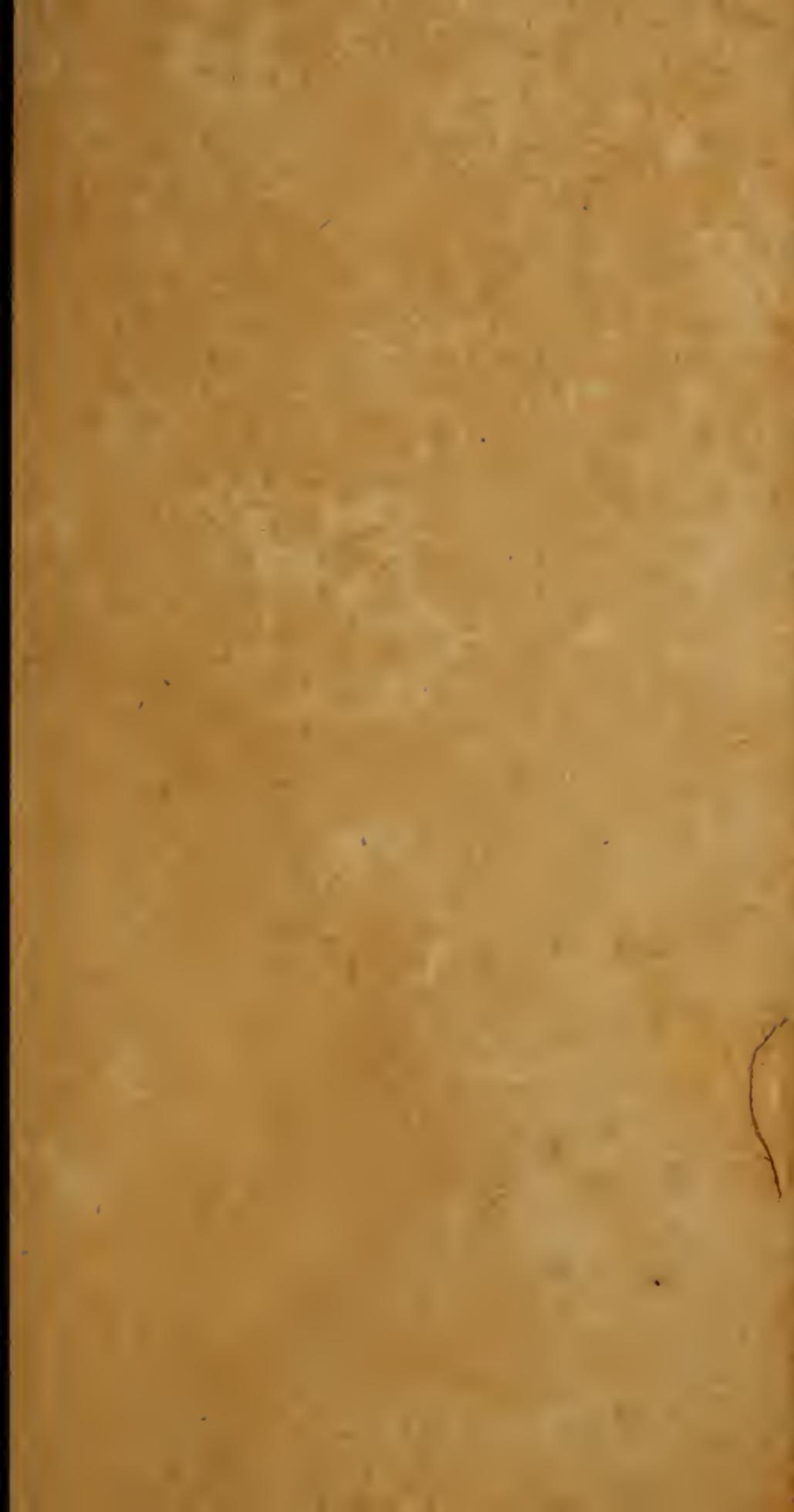




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✓
CHOICE SELECTION



SACRED HYMNS,

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS,

AND MOSTLY ADAPTED TO THE CAPACITIES OF

CHILDREN.

SELECTED AND COMPILED

✓
BY C. BACON,



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H Y M N S.



HYMN 1. C. M.

Our duty to God. Exod 3, 18.

- 1 THAT God who made the worlds on high,
And air, and earth, and sea,
Own as thy God ; and to his name,
In homage bow the knee.
- 2 Let not a shape, which hands have wrought,
Of wood, or clay, or stone,
Be deem'd thy God ; nor think him like,
Ought thou hast seen or known.
- 3 Take not in vain the name of God ;
Nor must thou ever dare,
To make thy falsehoods pass for truth,
By his dread name to swear.
- 4 That day on which he bids thee rest,
From toil, to pray and praise ;
That day keep holy to the Lord,
And consecrate its rays.
- 5 O may that God who gave these laws,
Write them on every heart ;
That all may feel their living power,
Nor from his paths depart.

HYMN 2. C. M.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given ;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping heart,
In this dark veil of tears ;
Life, light and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night,
Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light,
Of an eternal day.

HYMN 3. L. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days ;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant of my days.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man ;
How vain are all his hopes and fears.
- 3 Vain his ambition noise and shew ;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind ;
He heaps up treasures mix'd with wo,
And dies and leaves them all behind.
- 4 Oh be a nobler portion mine,
My God ! I bow before thy throne ;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

HYMNS:

HYMN 4. C. M.

FATHER how wide thy glory shines ;
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

[Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They show the labours of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.]

But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms.

Our thoughts are lost in reveren'd awe,
We love and we adore !
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known !
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

Oh may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 5. C. M.

Obedience to Parents.

- 1 LET children that would fear the Lord,
Mind what their teachers say ;
With rev'rence hear their parents' word,
And with delight obey.
- 2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word.
- 3 What heavy guilt upon him lies !
How cursed is his name !
The raven shall pick out his eyes
And eagles eat the same.
- 4 But those that worship God and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on the earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

HYMN 6. C. M.

Daily & nightly devotion.

- 1 YE that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place ;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high ;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

HYMNS.

7

The God of Zion cheers our hearts,
With rays of quickening grace ;
The God that spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

HYMN 7. P. M.

Paraphrase on the Lord's prayer.

FATHER of all, eternal mind,
In uncreated light enshrin'd,
Immensely good and great.
Thy children, form'd and bless'd by thee,
With filial love and homage we
Fall prostrate at thy feet.

Thy name in hallowed strains be sung,
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
The solemn concert join.
In loving, serving, praising thee
We find our chief felicity,
But cannot add to thine.

Thy righteous, mild and sov'reign reign;
Throughout Creations ample plain,
Let ev'ry being own.
Lord, in our hearts where passions reign;
With fierce tumultuous rage intrude,
Erect thy peaceful throne.

As angels round thy seat above.
With joyful haste and ardent love,
Thy blest commands fulfil.
So let thy creatures here below,
As far as thou hast giv'n to know,
Perform thy sacred will.

- 5 On thee we day by day depend,
 Our being's Author and its end,
 Our daily wants supply ;
 With healthful meat our bodies feed,
 Our souls sustain with living bread,
 Our souls that never die.
- 6 Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault,
 Each sinful action, word and thought,
 O let thy love forgive.
 For thou hast taught our hearts to show
 Divine forgiveness to our foe,
 Nor let resentment live.
- 7 Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
 To lead unwary minds astray,
 Permit us not to tread ;
 Unless thy gracious aid appear,
 T' avert the threatning evil near,
 From our unguarded head.
- 8 Thy sacred name we thus adore,
 And thus thy choisest gifts implore
 With joyful, humble mind :
 Because thy power and glory prove,
 Thy kingdom built on wisdoms love—
 Unceasing unconfi'd.

HYMN 8. P. M.

Ideas suggested on visiting a school.

- 1 NATURE, great source of joy,
 Parents of hope and love,
 Thy gifts our thoughts employ,
 And lifts our hearts above.

Though thee we raise, to Him whose sway,
 All worlds obey, our cheerful praise.

HYMNS.

2 What blessings meet our eyes !
What transports heave the breast !
While tears of joy surprise
The heart supremely blest.

Search nature round, her scenes of bliss,
Surpassing this how seldom found.

3 Behold the rising age,
Our trust for future years ;
These our fond hearts engage,
These exercise our cares.

Celestial given, to earth transferred
To be prepared for seats in Heaven.

4 Ourselves in these we view,
Our errors we retrieve,
Our life in them renew,
While time itself shall live.

In wisdom's way, a filial race
Our works shall grace, through countless days.

5 To Him who plac'd us here,
And kindly thus bestows,
We raise from hearts sincere
Our fond and fervent vows.

O may he still our offspring lead,
With careful heed to do his will.

HYMN 9. P. M.

1 REJOICE ! the Lord is King :
Your God and King adore ;
Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph ever more

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice ! the Saviour reigns,—
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purg'd our stains
 He took his seat above :

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n :

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy :

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope !
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home :

We soon shall th' archangel's voice,—
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

HYMN 10. L. M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
 And praises throng to crown his head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound when'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more :
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring,
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

HYMN 11. P. M.

- 1 O GOD of my salvation, hear
My nightly groan, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath ;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sovereign power to save
From dark despair and lasting death.
- 2 Thy wrath lays heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrows o'er me roll
While dust and silence spread the gloom.
My friends, belov'd in happier days
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.
- 3 As lost in lonely grief, I tread
The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some throng'd assembly go ;

Through all alike I rove alone,
 While, here forgot and there unknown,
 The change renews my piercing wo.

- 4 And why will God neglect my call ?
 Or who shall profit by my fall,
 When life departs and love expires.
 Can dust and darkness praise the Lord ?
 Or wake, or brighten at his word
 And tune the harp with heavenly quires.
- 5 Yet through each melancholy day,
 I've pray'd to thee, and still will pray,
 Imploring still thy kind return—
 But oh! my friends, my comfort's fled,
 And all my kindred of the dead
 Recal my wandering thoughts to mourn.

HYMN 12. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way ;
 His beams thro' all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes
 It spreads diviner light,
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just ;
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.
- 4 While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad ;
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Saviour and my God.

HYMN 13. S. M.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring Salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
" He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets long'd to know,
And sought but never found.
- 4 How blest our ravish'd eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings deserv'd it long
But dy'd without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord displays his arm,
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 14. S. M

- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
Let ev'ry heart rejoice,

The trumpet of the gospel sound,
With an inviting voice.

- 2 Come all ye hungry starving souls;
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill th' immortal mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd,
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Come ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here may you quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
And spreading ocean's join ;
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 Great God the treasures of thy love,
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

HYMN 15. P. M.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from all transitory things,
Tow'rd's heaven thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise my soul and haste away
To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course,
 Fires ascending seek the sun,
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly my riches ; fly my cares
 While I that coast explore,
 Flattering world, with all thy snares,
 Solicit me no more.
 Pilgrims fix not here their home,
 Strangers tarry but a night,
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon the 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 exchang'd for heaven.

HYMN 16. P. M.

The Babylonian captivity.

- 1 ALONG where the Babel's current flows,
 Our captive bands in deep despondence stay'd,
 While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
 Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.
- 2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
 When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,

In mournful silence on the willows hung ;
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

- 3 The barbarous tyrants, to increase the woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim ;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name
- 4 But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons, a song of Zion raise ?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
'Thou land of glory, sacred mount to praise.
- 5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame ;
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.
- 6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,
His arm avenge her desolated walls
And raise her children to eternal day.

HYMN 17. L. M.

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll ;
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,—
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade ;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But oh ! what brighter worlds above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love !
God's only Son, in bliss array'd ;
Though once a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither my soul, with rapture soar !
There, in the land, of praise, adore ;
The theme demands an angel's lay ;—
Demands an everlasting day.

HYMN 18. L. M.

- 1 GOD in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal councils known ;
Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame,
May taste his grace and learn his name ;
" Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts,
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 4 Our raging passions it controuls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world to view,
And guides us all our journey through.

HYMN 19. L. M.

- 1 'TIS finish'd ! lo the Saviour cry'd,
And meekly bow'd his head and dy'd ;
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run.
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd as was design'd,
In me the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more,
Must stain his robes with purple gore ;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone :
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd,
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round,
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
'Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sly.

HYMN 20. L. M.

- 1 THE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell !
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

- 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
 Fled from the close pursuing wave :
 Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
 Nor swiftness 'scape nor courage save.
- 3 How dire the wreck ! how loud the roar !
 How shrill the universal cry
 Of millions in the last despair,
 Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky !
- 4 Yet Noah, humble happy saint !
 Surrounded with a chosen few,
 Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
 And sung the grace that steer'd him through.
- 5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
 While storms of vengeance round me fall ;
 Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
 Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
- 6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
 Nor ever quit that sure retreat ;
 Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
 Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.
- 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen :
 There not a wave of trouble rolls ;
 But the bright rainbow round the throne
 Seals endless life to all their souls.

HYMN 21. c. m.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears !
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
 Glory, honour, praise, &c.

- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation ! thro' the bleeding Lamb !
 To God we raise our songs :
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN 22.

For a New Year.

- 1 TIME, by moments steal away,
 First the hour and then the day ;
 Small the daily loss appears,
 Yet it soon amounts to years :
 Thus another year is flown,
 Now it is no more our own
 If its brought or promis'd good,
 More than years before the flood.
- 2 But (may none of us forget,)
 It has left us much in debt ;
 Favours from the Lord received,
 Sins that have his spirit griev'd,
 Mark'd by an unerring hand,
 In his book recorded stand ;
 Who can tell the vast amount,
 Plac'd to each of our account ?
- 3 Happy the believing soul !
 Christ for you has paid the whole ;
 While you own the debt is large,
 You may plead a full discharge :
 But, poor careless sinners say
 What can you to justice pay ?
 Tremble, lest when life is past,
 Into prison you be cast.

Spar'd to see another year,
 Let thy blessings meet us here ;
 Come, thy dying work revive,
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive.
 Sun of righteousness, arise !
 Warm our hearts and bless our eyes ;
 Let our pray'r thy bowels move,
 Make this year a year of love.

HYMN 23.

The Leaf.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground :
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound :

Sons of Adam once in Eden
 Blighted when like us he fell,
 Here the lecture we are reading,
 'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much, presuming
 On your boasted white and red,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.

Gripping misers nightly waking,
 See the end of all your care ;
 Fled on wings of our own making,
 We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
 Flutt ring high in fancied worth,
 Lo ! the fickle air, that raises,
 Brings us down to parent earth.

- 6 Learned sophs, in systems jaded,
 Who for new ones daily call,
 Cease, at length, by us persuaded,
 Ev'ry leaf must have its fall!
- 7 Youth though yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay in health and manly grace,
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
 Summer gives to autumn place.
- 8 Venerable sires grown hoary,
 Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
 Think, amidst your falling glory,
 Autumn tells a winter nigh.
- 9 Yearly in our course returning,
 Messengers of shortest stay,
 Thus we preach this truth concerning,
 "Heaven and earth shall pass away."
- 10 On the tree of life eternal,
 Man, let all thy hopes be staid,
 Which alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

HYMN 24.

Lines written in a winter's walk.

- 1 AS the earth when enrapp'd in a mantle of snow
 From the centre diffuses a heat,
 That prepares ev'ry seed in due season to blow
 And each flow'ret to scatter its sweet:
 So the soul, robed in innocence proudly defies
 Of cold malice and envy the blast,
 And within forms its blossom and fruit for the sky
 Till the storm of affliction be past.

2 My moral was finish'd, when chang'd by a thraw
 The snow ran in torrents around ;
 Vain mortal, said I, with humility draw
 The instruction that speaks from the ground.—
 Thine innocent robe should a Saviour remove,
 How naked thine heart would appear ;—
 And dissolv'd by the beams of his mercy and love
 How fast flow the penitent tear.—

3 But he who thus soften the clods of the earth,
 And thus waters the furrows below,
 For man's deaden'd nature can give a new birth,
 And make his sins whiter than snow.

DOXOLOGY. c. m.

LET God the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or Saints to love the Lord.

HYMN 25.

The Bible.

1 FATHER of mercies in thy word
 What endless glories shines !
 Forever be thy name ador'd
 For these celestial lines !

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a sweet repast ;
 Sublimier sweets, than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.

- 4 Here springs of consolation rise
 To cheer the fainting mind ;
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavn'ly peace around ;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound !
- 6 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light !
- 7 Divine instructor gracious Lord,
 Be thou forever near ;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there !

DOXOLOGY.

NOW to the great and sacred three
 The Father Son, and Spirit be
 Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
 Through all the world where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the Saints in Heaven.

HYMN 25.

A Saphic Ode.

- 1 Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of,
 Death and destruction in the field of battle,
 Where blood and carnage clothe the ground i
 crimson,
 Sounding in death groans ?

- 2 Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the King of terrors ;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.
- 3 Infinite goodness teaches us submission ;
Bids us be quiet under all its dealings :
Never repining but forever praising
God our Creator.
- 4 Well may we praise him—all his ways are perfect ;
Through a resplendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals
Struck blind by lustre.
- 5 Good is Jehovah in bestowing sun-shine.
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder ;
Mercies and judgment both proceed from kindness,
Infinite kindness.
- 6 O then exalt, that God forever reigneth ;
Clouds, which surround him hinder our perception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises !
- 7 Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master,
I will commit all that I have or wish for ;
Sweetly as the babes sleep will I give my life up
When call'd to yield it.

HYMN 27. L. M.

- 1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;

And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

- 3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds !
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

HYMN 28. L. M.

- 1 LORD I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine :
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there.
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ?
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN 29. C. M.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine
How mean their writings look.

- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
 Could shew one sin forgiv'n ;
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave,
 But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end to what we call
 Perfection here below :
 How short the powers of nature fall,
 And can no farther go.
- 4 Yet man would fain be just with God,
 By works their hands have wrought ;
 But thy commands exceeding broad,
 Extends to every thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
 While sin defiles our frame :
 And sinks our virtues down so far,
 They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith, and love, and every grace
 Fall far below thy word ;
 But perfect truth and righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord.

HYMN 30. C. M.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die :
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high :
- 2 Shall join the disembod' d saints,
 And find its long sought rest,
 (That only rest for which it pants)
 On the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 Lord, what are all my sufferings here ?
 If thou but mak'st me meet,
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet.

- 4 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain ;
 Take life and friends away ;
 But let me find them all again,
 In that eternal day.

HYMN 31. P. M.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler power ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God : He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train :
 His truth forever stands secure :
 He saves th' oppress'd he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

HYMN 32. P. M.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God
 In the way the fathers trod ;
 They are happy now and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed be glad !
 Christ our Advocate is made ;—
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,——
 Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Lord ! submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 33. P. M.

1 HITHER ye faithful haste with songs of triumph,
 To Bethlem go the Lord of life to meet ;
 To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour,
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

3 O ! Jesus for such won'drous condescension
 Our praise and rev'ence are an off'ring meet ;
 Now is the word made flesh and dwells amongst us,
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his Almighty name ye choirs of Angels,
 Let the celestial court, his praise repeat ;
 Unto our God be glory in the highest ;
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

HYMN 34.

Nativity of Christ.

1 ALL hail the ever glad'ning morn !
 To us a holy child is born :
 To us, to us a Son is giv'n ;
 Jesus the Lord of earth and heav'n.
 We will the new-born King adore,
 And love, and praise him evermore.

- 2 His wide dominion shall increase,
And bless the earth with heav'nly peace,
His reign shall over all extend,
Nor shall his glorious kingdom end.
We will the new-born King, &c.
- 3 Behold ! the government he bears,
See what transporting names he wears ;
While all the rays of truth and grace,
Shine in the dear Emanuel's face.
We will the new-born King, &c.
- 4 Sov'reigns to him rich odours bring,
And infant sweet Hosannas sing ;
The sons of wo, who mourn and weep,
A joyful jubilee shall keep.
We will the new-born King, &c.
- 5 The dumb shall sing, shall shout his name,
The lame shall leap to spread his fame,
The blind shall his salvation see,
And sin-bound captives shall go free.
We will the new-born King, &c.
- 6 Lo ! God in our own flesh appears ;
Our sorrows, and our sins he bears ;
And all that in his name believe
Shall everlasting life receive.
We will the new-born King, &c.
- 7 All hail ! thou Universal Good,
Thy birth, and thy redeeming blood,
To joys supreme shall millions raise,
And fill the eternal world with praise.
We will the new-born King adore,
And love, and praise him evermore.

HYMN 35. C. M.

COME, holy spirit, heav'nly dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.

See how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls how heavily they go,
 For each eternal joys!

In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
 In vain we strive to rise!
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

Come Holy Spirit, Heav'nly dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours!

HYMN 36. L. M.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows;
 Praise him in Heaven, where he his face
 Unveil'd, in perfect glory shows.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
 Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
 Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
 And gentle psaltry's silver sound.

Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
 And some with graceful motion dance;
 Let instruments of various strings,
 With organs join'd his praise advance.

- 4 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he does to them afford;
 In just returns of praise employ;
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

HYMN 37. C. M.

- 1 AT Jacob's well, a stranger sought
 His drooping frame to cheer
 Samaria's daughter little thought
 That Jacob's God was there.
- 2 This had she known her fainting mind
 For richer draughts had sigh'd,
 Nor had Messiah ever kind
 Those richer draughts denied.

HYMN 38. L. M.

- 1 FROM low pursuits exalt my mind;
 From ev'ry vice of ev'ry kind,
 Nor let my conduct ever tend
 To wound the feelings of a friend.
- 2 Tho' golden flowers my path should grace
 And joy salute me as I pass,
 Yet may my gen'rous bosom know
 And learn to feel anothers' wo.

HYMN 39. L. M.

- 1 THUS Agur breath'd his warm desire—
 " My God, two favours I require ;
 " In neither my request deny,
 " Vouchsafe them both before I die.
- 2 " Far from my heart and tents exclude
 " Those enemies to all that's good ;
 " Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
 " And falsehoods pestilential breath.
- 3 " Be neither wealth nor want my lot :
 " Below the dome, above the cot.

“ Let me my life unanxious lead ;
 “ And know not luxury nor need.”

- 4 These wishes, Lord, we make our own ;
 Oh, shed in moderation down
 Thy bounties, till this mortal breath,
 Expiring, tunes thy praise in death.
- 5 But shouldst thou, large possessions give ;
 May we with thankfulness receive
 Th' exub'rance— still our God adore,
 And bless the needy from our store !
- 6 Or, should we feel the pains of want,—
 Submission, resignation grant ;
 'Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
 Or call us to the bliss on high.

HYMN 40. C. M.

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
 In ev'ry time and place,
 Glory to our heavenly King,
 The Lord of truth and grace.

2 Join we then with sweet accord ;
 All in one thanksgiving join,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 Eternal praise be thine.

HYMN 41. L. M.

1. NATURE with open volume stands,
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
 And ev'ry labour of his hands
 Shews something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man,
 His brightest form of glory shines ;
 Here on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
 In precious blood and crimson lines.

- 3 Here his whole name appears complete ;
 Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
 Which of the letters best is writ,
 The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.

HYMN 42. C. M.

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

HYMN 43. P. M.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound,
 Let all the nations know,
 To earths remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come :
 Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 2 Jesus our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad ;
The year of Jubilee, &c.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee, &c.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of jubilee, &c.
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall give it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love,
The year of Jubilee, &c.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And sav'd from earth appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of jubilee, &c.

HYMN 44. L. M.

HE dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus the dead revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
 Up to his Father's courts he flies;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, Death in chains!
 Say "Live for ever, wond'rous KING,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy victory boasting grave?"

HYMN 45. C. M.

- 1 STOOP down my thoughts that use to rise
 Converse awhile with death;
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
 His pulses faint and few;
 Then speechless with a doleful groan,
 He bids the world adieu.

HYMN 46. L. M.

- 1 GO forth, ye Heralds, in my Name,
 Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
 The glorious jubilee proclaim
 Wherever human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
 And teach them where salvation lies;
 With care bind up the broken heart,
 And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

- 3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
 But harmless as the peaceful dove,
 And let your heav'n taught conduct show,
 That you're commission'd from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
 Freely, in love to others give ;
 Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
 And, by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN 47. L. M.

- 1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
 "Bid the whole earth my grace receive,
 "Explain to them my sacred word,
 "Bid them believe, obey, and live !
- 2 "I'll make my great commission known,
 "And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
 "By all the works that I have done,
 "And all the wonders you shall do.
- 3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 "Go cast out devils in my name ;
 "Nor let my prophets be afraid,
 "Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.
- 4 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
 On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode.
 They to the farthest nation spread.
 The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 48. C. M.

- 1 THOU God, all glory, honour, pow'r
 Are worthy to receive,
 Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
 And by thy bounty live.

- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour and wealth to gain,
Glory, and strength ; who for our sins,
A sacrifice was slain !
- 3 All worthy thou, who has redeem'd,
And ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry nation ev'ry coast,
By thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
By all in earth and Heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN 49. L. M.

- 1 ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise,
Shall our transported voices raise ;
What ardent love and real are due,
While Heav'n stands open to our view ?
- 2 Once we were fall'n and O how low !
Just on the brink of endless woe :
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Born on the wings of boundless love.
- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night
And spread around his heav'nly light !
By him what wond'rous grace is shewn
To souls impoverish'd and undone !
- 4 He shews, beyond those mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours ;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
'To share their holy happy State !

HYMN 50. L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER six days work is done ;
Another Sabbath is begun ;

Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns,
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an ante-part of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes both old and new ;
With praise, we think on mercies past,
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 51. S. M.

1 NOT to an idol-god
Of wood, or stone, or gold
Will we direct the voice of pray'r,
And our distress unfold.

2 Jehovah is our God,
Whose being ne'er begun,
And through duration's endless line
His endless days shall run.

3 Infinite too thy grace,
In whose immense profound
Sins, that like hills, like mountains rise,
Are in oblivion drown'd.

4 We, Lord to thee alone
Our prayers and praises give ;
We are thy work, and not our own,
And by thy love we live.

HYMN 52. L. M.

- 1 LET Party-Names no more
The Christian World o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and Bond and Free,
And one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell !
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

HYMN 53.

- 1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals ;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest ;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

DOXOLOGY. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN 54. S. M.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
 Where zeal and friendship meet,
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows;
 Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
 They poured the rich perfume,
 The oil through all his raiment spread,
 And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills,
 The saints are blest above,
 Where joy like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

HYMN 55. L. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 Know the Lord is God alone;
 He can create and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power without our aid
 Made us of clay and form'd us men:

And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven, our voices raise
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love !
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 56. C. M.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great :
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

HYMN 57. S. M.

1 LET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God ;

Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

HYMN 58. C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
End ev'ry sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

HYMN 59. c. m.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 3 O ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes !
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 60. c. m.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry ;
" Ye living men come view the ground
" Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 " Princes, this clay must be your bed,
" In spite of all your tow'rs ;
" The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
" Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more !

- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 61. S. M.

- 1 WELCOME sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasureable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away,
 To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 62. C. M.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our love.

- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb ?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 And soften'd ev'ry bed ;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying head ?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And show'd our feet the way :
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise :
 Awake, ye nations under ground ;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 63. c. m.

- 1 TO thee let my first offerings rise,
 Whose sun creates the day,
 Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
 And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh !
 So oft vouchsaf'd before !
 Still may it lead, protect, supply !
 And I that hand adore !
- 3 If bliss thy Providence impart,
 For which resign'd I pray ;
 Give me to feel the grateful heart
 And without guilt be gay !
- 4 Be this, and every future day
 Still wiser than the past ;

And, when I all my life survey,
 May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 64. C. M.

- 1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
 My soul, wake all thy powers :
 He calls, and at his voice come forth
 The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps ;
 My tongue, his goodness sing ;
 Summer and winter know their time,
 His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
 The waving yellow crop :
 With joy they bear the sheaves away,
 And sow again in hope.
- 4 Then, in the last great harvest, I
 Shall reap a glorious crop :
 The harvest shall by far exceed
 What I have sown in hope.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honours raise ;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise.
 With all our powers,
 Eternal King
 Thy name we sing
 While faith adores.

HYMN 65. P. M.

- 1 LO he cometh countless trumpets,
Blow before the bloody sign ;
Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See the crucified shine.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome bleeding Lamb.
- 2 Now redemption long expected,
Through the eternal deep resound ;
Now resplendant shine his nail-prints
Every eye shall see his wound,
They who pierc'd him, &c.
Shall the great Messiah see !
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
They who hate him must confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day.
Come to judgment, &c.
Come to judgment, come away.
- 4 Now his merits by the harpers,
In eternal anthems ring,
And his saints by men rejected
Shall his boundless praises sing ;
Hallelujah, &c.
See the day of God appear.
- 5 Yea ; Amen ; let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdoms for thy own !
O come quickly, &c.
Hallelujah, come Lord come.







