quits  
His destined track.
2. Hence let believers learn  
To keep a forward pace:  
Be this our main concern,  
To finish well our race.  
Backslidings shun;  
With patience press  
Towards the Sun  
Of Righteousness.
3. What now shall be our task?  
Or rather, what our prayer?  
What good thing shall we ask,  
To prosper this new year?  
With one accord  
Our hearts we'll lift,  
And ask our Lord  
Some new-year's gift.
4. No trifling gift, or small,  
Should friends of Christ desire:  
Rich Lord, bestow on all  
Pure gold, well tried by fire;  
Faith that stands fast  
When devils roar,  
And love that lasts  
For evermore.

## 17. Christ the Believer's all.

1. LAMB of God, we fall before thee,  
Humbly trusting in thy cross;  
That alone be all our glory,  
All things else are dung and dross:  
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
Only source of all that's good;

Every grace and every favour  
Come to us through Jesus' blood.

2. Jesus gives us true repentance,  
By his Spirit sent from heaven;  
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,  
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."  
Faith he gives us to believe it,  
Grateful hearts his love to prize:  
Want we wisdom? he must give it;  
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.
3. Jesus gives us pure affections,  
Wills to do what he requires;  
Makes us follow his directions,  
And what he commands inspires:  
All our prayers, and all our praises,  
Rightly offered in his name,  
He that dictates them is Jesus;  
He that answers is the same.
4. When we live on Jesus' merit.  
Then we worship God aright;  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Then we savingly unite:  
Hear the whole conclusion of it;  
Great or good whate'er we call,  
God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,  
Jesus Christ is all in all!

## 18. "Lord, if thou wilt, thou must make me clean" Matt. viii. 2.

1. OH! the angings by Christians felt,  
When their eyes are open;  
When they see the gulfs of guilt,  
They must wade and grope in:  
When the hell appears within,  
Causing bitter anguish,  
And the loathsome stench of sin  
Makes the spirits languish.
2. Now the heart, disclosed, betrays  
All its hid disorders;  
Enmity to God's right ways,  
Blasphemies and murders,

Malice, envy, lust, and pride,  
Thoughts obscene and filthy,  
Sores corrupt and putrefied;  
No part sound or healthy.

3. All things to promote our fall  
Shew a mighty fitness:  
Satan will accuse withal,  
And the conscience witness:  
Foes within, and foes without,  
Wrath, and law, and terrors:  
Rash presumption, timid doubt,  
Coldness, deadness, errors.
4. Brethren, in a state so sad,  
When temptations seize us,  
When our hearts we feel thus bad,  
Let us look to Jesus:  
He that hung upon the cross,  
For his people bleeding,  
Now in heaven sits, for us  
Always interceding.
5. Vengeance, when the Saviour died,  
Quitted the believer;  
Justice cried, "I'm satisfied,  
Now, henceforth for ever:"  
"It is finished," said the Lord,  
In his dying minute:  
Holy Ghost, repeat that word;  
Full salvation's in it.
6. Leprous soul, press through the crowd  
In thy foul condition;  
Struggle hard, and call aloud  
On the great Physician:  
Wait till thy disease he cleanse,  
Begging, trusting, cleaving;  
When, and where, and by what means,  
To his wisdom leaving.

**19. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1. Sam.  
vii. 12.**

1. THOUGH strait be the way,  
With dangers beset,

And we through delay  
Are no farther yet;  
Our good guide and Saviour  
Hath helped thus far;  
And 'tis by his favour  
We are what we are.

2. A favour so great  
We highly should prize;  
Not murmur, nor fret,  
Nor small things despise:  
But what call we small things?  
Sin's whole cancelled sum?  
'Tis greater than all things,  
Except those to come.
3. My brethren, reflect  
On what we have been;  
How God had respect  
To us under sin:  
When lower and lower  
We every day fell,  
He stretched forth his power,  
And snatched us from hell.
4. Then let us rejoice,  
And cheerfully sing,  
With heart and with voice,  
To Jesus our King;  
Who thus far has brought us  
From evil to good;  
The ransom that bought us  
No less than his blood.
5. For blessings like these,  
So bounteously given;  
For prospects of peace,  
And foretastes of heaven;  
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant,  
To sing and adore;  
Be thankful for present,  
And then ask for more.

**20. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.  
James i. 12.**

1. AND must it, Lord, be so?  
And must thy children bear  
Such various kinds of woe,  
Such soul-perplexing fear?  
Are these the blessings we expect?  
Is this the lot of God's elect?
2. Daily we groan and mourn  
Beneath the weight of sin;  
We pray to be new-born,  
But know not what we mean :  
We think it something very great,  
Something that's undiscovered yet.
3. Boast not, ye sons of earth,  
Nor look with scornful eyes;  
Above your highest mirth  
Our saddest hours we prize;  
For though our cup seems filled with gall,  
There's something secret sweetens all.
4. How harsh so e'er the way,  
Dear Saviour, still lead on;  
Nor leave us till we say,  
"Father, thy will be done."  
At most we do but taste the cup,  
For thou alone hast drunk it up.
5. Shall guilty man complain?  
Shall sinful dust repine?  
And what is all our pain?  
How light compared with thine!  
Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;  
Choose thou the way, but still lead on.

**21. The Wonders of Redeeming Love.**

1. HOW wondrous are the works of God  
Displayed through all the world abroad!  
Immensely great! immensely small!  
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

2. He formed the sun, fair fount of light;  
The moon and stars to rule the night:  
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,  
Are little works compared with one.
3. He rolled the seas, and spread the skies;  
Made valleys sink, and mountains rise;  
The meadows clothed with native green,  
And bade the rivers glide between.
4. But what are seas, or skies, or hills,  
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,  
To wonders man was born to prove,  
The wonders of redeeming love!
5. 'Tis far beyond what words express,  
What saints can feel, what angels guess;  
Angels, that hymn the great I AM,  
Fall down, and veil before the Lamb.
6. The highest caverns are short of this;  
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss;  
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,  
Or hope expect, or faith believe.
7. Almighty God sighed human breath!  
The Lord of life experienced death!  
How it was done we can't discuss;  
But this we know, 'twas done for us!
8. Blest with this faith, then, let us raise  
Our hearts in love, our voice  
in praise; All things to us must work for good,  
For whom the Lord hath shed his blood.
9. Trials may press of every sort;  
They may be sore, they must be short;  
We now believe, but soon shall view  
The greatest glories God can shew.

**22. Whom resist steadfast in the faith. 1. Pet. v. 9**

1. IN all our worst afflictions,  
When furious foes surround us;  
When troubles vex,  
And fears perplex,

And Satan would confound us;  
When foes to God and goodness  
We find ourselves by feeling,  
To do what's right  
Unable quite,  
And almost as unwilling;

2. When, like the restless ocean,  
Our hearts' cast up uncleanness,  
Flood after flood,  
With mire and mud,  
And all is foul within us;  
When love is cold and languid,  
And different passions shake us;  
When hope decays,  
And God delays,  
And seems to quite forsake us;
3. Then to maintain the battle  
With soldier-like behaviour;  
To keep the field,  
And never yield,  
But firmly eye the Saviour;  
To trust his gracious promise,  
Thus hard beset with evil;  
This – this is faith  
Will conquer death,  
And overcome the devil.

### 23. Cleaving to Christ.

1. BRETHREN, let us praise the Lord,  
Exalt his blessed name;  
Let us hear and keep his word;  
His glory be our aim:  
Let us resolutely strive  
To work God's work with full intent:  
And what is it? To believe  
On Him whom He hath sent.
2. Faith, implanted from above,  
Will prove a fertile root,  
Whence will spring a tree of love,  
Producing precious fruit:  
Though bleak winds the boughs deface,  
The rooted stock shall still remain:

Leaves may languish, fruit decrease;  
But more shall grow again.

3. Happy souls who cleave to Christ,  
By pure and living faith,  
Finding him their King and Priest,  
Their God and Guide till death:  
God's own foe may plague his sons,  
Sin may distress, but not subdue;  
Christ who conquered for us once,  
Will in us conquer too.

### 24. A Dialogue between a Believer and his Soul.

1. BELIEVER COME,  
my soul, and let us try,  
For a little season,  
Every burden to lay by,  
Come, and let us reason:  
What is this that casts thee down?  
Who are those that grieve thee?  
Speak, and let the worst be known;  
Speaking may relieve thee.
2. SOUL  
Oh! I sink beneath the load  
Of my nature's evil;  
Full of enmity to God;  
Captived by the devil:  
Restless as the troubled seas;  
Feeble, faint, and fearful;  
Plagued with every sore disease;  
How can I be cheerful?
3. BELIEVER  
Think on what thy Saviour bore  
In the gloomy garden,  
Sweating blood at every pore  
To procure thy pardon!  
See him stretched upon the wood,  
Bleeding, grieving, crying;  
Suffering all the wrath of God;  
Groaning, gasping, dying!

4. SOUL  
 This by faith I sometimes view,  
 And those views relieve me;  
 But my sins return anew,  
 These are they that grieve me.  
 Oh! I'm leprous, stinking, foul;  
 Quite throughout infected:  
 Have not I, if any soul,  
 Cause to be dejected?
5. BELIEVER  
 Think how loud thy dying Lord  
 Cried out, "It is finished."  
 Treasure up that sacred word  
 Whole and undiminished:  
 Doubt not; he will carry on,  
 To its full perfection,  
 That good work he has begun;  
 Why then this dejection?
6. SOUL  
 Faith, when void of works, is dead:  
 This the Scriptures witness;  
 And what works have I to plead,  
 Who am all unfitness?  
 All my powers are depraved,  
 Blind, perverse, and filthy:  
 If from death I'm fully saved,  
 Why am I not healthy?
7. BELIEVER  
 Pore not on thyself too long,  
 Lest it sink thee lower:  
 Look to Jesus, kind as strong,  
 Mercy joined with power!  
 Every work that thou must do  
 Will thy gracious Saviour  
 For thee work, and in thee too,  
 Of his special favour.
8. SOUL  
 Jesus' precious blood, once spilt,  
 I depend on solely,  
 To release and clear my guilt;  
 But I would be holy.  
 BELIEVER  
 He that bought thee on the cross

- Can control thy nature,  
 Fully purge away thy dross,  
 Make thee a new creature.
9. SOUL  
 That he can I nothing doubt,  
 Be it but his pleasure.  
 BELIEVER  
 Though it be not done throughout,  
 May it not in measure?  
 SOUL.  
 When that measure, far from great,  
 Still shall seem decreasing?  
 BELIEVER  
 Faint not then; but pray, and wait,  
 Never, never ceasing.
10. SOUL  
 What, when prayer meets no regard?  
 BELIEVER  
 Still repeat it often.  
 SOUL  
 But I feel myself so hard  
 BELIEVER  
 Jesus will thee soften.  
 SOUL  
 But my enemies make head –  
 BELIEVER  
 Let them closer drive thee.  
 SOUL  
 But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead –  
 BELIEVER  
 Jesus will revive thee!

## 25. Christ the Believer's Surety

1. WHAT slavish fears molest my mind,  
 And vex my sickly soul!  
 How is it, Lord, that thou art kind,  
 And yet I am not whole?
2. Ah! why should unbelief and pride,  
 With all their hellish train,  
 Still in my ransomed soul abide,  
 And give me all this pain?

3. Thy word is past; thy promise made;  
With power it came from heaven:  
“Cheer up, desponding soul,” it said,  
“Thy sins are all forgiven.”
4. “Behold, I make thy cause my own;  
I bought thee with my blood:  
Thy wicked works on me be thrown,  
And I will work thy good.
5. “I am thy God, thy guide till death;  
Thy everlasting friend:  
On me for love, for works, for faith;  
On me for all depend.”
6. Thy blood, dear Lord, has bought my peace,  
And paid the heavy debt;  
Has given a fair and full release;  
But I’m in prison yet.
7. Unjustly now these foes of mine,  
Their devilish hate pursue;  
They made my Surety pay the fine,  
Yet plague the prisoner too.
8. What right can my tormentors plead,  
That I should not be free?  
Here’s an amazing change indeed:  
Justice is now for me!
9. Lord, break these bars that thus confine,  
These chains that gall me so;  
Say to that ugly jailor, sin,  
“Loose him, and let him go.”

## 26. The Narrow Way.

### Part I

1. WIDE is the gate of death;  
The way is large and broad;  
And many enter in thereat,  
And walk that beaten road:

2. Because the gate of life  
Is narrow, low, and small;  
The path so prest, so close, so strait,  
There seems no path at all.
3. This way, that’s found by few,  
Ten thousand snares beset,  
To turn the seeker’s steps aside,  
And trap the traveller’s feet.
4. Before we’ve journeyed far  
Two dangerous gulfs are fixed;  
Dead sloth and pharisaic pride,  
Scarce a hair’s breadth betwixt.
5. False lights delude the eyes,  
And lead the steps astray:  
That traveller treads the surest here  
That seldom sees his way.
6. Guides cry, Lo here! lo there;  
On this, on that side keep!  
Some over-drive; some frighten back;  
And others lull to sleep.
7. On the left hand and right,  
Close cragged rocks are seen,  
Distrust and self-wrought confidence;  
’Tis hard to squeeze between.
8. Sometimes we seem to gain  
Great lengths of ground by day;  
But find, alas! when night comes on,  
We quite mistook the way.
9. Sometimes we have no strength;  
Sometimes we want the will;  
And sometimes, lest we might go wrong,  
We choose to stand quite still.
10. Again, through heedless haste  
We catch some dangerous fall;  
Then, fearing we may move too fast,  
We hardly move at all.

11. Deep quagmires choke the way,  
Corruptions foul and thick;  
Whose stench infects the air, and makes  
The strongest traveller sick.
12. Through these we long must wade,  
And oft stick fast in mire:  
Now heat consumes; now frost benumbs,  
As dangerous as the fire.
13. Spectres of various forms,  
Allure, enchant, affright:  
Presumption tempts us every day;  
Despair assaults by night.
14. Companions if we find,  
Alas, how soon they're gone!  
For, 'tis decreed that most must pass  
The darkest paths alone.
15. Distressed on every side  
With evils, felt or feared,  
We pray, we cry; but cannot find  
That prayers or cries are heard.
16. Thickets of briars and thorns  
Our feeble feet enclose;  
And every step we take betrays  
New dangers and new foes.
17. When all these foes are quelled,  
And every danger past,  
That ghastly phantom, Death, remains  
To combat with at last.

PART II.

1. IF this be, Lord, thy way,  
Then who can hope to gain  
That prize such numbers never seek,  
Such numbers seek in vain?
2. 'Tis thine almighty grace  
That can suffice alone:  
Thou giv'st us strength to run the race,  
And then bestow'st the crown.

3. Cheer up, ye travelling souls;  
On Jesus' aid rely:  
He sees us when we see not him,  
And always hears our cry.
4. Without cessation pray;  
Your prayers will not prove vain;  
Our Joseph turns aside to weep,  
But cannot long refrain.
5. Sudden he stands confessed;  
We look, and all is light;  
The foe, confounded, swift as thought,  
Sneaks off, and sculks from sight.
6. His presence clears the foul,  
And smooths the rugged way:  
He often makes the crooked straight,  
And turns the night to day.
7. We then move cheerful on;  
The ground feels firm and good;  
And, lest we should mistake the way,  
He lines it out with blood.
8. Again we cannot see  
His helping hand, but feel:  
And, though we neither feel nor see,  
His hand sustains us still.
9. He gently leads us on;  
Protects from fatal harms;  
And, when we faint, and cannot walk,  
He bears us in his arms.
10. He guides and moves our steps;  
For, though we seem to move,  
His Spirit all the motion gives  
By springs of fear and love.
11. The meek with love he draws,  
Restrains the rash by fear,  
Searches and finds the wanderer out,  
And brings the distant near.

12. When for a time we stop,  
Perplexed and at a loss,  
He, like a beacon on a hill,  
Erects his bloody cross.
13. Forward again we press;  
And while that mark's in view,  
Though hosts of foes beset the way,  
We boldly venture through.
14. When all these foes are quell'd,  
And every danger past;  
Though death remains, he but remains  
To be subdued the last.

### 27. The Author's own Confession.

1. COME hither, ye that fear the Lord,  
Disciples of God's suffering Son;  
Let me relate, and you record,  
What he for my poor soul has done.
2. The way of truth I quickly missed,  
And further strayed, and further still;  
Expected to be saved by Christ,  
But to be holy had no will.
3. The road of death with rash career  
I ran, and gloried in my shame;  
Abused his grace, despised his fear,  
And others taught to do the same.
4. Far, far from home on husks I fed,  
Puffed up with each fantastic whim;  
With swine a beastly life I led,  
And served God's foe instead of him.
5. A forward fool, a willing drudge,  
I acted for the prince of hell;  
Did all he bade without a grudge;  
And boasted I could sin so well.
6. Bold blasphemies employed my tongue;  
I heeded not my heart unclean;  
Lost all regard of right or wrong;  
In thought, in word, in act, obscene.
7. My body was with lust defiled;  
My soul I pampered up in pride;  
Could sit and hear the Lord reviled,  
The Saviour of mankind denied!
8. I strove to make my flesh decay  
With foul disease and wasting pain;  
I strove to fling my life away,  
And damn my soul - but strove in vain!
9. The Lord, from whom I long backslid,  
First checked me with some gentle stings;  
Turned on me, looked, and softly chid;  
And bade me hope for greater things.
10. Soon to his bar he made me come,  
Arraigned, convicted, cast, I stood;  
Expecting from his mouth the doom  
Of those who trample on his blood.
11. Pangs of remorse my conscience tore;  
Hell opened hideous to my view;  
And what I only heard before  
I found by sad experience true.
12. Oh! what a dismal state was this!  
What horrors shook my feeble frame!  
But, brethren, surely you can guess;  
For you, perhaps, have felt the same.
13. But O the goodness of our God!  
What pity melts his tender heart!  
He saw me weltering in my blood,  
And came, and eased me of my smart.
14. While I was yet a great way off  
He ran, and on my neck he fell:  
My short distress he judged enough,  
And snatched me from the brink of hell.
15. What an amazing change was here!  
I looked for hell - he brought me heaven.  
Cheer up, said he; dismiss thy fear;  
Cheer up; thy sins are all forgiven.

16. I would object; but faster much  
He answered, Peace! What, me? - Yes, thee!  
But my enormous crimes are such -  
I give thee pardon full and free.

17. But for the future, Lord - I am  
Thy great salvation, perfect, whole:  
Behold, thy bad works shall not damn,  
Nor can thy good works save thy soul.

18. Renounce them both. Myself alone  
Will for thee work, and in thee too.  
Henceforth I make thy cause my own,  
And undertake to bring thee through.

19. He said. I took the full release,  
The Lord had signed it with his blood!  
My horrors fled; and perfect peace,  
And joy unspeakable, ensued.

20. I only begged one humble boon;  
(Nor did the Lord offended seem)  
Some service might by me be done  
To souls that truly trust in him.

21. Thus I, who lately had been cast,  
And feared a just but heavy doom,  
Received a pardon for the past,  
A promise for the time to come.

22. This promise oft I call to mind,  
As through some painful paths I go;  
And secret consolation find,  
And strength to fight with every foe.

23. And oft-times, when the tempter sly  
Affirms it fancied, forged, or vain,  
Jesus appears - disproves the lie;  
And kindly makes it o'er again.

## 28. Corruptions.

1. THE Lord assured the chosen race,  
From Egypt's bondage brought,  
They should obtain the promised place,  
And find the rest they sought.

2. Strong nations now possess the land;  
Yet yield not thou to doubt;  
With arm outstretched, and mighty hand,  
Thy God shall drive them out.

3. Not all at once; for fear thou find  
The ravenous beasts of prey  
Rising upon thee from behind,  
As dangerous foes as they.

4. By little and by little he  
Will chase them from thy sight;  
Believers are not called, we see,  
To sleep or play, but fight.

5. Spiritual pride, that rampant beast,  
Would rear its haughty head;  
True faith would soon be dispossessed,  
And carelessness succeed.

6. Corruptions make the mourners shun  
Presumption's dangerous snare;  
Force us to trust to Christ alone,  
And fly to God by prayer.

7. By them we feel how low we're lost;  
And learn, in some degree,  
How dear that great salvation cost  
Which comes to us so free.

8. If such a weight to every soul  
Of sin and sorrow fall;  
What love was that which took the whole,  
And freely bore it all!

9. O when will God our joy complete,  
And make an end of sin?  
When shall we walk the land, and meet  
No Canaanite therein?

10. Will this precede the day of death?  
Or must we wait till then?  
Ye struggling souls, be strong in faith,  
And quit yourselves like men.

11. Our dear Deliverer's love is such,  
He cannot long delay;  
Meantime that foe can't boast of much,  
Who makes us watch and pray.

### 29, The Paradox.

1. HOW strange is the course that a Christian must  
steer!

How perplex is the path he must tread!  
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,  
And his life he receives from the dead.

2. His fairest pretensions must wholly be waived,  
And his best resolutions be crossed;  
Nor can he expect to be perfectly saved,  
Till he finds himself utterly lost.

3. When all this is done, and his heart is assured  
Of the total remission of sins;  
When his pardon is signed, and his peace is  
procured,  
From that moment his conflict begins.

### 30. Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord. Exod. xiv. 13.

1. OH what a narrow, narrow path  
Is that which leads to life!  
Some talk of works, and some of faith,  
With warmth, and zeal, and strife.

2. But, after all that's said or done,  
Let men think what they will,  
The strength of every tempted son  
Consists in standing still.

3. Stand still! says one, that's easy, sure;  
'Tis what I always do:  
Deluded soul, be not secure;  
This is not meant to you.

4. Not driven by fear, nor drawn by love,  
Nor yet by duty led,

Lie still you do, and never move;  
For who can move that's dead?

5. But, for a living soul to stand,  
By thousand dangers scared,  
And feel destruction close at hand,  
Oh, this indeed is hard!

6. To shun this danger, others run  
To hide they know not where;  
Or, though they fight, no victory's won;  
They only beat the air.

7. He that believes, the scripture says,  
Shall not confusedly haste:  
Thus danger threatens both him that stays,  
And him that runs too fast.

8. Haste grasps at all, but nothing keeps;  
Sloth is a dangerous state:  
And he that flies, and he that sleeps,  
Cannot be said to wait.

9. Lord, let thy Spirit prompt us when  
To go, and when to stay;  
Attract us with the cords of men,  
And we shall not delay.

10. Give power and will, and then command,  
And we will follow thee;  
And, when we're frightened, bid us stand,  
And thy salvation see.

### 31. The Sabbath.

1. GOD thus commanded Jacob's seed,  
When, from Egyptian bondage freed,  
He led them by the way:  
Remember, with a mighty hand  
I brought thee forth from Pharaoh's land;  
Then keep my sabbath-day.

2. In six days God made heaven and earth,  
Gave all the various creatures birth,  
And from his working ceased:  
These days to labour he applied;  
The seventh he blessed and sanctified,  
And called the day of rest.
3. To all God's people now remains  
A sabbatism, a rest from pains  
And works of slavish kind:  
When tired with toil, and faint through fear,  
The child of God can enter here,  
And sweet refreshment find.
4. To this by faith he oft retreats,  
Bondage and labour quite forgets,  
And bids his cares adieu:  
Slides softly into promised rest,  
Reclines his head on Jesus' breast,  
And proves the sabbath true.
5. This, and this only, is the way  
To rightly keep that sabbath-day  
Which God has holy made:  
All keepers that come short of this  
The substance of the sabbath miss,  
And grasp an empty shade.

**32. Who hath despised the day of small things  
Zech. iv. 10.**

1. THE Lord, that made both heaven and earth,  
And was himself made man,  
Lay in the womb, before his birth,  
Contracted to a span.
2. Matured by time, till forth he came,  
A babe like others seen;  
As small in size, and weak of frame,  
As babes have always been.
3. From thence he grew an infant mild,  
By fair and due degrees;  
And then became a bigger child,  
And sat on Mary's knees.

4. At first held up for want of strength,  
In time alone he ran;  
Then grew a boy; a lad; at length  
A youth: at last a man.
5. Behold, from what beginnings small  
Our great salvation rose!  
The strength of God is owned by all;  
But who his weakness knows?
6. Thus souls, that would to heaven attain,  
Must Jacob's ladder climb;  
And step by step the summit gain,  
In measure and in time.
7. Let not the strong the weak despise;  
Their faith, though small, is true;  
Though low they seem in others' eyes,  
Their Saviour seemed so too.
8. Nor meanly of the tempted think;  
For oh, what tongue can tell  
How low the Lord of Life must sink  
Before he vanquished hell!
9. The least believer is a saint;  
And, if our growth be slow,  
We should not therefore tire and faint,  
Since Christ himself could grow.
10. As in the days of flesh he grew  
In wisdom, stature, grace,  
So in the soul that's born anew  
He keeps a gradual pace.
11. No less almighty at his birth  
Than on his throne supreme,  
His shoulders held up heaven and earth,  
When Mary held up him!

### 33. Holy Days.

1. SOME Christians to the Lord regard a day,  
And others to the Lord regard it not:  
Now, though these seem to choose a different  
way,  
Yet both at last to one same point are brought.
2. He that regards the day will reason thus -  
This glorious day our Saviour and our King  
Performed some mighty act of love for us;  
Observe the time in memory of the thing.
3. Thus he to Jesus points his kind intent,  
And offers prayers and praises in his name:  
As to the Lord alone his love is meant,  
The Lord accepts it, and who dares to blame?
4. For, though the shell indeed is not the meat,  
'Tis not rejected when the meat's within:  
Though superstition is a vain conceit,  
Commemoration surely is no sin.
5. He also, that to days has no regard,  
He shadows only for the substance quits,  
Towards the Saviour's presence presses hard,  
And outward things through eagerness omits.
6. For warmly to himself he thus reflects-  
My Lord alone I count my chiefest good;  
All empty forms my craving soul rejects,  
And seeks the solid riches of his blood.
7. All days and times I place my sole delight  
In him, the only object of my care;  
External shows for his dear sake I slight,  
Lest aught but Jesus my respect should share.
8. Let not the observer, therefore, entertain  
Against his brother any secret grudge:  
Nor let the non-observer call him vain;  
But use his freedom, and forbear to judge.
9. Thus both may bring their motives to the test;  
Our condescending Lord will both approve:  
Let each pursue the way that likes him best;  
He cannot walk amiss that walks in love.

### 34. Good Friday.

1. OH! what a sad and doleful night  
Preceded that day's morn,  
When darkness seized the Lord of light,  
And sin by Christ was borne!
2. When our intolerable load  
Upon his soul was laid,  
And the vindictive wrath of God,  
Flamed furious on his head!
3. We in our Conqueror well may boast;  
For none, but God alone,  
Can know how dear the victory cost,  
How hardly it was won.
4. Forth from the garden, fully tried,  
Our bruised Champion came,  
To suffer what remained beside  
Of pain, and grief, and shame.
5. Mocked, spit upon, and crowned with thorn,  
A spectacle he stood;  
His back with scourges lashed and torn;  
A victim bathed in blood.
6. Nailed to the cross through hands and feet,  
He hung in open view:  
To make his sorrows quite complete,  
By God deserted too!
7. Through nature's works the woes he felt  
With soft infection ran:  
The hardest things could break or melt,  
Except the heart of man.
8. This day, before thee, Lord, we come;  
Oh! melt our hearts, or break;  
For, should we now continue dumb,  
The very stones would speak.
9. True, thou hast paid the heavy debt,  
And made believers clean:  
But he knows nothing of it yet  
Who is not grieved at sin.

10. A faithful friend of grief partakes;  
But union can be none  
Betwixt a heart like melting wax\*  
And hearts as hard as stone:

11. Betwixt a head diffusing blood,  
And members sound and whole;  
Betwixt an agonizing God  
And an unfeeling soul.

12. Lord, my longed happiness is full,  
When I can go with thee  
To Golgotha: the place of skull  
Is heaven and earth to me.  
\* 22:14

### 35. Another

1. THAT day, when Christ was crucified,  
The mighty God Jehovah died  
An ignominious death.  
He that would keep this solemn. day  
(And true disciples safely may)  
Must keep it firm in faith.

2. For, tho' the mournful tragedy  
May call up tears in ev'ry eye,  
Yet, brethren, rest not here.  
Would you condole your dying Friend;  
Let each into his soul descend,  
And find his Saviour there.

3. This only can our hearts assure,  
And make our outward worship pure  
In God's all-searching sight:  
When all we do with love is mixt,  
And steadfast faith, on Jesus fixt,  
My brethren, then we're right.

### 36. Another.

1. COME, poor sinners, come away;  
In meditation sweet,  
Let us go to Golgotha,  
And kiss our Saviour's feet.

Let us in his wounded side  
Wash till we ev'ry whit are clean:  
That's the fountain open'd wide  
For filthiness and sin.

2. Zion's mourners, cease your fear  
For, lo, the dying Lamb  
Utterly forbids despair  
To all that love his name.  
Him, your fellow-sufferer see;  
He was in all things like to you:  
Are you tempted? So was he:  
Deserted? He was too.

3. Jesus, our Redeemer, shed  
For us his vital blood;  
We, through our victorious Head,  
Can now come near to God.  
Sin and sorrow may distress,  
But neither shall us quite control;  
Christ has purchased holiness  
For every sin-sick soul.

### 37. Perseverance.

1. THE sinner that, by precious faith,  
Has felt his sins forgiven,  
Is from that moment passed from death,  
And sealed an heir of heaven.

2. Though thousand snares enclose his feet,  
Not one shall hold him fast,  
Whatever dangers he may meet,  
He shall get safe at last.

3. Not as the world the Saviour gives;  
He is no fickle friend;  
Whom once he loves he never leaves,  
But loves him to the end.

4. The spirit that would this truth withstand,  
Would pull God's temple down,  
Wrest Jesus' sceptre from his hand.  
And spoil him of his crown.

5. Satan might then full victory boast,  
The church might wholly fall;  
If one believer may be lost,  
It follows, so may all.
6. But Christ in every age has proved  
His purchase firm and true:  
If this foundation be removed,  
What shall the righteous do?
7. Brethren, by this your claim abide,  
This title to your bliss;  
Whatever loss you bear beside,  
O never give up this.

**38. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all  
acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the  
world to save sinners. 1. Tim. i. 15.**

1. WHEN Adam by transgression fell,  
And, conscious, fled his Maker's face,  
Linked in clandestine league with hell,  
He ruin'd all his future race.  
The seeds of evil, once brought in,  
Increased, and filled the world with sin
2. This lurking leaven ferments the mass,  
All nature's sick; creation's spoiled;  
Each sin-infected sire, alas,  
Begets a sin-infected child.  
Thus propagation spreads the curse;  
And man, born bad, grows worse and worse.
3. But, lo, the second Adam came,  
The serpent's subtle head to bruise:  
He cancels his malicious claim,  
And disappoints his devilish views;  
Ransoms poor prisoners with his blood,  
And brings the sinner back to God.
4. To understand these terms aright,  
This grand distinction should be know,  
Though all are sinners in God's sight,  
There are but few so in their own.  
To such as these our Lord was sent;  
They're only sinners who repent.

5. What comfort can a Saviour bring  
To those who never felt their woe?  
A sinner is a sacred thing;  
The Holy Ghost has made him so.  
New life from him we must receive  
Before for sin we rightly grieve.
6. Let the self-righteous hence beware,  
Lest he this great salvation scorn.  
Let every careless soul take care;  
For they that laugh shall one day mourn.  
High-flying lights, learn hence to stoop;  
Dry knowledge only puffs men up.
7. This faithful saying let us own,  
(Well worthy 'tis to be believed)  
That Christ into the world came down,  
That sinners might by him be saved. .  
Sinners are high in his esteem,  
And sinners highly value him.

**39. The Sinner's Hope.**

1. COME, ye humble sinner-train,  
Souls for whom the Lamb was slain,  
Cheerful let us raise our voice;  
We have reason to rejoice.  
Let us sing, with saints in heaven,  
Life restored, and sins forgiven:  
Glory and eternal laud  
Be to our incarnate God.
2. Now look up with faith and see  
Him that bled for you and me,  
Seated on his glorious throne,  
Interceding for his own.  
What can Christians have to fear  
When they view their Saviour there?  
Hell is vanquished, heaven appeased,  
God is reconciled and pleased.
3. Snares and dangers may beset,  
For we are but travellers yet:  
As the way indeed is hard,  
Let us keep a constant guard;  
Neither lifted up with air,

Nor dejected to despair:  
Always keeping Christ in view;  
He will bring us safely through.

**40. The world by wisdom knew not God. 1. Cor. i. 21.**

1. Oh, ye sons of men, be wise;  
Trust no longer dreams and lies;  
Out of Christ, almighty power  
Can do nothing but devour.
2. God, you say, is good. 'Tis true.  
But he's pure and holy too;  
Just and jealous is his ire,  
Burning with vindictive fire.
3. This of old himself declared:  
Israel trembled when they heard.  
But the proof of proofs indeed  
Is, he sent his Son to bleed.
4. When the blessed Jesus died,  
God was clearly justified:  
Sin to pardon without blood  
Never in his nature stood.
5. Worship God then in his Son;  
There he's love, and there alone.  
Think not that he will, or may,  
Pardon any other way.
6. See the suffering Son of God,  
Panting, groaning, sweating blood!  
Brethren, this had never been,  
Had not God detested sin.
7. Be his mercy therefore sought  
In the way himself has taught:  
There his clemency is such,  
We can never trust too much.
8. He that better knows than we,  
Bids us all to Jesus flee.  
Humbly take him at his word,  
And your souls shall bless the Lord.

**41. Behold, and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow. Lam. i. 12.**

1. MUCH we talk of Jesus' blood;  
But how little's understood!  
Of his sufferings, so intense,  
Angels have no perfect sense.  
Who can rightly comprehend  
Their beginning, or their end?  
'Tis to God, and God alone,  
That their weight is fully known.
2. O thou hideous monster, sin,  
What a curse hast thou brought in!  
All creation groans through thee,  
Pregnant cause of misery!  
Thou hast ruined wretched man  
Ever since the world began;  
Thou hast God afflicted too;  
Nothing less than that would do.
3. Would we then rejoice indeed?  
Be it that from thee we're freed:  
And our justest cause to grieve  
Is, that thou wilt to us cleave.  
Faith relieves us from thy guilt;  
But we think whose blood was spilt.  
All we hear, or feel, or see,  
Serves to raise our hate to thee.
4. Dearly we are bought, for God  
Bought us with his own heart's blood.  
Boundless depths of love divine!  
Jesus, what a love was thine!  
Though the wonders thou hast done  
Are as yet so little known;  
Here we fix, and comfort take;  
Jesus died for sinners' sake!

**42. Election.**

1. BRETHREN, would you know your stay?  
What it is supports you still?  
Why, though tempted ev'ry day,  
Yet you stand, and stand you will?  
Long before our birth,

Nay, before Jehovah laid  
The foundations of the earth,  
We were chosen in our Head.

2. God's election is the ground  
Of our hope to persevere.  
On this rock your building found,  
And preserve your title clear.  
Infidels may laugh;  
Pharisees gainsay, or rail;  
Here's your tenure (keep it safe),  
God's elect can never fail.

#### 43. Create in me a clean heart. Psalm li. 10.

1. LORD, when thy Spirit descends to shew  
The badness of our hearts,  
Astonished at the amazing view,  
The soul with horror starts.
2. The dungeon, opening foul as hell,  
Its loathsome stench emits;  
And, brooding in each secret cell,  
Some hideous monster sits.
3. Swarms of ill thoughts their bane diffuse,  
Proud, envious, false, unclean;  
And every ransacked corner shews  
Some unsuspected sin.
4. Our staggering faith gives way to doubt;  
Our courage yields to fear:  
Shocked at the sight, we straight cry out,  
"Can ever God dwell here?"
5. But he that shews can purge the filth  
Of each polluted soul;  
Restore the putrid parts to health,  
And purify the whole.
6. None less than God's almighty Son  
Can move such loads of sin;  
The water from his side must run,  
To wash this dungeon clean.

7. O come, thou much-expected guest,  
Lord Jesus, quickly come!  
Enter the chamber of my breast;  
Thyself prepare the room.
8. For, shouldst thou stay till thou canst meet  
Reception worthy thee,  
With sinners thou wouldst never sit--  
At least I'm sure with me.
9. When, when will that blest time arrive,  
When thou wilt kindly deign  
With me to sit, to lodge, to live,  
And never part again?

#### 44. Jabez's Prayer. 1. Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1. A saint there was in days of old,  
Though we but little of him hear,  
In honour high; of whom is told  
A short, but an effectual prayer.  
This prayer, my brethren, let us view,  
And try if we can pray so too.
2. He called on Israel's God, 'tis said;  
Let us take notice first of that:  
Had he to any other prayed,  
To us it had not mattered what;  
For all true Israelites adore  
One God, Immanuel, and no more.
3. "O! that thou wouldst me bless indeed,  
And that thou wouldst enlarge my bound!  
And let thy hand in every need  
A guide and help be with me found!  
That thou wouldst cause that evil be  
No cause of pain and grief to me!"
4. What is it to be blest indeed,  
But to have all our sins forgiven?  
To be from guilt and terror freed;  
Redeemed from hell, and sealed for heaven?  
To worship an incarnate God,  
And know he saved us by his blood?

5. And next, to have our coast enlarged,  
Is, that our hearts extend their plan;  
From bondage and from fear discharged,  
And filled with love to God and man:  
To cast off every narrow thought,  
And use the freedom Christ has bought.
6. To use this liberty aright,  
And not the grace of God abuse,  
We always need his hand, his might,  
Lest what he gives us we should lose;  
Spiritual pride would soon creep in,  
And turn his very grace to sin.
7. This prayer, so long ago preferred,  
Is left on sacred record thus.  
And this good prayer by God. was heard,  
And kindly handed down to us.  
Thus Jabez prayed (for that's his name),  
Let all believers pray the same.

#### 45. Whitsunday.

1. WHEN the blest day of Pentecost  
Was fully come, the Holy Ghost  
Descended from above,  
Sent by the Father and the Son,  
(The Sender and the Sent are one)  
The Lord of life and love.
2. Within one house, with one accord,  
The faithful followers of our Lord,  
Waiting his promise, sit;  
That, vested with supernal power,  
They might be then, and not before,  
To preach the gospel fit.
3. Sudden a rushing wind they hear;  
And fiery cloven tongues appear;  
And sat on every one.  
Cloven, perhaps to be the sign  
That God no longer would confine  
His word to Jews alone.
4. To every nation under heaven  
To hear the gospel-sound is given;

The call to all extends.  
As ours was parted long ago,  
So God divides his language too,  
And after sinners sends.

5. And were these first disciples blest  
With heavenly gifts? And shall the rest  
Be passed unheeded by?  
What! has the Holy Ghost forgot  
To quicken souls that Christ has bought,  
And let them lifeless lie!
6. No, thou almighty Paraclete,  
Thou shedd'st thy heav'nly influence yet,  
Thou visitest sinners still :  
Thy breath of life, thy quickening flame,  
Thy power, thy Godhead, still the same,  
We own, because we feel.

#### 46. Another.

1. THE soul that with sincere desires  
Seeks after Jesus' love,  
That soul the Holy Ghost inspires  
With breathings from above.
2. Not every one in like degree  
The Spirit of God receives;  
The Christian often cannot see  
His faith, and yet believes.
3. So gentle sometimes is the flame,  
That, if we take not heed,  
We may unkindly quench the same:  
We may, my friends, indeed.
4. Blessed God, that once in fiery tongues  
Cam'st down in open view,  
Come, visit every heart that longs  
To entertain thee too.
5. And, though not like a mighty wind,  
Nor with a rushing noise.  
May we thy calmer comforts find,  
And hear thy still small voice.

6. Not for the gift of tongues we pray,  
Nor power the sick to heal;  
Give wisdom to direct our way,  
And strength to do thy will.
7. We pray to be renewed within,  
And reconciled to God;  
To have our conscience washed from sin  
In the Redeemer's blood.
8. We pray to have our faith increased;  
And, O celestial Dove!  
We pray to be completely blessed  
With that rich blessing, love.

**47. Hymn and Doxology to the Trinity.**

1. TO comprehend the great THREE-ONE  
Is more than highest angels can;  
Or what the Trinity has done  
From death and hell to ransom man.
2. But all true christians this may boast,  
(A truth from nature never learned,)
 

That Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To save our souls are all concerned.
3. The Father's love in this we find,  
He made his Son our sacrifice.  
The Son in love his life resigned,  
The Spirit of love his blood applies.
4. Thus we the Trinity can praise  
In Unity, through Christ our King;  
Our grateful hearts and voices raise  
In faith and love, while thus we sing –
5. Glory to God the Father be,  
Because he sent his Son to die.  
Glory to God the Son, that he  
Did with such willingness comply.
6. Glory to God the Holy Ghost,  
Who to our hearts this love reveals:  
Thus God Three-One to sinners lost  
Salvation sends, procures, and seals.

**48. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. Matt. xxiv. 35.**

1. THE moon and stars shall lose their light;  
The sun shall sink in endless night;  
Both heaven and earth shall pass away;  
The works of nature all decay:
2. But they that in the Lord confide,  
And shelter in his wounded side,  
Shall see the danger overpast,  
Stand every storm, and live at last.
3. What Christ has said must be fulfilled,  
On this firm rock, believers, build:  
His word shall stand, his truth prevail,  
And not one jot or tittle fail.
4. His word is this, poor sinners, hear.  
“Believe on me, and banish fear;  
Cease from your own works, bad or good,  
And wash your garments in my blood.”

**49. The Rainbow. Isa. liv. 9.**

1. WHEN, deaf to every warning given,  
Man braved the patient power of heaven,  
Great in his anger, God arose,  
Deluged the world, and drowned his foes!
2. Vengeance, that called for this just doom,  
Retired to make sweet mercy room;  
God, of his wrath repenting, swore  
A flood should drown the earth no more.
3. That future ages this might know,  
He placed in heaven his radiant bow;  
The sign, till time itself shall fail,  
That waters shall no more prevail.
4. The beauties of this bow but shine  
To vulgar eyes as something fine;  
Others investigate their cause  
By mediums drawn from Nature's laws.

5. But what great ends can men pursue  
From schemes like these, suppose them true?  
Describe the form; the cause define;  
The rainbow still remains a sign:
6. A sign, in which by faith we read  
The covenant God with Noah made;  
A noble end, and truly great!  
But something greater lies there yet.
7. This bow, that beams with vivid light,  
Presents a sign to Christian sight  
That God has sworn (who dares condemn?)  
He will no more be wrath with them.
8. Thus the believer, when he views  
The rainbow in its various hues,  
May say, "Those lively colours shine  
To shew that heaven is surely mine.
9. See in yon cloud what tinctures glow,  
And gild the smiling vales below!  
So smiles my cheerful soul to see  
My God is reconcil'd to me."

**50. Charity never faileth. 1. Cor. xiii. 8.**

1. FAITH in the bleeding Lamb,  
O what a gift is this!  
Hope of salvation in his name,  
How comfortable 'tis!
2. Knowledge of what is right;  
How God is reconciled;  
A foe received a favourite,  
An alien made a child!
3. Blessings, my friends, like these,  
Are very, very great:  
But soon they every one must cease;  
Nor are they now complete.
4. Faith will to bliss give place;  
In sight we hope shall lose:  
For who needs trust for things he has,  
Or hope for what he views?

5. The little too that's known,  
Which, children-like, we boast,  
Will fade, like glow-worms in the sun,  
Or drops in ocean lost.
6. But love shall still remain,  
Its glories cannot cease;  
No other change shall that sustain,  
Save only to increase.
7. Of all that God bestows,  
In earth, or heaven above,  
The best gift saint or angel knows,  
Or e'er will know, is love.
8. Love all defects supplies,  
Makes great obstructions small:  
'Tis prayer; 'tis praise; 'tis sacrifice;  
'Tis holiness; 'tis all!
9. Descend, celestial Dove,  
With Jesus' flock abide;  
Give us that best of blessings, love,  
Whate'er we want beside.

**51. (C. M.) And, when they had nothing to pay,  
he frankly forgave them both. Luke 7:42**

1. MERCY is welcome news indeed  
To those that guilty stand:  
Wretches that feel what help they need  
Will bless the helping hand.
2. Who rightly would his alms dispose  
Must give them to the poor:  
None but the wounded patient knows  
The comforts of his cure.
3. We all have sinned against our God,  
Exception none can boast;  
But he that feels the heaviest load  
Will prize forgiveness most.

4. No reck'ning can we rightly keep;  
For who the sums can know?  
Some souls are fifty pieces deep,  
And some five hundred owe.
5. But, let our debts be what they may,  
However great or small,  
As soon as we have nought to pay,  
Our Lord forgives us all.
6. 'Tis perfect poverty alone  
That sets the soul at large;  
While we can call one mite our own,  
We have no full discharge.

**52. (LM) Praying for Relations.**

1. KIND souls, who for the miseries moan  
Of those who seldom mind their own,  
But treat your zeal with cold disdain,  
Resolved to make your labours vain;
2. You, whose sincere affection tends  
To help your dear ungrateful friends,  
That think you foes, or mad, or fools,  
Because you fain would save their souls;
3. Though deaf to every warning given,  
They scorn to walk with you to heaven;  
But often think, and sometimes say,  
They'll never go, if that's the way;
4. Though they the Spirit of God resist,  
Or ridicule your faith in Christ;  
Though they blaspheme, oppose, contemn,  
And hate you for your love to them;
5. One secret way is left you still  
To do them good against their will -  
Here they can no obstruction give;  
You may do this without their leave.
6. Fly to the throne of grace by prayer,  
And pour out all your wishes there:  
Effectual fervent prayer prevails  
When every other method fails.

**53. (S M.) Faith is the Victory.**

1. WHOE'ER believes aright  
In Christ's atoning blood,  
Of all his guilt's acquitted quite,  
And may draw near to God.
2. But sin will still remain,  
Corruptions rise up thick;  
And Satan says the med'cine's vain,  
Because we yet are sick'.
3. But all this will not do;  
Our hope's on Jesus cast:  
Let all be liars, and him be true,  
We shall be well at last.

**54. (8. 7.) Faith and Repentance.**

1. JESUS is our God and Saviour,  
Guide, and Counsellor, and Friend,  
Bearing all our misbehaviour;  
Kind, and loving to the end.  
Trust him; he will not deceive us,  
Though we hardly of him deem:  
He will never, never leave us;  
Nor will let us quite leave him.
2. View him in the doleful garden,  
View him on the bloody tree,  
Dearly purchasing a pardon  
For his people full and free.  
View him now in heaven sitting,  
Interceding for us there;  
Not a moment intermitting  
His compassion and his care.
3. Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,  
Can relieve us from our smart;  
Nothing else from guilt release us;  
Nothing else can melt the heart.  
Law and terrors do but harden  
All the while they work alone;  
But a sense of blood-bought pardon  
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

4. 'Tis a safe though deep compunction  
Thy repenting people feel:  
Love and grief compound an unction,  
Both to cleanse our wounds and heal.  
Balm is useless to th' unfeeling;  
And repentance without faith  
Is a sore that, never healing,  
Frets and rankles unto death.
5. Jesus, all our consolations  
Flow from thee, the sovereign good;  
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,  
All are purchased by thy blood.  
From thy fulness we receive them;  
We have nothing of our own:  
Freely thou delightest to give them  
To the needy, who have none.
6. Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,  
How to mourn, and not despair:  
Let us, leaning on thy merit,  
Wrestle hard with God in prayer.  
Whatsoe'er afflictions seize us,  
They shall profit, if not please;  
But defend, defend us, Jesus,  
From security and ease.
7. Softly to thy garden lead us,  
To behold thy bloody sweat.  
Though thou from the curse hast freed us,  
Let us not the cost forget.  
Be thy groans and cries rehearsed  
By the Spirit in our ears,  
Till we, viewing whom we've pierced,  
Melt in sympathetic tears.

**55. (8. 7.) Another.**

1. COME, ye Christians, sing the praises  
Of your condescending God;  
Come, and hymn the holy Jesus,  
Who hath washed us in his blood.  
We are poor, and weak, and silly,  
And to ev'ry evil prone;  
Yet our Jesus loves us freely,  
And receives us for his own.

2. Though we're mean in man's opinion,  
He hath made us priests and kings:  
Power, and glory, and dominion,  
To the Lamb the sinner sings.  
Leprous souls, unsound and filthy,  
Come before him as you are;  
'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,  
Needs the good Physician's care.
3. Hear the terms that never vary;  
'To repent, and to believe.'  
Both of these are necessary;  
Both from Jesus we receive.  
Would-be Christian, duly ponder  
These in thine impartial mind;  
And let no man put asunder  
What the Lord has wisely joined.
4. O! beware of fondly thinking  
God accepts thee for thy tears:  
Are the shipwrecked saved by sinking?  
Can the ruined rise by fears?  
O! beware of trust ill-grounded;  
'Tis but fancied faith at most;  
To be cured, and not be wounded;  
To be saved before you're lost.
5. No big words of ready talkers,  
No dry doctrine, will suffice:  
Broken hearts, and humble walkers,  
These are dear in Jesus' eyes.  
Tinkling sounds of disputation,  
Naked knowledge, all are vain:  
Ev'ry soul that gains salvation,  
Must and shall be born again.

**56. (8.7.) Another.**

PART I.

1. LET us ask th' important question.  
(Brethren, be not too secure)  
What it is to be a Christian,  
How we may our hearts assure.  
Vain is all our best devotion,  
If on false foundations built:

True religion's more than notion;  
Something must be known and felt.

2. 'Tis to trust our Well-beloved  
In his blood has washed us clean:  
'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,  
Though we feel it rise within:  
To believe that all is finished;  
Though so much remains to endure:  
Find the dangers undiminished,  
Yet to hold deliverance sure.
3. 'Tis to credit contradictions;  
Talk with him one never sees;  
Cry and groan beneath afflictions,  
Yet to dread the thoughts of ease,  
'Tis to feel the fight against us,  
Yet the victory hope to gain;  
To believe that Christ has cleansed us,  
Though the leprosy remain.
4. 'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit  
Prompting us to secret prayer;  
To rejoice in Jesus' merit,  
Yet continual sorrow bear.  
To receive a full remission  
Of our sins for evermore;  
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,  
Begging mercy every hour.
5. To be steadfast in believing;  
Yet to tremble, fear, and quake,  
Every moment be receiving  
Strength, and yet be always weak:  
To be fighting, fleeing, turning:  
Ever sinking, yet to swim.  
To converse with Jesus, mourning  
For ourselves, or else for him.

## PART II

1. GREAT High Priest, we view thee stooping,  
With our names upon thy breast,  
In the garden, groaning, drooping,  
To the ground with horrors prest.  
Weeping angels stood confounded  
To behold their Maker thus:

And can we remain unwounded,  
When we know 'twas all for us?

2. On the cross thy body broken  
Cancels every penal tie:  
Tempted souls, produce this token  
All demands to satisfy.  
All is finished; do not doubt it;  
But believe your dying Lord;  
Never reason more about it;  
Only take him at his word.
3. Lord, we fain would trust thee solely;  
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt.  
Bruised Bridegroom, take us wholly;  
Take, and make us what thou wilt.  
Thou hast home the bitter sentence  
Passed on man's devoted race.  
True belief and true repentance  
Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

## 57. (C. M. D.) The Wish.

1. IF dust and ashes might presume,  
Great God, to talk to thee;  
If in thy presence can be room  
For crawling worms like me;  
I humbly would my wish present,  
For wishes I have none;  
All my desires are now content  
To be comprised in one.
2. I would not sue for length of days,  
For honour, or for wealth;  
Nor, that which far surpasseth these,  
Uninterrupted health.  
I would not ask a monarch's heir  
Or counsellor to be;  
A better wisdom I would share,  
A nobler pedigree.
3. Not joy nor strength would I request,  
Though neither I contemn;  
But would petition to be blest  
With what transcendeth them.  
'Tis not that angels might convey

My soul this night to heaven:  
Thy time with patience I can stay,  
Since all my sin's forgiven.

4. Nor would I crave in highest state  
At thy right hand to sit;  
(The suit of Zeb'dee's sons) for that  
I know myself unfit.  
Nor in thy church on earth would strive  
A pompous post to fill;  
For fear I might not well perceive,  
Or fail to do thy will.
5. The single boon I would entreat  
Is, to be led by thee  
To gaze upon thy bloody sweat  
In sad Gethsemane.  
To view (as I could bear at least)  
Thy tender broken heart,  
Like a rich olive, bruised and prest  
With agonizing smart.
6. To see thee bowed beneath my guilt;  
Intolerable load!  
To see thy blood for sinners spilt,  
My groaning, gasping God!  
With sympathizing grief to mourn  
The sorrows of thy soul;  
The pangs and tortures by thee borne  
In some degree condole.
7. There, musing on thy mighty love,  
I always would remain;  
Or but to Golgotha remove,  
And thence return again.  
In each dear place the same rich scene  
Should ever be renewed; .  
No object else should intervene,  
But all be love and blood.
8. For this one favour oft I've sought;  
And if this one be given,  
I seek on earth no happier lot,  
And hope the like in heaven.  
Lord, pardon what I ask amiss;  
For knowledge I have none:

I do but humbly speak my wish;  
And may thy will be done.

#### 58. (S. M.) Pride.

1. INNUMERABLE foes  
Attack the child of God;  
He feels within the weight of sin,  
A grievous galling load!
2. Temptations too without,  
Of various kinds, assault;  
Sly snares beset his travelling feet,  
And make him often halt.
3. From sinner and from saint  
He meets with many a blow:  
His own bad heart creates him smart,  
Which only God can know.
4. But, though the host of hell  
Be neither weak nor small,  
One mighty foe deals dangerous wo,  
And hurts beyond them all.
5. 'Tis pride, accursed pride!  
That spirit by God abhorred:  
Do what we will, it haunts us still,  
And keeps us from the Lord.
6. It blows its poisonous breath,  
And bloats the soul with air;  
The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,  
And makes even grace a snare.
7. Awake, nay, while we sleep,  
In all we think or speak,  
It puffs us glad, torments us sad;  
Its hold we cannot break.
8. In other ills we find  
The hand of Heaven not slack;  
Pride only knows to interpose,  
And keep our comforts back.

9. 'Tis hurtful when perceived;  
When not perceived 'tis worse:  
Unseen or seen it dwells within,  
And works by fraud or force.
10. Against its influence pray,  
It mingles with the prayer;  
Against it preach, it prompts the speech,  
Be silent, still 'tis there.
11. This moment, while I write,  
I feel its power within;  
My heart it draws to seek applause,  
And mixes all with sin.
12. Thou meek and lowly Lamb,  
This haughty tyrant kill,  
That wounded thee, though thou wast free,  
And grieves thy spirit still.
13. Our condescending God,  
To whom else shall we go?  
Remove our pride, whate'er betide,  
And lay and keep us low.
14. Thy garden is the place  
Where pride cannot intrude;  
For, should it dare to enter there,  
'Twould soon be drowned in blood.

**59. (L. M.) The High Priest.**

1. WHEN Aaron in the holiest place  
Atonement made for Israel's race,  
The names of all their tribes exprest  
He wore conspicuous on his breast.
2. Twelve lettered stones, with sculpture bold,  
Deep seated in the wounded gold,  
Glowed on the breastplate richly bright,  
And beamed characteristic light.
3. His hands a golden censer held,  
With burning coals and incense filled;  
Which clouded all the holy room  
With odorous streams of rich perfume.

4. And, lest the priest the place defile,  
A costly consecrating oil,  
With mingled gums and spices sweet,  
Had for his office made him meet.
5. The liquid compound from his head  
Its unctuous odours downward spread;  
Delicious drops, like balmy dews,  
O'er all the man their sweets diffuse.
6. Arrayed in hallowed vests he stood,  
Sprinkled with holy oil and blood,  
The tabernacle's sacred frame,  
And all within it, shared the same.
7. So, when our great Melchisedec  
The true atonement came to make,  
A holy oil anoints Him too,  
Richer than Aaron ever knew.
8. His body, bathed in sweat and blood,  
Showered on the ground a purple flood;  
The rich effusion copious ran,  
To glad the heart of God and man.
9. Deep in his breast engraved he bore  
Our names, with every penal score;  
When prest to earth he prostrate lay,  
Shocked at the sum, yet prompt to pay.
10. The fragrant incense of his prayer  
To heaven went up through yielding air,  
Perfumed the throne of God on high,  
And calmed offended Majesty.

**60. (7. 6. D) Election.**

1. MIGHTY enemies without,  
Much mightier within,  
Thoughts we cannot quell nor rout,  
Blasphemously obscene;  
Coldness, unbelief, and pride,  
Hell, and all its murderous train,  
Threaten death on every side,  
And have their thousands slain.

2. Thus pursued, and thus distress,  
Ah! whither shall we fly?  
To obtain the promised rest,  
On what sure hand rely?  
Shall the Christian trust his heart?  
That, alas! of foes the worst,  
Always takes the tempter's part;  
Nay, often tempts him first.
3. If to-day we be sincere,  
And can both watch and pray;  
Watchfulness, perhaps, and prayer,  
To-morrow may decay.  
If we now believe aright,  
Faithfulness is God's alone:  
We are feeble, fickle, light,  
To changes ever prone.
4. But we build upon a base  
That nothing can remove,  
When we trust electing grace  
And everlasting love.  
Victory over all our foes  
Christ has purchased with his blood  
Perseverance he bestows  
On every child of God.

**61. (7. 6. D) Another.**

1. WHEN we pray, or when we sing,  
Or read, or speak, or hear,  
Or do any holy thing,  
Be this our constant care:  
With a fixt habitual faith  
Jesus Christ to keep in view,  
Trusting wholly in his death  
In all we ask or do.
2. Holiness in all its parts,  
Affections placed above,  
Self-abhorrence, contrite hearts,  
Humility and love;  
Every virtue, every grace,  
All that bears the name of good,  
Perseverance in our race,  
We draw from Jesus' blood.

3. Lamb of God, in thee we trust,  
On thy fixt love depend:  
Thou art faithful, true, and just,  
And lovest to the end:  
Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
But thy word shall firm abide;  
That's thy children's steadfast stay...  
When all things fail beside.

**62. (L. M) Christ in the Garden.**

1. COME hither, ye that fain would know  
The exceeding sinfulness of sin;  
Come, see a scene of matchless woe,  
And tell me what it all can mean.
2. Behold the darling Son of God  
Bowed down with horror to the ground,  
Wrung at the heart, and sweating blood,  
His eyes in tears of sorrow drowned!
3. See how the victim panting lies,  
His soul with bitter anguish prest!  
He sighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,  
Dismayed, dejected, shocked, distress!
4. What pangs are these that tear his heart?  
What burden's this that's on him laid?  
What means this agony of smart?  
What makes our Maker hang his head?
5. 'Tis Justice with its iron rod  
Inflicting strokes of wrath divine;  
'Tis the vindictive hand of God,  
Incensed at all your sins and mine.
6. Deep in his breast our names were cut;  
He undertook our desperate debt.  
Such loads of guilt were on him put,  
He could but just sustain the weight.
7. Then let us not ourselves deceive;  
For, while of sin we lightly deem,  
Whatever notions we may have,  
Indeed we are not much like him.

### 63. (L. M.) The Crucifixion.

1. NOW from the garden to the cross  
Let us attend the Lamb of God:  
Be all things else accounted dross,  
Compared with sin-atoning blood.
2. See how the patient Jesus stands,  
Insulted in his lowest case!  
Sinners have bound the Almighty's hands,  
And spit in their Creator's face.
3. With thorns his temples gored and gashed  
Send streams of blood from every part;  
His back's with knotted scourges lashed,  
But sharper scourges tear his heart.
4. Nailed naked to the accursed wood,  
Exposed to earth and heaven above,  
A spectacle of wounds and blood,  
A prodigy of injured love!
5. Hark! how his doleful cries affright  
Affected angels, while they view.  
His friends forsook him in the night,  
And now his God forsakes him too!
6. O, what a field of battle's here!  
Vengeance and love their powers oppose :  
Never was such a mighty pair;  
Never were two such desperate foes.
7. Behold that pale, that languid face,  
That drooping head, those cold dead eyes!  
Behold, in sorrow and disgrace  
Our conquering Hero hangs and dies!
8. Ye that assume his sacred name,  
Now tell me, what can all this mean?  
What was it bruised God's harmless Lamb?  
What was it pierced his soul - but sin?
9. Blush, Christian, blush; let shame abound:  
If sin affects thee not with woe,  
Whatever spirit be in thee found,  
The Spirit of Christ thou dost not know.

### 64, (7. 6. 8) "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." Isa. 45:24.

1. FAITH in Jesus can repel  
The darts of sin and death;  
Faith gives victory over hell:  
But who can give us faith?  
Hope in Christ the soul revives,  
Supports the spirits when they droop;  
Hope celestial comfort gives:  
But who can give us hope?
2. Love to Jesus Christ and his  
Fixes the heart above;  
Love gives everlasting bliss:  
But who can give us love?  
To believe's the gift of God;  
Well-grounded hope he sends from heaven;  
Love's the purchase of his blood,  
To all his children given.
3. Jesus, from thy boundless store,  
Thy treasures of grace,  
On thy feeble followers pour  
Thy righteousness and peace.  
Of thy righteousness alone  
Continual mention we will make :  
We have nothing of our own;  
But soul and all's at stake.

### 65. (8. 3) Man's Righteousness.

1. MAN, bewail thy situation:  
Hell-born sin,  
Once crept in,  
Mars God's fair creation.
2. Vaunt thy native strength no longer;  
Vain's the boast;  
All is lost;  
Sin and death are stronger.
3. Enemies to God and goodness,  
Great and small,  
Since the fall,  
Sink in lust and lewdness.

4. If to this thou art a stranger,  
While thou livest  
Out of Christ  
Greater is thy danger.
5. Trust not to thy smooth behaviour;  
All's deceit;  
And the cheat  
Keeps thee from the Saviour.
6. Oft we're best when dangers fright us.  
Jesus came  
To reclaim  
Sinners, not the righteous.
7. Sick men feel their bad condition;  
But the soul  
That is whole  
Slights the good Physician.

**66. (8. 3.) The Linsey-woolsey Garment.**

1. DARK is he whose eye's not single.  
Foolish man  
Never can  
Hell with heaven mingle.
2. Every thing we do we sin in.  
Chosen Jews  
Must not use  
Woollen mixt with linen.
3. God is holy in his nature;  
And by that  
Needs must hate  
Sin in every creature.
4. Infinite in truth and justice,  
He surveys  
All our ways;  
Knows in whom our trust is.
5. Partial service is his loathing;  
He requires  
Pure desires;  
All the heart, or nothing.

6. If we think of reconciling  
Black with white,  
Dark with light,  
'Tis but self-beguiling.
7. Righteousness to full perfection  
Must be brought,  
Lacking nought,  
Fearless of rejection.

**67. (8. 3.) Christ's Righteousness.**

1. RIGHTEOUSNESS to the believer,  
Freely given,  
Comes from heaven,  
God himself the giver.
2. Christ has wrought this mighty wonder  
God and man  
By him can  
Meet, and never sunder.
3. All the law in human nature  
He fulfilled;  
Reconciled  
Creature and Creator.
4. Every one, without exemption,  
That believes,  
Now receives  
Absolute redemption.
5. Robes of righteousness imputed,  
White and whole,  
Clothe the soul,  
Each exactly suited.
6. 'Tis a way of God's own finding;  
'Tis his act;  
And the pact\* (\* Covenant)  
Cannot but be binding.
7. Here is no prevarication;  
Justice stands,  
And demands  
Full and free salvation.

**68. (8. 3.) The Saint's Inheritance.**

1. PERFECT holiness of spirit  
Saints above,  
Full of love,  
With the Lamb inherit.
2. This inheritance, believer,  
Faith alone  
Makes thy own,  
Safe and sure for ever.
3. True, 'twas thine from everlasting; '  
But the bliss  
Of it is  
Known to thee by tasting.
4. Though thou here receive but little;  
Scarce enough  
For the proof  
Of thy proper title;
5. Urge thy claim through all unfitness;  
Sue it out,  
Spurning doubt;  
The Holy Ghost's thy witness.
6. Cite the will of his own sealing;  
Title good,  
Signed with blood,  
Valid and unfailing.
7. When thy title thou discernest,  
Humbly then  
Sue again  
For continual earnest.

**69. (C. M. D) But it is good for me to draw near to God. Psalm 73:28.**

1. AS when a child, secure of harms,  
Hangs at the mother's breast,  
Safe folded in her anxious arms,  
Receiving food and rest:  
And, while through many a painful path  
The travelling parent speeds,

The fearless babe, with passive faith,  
Lies still, and yet proceeds:

2. Should some short start his quiet break,  
He fondly strives to fling  
His little arms about her neck,  
And seems to closer cling.  
Poor child, maternal love alone  
Preserves thee first and last;  
Thy parent's arms, and not thy own,  
Are those that hold thee fast!
3. So souls that would to Jesus cleave,  
And hear his secret call,  
Must every fair pretension leave,  
And let the Lord be all.  
"Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep."  
The Shepherd softly cries.  
"Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep,"  
The listening sheep replies.
4. "Thy whole dependance on me fix;  
Nor entertain a thought  
Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,  
But venture to be nought.  
Fond self-direction is a shelf;  
Thy strength, thy wisdom, flee:  
When thou art nothing in thyself,  
Thou then art close to me."

**70. (S. M.) Temptation.**

1. YE tempted souls, reflect  
Whose name 'tis you profess;  
Your Master's lot you must expect,  
Temptations more or less.
2. Dream not of faith so clear  
As shuts all doubtings out;  
Remember how the devil could dare  
To tempt even Christ to doubt,
3. "If thou'rt the Son of God,  
(O what an IF was there!)  
These stones here, speak them into food,  
And make that sonship clear."

4. View that amazing scene!  
Say, could the tempter try  
To shake a tree so sound, so green?  
Good God, defend the dry!

5. Think not he now will fail  
To make us shrink and droop:  
Our faith he daily will assail,  
And dash our very hope.

6. That impious IF he thus  
At God incarnate threw,  
No wonder if he cast at us,  
And make us feel it too.

7. To cause despair's the scope  
Of Satan and his powers.  
Against hope to believe in hope,  
My brethren, must be ours.

8. Buts, ifs, and hows, are hurled  
To sink us with the gloom  
Of all that's dismal in this world,  
Or in the world to come.

9. But here's our point of rest;  
Though hard the battle seem,  
Our Captain stood the fiery test,  
And we shall stand through him.

#### 71. (S. M.) The Prodigal.

1. NOW for a wondrous song,  
(Keep distance, ye profane;  
Be silent, each unhallowed tongue,  
Nor turn the truth to bane.)
2. The prodigal's returned;  
The apostate bold and base;  
That all his Father's counsels spurned,  
And long abused his grace.
3. What treatment since he came!  
Love tenderly exprest.  
What robe is brought to hide his shame?  
The best, the very best.

4. Rich food the servants bring;  
Sweet music charms his ears;  
See what a beauteous costly ring  
The beggar's finger wears!

5. Ye elder sons, be still;  
Give no bad passions vent:  
My brethren, 'tis our Father's will,  
And you must be content.

6. All that he has is yours:  
Rejoice then, not repine.  
That love that all your state, secures,  
That love has altered mine.

7. Good God, are these thy ways?  
If rebels thus are freed,  
And favoured with peculiar grace,  
Grace must be free indeed!

#### 72. (7. 6. 8.) All my springs are in thee. Psalm 87:7

1. BLESS the Lord, my soul, and raise  
A glad and grateful song  
To my dear Redeemer's praise,  
For I to him belong.  
He my goodness, strength, and God,  
In whom I live, and move, and am,  
Paid my ransom with his blood:  
My portion is the Lamb.
2. Though temptations seldom cease,  
Though frequent griefs I feel,  
Yet his Spirit whispers peace,  
And he is with me still.  
Weak of body, sick in soul,  
Deprest at heart, and faint with fears,  
His dear presence makes me whole,  
And with sweet comfort cheers.
3. O my Jesus, thou art mine,  
With all thy grace and power;  
I am now, and shall be thine  
When time shall be no more.  
Thou reviv'st me by thy death;

Thy blood from guilt has set me free;  
My fresh springs of hope and faith,  
And love, are all in thee.

**73. (8's.) "If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams" &c. Deut. 13:1. &c.**

1. NO prophet, nor dreamer of dreams,  
No master of plausible speech,  
To live like an angel who seems,  
Or like an apostle to preach:  
No tempter, without or within;  
No spirit, though ever so bright,  
That comes crying out against sin,  
And looks like an angel of light:
2. Though reason, though fitness, he urge,  
Or plead with the words of a friend,  
Or wonders of argument forge,  
Or deep revelations pretend;  
Should meet with a moment's regard,  
But rather be boldly withstood,  
If any thing easy, or hard,  
He teach, save the Lamb and his blood.
3. Remember, O Christian, with heed,  
When sunk under sentence of death,  
How first thou from bondage wast freed;  
Say, was it by works, or by faith?  
On Christ thy affections then fixt,  
What conjugal truth didst thou vow?  
With him was there anything mixt?  
Then what would'st thou mix with him now?
4. If close to thy Lord thou would'st cleave,  
Depend on his promise alone.  
His righteousness would'st thou receive?  
Then learn to renounce all thy own.  
The faith of a Christian indeed  
Is more than mere notion or whim;  
United to Jesus, his head,  
He draws life and virtue from him.
5. Deceived by the father of lies,  
Blind guides cry, Lo here! and Lo there!  
By these our Redeemer us tries,

And warns us of such to beware.  
Poor comfort to mourners they give,  
Who set us to labour in vain;  
And strive, with a "Do this, and live,"  
To drive us to Egypt again.

6. But what says our Shepherd divine?  
(For his blessed word we should keep)  
"This flock has my Father made mine;" \* -  
(John 10:29)  
"I lay down my life for my sheep" - (John  
10:15)  
"'Tis life everlasting I give;" - (John 10:28)  
"My blood was the price that it cost:" § - (John  
10:11)  
"Not one that on me shall believe, - (John  
3:15,16)  
Shall ever be finally lost."
7. This God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful unchangeable friend;  
Whose love is as large as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end.  
'Tis Jesus the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home :  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

**74. (7's, 6. lines) Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established. 2. Chron. 20:20.**

1. LORD, we lie before thy feet;  
Look on all our deep distress;  
Thy rich mercy may we meet!  
Clothe us with thy righteousness.  
Stretch forth thy almighty hand;  
Hold us up, and we shall stand.
2. Shame, and fear, and pain we feel,  
Viewing our unstable hearts.  
How we wander, waver, reel!  
Only wise by fits and starts.  
Thou art truth: but what are we ?  
Fickle fools, and false to thee.

3. Oh, that closer we could cleave  
To thy bleeding, dying breast!  
Give us firmly to believe,  
And to enter into rest.  
Lord, increase, increase our faith;  
Make us faithful unto death;
4. Make thy mighty wonders known;  
Let us see thy sufferings plain;  
Let us hear thee sigh and groan,  
Till we sigh and groan again.  
Rend, O rend the veil between;  
Open wide the bloody scene.
5. Let us, with a steadfast faith,  
View our dear incarnate God,  
Shuddering in the arms of death,  
Bowed beneath our nature's load.  
Make our union with thee clear;  
Perfect love, and cast out fear.
6. Let us trust thee evermore;  
Every moment on thee call  
For new life, new will, new power;  
Let us trust thee, Lord, for all.  
May we nothing know beside  
Jesus, and him crucified.

**75. (7's, 6. lines) "Jesus oft times resorted thither with his disciples" John 18:2**

1. JESUS, while he dwelt below,  
As divine historians say,  
To a place would often go;  
Near to Kedron's brook it lay:  
In this place he loved to be,  
And 'twas named Gethsemane
2. 'Twas a garden, as we read,  
At the foot of Olivet;  
Low, and proper to be made  
The Redeemer's lone retreat.  
When from noise he would be free,  
Then he sought Gethsemane.
3. Thither, by their Master brought,

- His disciples likewise came;  
There the heavenly truths he taught  
Often set their hearts on flame.  
Therefore they, as well as he,  
Visited Gethsemane.
4. Here they oft conversing sat,  
Or might join with Christ in prayer.  
O what blest devotion's that,  
When the Lord himself is there!  
All things to them seemed to agree  
To endear Gethsemane.
  5. Here no stranger durst intrude;  
But the Prince of peace could sit,  
Cheered with sacred solitude,  
Wrapt in contemplation sweet.  
Yet how little could they see  
Why he chose Gethsemane!
  6. Full of love to man's lost race,  
On his conflict much he thought.  
This he knew the destined place,  
And he loved the sacred spot.  
Therefore 'twas he liked to be  
Often in Gethsemane.
  7. They his followers, with the rest,  
Had incurred the wrath divine;  
And their Lord, with pity prest,  
Longed to bear their loads—and mine.  
Love to them, and love to me,  
Made him love Gethsemane.
  8. Many woes had he endured,  
Many sore temptations met,  
Patient, and to pains inured:  
But the sorest trial yet  
Was to be sustained in thee,  
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!
  9. Came at length the dreadful night,  
Vengeance with its iron rod  
Stood, and with collected might  
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God.  
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,  
Groveling in Gethsemane?

10. View him in that olive-press,  
Squeezed and wrung till 'whelmed in blood!  
View thy Maker's deep distress!  
Hear the sighs and groans of God!  
Then reflect what sin must be,  
Gazing on Gethsemane.
11. Poor disciples, tell me now,  
Where's the love ye lately had?  
Where's that faith ye all could vow?  
But this hour is too – too sad !  
'Tis not now for such as ye  
To support Gethsemane.
12. O what wonders love has done!  
But how little understood!  
God well knows, ' and God alone,  
What produced that sweat of blood.  
Who can thy deep wonders see,  
Wonderful Gethsemane?
13. There my God bore all my guilt:  
This through grace can be believed :  
But the horrors which he felt  
Are too vast to be conceived.  
None can penetrate through thee,  
Doleful, dark Gethsemane !
14. Gloomy garden, on thy beds,  
Washed by Kedron's waters foul,  
Grow most rank and bitter weeds .  
Think on these, my sinful soul.  
Would'st thou sin's dominion flee?  
Call to mind Gethsemane.
15. Sinners, vile like me, and lost,  
(If there's one so vile as I)  
Leave more righteous souls to boast;  
Leave them, and to refuge fly.  
We may well bless that decree  
Which ordained Gethsemane.
16. We can hope no healing hand,  
Leprous quite throughout with sin.  
Loathed incurables we stand,  
Crying out, Unclean, unclean!

- Help there's none for such as we,  
But in dear Gethsemane.
17. Eden, from each flowery bed,  
Did for man short sweetness breathe:  
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,  
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death!  
But of life the healing tree  
Grows in rich Gethsemane.
18. Hither, Lord, thou didst resort  
Ofttimes with thy little train;  
Here would'st keep thy private court:  
O! confer that grace again.  
Lord, resort with worthless me  
Ofttimes to Gethsemane.
19. True, I can't deserve to share  
In a favour so divine :  
But, since sin first fixed thee there,  
None have greater sins than mine:  
And to this my woeful plea,  
Witness thou, Gethsemane.
20. Sins against a holy God;  
Sins against his righteous laws;  
Sins against his love, his blood;  
Sins against his name and cause;  
Sins immense as is the sea –  
Hide me, O Gethsemane!
21. Here's my claim, and here alone;  
None a Saviour more can need;  
Deeds of righteousness I've none  
No, not one good work to plead.  
Not a glimpse of hope for me,  
Only in Gethsemane.
22. Saviour, all the stone remove  
From my flinty, frozen heart;  
Thaw it with the beams of love,  
Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart.  
Wound the heart that wounded thee;  
Melt it in Gethsemane.

23. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One Almighty God of love,  
Hymned by all the heavenly host  
In thy shining courts above,  
We poor sinners, gracious Three,  
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

**76. (C. M.) The inestimable Benefits of Christ's Death. inferred from the Excellency of his Person.**

PART I.

1. THE things on earth which men esteem,  
And of their richness boast,  
In value less or greater seem,  
Proportioned to their cost.
2. The diamond, that's for thousands sold,  
Our admiration draws.  
For dust men seldom part with gold,  
Or barter pearls for straws.
3. Then what inestimable worth  
Must in those crowns appear,  
For which the Lord came down to earth,  
And bought for us so dear!
4. The Father dearly loves the Son,  
And rates his merits high.  
For no mean cause he sent him down  
To suffer, grieve, and die.
5. The blessings from his death that flow  
So little we esteem,  
Only because we slightly know,  
And meanly value him. .
6. 'Twas our Creator for us bled,  
The Lord of life and power;  
Whom angels worship, devils dread,  
God blest for evermore.
7. O! could we but with clearer eyes  
His excellencies trace;  
Could we his person learn to prize,  
We more should prize his grace.

PART II.

1. AND did the darling Son of God  
For sinners deign to bleed?  
The purchase of that precious blood  
Must needs be rich indeed.
2. God's wisdom would not pay for toys  
So great a price as this:  
'Tis godlike glory, boundless joys,  
'Tis unexampled bliss.
3. Saints, raise your expectations high,  
Hope all that heaven has good.  
Think what the blood of Christ can buy;  
Invaluable blood!
4. Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor can the heart conceive,  
What blessings are for them prepared  
Who in the Lord believe.
5. By others, for their virtue fair,  
Let rich rewards be sought;  
Give me, my God, to freely share  
What thou hast dearly bought.

**77. (C. M.) "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness. and sanctification, and redemption." 1. Cor. 1:30.**

1. BELIEVERS own they are but blind;  
They know themselves unwise:  
But wisdom in the Lord they find,  
Who opens all their eyes.
2. Unrighteous are they all, when tried;  
But God himself declares,  
In Jesus they are justified;  
His righteousness is theirs.
3. That we're unholy needs no proof;  
We sorely feel the fall:  
But Christ has holiness enough  
To sanctify us all.

4. Exposed by sin to God's just wrath,  
We look to Christ, and view  
Redemption in his blood by faith,  
And full redemption too.
5. Some this, some that good virtue teach,  
To rectify the soul;  
But we first after Jesus reach,  
And richly grasp the whole.
6. To Jesus joined, we all that's good  
From him our Head derive;  
We eat his flesh, and drink his blood,  
And by and in him live.

**78. (C. M) "And the Lord shut him in." Gen. 7:16.**

1. WHEN Noah, with his favoured few  
Was ordered to embark,  
Eight human souls, a little crew,  
Entered on board his ark.
2. Though every part he might secure  
With bar, or bolt, or pin,  
To make the preservation sure,  
Jehovah shut him in.
3. The waters then might swell their tides,  
The billows rage and roar;  
They could not stave the assaulted sides,  
Nor burst the battered door.
4. So souls that into Christ believe,  
Quickened by vital faith,  
Eternal life at once receive,  
And never shall see death.
5. In his own heart the Christian puts  
No trust; but builds his hopes  
On him that opes, and no man shuts,  
And shuts, and no man opes.

6. In Christ his ark he safely rides,  
Not wrecked by death nor sin.  
How is it he so fast abides?  
The Lord has shut him in.

**79. (8. 6. 8) Difference and Degrees of Faith.**

1. HE that believeth Christ the Lord,  
Who shed for man his blood,  
By giving credence to his word,  
Exalts the truth of God.  
So far he's right; but let him know,  
Further than this he yet must go.
2. He that believes on Jesus Christ  
Has a much better faith;  
His Prophet now becomes his Priest,  
And saves him by his death.  
By Christ he finds his sins forgiven,  
And Christ has made him heir of heaven.
3. But he that into Christ believes,  
What a rich faith has he!  
In Christ he moves, and acts, and lives,  
From self and bondage free.  
He hath the Father and the Son,  
For Christ and he are now but one.
4. Till we attain to this rich faith,  
Though safe, we are not sound:  
Though we are saved from guilt and wrath,  
Perfection is not found.  
Lord, make our union closer yet,  
And let the marriage be complete.

**80. (148<sup>th</sup>) Thou hast guided them in thy strength unto the holy habitation. Exod. 15:13.**

1. MISTAKEN men may bawl  
Against the grace of God,  
And threat with final fall  
The purchase of his blood;  
But, though they own the Saviour's name,  
From him such gospel never came.

2. Shall babes in Christ, bereft  
Of God's rich gift of faith,  
Be to their own will left,  
And sin the sin to death?  
Shall any child of God be lost,  
And Satan cheat the Holy Ghost?

3. Dark unbelief and pride,  
With pharisaic zeal,  
We lay you all aside,  
And trust a surer seal;  
We rest our souls on Jesus' word,  
And give the glory to the Lord,

4. Led forth by God's free grace,  
And guided in his power,  
We reach his holy place,  
And live for evermore.  
'Twas this place Moses had in view;  
Of this he sang, and we sing too.

**81. (104<sup>th</sup>) The young lions do lack, and safer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing. Psalm 34:10.**

1. YE lambs of Christ's fold,  
Ye weaklings in faith,  
Who long to lay hold  
On life by his death;  
Who fain would believe him,  
And in your best room  
Would gladly receive him,  
But fear to presume;

2. Remember one thing –  
(O may it sink deep !)  
Our Shepherd and King  
Cares much for his sheep.  
To trust him endeavour;  
The work is his own;  
He makes the believer,  
And gives him his crown.

3. Those feeble desires,  
Those wishes so weak,  
'Tis Jesus inspires,

And bids you still seek.  
His Spirit will cherish  
The life he first gave:  
You never shall perish  
If Jesus can save.

4. Proud lions, that boast  
When lusty and young,  
Soon find to their cost,  
Self-confidence wrong:  
Tormented with hunger,  
They feel their strength vain;  
For famine is stronger,

5. And gnaws them with pain.  
But lambs are preserved,  
Though helpless in kind;  
When lions are starved,  
They nourishment find.  
Their Shepherd upholds them  
When faint, in his arms;  
And feeds them, and folds them,  
And guards them from harms.

6. Though sometimes we see  
The case is not thus;  
Bad shepherds will flee;  
Yet what's that to us?  
The Shepherd that chose us  
Must surely be good,  
Who, rather than lose us,  
Would shed his heart's blood.

7. Blest soul, that can say,  
"Christ only I seek";  
Wait for him alway;  
Be constant, though weak:  
The Lord, whom thou seekest,  
Will not tarry long;  
And to him the weakest  
Is dear as the strong.

**82. (C. M.) "He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." Isa 61:10.**

1. OF all the creatures God has made,  
There is but man alone  
That stands in need to be arrayed  
In coverings not his own.
2. By nature, bears, and bulls, and swine,  
With fowls of every wing,  
Are much more warm, more safe, more fine,  
Than man, their fallen king.
3. Naked and weak, we want a screen:  
But, when with clothes we're deckt,  
Not only lies our shame unseen,  
But we command respect.
4. Can sinful souls then stand unclad  
Before God's burning throne,  
All bare; or (what is quite as bad)  
In coverings of their own?
5. Rich garments must be worn to grace  
The marriage of the Lamb;  
Not nasty rags, to stink the place,  
Nor nakedness to shame.
6. Robes of imputed righteousness  
Will gain us God's esteem;  
No naked pride, no fig-leaf dress,  
How fair soe'er it seem.
7. 'Tis called a robe, perhaps to mean  
Man has by nature none;  
It grows not native, like our skin,  
But is by faith put on.
8. A sinner clothed in this rich vest,  
And garments wash'd in blood,  
Is rendered fit with Christ to feast  
And be the guest of God.

**83. (104th.) Free Grace.**

1. YE children of God,  
By faith in his Son,  
Redeemed by his blood,  
And with him made one;  
This union with wonder  
And rapture be seen,  
Which nothing shall sunder  
Without or within.
2. This pardon, this peace,  
Which none can destroy;  
This treasure of grace,  
This heavenly joy;  
The worthless may crave it;  
It always comes free;  
The vilest may have it,  
'Twas given to me.
3. 'Tis not for good deeds,  
Good tempers, nor frames;  
From grace it proceeds,  
And all is the Lamb's.  
No goodness, no fitness,  
Expects he from us:  
This can well witness,  
For none could be worse.
4. Sick sinner, expect  
No balm but Christ's blood:  
Thy own works reject,  
The bad and the good.  
None ever miscarry  
That on him rely,  
Though filthy as Mary,\* - (Mary Magdalene)  
Manasseh, or I.

**84. (C. M.) God's various Dealings with his Children.**

1. HOW hard and rugged is the way  
To some poor pilgrims' feet;  
In all they do, or think, or say,  
They opposition meet.

2. Others again more smoothly go,  
Secured from hurts and harms;  
Their Saviour leads them gently through,  
Or bears them in his arms.
3. Faith and repentance all must find;  
But yet we daily see  
They differ in their time and kind,  
Duration and degree.
4. Some long repent, and late believe;  
But, when their sin's forgiven,  
A clearer passport they receive,  
And walk with joy to heaven.
5. Their pardon some receive at first;  
And then, compelled to fight,  
They feel their latter stages worst,  
And travel much by night.
6. But, be our conflicts short or long,  
This commonly is true,  
That, wheresoever faith is strong,  
Repentance is so too.

**85. (6. lines 8) Dependence on Christ alone.**

1. IF ever it could come to pass  
That sheep of Christ might fall away,  
My fickle, feeble soul, alas,  
Would fall a thousand times a day!  
Were not thy love as firm as free,  
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.
2. I on thy promises depend,  
(At least I to depend desire)  
That thou wilt love me to the end,  
Be with me in temptation's fir;  
Wilt for me work, and in me too,  
And guide me right, and bring me through.
3. No other stay have I beside;  
If these can alter I must fall:  
I look to thee to be supplied  
With life, with will, with power, with all.

Rich souls may glory in their store,  
But Jesus will relieve the poor.

**86. (104th.) "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." Zech. 13:1**

1. THE fountain of Christ  
Assist me to sing,  
The blood of our Priest,  
Our crucified King;  
Which perfectly cleanses  
From sin and from filth,  
And richly dispenses  
Salvation and health.
2. This fountain so dear  
He'll freely impart;  
Unlocked by the spear,  
It gushed from his heart,  
With blood and with water;  
The first to atone,  
To cleanse us the latter;  
The fountain's but one.
3. This fountain is such,  
As thousands can tell,  
The moment we touch  
Its streams we are well.  
All waters beside them  
Are full of the curse;  
For all that have tried them  
Swell, rot, and grow worse.
4. This fountain, sick Soul,  
Recovers thee quite;  
Bathe here, and be whole;  
Wash here, and be white.  
Whatever diseases  
Or dangers befall,  
The fountain of Jesus  
Will rid thee of all.

5. This fountain from guilt  
Not only makes pure,  
And gives, soon as felt,  
Infallible cure;  
But, if guilt removed  
Return, and remain,  
Its power may be proved  
Again and again.
6. This fountain, unsealed,  
Stands open for all  
That long to be healed,  
The great and the small.  
Here's strength for the weakly,  
That hither are led;  
Here's health for the sickly;  
Here's life for the dead.
7. This fountain, though rich,  
From charge is quite clear;  
The poorer the wretch  
The welcomer here.  
Come needy, come guilty,  
Come loathsome and bare;  
You can't come too filthy  
Come just as you are.
8. This fountain in vain  
Has never been tried;  
It takes out all stain  
Whenever applied.  
The water flows sweetly,  
With virtue divine;  
To cleanse souls completely,  
Though leprous as mine.

**87. (7's) Christ, the Christian's only Help.**

1. GRACIOUS God, thy children keep;  
Jesus, guide thy silly sheep  
Fix, oh! fix our fickle souls,  
Lord; direct us; We are fools.
2. Bld us in my care confide:  
Keep us near thy wounded side:

- From thee let us never stir,  
For thou know'st how soon we err.
3. Lay us low before thy feet,  
Safe from pride and self-conceit:  
Be the language of our souls,  
Lord, protect us; we are fools.
4. We are fools; but thou art wise;  
Son of David, ope our eyes.  
Hold thy lambs secure from harms,  
In thy everlasting arms.
5. Oh! defend thy purchased flock;  
See th' insulting Ishmaels mock.  
Guard us from a world of sin;  
Foes without, and worse within.
6. Dangerous doctrines from without;  
Lies and errors round about;  
From within a treacherous heart,  
Prone to take the tempter's part.
7. Look upon th' unequal war;  
Saviour, do not go too far.  
Crafty is the foe, and strong;  
Saviour, do not tarry long.
8. By thy word we fain would steer,  
Fain thy Spirit's dictates hear, .  
Save us from the rocks and shelves;  
Save us chiefly from ourselves.
9. Never, never may we dare  
What we're not to say we are.  
Make us well our vileness know;  
Keep us very, very low.
10. May we all our wills resign,  
Quite absorbed and lost in thine.  
Let us walk by thy right rules:  
Lord, instruct us; we are fools.

**88. (8DI) Saving Faith.**

1. THE sinner that truly believes,  
And trusts in his crucified God,  
His justification receives,  
Redemption in full through his blood.  
Though thousands and thousands of foes  
Against him in malice unite,  
Their rage he through Christ can oppose,  
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
2. Not all the delusions of sin,  
Shall ever seduce him to death;  
He now has the witness within,  
United to Jesus by faith.  
This faith shall eternally fail  
When Jesus shall fall from his throne:  
For hell against both must prevail,  
Since Jesus and he are but one.
3. The faith that unites to the Lamb,  
And brings such salvation as this,  
Is more than mere notion or name;  
The work of God's Spirit it is;  
A principle active and young,  
That lives under pressure and load,  
That makes out of weakness more strong,  
And draws the soul upward to God.
4. It treads on the world and on hell;  
It vanquishes death and despair;  
And (what still is stranger to tell)  
It overcomes heaven by prayer !  
Permits a vile worm of the dust  
With God to commune as a friend;  
To hope his forgiveness as just,  
And look for his love to the end.
5. It says to the mountains, Depart,  
That stand betwixt God and the soul:  
It binds up the broken in heart,  
And makes their sore consciences whole:  
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye  
Be spotless as snow, and as white;  
And makes such a sinner as I  
As pure as an angel of light.

**89. (P. M.) "These are they which came out of  
great tribulation, and have washed their robes,  
and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."  
Rev. 7:14**

1. BRETHREN, those who come to bliss  
Come through sore temptations :  
Let us all, remembering this,  
Pray for faith and patience.
2. See the suffering church of Christ,  
Gathered from all quarters:  
All contained in that red list  
Were not murdered martyrs.
3. Saints who feel the load of sin,  
Yet come off victorious,  
Suffer martyrdom within,  
Though it seem less glorious.
4. The Holy Ghost will make the soul  
Feel its sad condition;  
For the sick, and not the whole,  
Need the good Physician.
5. Of that mighty multitude,  
Who of life were winners,  
This we safely may conclude,  
All were wretched sinners.
6. All were loathsome in God's sight,  
Till the blood of Jesus  
Washed their robes, and made them white;  
Now they sing his praises.
7. Every kindred, tongue, and tribe,  
From their tribulation  
Stand, and to the Lamb ascribe  
All their free salvation.
8. Let us likewise laud the Lamb;  
And in all affliction  
Count our case with theirs the same,  
Without contradiction.

**90. (C. M.) "For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." 1. Cor. 4:20.**

1. A FORM of words, though e'er so sound,  
Can never save a soul;  
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,  
And make the wounded whole.
2. Though God's election is a truth,  
Small comfort there I see,  
Till I am told by God's own mouth  
That he has chosen me.
3. Sinners, I read, are justified  
By faith in Jesus' blood:  
But when to me that blood's applied,  
'Tis then it does me good.
4. To perseverance I agree;  
The thing to me is clear,  
Because the Lord has promised me  
That I shall persevere.
5. Imputed righteousness I own  
A doctrine most divine,  
For Jesus to my heart makes known  
That all his merit's mine.
6. That Christ is God I can avouch,  
And for his people cares,  
Since I have prayed to him as such,  
And he has heard my prayers.
7. That sinners black as hell by Christ  
Are saved I know full well;  
For I his mercy have not missed,  
And I am black as hell.
8. Thus Christians glorify the Lord:  
His spirit joins with ours,  
In bearing witness to his word,  
With all its saving powers.

**91. (P. M.) "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Matt. 5:4**

1. CHRIST is the friend of sinners:  
Be that forgotten never,  
A wounded soul,  
And not a whole,  
Becomes a true believer.  
To see sin, smarts but slightly;  
To own with lip confession  
Is easier still;  
But oh! to feel,  
Cuts deep beyond expression.
2. Trust not to joyous fancies,  
Light hearts, or smooth behaviour;  
Sinners can say,  
And none but they,  
How precious is the Saviour!'   
Then hail, ye happy mourners;  
How blest your state to come is!  
Ye soon will meet  
With comfort sweet;  
It is the Lord's own promise.
3. The contrite heart and broken  
God will not give to ruin:  
This sacrifice  
He'll not despise,  
For 'tis his Spirit's doing.  
Then hail, ye happy mourners,  
Who pass through tribulation:  
Sin's filth and guilt,  
Perceived and felt,  
Make known God's great salvation.
4. Dry doctrine cannot save us,  
Blind zeal, or false devotion:  
The feeblest prayer,  
If faith be there,  
Exceeds all empty notion.  
Then hail, ye happy mourners;  
Ye will at last be winners:  
By Jesus' blood  
The righteous God  
Is reconciled to sinners.

**92. (148<sup>th</sup>) “The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy.” James 4:5**

1. WHAT tongue can fully tell  
That Christian’s grievous load,  
Who would do all things well,  
And walk the ways of God,  
But feels within  
Foul envy lurk,  
And lust, and work,  
Engendering sin!
2. Poor, wretched, worthless worm!  
In what sad plight I stand!  
When good I would perform,  
Then evil is at hand.  
My leprous soul  
Is all unclean,  
My heart obscene,  
My nature foul.
3. To trust to Christ alone,  
By thousand dangers scared,  
And righteousness have none,  
Is something very hard.  
Whate’er men say,  
The needy know  
It must be so;  
It is the way.
4. Thou all-sufficient Lamb,  
God blest for evermore.,  
We glory in thy name,  
For thine is all the power.  
Stretch forth thy hand,  
And hold us fast;  
Our first and last,  
In thee we stand.

**93. (8.6.8.D) “I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him.” Micah 7:9**

1. COME, ye backsliding sons of God,  
(For many such there are)

Who long the paths of sin have trod,  
Come, cast away despair:  
Return to Jesus Christ, and see  
There’s mercy still for such as we.

2. True, we cannot pretend to much  
Of usefulness or fruit;  
But yet, the love of Christ is such  
We still retain the root.  
Returning prodigals shall find,  
Though they are base, their Father’s kind.
3. They who have never gone astray  
Since first the Lord they knew,  
Walk in a much more pleasant way,  
While we our folly rue:  
But though we seem to differ thus,  
They can’t be perfect without us.
4. The indignation of the Lord  
Awhile we will endure,  
For we have sinned against his word;  
But still his grace is sure:  
‘Tis all a gift: let no man boast:  
For Jesus came to save the lost.

**94. (S. M.) “I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.” John 14:6**

1. I AM, saith Christ, the Way,  
Now, if we credit him,  
All other paths must lead astray,  
How fair soe’er they seem.
2. I am, saith Christ, the Truth,  
Then all that lacks this test,  
Proceed it from an angel’s mouth,  
Is but a lie at best.
3. I am, saith Christ, the Life:  
Let this be seen by faith,  
It follows, without further strife,  
That all besides is death.

4. If what those words aver  
The Holy Ghost apply,  
The simplest Christian shall not err,  
Nor be deceived, nor die.

**95. (6. lines 8) "Love not the world." 1. John 2:15.**

1. MY brethren, why these anxious fears,  
These warm pursuits, and eager cares,  
For earth and all its gilded toys?  
If the whole world you could possess  
It might enchant: it could not bless;  
False hopes, vain pleasures, and light joys!
2. Remember, brethren, whose you are;  
Whose cause you own, whose name you bear.  
Is it not His, who could not call  
His own (though he had all things made)  
A place whereon to lay his head?  
A servant, though the Lord of all!
3. If wealth, or honour, power, or fame,  
Can bring you nearer to the Lamb,  
Then follow these with all your might:  
But, if they only make you stray,  
And draw your hearts from him away,  
Reflect in what you thus delight.
4. Jesus hath said (who surely knew  
Much better what we ought to do,  
Than we can e'er pretend to see)  
No thought e'en for the morrow take;  
And, He that will not, for my sake,  
Relinquish all's unworthy me.
5. Let no vain words your souls deceive,  
Nor Satan tempt you to believe  
The world and God can hold their parts:  
True Christians long for Christ alone.  
The sacrifices God will own  
Are broken, not divided hearts.
6. Great things we are not here to crave;  
But, if we food and raiment have,  
Should learn to be therewith content.

Into the world we nothing brought,  
Nor can we from it carry aught,  
Then walk the way your Master went.

**96. (CM). For a Public Fast**

1. LORD, look on all assembled here,  
Who in thy presence stand  
To offer up united prayer  
For this our sinful land.
2. Oft have we, each in private, prayed  
Our country might find grace:  
Now hear the same petitions made  
In this appointed place.
3. Or, if amongst us some be met,  
So careless of their sin,  
They have not cried for mercy yet,  
Lord, let them now begin.
4. Thou, by whose death poor sinners live,  
By whom their prayers succeed,  
Thy Spirit of supplication give,  
And we shall pray indeed.
5. We will not slack, nor give thee rest;  
But importune thee so,  
That, till we shall be by thee blest,  
We will not let thee go.
6. Great God of hosts, deliv'rance bring,  
Guide those that hold the helm,  
Support the state, preserve the king,  
And spare the guilty realm.
7. Or should the dread decree be past,  
And we must feel thy rod;  
May faith and patience hold us fast  
To our correcting God.
8. Whatever be our destined case,  
Accept us in thy Son;  
Give us his gospel and his grace,  
And then thy will be done.

**97. (CM.) "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." 2. Cor. 5:21.**

1. WHEN I, by faith, my Maker see,  
In weakness and distress,  
Brought down to that sad state for me  
Which angels can't express;
2. When that great God, to whom I go  
For help, amazed, I view  
By sin and sorrow sunk as low  
As I, and lower too;
3. (For all our sins we his may call,  
As he sustained their weight.  
How huge the heavy load of all ,  
When only mine's so great!)
4. Then, ravished with the rich belief  
Of such a love as this,  
I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,  
And faint beneath the bliss.
5. Prostrate I fall, ashamed of doubt,  
And worship love divine.  
Thus may I always be devout;  
Be this religion mine.
6. In this alone I can confide;  
Here's righteousness enough.  
What's all the boast of nature's pride!  
What unsubstantial stuff!
7. Rounds of dead service, forms, and ways,  
Which some so much esteem,  
Compared with this stupendous grace,  
What trivial trash they seem! (Trivial: "mean"  
or "common")
8. Lord, help a worthless worm, so weak  
He can do nothing good.  
May all I act, or think, or speak,  
Be sprinkled with thy blood.

**98. (CM.) "For the law was given by Moses; but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." John 1:17.**

1. IS then the law of God untrue,  
Which he by Moses gave?  
No: but to take it in this view,  
That it has power to save.
2. Legal obedience were complete,  
Could we the law fulfil:  
But no man ever did so yet;  
And no man ever will.
3. The law was never meant to give  
New strength to man's lost race.  
We cannot act before we live;  
And life proceeds from grace.
4. But grace and truth by Christ are given;  
To him must Moses bow.  
Grace fits the new-born soul for heaven,  
And truth informs us how.
5. By Christ we enter into rest,  
And triumph o'er the fall.  
Whoe'er would be completely blest,  
Must trust to Christ for all.

**99. (CM) "Let God be true, but every man a liar." Rom.3:4**

1. THE God I trust  
Is true and just;  
His mercy hath no end.  
Himself hath said  
My ransom's paid;  
And I on him depend.
2. Then why so sad,  
My soul? Though bad,  
Thou hast a friend that's good.  
He bought thee dear;  
(Abandon fear)  
He bought thee with his blood.

3. So rich a cost  
Can ne'er be lost,  
Though faith be tried by fire;  
Keep Christ in view:  
Let God be true,  
And every man a liar.

**100. (8.7. 4.) Come, and welcome, to Jesus Christ.**

1. COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity joined with power.  
He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more.
2. Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify:  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh, .  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
3. Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream:  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better.  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
5. View him grovelling in the garden;  
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies.  
On the bloody tree behold him:  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
It is finish'd  
Sinner, will not this suffice?
6. Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood:

Venture on him, venture wholly;  
Let no other trust intrude.  
None but Jesus,  
Can do helpless sinn'ers good.

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

**101. (C. M.) And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham; and Abraham returned unto his place. Gen. 18:33.**

1. When Jesus with his mighty love  
Visits my troubled breast,  
My doubts subside, my fears remove,  
And I'm completely blest.
2. I love the Lord with mind and heart,  
His people, and his ways;  
Envy, and pride, and lust depart,  
And all his works I praise.
3. Nothing but Jesus I esteem;  
My soul is then sincere:  
And every thing that's dear to him,  
To me is also dear.
4. But ah! when these short visits end,  
Though not quite left alone,  
I miss the presence of my friend,  
Like one whose comfort's gone.
5. I to my own sad place return,  
My wretched state to feel;  
I tire, and faint, and mope, and mourn,  
And am but barren still.
6. More frequent let thy visits be,  
Or let them longer last;  
I can do nothing without thee;  
Make haste, my God, make haste.

**102. (C. M.) “Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee” Matt. 9:2.**

1. How high a privilege 'tis to know,  
Our sins are all forgiven!  
To bear about this pledge below,  
This special grant of heaven!
2. To look on this when sunk in fears;  
While each repeated sight,  
Like some reviving cordial, cheers,  
And makes temptations light!
3. Oh what is honour, wealth, or mirth,  
To this well-grounded peace!  
How poor are all the goods of earth  
To such a gift as this!
4. This is a treasure rich indeed,  
Which none but Christ can give:  
Of this the best of men have need;  
This I, the worst, receive.

**103. (L. M.) Another.**

1. Blessed are they whose guilt is gone,  
Whose sins are washed away with blood,  
Whose hope is fixed on Christ alone,  
Whom Christ hath reconciled to God.
2. Blest is the man to whom the Lord  
Iniquity will not impute;  
Who, venturing on his Saviour's word,  
Of faith enjoys the peaceful fruit.
3. Though, travelling through this vale of tears,  
He many a sore temptation meet,  
The Holy Ghost this witness bears,  
He stands in Jesus still complete.
4. This pearl of price no works can claim;  
He that finds this is rich indeed.  
This pure white stone contains a name  
Which none, but who receives, can read.
5. This precious gift, this bond of love,

The Lord oft gives his people here.  
But what we all shall be above  
Doth not, my brethren, yet appear.

6. Yet this we safely may believe,  
'Tis what no words will e'er express;  
What saints themselves cannot conceive,  
And brightest angels can but guess.

**104. (L. M.) “Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?” Zech. 3:2.**

1. Thus saith the Lord to those that stand,  
And wait to hear his great command,  
I have a sinner to renew;  
And lo! this charge I give to you.
2. Pull his polluted garments off:  
Here, soul, here's raiment rich enough.  
Clothe thee with righteousness divine;  
Not creatures' righteousness, but mine.
3. Satan, avaunt! stand off, ye foes!  
In vain ye rail, in vain oppose.  
Your cancelled claim no more obtrude;  
He's mine; I bought him with my blood.
4. Sinner, thou stand'st in me complete:  
Though they accuse thee, I acquit:  
I bore for thee th' avenging ire,  
And plucked thee burning from the fire.

**105. (L. M.) “Condescend to men of low estate” Rom. 12:6.**

1. To you, who stand in Christ so fast,  
Ye know your faith shall ever last,  
The Lord, on whom that faith depends,  
This kind important message sends:
2. If light exulting thoughts arise,  
Your weaker brethren to despise,  
Remember all to me are dear;  
Who most is favoured most should bear.

3. If strong thyself, support the weak;  
If well, be tender to the sick:  
To babes I oft reveal my mind;  
And they who seek my face shall find.
4. If faith be strong as well as true,  
Then strive that love may be so too.  
Boast not; but meek and lowly be;  
The humblest soul is most like me.
5. Should I, displeased, my face but turn,  
Ye sadly would your folly mourn;  
Who now seem best would soon be worst;  
I often make the last the first.
6. Encourage souls that on me wait,  
And stoop to those of low estate.  
Contempt or slight I can't approve:  
Be love your aim, for I am love.

**106. (S.M.) "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Rom. 7:24.**

1. How sore a plague is sin  
To those by whom 'tis felt!  
The Christian cries, Unclean, unclean!  
E'en though released from guilt.
2. O wretched, wretched man!  
What horrid scenes I view!  
I find, alas! do all I can,  
That I can nothing do.
3. When good I would perform,  
Through fear or shame I stop;  
Corruption rises, like a storm,  
And blasts the promised crop.
4. Of peace, if I'm in quest,  
Or love my thoughts engage,  
Envy and anger in my breast  
That moment rise and rage.
5. When for an humble mind  
To God I pour my prayer,

I look into my heart, and find  
That pride will still be there.

6. How long, dear Lord, how long  
Deliverance must I seek,  
And fight with foes so very strong,  
Myself so very weak?
7. I'll bear the unequal strife,  
And wage the war within;  
Since death, that puts an end to life,  
Shall put an end to sin.

**107. (S. M.) "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord" Rom.7:25**

1. Though void of all that's good,  
And very, very poor,  
Through Christ I hope to be renewed,  
And live for evermore.
2. I view my own bad heart,  
And see such evils there,  
The sight with horror makes me start,  
And tempts me to despair.
3. Then with a single eye  
I look to Christ alone;  
And on his righteousness rely,  
Though I myself have none.
4. By virtue of his blood  
The Lord declares me clean.  
Now serves my mind the law of God,  
My flesh the law of sin.

**108. (C. M.) "Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel" Ps. 73:24.**

1. Whene'er I make some sudden stop,  
(For many such I make)  
And cannot see the cloud cleared up,  
Nor know which path to take :

2. I to my Saviour speed my way,  
To tell my dubious state;  
Then listen what the Lord will say.  
And hope to follow that.
3. If Jesus seem to hide his face,  
What anxious fears I feel!  
But, if he deign to whisper peace,  
I'm happy; all is well.
4. Confirmed by one soft secret word,  
I seek no further light;  
But walk, depending on my Lord,  
By faith, and not by sight.
5. Of friends and counsellors bereft,  
I often hear him say,  
'Decline not to the right nor left;  
Go on; lo, here's the way.'
6. Weak in myself, in him I'm strong;  
His Spirit's voice I hear:  
The way I walk cannot be wrong,  
If Jesus be but there.
7. He is my helper and my guide;  
I trust to him alone:  
No other helps have I beside;  
I venture all on one.

**109. (8. 8. 6) "Then he turned his face to the wall, and prayed unto the Lord" 2. Kings 20:2**

1. King Hezekiah lay diseased,  
With every dangerous symptom seized,  
Beyond the cure of art;  
With languid pulse, and strength decayed,  
With spirits sunk, and soul dismayed,  
And ready to depart.
2. His friends despair; his servants droop:  
The learned leech can give no hope:  
All signs of life are fled!  
When, lo! the seer Isaiah came,  
With words to damp th' expiring flame,  
And strike the dying dead.

3. Entering the royal patient's room,  
He thus denounced the dreadful doom;  
'Of flattering hopes beware.  
God's messenger, behold, I stand:  
Thus saith the Lord, Thy death's at hand;  
Prepare, O king, prepare!'
4. Where is the man, whom words like those  
(Though free before from all disease)  
Would not deject to death?  
Favorite of Heaven, in thee we see  
The miracles of prayer; in thee  
The omnipotence of faith!
5. Methinks I hear the hero say:  
'And must my life be snatched away  
Before I'm fit to die?  
Can prayer reverse the stern decree,  
And save a wretch condemn'd like me?  
It may; at least I'll try.
6. Ye damps of death, that chill me through,  
God's prophet, and prediction too,  
I must withstand you all.  
Both heaven and earth awhile begone;  
I turn me to the Lord alone,  
And face the silent wall.'
7. He said; and, weeping, poured a prayer  
That conquered pain, removed despair,  
With all its heavy load;  
Repelled the force of death's attack,  
Brought the recanting prophet back,  
And turned the mind of God !

**110. (7. 6. P. M.) "But though shalt know hereafter." John 13:7.**

1. Righteous are the works of God,  
All his ways are holy;  
Just his judgments, fit his rod,  
To correct our folly:

2. All his dealings wise and good,  
Uniform, though various;  
Though they seem, by reason viewed,  
Cross, or quite contrarious.
3. These are truths; and happy he  
Who can well receive them.  
Brethren, though we cannot see,  
Still we should believe them.
4. Why through darksome paths we go  
We may know no reason:  
But we shall hereafter know,  
Each in his due season.
5. Could we see how all is right,  
Where were room for credence?  
But by faith, and not by sight,  
Christians yield obedience.
6. Let all fruitless searches go,  
Which perplex and tease us:  
We determine nought to know  
But a bleeding Jesus.

**111. (L. M.) "Blessed be ye poor" Luke 6:20.**

1. Lord, when I hear thy children talk  
(And I believe 'tis often true)  
How with delight thy ways they walk,  
And gladly thy commandments do:
2. In my own breast I look, and read  
Accounts so very different there,  
That, had I not thy blood to lead,  
Each sight would sink me to despair.
3. Needy, and naked, and unclean,  
Empty of good, and full of ill,  
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,  
Without the power to act or will.
4. I feel my fainting spirits droop;  
My wretched leanness I deplore;  
'Till, gladdened with a gleam of hope.  
From this; "the Lord has blest the poor."

5. Then, while I make my secret moan,  
Upwards I cast my eyes, and see,  
Though I have nothing of my own,  
My treasure is immense in thee.
6. Still may I keep thy love in view;  
Lean there; nor envy those that run;  
Still trust to, not what I can do,  
But what thyself hast for me done.
7. My treasure is thy precious blood:  
Fix there my heart; and for the rest,  
Under thy forming hands, my God,  
Give me that frame which thou lik'st best.

**112. (8.7. P. M.) A general Admonition..**

1. Brethren why toil ye thus for toys,  
And reckon trash for treasure;  
Call gay deceptions solid joys,  
Intoxication pleasure?
2. If more refined amusements please,  
As knowledge, arts, or learning,  
A moment puts an end to these,  
And sometimes short's the warning.
3. What balm could wretches ever find  
In wit, to heal affliction?  
Or who can cure a troubled mind  
With all the pomp of diction?
4. Reflect what trifles ye pursue,  
So anxious and so heedful:  
For, after all, (you'll find it true)  
There is but one thing needful.
5. God in his scriptures to reveal  
His will has condescended:  
What there is said he will fulfil,  
Though man may be offended.
6. This written word with reverence treat;  
Join prayer with each inspection:  
And be not wise in self-conceit;  
'Tis folly to perfection.

7. True wisdom, of celestial birth,  
Can both instruct and cherish:  
Other attainments are of earth,  
And all that's earth must perish.
8. The chief concern of fallen mankind  
Should be to gain God's favour;  
What safety can the sinner find  
Before he find a Saviour?
9. This Saviour must be one that can  
From sin and death release us;  
Make up the breach 'twixt God and man;  
Which none can do but Jesus.
10. Jesus is judge of quick and dead:  
And there is none beside him,  
Whether his power we slight or dread,  
Adore him, or deride him.
11. Whate'er we judge ourselves, we must  
Or stand or fall by his doom.  
And they that in this Jesus trust  
Have found eternal wisdom.
12. Mercy and love, from Jesus felt,  
Can heal a wounded spirit;  
Mercy, that triumphs over guilt,  
And love that seeks no merit.
13. Then kiss the Son; for from his wrath  
No wisdom can deliver.  
Close in with Christ by saving faith,  
And God's your friend for ever.

**113. (C.M.) Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods. Rev.3:17.**

1. What makes mistaken men afraid  
Of sovereign grace to preach?  
The reason (if truth be said)  
Because they are so rich.
2. Why so offensive in their eyes  
Doth God's election seem?

- Because they think themselves so wise,  
That they have chosen him.
3. Of perseverance why so loth  
Are some to speak or hear?  
Because, as masters over sloth,  
They vow to persevere.
4. Whence is imputed righteousness  
A point so little known?  
Because men think they all possess  
Some righteousness their own.
5. Not so the needy helpless soul  
Prefers his humble prayer;  
He looks to him that works the whole,  
And seeks his treasure there.
6. His language is, 'Let me, my God,  
On sovereign grace rely  
And own 'tis free, because bestowed  
On one so vile as I.
7. Election! 'tis a word divine;  
For, Lord, I plainly see,  
Had not thy choice prevented mine,  
I ne'er had chosen thee.
8. For perseverance, strength I've none;  
But would on this depend;  
That Jesus, having loved his own,  
He loved them to the end.
9. Empty and bare, I come to thee  
For righteousness divine:  
O may thy matchless merits be,  
By imputation, mine!'
10. Thus differ these; yet hoping each  
To make salvation sure:  
Now most men would approve the rich,  
But Christ has blest the poor.

**114. (104th) For thine is the kingdom, &c. Matt. 6:13.**

1. YE souls that are weak,  
And helpless, and poor,  
Who know not to speak,  
Much less to do more;  
Lo! here's a foundation  
For comfort and peace;  
In Christ is salvation;  
The kingdom is his.
2. With power he rules,  
And wonders performs;  
Gives conduct to fools,  
And courage to worms,  
Beset by sore evils  
Without and within,  
By legions of devils  
And mountains of sin.
3. Then be not afraid;  
All power is given  
To Jesus our Head,  
In earth and in heaven:  
Through him we shall conquer  
The mightiest foes:  
Our Captain is stronger  
Than all that oppose.
4. His power from above  
He'll kindly impart;  
So free is his love,  
So tender his heart:  
Redeemed with his merit,  
We're washed in his blood;  
Renewed by his Spirit,  
We've power with God.
5. Thy grace we adore,  
Director divine;  
The kingdom, and power,  
And glory, are thine.  
Preserve us from running  
On rocks or on shelves,  
From foes strong and cunning,  
And most from ourselves.

6. Reign o'er us as King,  
Accomplish thy will,  
And powerfully bring  
Us forth from all ill;  
Till, falling before thee,  
We laud thy loved name,  
Ascribing the glory  
To God and the Lamb.

**115. (L. M.) Who was delivered for our offences,  
and was raised again for our justification. Rom. 4:25.**

1. JESUS, when on the bloody tree  
He hung, through soul and body pierced,  
(That all things might accomplished be  
Contained in scripture) said, I thirst.
2. Hyssop, the plant ordained by God,  
And held by Jews in high esteem,  
Which sprinkled them with Paschal blood  
(Exodus 12:22)  
Sharp vinegar conveyed to him.
3. This done, our dear, our dying Lord  
Exerts his short expiring breath;  
Utters this rich important word,  
'Tis finished! and submits to death.
4. Henceforth an end is put to sin:  
(The important word implies no less)-  
Now for believers is brought in  
An everlasting righteousness.
5. The Son of God and man has died  
Sinners as black as hell to save;  
And, that they might be justified,  
Is risen victorious from the grave.
6. In heaven he lives, our King, our Priest;  
There for his people ever pleads.  
How sure is our salvation! Christ  
Died, rose, ascended, intercedes.

**116. (C. M.) For he shall not speak of himself.  
John 16:13.**

1. Whatever prompts the soul to pride,  
Or gives us room to boast,  
(Except in Jesus crucified)  
Is not the Holy Ghost.
2. That blessed Spirit omits to speak  
Of what himself has done;  
And bids the enlightened sinner seek  
Salvation in the Son.
3. He seldom moves a man to say,  
Thank God I'm made so good.  
But turns his eye another way,  
To Jesus and his blood.
4. Great are the graces he confers  
But all in Jesus' name;  
He gladly dictates, gladly hears,  
Salvation to the Lamb.

**117. (C. M.) And ye are complete in him. Col.  
2:10.**

1. When is it Christians all agree,  
And let distinctions fall?  
When, nothing in themselves, they see  
That Christ is all in all.
2. But strife and difference will subsist  
While men will something seem:  
Let them but singly look to Christ,  
And all are one in him.
3. The infant, and the aged saint,  
The worker, and the weak;  
They who are strong and seldom faint,  
And they who scarce can speak.
4. Eternal life's the gift of God;  
It comes through Christ alone:  
'Tis his; he bought it with his blood,  
And therefore gives his own.

5. We have no life, no power, no faith,  
But what by Christ is given:  
We all deserve eternal death,  
And thus we all are even.

**118. (8.8.6.) The Outcasts of Israel.**

1. Lord, pity outcasts vile and base,  
The poor dependants on thy grace,  
Whom men disturbers call:  
By sinners and by saints withstood;  
For these too bad, for those too good; .  
Condemned or shunned by all.
2. Though faithful Abraham us reject,  
And though his ransomed race elect  
Agree to give us up,  
Thou art our Father; and thy name  
From everlasting is the same;  
On that we build our hope.

**119. (148th) The Lord thy God brought it to me.  
Gen. 27:20.**

1. And now the work is done  
Without much pains or cost;  
The author's merit's none,  
And therefore none his boast;  
He only claims what'er's amiss.  
Alas, how large a share is his!
2. Some time it took to beat  
And hunt for tinkling sound;  
But the rich savory meat  
Was very quickly found;  
For every truly Christian thought  
Was by the God of Isaac brought,
3. May he that sings, or reads,  
That precious blessing know,  
That comes by Jacob's kids,  
And not from Esau's bow;  
O bring no price; God's grace is free,  
To Paul, to Magdalene – to me!

4. Glory to God alone,  
(Let man forbear to boast)  
To Father and to Son,  
And to the Holy Ghost.

Eternal life's the gift of God;  
The Lamb procured it by his blood.

## THE SUPPLEMENT

### FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER TWENTY HYMNS

1. The King of heaven a feast has made;  
And to his much loved friends,  
The faint, the famished, and the sad,  
This invitation sends:--

2. Beggars, approach my royal board,  
Furnished with all that's good:  
Come, sit at table with your Lord,  
And eat celestial food.

3. My body and my blood receive,  
It comes entirely free:  
I ask no price for all I give  
But Oh, remember me!

4. Lo, at thy gracious bidding, Lord,  
Though vile and base, we come;  
O speak the reconciling word,  
And welcome wanderers home.

5. Rich wine, and milk, and heavenly meat,  
We come to buy and live:  
Since nothing is the price that's set,  
And we have nought to give.

6. Impart to all thy flock below  
The blessings of thy death:  
On every begging soul bestow  
Thy love, thy hope, thy faith.

7. May each, with strength from heaven endued,  
Say, 'My beloved's mine:  
I eat his flesh, and drink his blood,

In signs of bread and wine.'

#### 2. (C. M.)

1. This is the day the Lord has made,  
Rejoice, my friends, to see  
His royal table richly spread  
For such vile worms as we.

2. Ye beggars, from your dunghills rise;  
Cast off your rags of shame:  
Open, ye blind, your long-closed eyes;  
And leap for joy, ye lame.

3. Come, and with regal robes be clad,  
All at the cost of Christ:  
Come, every one a king be made,  
And every one a priest.

4. Welcome, poor sinner, welcome here:  
Leave all thy cares behind;  
Dismiss thy doubt, cast off thy fear;  
Give reasonings to the wind.

5. Believe thy God; believe his word,  
His Spirit, and his Son:  
Only believe the dying Lord,  
And all the work is done.

6. Come, eat his flesh and drink his blood;  
Make all his merits thine,  
Sure as thy body lives on food,  
And feels the strength of wine.

### 3. (S. M.)

1. Glory to God on high;  
Our peace is made with heaven:  
The Son of God came down to die,  
That sin might be forgiven.
2. His precious blood was shed,  
His body bruised for sin:  
Remember this in eating bread,  
And that in drinking wine.
3. Approach his royal board,  
In his rich garments clad,  
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,  
And every heart be glad.
4. The Father gives the Son;  
The Son his flesh and blood;  
The Spirit applies, and faith puts on  
The righteousness of God.
5. Sinners, the gift receive;  
And each say, 'I am chief:  
Thou know'st, O Lord, I would believe;  
Oh! help my unbelief.'
6. Lord, help us from above;  
The power is all thy own:  
Faith is thy gift, and hope, and love;  
For of ourselves we've none.

### 4. (C.M.)

1. Father of heaven, almighty King,  
How wondrous is thy love,  
That worms of dust thy praise should sing,  
And thou their songs approve!
2. Since by a new and living way  
Access to thee is given,  
Poor sinners may with boldness pray,  
And earth converse with heaven.
3. Give each some token, Lord, for good;  
And send the Spirit down

To feed us with celestial food,  
The body of thy Son.

4. The feast thou hast been pleased to make,  
We would by faith receive;  
That all that come their part may take,  
And all that take may live.
5. Let every tongue the Father own,  
Who, when we all were lost,  
To seek and save us sent the Son,  
And gives the Holy Ghost.

### 5. (C. M.)

1. Lord, who can hear of all thy woe,  
Thy groans and dying cries,  
And not feel tears of sorrow flow,  
And sighs of pity rise?
2. Much harder than the hardest stone  
That man's hard heart must be.  
Alas! dear Lord, with shame we own,  
That just such hearts have we.
3. The symbols of thy flesh and blood  
Will (as they have been oft)  
With unrelenting hearts be viewed,  
Unless thou make them soft.
4. Dissolve these rocks; call forth the stream;  
Make every eye a sluice:  
Let none be slow to weep for him  
Who wept so much for us.
5. And, while we mourn, and sing, and pray,  
And feed on bread and wine,  
Lord, let thy quickening Spirit convey,  
The substance with the sign.

### 6. (C. M.)

1. The blest memorials of thy grief,  
Thy sufferings and thy death,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;  
But would receive with faith.

2. The tokens, sent us to relieve  
Our spirits when they droop,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;  
But would receive with hope.
3. The pledges thou wast pleased to leave,  
Our mournful minds to move,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;  
But would receive with love.
4. Here, in obedience to thy word,  
We take the bread and wine;  
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,  
For all beyond is thine.
5. Increase our faith, and hope, and love;  
Lord, give us all that's good:  
We would thy full salvation prove,  
And share thy flesh and blood.

#### 7. (148th)

1. Join every tongue to sing  
The mercies of the Lord;  
The love of Christ our King  
Let every heart record :  
He saved us from the wrath of God,  
And paid our ransom with his blood.
2. What wondrous grace was this!  
We sinned, and Jesus died:  
He wrought the righteousness,  
And we were justified:  
We ran the score to lengths extreme,  
And all the debt was charged on him.
3. Hell was our just desert,  
And he that hell endured:  
Guilt broke his guiltless heart  
With wrath that we incurred:  
We bruised his body, spilt his blood;  
And both became our heavenly food.

#### 8. (7. 6.8.)

1. Hail, thou Bridegroom, bruised to death  
Who hast the wine-press trod  
Of the Almighty's burning wrath;  
Hail, slaughtered Lamb of God!  
Melt our hearts with love like thine,  
While we behold thee on the tree,  
Sweetly mourning o'er each sign  
In memory of thee.
2. Hail, thou mighty Saviour! blest  
Before the world began  
In the eternal Father's breast:  
Hail, Son of God and man!  
Thee we hymn in humble strains;  
And to receive we all agree  
These blest symbols of thy pains  
In memory of thee.
3. Break, O break these hearts of stone  
By some endearing word:  
Jesus, come! May every one  
Behold his suffering Lord.  
The Holy Ghost into us breathe,  
Help us to take, from doubtings free,  
These dear tokens of thy death  
In memory of thee.
4. Thou, our great Melchisedec,  
Bring'st forth thy bread and wine;  
Thou hast wrought out for our sake  
A righteousness divine:  
Send thy blessing from above,  
When worms partake, such worms as we,  
These rich pledges of thy love  
In memory of thee.

#### 9. (L. M.)

1. Oh! that our flinty hearts would melt  
While to remembrance, Lord, we call  
Part of that weight which thou hast felt;  
For who can comprehend it all?

2. Ye sinners, while these symbols dear  
Present your suffering Lord to view,  
Drop the soft tribute of a tear,  
For he shed many a tear for you.
3. In the sad garden, on the wood,  
His body bruised, from every part  
Poured on the ground a purple flood,  
Till sorrow broke his tender heart.
4. Lord, while we thus shew forth thy death,  
O send thy Spirit from above;  
Help us to feed on thee by faith,  
And sigh, and sing, and mourn, and love.

**10. (S.M.)**

1. When through the desert vast  
The chosen tribes were led,  
They could not plough, nor till, nor sow;  
Yet never wanted bread.
2. Around their wandering camp  
The copious manna fell;  
Strewed on the ground a food they found,  
But what they could not tell.

3. But better bread by far  
Is now to Christians given;  
Poor sinners eat immortal meat,  
The living bread from heaven.
4. We eat the flesh of Christ,  
Who is the bread of God:  
Their food was coarse compared with ours,  
Though their's was angels' food.

**11. (S. M.)**

1. Lord, send thy Spirit down  
On babes that long to learn.  
Open our eyes, and make us wise,  
Thy body to discern.
2. 'Tis by thy word we live,  
And not by bread alone;  
The word of truth from thy blest mouth:  
O make it clearly known.
3. With what we have received  
Impart thy quickening power:  
We would be fed with living bread,  
And live for evermore.

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