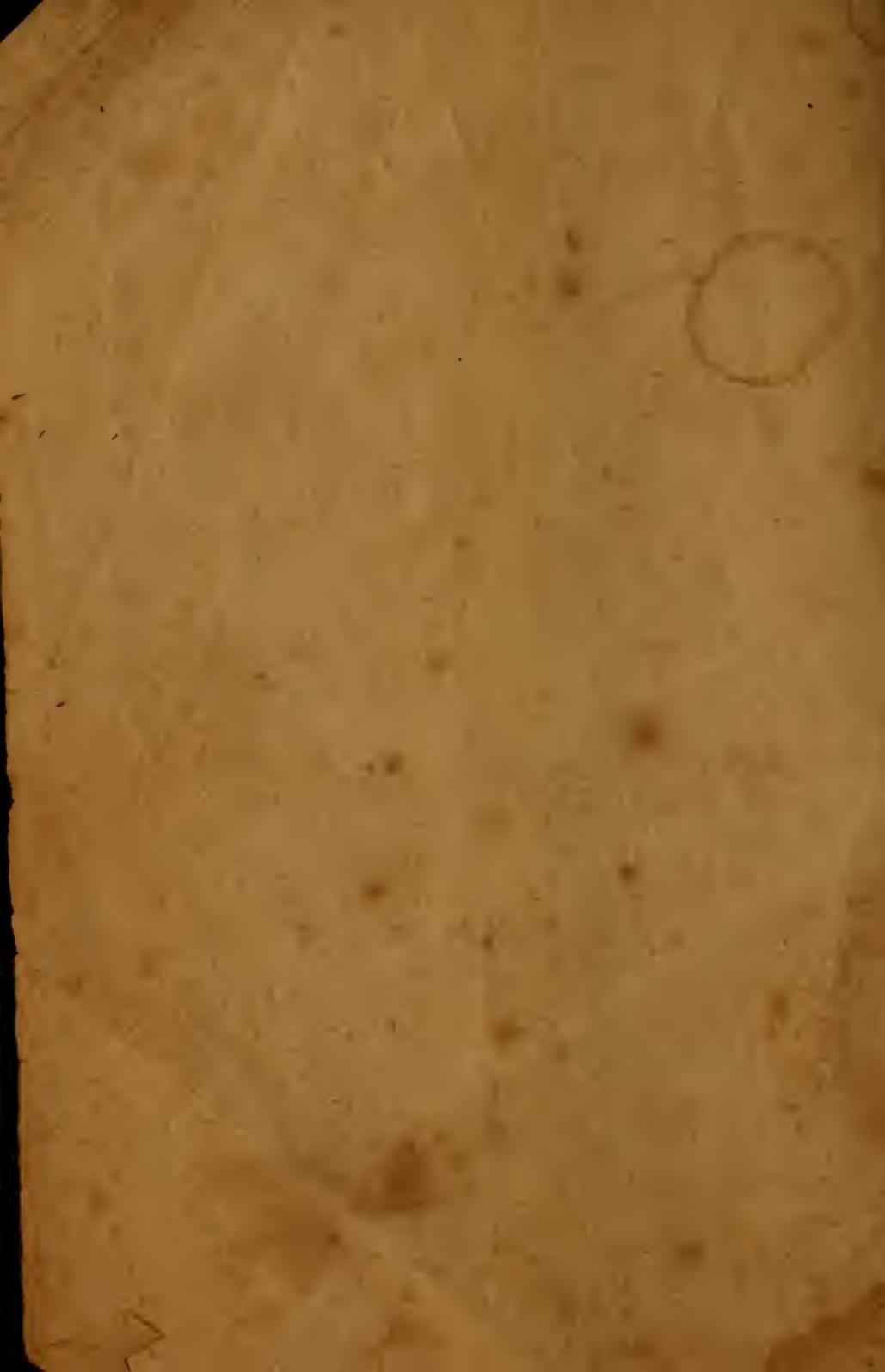


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A
CHOICE SELECTION
OF
HYMNS,

FOR THE

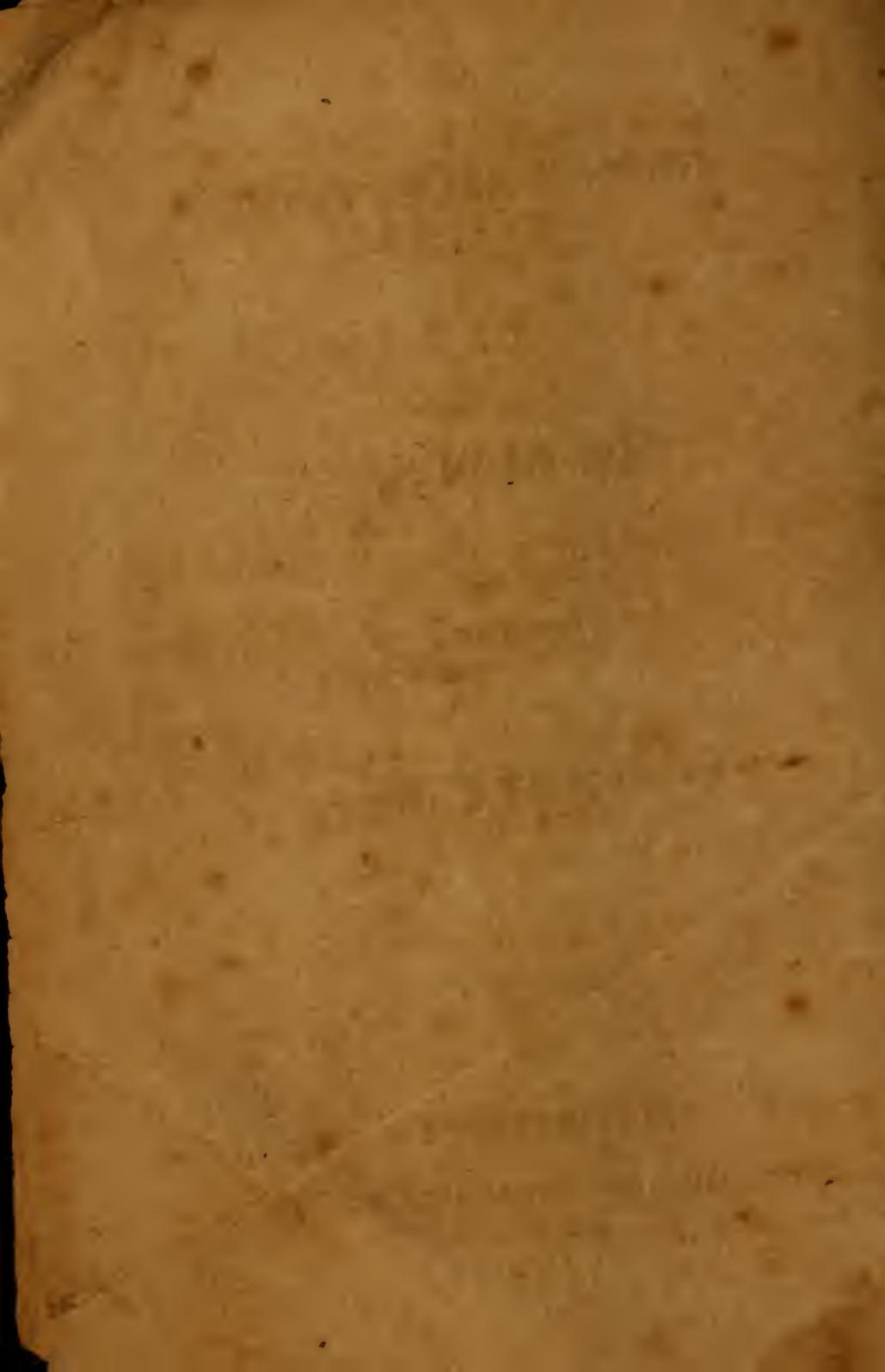
Glory of Christ.

MATHETCHY :

PUBLISHED BY ABRAHAM KRUPP.

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1814.



CHOICE SELECTION OF

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

The Glory of Christ.

- 1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee ;
Or cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion declare, have you seen,
The star that on Israel shone ?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
Or where with his flock has he gone.

- 5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments strew'd odours around ;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 The roses of Sharon, the lillies that grow,
In the vales, on the banks of the streams ;
On his cheeks does the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 7 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.
- 8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 9 Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight,
Through all the bright mansions on high,
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And praise him with fullness of joy.
- 10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word,
He speaks and eternity fill'd with his voice
Reaches the praise of the Lord.

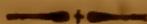
HYMN II.

The Heavenly Bridegroom.

- 1 Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To all who will believe,
I am your Saviour and your King,
'Tis you I will retrieve.
- 2 For you I left my shining seat,
And dwelt with mortal man ;
That in me you should be complete ;
See what a noble plan.
- 3 Behold I now am passing by
And knock at every door,
My kingdom is come very nigh,
Resist my will no more.
- 4 Ye jewels of a loving king,
Why will you go astray ?
While angels long with you to sing,
And live in endless day.
- 5 For you I fought, for you I died,
For you I rose again :
Come now and be your Saviours bride,
The kingdom you shall gain.
- 6 Through me you may enjoy complete,
Become a lawful heir,
Of all my wealth : and my blest seat
I'll freely with you share.

- 7 Your bodies shall be clothed with light,
And your whole frame renew'd,
Immortal and complete upright,
Receive immortal food.
- 8 You'll feast upon the tree of life,
And hidden manna eat :
The honours of a lawful wife
You shall possess complete.
- 9 Myself, my all to you I'll give,
When I shall bring you home ;
Seraphs rejoice to see you live,
They long to see you come.
- 10 Heaven shall wonder at the sight,
When I'll present my bride :
The greatest angels will delight
To see you by my side.
- 11 Now what is there below the sun,
That can entice your heart,
From me and from your God to run,
With satan take a part.
- 12 The marriage day is drawing near,
The supper is at hand ;
O think, if you dare not appear!
Poor souls, how will you stand !

Show the length, the breadth, and hight,
 And depth of Jesus' love.
 Fain I would to sinners show,
 The blood by faith alone apply'd ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !



HXMN VI.

A warning to Sinners.

- 1 When pity prompts me to look down,
 Upon my fellow clay ;
 See men reject the gospel sound,
 O God ! what shall I say ?
- 2 My bowels yearn for dying men,
 Doom'd to eternal woe,
 Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
 If God does not speak too.
- 3 O sinners, sinners, wont you hear ?
 Will you slight such a friend ?
 Will you neglect your all, so dear,
 And miss a happy end ?
- 4 Will you dear creatures of a king,
 Go headlong down to hell ?
 Shall I see saints in glory sing,
 And you with devils dwell ?

- 5 And can you bear this dreadful thought,
Of missing all at last,
While you by Christ would not be taught,
When death will hold you fast ?
- 6 O dont refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.
- 7 Then where poor mortals will you be ;
If destitute of grace ;
When you your injur'd judge shall see,
And stand before his face ?
- 8 If you could shun that dreadful sight,
How you would wish to fly,
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye.
- 9 But death and hell must then give up,
Their dead who shall appear,
At the last trumpets awful sound,
Their woeful doom to hear !
- 10 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But unto them give ear ;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair,

HYMN VII.

Parting Hymn.

- 1 Ye happy children who follow Jesus,
 Into the house of prayer and praise ;
 Who are join'd in union while love increases,
 Resolve this way to spend your days.
 Although we are hated by the world and satan,
 And flesh, and such as know not God ;
 Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
 We oft time find on Canaan's road.
- 2 Whilst we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
 We've felt some streams coming from above ;
 Our hearts have burn'd with holy rapture,
 We long to be absorb'd in love.
 Then let us hold fast what is given,
 And trust in God for time to come ;
 Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
 So farewell brethren, I'm going home.
- 3 But as we go let us praise our Jesus,
 And pray for those who spurn his grace ;
 Lest they should lose love's richest treasures,
 And ne'er enjoy God's smiling face
 Now here's my hand, and my best wishes,
 In token of my christian love ;
 In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
 So farewell brethren, we'll meet above.

HYMN VIII.

The Jewels of the Lord.

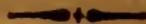
- 1 Ye jewels of my master,
 Who shine with heavenly rays,
 Amid the beams of glory,
 Reflect immortal blaze.
 Ye diamonds of beauty,
 With pleasing lustre crown'd,
 Of heavenly extraction,
 To Zions city bound.
- 2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
 The purchase of his blood,
 Who feed among the lillies
 Beside the purple flood.
 Go on ye happy pilgrims,
 Your journey still pursue ;
 And at a humble distance,
 I'll sing and follow too.
- 3 When I beheld your order
 And harmony of soul,
 And heard divinest numbers
 In pure devotion roll.
 And gems immortal glowing,
 With such enliv'ning grace,
 I view'd my Saviours image,
 Impress'd on many a face,

- 4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And often be your voices,
In pure devotion join'd.
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies,
Take courage brother, (sister) pilgrim,
And soon you'll win the prize.
- 5 Ye shall be mine says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Releas'd from cumbrous clay.
He'll polish and refine you,
From worthless dross and tin ;
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.
- 6 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound.
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands ;
Lo, you'r redeem'd forever,
From death's corrupted bands.
- 7 As Aaron with his girdle,
In shining jewels drest,
Bore all the tribes of Israel,
Inscrib'd upon his breast ;
So will the Priest of Zion,
Before the Fathers throne,

Present the heirs of glory
And God the kindred own.

8 The golden bells will echo,
Around the sacred hill,
And sweet immortal anthems
The vocal regions fill.
In everlasting beauty,
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the rock of ages,
Amid the promis'd land.

9 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving rapture,
Be lost in love profound.
While all the flaming harpers,
Begin the lasting song ;
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumbered throng.



HYMN IX.

An Antepast of the Joys and World to come.

1 THERE is a land of pleasure,
We are invited there :
By him who holds the treasure,
By him who did for us prepare
The living way to glory :
My loving fellow pilgrims dear,
Come listen to my story.

- 2 From Pisga's top, Oh glory !
Methinks I see the promis'd land !
Bright Zion fair before me,
My Saviour reaching me his hand:
He bids me draw still nigher,
Yet I but move so slow along,
Which sets my soul on fire.
- 3 My flaming heart's on fire,
I look beyond the starry blue:
My thoughts are mounting higher,
Eternal objects I pursue.
Come saints, so dear united,
Behold your new New Jerusalem,
By your dear Lord provided.
- 4 O could I list of Zion !
Its sweetness and a sight so fair ;
Dear souls you may rely on,
The prince of life himself is there.
I hear, I hear him calling,
While four and twenty elders bright
Around his throne are falling.
- 5 To think, that mortal creatures,
Were ever made such bliss to see ;
When I behold your features,
Still something is surprising me,
This love with which we're sealed,
Tis something of that image sweet,
Which is to saints revealed.

- 6 Oh the thoughts of new creation !
 'Tis almost more than I can bare ;
 Therefore each dear relation,
 I long with you my joys to share :
 I feel such living pleasure,
 I see much more than I can tell,
 Come see yourselves the treasure.
- 7 My loving friends don't tarry,
 Rush on with joy your Heav'nly way ;
 We're very near the ferry,
 Where we shall leave these clocks of clay.
 We all may see them failing,
 They're tott'ring now, and by and by,
 We shall be swifter sailing.
- 8 We'll tell a lovely story,
 When we shake hands in Zion fair ;
 Methinks I feel the glory,
 Methinks I see my Jesus there,
 In his imperial station,
 With looks of love to all his saints,
 Who join the congregation.

HYMN X.

The Drunkards Conversion.

- 1 SHOULD man forsake divinest good,
 And make his soul a slave to food ?
 Vile as the beast whose spirit dies,
 And has no hope above the skies.

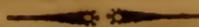
Can meats, or choicest wine procure
 Delights that ever shall endure ?
 Was I not born above the swine,
 And shall I make their pleasure mine ?

Am I not made for nobler things,
 Made to ascend on angels wings ?
 Shall my best pow'rs be thus debas'd,
 And part with heav'n to please my taste ?

Can I forget the fatal deed,
 How Eve brought death on all her seed ?
 Shall I still persevere to drink
 Eternal death, and never sink ?

Was life design'd alone to eat ?
 What is the mouth, or what the meat ?
 Both from the ground derive their birth,
 And both shall mix with common earth.

Great God ! new mould my sensual mind,
 And let my joys be more refin'd ;
 Raise me to dwell among the blest,
 And fit me for thy sacred breast.



HYMN XI.

Probationer.

My dearest friends that's here below,
 My Saviour's flock I mean ;
 With you I long to die and go,
 Through this delusive scene.

- 2 But as we pass along, we must
 Beware of Mammons store ;
Or else he'll load us with his dust,
 And make our journey sore.
- 3 O pilgrims dear, such cares forego !
 All earth born cares are wrong ;
Man wants but little here below,
 And that he don't want long.
- 4 We're trav'ling through this lustful fair,
 As only passing by ;
We're bound far greater bliss to share,
 In fairer worlds on high.
- 5 And if we meet with trying hours,
 We'll fall upon our knees :
God will send down his golden show'rs,
 Our faith and love increase.
- 6 A few more rolling suns at most,
 If we remain in love,
Will land us safe on Canaans coast,
 Our heritage above.

HYMN XII.

A Hymn of Praise.

- 1 MAY we, while angels praise their king,
With lisp'ing tongues our praises bring,
While God in love has bless'd us so,
While we see blessings round us flow.
- 2 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye shining throngs,
Praise him to whom all praise belongs.

HYMN XIII.

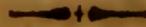
The Believers Inquiry.

- 1 LET us ask th' important question !
Brethren be not vain secure,
What it is to be a Christain,
How we may our hearts assure?
Vain is all our best devotion,
If on false foundation built ;
True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt.
- 2 'Tis to trust our well beloved,
If his blood has wash'd us clean ;
'Tis to know the guilt's removed,
Though we feel the war within.

To believe that all is finished,
Though so much remains t'endure ;
Find the dangers undiminish'd,
Yet to hold deliv'rance sure.

3 'Tis to hear the holy Spirit,
Prompting us to secret pray'r,
To rejoice in Jesus' merit,
Yet continual sorrow bear,
To receive a full remission,
Of our sins for evermore ;
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
Begging mercy ev'ry hour.

4 To be steadfast in believing,
Yet to tremble, fear and quake,
Ev'ry moment be receiving
Strength, and yet be always weak,
To be fighting, fleeing, turning,
Fearing, sinking yet to swim ;
To converse with Jesus mourning,
For ourselves, or else for him.



HYMN XIV.

The Heavenly Mariner.

1 THROUGH tribulations deep,
The way to glory is ;
This stormy course I keep,
On these tempestuous seas :

By waves and winds, I'm tost and driv'n,
Freighted with grace, and bound to heav'n.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in :
But still my little ship outbraves,
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3 When I in my distress,
My anchor hope can cast,
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast ;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy blasts, and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heav'n no breezes give,
The oar of pray'r I use,
I tug, and toil, and strive :
Through storms and calms for many a day,
I make but very little way.

5 But when a heav'nly breeze,
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease,
Before the pleasant gale,
And runs as much an hour or more,
As in a day or two before.

- 6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
 The sun doth not appear ;
 Nor can I in the night,
 Behold the moon or star:
 Sometimes for days and weeks or more,
 I cannot see the sky or shore.
- 7 As at the time of noon,
 My quadrant faith I take,
 To view my Christ my Sun,
 When he the clouds doth break:
 I'm happy when his face I see,
 I know then where about I be.
- 8 The Bible is my chart,
 By it the seas I know ;
 I cannot with it part,
 It rocks and sands doth show :
 It is a chart and compass too,
 Whose needle points forever true.
- 9 And yet I would be lost,
 In spite of all my care ;
 But that the Holy Ghost,
 Himself vouchsafes to steer :
 And I, through all my voyage, will
 Depend upon my steersman's skill.
- 13 Ere I can reach Heav'ns coast,
 I must a gulf pass through,
 Which, dreadful proves to most,
 For all this passage go :
 But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm
 If God himself is at my helm.

HYMN XV.

Few who Start Fairly.

- 1 DESTRUCTIONS dang'rous road,
What multitudes pursue !
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers enter in,
By Christ the narrow gate,
While those who will not leave their sin,
Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite,
They'd rather choose the road that's wide,
And strive to think it right.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend ;
And say, so many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.
- 5 But numbers are no mark,
That men will right be found ;
For few were sav'd in Noah's ark,
And many millions drown'd.
- 6 Few Israelites obey'd,
And came into their land ;
While six times hundred thousand stay'd,
Or perish'd in the sand.

- 7 And now we see again,
Plain gospel truths denied,
By priests and scribes which take great pain,
To prove tradition's right.
- 8 Many a speech they make,
To keep dear souls from light ;
They see their carnal gain at stake,
If men should see aright.
- 9 But O my heart is griev'd,
When precious souls I find,
By art and slight of men deceived,
Who preach to keep them blind.
- 10 O may false prophets fall,
And gospel truths alone,
With life and light appear to all,
Ascending on the throne.
- 11 Now, I the steps will walk,
Of Jesus my dear friend ;
Let formalists and mongrels talk,
Their glory soon will end.
- 12 But precious souls I must
Call and invite again ;
You'll soon be number'd with the dust,
So spare no time nor pain.

- 13 Read for yourselves and judge,
Search with a praying heart,
Be not men's slaves, be not their drudge,
With babel take no part.
- 14 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may ;
The flock of Christ was always small,
And none are safe but they.

HYMN XXVI.

The Bodily parting and Spiritual Union of Saints.

- 1 Farewell my dear kindred, it seems we must part,
In body we may so, but never in heart ;
We'll keep close united, and sealed in love,
Press on to perfection, we'll soon meet above !
- 2 Farewell dear relations I long for the day,
When the great congregation, will all meet and
stay,
In the mansions of glory ; how sweet will it be,
Where all the dear children, each other shall see !
- 3 Farewell my dear brethren, let's all watch and
pray !
Farewell my dear sisters, don't sleep on your way !
As lambs of one Shepherd, attend to his word,
And shortly our angels, will bring us to port.

- 4 There all things are plenty, the leaves growing
green,
And the parting of Christians, no more will be
seen ;
With many more millions, which we ne'er did see,
In the land of fair Canaan, acquainted we'll be.
- 5 Farewell dear young people, how can you delay,
And slight a dear Saviour, who calls you away ?
You are much too precious to link with that foe,
Who only does court you your souls to undo.
- 6 Farewell ye poor worldlings, your cross I disdain,
Your bodies must moulder to dust soon again ;
Unless you repent, you must perish and die,
While Christ's loving people are soaring on high.
- 7 And when we meet Jesus in the mansions above,
Where bright saints and angels are filled with
love ;
Oh ! then I shall look for the Christians that's here :
How glad we shall be, to meet each other there.