

Hymns by John Berridge

HYMNS BY JOHN BERRIDGE

See John Berridge's Biography

JESUS CAST A LOOK ON ME

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1. Jesus cast a look on me,
Give me sweet simplicity
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know

2. All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside
Bid my will to Thine submit,
Lay me humbly at Thy feet

3. Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might

4. Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul can rest
Feeling well the peace of God,
Flowing from His precious blood

5. In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry!

Inconstancy.

Ps. 39.5-7, 11; Job 25.6

1 Well, at length I plainly see,
Every man is vanity;
In his best and brightest form,
But a shadow or a worm.

2 Such a shade I am in view,
Empty, dark, and fleeting too;
Such a worm of nothing worth,
Crawling out and in the earth.

3 [Very foolish, very base,
Notwithstanding Jesus' grace.
Murmuring oft for gospel-bread,
Growing wanton when full fed.]

4 [Brisk and dull in half an hour,
Hot and cold, and sweet and sour;
Sometimes grave at Jesus' school,

Approaching a Holy God.

Ezra 9. 6; Ps. 51. 2-10

How shall I come to thee,
O God, who holy art,
And cannot evil see,
But with a loathing heart?
I am defiled throughout by sin,
And by my very birth unclean.

Soon as my heart could beat,
It drank in various woe;
Pride, lust, and self-deceit;
Through all its channels flow;
A captive born, a child of earth,
It knows and craves no higher birth.

From this polluted spring
All filthy waters rise;
From this diseased thing
I date my maladies;
My heart, a most degenerate root,
Produces only cankered fruit.

And what can wash me clean
But Jesus' precious blood?
This only purgeth sin,
And bringeth nigh to God;
Lord, wash my sores, and heal them too,
And all my leprosy subdue.

Thy heavenly image draw
Upon my panting heart,
And well engrave thy law
Upon the inward part;
My soul in mercy upward raise,
And teach me how to love and praise.

Spiritual Longing.

Ps. 119.174; 55.6

Jesus, I long for thee,
And sigh for Canaan's shore,
Thy lovely face to see,
And all my warfare o'er;
Here billows break upon my breast
And brooding sorrows steal my rest.

[I mourn to see thy blood

Sometimes light, and play the fool.]

5 What a motley wretch am I!
Full of inconsistency!
Sure the plague is in my heart,
Else I could not act this part.

6 Let me come unto my Lord,
Self-condemned and abhorred;
Take the sinner's safe retreat,
Lie and blush at Jesus' feet.

7 [If my heart is broken well,
God will surely with me dwell;
Yet amazed I would be,
How the Lord should dwell with me.]

Pressing to Jesus through the Crowd.

Phil. 3.12-14

1 If unto Jesus thou art bound,
A crowd about him will be found,
Attending day and night;
A worldly crowd to din thy ears,
And crowds of unbelieving fears,
To hide him from thy sight.

2 Yet all the vain and noisy crowd
Is but a thin and lowering cloud,
A mist before thy eyes;
If thou press on, the crowds will fly,
Or if thou faint, to Jesus cry,
And he will send supplies.

3 This only way can pilgrims go,
And all complain, as thou wilt do,
Of crowds that daily come;
Yet though beset by crafty foes,
And passing through a thousand woes,
They get securely home.

4 [But such as seem to run the race,
And meet no crowd to check their pace,
Are only rambling still;
Not fairly entered on the list,
The gate and narrow way they missed,
Which lead to Zion's hill.]

5 O Lord, a cheering look bestow,
Or lend a hand to help me through,
And draw me up to thee;
And when, through fear, I only creep,
Or dare not move a single step,
Yet thou canst come to me.

Crosses at the Control of Christ.

Heb. 12.5; Job 5.17

1 Poor angry bosom, hush,

So foully trampled on;
And sinners, daring God,
To swift destruction run;
With heedless heart and simpering face,
They dance the hell-ward road apace.]

I pant, I groan, I grieve
For my untoward heart;
How full of doubts I live,
Though full of grace thou art!
What poor returns I make to thee
For all the mercy shown to me!

And must I ever smart,
A child of sorrows here?
Yet, Lord, be near my heart,
To soothe each rising tear;
Then at thy bleeding cross I'll stay,
And sweetly weep my life away.

No Rest but Christ.

Isa. 11.10; Matt. 11.28, 29

When Jesus' gracious hand
Has touched our eyes and ears,
O what a dreary land
The wilderness appears!
No healing balm springs from its dust;
No cooling stream to quench the thirst.

Yet long I vainly sought
A resting-place below;
And that sweet land forgot
Where living waters flow;
I hunger now for heavenly food,
And my poor heart cries out for God.

[Lord, enter in my breast,
And with me sup and stay;
Nor prove a hasty guest,
Who tarries but a day;
Upon my bosom fix thy throne,
And pull each fancy idol down.]

My sorrow thou canst see,
For thou dost read my heart;
It pineth after thee,
And yet from thee will start (move suddenly).
Reclaim thy roving child at last,
And fix my heart and bind it fast.

I would be near thy feet,
Or at thy bleeding side;
Feel how thy heart does beat,
And see its purple tide;
Trace all the wonders of thy death,
And sing thy love in every breath.

Nor discontented grow;
But at thy own sad folly blush,
Which breedeth all the woe.

2 If sick, or lame, or poor,
Or by the world abhorred,
Whatever cross lies at thy door,
It cometh from the Lord.

3 The lions will not tear,
The billows cannot heave,
The furnace shall not singe thy hair,
Till Jesus give them leave.

4 The Lord is just and true,
And upright in his way;
He loves, but will correct us too,
Whene'er we run astray.

5 [With caution we should tread,
For as we sow we reap,
And oft bring mischief on our head,
By some unwary step.]

6 Lord, plant a godly fear
Before my roving eyes,
Lest some hid snake or wily snare
My heedless feet surprise.

7 Or should I start aside,
And meet a scourging God,
Let not my heart grow stiff with pride,
But weep and kiss the rod.

God's Presence makes Glad.

Ps. 30.5-12; Jer 31.4

1 When I can sit at Jesus' feet,
And he anoints my head,
Such peace ensues, so calm and sweet,
I think my foes all dead.

2 My simple heart then fondly dreams,
It will see war no more;
Too firm to shrink my mountain seems,
And every storm blows o'er.

3 [While thus a queen in state I sit,
Self hunts about for praise;
Talks much of frames and victories great,
That you may hear and gaze.]

4 Then Jesus sends a trying hour,
This lurking pride to quell;
My dead foes rise with dreadful power,
And drag me down to hell.

5 Now faints my heart within me quite,

"Power belongeth unto God."

Ps. 62.11; Phil. 2. 13

How sinners vaunt (boast) of power
A ruined soul to save,
And count the fulsome store
Of worth they seem to have,
And by such visionary props
Build up and bolster sandy hopes!

But God must work the will,
And power to run the race;
And both through mercy still,
A work of freest grace;
His own good pleasure, not our worth,
Brings all the will and power forth.

Disciples who are taught
Their helplessness to feel,
Have no presumptuous thought,
But work with care and skill;
Work with the means, and for this end,
That God the will and power may send.

[They feel a daily need
Of Jesus' gracious store,
And on his bounty feed,
And yet are always poor;
No manna can they make or keep;
The Lord finds pasture for his sheep.]

Renew, O Lord, my strength
And vigour every day,
Or I shall tire at length,
And faint upon the way;
No stock will keep upon my ground;
My all is in thy storehouse found.

Living Waters.

Jer. 2.13; John 4.10

Of cistern waters art thou sick,
And loath'st the mire they bring?
Then hither stretch thy thirsty neck,
And taste a living spring.

A spring that issues from a rock,
Where purest waters flow;
And rocky hearts, by Moses struck,
May to these waters go.

No spring will quench a thirst like this;
It makes a conscience whole,
Inspires the heart with heavenly bliss,
And purifies the soul.

My mountain disappears;
All grace is vanished from my sight,
And faith seems lost in fears.

6 At length my Lord, with sweet surprise,
Returns to loose my bands,
Brings kind compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.

7 I drop my vile head in the dust,
And at my Lord's feet fall;
His grace is now my song and boast,
And Christ my All in All.

Prayer for Increase of Faithful Ministers.

Matt. 9.38

1 Send help, O Lord, we pray,
And thy own gospel bless;
For godly men decay,
And faithful pastors cease;
The righteous are removèd home,
And scorners rise up in their room.

2 While Satan's troops are bold,
And thrive in number too,
The flocks in Jesus' fold,
Are growing lank and few;
Old sheep are moving off each year,
And few lambs in the fold appear.

3 Old shepherds, too, retire,
Who gathered flocks below,
And young ones catch no fire,
Or worldly-prudent grow;
Few run with trumpets in their hand,
To sound alarms by sea and land.

4 O Lord, stir up thy power,
To make the gospel spread;
And thrust out preachers more,
With voice to raise the dead;
With feet to run where thou dost call;
With faith to fight and conquer all.

5 [The flocks that long have dwelt
Around fair Zion's hill,
And thy sweet grace have felt,
Uphold and feed them still;
But fresh folds build up everywhere,
And plenteously thy truth declare.]

6 As one Elijah dies,
True prophet of the Lord,
Let some Elisha rise
To blaze the gospel-word;
And fast as sheep to Jesus go,
May lambs recruit his fold below.

Who'er can truly say, "I thirst,"
May come and take his fill;
'Tis free for sinners, vile and lost;
'Tis God who works the will.

[Its owner is a heavenly King;
And by his winning ways,
He draws the thirsty to his spring,
Who drink and sing his praise.]

Lord, draw me by thy secret touch,
Or backward I shall start;
For sure I want entreating much,
So fearful is my heart.

Praying for Humility.

Luke 22.61, 62; Matt. 5.3

Jesus, cast a look on me;
Give me sweet simplicity;
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only thee to know.

[Weanèd from my lordly self,
Weanèd from the miser's pelf,
Weanèd from the scorner's ways,
Weanèd from the lust of praise.]

All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to thine submit;
Lay me humbly at thy feet.

Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled,
Seeing only in thy light,
Walking only in thy might.

Leaning on thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from thy precious blood.

In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry.

"Wait on the Lord."

Ps. 27.14; Isa. 8.17

Ye broken hearts all, who cry out, "Unclean,"
And taste of the gall of in-dwelling sin;
Lamenting it truly, and loathing it too,
And seeking help duly, as sinners must do;

The Lord whom ye seek is nigh to your call,
Attends when you speak, nor lets a word fall;

On a Christian Marriage.

John 2.1, 2; Heb 13.4

1 Our Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
And, Lord, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding-guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down;
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow;
(Of all rich dowries best!)
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
And linked in kindly care,
To render family burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed,
To build thy household up.

6 As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this new-met couple live,
In faithful friendship joined.

“I will take away the stony heart.”

Ezek. 36.26; 11.19; Ps. 51.10

1 Self-condemnèd and abhorred,
How shall I approach the Lord?
Hard my heart, and cold, and faint;
Full of every sad complaint.

2 What can soften hearts of stone?
Jesus' precious blood alone;
When the Spirit it imparts,
That will soften hardest hearts.

3 This would bruise my bosom well,
Make it with God's praises swell;
Squeeze my idols from my breast,
Bring the blessed gospel-rest.

4 O! the rock which Moses struck,
Soon would make my heart a brook;
Only this can make me feel;
Bring it with thy burial-seal.

5 With its oil my limbs anoint;
That will supple every joint.

Your sorrow and sighing are felt in his breast;
He pities your crying, and will give you rest.

[If often he hides his face from his friends,
And silent abides for merciful ends,
At length he uncovers himself from his cloud,
And sweetly discovers his face and his blood.]

All penitent cries his Spirit imparts,
And fetches out sighs from sin-feeling hearts;
He puts you in mourning, the dress that you want,
A meek suit adorning both sinner and saint.

A time he has set to heal up your woes,
A season most fit his love to disclose;
And till he is ready to show his good-will,
Be patient and steady, and wait on him still.

“A remnant shall be saved.”

Ro 9. 27; 11. 4, 5

On wings of love the Saviour flies,
And freely left his native skies,
To take a human birth;
The wise and righteous men go near,
His wonders see, his sermons hear,
And think him nothing worth.

A remnant small of humble souls
His grace mysteriously controls
By sweet alluring call;
They hear it, and his person view,
They learn to love and follow too,
And take him for their all.

One of this remnant I would be,
A soul devoted unto thee,
Allurèd by thy voice;
No more on gaudy idols gaze,
No longer tinsel grandeur praise,
But fix on thee my choice.

Thou knowest well my secret smart,
And readest all my aching heart,
And hearest every sigh;
Can any creature give me rest,
Or any blessing make me blest,
Unless my Lord is nigh?

While walking on the Gospel-way,
I would see Jesus every day,
And see in all his grace;
See him my Prophet, Priest, and King;
See him by faith, and praises sing;
Then see him face to face.

Freedom from Law by Christ's Redemption.

1 John 1. 7

Of its honey let me eat;
That will make my temper sweet.

“I will take away the stony heart.”

Ezek. 36. 26

1 My heart by nature is a stone,
And unconcerned can look upon
Eternal misery;
Feels no affection for the Lord,
Takes no impression from his word,
But lumpish is and dry.

2 Some tell me I must change my heart,
And undertake the Saviour’s part;
A proud and fruitless strife!
I might as soon the seasons change,
Or make the clouds in order range,
Or raise the dead to life.

3 My shoulders will not bear the load;
The work is only fit for God,
A work of heavenly grace;
The Lord, who first created man,
Must now create him new again,
And rear the fallen race.

4 Then unto him I lift my eye;
My Maker, hear me when I cry,
And give the heart of flesh;
A heart renewed by faith and love,
That seeks the joys which are above,
And will not feed on trash.

5 [A heart submissive, mild, and meek,
Which hears if Jesus softly speak,
And on his word can feast;
A heart which prays for great and small,
And dearly loves thy children all,
Yet thinks itself the least.]

“The heart is deceitful.”

Jer. 17.9; Song 1. 5

No wisdom of man can spy out his heart,
The Lord only can show his hidden part,
Nor yet are men willing to have the truth told,
The sight is too killing for pride to behold.

2

A look from the Lord discovers our case,
And bringeth his word attended with grace;
The man is convicted and feeleth his hell,
And groweth afflicted more than he can tell.

3

If once the sun shines upon a soul clear,
He reads the dark lines which sin has writ there;
Begins to discover his colour and make,
And cries, I’m all over as any fiend black.

4

1 Does conscience lay a guilty charge,
And Moses much condemn,
And bring in bills exceeding large?
Let Jesus answer them.

2 He paid thy ransom with his hand,
And every score did quit;
And Moses never can demand
Two payments of one debt.

3 Now justice smiles on mercy sweet,
And looks well reconciled;
Joined hand in hand, they go to meet
And kiss a weeping child.

4 But ask the Lord for his receipt,
To show the payment good,
Delivered from the mercy-seat,
And sprinkled with his blood.

5 The law thy feet will not enlarge,
Nor give thy conscience rest,
Till thou canst find a full discharge
Locked up within thy breast.

6 [The sight of this will melt thy heart,
And make thy eyes run o’er.
A happy, pardoned child thou art,
And heaven is at thy door.]

Glorying in Christ.

Jer. 9.23, 24; 1Cor. 1.31

1 The sons of earth delight
To spread their fame abroad,
To glory in their worth and might;
But such are not of God.

2 The heavenly word declares,
And faithful is the word,
That Israel’s seed, the royal heirs,
Shall glory in the Lord.

3 In Jesus they shall trust;
From first to last each one,
Through Jesus, shall be counted just,
And boast in him alone.

4 Amen! the word is good;
My trust is in his name;
I have redemption through his blood,
And I will shout his fame.

5 [He hears my sad complaints,
And heals old wounds and new;
Hosanna to the King of saints;

But when the Lord shows his satisfied face;
And buries our woes in triumphant grace,
This blessed look stilleth the mourner's complaint,
And with a song filleth the mouth of the saint.

5

Sweet love and sweet shame now hallow his breast;
Yet black is his name, though by his Lord blest;
I am, he says, homely, deformed in each part;
All black, and yet comely, through Jesus' desert.

6

A look of thy love is all that we want;
Ah! look from above, and give us content.
Looks set us adoring thy person most sweet,
And lay us abhorring ourselves at thy feet.

The Blood of Sprinkling.

Heb. 12.24; Ps. 51.7

1 Dear dying Friend, we look on thee,
And own our foul offences here;
We built thy cross on Calvary,
And nailed and pierced thy body there.

2 Yet, let the blood our hands have spilt
Be sprinkled on each guilty heart,
To purge the conscience well from guilt,
And everlasting life impart.

3 So will we sing thy lovely name,
For grace so rich and freely given;
And tell thy love, and tell our shame,
That one we murdered gives us heaven.

"He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

Pr. 28. 26

1 He that trusts in his own heart,
Acts a raw and foolish part;
Base it is, and full of guile,
Brooding mischief in a smile.

2 Does it boast of love within?
So it may, and yet may sin;
Peter loved his Master well,
Yet a loving Peter fell.

3 Does it feel a melting frame?
David also felt the same;
Yet he made a woeful trip,
And perceived his mountain slip.

4 Does it talk of faith, and boast?
Abra'm had as much as most;
Yet, beguiled by unbelief,
Twice he durst deny his wife.

5 Every prop will, first or last,
Sink or fail, but Jesus Christ;
On this sure foundation stone

His ways are just and true!

6 His worth I love to tell,
And wish the world to know;
And where the Son is honoured well,
The Father's honoured too.]

The Carnal Mind and Christ's Righteousness.

1Cor 2.14

[Imputed righteousness is strange,
Nor will with human fancies range;
We guess the lurking motive well,
And Paul the hateful truth shall tell.]

The lofty heart can not submit
To cast itself at Jesus' feet;
It scorns in borrowed robes to shine,
Though weaved with righteousness divine.

Proud nature cries, with loathing eyes,
"This imputation I despise,"
And from it she will perty start,
Till grace has broken down her heart.

O give me, Lord, thy righteousness,
To be my peace and wedding dress!
My sores it heals, my rags it hides,
And makes me dutiful besides.

Christ the Sinner's Hiding-place

Ro 6.23; 10.4

1 Where must a sinner fly,
Who feels his guilty load,
And stands condemned to die,
Out of the mouth of God?
Can any door of hope be found?
Not any sure, on nature's ground.

2 What if he mend his life,
And pour out floods of tears,
And pray with fervent strife?
These pay no past arrears.
The law, with unrelenting breath,
Declares the wage of sin is death.

3 [Who then shall reconcile
Such jarring things as these?
Say, how can Justice smile
At Mercy on her knees?
Or how can Mercy lift her head,
Till all the legal debt is paid?]

4 Jesus, thy helping hand
Has made the contest cease,
Paid off each law demand,

Let me build and rest alone.

Waiting for Help.

Luke 16.20, 21; Pr. 8.34

1 My business lies at Jesus' gate,
Where many a Lazar comes;
And here I sue, and here I wait
For mercy's falling crumbs.

2 My rags and wounds my wants proclaim,
And help from him implore;
The wounds do witness I am lame,
The rags that I am poor.

3 The Lord, I hear, the hungry feeds,
And cheereth souls distressed;
He loves to bind up broken reeds,
And heal a bleeding breast.

4 His name is Jesus, full of grace,
Which draws me to his door;
And will not Jesus show his face,
And bring his gospel store?

5 Supplies of every grace I want,
And each day want supply;
And if no grace the Lord will grant,
I must lie down and die.

"He will reprove ... of sin."

John 16. 8

1 No awful sense we find of sin,
The sinful life and sinful heart;
No loathing of the plague within,
Until the Lord that feel impart;
But when the Spirit of truth is come,
A sinner trembles at his doom.

2 Convinced and piercèd through and through,
He thinks himself the sinner chief;
And, conscious of his mighty woe,
Perceives at length his unbelief;
Good creeds may stock his head around,
But in his heart no faith is found.

3 No power his nature can afford
To change his heart, or purge his guilt;
No help is found but in the Lord,
No balm but in the blood he spilt;
A ruined soul, condemned he stands,
And unto Jesus lifts his hands.

4 So lift I up my hands and eyes,
And all my help in Jesus seek.
Lord, bring thy purging sacrifice
To wash me white, and make me meek;
And give me more enlargèd faith,

And bought the blest release;
Stern Justice, satisfied by thee,
Bids Mercy bring the news to me.

5 O tidings sweet of grace,
To sinners lost and poor,
Who humbly seek thy face,
And knock at Mercy's door;
Who taste the peace thy blood imparts,
And feel the Saviour in their hearts.

6 All hail! we bless thee now!
Who bought us with thy blood!
Our gracious Shepherd thou,
To bring us home to God.
On earth we sing thy bleeding love,
And long to see thy face above.

Christ a Protector of the Wretched

1Sa 22. 2

1 All in debt or in distress,
Discontented more or less,
All who would protection have,
Post away to David's cave.

2 All who find their sinful debt
Deep and deeper growing yet;
All who have been Satan's tool –
Much his madman or his fool;

3 All who discontented are,
Full of guilt and full of fear;
Every soul who would not die,
Unto Jesus' cave must fly.

4 [Jesus all your debts will pay;
Chase your legal duns away;
Every foe he will subdue –
World, and flesh, and devil too.]

5 Haste, and seek the Saviour's face;
Rise, and bless him for his grace;
To his scornèd cave repair;
He will wash and feast you there.

Christ his People's Surety

Pr 11. 15; Matt. 27. 29

For wretched strangers such as I,
The Saviour left his native sky,
And surety would become;
He undertakes for sinners lost,
And, having paid the utmost cost,
Returns triumphant home.

A judgment bond against me lay,

To view the wonders of thy death.

Simple-hearted.

Luke 14.13, 21; Matt. 22.9, 10

1 When Jesus would his grace proclaim,
He calls the simple, blind, and lame
To come and be his guest;
Such simple folk the world despise;
Yet simple folk have sharpest eyes,
And learn to walk the best.

2 They view the want of Jesus' light,
Of Jesus' blood, and Jesus' might,
Which others cannot view;
They walk in Christ, the living Way,
And fight, and win the well-fought day,
Which others cannot do.

3 They all declare, I nothing am,
My life is bound up in the Lamb,
My wit and might are his;
My worth is all in Jesus found,
He is my Rock, my anchor-ground,
And all my hope of bliss.

4 Such simple soul I fain would be,
The scorn of man, the joy of thee,
Thy parlour guest and friend;
Do make me, Lord, a little child,
Right simple-hearted, meek and mild,
And loving to the end.

Light in God's Light.

Ps. 36.9; Isa. 60.19

1 In darkness born, I went astray,
And wandered from the gospel way;
And since the Saviour gave me sight,
I cannot see without his light.

2 So poor, and blind, and lame I am,
My all is bound up in the Lamb;
And blessèd am I when I see
My spirit's inmost poverty.

3 I cannot walk without his might,
I cannot see without his light;
I can have no access to God,
But through the merits of his blood.

4 It makes me feel my ruined state,
It lays my soul at mercy's gate;
And Jesus smiles at such a guest;
And cheers him with a heavenly feast.

"When I cry ... he shutteth out my prayer."

Lam. 3.8

1 I hear a righteous man,

Law charges, too, which he must pay,
But found a smarting debt.
The garden scene begins his woes,
And fetches agonising throes,
And draws a bloody sweat.

His back with hardy stripes is hewed,
Till flakes of gore, and streams of blood,
Besmear the frightened ground!
A scornful and a smarting crown
His holy head is thrust upon,
And thorns begird it round.

He smarts with nails that pierce his feet,
And smarts with hanging all his weight
Upon the accursèd tree!
He smarts beneath a Father's rod,
And roars aloud, "Why, O my God,
Hast thou forsaken me?"

[May all my Saviour's love and smart,
Be sweetly graven on my heart,
And with me fast abide;
And let me sing thy praises well,
And love thee more than I can tell,
And trust in none beside.]

A Friend Closer than a Brother

Pr 18. 24

There is a Friend, who sticketh fast,
And keeps his love from first to last,
And Jesus is his name;
An earthly brother drops his hold,
Is sometimes hot and sometimes cold,
But Jesus is the same.

He loves his people, great and small,
And, grasping hard, embraces all,
Nor with a soul will part;
No tribulations which they feel,
No foes on earth, or fiends of hell,
Shall tear them from his heart.

His love before all time began,
And through all time it will remain,
And evermore endure;
Though rods and frowns are sometimes brought,
And man may change, he changes not;
His love abideth sure.

[A method strange this Friend has shown,
Of making love divinely known
To rebels doomed to die;
Unasked, he takes our humblest form,
And condescends to be a worm,
To lift us up on high.]

A prophet good and great,
In deep distress complain,
And thus his grief relate:
"I call on God, and cry and shout,
But all my prayer he shutteth out."

2 He cries, and cries again,
And yet no answers come;
He shouts aloud through pain,
And still the Lord is dumb;
Like some abandoned wretch he moans,
And Jesus seems to mock his groans.

3 Let every drooping saint
Keep waiting evermore;
And though exceeding faint,
Knock on at mercy's door;
Still cry and shout till night is past,
For daylight will spring up at last.

4 If Christ do not appear,
When his disciples cry,
He marketh every tear,
And counteth every sigh;
In all their sorrows bears a part,
Beholds their grief, and feels their smart.

5 He lends an unseen hand,
And gives a secret prop,
Which keeps them waiting stand,
Till he complete their hope!
So let me wait upon this Friend,
And trust him till my troubles end.

"Out of ... my grief have I spoken."

1Sa 1. 16

1 And does thy heart for Jesus pine,
And make its secret moan?
He understands a sigh divine,
And marks a secret groan.

2 These pinings prove that Christ is near,
To testify his grace;
Call on him with unceasing prayer
For he will show his face.

3 Though much dismayed, take courage still,
And knock at mercy's door;
A loving Saviour surely will
Relieve his praying poor.

4 He knows how weak and faint thou art,
And must appear at length;
A look from him will cheer thy heart,
And bring renewèd strength.

Christ the Christian's Only Help.

[The law demanded blood for blood,
And out he lets his vital flood
To pay the mortal debt;
He toils through life, and pants through death,
And cries, with his expiring breath,
"Tis finished," and complete!]

[Let all the ransomed of the Lord
Exalt his love with one accord,
And hallelujah sing;
Adore the dying Friend of man,
And bless him highly as you can;
He is your God and King.]

The Lamb of God.

Isa. 53. 7; John 1. 29; Acts 8. 32

The sweet Lamb of God comes forth to be slain,
And offers his blood to purge off our stain;
With bitterest anguish and groans on the tree,
The Saviour did languish for sinners like me.

Look on him, my soul, and gaze on his smart;
His cries may control the lusts of thy heart;
His blood has set often the worst broken bones;
His love too can soften hearts harder than stones.

[Right worthy indeed he is of high fame,
And saints have all need to trust in his name;
Not feed on their graces, nor strut with a frame,
But fall on their faces, and worship the Lamb.]

Lo! here is a feast of delicate food,
For prodigals dressed, yet costly and good.
Our Father provided this Lamb for a treat;
And if you are minded, you freely may eat.

None other repast my spirit would have;
Thy flesh let me taste, sweet Lamb, and yet crave;
Thy blood ever flowing my pleasant cup be;
Thy fleece on earth growing make clothing for me.

Thus covered and fed at thy proper cost,
Thy path I would tread which pleases my host.
Thy patience inherit, thy lowliness prove,
Catch all thy sweet Spirit, and burn with thy love.

Desiring to know Christ crucified

1Cor 2.2

Some wise men of opinions boast,
And sleep on doctrines sound;
But, Lord, let not my soul be lost
On such enchanted ground.

[Good doctrines can do me no good,
While floating in the brain;

Ps. 27.9

1 Gracious God, thy children keep;
Jesus, guide thy silly sheep;
Fix, O fix our fickle souls;
Lord, direct us; we are fools.

2 Bid us in thy 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 [O defend thy purchased flock;
See, the insulting Ishmaels mock,
Guard us from a world of sin;
Foes without, and worse within.

5 Look upon the unequal war;
Saviour, do not go too far;
Crafty is the foe, and strong;
Saviour, do not tarry long.]

6 By thy Word we fain [gladly] would steer,
Fain [gladly] thy Spirit's dictates hear;
Save us from the rocks and shelves,
Save us chiefly from ourselves.

7 Never, never may we dare,
What we're not to say we are;
Make us well our vileness know;
Keep us very, very low.

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest."

Isa. 54.11; Heb. 2.18

Thou poor, afflicted, tempted soul,
With fears, and doubts, and tempests tossed,
What if the billows rise and roll,
And dash thy ship, it is not lost;
The winds and waves, and fiends may roar,
But Christ will bring thee safe on shore.

What ails those eyes bedewed with tears?
Those labouring sighs that heave thy breast?
Those oft-repeated, broken prayers?
Dost thou not long for Jesus' rest?
And can the Lord pass heedless by,
And see a mourning sinner die?

"Let my prayer be ... as incense."

Ps. 141.2; 5.3

1 A godliness which feeds on form,
And lip devotion, barren cheer,
Will satisfy an earthly worm,

Unless they yield my heart some food,
They bring no real gain.]

O may my single aim be now
To live on him that died;
And nought on earth desire to know,
But Jesus crucified!

[Disputings only gender strife,
And gall a tender mind;
But godliness, in all its life,
At Jesus' cross we find.]

Lord, let thy wondrous cross employ
My musings all day long,
Till, in the realms of purest joy,
I make it all my song.

Fellowship with Christ's Sufferings **Luke 24.26, 46**

What a doleful voice I hear!
What a garden-scene is there!
What a frightful, ghastly flood!
Jesus weltering in his blood!

Groaning on the ground he lies;
Seems a slaughtered sacrifice!
Tells me, with a feeble breath,
"Sorrowful, yea, unto death!"

[How his eyes astonished are!
Sure they witness conflict near!
On his face what sadness dwells!
Sure he feels a thousand hells!]

O my Jesus, let me know
What has brought this heavy woe;
Swords are piercing through thy heart;
Whence arose the torturing smart?

"Sinner, thou hast done the deed;
Thou hast made the Saviour bleed!
Justice drew its sword on me!
Pierced my heart to pass by thee!

"Now I take the deadly cup;
All its dregs am drinking up;
Read my anguish in my gore;
Look, and pierce my heart no more."

O thou bleeding love divine,
What are other loves to thine?
Theirs a drop, and thine a sea,
Ever full, and ever free!

If I loved my Lord before,

Who learns to think and call it prayer;
Contented with the husky part,
A moving lip and silent heart.

2 O Lord, thy Spirit's aid impart,
And fill me with devotion's fire;
Create anew my waiting heart,
And heavenly breathings there inspire;
Bid heart and flesh cry out for thee,
And thou my joyful portion be!

3 Let incense smoking from my breast,
In praise and prayer ascend thy hill;
And where I rove, or where I restt,
Do thou, O God, surround me still;
My heavenly intercourse increase,
Till as a river flows my peace.

"Our sufficiency is of God."

2 Cor. 3.5; Phil. 4.13

1 O Lord, with shame I do confess
My universal emptiness,
My poverty and pride;
I cannot keep thee in my sight,
Nor can I think one thought aright,
Unless thy Spirit guide.

2 I cannot from my idols part,
Nor love the Lord with all my heart,
Nor can myself deny;
I cannot pray, and feel thee near,
Nor can I sing with heavenly cheer,
Unless the Lord be nigh.

3 Since Adam from God's image fell,
On spiritual things we cannot dwell;
The heart is turned aside;
And none can raise to life the dead
But he who raised himself indeed,
And for dead sinners died.

4 Then let this mighty Jesus be,
An all-sufficient help for me,
Creating power and will;
Thy grace sufficed saints of old;
It made them strong and made them bold,
And it suffices still.

"I will instruct thee."

Ps. 32.8; 31.3

O where shall I find a guide to direct,
Right skilful and kind, and brave to protect?
To lovely Mount Zion my heart is now bound,
But many a lion is in the way found.

2

'Tis Jesus can teach the way ye should go,
And out his arm reach to help you on too;

I would love him ten times more;
Drop into his sea outright,
Lose myself in Jesus quite.

Christ altogether lovely

Ps. 45.2; Song 5.16

1 Soon as faith the Lord can see,
Bleeding on the cross for me,
Quick my idols all depart,
Jesus gets and fills my heart.

2 [None among the sons of men,
None among the heavenly train,
Can with Jesus then compare;
None so sweet and none so fair.]

3 Then my tongue would fain express
All his love and loveliness;
But I lisp and falter forth
Broken words, not half his worth.

4 Vexed, I try and try again;
Still my efforts all are vain;
Living tongues are dumb at best;
We must die to speak of Christ.

5 [Blessèd is the upper saint,
Who can praise and never faint,
Gazing on thee evermore,
And with flaming heart adore.]

6 [Let the Lord a smile bestow
On his lisping babes below,
That will keep their infant tongue
Prattling of him all day long.]

No Gathering to Profit but with Christ

Matt. 12. 30

1 Abundance of good folk, I find,
Are gathering goodness for the wind
To scatter it about;
They seek, with human care and skill,
Their vessels with good wine to fill,
But all the wine leaks out.

2 [A fretful soul his fault may spy,
And struggle much, and often try
Some patience to obtain;
Yet after many toilsome years,
And many sighs and many tears,
He has not got a grain.]

3 He that with Jesus gathers not,
May plough and sow, and weed his plot,
But scatters all his corn;
No real goodness long can stand,

The doubts that perplex you, the fears that distress,
The tempers that vex you, his grace can redress.

3

Then may the Lord give me faith in his name,
A faith that will live in water and flame,
A faith that endureth, and feasts on his blood;
A faith that assureth my sonship with God.

4

[O teach me to love thy Person most sweet,
Nor let my heart rove, but keep at thy feet;
Be with thee delighted, and clasp thee and twine,
Most firmly united to thy living Vine.

5

And further, I seek the charms of thy mind,
The grace to be meek, and lowly, and kind;
Forbearing, forgiving, and loving always,
And only be living to publish thy praise.]

“Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?”

Mic. 6.6-8

Wherewith shall I come before the Most High,
Who am but a worm, and doomèd to die?
My nature unholy was tainted in birth,
And nursèd by folly, brings all evil forth!

2

Whatever I do, some baseness appears;
Wherever I go, it rings in my ears;
Pursues me and rages with fulsome breath,
And tells me its wages are hell after death.

3

No labours of mine, with fasting and tears,
Can purge away sin, or shorten arrears;
One only sweet fountain of blood that was spilt
Can loosen the mountain of high-crying guilt.

“Draw me, we will run after thee.”

Song 1.4; Lam. 5.21

1 How backward is my heart
In search of endless life!
How loth with toys to part,
Which only bring me grief!
Small riddance in the race I make,
Yet pant for breath each step I take.

2 I cannot well abide
The cross's daily load,
It makes me start aside,
And leave the narrow road;
Like some raw bullock not well broke,
My shoulder frets beneath the yoke.

3 Erewhile I sit and sigh,
And loathe my folly too;
Then up I get and try
What human might can do;
Lay to my arm, but all in vain;
No arm of mine can break the chain.

Which planted is by human hand;
It dies as soon as born.

4 [They reap and scatter all the while;
They reap and gather nought but toil;
'Tis labour lost, I see.

O Lord, do thou instruct my heart
With my own reaping-hook to part,
And gather all with thee.]

5 In Christ my treasure gathered is;
My wisdom, wealth, and might are his,
My peace at his command;
With him is free and plenteous store,
And faith may have enough and more,
When gathered from his hand.

“He (Jesus) shall let go my captives”

Isa. 45.13

1 Say, wast thou not a captive born,
And art thou not a captive led,
With fetters loaded every morn,
And chainèd down each night in bed?
Do not thy lusts beset thee still,
And take thee captive at their will?

2 Do not rough tempers, proud and base,
Insult and rend thy helpless soul?
And what can tame the lusts but grace?
Or what the tempers will control?
The work for Jesus is prepared,
Who does the work without reward.

3 His blood must purge the conscience clean,
And show a sin-forgiving God;
His Spirit write the law within,
And guide us on the gospel road;
And all that seek to him shall know,
That Jesus lets the captives go.

“The very hairs of your head are all numbered.”

Matt. 10.30

1 How watchful is the loving Lord,
How sweet his providential word,
To children that believe!
Your very hairs are numbered all;
Not one by force or chance can fall
Without your Father's leave.

2 Why should I fear when guarded so,
Or shrink to meet a deadly foe?
His mouth is held with bit;
I need not dread his utmost spite,
Nor can he bark, nor can he bite,
Unless the Lord permit.

3 No cross or bliss, no loss or gain,

4 Ah! whither must I go,
Since flesh and reason fail?
No help on earth, I know,
Can o'er my heart prevail;
No arm can reach my desperate case
But his whose name is Truth and Grace.

5 To him I lift my eyes;
Thou Son of David, hear,
And let my feeble cries
Bring thy salvation near;
My froward heart is in thy hand,
And it will move at thy command.

“My heart and my flesh crieth out.”

Ps. 84.2

1 With solemn weekly state
The worldling treads thy court,
Content to see thy gate,
And such as there resort;
But ah! what is the house to me,
Unless the Master I can see?

2 Nought will content my heart
But fellowship with him;
And when from him I start,
My life is all a dream;
I seem to eat and take my fill,
But wake and feel my hunger still.

3 In vain I seek for rest
In all created good;
It leaves me yet unblest,
And makes me pant for God;
And restless sure my heart must be
Till finding all its rest in thee.

4 For thee my soul would cry,
And send a labouring groan;
For thee my heart would sigh,
And make a pensive moan;
And each for thee would daily pine,
And would be always only thine.

“What have I to do any more with idols?”

Hos. 14. 8

1 Our fancy loves to range
In search of earthly good,
And freely would exchange
A pearl for rotten wood;
Snaps at a shadow, thin and vain,
Is fooled and vexed, yet snaps again.

2 Fain would the heart unite
A Christ with idols base,
And link mid-day with night,

No health or sickness, ease or pain,
Can give themselves a birth;
The Lord so rules by his command,
Nor good nor ill can stir a hand,
Unless he send them forth.

4 Since thou so kind and watchful art,
To guard my head and guard my heart,
And guard my very hair,
Teach me with child-like mind to sit,
And sing at the dear Saviour's feet,
Without distrust or fear.

5 So, like a pilgrim let me wait,
Contented well in every state,
Till all my warfare ends;
Live in a calm and cheerful mood,
And find that all things work for good,
Which Jesus kindly sends.

Prayer.

Ps. 20.9

1 Eternal Father, Lord of all,
By heaven and earth adored,
Regard thy guilty creatures' call,
Who would revere thy word.

2 Lord Jesus, Son of God most high,
Of all the rightful heir,
Adored by hosts above the sky,
And by thy people here;

3 Thee, Saviour of the lost, we own,
Incarnate God and Lord,
Refresh us now, and send us down
The blessings of thy word.

4 Thou, Holy Ghost, who dost reveal
The secret things of grace;
And knowest well the Father's will,
And his deep mind can trace;

5 Disclose the heavenly mysteries,
And bring the gospel feast;
Give gracious hearts and opened eyes,
That we may see and taste.

The Lord's Supper.

Matt. 15.26, 27; John 6.32, 33

1 Not worthy, Lord, we must confess,
That we of children's bread should taste,
Yet, trusting in thy righteousness,
We venture to the gospel feast;
The bread we ask which comes from heaven,
O let some blessed crumbs be given.

2 Lord, set thy cross before our eyes,

Or mammon foul with grace;
And in one bosom, false as hell,
Would have the ark and Dagon dwell.

3 But Christ will not allow
A rival near his throne;
A jealous God art thou,
And wilt be King alone!
Dagon shall fall before thy face,
Or thy sweet ark will leave the place.

4 Dear Jesus, thou art true,
Though false from thee I slide;
And wilt thou not subdue
And link me to thy side?
I would give all my ramblings o'er;
Speak, Lord, and bid me stray no more.

“Thou art my portion, O Lord.”

Ps. 119.57

1 I seek and hope to find
A portion for my soul,
To heal a feverish mind,
And make a bankrupt whole;
A cup of blessing for the poor,
That's free, and full, and flowing o'er.

2 No satisfying rest
Earth's fluttering joys impart;
The portion of a beast
Will not content my heart;
The God of spirits only can
Fill up the vast desires of man.

3 Then, Jesus, wilt thou be
My portion and my all?
For I would wait on thee,
And listen to thy call;
My daily wants thou canst supply,
And find me food, and bring me joy.

4 Whate'er I wish or want
Can come from thee alone,
Thou canst my heart content;
Then let thy grace be shown;
I'd choose thee for my portion, Lord;
Supply me well from mercy's board.

“Pull me out of the net.”

Ps. 31.4; Isa. 42.22

1 A thousand snares beset
A pilgrim in his walk,
To trap him by the feet,
Or catch him in his talk;
The creature often proves a bait,
And Satan lays his wily net.

With all its wondrous toil and smart;
And feast us on thy sacrifice,
And show our names upon thy heart;
Till faith cry out, “I Jesus view,
I trust him now, and feel him too.”

Seeking the Lord's Presence.

John 14. 21; 15. 9

1 The table now is spread;
We meet around the board;
Dear Jesus, bless the wine and bread,
And heavenly life afford.

2 O may the Lord appear,
With looks divinely mild,
And whisper in each humble ear,
“I love thee well, my child.”

“Peace I leave with you.”

John 14. 27

1 Ere we leave thy table, Lord,
Drop us down a pledge of peace;
Give us all a parting word,
Sealèd with a parting kiss.

Praise for the Heavenly Feast.

Song. 5.1; Pr. 9.1-5

The Lord of the feast we solemnly bless,
And pray that each guest may grow in his grace;
Thanks for his preparing his banquet of love;
O may we all share in the banquet above.

The Leper's Prayer.

Matt. 8.2; Mark 1.40

Defiled I am indeed;
Defiled throughout by sin;
Thy purple fountain, Lord, I need,
To wash a leper clean.

The fountain open stands,
Yet on its brink I dwell;
O put me in with thy own hands,
And that will make me well.

Believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them

1 Ye poor afflicted souls, give ear,
Who seek the Lord, but fear his frown;
What things ye ask in fervent prayer,
Believing, Christ will send them down.

2 If sin is loathsome to thy heart,
And shows a most ill-favoured face;
If guilt affords thee fearful smart,
It flows from Jesus' love and grace.

3 A feast is now prepared for thee,
In spite of all thy unbelief;

2 A stubborn guest is sin,
And makes a rueful rout;
We may let idols in,
But cannot turn them out;
The Saviour's arm is wanted here,
To pluck the sinner from a snare.

3 What if the tyrant roar,
And of his conquest boast?
The Lord will help the poor,
That in his mercy trust;
And he has gainèd high renown
In bringing proud Goliaths down.

No man can come to me, except the Father draw him

1 No wit or will of man,
Or learning he may boast,
No power of reason can
Draw sinners unto Christ;
So fallen is nature, such her flaw,
None come except the Father draw.

2 His Spirit must disclose
The deadly plague within,
Uncover all our woes,
And show the man of sin;
And feeling thus our ruined state,
We humbly fall at Jesus' feet.

3 [The Comforter must teach
The Saviour's toil and smart,
And with conviction preach
Atonement to the heart;
Then sinners gaze with ravished eyes,
And feast upon the sacrifice.]

4 [The Spirit, too, must show
The power of Jesus' arm,
To vanquish every foe,
And guard the soul from harm;
Believers then grow strong in faith,
And triumph over sin and death.]

5 So let my heart be drawn
To Jesus Christ the Lord,
And learn to feast upon
His person and his word,
Feel sweet redemption through his blood,
And give the glory all to God.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart

1 Say, is thy heart well broke,
And feels the plague of sin?
And hateth Satan's yoke,
It sweetly once drew in?
Give Christ the praise; he broke thy heart,

A feast of mercy, sweetly free
For sinners and the sinners' chief.

4 Take courage, then; ask and believe,
Expecting mercy from the Lord;
The promise runs, "Ask and receive,"
And Christ is faithful to his word.

5 O Lord, increase my feeble faith,
And give my straitened bosom room
To credit what thy promise saith,
And wait till thy salvation come.

"A rod for the fool's back."

Pr. 26. 3; 10. 13

1 I wonder not if giddy men
Run roving all the world about,
Pursuing folly with much pain,
And wearied oft, yet give not out;
The world must be their fluttering aim,
Who see no charm in Jesus' name.

2 Yet none so foolish are and base,
As those who've felt the legal lash,
And having tasted gospel-grace,
Good manna leave for earthly trash;
When such from wisdom's teaching start,
A rod shall make their shoulders smart.

3 In vain they seek the world's relief;
The Lord will weary them with woe,
And lash them well with grief on grief,
With rods and stinging scorpions too;
They drink of every bitter cup,
Till, sick, they cast their idols up.

4 My heart, too, after idols sought,
And rovèd from the gospel track;
And by such roving I have brought
A thousand stripes upon my back;
Lord, take my foolish heart at last,
And guide it right, and hold it fast.

"Wait ye upon me, saith the Lord."

Zeph. 3. 8

1 O thou with battering tempest tossed,
Perplexed and shattered here and there,
Bewildered on a legal coast,
And finding no deliverance near,
On Jesus calling with sad thought,
But Jesus seems to mind thee not!

2 Soon as thy heart can moaning cry,
"What must a wretched sinner do?"
To Jesus lift thy weary eye,
For whither else can sinners go?
And Jesus will not fail thy hope;

And taught thee how to feel the smart.

2 [What if Mount Sinai's smoke
Should darken all the skies,
And thy weak stomach choke,
And bring on weeping eyes?
It points the road to Zion's hill,
Where grace and peace for ever dwell.

3 Thick glooms lie in the way
To Jesus' heavenly light;
Before the gospel day,
He sends a legal night;
And while the legal nights abide,
No Christ is seen, although the Guide.]

4 The Lord is surely near
When drooping sinners pray,
And lends a gracious ear,
But steals himself away;
Regards their moan with pitying eye,
And brings at length salvation nigh.

5 O let the Lord bestow
That broken heart on me,
Which feeleth well its woe,
And blushing, looks to thee;
Amazed to see myself so vile,
And Jesus smiling all the while.

"Wine, which cheereth God and man."

Judges. 9. 13

1 A wondrous wine there is,
None can with it compare,
Creating most exalted bliss,
Which God and man will cheer.

2 It is the wine of Love,
That precious love divine
Which knits and cheers all hearts above,
And makes their faces shine.

3 Believers know its taste,
And can its virtues tell;
Oft when their hearts are sinking fast,
One sip has made them well.

4 It is the cordial true;
Lord, cheer me with it still;
Till at thy seat I drink it new,
And take my hearty fill.

"Thou shalt see greater abominations."

Ezek. 8. 6

1 That image-chamber foul
Which met Ezekiel's eye,
Points out the breast of every soul,

But on him wait till he rise up.

3 He will rise up the prey to take;
His mighty arm he will make bare;
He will, for his own mercy's sake,
Bereave thee of thy guilty fear,
And tame the beasts within thy breast;
But on him wait, till he give rest.

A Fountain opened for Sin.

Zech. 13.1; 1Cor 6.11

1 A fountain! cries the man of God,
A fountain with a purple flood;
A fountain opened for the poor,
Where sickly souls may find a cure.

2 It softens well the heart of stone,
And kindly knits a broken bone,
Restoring hearing, speech, and sight,
And puts all guilty fears to flight.

3 It heals the soul of feverish heat,
And helps a pulse with grace to beat;
The fretful look, the wanton eye,
And lordly self before it fly.

4 No spring like this makes lepers whole,
Not that renowned Bethesda's pool,
Nor Siloam's stream, nor Jordan's flood,
Were altogether half so good.

5 Fast by this fountain let me stay,
And drink, and wash my sores away;
If but a moment I depart,
Sick is my head, and faint my heart.

"The wages of sin is death."

Ro 6. 23; Ge 2.17

1 Awful is thy threatening, Lord;
Let me mark the solemn word;
What the righteous Ruler saith:
"Wages due to sin is death."

2 Then I stand condemned to die
By the mouth of God most high.
Sins I have, a thousand too,
And a thousand deaths are due.

3 Should I spend my life in prayers,
Water all my couch with tears,
Turn from every evil past,
Still I am condemned and cast.

4 [Lord, I own the sentence just,
Drop my head into the dust;
If my soul is cast to hell,
Thou, O Lord, art righteous still.]

Where lurking idols lie.

2 Yet ask for further light,
And turn to see thy woe,
And God will clear thy misty sight,
And deeper visions show.

3 As we the light can bear
To break upon our eyes,
Still deeper idols shall appear,
And more will after rise.

4 Thus pride is broken down,
And humbled in the dust,
We view our vileness, and must own
The Lord is all our trust.

5 May Jesus Christ disclose
The plagues within my heart;
And as my soul more humbled grows,
A brighter faith impart.

“He shall let go my captives.”

Isa. 45.13

1 Art thou by sin a captive led?
Is sin thy daily grief?
The Man who brake the serpent's head
Can bring thee sweet relief.

2 His name is Jesus, for he saves,
And setteth captives free;
His office is to purchase slaves,
And give them liberty.

3 No money for thy ransom take,
But mercy much entreat;
Go, with the chains about thy neck,
And fall before his feet.

4 Tell how thy bosom tyrants lash,
And rage without control;
Show where the fetters gall thy flesh,
And bruise thy inmost soul.

5 The sight will melt his piteous heart,
Soon touched with human woe;
And healing up thy guilty smart,
His freed-man thou shalt go.

“Though it tarry, wait for it.”

Hab. 2. 3

1 If guilt pursue thee with its cry,
And would to prison hale;
To Jesus Christ, the Surety, fly,
And he will give in bail.

2 If hope, that used thy soul to cheer,

5 In myself I have no hope;
Justice every plea will stop;
Yet for mercy I may plead,
Springing from the church's Head.

6 Knock I may at Jesus' door,
Mercy for his sake implore,
Mercy, such as thou wilt give;
Show it, Lord, and let me live.

“I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal.”

Deut. 32. 39

1 The Saviour empties whom he fills,
And quickens whom he slays,
Our legal hope he kindly kills,
To teach us gospel praise.

2 He wraps in frowns as well as smiles,
Some tokens of his love;
And if he wounds, or if he heals,
In both his grace we prove.

3 No sooner we begin to mourn,
And feel a broken heart,
But Jesus cries, “Return, return,
And let me heal thy smart.”

4 My legal self may Jesus kill,
And make my heart alive;
My guilty wounds may Jesus heal,
And make my spirit thrive.

OH, let my Jesus teach me how
I may in Him abide;
From wandering save my foolish heart,
And keep it near Thy side.

2 Thy side is all the tower I have
To screen me from my foes,
And in that side a fountain is,
Which healeth human woes.

3 Put round my heart Thy cord of love,
It hath a kindly sway,
But bind me fast, and draw me still,
Still nearer every day.

Heaven anticipated

1 TOO long, alas, I vainly sought
For happiness below,
But earthly comforts, dearly bought,
No solid good bestow.

2 At length, through Jesus' grace, I found,
The good and promised land
Where milk and honey much abound
And grapes in clusters stand.

Now leaves thee dark as night,
And neither sun nor stars appear,
Yet wait for morning light.

3 Still look to Christ with longing eyes,
Though both begin to fail;
Still follow with thy feeble cries,
For mercy will prevail.

4 What if he drops no gracious smile,
Or bid thee leave his door?
Yet still knock on, and wait awhile;
He must relieve the poor.

5 He carries oft till men are faint,
And comes at evening late;
He hears and will relieve complaint:
'Tis ours to pray and wait.

The Refiner's Fire

"He is like a refiner's fire."—Malachi 3:2.

No sorrowful cross
Of sickness or loss,
Has in itself virtue to purge away dross.

One furnace alone,
With breath of grace blown,
Can soften and hallow this heart of a stone.

With delicate skill,
And fuel at will,
The Saviour refineth and purgeth us still.

His love never tires,
But kindles new fires,
To burn up our idols and paltry desires.

The dross that will stay
In flames of to-day,
More fuel to-morrow shall melt it away.

As fresh scums arise,
Fresh faggots he tries,
And ever keeps melting, and thus purifies.

Where flesh can't survive
Grace gets a revive,
And in a bush burning will crackle and thrive.

Thine heavenly art,
Great Chemist, impart,
To separate tinsel and dross from my heart.

And let me not dread
The furnace to tread,

3 My soul has tasted of the grapes,
And now it longs to go
Where my dear Lord His vineyard keeps,
And all the clusters grow.

4 Upon the true and living Vine
My famish'd soul would feast,
And banquet on the fruit divine,
An everlasting guest.

On Jesus' Heart and Arm.

1 I ASK my dying Saviour dear
To set me on His heart;
And if my Jesus fix me there,
Nor life, nor death shall part.

2 As Aaron bore upon his breast
The names of Jacob's sons,
So bear my name among the rest
Of Thy dear chosen ones.

3 But seal me also on Thine arm,
Or yet I am not right;
I need Thy love to ward off harm,
And need Thy shoulder's might.

4 This double seal makes all things sure,
And keeps me safe and well;
Thy heart and shoulder will secure
From all the host of hell.

The white-robed Band.

1 O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white;
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An open'd cage to let them fly,
And build their happy nest on high.

3 And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

4 He cheers them with eternal smile,
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at His feet.

5 Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

But conquer the world through Jesus my Head.

(Altered by Spurgeon)

Idols destroyed and Jesus loved

1 SOON as faith the Lord can see

Bleeding on a cross for me,

Quick my idols all depart,

Jesus gets and fills my heart.

2 None among the sons of men,

None among the heavenly train,

Can with Jesus then compare,

None so sweet, and none so fair!

3 Then my tongue would fain express

All His love and loveliness;

But I lisp, and falter forth

Broken words, not half His worth.

4 Vex'd I try and try again,

Still my efforts all are vain:

Living tongues are dumb at best,

We must die to speak of Christ.

On The Work of the Spirit.

An earthly heart I have,

And earthly made by sin !

No good, but sensual, it will crave,

And sweetly drinks it in.

No joy it finds in God;

And when my tongue would pray,

My heart will take a different road,

And start and prance away.

No converse can we find,

With Him, our God, we call;

No will or power lodg'd in the mind

To walk with God at all.

Such is man's nature now,

Sunk and berir'd in earth!

And what can raise his fallen brow,

And give him heavenly birth?

Who can the spirit turn,

And unto God unite,

And make the heart with fevour burn,

And in its God delight?

No help in self I find,

And Yet have sought it well;

The native treasure of my mind

Is sin, and death, and hell.

To Christ for help I fly,

The Friend of sinners lost,

A refuge sweet, and sure and nigh,

And there is all my trust.

All other refuge fails,

And leaves my heart distrest;

But this eternally prevails,

To give a sinner rest.

Lord, grant me free access

Unto Thy pierced side;

For there I seek my dwelling-place,

And there my guilt would hide.

Thou, Holy Spirit, must
The mighty work perform,
Awake the sleeper from his dust,
And wing the grovelling worm.

Oh, let thy breath inspire
All needful power and will
And make my soul to God aspire,
And with his presence fill.