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SANTA SANTANA SANTANA

AND IS THERE ROOM FOR US.

LORD'S SUPPER.

"But I said, how shall I put thee among the Children?"

JEREM. iii.9.



'Tis true, we nothing have, Deserving his regard;

But Jesus came to save:

He came not to reward: Reflection sweet,

For sinners meet! - Come then, &c.

For them the table's spread,
Who make his name their hope;
Their's is the living bread,
And their's salvation's cup.
Saviour thou know'st,
Thy name's our boast.— Come then, &c.

√ 62

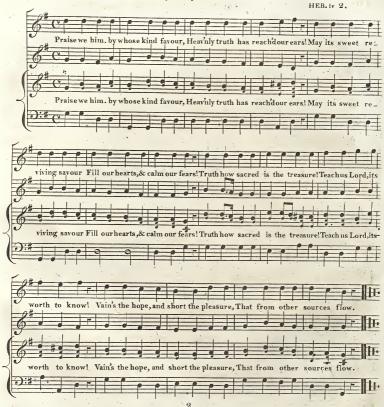
THRO' THE DAY THY LOVE HAS SPAR'D US, EVENING.

"I Will both lay me down in peace and sleep for thou LORD, only makest me dwell in safety".



Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and our's preserve from dangers:
In thine arms may we repose:
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

"For the Gospel is preached unto us."



What of truth we've now been hearing, Lord to ev'ry heart apply!

In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's joy!

Till thou take us hence for ever, Saviour, guide us with thine eye,

This our aim, our sole endeavour, Thine to live, and thine to die!

OF THY LOVE, SOME GRACIOUS TOKEN,

"Shew me a token for good."

PSALM lxxxvi.17.



SPAR'D A LITTLE LONGER,

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS. "Kept by the power of God,"

1 PET. 1. 5.



Many foes surround us,
Hoping to confound us;
But the Lord himself is our defence.

We have hearts deceitful, And of truth forgetful;

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Yet our gracious Lord his people spares.

Pilgrims here, and strangers,
Who can tell our dangers?
But our Lord will save us from them all.

He has dearly bought us;
Hitherto has brought us;
And will lead us to himself at last.

By his eye directed;
By his arm protected;
We shall gain the presence of our God.

"My Saviour."

2 SAMUEL xxii. 3.



Yet oft I trembled when I thought, How I had sold myself for nought; But still against thy love I fought My Saviour!

When self-accus'd I trembling stood,
I promis'd fair, as any cou'd;
But never counted on thy blood,
My Saviour!

Too soon the promise vain I prov'd,
That sinners make, while sin is lov'd,
But still to thee this heart ne'er mov'd,
My Saviour!

To pleasure prone, I thought it hard,
From pleasure's path to be debarr'd;
Nor pleasure sought from thy regard,
My Saviour!

At length despairing to be free,
A willing slave I meant to be:
'Twas then thou did'st appear to me,
My Saviour!

Thou, whom I had so long withstood,
Thou did'st redeem my soul with blood,
And thou hast brought me nigh to God,
My Saviour!

Thro's storms and waves of conflict past, Thy potent arm has held me fast, And thou wilt save me to the last,

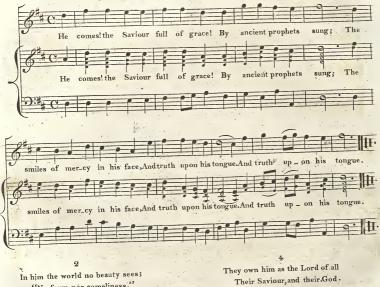
My Saviour!

And when the voy'ge of life is o'er;
I hope to gain the heav'nly shore,
And never grieve thy goodness more,
My Saviour!

HE COMES! THE SAVIOUR FULL OF GRACE!

"Behold he shall come, saith the LORD of hosts."

MAL. iii.1.



"No form nor comeliness,"

Rejected and despis'd he is, And plung'd in deep distress .

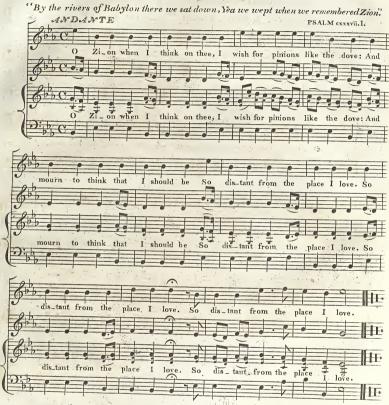
But there's a people taught by grace, To know his matchless worth; They own him tho' accounted base, And shew his praises forth.

Before his feet they prostrae fall: The purchase of his blood.

'Tis thus the Saviour is receiv'd; The world accounts him vile; While sinners by his grace reliev'd Can live but by his smile.

To him who bore the sinner's shame, Be endless glory giv'n. Immortal honours crown his name, The Lord of earth and heav'n!

O ZION WHEN I THINK ON THEE



A captive here, and far from home, For Zion's sacred walls I sigh: Thither the ransom'd nations come, And see the Saviour eye to eye.

While here, I walk on hostile ground; The few that I can call my friends, Are like myself with fetters bound, And weariness our steps attends. But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion's children shall return:
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

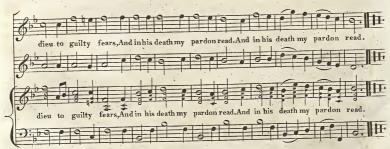
The hope that such a day will come,
Makes ev'n the captive's portion sweet:
Tho' now we wander far from home.
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

GROUND OF MY HOPE

"But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross."

GAL. vi.14.





And could'st thou, O my saviour die,

To rescue me from endless wee?
Enough! there's none more blest than I,
Since thou could'st love a sinner so.

I leave the world its' boasted store,
Of pleasures that must quickly end:

I prize its' vanities no more Since I have found the sinner's friend. I care not if the world revile
The world that hates my master's cause:
The world I know wou'd quickly smile,
Were I again what once I was.

Then farewell world, and farewell all
That emulates a Saviour's claims;
I'll hear him and obey his call,
Regardless who approves or blames.

I'll praise him while he gives me breath,
Nor then will cease to sing his love:
For when my voice is lost in death,
I hope to join the choirs above.

WE BOAST AN ORIGIN DIVINE

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

1. JOHN iii. 2.





2

As Jesus, whom we worship, was;
'Tis thus we are, and wish to be:

We glory only in his cross:

And who on earth so blest as we?

We wait the coming of our Lord;
Nor do we wait that day in vain:
We cannot doubt his faithful word,
That tells us he will come again.

Come then, dear Lord, O come and take, Thy people to their heavily home: The scorn they suffer for thy sake Sweetens the hope of joys to come.

They long to see thee as thou art:
They long to mix with those above:
To meet where they shall never part,
And sing thine everlasting love.



10.5

How happy are they who no more, Have to fear the assaults of the foe! Arrivd on the heavily shore; They have left all their conflicts below. They are far from all danger and fear; While remembrance enhances their joys, As the storm when escap'd will endear. The retreat that the haven supplies.

Around that magnificent throne, Where the Lamb all his glory displays; United for ever in one His people are singing his praise. How holy, how happy are they?
No tongue can express their delight: My soul, now unwilling to stay, Prepares for her heavnly flight.

But why do I wish to be gone?
Do I want from the danger to flee?
And shall I do nothing for one,
Who was once such a suff'rer for me?
Ah, Lord, let me think of the day,
When thou wast "rejected of men'?
And put the base wish far away;
And never be fearful again.

Nor less my perverseness forgive; That when ease and prosperity come; Thy servant is willing to live; And his exile prefers to his home: Ah Lord, what a creature am 19 Sure nothing can heighten my guilt: Forgive me, forgive me, 1 cry, And make me whatever thou wilt.

IT IS FINISH'D! SINNERS HEAR IT!

"He said, IT IS FINISHED"





Justice from her awful station,
Bars the sinner's peace no more;
See she views with approbation,
What the Sayiour did and bore;

Grace and mercy Now display their boundless store.

Hear the Lord himself declaring, All performd he came to do; Sinners in yourselves despairing, This is joyful news to you. Jesus speaks it!

His are faithful words and trué.

"It is finish'd!" All is over,
Yes, the cup of wrath is drain'd;
Such the truth these words discover:
Thus the vict'ry was obtain'd.
'Tis a vict'ry

None but Jesus could have gain'd.

Crown the mighty conqu'ror, crown him,
Who his people's foes o'ercame!
In the highest Heav'n enthrone him!
Men and Angels sound his fame!
Great his glory!

Jesus bears a matchless name.