

~~F-46.103~~

~~Ad 967~~

Charles Steiner

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

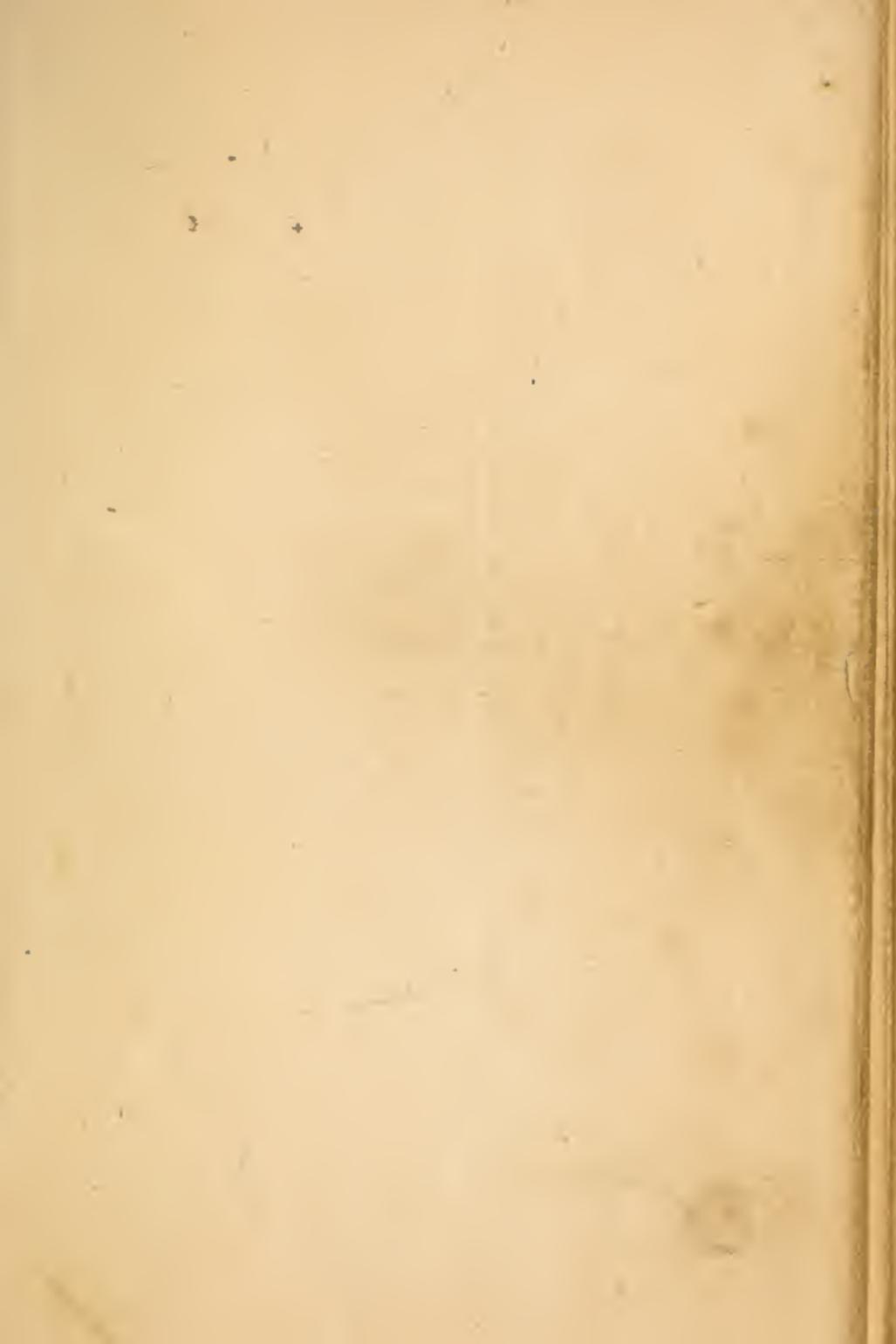
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

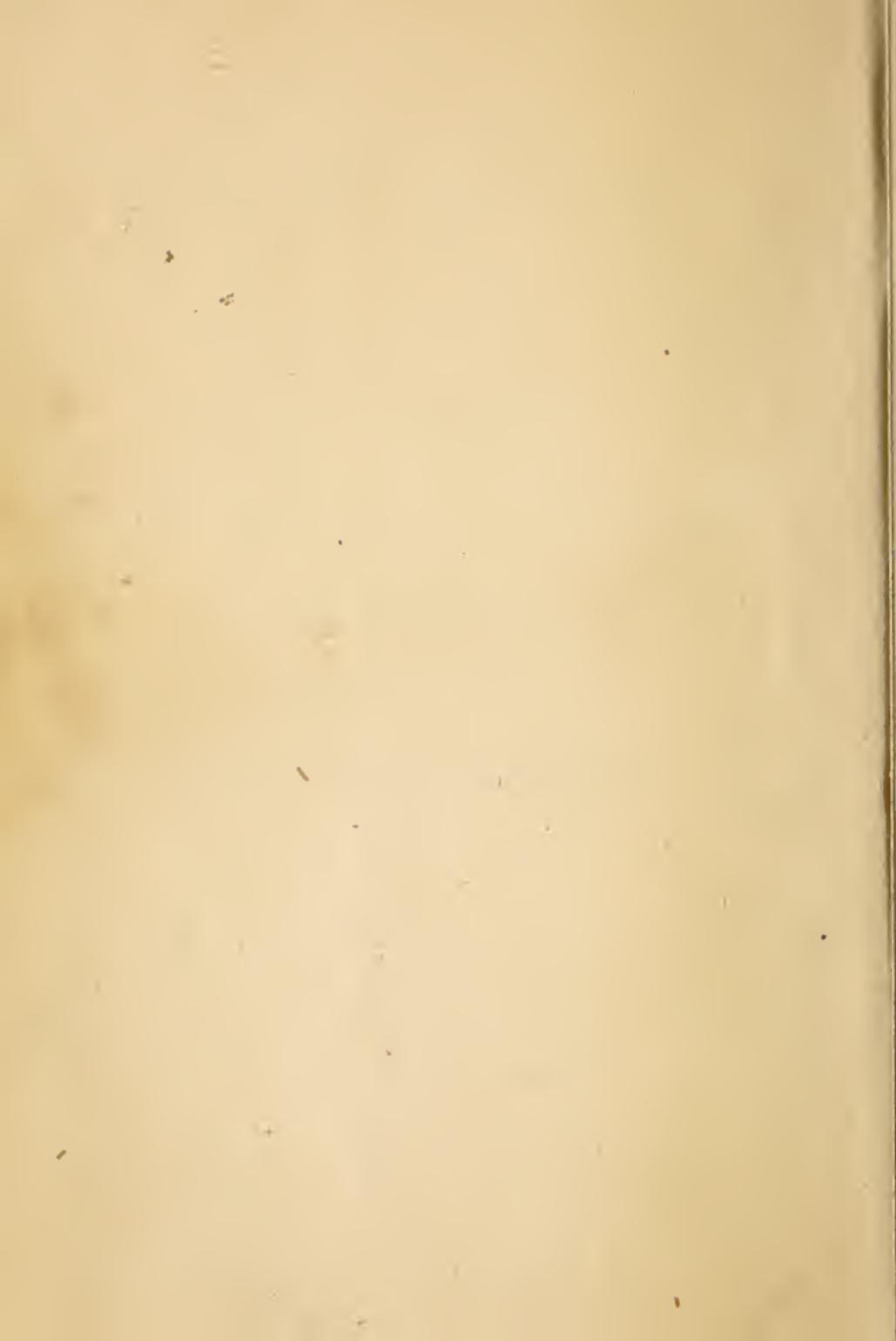
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

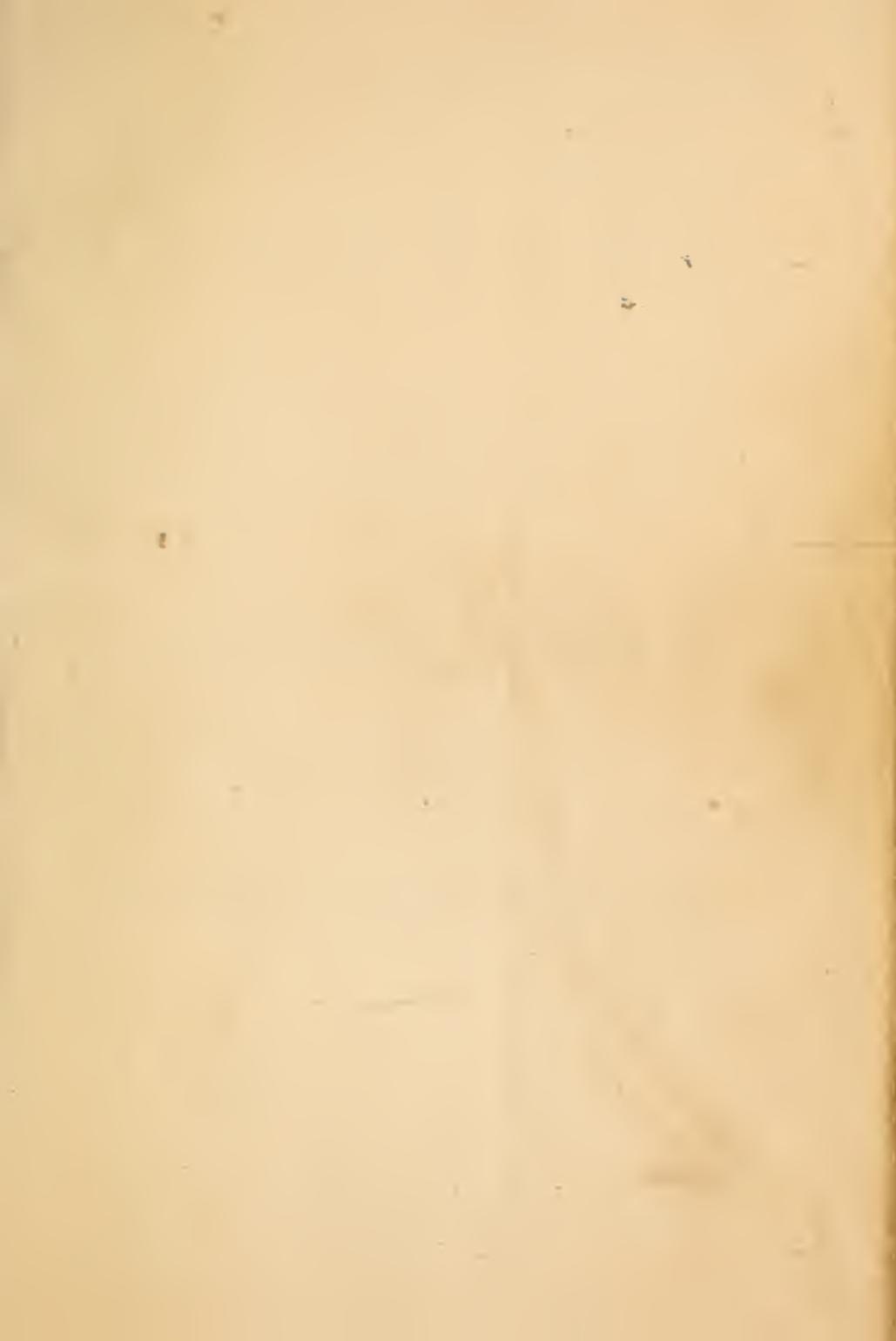
THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
5550









ADVENT DEC 11 1937



H Y M N B O O K :

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF THOSE WHO LOOK
FOR AND LOVE THE

APPEARING OF JESUS CHRIST.

~~~~~  
**PUBLISHED BY ADVENT BELIEVERS.**  
~~~~~

LOWELL :
S. J. VARNEY, (27 CENTRAL STREET,) PRINTER.
1854.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/bookde00seve>

ADVENT HYMN BOOK.

NUMBER ONE.

1. The morning light is breaking,
The glorious day draws near,
When Christ, the Judge of nations,
In glory will appear ;
The Midnight Cry is sounding,
The dawning stars appear,—
Awake, ye sleeping virgins,
Your God and Saviour's near.

1. The morning light is breaking,
The King of glory's near,
The saints now dead and living,
Will soon with him appear ;
The Midnight Cry is sounding,
The fig-tree is in bloom ;—
Awake ye sleeping virgins,
The Bridegroom cometh soon.

3. The Bible in its coursing,
Has gone from East to West ;
The nations who are willing,
Have with its rays been blest ;
The Midnight Cry is sounding,
The Judgment Day draws near ;—
Awake, ye sleeping virgins,
Dismiss your grief and fear

NUMBER TWO.

P. M.—*The Lament.*

1. We're waiting still dear Lord for thee, thy
 promise to fulfil,
When thou shalt come in majesty to reign on
 Zion's hill ;
We're waiting still dear Lord for thee, to gather
 Abram's seed,
When from all pain and cruelty, thy followers
 shall be freed.
2. We're waiting still dear Lord for thee, to rend
 the vaulted skies,
To give us immortality, and bid us to thee rise ;
We're waiting still dear Lord for thee, to wake
 the sleeping dead,
When thy dear saints no more shall be through
 death's dark portals led.
3. Help us to wait dear Lord for thee, with pa-
 tience and with hope,
And may thy spirit ever be our comfort and
 support ;
Lord grant us power to watch and pray, the
 waiting spirit give,
That we may meet in endless day, and endless
 joys receive.
4. We've waited long, we're waiting still, yet we
 expect to wait

Till thou thy promise shalt fulfil, and earth
 anew create ;
 Then we expect to reign with thee, when earth
 shall own thy sway,
 When we from all our sorrows free, shall dwell
 in endless day.

NUMBER THREE.

Contrast.

1. The groaning creation doth wait,
 Together they *travail in pain* ;
 The Watchmen, who stand in the gate,
 Are longing the morning to gain.
 O! when will "the Bridegroom" appear,
 His long-waiting "Bride" to receive?
 We know that his coming is near ;
 He will not his people deceive.

2. He waits for his bride to appear
 In righteousness fully arrayed ;
 While lacking he cannot draw near—
 "Make ready," and be not afraid.
 The scoffers, who mock at his word,
 Must also stand "fully revealed,"
 Ere they can "receive their reward,"
 Or their judgment be finally sealed.

NUMBER FOUR.

Tune—*Over the Mountain Wave.*

1. List to the joyful news sounding so clear,
 O'er the hills through the dales Jesus is near ;

Hark how it wafts along through earth's domain,
Quick prepare soon to share Heaven's bright reign

CHORUS—

Pilgrims and strangers here we'il ever roam,
Till our Lord shall reward and bring us home.

2. Swiftly the tidings roll onward with speed,
To the believer's soul joyful indeed ;
Soon will the reaping time fully have come,
Saints will all great and small be gathered home.

Pilgrims and strangers, &c.

3. Lord let thy kingdom come we'll ever pray,
Soon take thy children, O haste the day,
Lift up your heads, ye saints, banish all fear,
Signs proclaim Jesus' reign, Judgment is near.

Pilgrims and strangers, &c.

NUMBER FIVE.

Tune—*I Will Return.*

1. Son of God, thy people's shield,
Must we still thine absence mourn ?
Let thy promise be fulfilled,—
Thou hast said, " I will return." "
Gracious Master, soon appear ;
Quickly bring the morning's light ;
Then will cease the constant tear,
Hope be turned to joyful sight.

2. As a woman counts the days
 Till her absent Lord she sees,—
 Longs and watches, weeps and prays,—
 So the church must long for thee.
 Come, that we may see thee nigh;
 Then the sheep shall feed in peace;
 Hushed forever trouble's sigh,
 Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

NUMBER SIX.

Tune—*Greenville.*

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
 And all the midnight shadows flee,
 Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
 A beacon light hangs out for thee.
 Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,
 Thy name is graven on the throne;
 Thy home is in that world of glory
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.
2. Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
 Calmly composed and dauntless stand,
 For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
 The heights that bound the promised land.
 Christian, behold the land is nearing,
 Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
 Hark, how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
 See in what throngs they range the shore.
3. Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee
 Bright as the summer's noontide ray,

The star-gemm'd crowns and realms of glory
 Invite the happy soul away.
 Away, away, leave all for glory,
 Thy name is graven on the throne,
 Thy home is in that world of glory
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

NUMBER SEVEN.

8, 6, 8, 8, 6.—*Woodland.*

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wand'ers given ;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'T is found alone in heaven.
2. There is a soft, a downy bed,
 As fair as breath of even ;
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose in heaven.
3. There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.
4. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 To brighter prospects given ;
 It views the tempest passing by,

Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;—
Beyond the dark, the narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

NUMBER EIGHT.

Tune—*O Fly to their Bowers.*

1. We have heard from that bright, that holy land ;
We have heard, and our hearts are glad,
For we were a lonely pilgrim band—
And weary, and worn, and sad.
They tell us the pilgrims ever dwell there,
No longer are homeless ones,
And we know that the goodly land is fair,
Life's river of water there runs.
2. They say green fields are waving there,
That never a blight shall know ;
And the deserts wild are blooming fair,
And the roses of Sharon grow.
There are lovely birds in the bowers green,
Their songs are blithe and sweet ;
And their warblings gushing ever new,
The angels' harpings greet.

3. We have heard of the palms, the robes, the
crowns,
And the silvery band in white ;
Of the city fair, with pearly gates,
All radiant with heavenly light.
We have heard of the angels there, and saints,
With their harps of gold, how they sing ;
Of the mount, with the fruitful tree of life,
Of the leaves that healing bring.
4. The King of that country, he is fair,
He's the joy and the light of the place ;
In his beauty we shall behold him there,
And bask in his smiling face.
We'll be there, we'll be there, in a little while,
We'll join the pure and the blest ;
We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,
And forever be at rest.

NUMBER NINE.

1. Skeptic spare that book,
Touch not a single leaf,
Nor on its pages look
With eye of unbelief ;
'T was my forefathers' stay,
In the hour of agony ;
Skeptic go thy way,
And let that old book be.
2. That good old book of life
For centuries has stood,

Unharm'd amid the strife
 When earth was drunk with blood ;
 And would'st thou harm it now,
 And have its truths forgot ?
 Skeptic, forbear the blow,
 Thy hand shall harm it not.

3. Its very name recalls
 The happy hours of youth,
 When in my grandsire's halls
 I heard its tales of truth ;
 I've seen his white hair flow
 O'er that volume as he read ;
 But that was long ago,
 And the good old man is dead.

4. My dear grandmother, too,
 When I was but a boy,
 I've seen her eyes of blue
 Weep o'er it tears of joy.
 Their traces linger still,
 And dear they are to me ;
 Skeptic, forego thy will—
 Go—let that old book be.

NUMBER TEN.

Tune—*Missletoe Bough.*

1. We're toiling here by sin opprest,
 By earth unpitied and unblest,
 'Mid grief, 'mid sorrow, care and pain,

We strive a glorious rest to gain,
 Where scorching heat and wintry blast,
 With sickness, pain and death are past,
 Where saints by woes no more oppress,
 Shall see the Saviour's glorious rest.
 O that glorious rest.

2. War-worn and weary now, we long
 To join the ransomed victor's song ;
 As pilgrims here no more to roam,
 But dwell with Christ, our Lord, at home
 With all the blood-besprinkled band,
 On Zion's heights we long to stand,
 Our wearied feet that mount would press,
 And there in glory ever rest.
 O that glorious rest.

3. While here in time's dark night we stay,
 We'll ever wait the approaching day ;
 We'll wait the shining of that morn :
 We'll hail its herald-star, new-born.
 Soon, soon shall darkness take its flight,
 And Christ shall fill the world with light ;
 Then saints shall be supremely blest,
 For they shall share the glorious rest.
 O that glorious rest.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

1. The judgment day is rolling on,
 The glass of life will soon be run,

- Creation with her fiery doom,
 The Lord will soon appear !
 O there'll be glory, glory, glory, glory,
 O there'll be glory,
 When saints shall view him near.
2. Now hark ? the trumpet rends the skies,
 See slumbering millions wake and rise !
 What joy, what terror and surprise !
 The last great day has come !
 O there'll be glory, &c.,
 Around the judgment throne.
3. See nations throng his awful bar,
 Both saints and sinners from afar,
 All tribes and kindreds now appear,
 And wait to hear their doom !
 O there'll be glory, &c.,
 When Christ the Lord shall come.
4. Jehovah now the book unseals !
 The clearest light each heart reveals !
 The pointed truth each conscience feels !
 The amazing throng divide !
 O there'll be mourning, &c.,
 When justice shall decide.
5. See parents and their children part !
 See ! husbands and their wives must part !
 See brothers and their sisters part,
 To meet again no more !

O there'll be mourning, &c.
The day of mercy's o'er.

6. See Jesus and his saints unite,
And move to realms of endless light,
With him his bride shall walk in white,
In innocence and love ;
O there'll be glory, &c.,
And sweetest songs above.

NUMBER TWELVE.

1. As I view the last sands of old time sink away,
O grant me, dear Saviour, this boon ;
That I never, never may from thy smiles go astray,
Nor share the impenitent's doom.

CHORUS—

Roll on then, old time, while I sigh for the land
Through this dark gloomy region of pain ;
For fair Beulah's land, and the pure spotless band,
Where the King in his beauty shall reign.

2. Pilgrim, haste on thy way, for the sun's gliding
down ;
Escape for thy life while there's room ;
See dark clouds gathering round, mantling earth
with a frown,
And wide spreads the thickening gloom.

3. Pilgrim, hark, on each breeze as it comes from
afar,
How the low muttering thunders break round ;
From the dim distant shore rings the clarion of war,
Haste thee on ! soon the last Trump will sound.
4. Pilgrim, lift up thy head, soon the Kingdom
will come,
And the saints then in glory appear ;
In their fair Eden home, with their King ever roam,
And his hand wipe away every tear.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

1. The groaning earth is too dark and drear
For the saints' eternal home,
But the city from heaven will soon be here,
We know that the moment is drawing near
When she in her glory shall come.
Her gates of pearl we soon shall see,
And her music we soon shall hear,
Joyous and bright our home shall be,
And we'll walk in the shadow of life's fair tree
With our Saviour forever near.
2. We'll gladly exchange a world like this,
Where death triumphant reigns,
For a beautiful home in that land of bliss
Where all is happiness, joy and peace,
And nothing can enter that pains.

There is no more sorrow and no more night,
 For the darkness shall pass away,
 The crucified Lamb is its glorious light,
 And the saints shall walk with him in white,
 In that happy, eternal day.

3. O there the loved of earth shall meet,
 Whom death has sundered here,
 The prophets and patriarchs there will greet,
 And all shall worship at Jesus' feet,
 No more separation to fear.
 Though trials and griefs await us here,
 The conflict will soon be o'er ;
 This glorious hope our hearts shall cheer,
 For we know that the Saviour will soon appear,
 And then we shall grieve no more.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

Tune—*We are Going Home.*

1. Lift up your heads, Emanuel's friends !
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends ;
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS—We are going home—we are going home,
 We are going home to die no more—
 To die no more—to die no more,
 We are going home to die no more.

2. Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.
3. Though Satan may his power employ
Our happy moments to destroy;
Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.
4. Oh, good old way! how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the good old way.
5. And now on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promised land;
So we will shout, and sing, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

7, 8, 11. Tune—*Christian's Requiem.*

1. Christian! Christian!
Christian, thy labor's soon o'er,
Thy term of probation's soon run,
Thy steps are now bound for Emanuel's shore,
And soon will thy rest be begun.

2. Christian! Christian!
Christian, look not on the strife,

Or the pleasures of earth with regret,
 Nor pause on the threshold of eternal life,
 To mourn for the day that is set.

3. Christian! Christian!
 Christian, no fetters will bind,
 No wicked have power to molest;
 There the weary like thee—there the mourners
 shall find
 A Heaven, a home of sweet rest!

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

1. When Christ, the Lord, was doom'd to die,
 And bowed to heaven's stern decree,
 He plainly saw the hour was nigh
 When many sighed with grief, while he,
 The victim, came serene and mild,
 The back laid bare, the scourge he took,
 And bleeding on the cross was nail'd,
 While Nature feels the pond'rous stroke.
 And now each weeping saint their grief, their grief
 partook,
 And now each weeping saint their grief, their grief
 partook,
 In anguish sigh'd—while he died—
 In anguish sigh'd—while he died—
 O, wondrous deed!
 O, wondrous deed!
 The Man of Sorrows dies!

2. O, list! what sighs of deep despair—
 What mournful thoughts pervade each breast—
 When suddenly bright forms appear—
 Earth shakes, the soldiers stand aghast—
 And lo, the Son of God comes forth—
 A mighty conqueror o'er the grave!
 Go, Mary, tell the joyous truth—
 I live again, with power to save!
 And now each joyful saint their joy, their joy partake,
 And now each joyful saint their joy, their joy partake.
 Hearts once sad, now made glad;
 Hearts once sad, now made glad;
 Jesus lives again!
 Jesus lives again!
 The conqueror of the grave.

3. O, glory be to good on high!
 He thus fulfils his faithful word;
 Now signs reveal his kingdom nigh,
 Faith says it cannot be deferred;
 From north to south, from east to west,
 At home, abroad, all things proclaim,
 Behold, at hand our promised rest!
 All things restored, Messiah's reign!
 And now each waiting saint their joy, their joy bespeaks
 And now each waiting saint their joy, their joy bespeaks
 While they sing, heavens ring;
 While they sing, heavens ring;
 Come—Glorious King!
 Come—Glorious King!
 The Lord our Righteousness!

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

Tune—*Bonaparte's Grave.*

1. The King in his beauty by angels attended,
Soon treading the pathway of Heaven shall say :
The conflict is over, the warfare is ended,
Arise, my beloved, from earth come away.

CHORUS.

- Fierce lightnings may flash, and the loud thunders
rattle ;
They heed not, they fear not, they're free from all
pain.
They've shed their last tear, they have fought their
last battle,
The warfare is ended, in glory they reign.
2. The graves are seen bursting, the dark caverns open,
The rocks and the mountains down by him are
thrown,
The captives are rescued, death's chains they are broken
While saints of all ages arise from the tomb.
 3. The toil-worn and weary, who long have been
waiting
The coming of Christ to receive their reward,
Rejoicing and shouting, while nature is shaking,
Together mount up at the voice of the Lord.
 4. Fierce lightnings are flashing, loud thunders are
roaring,
Hark, hear the foundation of earth how it moves !
While nations are angry, their fate are deploring,
The saints are all safe in the city above.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

1. We're going home, we've had visions bright
Of that holy land, that world of light,

Where the long, dark night of time is past,
 And the morn of eternity's come at last;
 Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
 But dwell in a sunny, peaceful home,
 Where the brow with celestial gems is crowned,
 And waves of bliss are dashing around.

O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !

2. We're going home, we soon shall be
 Where the sky is clear and the soil is free—
 Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain,
 And the seraphs' anthems blend with its strains,
 Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
 And beams on a world that is fair and good,
 And stars, that dimm'd at nature's doom,
 Will sparkle and dance o'er the new earth bloom,
 O, that beautiful home ; O, that beautiful home !

3. Where the tears and sighs which here were given,
 Are exchanged for the gladsome song of heaven,
 Where the beauteous forms which sing and shine
 Are guarded well by a hand divine.
 Pure love's banner and friendship's wand
 Are waving above that princely band,
 And the glory of God, like a moulten sea,
 Will bathe that immortal company.
 O, that beautiful home ! O, that beautiful home !

4. 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angel's cheer,

'Mid the flowers that never of winter wear ;
 Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air—
 Through endless years we then shall prove
 The depths of a Saviour's matchless love.
 O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !

NUMBER NINETEEN.

1. What vessel are you sailing in ?
 Declare to us the same.
 Our vessel is the ark of God—
 And Christ our captain's name.

CHORUS.—We'll face the storm, it can't be long,
 We'll anchor by-and-by ;
 We'll face the storm, it can't be long,
 We'll anchor by-and-by.

2. Pray, what's the port to which you sail ?
 Declare to us straightway.
 The New Jerusalem's our port—
 The realms of endless day.
3. And are you not afraid some storm
 Your bark will overwhelm ?
 We cannot fear, the Lord is near ;
 Our Father's at the helm.
4. We've looked astern, and many toils
 The Lord has brought us through ;

We're looking now a-head, and lo !
The " land " appears in view.

5. The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear.
The city bright appears in sight,
We're getting round the pier.

CHORUS.—Hoist every sail to catch the gale,
Each sailor ply his oar ;
The night begins to wear away—
We soon shall reach the shore.

NUMBER TWENTY.

1. Behold ! Behold ! the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross,
For us he shed his precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross.
O, hear his all important cry,
" Eli lama sabachthani,"
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross.
2. Behold ! his arms extended wide,
Behold ! his bleeding hands and side,
The sun withholds its rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with demons fight.
3. Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
He drinks for you the bitter cup ;

The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake.

4. And now the mighty deed is done,
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
To Heaven he turns his languid eyes,
“ 'Tis finished ” now, the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies.
5. Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross ;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yea, this my constant theme shall be
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.
6. Let every mourner rise and cling
To the cross, to the cross,
Let every Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross.
There let the Preacher take his stand,
And, with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumphs through the land,
Of the cross, of the cross.
7. Let every waiting Pilgrim run,
For a crown, for a crown ;
The Lord in glory soon will come,
With a crown, with a crown.

O then the waiting saints shall be
 Enrobed in immortality,
 The King in beauty then shall see,
 On his throne, on his throne.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

Tune—*Old Church Yard.*

1. We shall see the Saviour coming on the resurrec-
 tion morning,
 While the saints of God are watching and are wait-
 ing for the Lord ;
 Are your lamps well burning, are your lamps well
 burning,
 Are your lamps well burning, and your vessels fill-
 ed with oil ?
2. We have set our hope for Glory, while the vision
 “seemed to tarry,”
 When we comforted each other with the words of
 holy writ.
 Are your garments pure, [repeat.]
 And unspotted from the world ?
3. In the midst of opposition, Daniel keeps the same
 position,
 And is waiting for the promise, at the ending of the
 days —
 Every one shall have deliverance,
 Who is written in the book.

4. In the days of earth's dominion, Christ has promised us a kingdom ;
Not to leave to other nations, it will never be destroyed ;
It shall stand forever,
And the saints possess the land.
5. O, ye saints of God take courage, you will soon be freed from bondage,
For Jesus leads the army, and he's sure to win the day.
When we've gain'd the victory,
We shall lay the armor down.
6. We shall have a shout in glory, when we're telling o'er the story,
Now we'll keep ourselves all ready, soon to hail the coming King ;
Then we'll cross over Jordan,
And never part again.
7. There will be the crystal river, and the tree of life forever —
And the children all together praising God and the Lamb —
Shouting hallelujah,
With a pure celestial band.

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

Tune—*Experience*.

1. I have sought round the verdant earth for unfading
joy;
I have tried every source of mirth—but all, all will
cloy.
Lord, bestow on me grace to set the spirit free,
Thine the praise shall be—mine, mine the joy.
2. I have wander'd in mazes dark of doubt and
distress,
I have not had a kindling spark my spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief filled my laboring soul with grief,
What shall give relief—what shall give peace?
3. I then turned to thy gospel, Lord, from folly away,
I then trusted thy holy word that taught me to pray;
Here I found relief, weary spirit here found rest—
Hope of endless bliss, eternal day.
4. I will praise now my heavenly King, I'll praise
and adore,
The heart's richest tribute bring, to thee, God of
power;
And where nought can cloy, in songs of everlasting
joy,
Praise shall our tongues employ, forevermore.
5. Hallelujah through heaven shall ring, salvation the
theme,

Glory, honor and praise we'll sing, to God and the
 Lamb ;
 Crowns of glory wear, palms of victory we shall bear,
 Shouts of triumphs there, never shall end.

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

Tune—*Triumph.*

1. Joyfully, joyfully, onward I roam,
 Bound for the land of the bright world to come ;
 Angelic choristers, welcome me on,
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
 Soon shall I pass from this dark vale of woe,
 Home to the land of the righteous I'll go,
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
2. Friends fondly cherished, now sleep in the
 ground,
 But they'll awake when the last trump shall
 sound ;
 Singing to cheer me as upward we soar,
 Joyfully meeting our Lord in the air.
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
 Harps of the blessed your voices I'll hear !
 Ringing with harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
3. Death with his weapons of war has laid low,
 Many a pilgrim who feared not the blow ;
 Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,

Joyfully, joyfully, will they come home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone ;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

Tune—*Long time ago.*

1. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain,
 Long time ago,
And salvation's rolling fountain
 Now freely flows !
2. Once his voice in tones of pity,
 Melted in woe,
And he wept o'er Judah's city,
 Long time ago.
3. On his head the dews of midnight
 Fell, long ago ;
Soon a crown of dazzling sunlight
 Sits on his brow.
4. Jesus died—yet lives forever,
 No more to die—
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,
 Now sits on high.
5. Now in heaven he's interceding
 For dying men,

Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
And come again.

6. Budding fig-trees tell that summer
Dawns o'er the land,
Signs portend that Jesus' coming
Is near at hand.

7. When he comes a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb.
"Come ye blessed of my Father,
Children, come home."

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

1. Come all ye mourning pilgrims,
Just listen while I sing,
The glories of that kingdom,
And Jesus Christ, our King.
Its vast extent is boundless,
'T will spread from pole to pole,
Where God his unveiled glory
Shall like an ocean roll.

CHORUS—O! wished for day,
We'll ever, ever pray,
For glory bright and realms of light,
To spend an endless day.

2. On Eden's plains, Jerusalem
From heaven shall descend,
And God himself shall dwell with men

In glory ne'er to end.
 The King there in his beauty,
 Enthroned in glory bright,
 The bride, the queen, surround him,
 In spotless robes of white.

3. The people all are righteous,
 The heirs of Beulah's land,
 The branch of God's own planting,
 The work of his own hand.
 There patriarchs and prophets too,
 Apostles, martyrs, stand,
 And all the blood-besprinkled host,
 From every age and land.

4. O would you see this kingdom,
 And in its glory share,
 None but the pure and holy
 Shall ever enter there.
 The final trumpet soon will sound
 That brings God's saints to see
 The land of rest, the land of life,
 And immortality.

NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

1. We're looking for a city
 When Eden is restored,
 A city of foundations
 Whose builder is the Lord.
 Whose glories are unfading,
 Whose beauties are untold,

Whose walls are built of jasper,
With streets of finest gold.

CHORUS—Oh! happy day,
We'll never from thee stray,
O! glorious sight, 'twill be delight
Within thy walls to stay.

2. The length and breadth are equal,
Twelve thousand furlongs square,
And naught unclean or hateful
Shall ever enter there ;
The kings of earth their glory
And honors well may bring,
Within thy massy portals,
Great city of our King.

3. No need of any temple,
Or sun or moon to shine,
The Lord thee will enlighten,
His glories are sublime.
The nations of the saved
Shall walk in glory bright.
With Christ, the son of David,
Thine everlasting light.

4. The splendid arches glisten,
Within thy sacred dome,
With waters clear as crystal
Proceeding from the throne.
The tree of life, so healing,

On either side the stream,
Whose branches gently waving
Add grandeur to the scene.

5. Come all ye thirsty, fainting—
Drink from life's cooling stream,
Which when you once have tasted
You ne'er will thirst again.
O! be be constrained to enter,
Through Christ, the living way,
Then you can live for ever,
In realms of endless day.

NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

1. Lo, down in this beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the^alowly,
Where loud storms of envy and folly
May roll on the billows in vain.

CHORUS.

O, there, there, the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink this beautiful river,
Which flows peace forever and ever,
Where love and joy do always increase.

2. This low vale is far from contention,
No soul there can harbor dissension.
No dark wiles of evil invention,
Belong in these regions of peace.

3. The low soul, in humble subjection,
Shall there find unshaken protection,
The soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind soothes in sorrow and pain.
4. We'll soon leave this beautiful valley,
For joys far surpassing in glory,
And dwell with the meek, pure and holy,
Where sin, death, and raging storms cease
5. O, there, with the King in his beauty,
We'll drink wine, and eat hidden manna
And praise God forever in glory,
While love and joy will always increase.

NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

Tune—*Babel's Stream.*

1. On time's tempestuous ocean wide,
A gallant ship set sail;
And out into the raging deep
She stood before the gale;
Well fitted to abide the storm,
And angry waters' foam,
And bring the captives that she bore
Unto her haven home.
2. Long was to be her voyage—the time,
Six thousand years almost—
Ere she would make the highland heights,

Along the heavenly coast ;
Yet with her sails expanded wide,
On, on she swiftly flew ;
Bearing with ardent hope and love
Her passengers and crew.

3. Oft tempests have assailed her round,
And stormy winds rose high ;
And dark have been the mountain waves,
That bore her to the sky ;
But o'er them all, with steady helm,
She onward pressed her way ;
Her compass true unto the pole,
Guides her to endless day.

4. Long, long she has been out, and now
She nears her haven home ;
A beacon light hangs o'er her bow,
And bids her thither come.
And voices joyful oft are heard,
And music swelling high ;
The land ! the land ! the land ahead !
With rapture now they cry.

5. Now soon will she be safely moor'd
And anchor'd in the bay ;
And all her passengers, on shore,
Will keep a festal day ;
And long their songs of joy will rise,
Beneath high heaven's dome—
They've pass'd the stormy sea of time—
They've reach'd their haven home.

NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.

1. O how I long to see that day
When the redeem'd shall come
To Zion, clad in white array—
Their blissful, happy home.

CHORUS—O carry me home, carry me home
To Mount Zion!
Then carry me home to that city of love,
Where saints and angels dwell.

2. To hear the alleluias roll
From the unnumber'd throng;
The kingdom spread from pole to pole,
And join redemption's song.
3. To see all Israel safe at home,
Singing in Zion's height;
And Jesus crown'd upon his throne;
Creation own his right.
4. All hail! the morn of glory's nigh,
The pilgrim longs to see,
That dries the tear from every eye—
Creation's jubilee!
5. Jerusalem I long to see,
Blest city of my King!
And eat the fruit of Life's fair tree,
And hear the blood-wash'd sing!

6. My longing heart cries out : O, come !
 Creation groans for thee !
 The weary pilgrim sighs : O, come !
 Bring Immortality !

NUMBER THIRTY.

1. It is the hour of Time's farewell,
 And soon with Jesus we shall dwell ;
 The speeding moments hasten on,
 And quickly they will all be gone !

CHORUS.

I'm going, I'm going—I'm on my journey home ;
 I'm travelling to a city just in sight !
 Yes, I'm going, I'm going—I'm on my journey home ;
 I'm travelling to the new Jerusalem !

2. Then will the sleeping saints come forth,
 Who lie entomb'd in sea and earth ;
 And robed in Immortality,
 Their Jesus " face to face " will see.
3. The living saints—they too will be
 Remember'd in the Jubilee ;
 Caught up together in the air,
 Their Saviour's triumph they will share.
4. Poor sinners, where, where will you hide ?
 How can you floods of fire abide ?
 Oh ! if you would salvation share,
 For that great day prepare ! prepare !

NUMBER THIRTY-ONE.

1. The pearl that worldlings covet now,
Is not the pearl for me ;
Its beauty fades as quickly too
As sunshine on the sea ;
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
It's call'd the pearl of greatest price ;
Though few its value see.
O, that's the pearl for me,
O, that's the pearl for me,
O, that's the pearl for me.
2. The crown that decks the monarch now,
Is not the crown for me ;
It dazzles but a moment too,
Its brightness soon will flee ;
But there's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 'twill be.
O, that's the crown for me, &c.
3. The hope that sinners cherish now,
Is not the hope for me ;
Most surely will they perish too,
Unless from sin made free ;
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee.
O, that's the hope for me, &c.
4. The road that many travel now,
Is not the road for me ;

It leads to death and sorrow, too,
 In it I would not be.
 But there's a road that leads to God,
 'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood,
 The way for all is free,
 O, that's the road for me, &c.

NUMBER 'THIRTY-TWO.

1. List, ye mortals ! hear the sound
 That calls you to prepare.
 Hear creation groaning round,
 In sighs of deep despair !
 See the nations in distress,—
 Monarchs look with anxious eye,
 Of all their hopes they are bereft,
 O, haste ! the Judgment's nigh !
2. Mark ! the signs have all pass'd by
 That speak the Conqueror near ;
 Soon you'll see with your own eye
 The Lord of lords appear,
 In a cloud of glory bright,
 Seated on his dazzling throne ;
 Myriads, clad in spotless white,
 Surround the Mighty One.
3. Say, poor sinner, can you stand
 Before him in that day ?
 Can you raise your puny hand
 Or lift your voice and say

I was not kindly warned by
 His faithful watchmen and his word?
 Ah, you heeded not their cry,—
 God's warning was deferred.

4. Then you'll stand in black despair;
 Remorse will shroud your heart;
 Sins forgotten will appear,
 And poignant grief impart.
 Come, then, lay your scoffing by,
 Ere the day of mercy's past,
 And you in horror stand and cry—
 I'm doomed to DIE at last!

NUMBER THIRTY-THREE.

Tune—*I Love the Holy Son of God.*

1. I love the holy Son of God,
 Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
 Who bore my sins, a dreadful load,
 Up Calvary's gloomy mountain;
 There on the cross the Saviour hung,
 The sport of many an impious tongue,
 While pain extreme his nature wrung,
 And flowed life's crimson fountain.
2. The sun would not behold the scene,
 But round him threw night's sable screen;
 Nature was robed in mourning mein,
 And sighed when Jesus suffered.
 But ah! his persecutors stood,

Reviling Christ, the Son of God,
 Unmoved to see his gushing blood,
 And shocking insults offered.

4. How ardent ought my love to be
 To him who's done so much for me ;
 My constant service, faithful, free—
 And all my powers employing.
 I should my cross with pleasure bear,
 And place my all of glorying there,
 In his reproach most gladly share
 In tribulation joying.

5. And never shall it be concealed,
 He hath to me his love revealed,
 Of all my sins a pardon sealed—
 I feel his blessed favor ;
 In him I do and will rejoice ;
 I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
 Until the theme my tongue employs
 In realms of bliss forever.

NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.

Tune—*Missionary Hymn.*

1. There we shall reign with Jesus,
 On that delightful shore,
 And shout with the redeemed,
 Our trials being o'er ;
 The wicked cease from troubling,
 The weary are at rest ;

Then, we shall reign with Jesus,
Eternal ages blest.

2. We shall be like the angels,
In that IMMORTAL throng ;
And shouting his salvation
Shall be our lasting song ;
They sing creating goodness,
And we redeeming love,
And this shall be our service
While endless ages move.
3. This love, so freely flowing—
It animates the heart,
This love is still abounding
In every place and part ;
Unites us all together,
And makes us of one soul ;
It is the balm of Gilead,—
It makes the wounded whole.
4. This love through endless ages
It ever is the same ;
'Tis this our heart engages
To love and serve the Lamb.
This love can ne'er be bounded,
Though faith and hope should cease ;
This love can ne'er be ended,
But ever will increase.
5. Come on my loving brethren,
The land is just before ;

The harvest-field is ripening,
The conflict almost o'er .
O let us all be humble,
Be watching unto prayer ;—
Without a wedding garment
You'll never enter there.

NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

Tune—*The Lord will Provide.*

1. Though troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends all shall fail and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.
2. His call we'll obey, like Abraham of old,
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers we have a sure
guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.
3. When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will pro-
vide.
4. He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

5. No strength of our own or goodness we claim,
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name ;
 In this our strong Tower for safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.
6. When time sinks away and the land heaves in
 view,
 The word of his grace shall guide us safe
 through ;
 Nor fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our
 side, [vide.
 We then shall rise shouting, the Lord will pro-

NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

1. There is a world of peace and pleasure,
 Faith can discern,
 Where lies my best, my dearest treasure,—
 There's where my heart doth turn,
 Here o'er this ruin'd, dark creation,
 Sadly I roam ;
 Still longing for the great salvation,
 And for my own bless'd home.

CHORUS.—All the world is dark and dreary,
 Every where I roam ;
 O, pilgrims, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from my own blessed home.

2. There are those mansions full of glory,
 By Christ prepared,

Where we'll recount the wondrous story,
 Why joys divine are shared.
 Then all the sons of God united,
 Joyful will sing ;
 O what a shout from souls delighted,
 All heav'n and earth will ring !

3. Still best of all to see my Saviour,
 There on the throne,
 Smiles shouting forth his love and favor,
 And meeting all his own.
 When shall we hear that voice inviting,
 " Ye blessed come ?"
 When shall we joyful there uniting,
 Praise God that we're at home ?

NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN.

Tune—*Midnight Hour.*

1. The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
 The faithful watchman lifts his voice ;
 Its thrilling tones re-echo round,
 To bid the saints rejoice .
 Then virgins rise, break forth and sing
 The glorious Advent of your King !
 The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
 Go forth to meet your Lord !
2. Blow ! Watchman—blow a certain sound !
 For dark and dangerous is the night,
 And daring scoffers thicken round—

The evil servants smite ;
 The faithful ones who watch-care keep.
 With lamps well trimm'd—nor can they sleep.
 The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
 Go forth to meet your Lord !

3. Tho' midnight hour, God's word sheds light ;
 Its brilliant rays dispel the gloom ;
 The pilgrim's pathway now grows bright—
 The King is coming soon.
 Then tune your harps once more and sing
 Your sweetest strains to Zion's King.
 The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
 Go forth to meet your Lord !

4. Behold ! he comes—the mighty One—
 Ye virgins, rise ! go forth and meet !
 Dry up your tears ! the Bridegroom comes,
 His weeping bride to greet.
 The trumpet sounds—the day has broke—
 The living changed—the dead awoke,
 To blend their songs in gushing strains,
 All hail ! Messiah reigns !

NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT.

Tune—*The Proclamation.*

1. Hear the glorious proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation,
 Hear the glorious proclamation
 Of the Saviour near.

CHORUS.—While the choir of angels,
While the choir of angels,
While the choir of angels,
Shall be chanting through the air.

2. Hark ! the tidings onward rolling,
Jesus comes, the world controlling !
Hark ! the tidings onward rolling,
Jesus comes to reign.
3. See the “ sign ” in heaven appearing,
And the blazing chariot nearing,
See the “ sign ” in heaven appearing,
And the Saviour there.
4. See the earth in terror shaking,
And the dead to life awaking,
See the earth in terror shaking,
And the dead arise.
5. Now on wings of light ascending,
With a shining host attending ;
Now on wings of light ascending,
Mount up to the skies.
6. See the banner waves in glory,
While ten thousand tell the story,
See the banner waves in glory,
And the saints all there.
7. They are saved from death forever,
Praise to Him who did deliver,
They are saved from death forever,
And die no more.

NUMBER THIRTY-NINE.

1. Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace :
 Rise from transitory things,
 To heaven thy destined place.
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 The Lord will soon this earth renew,
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepared for you.
2. Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
 While I that coast explore :
 Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,
 Solicit me no more.
 Pilgrims, fix not here your home,
 Strangers tarry but a night :
 When the last great morn shall come,
 We'll rise to joyful light !
3. Come, my brethren, face the storm,
 Press onward to the prize :
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth renew'd and heaven.

NUMBER FORTY.

1. The great tremendous day's approaching,
 That awful scene is drawing nigh ;

Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
 Decreed from all eternity.
 But O, my soul, reflect and wonder !
 That awful scene is drawing near,
 When you shall see the great transaction,
 When Christ in judgment shall appear.

2. See nature stand all in amazement,
 To hear the last loud trumpet sound ;
 Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment,
 Ye nations of the world around !
 Loud thunders rumbling thro' the concave,
 Bright forked lightnings part the skies ;
 The heavens are shaking, the earth is quaking,
 The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.
3. Green turfy grave-yards and tombs of marble,
 Give up their dead, both small and great ;
 See the whole world, both saints and sinners,
 Are coming to the judgment-seat.
 See Jesus on the throne of justice,
 Comes thund'ring down the parted skies,
 With countless armies of shining angels,
 With hallelujahs shout for joy.
4. Bright shining streams from his awful presence,
 His face ten thousand suns outshine ;
 Behold him coming in power and glory,
 To meet him all his saints combine.
 Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like lightning,
 Call in my saints from distant lands,

Those that my blood from sin has ransom'd,
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

5. O come, ye blessed of my father,
The purchase of my dying love ;
Receive the crowns of life and glory,
Which are laid up for you above.
For you, my saints, which have continued
With me and my temptations bore,
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me forever more.
6. There's flowing fountains of living water ;
No sickness, pain, nor death to fear ;
No sorrow, sighing, no tears nor weeping
Shall ever have admittance there.
But how will sinners stand and tremble,
When justice calls them to the bar !
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlasting doom to hear.

NUMBER FORTY-ONE.

Tune—*The Old Israelites*, 12, 9.

1. The old Israelites knew what it was they must do,
If fair Canaan they would possess,
They must still keep in sight of the pillar of light,
Which led on to the promised rest.
2. The camps on the road could not be their abode,
But as oft as the trumpet should blow,

- They all, glad of a chance of a further advance,
Must then take up their baggage and go.
3. Now the cross-bearing throng are advancing along,
And a closer communion doth flow ;
Now all who would stand on the promised land,
Let them leave all their baggage and go.
4. What though some in the rear preach up terror
and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet ;
Though the giants before with great fury do roar,
I am resolved I will never retreat.
5. We are little, 'tis true, and our numbers are few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall ;
But while I see a track I will never give back,
But go on at the risk of my all.
6. Now the morning doth dawn for the camps to move
on,
And the priests with the trumpets do blow ;
As the priests give the sound and the trumpets re-
sound,
All my soul is exulting to go.
7. On Jordan's near side I can never abide,
For no place of refuge I see,
Till I come to the spot, and inherit the lot,
Which the Lord will then give unto me.
8. If I am faithful and true, and my journey pursue
Till I stand on the heavenly shore,

I shall joyfully see what a blessing to me,
Was the mortifying cross which I bore.

NUMBER FORTY-TWO.

Tune—*Triumph.*

1. Lonely and weary, by sorrows oppress'd,
Onward we hasten with longings for rest,
Bidding adieu to the world and its pride,
Longing to dwell by Immanuel's side.
But 'mid our pilgrimage, lo! on our eyes
Visions of beauty and glory arise—
Visions of crowns which we hope soon to wear,
Visions of heaven—O! we long to be there.
2. There is the city, in splendor sublime,
O, how its turrets and battlements shine!
Pearls are its portals, surpassingly bright,
Jasper its walls, and the lamb is the light.
Pathways of gold that blest city adorn,
Glitt'ring with glory far brighter than morn;
Angels stand beck'ning us onward, to share
Glory unfading—we long to be there.
3. Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees:
Songs of the bless'd are borne on the breeze;
Glory-gilt mountains, resplendent are seen,
Valleys and hills, clad in Eden-like green.
There shall the glory of God ever be,
Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea;
There shall the ransomed, immortal and fair,
Evermore dwell—O! we long to be there.

4. There is the home of the pure and the blest,
There shall the weary be ever at rest :
There shall life's trials and sorrows be o'er,
There shall the gather'd ones part nevermore ;
There shall the blest be from death ever free,
There their Redeemer in glory they'll see ;
Crowns of bright glory forever they'll wear ;
O, to be with them !—we long to be there.

NUMBER FORTY-THREE.

1. “ Are we almost there, are we almost there ?”
Said the weary saint as he sighed for home ;
Can you see that golden city fair,
With its towering walls and sparkling domes ?
2. “ Are we almost there, are we almost there ?”
Has the tree of life appeared in sight,
With its silvery fruit and healing leaves,
With the goodly box and the pine and the fir ?
3. Can you see that stream, as it glides between
The tree of life, clear and serene ?
Yes, we're almost there, and the city bright,
Has hove in view with the mount of delight.
4. Then lift up your heads, ye desponding saints,
The Lord will come, you need not faint,
For you shall pass from this world of strife
To that city fair, and the tree of life.

5. Then lift up your hearts, rejoice and be glad,
 For in that bright world you'll never be sad,
 For the Lord's own hand shall wipe from thy face
 The last lone tear as he speaks to thy peace.

NUMBER FORTY-FOUR.

Tune—*Emmons.* C. M.

1. A stranger in this land of woe,
 I long have wandered here ;
 A treasure has my Bible been,
 It speaks my Jesus near.
2. To Daniel God by Gabriel gave
 The three times and a part ;—
 Two thousand and three hundred days,
 And showed him where they start.
3. The thirteen hundred thirty-five,
 When in his lot he'd stand ;
 And with the saints of the Most High
 Possess the promised land.
4. I looked for him in forty-three,
 For so I read his word ;
 I looked again in forty-four,
 But hope was long deferr'd.
5. 'Tis eighteen hundred fifty-four
 I'm looking for him still ;
 IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FIFTY-FOUR
 His promise he'll fulfill.

6. O then with patience let me wait,
 Not long the way, though drear ;
 For in his own appointed time
 He surely will appear.

NUMBER FORTY-FIVE.

1. O, Lord ! hasten the time
 Of freedom from woe and sin,
 Let David's son on his royal throne
 His reign of mercy begin.
 Pilgrims here we roam,
 Oppressed by many a care,
 We long to be from trouble free,
 And the joys of angels share.

CHORUS—O, Lord ! hasten the time,
 Speed on the joyous day
 Jesus, we cry, descend from on high,
 Thus we daily pray.

2. All over the land
 There's sorrow, sickness and death ;
 Man's plaintive cries each hour arise,
 And thus he yields his breath.
 A curse is on the ground
 And a poison in the air,
 O, well may we long to be free,
 And long for a world that's fair.
3. Yes, long for the day,
 When Satan's reign shall be o'er,

And peace and joy without alloy
 Be scattered from shore to shore.
 Then deserts shall rejoice,
 And blossom as Eden fair,
 While vine-clad hills and leaping rills
 Shall praise to Immanuel bear.

NUMBER FORTY-SIX.

1. There's a good time coming, it hasteth nigh,
 When the Pilgrim shall be blessed ;
 When Christ shall reign o'er all the earth,
 And give the promised rest.
 CHORUS—Then hasten, Lord, hasten
 The glorious day, [dom, Oh Lord,
 When the saints shall possess thy king-
 And thy will on earth be done.
2. There's a good time coming, when the curse
 shall cease,
 And the Tree of Life shall grow ;
 When the earth shall blossom in Eden bloom,
 And the healing stream shall flow.
3. There's a good time coming, a glorious day,
 When the righteous millions slain
 Shall awake to immortality
 And with Christ forever reign.
4. There's a good time coming, when the tyrant
 shall cease,
 And the captive shall go free,

When Christ shall rule in righteousness
And judge with equity.

5. There's a good time coming, when the meek
shall rejoice
That the earth's dread night is o'er,
And sickness and death, oppression and sin,
Shall be feared nor felt no more.

NUMBER FORTY-SEVEN.

1. Awake! why dwell ye in the dust so long?
Awake, we would hear the rapturous song;
Awake, awake! for the day is at hand!
Lo, its rising glory is gilding the land;
Awake, awake! and yourselves adorn
To greet your King on his bridal morn;
Awake, awake! and your voices raise,
And surround his throne with your songs of praise.
O those anthems of praise!
2. Awake, awake! There are crowns prepared,
And joys that mortals never have shared,
And sights and sounds that none can know,
While they dwell in this world of sorrow and woe.
There's a world of glory, of joy and bliss—
There's a city of beauty and splendor and peace;
Lo! like rainbows woven with beams of morn,
Unfading glories its courts adorn,
O that city of God!

3. For the weary saint there's a blessed home—
 There's a glorious mansion, a crown and a throne :
 There's a song that discord never shall mar,
 For none but the blest shall its melody share :
 A song as sweet as a seraph's strain,
 And as loud as the waves of the ocean main ;
 And loud and clear shall the harmony ring,
 When the slumbering myriads shall wake and sing.
 O ! That rapturous song !

4. Awake, awake, for lo ! tokens appear,
 That tell us the King in his beauty is near ;
 Awake, for lo ! on the eastern skies,
 A flood of glory seems to arise ;
 O earth ! rejoice in its beaming light,
 And clap your glad hands at the joyful sight,
 Before the Lord, for he cometh to reign,
 And the ransomed world shall be his domain.
 O ! That glorious domain.

NUMBER FORTY-EIGHT.

1. Lo ! the time hastens on, soon the morning will
 dawn,
 When the King shall in glory descend : ,
 We expect soon to join all the bright, holy throng,
 In the kingdom that never shall end.

CHORUS.

O, Saviour ! dear Saviour ! O, Saviour, come !
 Here we mourn and we sigh, and we still ever cry,
 Come and gather the faithful home.

2. All the prophets of old saw a beautiful world,
And they looked for the same with delight ;
And Apostles have told of a city of gold,
Where the Lamb is its glorious light.
O, Saviour, &c.
3. O, we long to be there, where no sorrow or care
Can disturb that sweet, heavenly rest,
And we hope soon to share in those beauties so rare,
In reserve for the good and the blest.
O, Saviour, &c.
4. Soon our friends we shall meet, and our lovely ones
greet,
Who so long have been slumb'ring in dust :
'Twill be joyful and sweet, when salvation's complete,
To unite with the glad, ransom'd host.
O, Saviour, &c.
5. Lo! the Bridegroom is near, sweetly falls on the ear,
Rousing up all the virgins who sleep :
He will shortly appear, and he'll wipe every tear
From his dear mourning children that weep.
O, Saviour, &c.

NUMBER FORTY-NINE.

1. O sinner, mark thy fate !
Soon will the Judge appear ;
And then thy cries will come too late ;
Too late for God to hear.

2. Thy day of mercy gone,
The spirit grieved away,
Thy cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.
3. Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glittering sword ;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.
4. One only hope I see ;
Oh, sinner, seize it now,—
The blood that Jesus shed for thee !
No other hope hast thou.

NUMBER FIFTY.

Tune—*Complaint*. L. M.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now adored ;
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.
2. I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause,
The way he's gone is lined with blood ;
O may I tread the steps he trod.
3. I'm not ashamed his name to bear,
With those who his disciples were ;
Christian, sweet name ! its worth I view ;
O may I wear the nature too.

4. I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
For which I count all things but dross ;
What'er I'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.
5. I'm not ashamed to be despised
By those who ne'er religion prized ;
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that men can say or do.
6. This world's vain honors will I shun,
The narrow way to life I'll run ;
That this at last my boast may be,
My Saviour's not ashamed of me.

NUMBER FIFTY-ONE.

The Alarm.

1. We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time ;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.
Hark ! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray ;
Hark ! what soundeth, is creation
Groaning for its latter day ?
2. Will ye play, then, will ye dally
With your music and your wine ?
Up ! it is Jehovah's rally !
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
 Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
 Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier;
 Worlds are charging to the shock.

3. Worlds are charging—heaven beholding,
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On—right onward, for the right.
 On! let all the soul within you,
 For the truth's sake go abroad!
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages—tell for God!

NUMBER FIFTY-TWO.

Day of Wonders.

1. Day of judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
2. See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine!
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine!

3. At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the powers of nature shaken,
 By his looks prepare to flee.
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?
4. But to those who have confessed,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow ;
 You forever,
 Shall my love and glory know."

NUMBER FIFTY-THREE.

Tune—*The Crown*. . C. M.

1. My soul is happy when I hear,
 The Saviour is so nigh,
 And longs to see his SIGN appear
 Upon the opening sky.
2. I love to wait, and watch and pray,
 And trust his living Word,
 And feel the coming of that day
 No longer is deferred.
3. I do rejoice that life was given
 In these last days to me,
 That deathless I may rise to heaven,
 And my Redeemer see.

4. Then, waiting brethren, let us sing,
 He will not tarry long,
 And fill with love the hours that bring
 The glory of our song.
5. Yes, he will come, no longer fear,
 Though earth and hell assail ;
 His Word attests the moments near,
 And that can never fail.

NUMBER FIFTY-FOUR.

Tune—*Aylesbury*. S. M.

1. And will the judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?
2. How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before his face,
 Astonished, shrink away ?
3. But ere the trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound
 What joyful tidings spread !
4. Ye sinners, see his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
 Flee to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.

NUMBER FIFTY-FIVE.

Tune—*Boylston.*

1. In expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.
2. He comes ! the Conqueror comes !
Death falls beneath his sword ;
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.
3. The trumpet sounds, " Awake !
Ye dead to judgment come !"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.
4. Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace ;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

NUMBER FIFTY-SIX.

Tune—*Zion.*

1. Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain !
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train ;
Hallelujah !
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2. Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty !
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see !
3. When the solemn trump has sounded,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the summons of that day—
 “ Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away ! ”
4. Yea, amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Make the righteous sentence known,
 O come quickly—
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.

NUMBER FIFTY-SEVEN.

Tune—*Hamburg*. L. M.

1. Let the seventh angel sound on high,
 Let shouts be heard through all the sky ;
 Kings of the earth with glad accord,
 Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
2. Almighty God, thy power assume,
 Who wast, and art, and art to come ;

Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,
Forever live, forever reign.

3. Now must the rising dead appear,
Now the decisive sentence hear ;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

NUMBER FIFTY-EIGHT.

Tune—*Northfield*. C. M.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?
3. Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die ;

They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

NUMBER FIFTY-NINE.

Tune—*Old Hundred*. L. M.

1. Great God, whose universal sway
All heaven reveres, all world's obey ;
Now make the Saviour's glory known,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
2. Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
Angels submit to his commands ;
His justice shall protect the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
3. With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;
His righteous government shall last
Till days, and years, and time be past.

NUMBER SIXTY.

Tune—*Complaint*. L. M

1. Thy kingdom come ! thus, day by day,
We lift our hands to God and pray ;

But who has ever duly weighed
The meaning of the words he said ?

2. Thy kingdom come ! O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ
When hatred, strife and battles cease,
And man with man shall be at peace.
3. Then all shall know and serve the Lord,
And walk according to his word ;
His glory spread around shall be,
As waters cover o'er the sea.
4. God's holy will shall then be done
By all who live beneath the sun ;
And every evil will remove,
For God will reign, and " God is love."
5. O joyful day, when he appears
With all his saints, to end their fears ;
Our Lord will then his right obtain,
And in his kingdom ever reign.

NUMBER SIXTY-ONE.

Tune—*Kentucky*. S. M.

1. A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
Who life and all its blessings gave,
My love for him to try.
2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil ;

O may it all my powers engage,
To do my master's will.

3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

NUMBER SIXTY-TWO.

1. The glorious day is coming
The hour is rolling on,
Its radiant light is beaming,
Resplendent as the sun ;
In yon bright clouds of heaven
The Saviour will appear,
And gather all his chosen,
To meet him in the air.

2. Then fire, from God descending,
Shall sweep this wide earth o'er,
And nations, loud lamenting,
Shall sink to rise no more.
Though tears with groans are blended,
Yet still in vain they cry ;
The day of hope is ended,
The sinner now must die.

3. But saints shall be victorious,
 And joy to meet the Lord ;
 An earth more bright and glorious,
 Is promised in his word.
 Our God himself there reigning,
 Shall wipe all tears away ;
 No clouds or night remaining,
 But one eternal day.
4. O, Christian ! wake from sleeping,
 And let your works abound ;
 Be watching, praying, weeping,
 For soon the trump will sound.
 O, sinner ! hear the warning,
TO JESUS QUICKLY FLY !
 Then you on that blest morning,
 May meet him in the sky.

NUMBER SIXTY-THREE.

Tune—*Turner*. C. M.

1. When wild confusion wrecks the air,
 And tempests rend the skies ;
 Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,
 In harsh disorder rise ;
2. Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
 And strike a tuneful song ;
 My harp all trembling in my hand,
 And all inspired my tongue.

3. I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders roll,
And shake the sullen sky!
Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
In angry murmurs try.
4. "Let the earth totter on her base,
And clouds the heavens deform;
Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
And rush the final storm.
5. "Come quickly, blessed Lord! appear,
Bid thy swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.
6. "Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I'd bear a joyful part;
All hallelujah on my tongue,
All rapture in my heart."

NUMBER SIXTY-FOUR.

Tune—*Siloam*. C. M.

1. What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives—but borrows none.
2. The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truth upon the nations rise;
They rise—but never set:

3. Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
4. My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

NUMBER SIXTY-FIVE.

Tune—*Peterboro'*. C. M.

1. Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
2. On all the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year !
3. Not many months their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX.

Tune—*Balerna*. C. M.

1. How long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just ;

While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust !

2. When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.
3. Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.
4. We hear the voice, "ye dead arise!"
And lo, the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.

NUMBER SIXTY-SEVEN.

Tune—*Dundee*. C. M.

1. The angel comes; he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord!
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.
2. And who are they, in sheaves, to bide
The fire of vengeance, bound?
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride
Chokes the fair crop around.

3. And who are they, reserved in store
 God's treasure-house to fill?
 The wheat, a hundred-fold that bore
 Amid surrounding ill.
4. O King of mercy! grant us power
 Thy fiery wrath to flee!
 In thy destroying angel's hour,
 O gather us to thee!

NUMBER SIXTY-EIGHT.

Tune—*Coronation*. C. M.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus!"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

5. The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

NUMBER SIXTY-NINE.

Tune—*Thou knowest that I love thee.*

1. Hark! hark! hear the blest tidings;
 Soon, soon, Jesus will come,
 Robed, robed, in honor and glory,
 To gather his ransomed ones home.

CHORUS—Yes, yes, oh yes,
 To gather his ransomed ones home.

2. Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,
 Sing, sing glory to God;
 Soon, soon Jesus is coming—
 Publish the tidings abroad.
3. Bright, bright, seraphs attending,
 Shouts, shouts, filling the air;
 Down, down, swiftly from heaven,
 Jesus our Lord will appear.
4. Long, long, we have been waiting,
 Who, who, love his blest name;
 Now, now, we are delighting,
 Jesus is near to proclaim.

5. Still, still, rest on the promise,
 Cling, cling, fast to his word ;
 Wait, wait, if he should tarry,
 We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

CHORUS—Yes, yes, oh yes,
 We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

NUMBER SEVENTY.

Tune—*The Lord will Provide.*

1. Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear ;
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
2. Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, and he will provide ;
 Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.
3. His love, in time past, forbids me to think,
 He'll leave me at last in troubles to sink ;
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through
4. Being willing to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
 When Satan's blind slave, I sported with death.
 And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame ?

5. Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptations or pain? He told me no less,
The heirs of salvation I know from his word,
Through much tribulation, must follow their Lord.

6. How bitter the cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine!
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

7. Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

NUMBER SEVENTY-ONE.

Tune—*Watchman tell us of the night.*

1. Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy fortell?
Traveller! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2. Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!

Watchman ! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveller ! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3. Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller ! darkness takes it flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo ! the Son of God is come !

NUMBER SEVENTY-TWO.

Tune—*Amazing grace.*

1. Amazing grace ! how sweet the sound
 That saved a wretch like me !
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved ;
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed.
3. Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
 I have already come ;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

4. The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal time shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil
A life of joy and peace.
6. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who owns us here below,
Will be for ever mine.

NUMBER SEVENTY-THREE.

Tune—*Voice of Mercy.*

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord !
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word,
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee !
“ Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ? ”
2. “ I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound ;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
3. “ Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ;
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4. "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
5. "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?"
6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
O, for grace to love thee more !

NUMBER SEVENTY-FOUR.

The Jubilee.

1. The Gospel Trumpet has been blown,
And caused poor sinners to return
To Jesus Christ our heavenly King,
To join and shout and praise and sing,
For we are on our march for glory,
We will sing salvation free,
Yes, we're on our march to glory,
Let us sound the Jubilee.
2. If we prove faithful to the end,
We shall find in Christ a glorious Friend,
For He, who guards us, watches, keeps,
He never slumbers, never sleeps,

For the Lord is in the desert,
He is on the land and sea,
Yes the Lord is in the desert,
Let us sound the Jubilee.

3. May we obey the gracious call,
Of him whose love extends to all,
He's never weary, never faint,
He hears and pities each complaint,
For He knows our heart's desires,
When we bend the humble knee,
Yes, He wipes away our tears,
And He gives us victory.

4. When on the part of God we rise,
We take the cross and win the prize ;
So when the evening shades prevail
Our songs of triumph shall not fail.
Now we're on our way to heaven
We shall sing salvation free,
Now we're on our way to heaven,
We will sound the Jubilee.

5. And when our pilgrimage is o'er
On wings of triumph may we soar,
Where floods of glory ceaseless roll,
Where beauties charm our precious souls.
There we'll join in singing praises
To Emanuel our King ;
There we'll join in shouting glory,
Till we make the arches ring.

NUMBER SEVENTY-FIVE.

1. Come, all ye sons of Zion,
Who are waiting for salvation,
Have your lamps trim'd and burning,
For, behold the prolamation,
Saying, All things now are ready
For the poor and for the needy ;
All my fatlings now are kill'd,
And prepared on the table.
2. O what a happy meeting,
When salvation is completed,
And tribulation's ended,
And the spotless robe prepared,
For the Bride to be adorn'd,
In the jasper wall be crowned,
Saying, Worthy is the Lamb,
In the new Jerusalem.
3. O sinners, don't be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting ;
Come and join the happy army,
And there's nothing that will harm you,
If you follow Christ the Saviour,
And break off your bad behavior,
And repent and be converted,
You may sing his praises too.

NUMBER SEVENTY-SIX.

1. When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,

One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye ;
 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from ev'ry gem ;
 But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2. Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3. It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark foreboding cease ;
 And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forevermore,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem

NUMBER SEVENTY-SEVEN.

1. The last lovely morning,
 All blooming and fair,
 Is fast onward fleeting,
 And soon will appear ;

While the mighty trump sounds,
 "Come, come away!"
 O! let us be ready
 To hail the glad day.

2. And when that bright morning
 In splendor shall dawn,
 Our tears will be ended,
 Our sorrows all gone ;
 While the mighty, &c.

3. The Bridegroom from glory
 To earth shall descend ;
 Ten thousand bright angels
 Around him attend.
 While the mighty, &c.

4. The graves will be open'd,
 The dead will arise,
 And with the Redeemer
 Mount up to the skies,
 While the mighty, &c.

NUMBER SEVENTY-EIGHT.

Tune—*Crossing the Alps.*

PART FIRST.

1. Dear brethren and sisters, thou poor despised band,
 Like Christians bear your trials,
 You soon shall reach the land,

- You soon shall reach the land,
Where peace shall reign forever
In Beulah's happy land.
2. The sixth seal long since opened—the earthquake
marked the time,
Earth trembled to her centre,
The sun refused to shine,
The sun refused to shine ;
The tribulation ended,
That reign of blood and crime.
3. See nations getting angry—hark, from the distant
shore,
Like troubled waters surging,
They are gathering for war,
They are gathering for war,
To wage the final conflict
Of cruel bloody war !
4. The midnight cry is sounding—the Judge of earth
draws near,
The heavens soon will open,
The great white throne appear,
The great white throne appear ;
The nations will assemble,
Their final doom to hear !
5. In lingering tones of mercy now sounds the mid-
night cry,
The virgins hail with rapture
The heavenly bridegroom nigh,

The heavenly bridegroom nigh ;
With lamps well trimmed and burning
They hail redemption nigh.

PART SECOND.

6. We soon shall gain our Eden—and sing on Zion's
height,
With all the blood washed millions,
In spotless robes of white,
In spotless robes of white,
And waive the palm of victory,
In realms of endless light.
7. There, with admiring myriads, we'll join to shout
and sing,
While hills break forth in singing,
Fair Salem's walls will ring,
Fair Salem's walls will ring :
Throughout eternal ages
We'll praise our God and King.
8. There, see creation blooming—sweet fragrance fills
the air,
While gushing strains of melody
Hang trembling in the air,
Hang trembling in the air,
Creation blends in harmony
God's glory to declare.
9. The land—the land is nearing—where joys are ever
new,
The everlasting kingdom,

The city is in view,

The city is in view,

With prophets, saints and angels,
God's shining retinue!

10. Blow, blow then gentle breezes—the land I long
to see,

And hear the mighty trumpet

Proclaim the jubilee,

Proclaim the jubilee!

O come, thou mighty Conqueror,
Bring Immortality.

NUMBER SEVENTY-NINE.

Tune—*Babylon is fallen.*

1. Hail the day so long expected;

Hail the year of full release;

Zion's walls are now erected,

And her watchmen publish peace.

Through the Shiloh's wide dominion,

Hear the trumpet loudly roar,

Babylon is falling, &c.

2. All her merchants stand with wonder,

“What is this that comes to pass,”

Murm'ring like the distant thunder,

Crying, “O, alas! alas!”

Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,

Priests and people, rich and poor,

Babylon is falling, &c.

3. Sing aloud, ye heavenly choir,
 Shout ye followers of the Lamb,
 See the city all on fire,
 How it sinks beneath the flame !
 Now's the day of compensation,
 On the mystic, drunk with gore ;
 Babylon is falling, &c.

4. Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion,
 Christ will come a second time,
 Ruling with a rod of iron,
 All who now as foes combine.
 Babel's garments we've rejected,
 And the wedge of golden ore ;
 Babylon is falling, &c.

NUMBER EIGHTY.

Tune—*Caledonia*.

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise !
 Lo ! your Leader, from the skies,
 Waves before you glory's prize,
 The prize of victory !
 Seize your armour, gird it on !
 Now the battle will be won !
 See ! the strife will soon be done ;
 Then struggle manfully.
2. Jesus conquered when he fell,
 Met and vanquished earth and hell ;
 Now he leads you on to swell

The triumphs of the cross.
 Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear?
 "God, our strength and shield," is near;
 We cannot lose our cause.

3. Onward, then, ye hosts of God
 Jesus points the victor's rod;
 Follow where your Leader trod;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon, your enemies all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain;
 Rise to join that glorious train,
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

NUMBER EIGHTY-ONE.

Tune—*Atonement*.

1. Hail heavenly love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man;
 Hail matchless, free eternal grace
 That gave my soul a hiding place.
2. Against the God who rules the sky,
 I fought with hands uplifted high;
 Despis'd the offers of his grace,
 Too proud to seek a hiding place.
3. Enwrap'd in dark, Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness more than light,
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure, without a hiding place.

4. But lo! the eternal counsel ran,
Almighty love arrest the man,
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
5. Eternal justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But justice cried with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.
6. But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy to my soul appear'd,
She led me on a pleasing pace
To Jesus Christ my hiding place.
7. Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunder bolt would daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
8. A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast ;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

NUMBER EIGHTY-TWO.

Tune—*Sherburne*. C. M.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
3. Dear name, the Rock on which we build,
Our shield and hiding-place ;
Our never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
4. Jesus our Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Our Lord, our life, our way, our end,
Accept the praise we bring.
5. Weak is the effort of each heart,
And cold our warmest thoughts,
But when we see thee as thou art,
We'll praise thee as we ought.

NUMBER EIGHTY-THREE.

Tune—*Cambridge*. C. M.

1. Sinners, the voice of God regard ;
His mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.
2. Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3. But he, who turns to God, shall live,
Through his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those who seek his face.
4. Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.
5. His love exceeds your highest thoughts !
He pardons like a God !
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

NUMBER EIGHTY-FOUR.

Tune—*Coronation*. C. M.

1. All hail the great Immanuel's name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Praise him who shed for you his blood,
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
5. Let every kindred—every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
9. Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall ;
 And join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

NUMBER EIGHTY-FIVE.

Tune—*Heavenly home.*

1. Brethren, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear,
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
 One who loves us to the end ;
 Forward then with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.
2. In the world a thousand snares
 Lay to take us unawares ;
 Satan with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart ;

But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be,
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

3. But of all the foes we meet,
 None so apt to turn our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes we have within ;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these ;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

NUMBER EIGHTY-SIX.

Tune—*Duke street.* L. M.

1. High in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils thy just and wise designs.
2. For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wise as the wonders of thy hands,
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
3. O God, how excellent thy grace !
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs,
 The sons of Adam, in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4. From the provisions of thy house,
 We shall be fed with sweet repast;
 There mercy, like a river, flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.
5. Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of our Lord;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.

NUMBER EIGHTY-SEVEN.

Tune—*The Jubilee*. C. M.

1. What heavenly music do I hear,
 Salvation sounding free;
 Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
 This is the Jubilee.
2. How sweetly do the tidings roll,
 All round from sea to sea,
 From land to land, from pole to pole,
 This is the Jubilee.
3. Good news, good news, to Adam's race,
 Let Christians all agree,
 To sing redeeming love and grace,
 This is the Jubilee.
4. The gospel sounds a sweet release
 To all in misery,
 And bid them welcome home to peace,
 This is the Jubilee.

5. Jesus is on his mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee ;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.
6. Sinners be wise, return and come
Unto the Saviour free ;
The Spirit bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee.
7. Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony ;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

NUMBER EIGHTY-EIGHT.

Tune—*America*. C M

1. Our heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.
2. Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
3. Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;

The guilt of our iniquity
 Forgive as we forgive.

4. From dark temptation's power
 Our feeble hearts defend ;
 Deliver in the evil hour,
 And guide us to the end.
5. Thine, then, for ever be
 Glory and power divine ;
 The sceptre, throne, and majesty
 Of heaven and earth are thine.

NUMBER EIGHTY-NINE.

Tune—*St. Martin's*. C. M.

1. O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Good Lord, remember me.
2. When on my aching burdened heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, new peace impart ;
 Good Lord, remember me.
3. When trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 O let my strength be as my day ;
 Good Lord, remember me.

4. When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble body see ;
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
 Good Lord, remember me.

5. When in the solemn hour of death
 I wait thy just decree,
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,
 Good Lord, remember me.

NUMBER NINETY.

Tune—*Far from my thoughts.* L. M.

1. Far from our thoughts, vain world, begone ;
 Let our religious hours alone ;
 Fain would our eyes our Saviour see ;
 We wait a visit, Lord ! from thee.

2. Oh ! warm our hearts with holy fire,
 And kindle there a pure desire ;
 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill our souls with heavenly love.

3. Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
 How sweet thine entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above,
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

4. Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
 In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
 Thy glorious name shall be adored,
 And every tongue confess thee Lord.

NUMBER NINETY-ONE.

Tune—*Mear*. C. M.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
Our voice ascending high ;
To thee we will direct our prayer,
To thee lift up our eye.
2. Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
3. Before thy throne we'll humbly fall,
And all our troubles bring ;
On thee alone for help we'll call,
Our righteous God and King.
4. O may thy Spirit guide our feet
In ways of righteousness !
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before our face.
5. The men, who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as with a shield.

NUMBER NINETY-TWO.

Tune—*Buckfield*. L. M.

1. When strangers stand and hear me tell,
What beauties in my Saviour dwell ;

Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2. O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till I shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love.
3. In paradise, within thy gates,
An higher entertainment waits ;
Fruits new and old, laid up in store,
There we shall feed—but want no more.
4. Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.
5. Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay ;
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.

NUMBER NINETY-THREE.

Tune—*I Will Return.*

1. Angels come, O come away ;
Waiting spirits do not stay ;
Bear, O bear us, to our home,
For the harvest time has come.

2. Clouds of glory lingering,
Haste ! our blessed Jesus bring ;
Gleam no longer from afar,
Like a dim uncertain star.

3. Speed thy coming, blessed One !
We are fainting sad and lone ;
Why doth yet the star of day
Its bright rising thus delay ?

4. Whirlwinds struggling still afar,
With the mighty conqueror's car,
Speed along like tempests driven,
From the bursting gates of heaven.

5. Meek and humble trusting ones,
Zion's suffering trodden sons,
" Day and night," prevail in prayer,
Till the kingdom ye shall share.

6. Voice of God ! awake the dead !
Now descend with earthquake dread—
Trump of judgment, sound the tone
That shall end creation's groan.

NUMBER NINETY-FOUR.

Tune—*Windham*. L. M.

1. The Lord will come ; the earth shall quake ;
The hills their fixed seats forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2. The Lord will come ; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,—
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
3. The Lord will come ; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
4. Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God ! is this the Crucified ?
5. Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !
Go, seek the mountain-cleft in vain !
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, the Lord is come !

NUMBER NINETY-FIVE.

Tune—*Northfield*. C. M

1. Attend, O earth ! God doth declare
His uncontrolled decree ;
“ Thou art my Son, this day, my heir,
Have I begotten thee.
- 2 “ Upon my holy Zion's hill
My King I thee ordain ;
And though thy foes dispute my will,
Thou shalt forever reign.

3. " Ask, and receive thy full demands ;
Thine shall the heathen be ;
The utmost limit of the lands
Shall be possessed by thee.
4. " Thy righteous sceptre thou shalt sway,
And all thy foes command ;
Just as the potter breaks the clay,
And moulds it with his hand."
5. If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame ?
Then blest are they whose hope relies
On his most holy name.

NUMBER NINETY-SIX.

Tune—*Turner*. C. M.

1. Sweet rivers of redeeming love
I see before me lie ;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly.
2. I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind ;
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.
3. A few more days, or months, at most,
My troubles will be o'er ;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore.

4. My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea ;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.
5. O, come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me to the sky !
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;
Make haste and bring it nigh.
6. I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine ;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.

NUMBER NINETY-SEVEN.

Tune—*Exhortation.*

1. "These glorious ones, how bright they shine ;
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to their happy seats
Of everlasting day ?"
2. Now they approach th' eternal God,
And bow before his throne ;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.
3. The unveiled glory of his face
Spreads joy on every side ;
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

4. Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast ;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
5. The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise ;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT.

1. Salem's great King, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill ;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.
2. Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize ;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased with what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.
3. This is my Son, Jehovah cries ;
On him to rest the Spirit flies ;
O children, hear ye him !
Hark ! 'tis his voice ; behold he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sin.

4. Come, children, come ! his voice obey ;
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared ;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

NUMBER NINETY-NINE.

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee ;
All things else I have forsaken ;
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition,
While I prove the Lord my own.
2. Let the world despise and leave me,—
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,—
Thou art faithful, thou art true.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
If that love be hid from me.
3. Soul, then know thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

4. Haste thee from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
God's own hand shall guide thee there ;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise !

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED.

1. Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
2. His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
3. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
4. O that each in the day of his coming may say,
" I have fought my way through ;
I have finished the work thou didst give me
to do."

5. O that each from his Lord may receive the
 glad word—
 “ Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.”

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND ONE.

Tune—*Lenox*.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home ;
2. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
3. Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home
4. The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;

And, saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWO.

Tune—*Dundee*. C. M.

1. Light of the word, shine on our souls,
 Thy grace to us afford ;
 And while we meet to learn thy truth,
 Be thou our teacher, Lord.
2. As once thou didst thy word expound
 To those that walked with thee,
 So teach us, Lord, to understand,
 And its blest fulness see.
3. Its richness, sweetness, power, and depth,
 Its holiness discern ;
 Its joyful news of saving grace
 By blest experience learn.
4. Help us each other to assist ;
 Thy Spirit now impart ;
 Keep humble, but with love inflame
 To thee and thine, each heart.
5. Thus may thy word be dearer still,
 And studied more each day ;
 And as it richly dwells within,
 Thyself in it display.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND THREE.

Tune—*Hallowell*. C. M.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink
 Though pressed by many a foe ;
That will not tremble on the brink
 Of poverty or woe ;
2. That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod ;
But in the hour of grief or pain
 Can lean upon its God.
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt ;
4. That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
 Nor its soft arts beguile.
5. A faith that keeps the narrow way,
 By truth restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Lights up a dying bed.
6. Lord, give me such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR.

1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest—is no rest ;
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish away,
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest—there is rest.
2. Here fierce temptations beset me around ;
Here is no rest—is no rest ;
Here am I grieved while my foes me surround :
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Let them revile me and scoff my name,
Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame ;
I will go forward, for this is my theme ;
There, there is rest—there is rest.
3. Here are afflictions and trials severe ;
Here is no rest—is no rest ;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear ;
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word ;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord ;
They will be called to receive their reward ;
There, there is rest—there is rest.
4. This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest—is no rest ;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate—
Yet I am blest—I am blest.

Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
 Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
 Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast—
 Then there is rest—there is rest.

NUMBER ONE HUNDEED AND FIVE.

Tune—*Shawmut*. S. M.

1. Behold, with awful pomp
 The Judge prepares to come ;
 The archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
 And wakes the general doom.
2. Nature, in wild amaze,
 Her dissolution mourns ;
 Blushes of blood the moon deface ;
 The sun to darkness turns.
3. Horrors all hearts appal ;
 They quake ! they shriek ! they cry !
 Bid rocks and mountains on them fall,—
 But rocks and mountains fly.
4. 'Tis time we all awake ;
 The dreadful day draws near ;
 Sinners, your proud presumption check,
 And stop your wild career.
5. Now is th' accepted time,
 To Christ for mercy fly ;
 O turn, repent, and trust in him,
 And you shall never die.

6. Great God, in whom we live,
 Prepare us for that day ;
 Help us in Jesus to believe,
 To watch, and wait, and pray.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SIX.

Tune—*Ganges*.

1. O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.
2. Before me place, in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar :
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom ?
3. Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear,
 Eternal bliss t' insure ;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
4. Then Saviour, me through grace receive,
 Transported from this vale to live
 And in thy kingdom dwell,

Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 That mortal ne'er can tell.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN

1. On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo, the sacred herald stands ;
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands ;
 Mourning captive,
 God himself will loose thy bands.
2. Has thy night been long and mournful,
 All thy friends unfaithful proved ?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Zion still is well-beloved.
3. God, thy God, will now restore thee !
 He himself appears thy friend,
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end !
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
 All thy warfare now is past,
 God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
 Peace and joy are come at last ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT.

1. O hail, happy day, that speaks our trials ended,
Our Lord has come to take us home ;
 O hail, happy day ;
No more by doubts or fears distressed,
We now shall gain our promised rest,
And be forever blest ; O hail, happy day.
2. Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over ;
The jubilee proclaims us free ;
 O hail, happy day ;
The day that brings a sweet release,
That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,
And bids our sorrows cease ; O hail, happy day.
3. O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows,
That brings us joy without alloy,
 O hail, happy day ;
There peace shall wave her sceptre high,
And love's fair banner greet the eye,
Proclaiming victory ; O hail, happy day.
4. We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory ;
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight,
 O hail, happy day ;
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our eyes,
The joys of Paradise ; O hail, happy day.
5. Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile in
 gladness,

And Eden bloom o'er nature's tomb,
 O, hail, happy day ;
 Where life's pellucid waters glide,
 Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,
 Forever we'll abide ; O hail, happy day.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINE.

Tune—*Bethany*.

1. By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here ;
 Her walls are of jasper and gold ;
 As crystal her buildings are clear ;
 Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands, as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her Builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.
2. No need of the sun in that day,
 Which never is followed by night ;
 The glory of God will display
 A pure and a permanent light :
 The saints in his presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward ;
 With Jesus forever they live,
 And reign on the earth with their Lord.
3. Our mourning is all at an end,
 When, raised by the life-giving Word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorned as a bride for her Lord ;

The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air,
 No gloom of affliction or sin ;
 No shadow of evil is there.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TEN.

1. Mark that pilgrim—lowly bending,
 At the shrine of prayer—ascending,
 Praise and sighs together blending,
 From his lips in mournful strain ;
 Glowing with sincere contrition,
 And with child-like, blest submission,
 Ever riseth this petition—
 “Jesus, come—oh come to reign.”
2. List again ;—the low earth sigheth,
 And the blood of martyrs crieth
 From its bosom, where there lieth
 Millions upon millions slain ;
 “Lord, how long, ere thy word given,
 All the wicked shall be driven
 From the earth by bolts of Heaven ?
 Jesus come—oh come to reign.”
3. Kingdoms now are reeling, falling,
 Nations lie in wo appalling,
 On their sages vainly calling
 All these wonders to explain ;
 While the slain around are lying,
 God’s own little flock are sighing,

And in secret places crying,
 "Jesus come—oh come to reign."

4. Here the wicked live securely,
 Of to-morrow boasting surely,
 While from those who're walking purely
 They extort dishonest gain ;
 Yea, the meek are burden'd, driven ;
 Want and care to them are given,
 But they lift the cry to Heaven,
 "Jesus come—oh come to reign."

5. Christian CHEER THEE—land is nearing,
 Still be hopeful—nothing fearing,
 Soon in majesty appearing,
 You'll behold the Lamb once slain ;
 Oh how joyful then to hear him,
 While all nations shall revere him,
 Saying to his flock who fear him,
 "*I have come—on earth to reign.*"

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN.

Tune—*Lenox*.

1. Jesus, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lull all asleep ;
 For thee I fain would all resign,
 And thus embark with thee and thine.

2. Christ is my pilot wise,
My compass is his word ;
My soul each storm defies,
Whilst I have such a Lord :
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r,
To save me in the trying hour.
3. Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie ;
Yet he shall safely keep
And guide me with his eye ;
How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up ?
4. By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !
Oh may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more !
5. Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my storms subside ;
Then to my succor fly,
And keep me near thy side ;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
6. Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace ;
To waft from all below,
On to my destin'd place ;
Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

Tune—*Arlington*. C. M.

1. God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform :
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN.

Tune—*The Lord unto His garden comes.*

1. How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest ;
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

2. Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee,
Before the floods descend ;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3. The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise ;
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope ;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4. Thy tokens we with joy confess ;
The war proclaims thee Prince of peace ;
The earthquake speaks thy power ;
The famine all thy fullness brings ;
The plague presents thy healing wings
And nature's final hour.

5. Whatever ills the world befall,
 A pledge of endless good we call,
 A sign of Jesus near.
 His chariot will not long delay ;
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
 "Triumphant Lord, appear !"
6. Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
 Thy word and mystery to fulfil,
 Thy confessors t' approve ;
 Thy members on thy throne to place,
 And stamp thy name on every face,
 In glorious, heavenly love.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN.

Tune—*Caledonia*.

1. Ye who rose to meet the Lord—
 Ventured on his faithful word,
 Faint not now, for your reward
 Will be quickly given.
 Faint not ! "always" watch and pray,
 Jesus will no more delay,
 Even now 'tis dawn of day—
 Day-Star beams from heaven.
2. Would ye to the end endure ?
 Keep the wedding garment pure—
 Claim ye still the promise sure—
 Faithful in the Lord !
 Let your lamps be burning bright,

In God's word is beaming light,
Live by faith and not by sight—
Crowns are your reward.

3. 'Mid the darts of angry foe,
Onward, fearless, onward go,
The good soldier's courage show,
On, to victory!
"Let thine eyes be turned to me,"
Jesus says, "I'll rescue thee,
Overcome, and faithful be,
Thou shalt glory see!"
4. Tones of thunder, through the sky—
Angel voices, sounding high,
Echo still the mighty cry,
Jesus quickly come!
Quickly he'll return again,
With his saints will come to reign,
While all Heaven will shout "Amen!"
Welcome to thy throne!"
5. Marriage supper now prepared,
By the guests will then be shared,
In fair righteous robes arrayed,
Like the Bridegroom King.
Glory to Jehovah's name!
Sound aloud the glad acclaim,
To the Lamb that once was slain,
Alleluias bring!

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN.

1. Oh, exiled Paradise,
Oh, how we long for thee !
When wilt thou robe the earth ?
When plant Life's " healing " tree ?
Thou hast fresh blooming vales
Where glit'ring fountains play,
And sweet sequestered dales,
Hid in thy groves away !
Oh, for thy smiling hills
With gush of clear cascade !
For ever flowing rills,
By living waters made !

2. Oh, for thy fragrant flowers
That bloom through all the year ;
Oh, for thy rosy bowers,
The " wilderness " to cheer !
To thee we shall " return,
And to Mount Zion come !"
With songs sing joyfully,
And shout the harvest home !
Awake the harp and lute,
In praises to the King
Who reigns on David's throne,
To Him Hosannas bring !

3. Jesus shall ever reign !
When His bright kingdom comes
The sun shall be ashamed
Before his dazzling thrones !

The moon confounded, then,
 Shall hide her silver ray,
 And saints of every age,
 Rejoice in glorious day !
 Oh, exiled Paradise,
 Oh, how we long for thee !
 Robe thou anew the earth,
 Bring back Life's healing tree !

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.

1. Daughter of Zion ! awake from thy sadness ;
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness ;
 Arise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.
2. Strong were thy foes ; but the arm that subdued
 them,
 And scattered their legions, was mightier far ;
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued
 them ;
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
3. Daughter of Zion ! the power that hath saved thee
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall be ;
 Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
 Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN.

Tune—*Lenox*.

1. O the amazing change !
 A world created new !

- My thought with transport range,
The lovely scene to view.
Thee, Lord divine, in all I trace ;
The work is thine — thine be the praise.
2. Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, forever new,
The painted fields adorn ;
The lily there, and blushing rose,
In union fair their sweets disclose.
3. Where the bleak mountain stood,
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade ;
Tall oaks, and pines, and cedars nod,
And elms, and vines, confess their God.
4. The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er ;
No more they rend the slain,
They thirst for blood no more ;
But infant's hands fierce tigers lead,
And lions with the oxen feed.
5. O, when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wond'ring eyes ?
That earth, with all her tongues, may raise
United songs of ardent praise.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN.

1. O for a closer walk with God !
A calm and heavenly frame !
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
4. Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN.

Tune—*Union*. 8's.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest ;
Of that country so bright and so fair ;
And oft are its glories confest—
But what must it be to be there ?
2. We speak of its pathways of gold ;
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare ;
Of its wonders and pleasures untold—
But what must it be to be there ?
3. We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there ?
4. We speak of its service of love ;
Of the robes which the glorified wear ;
Of the raptures which every heart move—
But what must it be to be there ?
5. May we, then, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For that kingdom our hearts now prepare ;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY.

1. Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! the Kingdom is near,
Our glorious Deliverer will soon, soon appear ;

In clouds of bright glory to our rescue he'll come,
And Angels will hail us to Heaven, our home.

2. Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! the Kingdom is near,
On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear ;
With harps tuned celestial, our voices we'll raise
To Jesus our Saviour, in accents of praise.
3. Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! the Kingdom is near,
'Tis the voice of th' Archangel methinks that I hear,
Arousing the nations, awaking the dead [laid.
From their cold dusty pillows where long they have
4. Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! the Kingdom is near,
Rejoice then ye pilgrims, your redemption is near ;
The promised possession we soon shall receive,
And with Jesus in glory eternally live.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE.

Tune—*Hail to the brightness, &c.*

1. Heir of the Kingdom, O, why dost thou slumber ?
Why art thou sleeping so near thy blest home ?
Wake thee, arouse thee, and gird on thine armour,
Speed, for the moments are hurrying on.
2. Heir of the Kingdom, say why dost thou linger ?
How can'st thou "tarry in sight of the prize ?"
Up, and adorn thee, the Bridegroom is coming,
Haste to receive him descending the skies !
3. Earth's mighty nations in strife and commotion,
Tremble with terror, and sink in dismay ;

Listen, 'tis naught but the chariots' loud rumbling,
Heir of the Kingdom, no longer delay.

4. Stay not, O, stay not for earth's vain allurements ;
See how its glory is passing away,
Break the strong fetters the foe hath bound o'er thee,
Heir of the Kingdom, turn, turn thee away.
5. Keep the eye single, the head upward lifted,
Watch for the glory of earth's coming King ;
Lo ! o'er the mountain-tops light is now breaking ;
Heir of the Kingdom, rejoice ye and sing.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO.

Tune—*Greenville.*

1. Humble souls, that seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
2. Hear the blessed Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice
3. Jesus says, Let each believer
Be baptized in my name ;
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.

4. Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay ;
Gladly his command embracing ;
Lo ! your Captain leads the way.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE.

1. O Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile ?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile ?
2. Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised ?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized ?
3. Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood ?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God ?
4. O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays ;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR.

1. Jesus invites his saints,
To meet around his board—
And sup in mem'ry of the death
And sufferings of their Lord.

2. We take the bread and wine,
As emblems of thy death,
Lord raise our souls above the sign,
To feast on thee by faith.
3. Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine,
It looks beyond this scene of strife—
Unites us to "the Vine."
4. Soon shall the night be gone,
Our Lord will come again—
The Marriage Supper of the Lamb
Will usher in his reign.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE.

1. The awful trumpet soon shall sound,
And shake the vast creation round,
And all the saints shall then be crowned,
And give to Jesus glory.

CHORUS.

All glory be to the Lord on high,
Glory be to the Lord on high ;
We'll sing God's praise throughout our days,
And then go home to glory.

2. Ten thousand thunders then shall roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
But nothing shall the saints control,
They'll give to Jesus glory.

3. And when we reach the blissful plains,
Where love divine immortal reigns,
We'll bid adieu to all our pains,
And give to Jesus glory.
4. There all the saints shall join in one,
And sing with Moses round the throne ;
They'll shine with God's beloved Son,
And give to Jesus glory.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX.

Tune—*Hark, hear the blest tidings.*

1. Hear, hear, God of the faithful !
Lone, lone, captives we cry ;
Lo, lo, the scorner reproacheth,
And mocketh our every sigh !
Hear, hear, oh hear,
He mocketh our every sigh.
2. Plead, plead, God of the faithful !
Plead, plead, now for thy name ;
Grant, grant, now for thy glory,
The trumpet may judgment proclaim !
Grant, grant, oh grant,
The trumpet may judgment proclaim.
3. Come, come, now in thy glory,
Dust, dust, doth cover the slain ;
Yet, yet, in the "Valley of Vision,"
Thy dead men shall yet live again !

Live, live, yes live,
Thy dead men shall yet live again.

4. Voice, voice, awaking the sleeping,
Sound, sound, thro' the dread vale;
Rise, rise, ye that are "groaning,"
None of the faithful shall fail!
Rise, rise, oh rise,
None of the faithful shall fail.

5. Now, now, from thy long keeping,
Grave! grave! deliver the dead!
Wake, wake, ye that are sleeping,
Awake at the Archangel's tread!
Wake, wake, oh wake,
Awake at the Archangel's tread!

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN.

Tune—*Exhortation*. C. M.

1. Thine oath and promise, mighty God,
Recorded in thy Word,
Become our hope's foundation broad,
And surety afford.
2. Like Abraham, the friend of God,
Thy faithfulness we prove;
We tread in paths the fathers trod,
Blest with thy light and love.
3. Largely our consolation flows,
While we expect the day

That ends our griefs, and pains, and woes,
And drives our fears away.

4. Let floods of mighty vengeance roll,
And compass earth around ;
Let thunder sound from pole to pole,
And earthquakes vast astound ;

5. Let nature all convulse and shake,
And angry nations rage ;—
Thy name our hiding-place we make !
To save thou dost engage.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT.

Tune—*Shirland*. S. M.

1. How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,
Astonished, shrink away !

2. But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread !

3. Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of the cross,
And find salvation there.

4. So shall that curse remove,
 By which the Saviour bled ;
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE.

Tune—*New Durham.* C. M.

1. When we can read our title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 We bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe our weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against our souls engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then we can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May we but safely reach our home,
 Our God, our heaven, our all.
4. There we shall bathe our weary souls
 In seas of heavenly rest ;
 While not a wave of trouble rolls
 Across our peaceful breast.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY.

1. The chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll in fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire ;

- Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are
bowed.
2. The glory, the glory around him are poured,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.
3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are
stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from
the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.
4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are
all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are
met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
5. O mercy! O mercy! look down from above;
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are
driven,
May the justified saints find a ransom in heaven.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE.

1. Saviour, thou wast meek and lowly,
Pure and spotless, without sin ;
Loved and worshipped by the holy,
Hasten thy return again.
2. Gentle Shepherd, Israel's Saviour,
Hear thy children's plaintive cry !
Come ! O come ! and reign for ever,
Hush the pilgrim's mournful sigh.
3. Come ! O, come ! thou son of Jesse,
Haste ! we long to reach our home ;
On thy promise we are resting—
Come ! O, come ! reign on thy throne !
4. Come ! O, come ! thou Judah's Lion,
Now, we haste to strike our harp,
With thee in our blissful Zion,
Never, never more to part.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO.

1. When shall we meet again ?
Meet ne'er to sever ?
When will peace wreath her chain,
Round us forever ?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes.
Never, no, Never !

2. When shall love freely flow?
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fear of parting chill
Never! no never!
3. There, to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy, for ever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never! no, never!
4. Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
There will peace wreath her chain,
Round us for ever;
Weary saint, then repose
Free from all worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never! no, never!

INDEX.

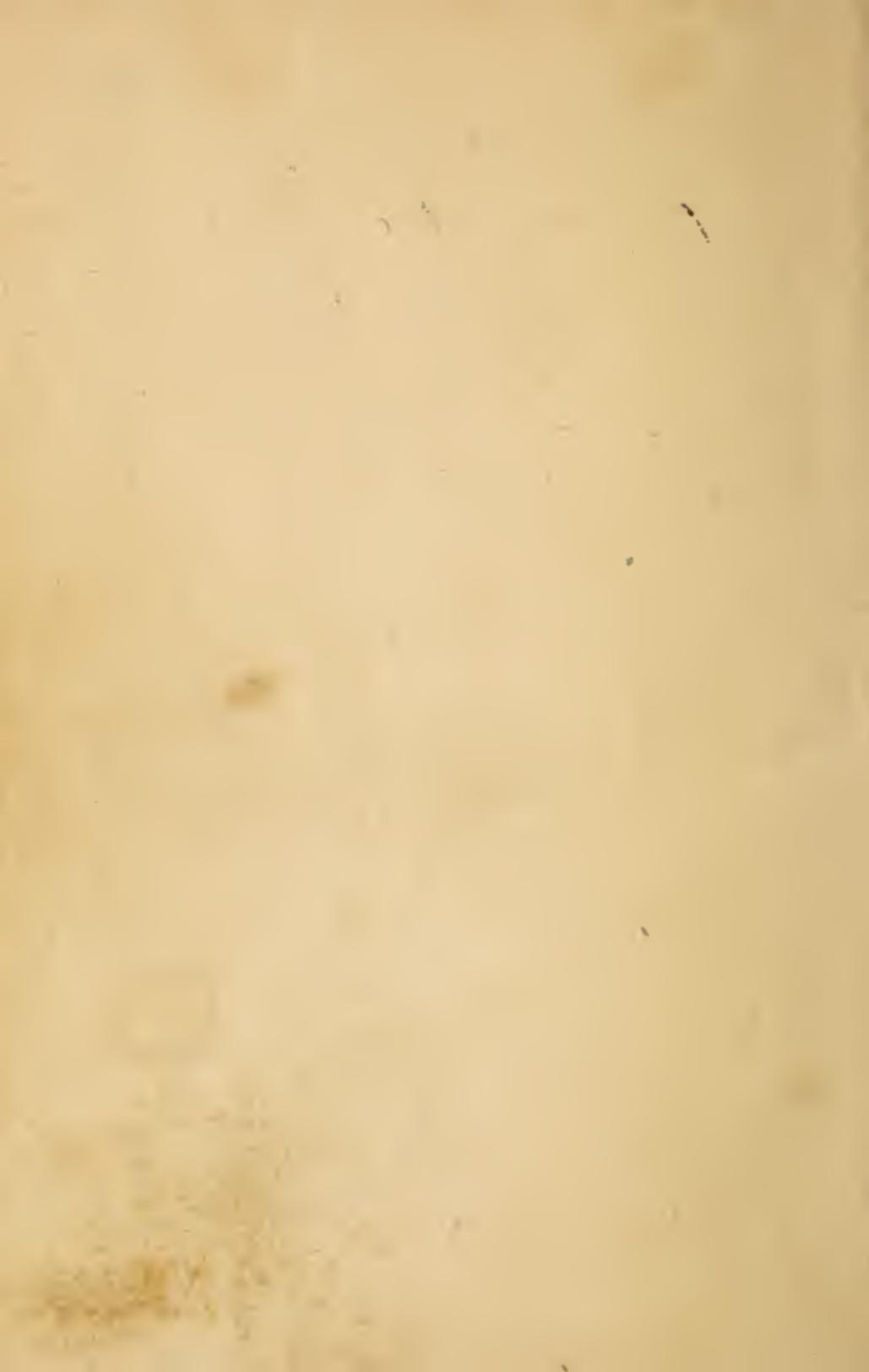
	No.	Page.
As I view the last sands of old time, &c.,	12	14
Are we almost there ?	43	53
A stranger in this land of woe,	44	54
Awake, why dwell ye in dust so long ?	47	57
And will the Judge descend ?	54	64
Am I a soldier of the cross ?	58	67
A charge to keep I have,	61	69
Awake ye saints and raise your eyes,	65	73
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,	72	79
All hail the power of Jesus' name,	84	93
Angels come, O come away !	93	101
Attend, oh earth, God doth declare,	95	103
Behold, behold, the Lamb of God !	20	23
Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,	70	77
Brethren while we sojourn here,	85	94
Blow ye the trumpet, blow,	101	109
Behold, with awful pomp,	105	113
By faith we already behold,	109	117
Christian, the Morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,	6	7
Christian, Christian,	15	17
Come all ye mourning pilgrims,	25	30
Come, let us join our cheerful songs,	68	75
Come all ye sons of Zion,	75	83
Come, let us anew our journey pursue,	100	108
Day of judgment, day of wonders,	52	62
Dear brethren and sisters, &c.,	78	85
Daughter of Zion,	116	126
Far from my thoughts, vain world begone,	90	99
Glad tidings ! glad tidings, &c.,	120	129
Great God whose universal sway,	59	68

	No.	Page.
God moves in a mysterious way,	112	121
Hear, hear, God of the faithful!	126	134
How will my heart endure?	128	136
Hear the glorious proclamation,	38	40
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,	82	91
Hail heavenly love that first began,	81	90
How long shall death the tyrant reign,	66	73
Hark, Hark, hear the blest tidings,	69	76
Hark my soul, it is the Lord,	72	80
Hail the day so long expected,	79	88
High in the heavens, eternal God,	86	95
Heir of the Kingdom,	121	130
Here o'er the earth, as a stranger I roam,	104	112
How happy are the little flock,	113	122
Humble souls, that seek salvation,	122	131
I have sought round the verdant earth,	22	27
It is the hour of time's farewell,	30	37
I love the holy son of God,	33	40
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,	50	60
In expectation sweet,	55	65
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I roam,	23	28
Jesus died on Calvary's Mountain,	24	29
Jesus, I my cross have taken,	99	107
Jesus, at thy command,	111	119
Jesus invites his saints,	124	132
List to the joyful news sounding so clear,	4	5
Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends,	14	16
Lo, down in this beautiful valley,	27	33
List ye mortals, hear the sound,	32	39
Lonely and weary, by sorrows opprest,	42	52
Lo, the time hastens on,	48	58
Let the seventh angel sound on high,	57	66
Lord in the morning thou shalt hear,	91	100
Lo he comes with clouds descending,	56	65
Light of the Word, &c.,	102	110
My soul is happy when I hear,	53	63
Mark that pilgrim—lowly bending,	110	118

	No.	Page.
On time's tempestuous ocean wide,	28	34
O how I long to see that day !	29	36
O Lord, hasten the time,	45	55
O sinner, mark thy fate,	49	59
Our heavenly Father hear,	88	97
O thou from whom all goodness flows,	89	98
O for a faith that will not shrink,	103	111
O God, my inmost soul convert,	106	114
On the mountain's top appearing,	107	115
O hail happy day,	108	116
O exiled paradise,	115	125
O the amazing change,	117	126
O for a closer walk with God,	118	128
O Lord, and will thy pardoning love?	123	132
Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings,	39	48
Saviour, thou wast meek and lowly,	131	139
Son of God, thy People's shield,	5	6
Skeptic, spare that book,	9	10
Soldiers of the cross, arise,	80	89
Sinners, the voice of God regard,	83	92
Sweet rivers of redeeming love,	96	104
Salem's bright king, Jesus by name,	98	106
The morning light is breaking,	1	3
The groaning creation doth wait,	3	5
There is an hour of peaceful rest,	7	8
The judgment day is rolling on,	11	12
The groaning earth is too dark and drear,	13	15
The King in his beauty by angels attended,	17	20
The pearl that worldings covet now,	31	38
There we shall reign with Jesus,	34	41
Though troubles assail and dangers affright,	35	43
There is a world of peace and pleasure,	36	44
The midnight cry in mercy sounds,	37	45
The great tremendous day's approaching,	40	48
The old Israelites, &c.,	41	50
There's a good time coming,	46	56
Thy Kingdom come, thus day by day,	60	68

	No.	Page.
The glorious day is coming,	62	70
The angel comes, he comes to reap,	67	74
The gospel trumpet has been blown,	74	81
The last lovely morning,	77	84
The Lord will come, the earth shall quake,	94	102
These glorious ones, how bright they shine,	97	105
The awful trumpet soon shall sound,	125	133
Thine oath, and promise, mighty God,	127	135
The chariot ! the chariot, &c.,	130	137
We're waiting still dear Lord, for thee,	2	4
We're toiling here by sin oppress,	10	11
When Christ the Lord, &c.,	16	18
We're going home, we've had visions bright,	18	20
What vessel are you sailing in,	19	22
We have heard from that bright, holy land,	8	9
We shall see the Saviour coming,	21	25
We're looking for a city,	26	31
We are living, we are dwelling,	51	61
When wild confusion wrecks the air,	63	71
What glory gilds the sacred page,	64	72
Watchman tell us of the night,	71	78
When marshalled on the nightly plain,	76	83
What heavenly music do I hear,	87	96
When strangers stand and hear me tell,	92	100
We speak of the realms of the blest,	119	129
When we can read our title clear,	129	137
When shall we meet again !	132	139
Ye who rose to meet the Lord,	114	123





Long
June 1905

Charles Steiner

