



re

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J. Scudder

1872

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COMPANION

TO THE

CHRISTIAN LYRE.

COMPRISING THE HYMNS OF THE LYRE,
WITH ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

By Joshua Leavitt.

NEW-YORK:

JONATHAN LEAVITT,
112 Broadway.

BOSTON: CROCKER AND BREWSTER,
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1833.

L48

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PREFACE.

THE CHRISTIAN LYRE, a collection of hymns, accompanied with appropriate music, was published in the year 1831. The object of the publication was to collect and preserve a large number of hymns and tunes appropriate to seasons of revival, and other occasions, but which were not found in any existing compilation. By the blessing of God the work was not only made useful, but obtained so much favor with the public, that about forty thousand volumes have been published and sold since the work first appeared. It was extensively used in the protracted meetings which distinguished that remarkable and glorious year. And in many places it is still the only book used in their prayer meetings and other evening exercises.

It was from the suggestion of many friends, with particular reference to such places, that the idea was taken, of publishing the hymns separate from the music. Then it was thought

best to add a few more hymns for the sake of rendering the work more complete and satisfactory, and fitting it to answer the purpose of a prayer meeting hymn book.

It is now presented to the churches, as a hymn book, designed for evening meetings, families, and special religious occasions. The aim of the compiler has been, to make a book adapted to the state of the church at the present day. Besides a collection of hymns for missionary and temperance meetings, many of them quite modern, the reader will find that special regard has been paid to what is generally considered the present exigency of the church—the sanctification of believers. The influence of hymns is very great; and if the hymns in general use are almost exclusively of a doubting, desponding, timid, unresolved cast, they will tend very powerfully to keep Christians in such a state. The use of sacred songs of a more energetic and stirring character is believed to be one of the means by which the church is to be strengthened for millennial achievements.

I have endeavored to make this, as far as practicable and suitable, a "Union Hymn

Book." Having had the kind assistance of two ministering brethren, one a Baptist, the other a Methodist, in making the selections, and being myself a minister in the Presbyterian church, I hope I have been enabled to produce a compilation, which will, in a good degree, meet the wants and views of revival Christians, in at least three of the leading divisions of the Christian host; and that, as in the Seamen's Hymn Book, so in this, while the peculiarities of neither are made offensively prominent, the spiritual appetite of each will find an appropriate and satisfactory supply.

And I flatter myself there are not many of those hymns which are found peculiarly useful in seasons when the tone of religious feeling is high and pure, but what will be found in this book.

I have taken considerable pains to restore many excellent hymns to the form in which they were left by their authors. The business of mutilating and altering hymns, according to the ever varying caprice of compilers, has been carried to an unreasonable extent. Some of the hymns will be found abridged, by omitting verses that could

be spared; and some alterations, made by former hands, are retained: but in very few instances have I ventured an alteration of my own.

TESTIMONIAL.

THE subscriber has thoroughly examined the "COMPANION TO THE CHRISTIAN LYRE," and assisted the Rev. Mr. Leavitt in selecting the hymns for the supplement, with particular reference to making it a union hymn book; and I hereby express my approbation of the work, and recommend it to our denomination, as the best compilation I have seen for social and family worship.

JAMES H. LINDSLEY,
Pastor of the Baptist Church in Milford, Ct.

THE ARRANGEMENT.

THIS hymn book is divided into three parts; the first and second corresponding with the first and second volumes of the Lyre; and the third consisting of additional hymns. The hymns in parts 1 and 2, are in the same order, and numbered the same, as in the Lyre. In part 3, the hymns are arranged under the following heads: GOSPEL CALLS, CONVICTION, TURNING TO THE LORD, SANCTIFICATION, THE CHRISTIAN LIFE, PRAYER MEETINGS, PARTICULAR OCCASIONS. Under the latter head are found, *Birth Day, Birth of Christ, Daily Worship, Departure of Missionaries, Funeral, Marriage, Meetings of Societies, Monthly Concert, New-Year, Opening a place of Worship, Ordination, Receiving Church Members, Sabbath, Seaman's Meetings, and Temperance Meetings.*

In addition to the usual table of first lines, this book has what is found in no other, an index of first lines, *arranged* under appropriate heads.

TO THE LEADER IN WORSHIP.

If the "Lyre" is used by the leader, he will give out the hymns by the number and *volume*, and those who use the "Companion," will find it by the number and *part*. Thus: hymn 31, part 1, in the "Companion," is hymn 31, volume 1, in the "Lyre." If the leader uses the "Companion," reverse this rule.

TUNES.

The tunes referred to are mostly found in the *Lyre* and *Supplement*, and are referred to by their pages; volume 1 being denoted by "a," volume 2 by "b," and the *Supplement*, by "s." In naming a tune, where the *Lyre* is in use, mention also the page and volume.

H Y M N S.

Benevento, 7s. p. 4. a.

The New Year.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here ;
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below,
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew :
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view :
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Savior's love :

And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

2

Benevento, 7s. p. 4. a.

Expostulation.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 Christ, your Savior, asks you why?
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself, that ye might live.
 Will you let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why?
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love;
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

3

Mount Calvary. 7s. p. 6. a.

Hearts of Stone.

- 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled—rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood:
Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
Murder'd God's eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him there
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue your Lord;
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No! with all my sins I'll part,
Savior, take my broken heart.

4

Bartimeus. p. 8. a. Rome, p. 64, b.

Bartimeus.

- 1 "MERCY, O thou son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;

Till the gracious Savior bid him,
 "Come, and ask me what you will."

- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live;
 But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
 Alms which none but he could give.
- 4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day!"
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around;
 "Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Savior I have found!
- 6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see."

5 Greenville p. 10. a.

Pilgrimage.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, oh! gently lead us
 Through this lowly vale of tears,
 And, oh Lord, in mercy give us
 Thy rich grace in all our fears.
 Oh! refresh us—
 Oh! refresh us with thy grace.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
 From without and from within,

Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin.

Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!

Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

- 4 Oh, that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join!

6

The Sinners.

The same with hymn 35 part ii.

7

Greenville, p. 8. a.

Declension.

- 1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourished,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

- 2 Some, in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below ;
 Some, alas ! we fear are blighted—
 Scarce a single leaf they show.
 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 Oh, permit them not to wither ;
 Let not all our hopes be vain !

8

 Middleton, p. 12. a.

Life's Billows.

- 1 TOSS'D upon life's raging billow,
 Sweet it is, O Lord, to know ;
 Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
 And canst feel a sailor's wo.
 Never slumbering, never sleeping,
 Though the night be dark and drear,
 Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
 "All, all's well," thy constant cheer.
- 2 And though loud the wind is howling,
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
 Darkly, though the storm-cloud's scowling
 O'er the sailor's anxious head ;
 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
 All its noise and tumult still,
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
 At the bidding of thy will.
- 3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
 While to thee I lift mine eye ;
 Thou wilt save me ere I perish,

Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
 And though mast and sail be riven,
 Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
 Safely moor'd in heaven's wide haven,
 Storm and tempest vex no more.

9 *Light of the World.*

This is the same with hymn 29, part II.

10 *Chase. 7s. p. 14. a.*
Self Examination.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know
 Oft it causes anxious thought:
 Do I love the Lord or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove—
 Every trifle give me pain—
 If I knew a Savior's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin—
 Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do;

- You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all!
- 7 Lord decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun:
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 8 Let me love thee more and more
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to day.

Chase, 7s. p. 14. a.

11

The Sinner Warned.

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

12

Chase, 7s. p. 14. a.

The Narrow Gate.

- 1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
 Enter, ere it be too late ;
 Many ask to enter there,
 When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
 And for ever bar the skies :
 Then, though sinners cry without,
 He will say "I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim—
 Lord! we have professed thy name ;
 "We have ate with thee, and heard
 Heavenly teaching in thy word."
- 4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
 Workers of iniquity :
 Sad their everlasting lot—
 Christ will say, "I know you not."

13

Christian Soldier, 7s & 6s. p. 16. a.

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus
 And reign with him above ;
 And from that flowing fountain,
 Drink everlasting love ?

When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasure in?

- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
And since he has proved faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, to fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
- 4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

14

Heavenly Home, 7s. p. 18. a.

The Christian's Home.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that 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 way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your father calls, come home."
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

15

Littleton, p. 20. a.

Inviting Sinners.

- 1 Sinners, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name!"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord!
- 5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,

Tidings bear without delay :
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

16

Loving Kindness, p. 22. a.

Awake, My Soul.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O, how free !
*His loving kindness—Loving kindness,
His loving kindness, O, how free !*
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness. O, how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O, how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O, how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 O! may my last expiring breath,
 His loving kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,
 His loving kindness in the skies.
-

17

Missionary Hymn, p. 24. a. Romaine, p. 148, a.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,

Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole—
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

18

Welch Melody, p. 27. a.

The love of Jesus.

- 1 THERE'S a friend above all others,
Oh, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how he loves!
- 2 Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know him,
Oh, how he loves!
Give thyself, e'en this day, to him,
Oh, how he loves!

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
Oh, how he loves!

3 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee;
Oh, how he loves!

4 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
Oh, how he loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
Oh! how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation!
Oh, how he loves!

5 Let us still this love be viewing,
Oh, how he loves!
And though faint, keep on pursuing,
Oh, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song forever,
Oh, how he loves!

19

Ganges, p. 28. a.

Born again.

- 1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo."
- 2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.
- 3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load;
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God."
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered Death and Hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Savior pass'd this way,

And felt his pity move ;
 The sinner, by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

20

Confidence, 10s & 11s. p. 39. a.

The Lord will provide.

- 1 **THOUGH** troubles assail, and dangers
 affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all
 unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The scripture assures us, *the Lord will
 provide.*
- 2 The birds without barn or store-house are
 fed,
 From them let us learn to trust in our
 Head ;
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be
 denied,
 So long as 'tis written, *the Lord will provide.*
- 3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be
 tost
 On perilous deeps, but need not be lost ;
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the
 tide,
 The promise engages, *the Lord will provide.*
- 4 His call we obey, like Abraham of old ;
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us
 bold :

For though we are strangers, we have a
good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, *the Lord will
provide.*

5 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fill us with fears, we'll triumph by
faith:

He cannot take from us, (though oft he
hath tried,)

The heart-cheering promise, *the Lord will
provide.*

6 No strength of our own, or goodness we
claim,

Yet since we have known the Savior's
great name,

In this our strong tower for safety we'll
hide,

The Lord is our power, *the Lord will pro-
vide.*

7 When life sinks apace, and death is in
view,

This word of his grace shall comfort us
through:

Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
side,

We hope to die shouting, "THE LORD
WILL PROVIDE."

21

Warren. 7s p. 32. a.

Joy in Hope.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the father's trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seats are now prepared,
There's your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your father's son,
Bids you, undismayed, GO ON.
- 5 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

21

PART II.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd—
Welcome to his sacred rest,
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string,
Mortals, join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

21

PART III.

Full Redemption.

- 1 WHEN, my Savior, shall I be,
Perfectly resign'd to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

- 2 Only thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below !
 Only guided by thy light,
 Only mighty in thy might.
- 3 Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness ;
 Sweetly let my spirit prove,
 All the depths of humble love.

 PART IV.

21

Perfect Love.

- 1 JESUS comes with all his grace,
 Comes to save a fallen race ;
 Object of our glorious hope,
 Jesus comes to lift us up !
- 2 He hath our salvation wrought ;
 He our captive souls hath bought :
 He hath reconcil'd to God :
 He hath wash'd us in his blood.
- 3 We are now his lawful right ;
 Walk as children of the light ;
 We shall soon obtain the grace,
 Pure in heart to see his face.
- 4 We shall gain our calling's prize ;
 After God we all shall rise,
 Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
 Perfected in holiness.

22

Scotland, 12: p. 34. a.

The Voice of Free Grace.

1 THE voice of free grace
Cries, escape to the mountain ;
For Adam's lost race,
Christ has opened a fountain :
For sin and transgression,
And every pollution,
The blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.*

2 This fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows
In plenteous redemption :
Though your sins they were raised
As high as a mountain,
The blood flows most freely
From Jesus the fountain.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 O Jesus ! ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell
Thou wilt make us victorious ;
Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,

And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 When on 'Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands,
We will praise him evermore,
We will range the blest fields,
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

23

Scotland, 12s. 34. a.

Wake Isles of the South.

- 1 WAKE, Isles of the South !
Your redemption is near,
No longer repose
In the borders of gloom ;
The strength of his chosen,
In love will appear,
And light shall arise
On the verge of the tomb.
- 2 The billows that girt ye,
The wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play
Where the ocean storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight

To your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings
'Of pardon and peace.

3 On the islands that sit
In the regions of night,
The lands of despair,
To oblivion a prey,
The morning will open
With healing and light ;
The young star of Bethlehem
Will ripen to day.

4 The altar and idol,
In dust overthrown,
The incense forbade,
'That was hallowed with blood :
The Priest of Melchizedec
There shall atone,
And the shrines of Atooi
Be sacred to God.

5 The heathen will hasten
To welcome the time,
The day-spring, the prophet
In vision once saw,
When the beams of Messiah
Will 'lumine each clime,
And the isles of the ocean
Shall wait for his law.

24

Pilgrim's Farewell, 37, a.

The Farewell.

1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be
gone,

I have no home or stay with you ;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.

*I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore ;
Where pleasures never end,
Where troubles come no more.
Farewell, farewell, farewell.
My loving friends farewell.*

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor wait, for mortals' care or bliss ;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

I'll march, &c.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love ;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.

I'll march, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for
heaven,

You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

I'll march, &c.

Fight on, &c.

5 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here :
Eternal vengeance waits for you ;
O turn, and find salvation near.

I'll march, &c.

O turn, &c.

25

Expostulation, 11s. 40. a.

O Turn Ye.

1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye
die,
When God in great mercy is coming so
nigh ?
Now Jesus invites you, the spirit says,
Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you
home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you
delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying
away.
Come wretched, come starving, come just
as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so
free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to re-
ceive,

O how can you question, if you will believe?

If sin is your burden, why will you not come?

'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,

To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?

To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,

Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?

There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;

If still you are doubting, make trial and see,

And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart;

And trusting in heaven, we never shall part;

O how can we leave you? why will you not come?

We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

26

Suffering Savior, p. 12, a.

Repentance.

1 ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a wretch as I!

*O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary;
The Lamb that was slain,
That liveth again,
To intercede for me.*

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

O, the Lamb, &c.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

O, the Lamb, &c.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, in tears.

O, the Lamb, &c.

5 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away—
 'Tis all that I can do.

O, the Lamb, &c.

27

Vesper Hymn, p. 44, a.

Glowing Heart.

- 1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee,
 For the bliss thy love bestows ;
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows :
 Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor,
 This dull soul to rapture raise :
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warmed to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the path of death away :
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
 And, the light of hope revealing,
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express :
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless :
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,

Love's pure flame within me raise ;
 And since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

28

Vesper Hymn, p. 44. a.

Mortal Cares.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
 - 2 Who may share this great salvation !
 Every pure and humble mind ;
 Every kindred, tongue and nation,
 From the stains of guilt refined.
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none,
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne,
-

29

Garden Hymn, p. 46. a.

Revival Blessings.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes,
 The spices yield their rich perfumes ;
 The lilies grow and thrive ;
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,

- From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.
- 2 This makes the dry and barren ground,
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become ;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is :
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me ;
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior pitiful and kind,
Who will them all relieve :
None are too late, if they repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him receive.
- 5 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high :

It comes like floods we can't contain,
 We drink, and drink, and drink again,
 And yet we still are dry.

- 7 But when we come to reign above,
 And all surround the throne of love,
 We'll drink a full supply ;
 Jesus will lead his armies through,
 To living fountains where they flow,
 That never will run dry.
- 8 There we shall reign, and shout and sing,
 And make the upper regions ring,
 When all the saints get home ;
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 Soon we shall meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.

Good Shepherd, p. 48. a.

30

Christ the Shepherd.

- 1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Savior,
 Come, and bid our jarring cease ;
 Come, oh come ! and reign for ever,
 God of love and Prince of peace ;
 Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
 Hear thy people mourn and weep ;
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
 Some for Cephias—none agree ;

Jesus, let us hear thee call us ;
Help us, Lord, to follow thee ;
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap ;
Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth ;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Savior,
Oh ! good shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here—
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap ;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good shepherd feeds his sheep.

5 Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, " Fear not, little flock ;
I, myself, am your foundation,
You are built upon this rock :

Shun the paths of vice and folly,
 Scale the mount, although it's steep ;
 Look to me, and be ye holy :
 I delight to feed my sheep."

- 6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
 Taught by him, we'll own his name ;
 Sweetest of all names is Jesus !
 How it doth our souls inflame !
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Give him glory, he will keep,
 He will clear our way before us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

31

Willowby, p. 50. a. Gauges, p. 28. b.

Probation.

- 1 LO ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Yet how insensible ;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress :
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And make me, ere it be too late,
 Awake to righteousness.
- 3 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 ?

- 4 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear,
 To make my calling sure ;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

32

Willowby, p. 50. a. Reflection, p. 114, a.

The Pilgrim's lot.

- 1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot ;
 How free from every anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear !
 Confined to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine ;
 Already saved from low design,
 From every creature love !
 Blest with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lightened of its load,
 And seeks the things above.
- 'Tis things eternal I pursue ;
 A happiness beyond the view
 Of those that basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen ;

Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come !
- 6 I come ! thy servant, Lord, replies ;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest !
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast !

33

Zion's Pilgrim. p. 52, a.

Adoration and Praise.

- 1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of
days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

- 2 His love from eternity fixed upon you,—
 Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness
 he drew,
 And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O, had not he pitied the state you were in,
 Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt :
You all would have lived, would have died
 too in sin,
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you, that could merit
 esteem,
Or give the Creator delight ?
 'Twas " Even so, Father," you ever must
 sing,
 " Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to
 obey ;
While others were suffered to go
The road, which by nature, we chose as
 our way,
 That leads to the regions of woe.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
 To him all the glory belongs ;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth
 his fame,
 And crown him in each of your songs.

34

Mendon, p. 51. a. Supplication, p. 76. b.

Christ our all.

- 1 VAIN delusive world adieu,
With all of creature good,
Only Jesus I'll pursue,
Who bought me with his blood ;
All thy pleasure I'll forego,
I'll trample on thy wealth and pride ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified !
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity ;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me !
Me to save from endless wo,
The sin atoning victim died ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified !
- 3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end,
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend ;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his love abide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified !
- 4 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove ;

Show the length, and breadth, and height
 And depth of Jesus' love ;
 Fain I would to sinners show,
 This blood alone by faith applied ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !

35

Gospel Trumpet, p. 56. a.

The Gospel Trumpet.

- 1 HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds,
 Through all the world the echo bounds,
 Aud Jesus, with redeeming blood,
 Is bringing sinners home to God,
 And guides them safely by his word
 To endless day.
- 2 Hail, all victorious conquering Lord,
 By all the heavenly hosts adored ;
 Who undertook for fallen man,
 And brought salvation through thy name,
 That we with thee might live and reign
 In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conquering saints, fight on,
 And when the conquest you have won,
 Then palms of victory you shall bear,
 And in his kingdom have a share,
 And crowns of glory you shall wear,
 In endless day.
- 4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
 To save our souls from sin and guilt ;

And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through his word,
And sail by faith upon that flood
To endless day.

- 5 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When years shall cease to move;
And that shall be the theme above,
In endless day.

36

Woodstock, p. 58. a.

Walking with God.

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 then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove!
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.

37

Woodstock, p. 58. a.

Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of earth and hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?
- 3 To day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray, and read thy word :
And I would go with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord.
- 4 I'll quit the world, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven ;

O! may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven.

38

Woodstock, p. 58, a.

The gentle Shepherd.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms ;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
 - 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name ;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came."
 - 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
 - 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust ;
That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
If weeping o'er their dust.
-

30

The Trumpet, 12s. p. 60. a.

The Chariot.

- 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 God-
head are bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are
pour'd,
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 man are come
forth !
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones
are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested el-
ders 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 wick-
ed are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in
heaven!

40

Invitation, p. 62. a.

Yet there is room.

1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
See Jesus stands, with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

2 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
In him the Father reconciled,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child;
Behold, there yet is room.

- 3 O come, and with his children, taste
 The blessings of his love ;
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.
 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
 Are welcome still to come :
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
 Approach, there yet is room !

41

Sovereign Grace, 7s. p. 74. a.

Sovereign Grace.

- 1 SOVEREIGN grace hath power alone
 To subdue a heart of stone :
 And the moment grace is felt,
 Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucified,
 Two transgressors with him died ;
 One with vile, blaspheming tongue,
 Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
 In the very jaws of death ;
 Perished, as too many do,
 With the Savior in his view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
 Saw the danger of his case,
 Faith received to own the Lord,
 Whom the scribes and priests abhor'd.

- 5 "Lord," he pray'd, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be :"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."
- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestow'd in time of need !
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.

 PART II.

41

Sinner ! rouse thee.

- 1 SINNER ! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path ;
Watchful tread that path ; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time ;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind and foolish still,
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will :
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus wait^c to shed his light.

41

PART III.

Sing, my soul.

- 1 SING, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.
- 2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd ;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below ?
- 3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Savior's blood ;
And to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.
- 4 Sing, my soul—adore his name ;
Let all his glory be thy theme :
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

 Haven, 7s. p. 66. a.

42

Entire Dedication.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found ;
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest ;

Brethren where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave ;
Mine, the God, whom you adore ;
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.
- 3 Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power ;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's power !
"Follow me !" I know thy voice ;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see :
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light's thy burden now to me.

Haven, 7s. p. 66. a. Hotham.

43

Christ a refuge.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last !

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Lo ! I, helpless, hang on thee :
 Leave, Oh leave me not alone,
 Lest I basely shrink and flee :
 Thou art all my trust and aid,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 Boundless love in thee I find ;
 Raise the feeble, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am :
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Reign, O Lord, within my heart,
 Reign to all eternity.

44

Forest, p. 68. a. Orland, p. 78. s.

Mourning for sin.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone,
 O that I could at last submit,

At Jesus' feet to lay me down !
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd
blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would ; but thou must give the power ;
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;
Appear in my poor heart, appear ;
My God, my Savior, come away !

45

Forest, p. 68. a. Shoel. p. 83. a.

Christ my hope.

- 1 MY hope, my all, my Savior thou,
To thee, my soul I humbly bow :
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Savior, in my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day,
Let all my acts thy wisdom guide,
And keep me, Savior, near thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me !
As I have need, my Savior be :
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Savior, to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and satan's power ;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Savior, reign alone.
- 5 My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

46

Marseilles, p. 70. a.

The Restoration of Man.

- 1 The host of heaven that throne surround
ing,
Where everlasting splendors glow,

- 'Mid lyres with ceaseless praise resounding,
Beheld the earth involv'd in wo ;
Darkness with fearful wing lay brooding,
Nor could lone Sinai's beacon red,
Illume the midnight pall that spread ;
Each glimmering ray of hope excluding :
When lo, a Savior came !
The star o'er Bethlehem gleam'd,
And angels tuned their harps of joy,
To hail a world redeemed.
- 2 But ingrate man by sin benighted,
Too oft repell'd salvation's ray,
The gentle sigh of Calvary slighted,
And turn'd with rebel hearts away.
God look'd from heaven, and all had wander'd ;
Like erring sheep had gone astray,
And rushing down destruction's way,
Immortal treasures madly squander'd ;
When the blest Spirit came,
With light and power divine ;
Bow, contrite sinner, to his sway,
And Christ and heaven are thine.

Heavenly Union, p. 74. a.

Heavenly Union.

47

- 1 ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

- 2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
 " With God you have no union."
- 3 Then I began to weep and cry,
And look'd this way and that to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die ;
I strove salvation thus to buy ;
 But still I had no union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean
And oh ! what seasons I have seen
 Since first I felt this union.
- 5 I praised the Lord both night and day
And went from house to house to pray
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
 About this heavenly union.
- 6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King,
 Who brought our souls to union.
- 7 O come backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,

And learn to watch as well as pray,
 And bear your cross from day to day ;
 And then you'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall leave all things below,
 And quit these climes of pain and wo,
 And then we'll all to glory go,
 And then we'll see, and hear, and know,
 And feel a perfect union.

9 Come, heaven and earth, unite your lays,
 And give to Jesus endless praise ;
 And oh my soul, look on and gaze !
 He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,
 To give me heavenly union.

10 Oh, could I, like an angel, sound
 Salvation through the earth around,
 The devil's kingdom to confound ;
 I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground
 And spread this glorious union.

Jerusalem, p. 76. a.

Heavenly Jerusalem.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O how I long for thee !
 When will my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold ;

- Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been ;
Such dazzling views by human sight,
Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die and go from hence ?
- 5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care ;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun ;
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

49

Spring, p. 78 a. Camden, p. 22. s.

Name of Jesus.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name ;
'Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven shall hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust ;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet ;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath ;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine
arms,
The antidote of death.

50

Spring, p. 78. a. Mt. Pleasant, p. 35. s.

Daily Mercies.

- 1 O GOD, thy gifts of tender love
Are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Distil like early dew.
 - 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night
To guard our sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And wakes our drowsy powers.
 - 3 We yield ourselves to thy command,
To thee devote our days ;
For constant blessings from thy hand
Demand our constant praise.
-

51

Cheerful Hope, p. 80. a.

Driving to port.

- 1 THOUGH hard the winds are blowing
And loud the billows roar ;
Full swiftly we are going,
To our dear native shore.
- 2 The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us,
To all we loved so well.
- 3 So sorrow often presses,
Life's mariner along ;

Afflictions and distresses,
Are gales and billows strong.

- 4 The sharper and severer
The storms of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is heaven's eternal seat.
- 5 Come then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast ;
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.
-

62 Gospel Pool, p. 82. a. Sh.riand, p. 7. s.

The Gospel Pool.

- 1 HERE at this pool, the poor,
The wither'd, halt, and blind ;
With waiting heart expect a cure,
And free acceptance find.
- 2 Here streams of virtue flow,
To heal a sin-sick soul ;
To wash the filthy white as snow,
And make the wounded whole.
- 3 The dumb break forth in praise,
The blind their sight receive ;
The cripple run in wisdom's ways,
The dead revive and live.

- 4 Not bound to case or time,
 These waters always move ;
 Sinners, in every age and clime,
 Their vital influence prove.
- 5 Yet numbers near them lie,
 Who meet with no relief ;
 With life in view they pine and die,
 In hopeless unbelief.
- 6 'Tis strange they will not bathe,
 And yet frequent the pool ;
 But none can have a saving faith,
 While love of sin bears rule.
- 7 Their conscience sin has seal'd,
 And stupified their thought ;
 For were they willing to be heal'd,
 The cure would soon be wrought.
- 8 Dear Savior, interpose,
 Their stubborn will constrain ;
 Or else to them the waters flow,
 And grace is preached in vain.

53

Lovest thou me, 7s. p. 84. a.

“ Lovest thou me ? ”

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord !
 'Tis thy Savior ; 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 wandering, 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 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 thy 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 !
-

Thorncliff, p. 86. a. Milgrove, p. 116, b.

54

Singing Praises.

- 1 Meet and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,

- Glory to our heavenly king,
The God of truth and grace,
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join !
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine !
- 2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease ;
Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One ;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne !
- 3 Vieing with that heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above ;
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love ;
Thee, *they* sing, with glory crown'd ;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb :
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.
- 4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die ;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify ;
Spirit, comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

55

Solicitude, p. 88. a. Bethel, p. 208, b.

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 noon-tide 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,
And where with his flock he has gone?
- 5 This is my beloved: his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the
vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

- 6 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 perfumed with his breath.
- 7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness
flow,
To water the gardens of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles
shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels re-
joice.
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his
voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
-

56

Judgment, p. 90. a.

Judgment Hymn.

- 1 O THERE will be mourning, mourning,
mourning, mourning,
O there will be mourning, at the judgment
seat of Christ.
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

2 O there will be mourning, &c.

Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

3 O there will be mourning, &c.

Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

4 O there will be mourning, &c.

Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

5 O there will be mourning, &c.

Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

6 O there will be mourning, &c.

Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

7 O there will be shouting, &c.

Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

57

Providence, p. 92. a.

Providence.

- 1 Time flies, man dies,
Eternity's at hand ;
What's best, my rest
Is in Immanuel's hand.
- 2 Christ died ; he rose :
Salvation now appears ;
Thus blest, we rest
From all our slavish fears.
- 3 Let heaven and earth
Shout, praising without end,
The love, above
What angels comprehend.
- 4 Our hearts, our tongues,
Shall join the immortal song ;
On earth, in heaven,
The anthem we'll prolong.

58

Favoring Gale, Ss & 4s, p. 94. a.

Vain World, adieu.

- 1 When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise :
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
" Vain world, adieu."

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
 Each landmark on the distant shore ;
 The trees of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the crystal stream ;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 " Vain world, adieu."

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand :
 With steady helm, and free bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the veil :
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
 " Glory to God !"

59

Favoring Gale, 8s & 4s, p. 94. a.

Soundings.

1 TO heaven I'm bound with prosperous
 gales,
 My bark by grace doth safely steer,
 And going under gospel sails,
 Celestial prospects bright appear.
 To sound her ground my faith now springs,
 And to her *Author* thus she sings,
 " *Thy will be done.*"

2 As bearing up to gain the port,
 A blood stained cross and heaven in
 view,

A Savior's wounds—my harbor—fort—
 The beacon, to my vessel true ;
 Again my faith her soundings tries,
 And to my soul's sure Pilot cries,
 "A blessed hope."

4 Now as the blissful shore draws near,
 With transport I behold the place,
 Where dwells my friend, my Savior dear,
 And long with joy to see his face.
 Once more my faith now tries her ground,
 And thus re-echoes back the sound,
 "Christ is my rock."

4 When to her berth my bark draws nigh,
 And I have done with sails and tide,
 "Strong is my cable," then I'll cry.
 My anchor's sure—I safely ride—
 No more my soul need try her ground,
 Safe at her moorings she is found,
 And "all is well."

60

Happiness, p. 96. a.

True happiness.

1 HOW happy are they,
 Who the Savior obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above !
 Tongue cannot express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name !

2 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know :
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall down at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song :
O that all his salvation might see !
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain ;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;

My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
Of my Savior possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

8 Ah ! where am I now !
When was it or how,
That I fell from my heaven of grace ?
I am brought into thrall ;
I am stript of my all ;
I am banished from Jesus' face !

9 Hardly yet do I know,
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside ;
When the tempter came in,
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

10 But I felt it too soon,
That my Savior was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight ;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turned into night.

61

Moravian Hymn, p. 98. a.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause,
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 2 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

62

Moravian Hymn, p. 98. a.

Soldier of the Cross.

- 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?
 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this dark world a friend to grace
 To help me on to God?

- 2 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.

62

PART II.

Closing Scene, p. 100. a.

Death of a Christian.

- 1 How peaceful is the closing scene,
 When virtue yields its breath ;
 How sweetly beams the smile serene,
 Upon the cheek of death.
- 2 The Christian's hope no fear can blight,
 No pain his peace destroy ;
 He views beyond, the realms of light,
 And pure and endless joy.
- 3 O who can gaze with heedless sigh,
 On scenes so fair as this !
 Who but exclaims, " Thus let me die,
 And be my end like his !"

63

Sincerity, 7s. p. 102. a. German Hymn, p. 96. c.

Depth of mercy.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?

Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare!

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Let the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Savior stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

6 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my soul's revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

64

Sincerity, p. 102. a. German Hymn, p. 96. s.

Lord, how large.

1 LORD, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!

What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send!

- 2 Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring;
Every heart to thee incline;
Now compel them to come in.
- 3 Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need
Heaven to forsake, and God;
See, they run with rapid speed!
- 4 Draw them back by love divine;
With thy grace their spirits win;
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.
- 5 Thus their willing souls compel,
Thus their happy minds constrain,
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God and grace again.
- 6 Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once stretch'd out to bleed for sin;
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

66

Sincerity, p. 102. a. Chase, p. 14. a.

Come ye weary.

- 1 COME, ye weary souls opprest,
Find in Christ the promised rest ;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

- 2 Ye that dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood :
To the son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.

- 3 Naked, guilty, poor and blind,
All you want in Jesus find :
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

- 4 Debtors who have nought to pay,
Come to Jesus, haste away :
All your sins on him were laid,
All your debts the surety paid.

- 5 "It is finished," lo ! he cries,
Ere on yonder cross he dies ;
O believe the record true,
Jesus died for such as you.

66

Star in the East. p. 104. a.

Hail the blest morn.

- 1 HAIL the blest morn ! see the great Me-
diator,
Down from the regions of glory de-
scend !
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the
manger,
Lo, for his guard the bright angels at-
tend.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.*

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shi-
ning ;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the
stall ;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do
fall.

Brightest and best, &c.

- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from
the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine ?

Brightest and best, &c.

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold we his favor secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best, &c.
-

66

PART II.

Farewell. p. 106. a.

Farewell.

- 1 MY Friends, I bid you all farewell !
 Farewell, my friends, farewell ;
 And if I never see you more,
 While we on earth remain,
 O may we meet on Canaan's shore,
 And never part again.
-

67

The rock of our salvation, p. 108. a.

If life's pleasures charm.

- 1 IF life's pleasures charm thee, give them
 not thy heart,
 Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God
 to part ;
 His favor seek, his praises speak ;
 Fix here thy hope's foundation ;
 Serve him and he will ever be
 The Rock of thy salvation.

- 2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee; to thy Savior
flee:
He ever near, thy prayer will hear,
And calm thy perturbation:
The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow
The Rock of thy salvation.
- 3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not
distress,
Better comforts wait thee; Christ will
freely bless;
To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,
Thy heavenly consolation:
For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
The Rock of thy salvation.
- 4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not
alarm,
Christ will ever watch thee, and protect
from harm,
He near thee stands with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation:
To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.
- 5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from
his blow,
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory
bestow,

For death shall bring to thee no sting,
 The grave no desolation :
 'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
 The Rock of our salvation.

68

Funeral Thought, p. 110. a.

The day of death.

- 1 THE day of death's a doleful day,
 To those who know not God ;
 Fly, sinner, fly ! no more delay,
 Till washed in Jesus' blood.
- 2 How wretched is the sinner's state,
 Who sleeps to wake no more !
 He knocks, alas ! he knocks *too late*,
 When death has shut the door.
- 3 But now, O Lord, 'tis not too late
 To hear thy people pray ;
 For tho' thy *justice* locks the gate,
 Thy *mercy* keeps the key.
-

69

Funeral Thought, p. 110. a. Moravian Hymn, p. 98. a.

The Resurrection.

- 1 THRO' sorrow's night and danger's
 path,
 Amid the deepening gloom,

We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat ;
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye,
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

Funeral Thought, p. 110. a. Bray, p. 20. s.

Hoping, yet trembling.

1 MY soul would fain indulge a hope,
To reach the heavenly shore ;
And when I drop this dying flesh,
Then I shall sin no more.

- 2 I hope to hear, and join the song,
That saints and angels raise ;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.
- 3 But oh ! this dreadful heart of sin !
It may deceive me still ;
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.
- 4 The scene must then forever close,
Probation at an end ;
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.
- 5 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,
To me thy Spirit give ;
Shine thro' a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.
-

71

The Captive's Song, p. 112 a

Babel's Streams.

- 1 OH no, we cannot sing the songs,
Made for Jehovah's praise ;
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings,
To Zion's gladsome strains.
- 2 They bid us be in mirthful mood
And dry these tears so sad :

But Judah's hearths are desolate,
And how can we be glad ?

3 Silent our harps o'er Babel's streams
Are hung on willows wet ;
And Zion we no more shall see ;
But we can ne'er forget.

4 Jerusalem, thy banish'd ones,
Prove anguish and regret ;
But heaven's own curse shall rest on
them,
If thee they e'er forget.

72

The Captive's Song, p. 112. a.

Light in darkness.

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's
tear,
How dark this world would be,
If pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee !

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 Oh ! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom
Our peace-branch from above ?

- 4 Then sorrow touch'd by thee, grows
bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.
-

73

Reflection, p. 114, a.

Solemn Meditation.

- 1 MY days, my weeks, my months, my
years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole ;
'Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch thro' boundless
deeps,
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between !
And whisper as they fly—
"Unthinking man remember this,
Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan and gasp and die !"
- 3 My soul attend the solemn call,
'Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast etherial blue,
'To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

- 4 Long ere the sun has run its round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot :
Alas ! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall intervene,
My name be quite forgot.
- 5 But shall my soul be then extinct,
And cease to be, or cease to think !
It cannot, cannot be :
Thou ! my immortal, cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free !
- 6 Will mercy then its arms extend !
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend !
And heaven thy dwelling place ?
Or shall insulting friends appear,
To drag thee down to black despair,
Beyond the reach of grace !

74

Good Physician, p. 116. a. Light, p. 136. a. 211

The good Physician.

- 1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole ;
There is but one physician,
Can cure a sin-sick soul :
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

- 2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin ;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within :
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined ;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find .
- 3 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain ;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost ;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great Physician,
(How matchless is his grace,)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case :
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin mine eyes had sealed ;
Then bade me look unto him ;
I look'd and I was heal'd.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death :
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give ;

He makes no hard condition—
 'Tis only, "Look and live."

75

The Resolve, p. 118. a.

Faithful.

- 1 I'LL try to prove faithful,
 I'll try to prove faithful,
 I'll try to prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
 Till we all shall meet above.
- 2 There'll be no more sinning,
 There'll be no more sinning,
 There'll be no more sinning, sinning,
 sinning,
 When we all shall meet above.
- 3 There'll be no more sorrow,
 There'll be no more sorrow,
 There'll be no more sorrow, sorrow, sor-
 row,
 When we all shall meet above.
- 4 There we shall see Jesus,
 There we shall see Jesus,
 There we shall see Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.
 When we all shall meet above.
- 5 There we shall sing praises,
 There we shall sing praises,
 There we shall sing praises, praises,
 praises,
 When we all shall meet above.

76

Warning Voice, p. 120. a.

The Alarm.

1 STOP, poor sinner. stop and think,
Before you further go :
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo ?

*Be entreated now to stop !
Unless you warning take,
Ere you're aware, you'll drop
Into the burning lake.*

2 Hell beneath is gaping wide !
And waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

Be entreated now to stop, &c.

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar ;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.

4 All your sins will round you crowd,
Of bloody crimson die,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply ?

5 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ?
Fear you not his iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes ?

- 6 Can you stand in that great day,
 When judgment is proclaimed,
 When the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flame ?
- 8 Sinners then in vain will call,
 Who now despise his grace,
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."
- 9 But as yet there is a hope,
 That you may mercy know ;
 Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow.
- 10 'Twas for sinners Jesus died ;
 Sinners he calls to come ;
 None who come shall be denied,
 He says, "There yet is room."

77

Warning Voice, p. 120. a.

Striving of the Spirit.

- 1 **SINNER**, hath a voice within
 Oft whisper'd to thy soul,
 Bid thee leave the ways of sin,
 And yield to God's control ?
- 2 Hath it met thee in the path,
 Of earthly vanity,
 Pointed to the coming wrath,
 And warn'd thee now to flee .

- 3 Sinner, 'twas a heavenly voice ;
The Spirit's gracious call,
Bade thee make a better choice,
And seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Hear the call to life and light ;
Regard the warning kind :
If that call thou always slight,
Thou mercy ne'er shall find.
- 5 Soon thy season will be o'er,
The Spirit cease to strive ;
Thy slumbers he will break no more ;
His love then do not grieve.
- 6 Sinner, should this very day
Thy last of mercy be !
Should'st thou grieve him now away,
Hope ne'er may beam on thee.
-

Heavenly Love, p. 122. a.

78
Longing after God.

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode ;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God !
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.

- 3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
 In shining ranks they move,
 And drink immortal vigor in,
 With wonder and with love.
- 4 When at thy feet, with awful fear,
 The adoring armies fall ;
 With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
 Before the eternal All.
- 5 There I would vie with all the host,
 In duty and in bliss ;
 While *less than nothing* I could boast,
 And *vanity* confess.
- 6 The more thy glories strike my eyes,
 The humbler I shall lie ;
 Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
 Immeasurably high.

79

Heavenly Love, p. 122. a.

Glory of the Scriptures.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be thy name adored,
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around,
 And life, and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

- 3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 4 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.
-

80

[Heavenly Love, p. 122. a]

Brotherly Love.

- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we'll go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
The same in mind and heart ;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 4 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away.
And Christians part no more !

81

Fairfax, 7s. p. 124. a.

The voice of conscience.

- 1 SINNER, is thy heart at rest ?
Is thy bosom void of fear ?
Art thou not by guilt oppress'd ?
Speaks not conscience in thine ear ?
- 2 Can this world afford thee bliss ?
Can it chase away thy gloom ?
Flattering, false and vain it is ;
Tremble at the worldling's doom.
- 3 Long the gospel thou hast spurn'd,
Long delay'd to seek thy God ;
Stifled conscience, nor hast turn'd,
Woo'd though, by a Savior's blood.
- 4 Think, O sinner, on thy end ;
See the judgment day appear !
Thither must thy spirit wend ;
There thy righteous sentence hear.
- 5 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,
To a Savior's blood apply ;
He alone can make thee whole ;
Fly to Jesus ! sinner fly !

82

Fairfax, 7s. p. 124. a.

Sinner, prepare.

- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure ?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
Can thy heart or hands endure,
In the Lord's avenging day ?

- 2 See, his mighty arm is bared !
Awful terrors clothe his brow !
For his judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee,
Solid mountains melt like wax ;
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Who his advent may abide ?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame !
- 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace !
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.
- 6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice ;
Seek the things that are above ;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

The narrow gate.

- 1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter, ere it be too late ;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.

- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
 And forever bar the skies :
 Then, though sinners cry without,
 He will say, " I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim,
 " Lord ! we have professed thy name :
 We have ate with thee, and heard
 Heavenly teaching in thy word."
- 4 Vain, alas ! will be their plea,
 Workers of iniquity ;
 Sad their everlasting lot—
 Christ will say, " I know you not."

87

 Union Hymn, p. 126. a.

Christian Union.

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
 That hatred is conquer'd by love !
 It fastens our souls in such ties,
 As distance and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
 Nor yet in a paradise lost :
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,
 And Jesus' dear blood it cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
 Our hearts all united in love :
 Where Jesus has gone, we shall be,
 In yonder bright mansions above.

- 4 O why then so loth now to part !
Since we shall ere long meet again ;
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above ;
And leaving these bodies of clay,
Unite with our Jesus in love ;
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign ;
We all his bright glory shall see,
And sing " Hallelujah, Amen : "
Amen, even so let it be."
-

85

Melody, p. 128. a. Jordan, p. 22.

The happy land.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign :
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise ;
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbeckoned eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 flood,
 Could fright us from the shore.
-

86

Melody, p. 128. a. St. Mary's, p. 42. s.

The soul.

- 1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
 The whole creation round ?
 That which was lost in Paradise,
 That which in Christ is found :
- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
 That keeps two worlds in strife ;
 Hell moves beneath to work its death,
 Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to redeem it did not spare
 His well-beloved Son ;
 Jesus, to save it deign'd to bear
 The sins of all—in one.

- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
 In earthen vessels frail ?
 Can none its utmost value know,
 Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
 That knowledge to obtain ;
 Not by the soul's eternal loss,
 But everlasting gain.
-

87

Melody, p. 123. a. Camden, p. 22

Redeeming Love.

- 1 YE saints assist me in my song ;
 Let all your passions move ;
 To Jesus all the notes belong—
 I sing redeeming love.
- 2 Opposing spirits 'gainst his cross,
 Their force united prove ;
 But quit the field with mighty loss,
 Crush'd by redeeming love.
- 3 Around the circle of his friends
 His tender passions move ;
 And while he lived, his constant theme
 Was still redeeming love.
- 4 Gently he raised his sacred hands,
 Before his last remove ;
 And the last whispers of his tongue,
 Sigh'd forth redeeming love.

- 5 Thro' life's wide wastes, with weary feet,
 In darkness I may rove :
 But never can my heart forget
 Redeeming, dying love.
- 6 Oh, that before his sacred throne,
 I all its sweets may prove ;
 Still as my pleasures rise, my song
 Shall be redeeming love.

88

Walbridge, p. 120, a.

Praise to Christ.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake, every heart, and every tongue,
 To praise the Savior's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
 Sing of his rising power !
 Sing, how he intercedes above,
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues ;
 Sing, till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way—
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing !
 Sing on, rejoicing every day,
 In Christ, the exalted King.

- 5 Soon we shall hear him say,
 “Ye blessed children, come ;
Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wanderers home
- 6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.
-

89

Walbridge, p. 130. a. St. Thomas, p. 9. s.

The accepted time.

- 1 NOW is the accepted time ;
 Now is the day of grace :
Now, sinners, come without delay
 And seek the Savior's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,
 The Savior calls to day ;
Pardon and peace he freely gives—
 Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is the accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
 Declares, “There yet is room.”
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
 And feast them with thy love :
Then will the angels clap their wings,
 And bear the news above.

- 5 Assembled round his throne,
 They shall his face behold ;
 And sing of all his dying pains,
 Whose love can ne'er be told.
-

90

Walbridge, p. 130. a. Peckham, p. 6. s.

The love of Jesus.

- 1 MY Jesus, thou hast taught
 This heart to love but thee ;
 The sweetest joys below are fraught
 With emptiness to me.
- 2 If sorrow shades my eyes,
 It is when thou art fled ;
 Deep in the dust my spirit lies,
 And mourns its comforts dead.
- 3 The world has lost its power
 To soothe this inward pain ;
 To me it is a faded flower,
 That cannot bloom again.
- 4 But when thy smile appears,
 To chase my gloom away,
 How bursts my song ! how sink my
 fears ;
 My night is turn'd to day.
- 5 Then, Lord, no more permit
 This heart from thee to rove :
 O that I might for ever sit
 At thy dear feet, and love.

91

Douglas, p. 132. a.

To the blessed Spirit.

- 1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night :
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light !
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation !
Hear, O hear our supplication.
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower, descend :
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination !
Rest upon this congregation.
- 3 Come, thou best of all donations,
God can give, or we implore ;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more :
Come, with unction and with power,
On our souls thy graces shower ;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.
- 4 Manifest thy love forever,
Fence us in on every side ;

In distress be our reliever ;
 Guard and teach, support and guide.
 Let thy kind, effectual grace
 Turn our feet from evil ways ;
 Show thyself our new creator,
 And conform us to thy nature.

Be our friend, on each occasion,
 God, omnipotent to save !
 When we die, be our salvation ;
 When we're buried be our grave :
 And when from the grave we rise,
 Take us up above the skies ;
 Seat us with thy saints in glory,
 There forever to adore thee.

92

Harvest Home, p. 124. a.

Wheat and tares.

- 1 **THOUGH** in the outward church below,
 The wheat and tares together grow ;
 Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
 And pluck the tares in anger up.
*For soon the reaping time will come,
 And angels shout the harvest home.*
- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
 To recollect their stations here ;
 How much they heard, how much they
 knew,
 How much among the wheat they grew ?

- 3 No! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace ;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat ;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.
- 5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends :
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.
- 6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long ;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.
- 7 Oh! awful thought, and is it so ?
Must all mankind the harvest know ?
Is every man a wheat or tare ?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.
-

93

Light, p. 136. a.

The Christian's joy.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises,
With healing on his wings :

When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear ;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

94

Muhlenberg, p. 133. a.

I would not live alway.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to
stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin ;
Temptation without, and corruption with-
in ;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears.
- 3 I would not live alway ; no—welcome the
tomb ;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom :
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me
arise
To hail him in triumph descending the
skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from
his God ;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
 bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :

- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
 meet,
 Their Savior and brethren, transported to
 greet ;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
 roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
 the soul !

95

Anticipation, p. 140. a. 7

Christ's right hand.

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous judge, shalt
 come
 To call thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand ?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Tho' vilest of them all ;
 But can I bear the piercing thought ?
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shall call !

- 3 Prevent it, Lord, by thy rich grace ;
 Be thou my soul's sure hiding place,
 In this the accepted day :
 Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear ;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 5 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
 sound,
 And see thy smiling face ;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

96

Home, p. 142. a.

The saint's sweet home.

- 1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature
 complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with
 saints ;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's
 room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my
 home.*
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
 peace !
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can-
 not cease !

- Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
 roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion
 with thee ;
Though now my temptations like billows
 may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee
 at home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my
 day ;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy
 grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
 thy face ;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy
 throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of
 home.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to
 shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,

And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at
home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my
home.*

 PART II.

96

Sweet Home.

1 AN alien from God, and a stranger to
grace,

I wandered through earth, its gay pleas-
ures to trace;

In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas ! that it led me from home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet, sweet home,
O Savior ! direct me to heaven, my home.*

2 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade
away,

They bloom for a season, but soon they de-
cay,

But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are
given,

Salvation on earth, and a mansion in hea-
ven.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;
The saints in those mansions are ever at
home.*

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!

The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is
room,

O there may I feast with his children at
home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;

O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies,
adieu,

While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his
throne,

The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my
home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;

O when shall I share the fruition of home.

5 The days of my exile are passing away;
The time is approaching, when Jesus will
say,

“Well done, faithful servant, sit down on
my throne,

And dwell in my presence, for ever at
home.”

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

*O there I shall rest with the Savior at
home.*

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be
 o'er,
 The saints shall unite to be parted no
 more ;
 There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high
 dome ;
 They dwell with the Savior for ever at
 home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;
 They dwell with the Savior for ever at
 home.*

Whiting p. 146. a.

97

The Saints' Choice.

- 1 LONG have I tried terrestrial joys,
 But here can find no rest ;
 Far from its vanity and noise,
 " To be with Christ is best."
- 2 Fair is the siren's painted face,
 And sin looks gaily drest,
 To cheat me ; but I fly the embrace,
 " To be with Christ is best."
- 3 Temptations, with malignant smart,
 Betray the unguarded breast ;
 Safe from the poison of each dart,
 " To be with Christ is best."
- 4 'Tis desert here, and thorns and foes
 Do all the road infest ;

The danger of the journey's short,
 "To be with Christ is best."

5 When earth can no delights afford,
 He spreads a heavenly feast;
 Such dainties crown his royal board,
 "To be with Christ is best."

6 By this I fly the desert through,
 And feel my soul refresh'd;
 What can obstruct me, when I know
 "To be with Christ is best."

7 There an eternity with thee,
 I'll think myself well blest;
 I see thee here; but oh! to be,
 "To be with Christ is best."

8 Loosed from my clog, I'll dart the wing,
 And seek on high my rest;
 Sit in some heavenly grove and sing,
 "To be with Christ is best."

98

Whiting, p. 146. a.

Longing for Heaven.

1 LIKE Paul I would desire to die,
 I long for death's arrest;
 If any ask the reason why,—
 "To be with Christ is best."

2 My unbelief, that bosom foe,
 Which lurks within my breast,

So often seeks my overthrow,—
“To be with Christ is best.”

3 Should friends and kindred on me frown,
And leave my soul opprest ;
Should evils crush my comforts down,
“To be with Christ is best.”

4 Had I a voice so loud and strong,
To sound from east to west ;
I'd tell the honor-seeking throng,
“To be with Christ is best.”

5 O come, sweet Jesus, quickly come,
And cheer my fainting breast ;
I long to reach my heavenly home,
“To be with Christ is best.”

6 Pinion'd with love, I'd take the wing,
And fly to thee, my rest ;
There with the church triumphant sing,
“To be with Christ is best.”

99

Romaine, p. 148 a.

Looking Forward.

1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die ;
No longer these desiring,
Upwards our wishes tend,

To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away ;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true we are but strangers,
And sojourners below ;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go ;
'Though painful and distressing
Yet there's a rest above ;
And onward still we're pressing
To reach the land of love.

100

Psalm, p. 150. a.

Lord ! remember me.

1 JESUS ! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee ;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh, Lord ! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;

Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God !
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh Lord ! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free ;
Then, in thy all abounding grace,
Oh Lord ! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God !
I pray, remember me.

101

Resignation, p. 152. a.

Resignation.

1 Not from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance ;
Yet we are born to care and woes !
A sad inheritance !

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne ;

To grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace ;
He rules me by his well known laws,
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

102

Resignation, p. 152. a.

Contrition's Sigh.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn :
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face !
Hast thou not said—Return ?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
O ! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

- 4 Absent from thee, my Guide ! my Light !
Without one cheering ray :
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !
- 5 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine !
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.
-

103

Resignation, p. 152. a

The Backslider.

- 1 O WHY did I my Savior leave,
So soon unfaithful prove ;
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love ?
- 2 I forced thee first to disappear,
I turn'd thy face aside ;
Ah, Lord ! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.
- 3 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place !
Assist them, Savior, to adore
The riches of thy grace.
- 4 O could I lose myself in thee ;
Thy depth of mercy prove ;
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love !

- 5 My humble soul, when thou art near,
 In dust and ashes lies :
 How shall a sinful worm appear,
 Or meet thy purer eyes ?
- 6 I loathe myself, when God I see,
 And into nothing fall ;
 Content, if thou exalted be,
 And Christ be *All in All*.
-

104

Cecil, p. 154. a.

Faith.

- 1 ROCK of ages ! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy side, a healing flood,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone :
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eye-lids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,—

Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !

105

Cecil, p. 154. a.

Spirit of Adoption.

- 1 SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty !
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace ;
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 2 Abba, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled ;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power ;
All my Savior asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.
- 3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow ;
Hear my Advocate divine !
Lo ! to his my suit I join :
Join'd to his, it cannot fail ;
Bless me ; for I *will* prevail.
- 4 Heavenly Father, Life divine
Change my nature into thine !
Move and spread throughout my soul.
Actuate and fill the whole !

Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

- 5 Holy Ghost, no more delay !
Come, and in thy temple stay !
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear ;
Spring of Life, thyself impart ;
Rise eternal in my heart !

106

Cecil, p. 154. a.

Praise to our King.

- 1 COME and let us praise our King,
He is worthy to be praised ;
Should his saints refuse to sing,
How would angels stand amazed !
O exalt the sinner's friend !
Let his praises never end.
- 2 There he dwells whom angels sing ;
Once he bore the cross below ;
Jesus, heaven's eternal King,
Lived on earth a man of wo ;
Now he reigns, and reigns above,
Jesus reigns the God of love.
- 3 Hail, immortal King of heaven !
Endless praise surround thy throne ;
Lamb of God, for sinners given,
"Thou art worthy," thou alone :

Thee we serve, and thee we sing ;
Jesus, hail, eternal King.

107

Cecil, p. 154. a.

Our common Lord.

- 1 JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Savior is :
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss :
Bliss to carnal minds unknown,
Only to believers shown.
 - 2 Christ, our Brother, and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love :
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above ;
Let us for that day prepare,
For our glorious meeting there !
-

108

Pleading Savior, p. 156. a.

Expostulation.

- 1 Now the Savior stands a pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart ;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.

*Sinners, can you hate this Savior ?
Will you thrust him from your arms ?*

*Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his arms.*

2 Now he pleads his sweat and blood-shed,
Shows his wounded hands and feet ;
“ Father, save them, tho’ they’re blood red,
Raise them to a heavenly seat.”
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

3 Sinners, hear your God and Savior,
Hear his gracious voice to-day ;
Turn from all your vain behavior,
O repent, return, and pray.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

4 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife ;
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon the events of life.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

5 Now he’s waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee ;
See, what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

6 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Savior welcome in ;
Now receive,—and O adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

- 7 Come, for all things now are ready,
 Yet there's room for many more ;
 O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
 Come to wisdom's boundless store.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

109

Treasure, p 158. a.

The Bible a treasure.

- 1 PRECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford !
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and medicine, shield and sword.
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this, I want no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Though it fills, it never cloy :
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meat and drink indeed !
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,
 Cordials to revive me quickly,
 Healing medicine here I find ;
 To the promises I flee,
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation
 Satan cannot make me yield ;

For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield ;
 While the Scripture truths are sure
 From his malice I'm secure.

- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
 When I take the Spirit's sword :
 Then with ease I drive him from me,
 Satan trembles at the word ;
 'Tis a sword for conquest made,
 Keen the edge, and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy thee the miser,
 Doating on his golden store ?
 Sure I am, or should be wiser,
 I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
 Jesus gives me, in his word,
 Food and medicine, shield and sword.

Atonement, p. 160. a.

110

The Atonement.

- 1 SAW ye my Savior—saw ye my Savior ;
 Saw ye my Savior and God ?
 O ! he died on Calvary,
 To atone for you and me,
 And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended ; he was extended ;
 Painfully nail'd to the cross ;
 There he bow'd his head and died ;
 Thus my Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost.

- 3 Jesus hung bleeding ; Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain ;
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.
- 4 Darkness prevailed ; darkness prevailed ;
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine,
When his majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted and slain.
- 5 When it was finish'd ; when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet ;
And was in a new sepulchre laid.
- 6 Hail, mighty Savior ; hail, mighty Savior ;
Prince, and the author of peace :
O ! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 7 There interceding ; there interceding ;
Pleading that sinners may live ;
Crying, " Father, I have died,
O, behold my hands and side,
O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."

- 8 "I will forgive them ; I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe ;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."
-

111

Hiding Place, p. 162. a

The hiding place.

- 1 HAIL, sovereign 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 that built the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high :
Despised the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 2 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place !
- 3 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 Vindictive 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's angel soon appear'd ;
Who led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.
- 7 On him almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell :
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.
-

112

Who's like Jesus, p. 161. a.

Importunity.

- 1 JESUS, thou hast bid us pray,
And never, never faint ;
With the word a power convey,
To utter our complaint !
Quiet shalt thou never know,
Till we from sin are freed :
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head !
- 2 We have now begun to cry ;
And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the sinner's Friend :
Day and night we'll speak our wo,
Importunately plead ;

O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head !

3 Speak the word, and we shall be
From all our bands released ;
Only thou canst set us free,
By Satan long oppress'd ;
Now thy power almighty show,
Arise, thou conquering Seed !
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head !

4 To destroy his work of sin,
Thyself in us reveal :
Manifest thyself within
Our flesh and fully dwell ;
Enter with us here below,
And make us free indeed :
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head !

5 Stronger than the strong man, thou
His fury canst control ;
Cast him out, by entering now,
And keep our ransom'd soul ;
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On powers of darkness tread ;
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head !

6 To the never-ceasing cries
Of thine elect attend ;

Send deliverance from the skies ;
 Thy mighty Spirit send :
 Though to man thou seemest slow,
 And not our cries to heed ;
 O, avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the serpent's head !

7 Come, O come, all glorious Lord !
 No longer now delay,
 With thy Spirit's two-edged sword,
 The crooked serpent slay !
 Bare thine arm, and give the blow ;
 Root out the hellish seed :
 O, avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the serpent's head !

8 Jesus, hear thy Spirit's call,
 Thy bride, who bids thee come ;
 Come, thou righteous judge of all,
 Pronounce the tempter's doom ;
 Doom him to eternal wo,
 For all his angels made ;
 Now avenge us of our foe,
 For ever bruise his head !

113

Hopkins, 11s. p. 166. a.

Why sleep we ?

1 WHY sleep we, my brethren ? come let
 us arise ;
 O, why should we slumber in sight of the
 prize ? E

Salvation is nearer ; our days are far
spent,
O, let us be active ! awake and repent.

2 O, how can we slumber ! the Master is
come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a
home ;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless in-
vite.

3 O, how can we slumber ! our foes are
awake ;
To ruin poor souls every effort they make ;
To accomplish their object no means are
untried,
The careless they comfort, the wakeful
misguide.

4 O, how can we slumber ! when so much
was done,
To purchase salvation by Jesus, the Son !
Now mercy is proffer'd, and justice dis-
play'd,
Now God can be honor'd, and sinners be
saved.

5 O, how can we slumber ! when death is so
near,
And sinners are sinking to endless despair ;

Now prayers may avail, and they gain the
 high prize,
 Before they in torment shall lift up their
 eyes.

- 6 O, how can ye slumber! ye sinners, look
 round,
 Before the last trumpet your hearts shall
 confound;
 O, fly to the Savior, he calls you to day;
 While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.

114

Jubilee, p. 168. a.

The year of Jubilee.

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 ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonng Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood,
 Through all the lands proclaim:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 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 ransom'd sinners, home.

• 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace ;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Savior's face :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls be glad !
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

115

New Grafton, p. 170. a. Surry, p. 86. s.

To-Day.

1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
 Now is the time to make your choice ;
 Say, will you be for ever blest,
 And with the glorious Jesus rest ?

2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain ?
 Will you with Christ for ever reign ?
 Say, will you to mount Zion go ?
 Say, will you have this Christ or no ?

- 3 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound ;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Behold ! he's waiting at your door ;
Make now your choice ; O, halt no more ;
Say, sinner, say, what will you do !
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 5 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compared to our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear ;
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
- 6 Why rush in carnal pleasures on ?
Why madly plunge in sorrow down ?
Say, without Christ what can ye do ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 7 O, must we bid you all farewell ;
We bound to heaven, and you to hell ?
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you, ere that burning day.
- 8 Once more we ask you in his name ;
We know his love remains the same ;
Say, will you to mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?

116

Star of Bethlehem, p. 172. a.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 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 every gem ;
 But one alone, the Savior 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 through 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,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

117

Star of Bethlehem, p. 172. a.

The ransomed Spirit.

- 1 THE ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty flies ;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies :
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, Holy Love.
- 2 The cherub near the viewless throne,
Hath smote the harp with trembling
hand ;
And one with incense fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel band ;
But tuneless is the quivering string,
No melody can Gabriel bring ;
Mute are its arches, when above,
The harps of heaven wake not to Love !
- 3 Earth, sea and sky one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul ;
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll ;
That voice is heard, and tumults cease ;
It whispers to the bosom peace ;
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts, Celestial Love !

118

Lisbon, p. 174. a. Silver Street, p. 8. c.

Christian Love.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

- 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

119

Carmarthen, p. 176. a.

The Gospel's Voice.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

 - 2 No longer now delay ;
No vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to day,
Tho' poor, and blind and lame !
All things are ready, sinners, come !
For every trembling soul there's room.

 - 3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering souls, draw near ;
Christ calls you from above—
His charming accents hear !
Let whosoever will, now come ;
In mercy's arms there still is room.
-

120

Carmarthen, p. 176. a.

Pastoral cares.

- 1 WHO can describe the pain,
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to preach in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel ?

Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt ?

- 2 The Savior's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their warm affections move,
And draw their efforts forth :
They pray and strive—their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.
- 3 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content ;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event :
Too oft they find their hopes deceived ;
Then how their inmost souls are grieved.
- 4 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade
The ripening ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid :
No harvest joys can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.
- 5 On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;
The power is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow :
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

121

Carmarthen, p. 176. a.

Doxology.

- 1 WE give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
 And all our hopes above :
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

- 2 To God, the Son, belongs
 Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood,
 From everlasting wo :
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

- 3 To God, the Spirit, praise
 And endless worship give ;
Whose new creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

- 4 Almighty God ! to thee
 Be endless honors done ;
The sacred persons three,
 The Godhead only one :
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

122

De Fleury, p. 178. a. Wilton, p. 106. a.

Panting for Heaven.

- 1 YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise :
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good ;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat :
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave ;
He ransom'd from death and despair ;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 O, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song ?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Savior belong !
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay ;
I struggle and pant to be free ;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Savior to see !
- 4 I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;

I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name ;
 I want—O, I want to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu ;
 Your sorrow and friendship to share,
 To wonder and worship with you !

[23

De Fleury, p. 173. a. Lambeth.

Longing for Christ.

- 1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 flowers,
 Have all lost their sweetness to me :
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice :
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd ;

No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind :
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear ;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine ?
 And why are my winters so long ?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore :
 O take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

124

Calcutta, p. 182. a. Helmsley.

Hills of Darkness.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail,
 With a glorious day of grace :
 Blessed Jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
 Let the gospel
 Soon resound from pole to pole.

- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light :
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase ;
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

125

Calcutta, p. 182. a. Zion.

On the Mountains.

- 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 prov'd ?
 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.

5 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
 All thy warfare now is past,
 God, thy Savior, shall defend thee.
 Peace and joy are come at last ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

Men of God.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations,
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;
 Go, proclaim among the nations,
 Joyful news of heavenly birth ;
 Bear the tidings
 Of the Savior's matchless worth.

- 2 What tho' earth and hell united,
Should oppose the Savior's plan ;
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted ;
Fear ye not the face of man :
Vain their tumult ;
Stop his work they never can.
- 3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend :
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend :
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.
-

127

Complaint, p. 181. a.

A saint in darkness.

- 1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move ;
Then my Savior was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love ;
Those were happy golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
- 2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power ;
Now I feel my sins anew ;
Now I feel the stormy hour !
Sin has put my joys to flight ;
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

3 Savior, shine and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive ;
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive ;
 Speak the word and set me free ;
 Let me live alone to thee.

128

Complaint, p. 184. a.

Faith encouraged.

1 PENSIVE, doubting, fearful heart,
 Hear what Christ the Savior says ;
 Every word should joy impart,
 Change thy mourning into praise.
 Fearful soul, attend and see ;
 Yes, he speaks, and speaks to thee.

2 “ Fear thou not, nor be ashamed,
 All thy sorrows soon shall end ;
 I, who heaven and earth have framed,
 Am thy husband and thy friend :
 I, the high and holy One,
 As thy Savior will be known.

3 “ For a moment I withdrew,
 And thy heart was fill'd with pain ;
 But thy mercies I'll renew ;
 Thou shalt soon rejoice again :
 Though I seem to hide my face,
 'Tis but for a moment's space.

- 4 " When my peaceful bow appears,
Painted on the watery cloud,
'Tis to dissipate thy fears,
Lest the earth should be o'erflowed :
'Tis an emblem, too, of peace :
Very soon my wrath shall cease.
- 5 " Though afflicted, tempest toss'd,
Comfortless awhile thou art,
Faithful souls shall ne'er be lost ;
I have grav'd them on my heart :
Look to me, and prove anew,
What a God of love can do."
-

129

Waterbury, p. 186. a.

Backslider's Confession.

- 1 MET, O God, to ask thy presence,
Join our souls to seek thy grace ;
Oh, deny us not, nor spurn us,
Guilty rebels from thy face.
- 2 All is sin, we own, our Father,
All our lives are mark'd with guilt ;
Nought we plead our sins to cover,
Save the blood that Jesus spilt.
- 3 We have wander'd—long have wander'd,
Much we need thy chastening rod ;
But we come to our own folly :
Heal and pardon, O our God !

- 4 May thy people wake from slumber,
 Ere their lamps shall fall and die :
 Bridegroom of the church, awake them !
 Rouse them by the "midnight cry."
- 5 Let conviction seize the careless ;
 Through their souls thine arrows dart ;
 Let thy truth, so long rejected,
 Break and melt the flinty heart.
- 6 O, thou kind, forgiving Spirit,
 Comforter, on thee we call !
 Cheer the saint, alarm the sinner,
 O, revive—revive us all.

130

Waterbury, p, 186. a.

Christ at the door.

- 1 JESUS stands, oh, how amazing,
 Stands and knocks at every door :
 In his hands ten thousand blessings,
 Proffer'd to the wretched poor.
- 2 See me bleeding, dying, rising,
 To prepare yon heavenly rest ;
 Listen, while I kindly call you ;
 Hear, and be forever blest.
- 3 Will you spurn my richest mercy,
 Spurn—and sink to endless pain ;

- Or to realms of bliss and glory,
Rise, and with me ever reign !
- 4 Now I have not come to judgment,
To condemn your wretched race ;
But to ransom ruin'd sinners,
And display unbounded grace.
- 5 Will you plunge in endless darkness.
There to bear eternal pain ;
Or to realms of glorious brightness
Rise, and with me ever reign ?
- 6 Will you hear my invitation,
That your sins may be forgiven ;
Or now make the guilty preference,
Which shall bear your souls from hea-
ven ?
-

131

Poland, p. 188. a.

God of my Life.

- 1 GOD of my life, look gently down ;
Behold the pains I feel ;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command ;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
 Remove thy sharp rebukes ;
 My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
 Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd, as a moth, beneath thy hand,
 We moulder to the dust ;
 Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand
 And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a stranger here below,
 As all my fathers were ;
 May I be well prepared to go,
 When I the summons hear !
- 6 And if my life be spared awhile,
 Before my last remove ;
 Thy praise shall be my business still,
 And I'll declare thy love.

132

Wallace, p. 190. a.

Soldiers of the cross.

- 1 SOLDIERS of the cross, arise !
 Lo, your leader from the skies
 Waves before you glory's prize,
 The prize of victory.
 Seize your armor—gird it on ;
 The battle's yours—it will be won ;

Though fierce the strife, 'twill soon be
done ;

Then struggle manfully . .

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell,
Met and vanquish'd earth and hell ;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his 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,

The crown of glory you shall gain ;

And walk among that glorious train,

Who shout their Savior's praise.

133

Nineveh, p. 192. a.

The day is spent.

1 THE day is far spent,

The evening is nigh,

When we must lay down

The body and die ;

Great God ! we surrender
Our dust to thy care,
But O, for the summons
Our spirits prepare.

2 The hours that remain,
O with us abide,
And in the dark vale
Of death be our guide ;
Through life's weary journey,
Thou still hast been near,
And in our last moments
Lord for us appear.

3 We die to obtain
A seat with the blest,
A freedom from pain,
A mansion of rest ;
We see, not regretting,
The shadows arise,
The sun of life setting
And night on the skies.

4 Though rayless the night,
Though starless the skies,
Extinguish'd all light,
And death on our eyes ;
An unclouded morning
Shall rise on the tomb,
Before whose bright dawning
Shall vanish its gloom.

- 5 O, day long foretold !
When wilt thou appear ?
Thy approach we behold
With hope and with fear !
O, righteous Judge, spare us,
From sin set us free,
And daily prepare us
To stand before thee !
-

Nineveh. p. 192. a.

A brother is dead.

134

- 1 HARK ! what is that note,
So mournful and slow,
That sends on the winds
The tidings of wo ?
It sounds like the knell
Of a spirit that's fled ;
It tells us, alas !
A brother is dead !
- 2 Yes, gone to the grave
Is he whom we loved ;
And lifeless that form,
That so manfully moved ;
The clods of the valley
Encompass his head,
The marble reminds us,
A brother is dead.

- 3 But marble and urns !
 They never can tell
 The spot where the soul
 Is destined to dwell.
 Ye spirits of air,
 That surrounded his bed,
 O, speak ye, and tell,
 Where *the spirit has fled.*
- 4 O say, have ye heard,
 In the heavenly throng,
 That voice, once with ours
 Commingled in song ?
 O say, to the courts
 Of our God, have ye led
 The soul that from earth
For ever has fled ?
- 5 No voice from the grave,
 No voice from the sky,
 Discloses the deeds
 That are doing on high :
 It need not : Jehovah
 Hath said in his word,
 That, " Blessed are they
Who die in the Lord."

135

Visitation, p. 194. a.

The Savior's visit.

- 1 SAVIOR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;

All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

*Turn to the Lord, and seek redemption,
Sound the praise of his dear name ;
Glory, honor, and salvation !
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.*

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high ;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd ;
Happy seasons we have seen !

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed ;
Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love and truth ?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples for our youth !

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

- 7 Younger plants, the sight how pleasant !
 Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
 But they cause us grief at present,
 Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.
- 8 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 O, permit them not to wither ;
 Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

136 Hofwyl, p. 196. a.

O sacred head.

- 1 O SACRED head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weigh'd down ;
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thy only crown :
 O, sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss till now was thine !
 Yet though despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.

2 O noblest brow, and dearest,
In other days the world
All fear'd when thou appearedst ;
What shame on thee is hurl'd !
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn ;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn.

3 What thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd,
Was all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior !
'Tis I deserve *thy* place,
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace !

4 Receive me, my Redeemer,
My Shepherd, make me thine ;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

5 The joy can ne'er be spoken—
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.

My Lord of Life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

6 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end !
O make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

7 If I, a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus, leave not me ;
In faith may I receive thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

8 Be near when I am dying,
O, show thy cross to me !
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move ;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

137

Sacrament, p. 198. a.

The Lord's Supper.

- 1 AH, tell us no more,
The Spirit and power
Of Jesus, our God,
Is not to be found in this life-giving food.
- 2 Did Jesus ordain
His supper in vain,
And furnish a feast
For none but his earliest servants to taste ?
- 3 Nay, but this is his will,
(We know it and feel,)
That we should partake
The banquet, for all he so freely did make.
- 4 In rapturous bliss
He bids us do this ;
The joy it imparts,
Hath witness'd his glorious design in our
hearts.
- 5 'Tis God, we believe,
Who cannot deceive ;
The witness of God
Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.
- 6 Receiving the bread,
On Jesus we feed ;
It doth not appear,
His manner of working, but Jesus is here.

138

St. Denis, p. 200. a.

Kedron.

- 1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.
- 3 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head !
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed !
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.
- 3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above ;
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love !
- 4 Come, saints, and adore him ; come, bow at his feet !
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;

Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the
skies.

139

Parsons, p. 202. a.

The weary at rest.

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 2 The toilsome way, thou'st travel'd o'er,
And hast borne the heavy load ;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
On his Father's faithful breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor can doubt thy faith assail ;
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ,
And the Holy Spirit fail.

And then thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."
Thus the solemn priest hath said :
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed ;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away,
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

5 And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou now hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find ;
May each like thee, depart in peace.
To be a glorious, happy guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

140

Bunker Hill, p. 34. a.

The voice of warning.

1 AH, guilty sinner, ruin'd by transgression,
What shall thy doom be, when arrayed in
terror,
God shall command thee, cover'd with pol-
lution,
Up to the judgment ?

2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice,
Fly to the caverns, court annihilation?
Vain thy presumption, justice still shall triumph

In thy destruction.

3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,

Swift to perdition.

4 Oft has he call'd thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded
Waits to embrace thee.

5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness;

Jesus invites you.

6 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world, and love its guilty pleasures,

Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous
 judgment,
 Quit you for ever.

7 Then you shall call, but he will not regard
 you,
 Seek for his favor, yet shall never find it,
 Cry to the rocks to hide you from his pre-
 sence,
 Deep in their caverns.

8 Where the worm dies not, and the fire
 eternal
 Fills the lost soul with anguish and with
 terror,
 There shall the sinner spend a long for
 ever,
 Dying unpardoned.

9 Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warn-
 ing;
 Fly to the Savior, and embrace his pardon,
 So shall your spirit meet with joy trium-
 phant,
 Death and the judgment!

141

 Egypt, p. 206. a.

Escape for thy life.

1 SEE Sodom wrapt in fire!
 And hark, what piercing shrieks!

Those daring rebels now expire,
For God in justice speaks.

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

3 Thy day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,
Thy cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.

4 Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glitt'ring sword ;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.

5 One only hope I see ;
O, sinner, seize it now,
The blood that Jesus shed for thee !
No other hope hast thou.

Egypt, p. 206. a.

Invitation.

142

1 SINNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace ;
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race.

- 2 Enter into the Rock,
 Ye trembling slaves of sin,
 The Rock of your salvation, struck,
 And cleft to take you in.
- 3 Jesus, to thee we fly
 From the devouring sword ;
 Our city of defence is nigh ;
 Our help is in the Lord.
- 4 Our life with thee we hide
 Above the furious blast,
 And shelter'd in thy wounds abide
 Till all the storms are past.

143

Egypt, p, 206. a.

Justification.

- 1 HOW can a sinner know,
 His sins on earth forgiven ?
 How can my gracious Savior show
 My name inscribed in heaven ?
- 2 We who in Christ believe
 That he for us hath died,
 We all his unknown peace receive,
 And feel his blood applied.
- 3 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburden'd of her load,
 And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.

- 4 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.
- 5 We by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd.
- 6 His Spirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us we know ;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.
- 7 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do ;
And guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.
- 8 His glory our design,
We live our God to please ;
And rise with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

144

Accomack, p. 208. a.

Closet Hymn.

- 1 WHEN, O my Savior, shall this heart
So feel the influence of thy grace,

That from thy cross 'twill ne'er depart ;
But live around that hallow'd place ?

- 2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,
If Jesus be not with me there ;
All worldly joys, compared with him,
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.
- 3 O could I live beneath his smile,
And lean upon his sacred breast,
No fond allurements should beguile
A heart so privileged—so blest.
- 4 Come then, my Savior, and constrain
This wayward soul, nor let it rove ;
Recall me to thine arms again,
And bind me there with cords of love.

145

Accomack, p. 208. a.

Repentance.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received !
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

- 3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 This only wo I deprecate ;
This only plague I pray remove ;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
And raise me with thy gracious hand ;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

146

Accomack, p. 208. a.

Prayer for zeal.

- 1 O THOU who all things canst control,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul,
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.
- 2 O may one beam of thy blest light,
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night ;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.
- 3 With out-stretch'd hands, and streaming
eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize ;

I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray ;
But ah, how soon it dies away !

- 4 The deadly slumber soon I feel,
Afresh upon my spirit seal ;
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quickening power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

147

Rest, p. 210. a.

O fly, mourning sinner.

- 1 O FLY, mourning sinner, saith Jesus to
me,
Thy guilt I will pardon—thy soul I will
free ;
From the chains that have bound thee, my
grace shall release,
And thy stains I will wash, and thy sorrows
shall cease.
- 2 Too long, guilty wanderer—too long hast
thou been
In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to
sin ;
Thee the world has allured, and enslaved,
and deceived,
While my counsel thou'st spurn'd, and my
Spirit hast grieved.
- 3 Though countless thy sins, and though
crimson thy guilt,
Yet for crimes such as thine was my blood
freely spilt ;

Come, sinner, and prove me ; come mourn-
er, and see
The wounds that I bore, when I suffer'd
for thee.

- 4 Thou doubt'st not my power—deny not
my will ;
Come needy, come helpless, thy soul I will
fill ;
My mercy is boundless ; no sinner shall
say,
That he sued at my feet, but was driven
away.
-

148

Parting Friends, p 212. a.

When shall we meet.

- 1 WHEN shall we all meet again ?
When shall we all meet again ?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky ;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls ;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid ;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

PART II.

There's nothing true but Heaven, p. 4. b.

1

Nothing true but heaven.

- 1 THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There's nothing true but heaven.

- 2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb ;
There's nothing bright but heaven !

- 3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way ;
There's nothing true but heaven !

2

There's nothing true but heaven, p. 4. b.

Heaven on earth.

- 1 THIS world's not ' all a fleeting show,
For man's *illusion* given ;"
He that has sooth'd a widow's wo,
Or wiped an orphan's tear doth know
There's something here of heaven.
- 2 And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even ;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's light and steady ray ;
Hath something felt of heaven.
- 3 He that the Christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiven ;
Who measures out life's little span,
In love to God and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

3

There's nothing true but Heaven.

The heavenly rest.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.
- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis 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 toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and oceans roll,
And all is drear but heaven.

4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene, in heaven.

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

4

Rapture, p. 7. b.

Creation.

1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name ;
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

- 2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair ;
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he formed your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.
- 3 Ye angels catch the thrilling sound ;
While all the adoring thrones around,
His boundless mercy sing :
Let every listening ear above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
- 4 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
Thou, dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid ;
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
Thou moon protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.
- 5 Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow ;
Ye dragons sound his awful name
To heaven aloud ; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.
- 6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread his tremendous name around,

Till heaven's broad arch rings back the
sound,
The general burst of joy.

5

Rapture, p. 7. b.

Perfect love.

- 1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagle's wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise,
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile
With every blessing blest ;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up !
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess !
This moment end my legal years ;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

6

Rapture, p. 7. b.

Perfect confidence.

- 1 ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield ;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be heal'd.
- 2 Though fields in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam ;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy ; for though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.
- 3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall ;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies ;
There God is all in all.
- 4 In God my strength, howe'er distress,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love ;
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

7 The Death song, p. 9. b.

The martyr's death song.

- 1 I have fought the good fight, I have finish'd my race,
And thee, O my Savior, I soon shall embrace;
They may torture this body—my spirit is free,
And the billows of death shall but waft it to thee.
- 2 Let thy strength, Lord, but gird me—thy smile but be mine,
And my soul on thy faithfulness firmly recline;
The dungeon, the sword, or the stake I can dare,
And in transports expire, if my Jesus be there.
- 3 Did my Lord feel the scourge? Did the thorns pierce his brow?
In the darkness of death, on the cross did he bow?
All this didst thou suffer, my Savior, for me?
Then welcome the fetters that link me to thee.
- 4 United in sufferings—the promise is clear,
I shall with my Jesus in glory appear;
Out of great tribulation in triumph I go,
With my robe wash'd in blood, and made whiter than snow.

- 5 I go to my Savior—I go to my God,
 I tread the same path my Redeemer once
 trod :
 Unworthy, my Jesus, unworthy am I,
 E'en to fall in thy cause—for thy truth
 e'en to die.
- 6 Lo! on my clear vision, the seats of the
 bless'd
 Seem calmly to shine, and invite me to
 rest ;
 Then unshaken my soul on the promise
 relies ;
 “ Though I die, I shall live—though I fall,
 I shall rise.”

8

The Christian Mariner, p. 12. b.

Jesus the pilot.

- 1 JESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep ;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep :
 For thee I fain would all resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my Pilot wise ;
 My compass is thy word ;
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord !
 I trust thy faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the trying hour.

3 Thro' rocks and quicksands deep,
 Though all my passage lie ;
 Yet thou wilt safely keep,
 And guide me with thine eye ;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest ;
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast.
O, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And storms and winds subside ;
 Lord, to my succor fly,
 And keep me near thy side :
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come heavenly wind, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace,
 To waft me from below,
 To heaven, my destined place :
Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

9

The Christian Mariner, p. 12. b.

The way to glory.

1 THROUGH tribulation deep,
 The way to glory is ;

This stormy course I keep,
On these tempestuous seas :
By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driv'n,
Freighted with grace and bound for heav'n.

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

3 When I, in my distress,
My anchor, *Hope*, can cast
Within thy promises,
It holds my vessel fast :
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy winds and swelling tides.

4 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 for ever true.

5 My vessel would be lost,
In spite of all my care,
Did not the Holy Ghost
Himself vouchsafe to steer :
And I through all my voyage will
Depend upon my steersman's skill.

6 When through this gulf I get,
 (Though rough, it is but short,)
The pilot angels meet,
 And bring me into port :
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore.

10

Creation, p. 14. b.

Let there be light.

- 1 THOU whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight ;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
 “ Let there be light.”
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
 “ Let there be light.”
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth thy flight ;
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the Lamp of grace,
In earth's darkest place
 “ Let there be light.”

- 4 Blessed and holy Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might,
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 'Thro' the world, far and wide,
 "Let there be light."

Creation, p. 14. b.

11

Lofty praise.

- 1 SING, sing his lofty praise,
 Whom angels cannot raise,
 But whom they sing ;
 Jesus, who reigns above,
 Object of angels' love.
 Jesus, whose grace we prove,
 Jesus our King.
- 2 Jesus the curse sustain'd,
 Bitter the cup he drain'd,
 Happy for us ;
 Angels were fill'd with awe,
 When their own King they saw
 Honor his holy law,
 Honor it thus.
- 3 Rich is the grace we sing,
 Poor is the price we bring,
 Not as we ought :
 But when we see his face,
 In yonder glorious place,

Then we shall sing his grace,
Sing without fault.

- 4 Yet we will sing of him,
Jesus our lofty theme,
Jesus we'll sing ;
Glory and power are his,
His too the kingdom is ;
Triumph, ye saints, in this ;
"Jesus is king."
-

12

Kentucky, p. 16. b.

Watchfulness.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 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.

13

Kentucky, p. 16. b.

God all-sufficient.

- 1 WHEN earthly comforts die,
And thorns o'erspread the road,
Whither, O whither shall I fly,
But unto thee, My God ?
- 2 When anxious thoughts arise,
And sorrows compass round,
Amidst ten thousand enemies,
In thee my help is found.
- 3 Then at thy feet I'll bow,
And in thy mercy trust ;
If I am saved, how good art thou,
And if I perish, just.
- 4 Perish !—It cannot be,
Since Jesus shed his blood ;
The promise is both rich and free,
And he will make it good.

14

Kentucky, p. 16. b.

The penitent backslider.

- 1 OH, let me see thy light,
Mild beaming from above ;
The light that gilds the mercy-seat—
Thy countenance of love.
- 2 These clouds so dark and cold,
These gloomy clouds remove ;

- And let my longing eyes behold
Thy countenance of love.
- 3 The joys I wont to feel,
Alas, no more I prove ;
Why, O my God, dost thou conceal
Thy countenance of love.
- 4 This fickle, faithless heart
Has dared from thee to rove ;
I need not ask what should avert
Thy countenance of love.
- 5 How oft did I rebel,
When thy good spirit strove ;
And could I hope to meet thy smile,
Thy countenance of love.
- 6 Ashamed, ashamed, I fall
Before thee, holy Dove !
O, turn on this sad, contrite soul
Thy countenance of love.
- 7 O, let me see thy light
Mild beaming from above ;
The light that gilds the mercy-seat—
Thy countenance of love.

Night Thought, p. 18. b.

Night thought.

- 15
- 1 HOW can I sleep while angels sing,
When all the saints on high

- Cry "Glory" to the eternal King,
The Lamb that once did die :
When guardian 'angels fill the room,
And hovering round my bed,
Do clap their wings in love to him,
Who is my glorious head.
- 2 Such joyful spirits never sleep,
Their love is ever new ;
Then, O my soul, no longer cease.
To love and praise him too,
For I, of all the race that fell,
Or all the heavenly host,
Have greatest cause, with humbler soul,
To love and praise him most.
- 3 Did God, the Father, love men so,
As to give up his Son,
To be a ransom, and redeem
Them from the sins they'd done ?
Did Jesus leave the Father's breast,
That heaven of heaven on high,
To come to earth, this world of wo,
For guilty worms to die ?
- 4 And has the Holy Ghost applied
The blood of Christ to me,
To cleanse my guilty soul from sin,
And set my spirit free ?
With me, O heaven and earth admire,
Who am, of all the race,
The chiefest sinner, and deserve
In hell, the hottest place.

- 5 No longer then will I lie here,
But rise, and praise and pray !
And join to sing, while I enjoy
A glimpse of heavenly day.
Lord, give me strength to die to sin,
To run the Christian race ;
To live to God, and glory
The riches of his grace.
- 6 If meditation all divine,
At midnight fill my soul ;
Sleep shall no longer all my powers
And faculties control.
My lovely Jesus, while on earth,
Did rise before 'twas day,
And to a solitary place
Departed, there to pray.
- 7 I'll do as did my blessed Lord,
His footsteps I will trace ;
I'll go to meet him in the grove,
And view his smiling face.
And when my soul hath found my love,
Whom all my powers adore,
I'll bring him to my father's house,
And let him go no more.

Hampton, p. 20. b. 1

16
Learning of Christ.

- 1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,

Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour ;
 Turn not from his griefs away,
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall,
 View the Lord of life arraign'd ;
 O, the wormwood and the gall !
 O, the pangs his soul sustain'd !
 Shun not suffering, shame or loss ;
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
 Then adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete :
 "It is finish'd," hear him cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;
 All is solitude and gloom ;
 Who hath taken him away ?
 Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes !
 Savior, teach us so to rise.

17

 Hampton, p. 20. b.

The child-like temper.

1 QUIET, Lord, my frowning heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child ;

From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, guard, and guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their father's boundless love.

Sacred Hours, p. 22. b.

Gazing on the Cross.

18

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend !
Life and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

- 2 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Here I see my sins forgiven ;
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go :
 Prove his blood each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

19

Sacred Hours, p. 22. b.

Conviction.

- 1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;
 Let me know thy great salvation,
 See, I languish, faint and die.
 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
 Send, O send me quick relief !
- 2 Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to him who comfort gives ?
 Whither, from the dread of dying,
 But to him who ever lives.
Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
 Thro' the shining realms of above.

Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

20

Sacred Hours, p. 22. b.

Miracle of grace.

- 1 HAIL! my ever-blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing ;
To my soul, thy name is precious,
Thou my prophet, priest and king :
O, what mercy flows from heaven,
O, what joy and happiness !
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay ;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Savior pass'd that way ;
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness ;
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb, enthroned above ;
While astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I received him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace ;
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

21

China, p. 24. b.

Why do we mourn?

- 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 blest,
And soften'd every 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.

22

China, p. 24. b.

Faith.

- 1 FEAR ye, beneath the torturing power
Of stern disease to moan ?
Faith can illumine the darkest hour,
And hush the deepest groan.
- 2 Shrink ye from sorrow ? Who can tell
With what benign intent,
Into your bosom's secret cell,
By heaven's decree 'twas sent ?

If hatred frown, with fearful face,
Approach ! its might declare ;
Its essence and its dwelling place
Are but the poison'd air.
- 4 With many a thorn our pilgrim path
Adversity may sow ;
Is there no hand to check its wrath,
And mitigate its wo ?
- 5 There's peril even in prosperous days :
Heaven can their sway control,
Ere to destructive folly's ways
They lure the cheated soul.
- 6 There's fear in death ? No, not to those,
Who feel it break their chain,
And bear them high, o'er all their woes,
From weeping, change and pain.

23

China, p. 24. b.

Inviting.

- 1 OH, what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found !
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and
 wounds,
 Your every burden bring ;
 Here love, eternal love, abounds,
 A deep celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows,
 And lively joy imparts ;
 Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
 And drink with thankful hearts.

24

Lenox, p. 26. b.

Justification by faith.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears :
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;

His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me ;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die !

4 The Father hears him pray,
The dear anointed One :
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Lenox, p. 26, b.

25

Christmas Hymn.

1 HARK ! what celestial notes,
What melody we hear ;
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravish'd ear.
The tuneful shell, the golden lyre,
And vocal choir the concert swell.

2 The angelic hosts descend,

With harmony divine ;

See how from heaven they bend,

And in full chorus join.

Fear not, say they ; great joy we bring :
Jesus, your King, is born to day.

4 He comes, from error's night

Your wandering feet to save ;

To realms of bliss and light,

He lifts you from the grave.

This glorious morn, (let all attend,)

Your matchless friend, your Savior's born.

4 Glory to God on high !

Ye mortals, spread the sound,

And let your raptures fly

To earth's remotest bound ;

For peace on earth, from God in heaven,

To man is given, at Jesus' birth.

26

World, adieu, p. 23. b.

World, adieu.

1 WORLD, adieu ! thou real cheat ;

Oft have thy deceitful charms

Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,

Foolish hopes and false alarms :

Now I see as clear as day,

How thy follies pass away.

2 Vain, thy entertaining sights ;

False thy promises renewed ;

All the pomp of thy delights
 Does but flatter and delude :
 Thee I quit for heaven above,
 Object of the noblest love.

- 3 Let not, Lord, my wandering mind
 Follow after fleeting toys ;
 Since in thee alone I find
 Solid and substantial joys :
 Joys that never overpast,
 Through eternity shall last.

27

World, adieu, p. 28. b.

Repentance.

- 1 SAVIOR, Prince of Israel's race,
 See me ! from thy lofty throne ;
 Give the sweet relenting grace,
 Soften this obdurate stone !
 Stone to flesh, O God, convert ;
 Cast a look, and break my heart !
- 2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
 All mine inmost sins reveal ;
 Sins against thy light and love,
 Let me see, and let me feel ;
 Sins that crucified my God,
 Spilt again thy precious blood.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
 Make me restless to return ;

Bid me look on thee and weep,
 Bitterly as Peter mourn :
 Till I say, by grace restored,
 " Now, thou know'st I love thee, Lord."

4 Might I in thy sight appear
 As the publican distrest ;
 Stand, not daring to draw near ;
 Smite on my unworthy breast ;
 Groan the sinner's only plea,
 " God, be merciful to me !"

5 O, remember me for good,
 Passing through the mortal vale ;
 Show me the atoning blood
 When my strength and spirit fail ;
 Give my gasping soul to see
 Jesus crucified for me.

28

World, adieu, p. 28. b.

God is love.

1 EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
 Air, with all its beams and showers,
 Ocean's infinite expanse,
 Heaven's resplendant countenance ;
 All around, and all above,
 Hath this record—God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
 In the woods, and by the rills,

Of the breeze and of the bird,
 By the gentle murmur stirr'd ;
 All these songs, beneath, above,
 Have one burden—God is love.

- 2 All the hopes and fears that start
 From the fountain of the heart ;
 All the quiet bliss that lies,
 In our human sympathies ;
 These are voices from above,
 Sweetly whispering—God is love.

29

Ocean, p. 30. b.

Light.

- 1 **LIGHT** of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by thy love's revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.
- 2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring eye sight on our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor, benighted heart.
- 4 Come, and manifest the favor
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race ;

Come, thou glorious God and Savior,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

5 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

6 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Ocean, p. 30. b.

30
Great Redeemer.

1 GREAT Redeemer, friend of sinners,
Thou hast wondrous power to save;
Grant me grace, and still protect me,
Over life's tempestuous wave.

2 May my soul, with sacred transport,
View the dawn while yet afar;
And until the sun arises,
Lead me by the morning star.

3 O, what madness! O, what folly!
That my heart should go astray
After vain and foolish trifles;
Trifles only of a day.

4 This vain world, with all its pleasures,
Very soon will be no more;
There's no object worth admiring,
But the God whom we adore.

- 5 See the happy spirits waiting,
 On the banks beyond the stream ;
 Sweet responses still repeating,
 Jesus, Jesus, is their theme.
- 6 Hark, they whisper ; lo ! they call me,
 Sister spirit, come away ;
 Lo ! I come ; earth can't contain me—
 Hail, the realms of endless day.
- 7 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours,
 Seraphs, lend your glittering wing ;
 Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
 Heavenly sounds around me ring.
- 8 Worlds of light, and crowns of glory,
 Far above yon azure sky !
 Though by faith I now behold you,
 I'll enjoy you soon on high.

31

Grateful Memory, p. 32. b.

Can we forget ?

- 1 JESUS ! thy love shall we forget ;
 And never bring to mind
 The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
 And bade us pardon find ?
- Our sorrows and sins were laid
 On thee—alone on thee :
 Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
 Thine all the glory be.*

- 2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
 Thy fasting and thy prayer ;
 Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
 To save us from despair !
- 3 Gethsemane, can we forget
 Thy struggling agony—
 When night lay dark on Olivet,
 And none to watch with thee ?
- 4 Can we the platted crown forget,
 The buffeting and shame ;
 When hell thy sinking soul beset,
 And earth reviled thy name ?
- 5 The nails, the spear, can we forget ;
 The agonizing cry—
 “ My God ! my Father ! wilt thou let
 Thy Son forsaken die ? ”
- 6 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
 Our kindred cease to love ;
 But HE, who paid our hopeless debt,
 Our constancy shall prove.

Hinton, p. 34. b.

32

Our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord is our shepherd, our guardian
 and guide ;
 Whatever we want he will kindly provide ;
 To the sheep of his pasture his mercies
 abound,
 His care and protection his flock will sur-
 round.

- 2 The Lord is our shepherd ; what then shall
we fear ?
What danger can frighten us while he is
near ?
Not when the time calls us to walk thro'
the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts
ever fail.
- 3 Though afraid of ourselves, to pursue the
dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and
stay :
For we know by thy guidance, when once
it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.
- 4 The Lord has become our salvation and
song,
His blessings have followed us all our life
long ;
His name will we praise while we have
any breath ;
Be cheerful in life and be happy in death.

33

Evening, p. 36. b.

Evening Prayer.

- 1 ERE I sleep, for every favor
This day show'd by my God,
I do bless my Savior.

- 2 Leave me not, but ever love me ;
 Let thy peace be my bliss,
 Till thou hence remove me.
- 3 Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower ;
 Safely keep, while I sleep,
 Me with all thy power.
- 4 And whene'er in death I slumber,
 Let me rise, with the wise,
 Counted in their number.

34

Old German, p. 37. b.

Gratitude.

- 1 ALL glory and praise,
 To the ancient of days,
 Who was born and was slain to redeem a lost
 race.
- 2 Salvation to God,
 Who carried our load,
 And purchased our lives with the price of
 his blood.
- 3 And shall he not have
 The lives which he gave,
 Such an infinite ransom for ever to save ?
- 4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
 And gladly resign
 Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine.

5 How, when it shall be,
We cannot foresee ;
But, O, let us live, let us die unto thee.

35

Chapel, p. 38. b.

The best of Friends.

- 1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end ;
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But this Savior died to save us,
Reconciled in him to God ;
It was boundless love to bleed ;
Jesus is a friend indeed.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
"Friend of sinners," was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O, for grace, our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often,
What a friend we have above ;

When to heaven our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

36

Washington, p. 40. b.

Anthem of Harmony.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun ;
Our hearts have often burn'd within,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd the enlarged desire.

*“ A Savior !” let creation sing,
“ A Savior !” let the heavens ring ;
'Tis God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours ;
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er ;
We'll join with those who've gone before,
We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
Where we shall meet to part no more.*

2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly ;
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die.
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through ;
Let foes unite and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown in view.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain ;
We wait to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain ;
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood ;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.
- 4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
May we, a little band of love,
We, sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

Leoni, p. 44. b.

37

The God of Abraham.

- 2 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love ;
Jehovah, Great I Am !
By earth and heaven confess'd ;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command

From earth I rise, and seek the joys,
 At his right hand :
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power,
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
 Whose all sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all his ways :
 He calls a worm his friend !
 He calls himself my God !
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall on eagle's wings upborne
 To heaven ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 Forevermore.

PART SECOND.

5 Tho' nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At his command :
 The watery deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view ;
 And thro' the howling wilderness,
 My way pursue.

- 6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd ;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest ;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.
- 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace ;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains ;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.
- 8 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride ;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.
- 9 Before the Three in One,
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,

And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

PART THIRD.

- 10 The God who reigns on high,
The great arch-angels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah; Father; Great I Am!
We worship thee."
- 11 Before the Savior's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty grace,
For ever new.
He shows his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the world above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.
- 12 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry;
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

38

Luther's Hymn, p. 46. b.

Judgment.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 5 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding ;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing ;
The day of grace is pass'd and gone ;
Trembling they stand, before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

39

Olmutz, p. 48. b.

Trembling Saints.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take :
Loud to the praise of Love divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.
- 4 Fasten'd within the veil,
Hope be our anchor strong ;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale,
That wafts you smooth along.
- 5 The people of his choice,
He will not cast away ;
Yet do not always here expect,
On Tabor's mount to stay.
- 6 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time we trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 7 Wait till the shadows flee ;
Wait thy appointed hour ;

Wait till the bridegroom of thy soul,
Reveals his love with power.

- 8 The time of love will come,
Then we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "FOR ME."

40

Olmutz, p. 48. b.

Sacrifice.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

41

Olmütz, p. 48. b.

Walking with God.

- 1 THAT we may walk with God,
 He forms our hearts anew ;
 Takes us, like Ephraim, by the hand,
 And teaches us to go.
- 2 He by his Spirit leads,
 In paths before unknown ;
 The work to be perform'd is ours,
 The strength is all his own.
- 3 Assisted by his grace,
 We still pursue our way ;
 And hope at last to reach the prize,
 Secure in endless day.
- 4 'Tis he that works to will,
 'Tis he that works to do ;
 His is the power by which we act,
 His be the glory too.
-

42

Zephyr, p. 50. b.

The Savior's Love.

- 1 SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
 That sing the Savior's dying love ;
 Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
 Soft as the tuneful lyres above.
- 2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
 While the sweet lark exulting soars ;

So soft, to your Almighty Friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours.

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad ;
Pure as the lucid car of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker God.

4 True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be—
So true let all your sorrows roll,
To him who bled upon the tree.

43

Zephyr, p. 50. b.

To whom shall we go ?

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my Almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?

2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go—
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and wo,
One glimpse of happiness afford ?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
While thou art near, in vain they call ;

One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
Depart from thee ; 'tis death—'tis more !
'Tis endless ruin ! deep despair !

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine !

Zephyrs, p. 50. b.

44

Peace of Conscience.

1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly
guest !

Come fix thy mansion in my breast ;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here ;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope, and peace divine,
O, make these sacred pleasures mine !
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all its terrors near ;

My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

45

Baltimore, p. 52. b.

Christian Fellowship.

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

46

Baltimore, p. 52. b.

Our Captain.

- 1 OUR Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies,
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
- 2 " Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious
wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

- 3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
 To every soldier saith ;
 Eternal life is the reward
 Of all-victorious faith.
- 4 Who conquer in his might,
 The victor's meed receive ;
 They claim a kingdom in his right,
 Which God shall freely give.

Baltimore, p. 52. b.

47

The Christian encouraged.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
 tears ;
 He shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart ?
 Still sink thy spirits down ?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And every care be gone.
- 4 What though thou rulest not,
 Yet heaven and earth, and hell,
 Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

- 5 Leave to his sovereign sway,
 To choose and to command ;
 So shalt thou, wondering, own his way
 How wise, how strong his hand.
- 6 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.
- 7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee :
 O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee.
- 8 Let us, in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare ;
 And publish with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

48

Averno, p. 54. b.

Expostulation.

- 1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown ?
 Why in such dreadful haste to die ?
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
 Heedless against thy God to fly ?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
 Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams ?
 Madly attempt the infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames ?

- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

49

Averno, p. 54. b.

Reflection.

- 1 ALAS, alas, how blind I've been,
How little of myself I've seen !
Sportive I sail'd the sensual tide,
Thoughtless of God whom I defied.
- 2 I heard of heaven, I heard of hell,
Where bliss and wo eternal dwell ;
But mock'd the threats of truth divine,
And scorn'd the place where angels shine.
- 3 My angry heart refused the blood
Of a descending, suffering God ;
And guilty passion boldly broke
The holy law which heaven had spoke.
- 4 The alluring world controll'd my choice,
When conscience spoke, I hush'd its
voice,
Securely laugh'd along the road,
Which hapless millions first had trod.
- 5 Now the Almighty God comes near,
And makes me shake with awful fear ;
His terrors all my strength exhaust,
My fear grows high, my peace is lost.

- 6 With keen remorse I feel my wound,
 And seem to hear the dreadful sound,
 "Depart from me, thou wretch undone,
 Go reap thy sin, and feel my frown!"
- 7 Thus ends my mirthful, thoughtless life,
 Fill'd up with folly, guilt and strife;
 Perhaps I sink to endless pain,
 Nor hear the voice of joy again.

50

Averno, p. 51. b.

Submission.

- 1 WEARY of struggling with my pain,
 Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
 At length I give the contest o'er,
 And seek to free myself no more.
- 2 From my own works at last I cease—
 God that creates must send my peace;
 Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
 Unless thy sovereign grace I share.
- 3 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
 Thy gifts I only can receive:
 Here then to thee I all resign;
 To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

51

Harwich, p. 56. b.

The sufferings of Jesus.

- 1 ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh:

To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?

Our ransom and peace,

Our surety he is ;

Come see if there ever was sorrow like this.

2 The Lord, in the day

Of his anger, did lay

Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them
away :

He dies to atone

For sins not his own,

The Father hath punish'd for us his dear
Son.

3 For sinners like me,

He died on the tree ;

His death is accepted, the sinner is free ;

My pardon I claim,

A sinner I am,

A sinner believing in Jesus' name.

4 Love moved him to die,

On this I rely,

My Savior hath loved me, I cannot tell why ;

But this I can find,

We two are so join'd,

He'll not be in glory, and leave me behind !

5 With joy we approve,

The plan of his love ;

A wonder to all, both below and above !

When time is no more,

We still shall adore

That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

52

Haweis, p. 53. b.

Lord remember me.

- 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, burden'd 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 If, for thy sake, upon my name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame !
Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Good Lord, remember me.
- 6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath ;
Good Lord, remember me.
- 7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,

H

Then with the saints at thy right hand,
 Good Lord remember me. .

53

Colesbill, p. 60. b.

Pearl of great price.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu ;
 A nobler choice be mine :
 A real prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye precious baits of sense ;
 Inestimable worth appears,
 The pearl of price immense.
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
 O name divinely sweet !
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
 Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies at my call,
 Their boasted stores resign ;
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.
- 4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possess'd,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And think myself most bless'd.
- 6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine ;

Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

54

Coleshill, p. 60. b.

The downward road.

- 1 SINNERS, behold that downward road
Which leads to endless wo ;
What multitude of thoughtless souls
The road to ruin go !
- 2 But yonder see that narrow way
Which leads to endless bliss ;
There see a happy, chosen few
Redeem'd by sovereign grace.
- 3 They from destruction's city came,
To Zion upward tend :
The bible is their precious guide,
And God himself their friend.
- 4 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be—
Guide thou my feet aright ;
I would not, for ten thousand worlds.
Be banish'd from thy sight.

55

Coleshill, p. 60. b.

Death of a child.

- 1 DOWN to the tomb our brother goes,
In its cold arms to rest,
As, smit by sudden storms, the rose
Sinks on the gardener's breast.

- 2 No more with us his tuneful voice
 The hymn of praise shall swell ;
 No more his gentle heart rejoice,
 To hear the Sabbath bell.
- 3 But if, in yon celestial sphere,
 Amid the glorious throng,
 He warbles to his Maker's ear,
 The everlasting song.—
- 4 No more we'll mourn our buried friend ;
 But lift the ardent prayer,
 And every thought and effort bend,
 To rise and join him there.

56

Amherst, p. 62. b.

Love to Christ.

- 1 COME, every pious heart
 That loves the Savior's name,
 Your noblest power exert
 To celebrate his fame :
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love, to him you owe.
- 2 He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside ;
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died :
 What he endured, O, who can tell ?
 To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,
 The mansion of the dead ;
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led :
 Up to the sky the conqueror rode,
 And reigns on high, the Savior God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe thy love ;
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve :
 Our hearts—our all, to thee we give :
 The gift though small, do thou receive.

57

Amherst, p. 62. b.

The monthly concert.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds above,
 And Lord of all below,
 Thy faithfulness and love,
 Thy power and mercy show :
 Fulfil thy word ; thy Spirit give ;
 Let heathens live, and praise the Lord.

2 On lands that lie beneath
 Foul superstition's sway,
 Whose horrid shades of death
 Admit no heavenly ray,
 Blest Spirit ! shine ! their hearts illumine ;
 Dispel the gloom with light divine.

3 Father, who to thy Son

Thy steadfast word hast given,
That through the earth shall run
The news of peace with heaven ;
Extend his fame ; thy grace diffuse,
And let the news the world proclaim.

4 Few be the years that roll,

Ere all shall worship thee ;
The travail of his soul,
Soon let the Savior see ;
O, God of grace ! thy power employ,
Fill earth with joy, and heaven with
praise.

Rome, p. 64. b.

58

Wandering Pilgrims.

1 WANDERING pilgrims, mourning Chris-
tians,

Weak and tempted Lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sin are sore distress'd ;
Christ hath sent me to invite you,
To a rich and costly feast ;
Let not shame or pride prevent you,
Come, the rich provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,

And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
He will give you gospel grace :

If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him here below ;
With your troubles now draw near him,
He the blessing will bestow.

3 If, like poor Bartimeus blinded,
You bewail the want of sight,
Cry to Jesus, son of David,
He will give you gospel light :
If no one appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk ;
Jesus ready waits to heal you,
He will bid you rise and walk.

4 If, like Peter, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief ;
Wait with patient, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief.
Are you weary, heavy laden ?
He will give you sweet repose ;
Bear his light and easy burden,
He shall conquer all your foes.

5 He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied :
Canaan, Canaan, lies before you,
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.
Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guide you through the
gloom ;
Down he'll send an heavenly convoy,
To convey you to his home.

59

Alma, p. 66. b.

The image of God.

- 1 Father of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me,
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resign'd
To thy will—thy will be done ;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind,
Of thy well beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

60

Alma, p. 66. b.

Weary Sinners.

- 1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All, who feel your heavy load ;
Jesus calls the wanderers home ;
Hasten to your pardoning God.
- 2 Come, ye guilty souls, opprest,
Answer to the Savior's call :

“Come, and I will give you rest ;
Come, and I will save you all.”

3 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey ;
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.

4 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life :

5 Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God :

6 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art ;
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

Alma, p. 66. b.

61

Christian Fellowship.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling block remove ;

Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind ;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give ;
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and of pride,
Let us then in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above ;
On the wings of angels fly ;
Show how true believers die.

Kershaw, p. 68. b.

62

Christ's Coming.

1 Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here ;
Christ to all believers precious,
Lord of lords shall soon appear ;
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

- 2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom !
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come ;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.
- 3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting light.
- 4 See the stars from heaven falling !
Hark, on earth the doleful cry !
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh ;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye !
- 5 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see !
By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks received for *me* !
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis He !"
- 6 "Lo ! 'tis He ! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below ;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow :
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

- 7 Yes, the prize shall soon be given ;
 We his open foes shall see :
 Love, the earnest of our heaven,
 Love our full reward shall be,
 Love shall crown us
 Kings through all eternity !
-

63

Liberty, p. 70. b.

Prisoners of Hope.

- 1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,
 The day of Liberty draws near !
 Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
 Shall soon in your behalf appear :
 The Lord will to his temple come ;
 Prepare your hearts to make him room.
- 2 Ye all shall find, who in his word
 Himself hath caused to put your trust,
 The Father of our dying Lord
 Is ever to his promise just ;
 Faithful, if we our sins confess,
 To cleanse from all unrighteousness.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
 Thou never canst unfaithful prove :
 Surely we shall thy mercy find :
 Who ask, shall all receive thy love ;
 Nor canst thou it to me deny ;
 I ask, the chief of sinners, I !

- 4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong !
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up !
Ye shall not be forgotten long ;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope.
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove ;
And cannot fail if God is love !
- 5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold ;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear ;
Dare to believe ! on Christ lay hold !
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer ;
Tell him, " We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."
- 6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And rose, thy death for us to plead ?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed ?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst, and could not die in vain.
- 7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,
Which all thy great salvation brings ;
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us priests and
kings ;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
" The servant shall be as his Lord."
- 8 The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine ;

In spirit join'd to thee, the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

64

Liberty, p. 70. b.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all ;
Ye princes, rulers, powers obey,
And low before his footsteps fall :
Let earth rejoice ; the Lamb was slain,
He rose, he lives, he lives to reign.
 - 2 Riches, and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring ;
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King ;
Wisdom and strength are his alone,
Honor has built his lofty throne.
 - 3 From heaven, from earth loud bursts of
praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim,
Blessings that earth to glory raise,
Creation's voice shall hymn the fame ;
Higher, still higher swell the strain,
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign.
-

65

Gethsemane, p. 73. b.

The Great High Priest.

- 1 GREAT High Priest, we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast ;

In the garden groaning, drooping
 To the ground, with sorrow press'd.
 Weeping angels stood confounded,
 To behold their maker thus ;
 And can we remain unwounded,
 When we know 'twas all for us ?

- 2 On the cross thy body broken,
 Cancels every penal tie ;
 Tempted souls produce this token,
 All demands to satisfy.
 All is finish'd, do not doubt it,
 But believe your dying Lord ;
 Never reason more about it,
 Only take him at his word.
- 3 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,
 'Twas for us thy blood was spilt ;
 Gracious Savior, take us wholly,
 Take and make us what thou wilt.
 Grant us now thy heavenly blessing,
 Let thy love our songs employ ;
 Thus we'll find thy peace possessing,
 In thy service all our joy.

(66 Omitted.)

67

Supplication, p 76. b.

Supplication.

- 1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
 Remember us for good ;

- O, fulfil his faithful word,
 And hear his speaking blood !
 Give us that for which he prays ;
 Father, glorify thy Son ;
 Show his truth, and power, and grace,
 And send the promise down.
- 2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
 O Christ, thy Spirit give.
 Hast thou not received him now,
 That we might now receive ?
 Art thou not our living Head ?
 Life to all thy limbs impart ;
 Shield thy love, thy Spirit shed,
 In every waiting heart.
- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 The gift of Jesus come ;
 Glows our heart to find thee near,
 And swells to make thee room ;
 Present with us thee we feel,
 Come, O come, and in us be !
 With us, in us, live and dwell
 To all eternity.

Supplication, p. 76. b.

68

Yielding to Christ.

- 1 NOW, e'en now, I yield, I yield,
 With all my sins to part ;
 Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
 And purify my heart !

Purge the love of sin away,
 Then I into nothing fall ;
 Then I see the perfect day,
 And Christ is all in all.

- 2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
 With that pure love of thine ;
 Kindle now the heavenly fire,
 To brighten and refine :
 Purify our faith like gold ;
 All the dross of sin remove ;
 Melt our spirits down, and mould
 Into thy perfect love.

69

Supplication, p. 76. b.

Backslider's Return.

- 1 I WILL hearken what the Lord
 Will say concerning me ;
 Hast thou not a gracious word
 For one who waits on thee ?
 Speak it to my soul, that I
 May in thee have peace and power ;
 Never from my Savior fly,
 And never grieve thee more.
- 2 How have I thy Spirit grieved,
 Since first with me he strove !
 ObstinateIy disbelieved,
 And trampled on thy love !
 I have sinn'd against the light,
 I have broke from thy embrace ;

No, I would not, when I might
Be freely saved by grace.

3 O thou meek and gentle Lamb,
Fury is not in thee ;
Thou continuest still the same,
And still thy grace is free ;
Still thine arms are open wide,
Wretched sinners to receive ;
Thou hast once for sinners died,
That all may turn and live.

4 Lo ! I take thee at thy word,
My foolishness I mourn ;
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
However late, I turn ;
Yes, I yield, I yield at last,
Listen to thy speaking blood :
Me, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God.

70

Sabbath Morning, p. 78. b.

Sabbath Morning.

1 HAIL, thou happy morn so glorious !
Come, ye saints, your griefs give o'er ;
Sing how Jesus rose victorious,
By his own almighty power ;
Hallelujah,
To the glorious Son of God.

- 2 Tell us, seraphs, ye that wonder'd
When ye saw the Lord arise,
When ye saw him soaring yonder,
What were then your heavenly joys ?
Then 'twas, "Glory
To the conquering King of kings."
- 3 Countless bands of angels glorious,
Clothed in bright ethereal blue ;
Straight the sound of Christ victorious,
From their silver trumpets flew.
Christ triumphant
Rises conqueror o'er the tomb.
- 4 See, my friends, is that the Savior,
Who was crown'd with cruel thorns ?
Glorious majesty and power,
Now his sacred head adorns.
Hallelujah,
That dear head no more shall bleed.
- 5 Is that he, who died on Calvary,
Who was pierced with many a spear ?
Clad with countless suns of glory,
See, he rises through the air.
Hallelujah,
Zion's mourner now rejoice.
- 6 Tremble, ye who him rejected,
Lo, he breaks through yonder cloud ;
Rise, ye saints, and shout triumphant,

Victory ! through Jesus' blood.
Hark ! the trumpet
Shouts the resurrection morn.

71

Whitefield, p. 80. b,

The inward conflict.

- 1 AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near ?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.
- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord !
Lift up a helpless heart,
- 3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The struggles of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.
- 4 The daily death I prove,
Savior, to thee is known ;
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.
- 5 O, my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace,
I know thou canst ; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

- 6 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.
-

72

Whitefield, p. 80. b.

Looking to God.

- 1 WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast ?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest ?
- 2 And can I yet delay,
My little ail to give !
To tear my soul from earth away,
My Jesus to receive !
- 3 Nay, but I yield, I yield !
I can hold out no more :
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conquerer !
- 4 Though late I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign ;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine !
- 5 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

- 6 My one desire be this—
 Thy only love to know ;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.
- 7 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art ;
 My hope, my heavenly treasure now,
 Enter and keep my heart.

73

Love Divine, p. 82. b.

Divine Love.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown ;
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Into every troubled breast !
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest ;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive !
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temple leave !
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
Happy, holy may we be :
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee !
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

74

Love Divine, p. 82. b.

The Penitent.

- 1 SAVIOR, canst thou love a traitor ?
Canst thou love a child of wrath ?
Can a hell-deserving creature
Be the purchase of thy death ?
Is thy blood so efficacious,
As to make my nature clean ?
Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free me from my sin ?
- 2 Sin on every side surrounds me ;
No acquittance can I hear ;

Pangs of unbelief confound me,
 Help me, Lord, my grief to bear.
 Here, then, is my resolution,
 At thy dearest feet to fall :
 Here I'll meet my condemnation,
 Or a freedom from my thrall.

- 3 Now deny thy grace and mercy,
 If thou canst, to wretched me ;
 Lay aside thy love and pity,
 If thou canst, and let me die !
 If I meet with condemnation,
 Justly I deserve the same ;
 If I meet with free salvation,
 I will magnify thy name.

75

Coronation, p. 84. b.

The Savior crown'd.

- 1 ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And as they tune it fall
 Before his face, who tunes their choir,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fix'd this floating ball ;

Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall ;
Hail him who saves you by his grace
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call ;
The God incarnate ! Man divine !
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

8 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

9 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

(76 Omitted.)

77

Disciple, 88. b.

Taking up the cross.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken;
 All to leave and follow thee ;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 'Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own !
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me ;
 They have left my Savior too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;
 Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
 Come, disaster, scorn and pain,
 In thy service pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have call'd thee Abba, Father,
 I have set my heart on thee ;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.
- 5 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 ?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly season,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

78

Eden of Love, p. 91. b.

The Eden of Love.

- 1 HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that
await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,

Where glorified spirits with welcome shall
greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the
blest ;
Encircled in light, and with glory enshroud-
ed,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky un-
clouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden
of Love.

2 While angelic legions with harps tuned
celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions
terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise :
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo
through heaven,
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be
given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion
Who brought us through grace to the Eden
of Love.

3 Then hail, blessed state ! Hail, ye song-
sters of glory !
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you
above !
And join your full choir in rehearsing the
story,

“Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus’
love :”

Though ’prison’d in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
Of joys that await me, when freed from
probation ;
My heart’s now in heaven, the Eden of
Love.

79

Monthly Concert, p. 94. b.

For the Monthly Concert.

- 1 ON Thibet’s snow-capt mountains,
O’er Afric’s burning sand,
Where roll the fiery fountains
Adown Hawaii’s strand—
In every distant nation,
The mighty globe around,
The heralds of salvation
The gospel trumpet sound.
- 2 In golden armor blazing,
They press their onward way,
And high in air upraising,
The glorious cross display ;
Away their weapons hurling,
The warring nations cease,
And hail, with joy, unfurling
The banneret of peace.
- 3 Where sin hath fix’d her dwelling,
Where death the tyrant reigns,

The heavenly notes are swelling
 In loudest, sweetest strains ;
 They breathe—the bones are shaken.
 And clothed with flesh, arise,
 They bid the dead awaken
 To glory in the skies.

- 4 What though hell's fiery regions
 Pour forth their dread array !
 Look up ! angelic legions
 Attend you on your way.
 March on ye sons of heaven,
 This precious promise sing,
 "The heathen shall be given
 To Christ our glorious King."

80

The Love of God, p. 94. b.

The Love of God.

- 1 TO thee, in each bright morning,
 Father of all we pray ;
 While thought and fancy dawning,
 Lead on the rising day ;
 To thee in life's last even,
 We'll tune our feebler breath ;
 Hear all our sins forgiven,
 And softly sleep in death.
- 2 When from death's sleep we 'waken,
 No fears shall us surprise ;

All earthly things forsaken,
 What joy shall meet our eyes !
 With rapture then increasing,
 For ever we'll rejoice ;
 And praises never-ceasing,
 Shall wake each tuneful voice.

81

Windham, p. 96. b.

Broad is the road.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there ;
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveler.
 - 2 " Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
 Is the Redeemer's great command ;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heavenly land.
 - 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.
 - 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
 Create my heart entirely new ;
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain ;
 Which false apostates never knew.
-

82

Windham, p. 96. b.

The heart of stone.

- 1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
 To take this stubborn stone away,

And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake:
The sea can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed;
And that dear something much I need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

83

Windham, p. 96. b.

Is there no Hope?

1 IS there no hope? O sinner, pause!
Turn not away from heaven thy face,
Despise no more God's holy laws,
Resist not his inviting grace.

2 Is there no hope? That word recall,
Thy steps retracc, nor dare delay,
Lest, ere thou turn, God's anger fall,
And hope for ever flee away.

- 3 Is there no hope ? Yes, sinner, yes—
 Repent, and to the Savior fly ;
 Will he be deaf to your distress,
 Who listens when the ravens cry ?
- 4 Return ! the bow of promise mark,
 Above where death's dark billows roar,
 For, soon, when sinks thy fragile bark,
 'Twill shine upon thy soul no more.

84

Missionary, p. 98. b.

The name of Jesus.

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky !
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given !
 It scatters all their guilt and fear ;
 It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises satan's head ;
 Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
 And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace ;
 The arms of love that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.

- 5 His only righteousness I show,
 His saving truth proclaim ;
 'Tis all my business here below,
 To cry, "Behold the Lamb !"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his name !
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 "Behold, behold the Lamb."

Missionary, p. 98. b.

85

Zion's Prosperity.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
 With beams of heavenly grace ;
 Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
 And show thy smiling face.
- 2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
 Sound all the earth abroad ;
 And distant nations know and love
 Their Savior and their God ?
- 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Sing loud with solemn voice :
 Let every tongue exalt his praise,
 And every heart rejoice.
- 4 Earth shall obey his high command,
 And yield a full increase ;
 Our God will crown his chosen land
 With fruitfulness and peace.

- 5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
 His choicest favors here,
 While the creation's utmost bound
 Shall see, adore, and fear.

86

Compassion, p. 100. b.

An interest in Christ.

- 1 AND can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Savior's blood?
 Died he for me, who caused his pain?
 For me, who him to death pursued?
 Amazing love! how can it be,
 That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!
- 2 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!
 Who can explore his strange design!
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine!
 'Tis mercy all! let earth adore;
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left his Father's throne above;
 (So free, so infinite his grace!)
 Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out *me*!
- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
 I woke; the dungeon flamed with light!

My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

- 5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my
own.

87

Kent, p. 102. b.

Thought on Death.

- 1 AND am I only born to die!
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay:
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
 A moment's misery or joy ;
 But O, when both shall end,
 Where shall I find my destined place ?
 Shall I my everlasting days
 With fiends, or angels, spend ?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies !
 How make my own election sure ;
 And when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies.
- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way
 To glorious happiness !
 Ah, write the pardon on my heart !
 And whensoever I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace.

Asylum, p. 124. b.

88

Christ a refuge.

- 1 TO the haven of thy breast,
 O Son of man I fly !
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For, O ! the storm is high !
 Save me from the furious blast :
 A covert from the tempest be !
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
 The storm of sin I see.

- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place ;
O descend on me and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace !
O'er a parch'd and weary land,
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Savior, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succor been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin ;
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour !
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.
- 4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun :
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun :
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou the abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.
- 5 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift has given,
Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
And seal'd me heir of heaven ;
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see ;
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

89

Queensborough, p. 106. b.

Come thou fount.

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O ! to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee !
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O ! take and seal it ;
Seal it from thy courts above.

90

Queensborough, p. 106. b.

Christian comfort.

- 1 **TEMPTED**, tossed, troubled spirit,
Dost thou groan beneath thy load ?
Fearing thou shalt not inherit
In the kingdom of thy God ?
View thy Savior on the mountain,
In temptation's painful hour ;
Though of grace himself the fountain,
And the Lord of boundless power.
- 2 Do thy blooming prospects languish ?
Say'st thou still, " I'm not his child ?"
View thy Savior's dreadful anguish,
Famish'd in the gloomy wild.
Not a step in all thy journey
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
But thy Lord hath trod before thee,
And thy way to glory clears.
- 3 Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow ?
Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood,
Witness there the doleful horror
Of the suffering Son of God.
There the victim groaning, weeping,
Bears the wrath of God alone,
While his senseless followers sleeping,
Scarce regard a single groan.
- 4 On the chilly ground extended,
Lo, he takes the bitter cup !

With Almighty vengeance blended,
 Drinks the dreadful contents up ;
 Now the avenging sword pursues him
 Up to Calvary's rugged brow :
 There the wrath of God doth bruise him,
 But *my soul* escapes the blow.

- 5 Glory, honor, power and blessing,
 Be unto the Father given ;
 Sing his praises without ceasing,
 Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.
 Glory be to Christ the Savior,
 Who hath bought us with his blood ;
 Glory to the blessed Spirit,
 Glory to the mighty God.

91

Tabor, p. 109. b.

The banquet above.

- 1 COME, let us ascend,
 My companion and friend,
 To a taste of the banquet above !
 If thy heart be as mine,
 If for Jesus it pine,
 Come up into the chariot of love.
- 2 Who in Jesus confide,
 We are bold to outride .
 The storms of affliction beneath !
 With the prophet we soar
 To the heavenly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.

- 3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve ;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven or heavens is love.
- 4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the palace of God the great King !
What a concert of praise,
When of Jesus's grace,
The whole heavenly company sing !
- 5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join ;
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.
- 6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM ;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.
- 7 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name ;
Our bodies his glory display ;
A day without night,

We feast in his sight ;
And eternity seems as a day.

(92 Omitted.)

93

Hamilton, p. 112. b.

Christ's comfort for the Church.

1 O ZION ! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save ;

With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-
may'd,

In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh over-
whelm ;

But skilful's the pilot, who sits at the helm ;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee
defends,

In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful ! O faithless !" in mercy he
cries ;

"My promise, my truth, are they light in
thine eyes ?

Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall
stand,

Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee
to land.

4 "Forget thee, I will not, I cannot; thy
name

Engraved on my heart, doth for ever remain !
The palms of my hands while I look on I see
The wounds I received, when suffering for
thee!

5 "Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is
secure ;

My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power ;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to
shine."

94

Middletown, p. 114. b.

Ascension.

1 HAIL, the day that saw him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven ;
There the pompous triumph waits ;
"Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in !"

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own :
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

- 3 Master, (may we ever say,)
 Taken from the world away,
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee :
 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,—
 Grant our souls may thither rise—
 Following thee beyond the skies.
- 4 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come—
 Looking for a happier home :
 There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thy endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see—
 Find a heaven of heavens in thee.

Milgrove, p. 116. b.

95

Walking with God.

- 1 SINCE I've known a Savior's name,
 And sin's strong fetters broke,
 Careful without care I am,
 Nor feel my easy yoke :
 Joyful now my faith to show,
 I find his service my reward ;
 All the work I do below
 Is light, for such a Lord.
- 2 To the desert or the cell,
 Let others blindly fly,

In this evil world I dwell,
 Nor fear its enmity :
 Here I find an house of prayer,
 To which I inwardly retire ;
 Walking unconcern'd in care,
 And unconsumed in fire.

- 3 O that all the world might know
 Of living, Lord, to thee,
 Find their heaven begun below,
 And here thy goodness see ;
 Walk in all the works prepared
 By thee to exercise their grace,
 Till they gain their full reward,
 And see thee face to face.

96

Milgrove, p. 116. b.

Saved by Grace.

- 1 LET the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness !
 I, a wretch undone and lost,
 Am freely saved by grace ;
 Other title I disclaim ;
 This, only this, is all my plea :
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.
- 2 Happy they whose joys abound,
 Like Jordan's swelling stream ;
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him ;

- Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see :
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 I, like Gideon's fleece am found,
Unwater'd, still and dry ;
While the dew on all around,
Falls plenteous from the sky ;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Savior's grace for all is free ;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 4 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need ;
I cannot give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead ;
To bring fire on earth he came ;
O that it now might kindled be !
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 5 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live ;
I shall feel thy death applied,
I shall thy life receive :
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea :
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

97

Paradise, p. 118. b.

Affliction sweetened.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.
- 5 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee !

98

Paradise, p. 118. b.

A lively hope.

- 1 SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 2 Then shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus and adore :
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.
- 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain ;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's awful sound,
And by my Savior's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.
- 5 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below ;
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus' presence know !
- 6 O may the unction of these truths,
For ever with me stay ;
Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

99

Morning Hymn, p. 120. b.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past ;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last ;
To improve thy talents take due care ;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear :
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below :
Praise him above, ye angelic host ;
Praise, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

100

Morning Hymn, p. 121. 1.

Morning.

- 1 **ARISE**, my soul, with rapture rise !
And, filled with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power !
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be ;
But may each swiftly flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to thee.
- 3 But can it be ? that Power divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze ;
And countless world's and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise ;
- 4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal pray ?
Yes, boundless goodness ! he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 5 Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase ;
For, pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

(101 Omitted.)

102

Evening Hymn, p. 122. b.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 **GLORY** to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;

- Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

103

Evening Hymn, p. 122. b.

Evening.

- 1 GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
Mid every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 With hope in him mine eye-lids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.
-

104

Evening Hymn, p. 122. b.

Night.

- 1 **WHEN** restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power
Illume the lone and midnight hour.
- 2 If hush'd the breeze, and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide,
And all the past, a gentle train,
Waked by remembrance, live again.

- 3 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
 And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
 I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
 And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.
- 4 Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,
 O mark my trembling soul, and save!
 Give to my view that harbor near,
 Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

105

Lonsdale, p. 124. b.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
 Kindred and friends agree;
 Each in his proper station move,
 And each fulfil his part,
 With sympathising heart,
 In all the cares of life and love!
- 2 'Tis like the ointment shed
 On Aaron's sacred head,
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
 The oil through all the room
 Diffused a choice perfume,
 Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.
- 3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
 That water all the plain,
 Descending from the neighboring hills;
 Such streams of pleasure roll
 Through every friendly soul,
 Where love like heavenly dew distils.

106

Lonsdale, p. 121. b.

Public Worship.

- 1 HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
“Come, let us seek our God to-day !”
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We’ll haste to Zion’s hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn’d with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round !
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel’s joyful sound.
- 3 There David’s greater Son
Has fix’d his royal throne ;
He sits for grace and judgment there ;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest ;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
“Peace to this sacred house !
For here my friends and kindred dwell ;”

And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

107

Friendship, p. 126. b.

Jesus' Love.

- 1 GLORY to Jesus for his love,
 Flowing to every nation,
 Bowels of sweet compassion move,
 Offering free salvation.
 Here may the poor, the lame and blind,
 Every needed blessing find :
 Justice and mercy here combine,
 Offering free salvation.
- 2 Sinners, repair to Jesus' arms,
 Why will you slight his favor ?
 Now he invites you to his charms,
 Willing to be your Savior.
 O that you would on him believe,
 All your transgressions he'll forgive ;
 Comfort and peace shall you receive,
 Flowing from Christ for ever.
- 3 Now is the time, no more delay,
 Fly from the path of nature ;
 Fear not what scoffing sinners say ;
 Yield to your great Creator.
 So shall your dying souls obtain
 Freedom from all your guilt and pain ;
 So shall you soon in glory reign,
 Praising your great Creator.

4 Then shall the heavenly arches ring,
 "Glory to God our Savior!"
 Angels and saints shall join to sing
 Praises for all his favor.
 Then shall the theme of perfect love,
 Sounding through all the courts above,
 Every tuneful passion move,
 Praising the Lord for ever.

108

Winchester, p. 123. b.

Precious Promises.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
 What more can he say than to you he hath
 said?
 You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the
 sea,
 As thy days may demand, so thy succor
 shall be.
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis-
 may'd!
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee
 aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

- 4 "When through the deep waters I call
 thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'er-
 flow ;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
 bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 "E'en down to old age, all my people
 shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 And then, when grey hairs shall their tem-
 ples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
 borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for
 repose,
 I will not, I cannot desert to his foes :
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor
 to shake,
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

109

Lena, p. 130. b.

Jesus' Death and Glory.

- 1 See the Lord of glory dying,
 See him gasping, hear him crying,
 See his burthen'd bosom heave ;
 Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him,
 Look, how deep your sins have stung him ;
 Dying sinners, look and live.

- 2 See the rocks and mountains shaking,
 Earth unto her centre quaking,
 Nature's groans awake the dead ;
 Look on Phœbus, struck with wonder,
 While the peals of legal thunder
 Smite the blest Redeemer's head.
- 3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
 Chanting to the tuneful regions,
 Cease to thrill the quivering string :
 Songs seraphic all suspended,
 Till the mighty war is ended
 By the all-victorious King.
- 4 Hell, and all the powers infernal,
 Vanquish'd by the King eternal,
 When he pour'd the vital flood !
 By his groans, which shook creation,
 Lo, we found the proclamation,
 "Peace and pardon through his blood."
- 5 Shout, ye saints, with admiration ;
 Fill with songs the wide creation,
 Since he's risen from the grave ;
 Shout with joy and acclamation,
 To the rock of your salvation,
 Who alone hath power to save.

Brookfield, p. 132. b.

110

Pleading for Pardon.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
 Let a repenting rebel live ;

Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace ;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace ;
 Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death ;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy
 word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

Brookfield, p. 132. b.

111

Mourning for Sin.

- 1 OH, give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
 My sins which have thy body torn ;
 Give me, with broken heart to see
 Thy last tremendous agony.

- 3 Oh, could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon the wondrous sight ;
O that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Savior die.
- 3 I'd hang around his feet and cry ;
Lord, save a soul condemned to die ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 Father of mercy, drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son ;
And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus, or I die.
- 5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wilt ease me of my guilt ;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
O save me, Jesus, or I die.

112

Brookfield, p. 132. b.

A dying Savior.

- 1 **STRETCH'D** on the cross, the Savior dies,
Hark, his expiring groans arise ;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound ;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes.

- 3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart !
'Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

113

Brookfield, p. 132. b.

Frailty of Man.

- 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 to thy praise.
- 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 show !
Vain are the cares which rack his mind !
He heaps up treasures mix'd with wo,
And dies and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O, be a nobler portion mine ;
My God, I bow before thy throne,
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

114

Devonshire, p. 134. b.

Praise to the Savior.

- 1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad,
His wonderful name ;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have :
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son ;
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on our faces,
And worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right ;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might ;

All honor and blessing,
 With angels above,
 And thanks never-ceasing,
 And infinite love.

115

Devonshire, p. 134 b.

Blessedness of a Redeemer.

- 1 O WHAT shall I do,
 My Savior to praise,
 So faithful and true,
 So plenteous in grace ;
 So strong to deliver,
 So good to redeem
 The weakest believer
 That hangs upon him.
- 2 How happy the man
 Whose heart is set free,
 The people that can
 Be joyful in thee ;
 Their joy is to walk in
 The light of thy face,
 And still they are talking
 Of Jesus' grace.
- 3 Their daily delight
 Shall be in thy name,
 They shall, as their right
 Thy righteousness claim :
 Thy righteousness wearing,
 And cleans'd by thy blood,
 Bold shall they appear in
 The presence of God.

4 For Jesus, my Lord,
Is now my defence ;
I trust in his word,
None plucks me from thence ;
Since I have found favor
He all things will do ;
My king and my Savior
Shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see
The bliss of thine own ;
Thy secret to me
Shall soon be made known ;
For sorrow and sadness
I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness
Of all that believe.

Triumph, p 136. b.

116

Rejoicing and Praise.

1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee ;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory ;
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,

K

Thy love we praise, which knows no days,
 And ever brings us nigher ;
 We clap our hands exulting
 In thine almighty favor ;
 The love divine, which made us thine,
 Can keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation ;
 The world, with sin and satan,
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory,
 To which thou shalt restore us ;
 The dross despise, for that high prize,
 Which thou hast set before us ;
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

117

Go pel Call, p. 138. b.

Come, ye Sinners.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power ;
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry before he dies,
" It is finish'd !"
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! the incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture freely ;
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

118

Gospel Call, p. 124. b.

Idolatry falling.

- 1 SEE, how many lately bowing
 To their idols, wood and stone,
 Now, a blessed change avowing,
 Bow before the Savior's throne,
 And with gladness
 Praise the Savior's name alone.
- 2 This is cause of joy and wonder,
 God has set the captive free,
 He has burst their bonds asunder,
 Happy they and glorious he ;
 God our Savior !
 Who can be compared to thee ?
- 3 When thou workest, who shall stay thee ?
 Who shall stay the work begun ?
 Lord, go on, thy people pray thee,
 Till the glorious day is won ;
 And the gospel
 Takes its circuit like the sun.

119

Highgate, p. 140. b.

Pressing forward.

- 1 COME, let us arise,
 And aim at the prize,
 The hope of our calling, on this side the skies.
- 2 By works let us show,
 That Jesus we know,
 While steadily on to perfection we go.

3 We rest on his word,
 We shall be restored
 To his image, the servant shall be as his Lord.

4 Then let us not stop,
 But continue in hope,
 Rejoicing, till all in his image wake up.

5 His purity share,
 His character bear,
 And the truth of his hallowing promise de-
 clare.

Wicklow, p. 142. b.

120

Guidance through Life.

- 1 THOU did'st for Peter's faith
 Kindly condescend to pray,
 Thou, whose loving kindness hath
 Kept me to the present day,
 Kind conductor,
 Still direct my devious way!
- 2 When a tempting world in view
 Gains upon my yielding heart,
 When its pleasures I pursue,
 Then one look of pity dart;
 Teach me pleasures,
 Which the world can ne'er impart.
- 3 When with horrid thoughts profane,
 Satan would my soul invade,
 When he calls religion vain,

Mighty victor ! be my aid !
 Send the Spirit,
 Bid me conflict undismayed.

4 When I sit beneath thy word,
 At thy table cold and dead,
 When I cannot see my Lord,
 All my little day-light fled,
 Sun of glory,
 Beam again around my head.

5 When thy statutes I forsake,
 When my graces dimly shine,
 When the covenant I break,
 Jesus, then remember thine ;
 Check my wanderings
 By a look of love divine.

6 Then, if heavenly dews distil,
 If my hopes are bright and clear,
 While I sit on Zion's hill,
 Temper joy with holy fear,
 Keep me watchful,
 Safe alone when thou art near.

121

Wicklow, p. 142. b.

Support in Death.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
 (Faint and cold this mortal clay,)
 Kind forerunner, sooth my fears,
 Light me through the darksome way ;
 Break the shadows,
 Usher in eternal day.

- 2 Starting from this dying state,
 Upward bid my soul aspire,
 Open thou the crystal gate,
 To thy praise attune my lyre :
 Dwell for ever,
 Dwell on each immortal wire.
- 3 From the sparkling turrets there,
 Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
 Often bless thy guardian care,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 While my triumphs
 At my Leader's feet I lay.
- 4 And when mighty trumpets blown,
 Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
 From the central burning throne,
 'Mid creation's final flame ;
 With the ransom'd,
 Judge and Savior, own my name ?

122

Laight Street, p. 145. b.

Come away.

- 1 COME away to the skies,
 My beloved, arise,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born ;
 On this festival day,
 Come exulting away,
 And with singing to 'Zion return.

- 2 We have laid up our love,
And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below ;
The redeem'd of our Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.
- 3 For thy glory we are,
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.
- 4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name ;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 5 Hallelujah we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat ;
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again,
Sing, all heaven, and fall at his feet !
- 6 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air,
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, " It is he !"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

123

Laight Street, p. 146. b.

Help to the Lord.

- 1 YE people away,
Nor talk of delay ;
The time for exertion is come ;
The summons is given,
The Lord calls from heaven ;
Let no man now tarry at home.
- 2 The Lord in his might
Is gone to the fight ;
And if we should shrink from the toil,
The day will be won,
The work will be done,
And others will gather the spoil.
- 3 And should we decline,
His standard to join,
Our slackness will meet its reward ;
A wo they will find,
Who tarry behind,
Nor go to the help of the Lord.
- 4 Then cast off delay,
"To arms," and away ;
To arms—'tis the Lord gives the word ;
With sword and with shield,
Away to the field ;
"Away to the help of the Lord."

124

*Save, Lord, or we perish.**Save, Lord, or we perish.*

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild
 tempest is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning
 is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seamen to
 cherish,
 We fly to our Maker—"Save, Lord, or we
 perish!"
- 2 Oh, Jesus! once toss'd on the breast of
 the billow,
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy
 pillow,
 Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
 Who cries in his danger—"Save Lord, or
 we perish!"
- 3 And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is
 raging,
 When hell in our heart his wild warfare is
 waging,
 Arise in thy strength thy redeemed to cher-
 ish,
 Rebuke the destroyer—"Save, Lord, or we
 perish!"

125

*Saturday Night, p. 150. b.**Saturday Night.*

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to day ;
 Day of all the week the best ;
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 'Through the dear Redeemer's name ;
 Show thy reconciling face—
 Take away our sin and shame ;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
 Let us feel thy presence near ;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear ;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
 Make the fruits of grace abound
 Bring relief from all complaints :
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

126

Portuguese Hymn, p. 152. b.

O come and let us worship.

1 HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of
 triumph,
 To Bethlehem haste, the Prince of life to
 meet ;

To you, this day, is born a Prince and Savior:
ior:

O come, let us worship at his feet.

2 Jesus, our Savior, for such condescension,
Our praise and our reverence are an offering
meet;

Now is the word made flesh, and dwells
among us:

O come, let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choir of an-
gels,

And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Give to our Savior glory in the highest;

O come, let us worship at his feet.

127

† Hermit, p. 154. b.

Hope in the Grave.

1 THOU art gone to the grave, but we will
not deplore thee,
Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb;

For the Savior hath pass'd through its por-
tals before thee,
The lamp of his love is thy guide through
the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by
thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
fold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the sinless has
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its man-
sion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd
long ;

But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on
thy waking,
The song which thou heardst was the se-
raphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave ! but 'twere
wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
thy guide ;

He gave thee, he took thee, and soon he'll
restore thee,
Where death has no sting, since the Sav-
ior has died.

128

Corydon, p, 156. b.

Beauty of Death.

1 AH ! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair ?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare ;
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled ;

In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind ;
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, nor shaken with pain ;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again ;
No anger, henceforward, nor shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet, immoveable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more :
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,

And still for deliverance I pine,
And press to the issues of death ;
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become !
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

129

Wiltshire, p. 153. b.

The praises of God.

- 1 THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love,—
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints ; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight—
He'll make your wants his care.

130

Wiltshire, p. 158. b.

O'er mountain tops.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summit of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill,
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears ;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.
- 6 Come, O ye house of Jacob, come,
To worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.

131

Cheshunt, p. 160. b. Devonshire, p. 134. b.

Come, sinners, attend,

- 1 COME, sinners, attend,
And make no delay ;
Good news from a friend,
I bring you to-day ;
Glad news of salvation,
Come now, and receive ;
There's no condemnation
To them that believe.
- 2 I AM THAT I AM
Hath sent me to you ;
Glad news to proclaim,
Your sins to subdue :
To you, O distressed,
Afflicted, forlorn,
Whose sins are increased,
And cannot be borne.
- 3 But still if you cry,
" O what is his name ?"
You have the reply,
I AM THAT I AM ;
Tho' blind, lame, and feeble,
And helpless you lie,
He's willing and able
Your wants to supply.
- 4 Then only believe,
And trust in his name ;
He will not deceive,
Nor put you to shame ;

But fully supply you
 With all things in store ;
 Nor will he deny you
 Because you are poor.

132

Cheshunt, p. 160. b.

Following Christ.

- 1 APPOINTED by thee,
 We meet in thy name,
 And meekly agree
 To follow the Lamb ;
 To trace thine example,
 The world to disdain,
 And constantly trample
 On pleasure and pain.
- 2 O what shall we do ;
 Our Savior to love ;
 To wake us anew,
 Come, Lord, from above ;
 The fruit of thy passion,
 Thy holiness give !
 Give us the salvation
 Of all that believe !
- 3 O Jesus, appear,
 No longer delay
 To sanctify here,
 And bear us away :
 The end of our meeting
 On earth let us see ;
 Triumphant sitting
 In glory with thee !

133

Cheshunt, p. 160. b.

The Father's Love.

- 1 MY Father, my God!
 I long for thy love;
 O shed it abroad!
 Send Christ from above!
 My heart ever fainting,
 He only can cheer;
 And all things are wanting,
 Till Jesus is here.
- 2 O when shall my tongue
 Be fill'd with thy praise!
 While all the day long
 I publish thy grace,
 Thy honor and glory
 To sinners forth shew,
 Till sinners adore thee,
 And own thou art true.
- 3 Thy strength and thy power,
 I now can proclaim;
 Preserved every hour
 Through Jesus's name:
 For thou art still by me,
 And holdest my hand;
 No ill can come nigh me,
 By faith while I stand.

134

Dirge, p. 162. b.

Funeral Dirge.

- 1 FEW are our days, those few we dream away,
 Sure is our fate, to moulder in the clay;

- Rise, immortal soul! above thine earthly
fate,
Time yet is thine, but soon it is too late.
- 2 Lo! midnight's gloom invites the pensive
mind,
Pale is the scene, but shadows there you'll
find;
Rise, immortal soul! shun gloom, pursue
thy flight,
Let hence thy fate be like the gloomy
night.
- 3 Hark! from the grave oblivion's doleful
tones,
There shall our names be moulder'd like
our bones;
Rise, immortal soul! that hence thy fame
may shine;
Time flies, and ends; eternity is thine.
-

135

Come, ye Disconsolate, p. 164. b.

Come, ye Disconsolate.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you
languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell
your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot
heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and
 pure ;
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy, say-
 ing,
 "Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot
 cure."
-

136

Come, ye Disconsolate, p. 164. b.

The dawn of Day.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, when the day is
 dawning,
 Then will I pay my vows to thee ;
 Like incense wafted on the breath of morn-
 ing,
 My heartfelt praise to thee shall be.
- 2 Yes—thou art near me, sleeping or waking,
 Still doth thy love unchanged remain ;
 Where'er I wander, thy ways forsaking,
 O lead me gently back again.
-

137

The Voice of Peace, p. 166. b.

The Voice of Peace.

- 2 SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed,
 From Zion's mount I heard the sound,
 Gay sprang the flowerets of the mead,
 And gladden'd nature smiled around :
 The voice of peace salutes mine ear,
 Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.

- 2 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
 Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo,
 Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow :
 Behold, the precious balm is found,
 To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
- 3 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
 Unburthen here the weighty load ;
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 Safe on the bosom of thy God ;
 Thy God's thy Savior, glorious word.
 That sheath's the avenger's glittering
 sword.
- 4 As spring the winter—day the night,
 Peace, sorrow's gloom hath chased away,
 And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
 Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay ;
 While glory weaves the immortal crown,
 And waits to claim thee for her own.

138

Hadyn's, p. 168. b.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art ;
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

- 2 Born, thy people to deliver ;
Born a child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.
-

139

Hadyn's, p. 168. b.

Universal Praise.

- 1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy ;
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose nod can all destroy ;
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise ;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.
- 2 Round his awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
Here, his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls ;
Lo, the eternal page before us,
Bears the covenant of his love ;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.
- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deeds unrighteous, thoughts of sin,

Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
 Grace from God, and peace within ;
 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
 Still the songs of glory raise ;
 On the theme immortal dwelling,
 Join the universal praise.

140

Mraylaud, p. 170. b.

The Burden of Sin.

- 1 AH ! whither should I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint !
 To whom should I my troubles show,
 And pour out my complaint ?
- 2 My Savior bids me come,
 Ah ! why do I delay ?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay !
- 3 What is it keeps me back
 From which I cannot part ?
 Which will not let the Savior take
 Possession of my heart ?
- 4 Jesus, the hindrance show,
 Which I have feared to see ;
 And let me now consent to know
 What keeps me back from thee.
- 5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display ;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.

- 6 In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove ;
Remove it and I shall declare
That God is only love.

141

Maryland, p. 170. b.

Uncertainty of Life.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
O, be it still pursued—
Lest, slighted once, the season fair,
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To *Jesus* may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should
die
In sudden, endless night.

142

Maryland, p. 170. b.

The Stream of Life.

- 1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That hastens to the sea ;
How strong the tide that bears our souls
On—to eternity !
- 2 Our fathers, where are they ?
With all they call'd their own ;
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and
cares,
And wealth and honor, gone !
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, on life's extremest verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

143

New Year's Day, p. 172. b.

New Year's Day.

- 1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,

With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies,
Of heavenly birth,
Tho' wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call
We give up our all,
And still we forego
For Jesus' sake, our enjoyments below ;
No longer we pine
For the country behind ;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

3 A country of joy,
Without any alloy ;
We thither repair :
Our hearts and our treasures already are
there :
We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land,
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

4 The rougher the way,
The shorter our stay :
The tempests that rise,
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies ;
The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past ;

The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us
home.

144

New Year's Day, p. 172. b.

The New Year.

- 1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will,
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.
- 2 Our life as a dream,
Our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay ;
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through ;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to
do !"
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."

145

' Kelly, p. 174. b.

The Savior's Birth.

- 1 WHENCE those sounds symphonious ?
 Solemn, sweet, and rare,
 Music most harmonious,
 Filling all the air ;
 Hark, 'tis angels singing,
 Singing here on earth :
 Joyful tidings bringing
 Of the Savior's birth.
- 2 In that region yonder,
 Where the angels sing,
 Bursts of joy and wonder
 Make the air to ring ;
 " Praise and adoration
 Be to God above ;
 And to man, salvation,
 Object of his love."
- 3 Now ye heavens, sing ye ;
 Earth, break forth and cry ;
 O ye mountains, ring ye
 With the sound of joy ;
 For the Lord has done it ;
 His the victory,
 His own arm has won it :
 Israel shall be free.

146

Kelly, p. 174. b.

The fall of Idols.

- 1 HARK, the sounds of gladness
 From a distant shore ;

- Like relief from sadness,
Sadness, now no more :
'Tis the Lord has done it,
He has won the day,
His own arm has won it,
Joyful let us say.
- 2 Idols lately bow'd to,
Lie by all abhorr'd ;
And the people crowd to
Temples of the Lord :
What a change ! how glorious !
Lord, thine arm is strong,
Thou hast proved victorious,
Though the fight was long.
- 3 Long the foe resisted,
Loth to yield his prey ;
Every power enlisted,
And maintain'd the day :
But his arm is shatter'd ;
And the slaves are free ;
All his force is scatter'd ;
Glory, Lord, to thee.
- 4 Hence those sounds of gladness
From a distant shore ;
Then away with sadness,
And despond no more ;
Ye who mourn with Zion,
And her welfare seek,
Think of Judah's lion,
Never faint nor weak.

- 5 When he wakes from slumber,
And puts on his might,
What is force or number
Match'd with him in fight?
When his foes assemble,
Hoping to prevail,
Soon the valiant tremble,
And the mighty fail.
-

147.

Montgomery, p. 176. b.

My Savior.

- 1 IN form I long had bow'd the knee,
But nought attractive then could see,
To win my wayward heart to thee,
My Savior.
Yet oft I trembled when I thought,
How I had sold myself for nought,
But still against thy love I fought,
My Savior!
- 2 When self accused I trembling stood,
I promised fair as any could,
But never counted on thy blood,
My Savior!
Too soon, the promise vain I proved
That sinners make while sin is loved,
But still to thee this heart ne'er moved,
My Savior!

149

Athens, p. 178. b.

Condescension of Christ.

- 1 AND will the Lord condescend,
 'To visit dying worms !
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
 In all her winning forms.
Amazing grace ! and can my heart
 Unmoved and cold remain ;
Has this hard rock no tender part,
 Shall mercy plead in vain ?
- 2 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
 His soothing voice unheard ?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
 Remain for ever barr'd !
'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant power,
 The lodging has possess'd ;
And crowds of traitors bar the door,
 Against the heavenly guest.
- 3 Lord, rise in thy all-conquering grace,
 Thy mighty power display ;
One beam of glory from thy face,
 Can drive my foes away.
Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart ;
 Dear Savior, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
 And keep out every sin.

L

150

Athens, p. 178. b.

Pleasures unseen.

- 1 O, COULD our thoughts and wishes fly,
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades !
 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 2 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim !
 With one reviving touch of thine,
 Our languid hearts inflame.
 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise,
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures
 spring,
 Immortal in the skies.

151

Mount Vernon, p. 180. b.

Invocation.

- 1 DRAW nigh to us, Jehovah,
 In our social meeting ;
 In this propitious hour,
 O may we feel thy power,
 In this social meeting.
- 2 Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus,
 In our social meeting ;

O may we find thy favor,
Thou ever-blessed Savior,
In our social meeting.

- 3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit,
In our social meeting ;
Convince and renovate us,
Anew in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.

152

Lambeth, p. 182. b.

Faith Fainting.

- 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine ;
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load ;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord ! and my terror shall cease ;
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I ;
Speak, Savior, for sweet is thy voice,
Thy presence is fair to behold ;
Attend to my sorrows and cries—
My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,

The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep ;
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,
 "The Lord hath forsaken thee quite ;
 Thy God will be gracious no more."

- 4 Yet Lord, if thy love hath design'd
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah ! tell me, how is it I find
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee ;
 Almighty to rescue thou art,
 Thy grace is my shield and my tower ;
 Come, succor and gladden my heart,
 Let this be the day of thy power.

Lambeth, p. 182. b.

153

Faith Conquering.

- 1 THE moment a sinner believes,
 And trusts in his crucified God,
 His pardon at once he receives,
 Redemption in full through his blood :
 Though thousands and thousands of foes
 Against him in malice unite,
 Their rage he through Christ can oppose,
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere notion or name ;
 The work of God's Spirit it is ;

A principle active and young,
 That lives under pressure and load ;
 That makes out of weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upward to God.

- 3 It treads on the world, and on hell ;
 It vanquishes death and despair ;
 And O, let us wonder to tell,
 It overcomes heaven by prayer ;
 Permits a vile worm of the dust,
 With God to commune as a friend ;
 To hope his forgiveness as just,
 And look for his love to the end.
- 4 It says to the mountains, " Depart,"
 That stand betwixt God and the soul ;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes wounded consciences whole ;
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow, and as white ;
 And raises the sinner on high,
 To dwell with the angels of light.

154

True Penitent, p. 184. b.

A Revival.

- 1 HARK, hear the sound, on earth 'tis found,
 My soul delights to hear
 Of dying love, come from above,
 And pardon bought so dear.
- 2 God's people shine, with grace divine,
 They're sanctified by truth ;

The saints in prayer, cry, "Lord, draw near ;
Have mercy on our youth."

3 Convinced of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord ;
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day,
In which they scorn'd his word.

4 Young converts sing, and praise their
King,
And bless God's holy name ;
While older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.

5 God grant a shower of his great power,
On every burden'd heart ;
Who earnestly do mourn and cry,
That they may have a part.

6 From this glad hour, exert thy power,
To melt each stubborn heart ;
In those that bleed, let love succeed,
And holy joys impart.

7 Come, lovely youth, embrace the truth,
And pray with one accord ;
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,
To hail the approaching Lord.

155

Newton, p. 186. b.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,

- There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-Seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy-Seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-Seat.
- 4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-Seat.
- 5 There ! *there*, on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-Seat.

156

 Newton, p. 186. b.

The River of God.

- 1 THERE is a pure, and peaceful wave,
That rolls around the throne of love ;
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly shores above.
- 2 While streams which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away ;
And on this desert world descend,
Over our barren land to stray.

- 3 The pilgrim faint, and near to sink,
 Beneath his load of earthly wo,
 Refresh'd beneath its verdant brink,
 Rejoices in its gentle flow.
- 4 There, O my soul, do thou repose,
 And hover o'er the hallow'd spring ;
 To drink the crystal wave, and there
 To lave thy wounded, weary wing.
- 5 So shall thy wants and woes be heal'd,
 By the blest influence they bring ;
 So thy parch'd lips shall be unsealed,
 Thy Savior's worthy name to sing.

157

Huntley, p. 168. b.

To the Holy Spirit.

- 1 BLEST Comforter divine,
 Whose rays of heavenly love,
 Amid the darkness shine,
 To guide our souls above ;
 Thou, who with still small voice ;
 Dost stop the sinner's way,
 And bid the saint rejoice,
 Though earthly hopes decay.
- 2 Thou, whose inspiring breath,
 Can make the cloud of care,
 And even the vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear ;
 O, deign to fill our heart
 With love to all our race ;

And to our prayers impart
The blessings of thy grace.

158

Huntley, p. 183. b.

Our great High Priest.

- 1 Go up, with shouts of praise !
Go up, High Priest, to heaven !
Who hast the ransom'd race
Upon thy heart engraven ;
Though seated on thy throne,
'Thou deign'st to hear our prayer ;
Nor art ashamed to own,
That we thy brethren are.
-

159

Huntley, p. 188. b.

Bought with Blood.

- 1 WE sinners, void of good,
Defiled by sin, and stain'd,
Yet bought with Jesus' blood,
Who our salvation gain'd,
As helpless, vile and poor,
Appear before his face,
And humbly him adore,
For our blest lot of grace.
- 2 When we thy mercy weigh,
By nails and scourges torn,
Our debt immense to pay,
With tears we bow and mourn ;

Thy pain, thy stripes and wounds,
 Thy death, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
 Whence all our bliss redounds,
 Our grateful praises claim.

- 3 Eternal thanks be thine,
 Author of all our joys !
 Thou didst our hearts incline
 To hear thy gracious voice ;
 We are thy property ;
 O may we thine abide ;
 This is our only plea,
 That thou for us hast died.

160

Huntley, p. 183. b.

Trusting in Grace.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into his hands,
 To his sure trust and care,
 Who earth and heaven commands ;
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey,
 He shall direct thy feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.
- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on ;
 Fix on his work thine eye,
 So shall thy work be done ;
 No profit canst thou gain,
 By self-consuming care ;
 To him commend thy cause,
 He hears the softest prayer.

- 3 Thine everlasting truth,
 Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all our wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove ;
And whatso'er thou will'st,
 Thou dost, O King of kings !
Whate'er thy wisdom choose,
 Thy power to being brings.
-

161

Stafford, p. 190. b.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 SEE, what a living Stone
 The builders did refuse ;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
 In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest
 Reject thine only Son ;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
 As the chief corner stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
 And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine ;
 This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day,
 That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
 Let all the church be glad.

- 5 Hosanna to the King
 Of David's royal blood :
 Bless him, ye saints ; he comes to bring
 Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,
 Which all this grace displays ;
 And offer on thine altar, Lord,
 Our sacrifice of praise.

162

Stafford, p. 190. b.

Self Denial.

- 1 DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road
 What multitudes pursue !
 While that which leads the soul to God,
 Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers find the way
 Through Christ, the living gate ;
 But those who hate this holy way
 Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,
 And sin no more caress'd,
 They rather choose the way that's wide,
 And strive to think it best.
- 4 Encompassed by a throng,
 On numbers they depend ;
 They say, so many can't be wrong,
 And miss a happy end.

- 5 But hear the Savior's word,
 "Strive for the heavenly gate,
Many will call upon the Lord,
 And find their cries too late."
- 6 Obey the gospel call,
 And enter while you may ;
The flock of Christ is always small,
 And none are safe but they.
- 7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
 Their awful state to see ;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
 To thee for safety flee.
-

163

Stafford, p. 190. b.

A thankful Song.

- 1 PREPARE a thankful song
 To the Redeemer's name ;
Let his high praise employ our tongue,
 And every heart inflame.
- 2 He laid his glory by,
 And bitter pains endured ;
That rebels such as you and I,
 From wrath might be secured.
- 3 The Holy Ghost he sends,
 Our stubborn souls to move ;
To make his enemies his friends,
 And conquer them by love.

- 4 Assured that Christ our King
 Will put our foes to flight ;
 We on the field of battle sing,
 And triumph while we fight.
-

164

◀ Chester, p. 192. b. Surry, p. 86. s.

The eternal Sabbath.

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs,
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
 No cares to break the long repose ;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 Obscures the lustre of thy throne.
- 4 Around thy throne, grant we may meet,
 And give us but the lowest seat ;
 We'll shout thy praise, and join the song
 Of the triumphant, holy throng.
-

165

Chester, p. 192. b.

Thy Kingdom Come.

- 1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
 And spread thy glories all abroad ;
 Let thy own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known the gracious God.

- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat ;
 Let humble mourners seek thy face ;
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
 Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O, let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;
 Let saints and angels praise thy name ;
 Be thou through heaven and earth ador'd.

166

Chester, p. 192. b.

The departing Moment.

- 1 ABSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought !
 What unknown joys this moment brings !
 Freed from the mischief sin hath wrought,
 From pains and tears, and all their
 springs.
- 2 Absent from flesh ! illustrious day !
 Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke !
 That rends the prison of my clay,
 And I can feel my fetters broke.
- 3 Absent from flesh ! then rise, my soul !
 Where feet or wings could never climb,
 Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
 Measuring the cares and joys of time.
- 4 I go where God and glory shine ;
 His presence makes eternal day ;
 My all that's mortal I resign,
 For Jesus waits and points the way.

167

Livingston, p. 194. b.

Rejoicing in God.

- 1 NOW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song ;
 Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
 How open and how fair !
 No lurking gins to entrap our feet,
 No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise
 In rich profusion spring ;
 The Sun of glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise :
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honor to his name,
 Who marks the shining way !
 To him who leads the wanderers on
 To realms of endless day.

168

Livingston, p. 194. b.

Autumn.

- 1 SWEET sabbath of the year !
 While evening lights decay,
 Thy parting steps methinks I hear
 Steal from the world away !

- 2 Amid thy silent bowers,
'Tis sad, but sweet to dwell ;
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe, farewell.
- 3 Along thy sunset skies,
Their glories melt in shade ;
And like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.
- 4 A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose ;
As on consumption's waning cheek,
'Mid ruin, blooms the rose.
- 5 Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay ;
Of fair and early faded things,
Too exquisite to stay.
- 6 Of joys that come no more ;
Of flowers, whose bloom is fled ;
Of farewells, wept upon the shore ;
Of friends estranged or dead.

169

Mount Zion, p. 196. b.*Faith Triumphant.*

- 1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring ;
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do ;

My Savior's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete ;
His promise is Yea, and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet ;
Things future, nor things that are now,—
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase ;
Impress'd on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace ;
Yez ! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

170

Mount Zion, p. 196. b.

Worship.

1 **THIS** *God* is the *God* we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end ;
'Tis *Jesus*, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

171

Kingswood, p. 198. b.

Longing for Rest.

- 1 WRETCHED, helpless and distress,
Ah ! whither shall I fly ?
Ever gasping after rest,
I cannot find it nigh ;
Naked, sick, and poor and blind,
Fast bound in sin and misery ;
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in thee !
- 2 I am all unclean, unclean,
Thy purity I want ;
My whole heart is sick of sin,
And my whole head is faint ;
Full of putrefying sores,
Of bruises and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
And gasps to be made whole.
- 3 In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind ;
Nothing do I know ; the way
Of peace I cannot find ;
Jesus, Lord, restore my sight,
And take, O take the veil away,
Turn my darkness into light ;
My midnight into day.
- 4 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want ;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint :

Make me rich, for I am poor ;
 In thee may I my Eden find ;
 To the dying, health restore,
 And eye-sight to the blind.

- 5 Clothe me with thy holiness,
 Thy meek humility ;
 Put on me thy glorious dress,
 Endue my soul with thee :
 Let thine image be restored,
 Thy name and nature let me prove ;
 With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
 And perfect me in love.

172

 Warsaw, p. 200. t. H. M.

Characters of Christ.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore :
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set my Savior forth.
- 2 But oh, what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Does our *Redeemer* use,
 To teach his heavenly grace !
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
 He like an *Angel* stands ;

And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands ;
Commission'd from his father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern* and my *Guide*,
And, through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side :
O, let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way !

5 *Jesus*, my great *High Priest*,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside ;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

6 My *Advocate* appears
For my defence on high ;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by ;
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

7 My dear, almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqueror* and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing.
Thine is the power ; behold I sit,
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

8 Should all the hosts of death
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on ;
 I shall be safe, for Christ displays
 Superior power, and guardian grace.

173

Calvary, p. 202. b.

Finished Redemption.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy,
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
 "It is finish'd!"
 Hear the dying Savior cry!
- 2 "It is finish'd!" O, what pleasure
 Do those charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord;
 "It is finish'd!"
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law!
 Finish'd, all that God had promised;
 Death and hell no more shall awe;
 "It is finish'd!"
 Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Happy souls, approach the table,
 Taste the soul-reviving food;

Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant
As the Savior's flesh and blood ;
"It is finish'd !"
Christ has borne the heavy load.

- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name !
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

174

Calvary, p. 202. b.

The Judgment.

- 1 SEE the eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne ;
Now, poor sinner, Christ shall show thee
He is the eternal Son ;
Trumpets call thee !
Come to hear thy awful doom !
- 2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting,
At the thoughts of future pain ;
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he cries and weeps in vain :
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 "Yonder stands the glorious Savior,
With the marks of dying love ;

O, that I had sought his favor,
 When I felt his Spirit move !
 Doomed justly,
 For I have against him strove.

4 " All his warnings I have slighted,
 While he daily sought my soul ;
 If some vows to him I plighted,
 Yet for sin I broke the whole :
 Golden moments,
 How neglected did they roll.

5 " Yonder stand my godly neighbors,
 Who were once despised by me ;
 They are clad in dazzling splendor,
 Waiting, my sad fate to see—
 Farewell, neighbors ;
 Dismal gulf ! I'm bound for thee !"

6 Now, despisers, look and wonder !
 Hope and sinners here must part ;
 Louder than a peal of thunder,
 Hear the dreadful sound, " Depart !"
 Lost, for ever !
 How it quails the sinner's heart !

175

Oundell, p. 204. b.

Happy Soul.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below ;
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go.

- 2 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
Lo, the Savior stands above ;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast ;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joys he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die to live a life of glory :
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.
-

176

Oundell, p. 204. b.

Hosannah to Christ.

- 1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou everlasting King !
Thou didst suffer to redeem us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
- 2 Hail, thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame ;
By thy merits we find favor ;
Life is given through thy name.
- 3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid ;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

- 4 All thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of thy blood,
 Open'd is the gate of heaven ;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 5 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 7 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

177

Woburn, p. 206. 5.

Sickness and Recovery.

- 1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
 And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night ;
 Fondly I said within my heart,
 " Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
 Which made my mountain stand so long ;
 Soon as thy face began to hide,
 My health was gone, my comforts died.
- 3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
 " What canst thou profit by my blood ?
 Deep in the dust, can I declare
 Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?

- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead ;"
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo
Are turn'd to joy and praises now ;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be heedless of thy name ;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and
heaven,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

Woburn, p. 206. b.

178

View of the Cross.

- 1 WHEN I the blest Redeemer see,
All bleeding on the accursed tree ;
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transformed to love.
- 2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart,
In every groan I bear a part ;
I view his wounds with straining eyes,
But see, he bows his head and dies !
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood !
Behold his side, and venture near,
The spring of endless life is here.

- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;
 I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
 Only the fountain head above,
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 O, that I thus could always feel,
 Lord, more and more thy love reveal !
 Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
 The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
 Revives my heart, and charms my ear ;
 Affords a balm for every wound,
 Then I with love thy praise resound.

179

Bethel, p. 218. b.

Social Worship.

- 1 HOW lovely the place where the Savior
 appears,
 To those who believe in his word ;
 His presence disperses my sorrows and fears,
 And bids me rejoice in my Lord.
- 2 A day in his courts, than a thousand beside,
 Is better and lovelier far—
 My soul hates the tents where the wicked
 reside,
 And all their delights I abhor.
- 3 Lord ! give me a place with the humblest
 of saints,
 For low at thy feet I would lie ;
 I know that thou hearest my feeble com-
 plaints ;
 Thou hearest the young ravens cry.

4 Give strength to the souls that now wait
upon thee,
O, come, in thy chariot of love ;
From earth's vain enchantments, O help us
to flee,
And set our affections above.

180

Bethel, p. 208. b.

Contrition.

- 1 O GOD of salvation, in mercy attend
The voice of contrition and wo ;
While a suppliant knee at thy footstep we
bend,
Thy pardon and favor bestow.
- 2 And may we, kind Father, still hope in thy
grace ?
And may we still seek thee in prayer ?
With the heirs of thy love wilt thou give us a
place,
And grant us thy presence to share ?
- 3 Unworthy, unholy, and sinful we are ;
Forgetful of mercies received :
From the paths of thy children we've wan-
der'd afar,
And often thy Spirit have grieved.
- 4 O grant us repentance for every misdeed,
And help us our ways to amend ;
With the grace of thy Spirit supply us in
need ;
In every temptation defend.

181

Harvest, p. 210. b.

The Harvest, or the end of the World.

1 THE fields are all white, the harvest is
near,

The reapers now with their sharp sickles
appear,

To reap down the wheat and gather in barns,
While wild plants of nature are suffer'd to
burn.

2 Come, then, O my soul, meditate on that
day,

When all things in nature shall cease and
decay ;

When the trumpet shall sound, and the an-
gels appear,

To reap down the earth, both the wheat and
the tare.

3 But hear the sad cry that ascends to the
sky,

Of those in distress, who have no where to
fly ;

But will call on the rocks and the mountains
to fall

On their naked souls, to conceal them with-
all.

4 But 'twill be in vain, for the mountain must
flee,

The rocks fly like hailstones and shall no
more be ;

The earth too shall quake, and the seas shall
retire,

And this solid world shall then be on fire.

5 Then, O wretched mortals, look up and
espy,

The glorious Redeemer descend from the sky,
On a chariot of fire to the earth he is bound,
With a guard of bright angels attending
around.

6 "Come hither, ye nations, your sentence
receive,

No more shall my Spirit now strive and be
grieved;

My judgment is right, and my sentence is just,
Come hither, ye bless'd, but depart all ye
curs'd!"

182

The Female Pilgrim, 212. b.

The Female Pilgrim.

1 WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this gloomy vale?

Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

No! I'm bound for the kingdom;

Will you go to glory with me?

Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

2 "Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Traveling through this lonely void;

But no ill shall e'er befall me,

While I'm blest with such a guide."

- 3 Such a guide ! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise ;
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
- 4 “ Yes, unseen ; but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend ;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.”
- 5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale ;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail ?
- 6 “ No : that stream has nothing frightful ;
'To its brink my steps I'll bend ;
Thence to plunge, 'twill be delightful ;
There my pilgrimage will end.”
- 7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,
Down the vale she plunged from sight
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed in light !
O, she's gone to the kingdom ;
Will you *follow* her to glory ?
Hallelujah ! praise ye the Lord.

PART III.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS, CLASSIFIED AND ARRANGED.

GOSPEL CALLS.

Elg. n, p. 27. s. China, p. 24. b.

1

Dismay at Death.

- 1 AH ! who can speak the vast dismay
That fills the sinner's mind,
When, torn by death's strong hand away,
He leaves his all behind !
- 2 Worldlings, who cleave to earthly things,
But are not rich to God,
Will feel that death is full of stings,
And hell a dark abode.
- 3 Dear Savior, make us timely wise,
Thy gospel to attend ;
That we may live above the skies,
When time and life shall end.

2

St. Peters, p. 85. s. New Sabbath, p. 75. s. L. M.

A Call to the Careless.

- 1 AWAKE, unfeeling souls, awake !
Your dangerous beds of sloth forsake,
And fly to Jesus while there's hope,
Or soon in endless death you'll drop.

M

- 2 The Savior comes ; his bowels yearn ;
And bids your dying souls return ;
He bleeds, he groans, he dies for you ;
His name and nature calls you too.
- 3 O think, before you lose your breath,
How you can bear eternal death ;
Just on a precipice you dwell,
And all beneath is death and hell.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, yet waits to give
Eternal life ; O turn and live ;
While Jesus calls, forsake your way,
Turn, for 'tis now the accepted day.

3

St. Peter's, p. 85. s. Woburn, p. 206. b. L. M.

Christ standing at the Door.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks, has knock'd before ;
Hath waited long—is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands !
O, matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes !
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will ; the very friend you need ;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine ;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn ;
His feet departed ne'er return ;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

4 China, p. 60. s. Forest, p. 63. a. L. M.

The Gospel Feast.

- 1 Come sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
There need not one be left behind ;
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all ;
Come all the world, come sinner thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye weary wanderers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive ;
You all may come to Christ and live ;
O let his love your souls constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

- 5 His love is *mighty to compel* ;
 His conq'ring love *consent to feel* ;
 Yield to his love's resistless power,
 And fight against your God *no more*.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice ;
 His offer'd benefits embrace,
 And freely *now be saved by grace*.
- 7 This is the time, no more delay,
 The invitation is to-day ;
 Come in *this moment at his call*,
 And *live for him who died for all*.

4

Windsor, p. 49. s. Paradise, p. 118. b. C. M.

The last Resolve.

- 1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast,
 A thousand thoughts revolve ;
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
 And make this last resolve :
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose ;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess,
 I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
 Without his sovereign grace.

- 4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 5 "I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolv'd to try :
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

6 Hampton, p. 20. b. Cecil, p. 154. a. 7s.

Come and welcome.

- 1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Savior deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravish'd ear :
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner come."
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid ;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
"Come and welcome, sinner, come."
- 3 Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo, I come, your Savior, friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day ;
Up to my eternal home,
"Come and welcome, sinner, come."

7

Orange, p. 5. s. Maryland, p. 170. b. S. M.

Judgment Anticipated.

- 1 How will the soul endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,
Astonish'd flee 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 ;
His wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Savior bled ;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

8

Rochester, p. 38. s. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

Universal Invitation.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice !
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind ;

- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast ;
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye who pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die ;
 Here, you may quench your raging thirst,
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open all the day ;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

9 Warwick, p. 48. s. New Grafton, p. 170. a. L. M.
The Spirit Striving.

- 1 O SINNER, hear the heavenly voice !
 O hear the Spirit's gracious call !
 It bids thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 2 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With harden'd, self-destroying man ;
 Ye who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.
- 3 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
 Thy last accepted time may be ;
 O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

10

St. Martins, p. 41. s. Coleshill, p. 60. b. C. M.

Immediate Repentance.

- 1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay ;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Accept the offer'd Savior now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar ;
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.
- 5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

11

Armley, p. 55. s. Zephyr, p. 50. b. L. M.

Wanderers' Return.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart ;
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
 His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Savior bids thy spirit live ;
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear ;
 'Tis God who says, " No longer mourn,"
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

12

Milgrove, p. 116. b. Mendon, p. 54. a. 7, 6 & 8s.

Sincerity of the Gospel.

- 1 SINNERS, hear thy Savior's call,
 He now is passing by ;
 He hath seen thy grievous thrall,
 And heard thy mournful cry :
 He hath pardon to impart,
 And grace to save thee from thy fears :
 See the love that fills his heart,
 And wipe away thy tears.
- 2 Think how on the cross he hung,
 Pierced with a thousand wounds !
 Hark, from each as with a tongue
 The voice of pardon sounds !
 See, from all his bursting veins,
 This blood of wondrous virtue flow !

Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from wo.

- 3 Tho' his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less ;
Tho' he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress ;
By himself the Lord hath sworn,
He hath no pleasure in thy death ;
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'st live by faith.
-

13

Antigua, p. 54. s. Portugal, p. 81. s. L. M.

All things are ready.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own
And welcome his returning Son,
Ready the gracious Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit from above
To fill your broken heart with love ;
To apply and witness Jesus' blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate ;
Tuning their harps by which they praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host ;
All heaven is ready to resound,
“ The dead’s alive ! the lost is found ! ”

14

Plymouth, p. 37. s. Coleshill, p. 60. b. L. M.

The way of the Wicked.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
’Tis 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 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal wo !
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.

- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
He pardons like a God ;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

15

Bray, p. 20. s. Cambridge, p. 21. s. C. M.

Ye must be born again.

- 1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men ;
For Christ the Savior hath declared,
“ Ye must be born again.”
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain ;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
“ Ye must be born again.”
- 3 Our nature's totally depraved—
The heart a sink of sin ;
Without a change we can't be saved ;
“ Ye must be born again.”
- 4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain ;
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

16

Mt. Pleasant, p. 35. s. Clifford, p. 21. s. C. M.

The Savior's Call.

- 1 THE Savior calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice ;
'The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Savior, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

17

Elgin, p. 27. s. China, p. 24. b. C. M.

The Time is Short.

- 1 THE time is short ! sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away ;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is call'd to-day.
- 2 The time is short ! ye rebels, now
To Christ the Lord submit ;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

- 3 The time is short ! ye saints rejoice—
 The Lord will quickly come ;
 Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's
 voice,
 To call you to your home.
- 4 The time is short ! it swiftly flies—
 The hour is just at hand,
 When we shall mount above the skies,
 And reach the wish'd-for land.
- 5 The time is short ! the moment near,
 When we shall dwell above ;
 And be for ever happy there,
 With Jesus, whom we love.

18

Barby, p. 15. s. Coleshill, p. 60. b. C. M.

Preparation for Death.

- 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;
 Repent !—thy end is nigh !
 Death at the farthest, can't be far—
 O think before thou die !
- 2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save ;
 Thy sins—how high they mount !
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
 How stands that dread account ?
- 3 Death enters—and there's no defence—
 His time there's none can tell :
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,
 To heaven—or to hell !

- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
 Shall crawling worms consume ;
 But, ah ! destruction stops not there—
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To-day, the gospel calls ; to-day,
 Sinners, it speaks to you :
 Let every one forsake his way,
 And mercy will ensue.

 CONVICTION OF SIN.

19

Aylesbury, p. l. s. Olmutz, p. 48. b. S. M.

Self-righteousness insufficient.

- 1 AH, how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God !
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark,
 With strict inquiring eyes,
 Could we for one of thousand faults
 A just excuse devise ?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God !
 Who can with thee contend ?
 Or who that tries the unequal strife,
 Shall prosper in the end ?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
 Their ancient seats forsake !
 The trembling earth deserts her place,
 Her rooted pillars shake !

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Savior's blood.

20

Woodstock, p. 58. a. Coleshill, p. 60. b. C. M.

Condemned by the Law.

- 1 AH, what can I, a sinner, do,
With all my guilt oppress'd;
I feel the hardness of my heart,
And conscience knows no rest.
- 2 Great God, thy good and perfect law,
Does all my life condemn,
The secret evils of my soul
Fill me with fear and shame.
- 3 How many precious Sabbaths gone,
I never can recall;
And O, what cause have I to mourn,
Who misimproved them all!
- 4 How long, how often have I heard
Of Jesus, and of heaven;
Yet scarcely listen'd to his word,
Or pray'd to be forgiven!
- 5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,
And grant renewing grace;
For thou this flinty heart can'st break,
And thine shall be the praise.

21

Alfreton, p. 51. s. Forest, p. 68. a.L. M.

Crying for Mercy.

- 1 AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep:
Beneath a weight of woes oppress'd,
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.
- 2 Now from thy throne of bliss above,
Shed down a look of heavenly love;
That balm shall sweeten all my pain,
And bid my soul rejoice again.
- 3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruin'd nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

22

Confidence, p. 30, a. N. neveh, p. 102. a. 10s & 11s.

A convicted Sinner's Petition.

- 1 DEAR Jesus, here comes, and knocks at
thy door,
A beggar for crumbs, distressed and poor;
Blind, lame, and forsaken; all rolled in
blood;
At length overtaken while running from
God.
- 2 To ask children's bread, I dare not pre-
sume,
But, Lord, to be fed with fragments I
come;

Some crumbs from thy table, O let me
obtain,

For sure thou art able my soul to sustain.

3 I own I deserve no favor to see,
I hated thy cause, and wander'd from thee,
Till brought by thy Spirit my follies to
mourn,

Now void of all merit to thee I return.

4 Great God, my desert is nothing but death;
From thee to depart forever in wrath;
Yet, Lord to the city of refuge I flee,
O let thine eye pity a sinner like me?

23

Bangor, p. 14. s. Paradise, p. 118. b. C. M.

Imploring Mercy.

1 Lord, at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With humble heart and weeping eye,
Thy favor I implore.

2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
Thy rich forgiving love;
O take my heinous guilt away.
This heavy load remove.

3 Without thy grace I sink oppress'd,
Down to the gates of hell;
O give my troubled spirit rest,
And all my fears dispel.

- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy I implore,
 O may my bowels move ;
 Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
 And thou thyself art love.

24

Orange, p. 5. s. Olmutz, p. 43. b. S. M.

Grace Supplicated.

- 1 LORD, help me to repent—
 With sin for ever part ;
 And to thy gracious eye present
 An humble, contrite heart—
- 2 A heart with grief oppress'd,
 For having grieved thy love ;
 A troubled heart that cannot rest,
 Till cleansed from above.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire ;
 With true sincerity of wo,
 My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down ;
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone.

25

Windham, p. 96. b. Accomack, p. 208. a. L. M.

Pleading for Pardon.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,

Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their momery from thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

26

Windsor, p. 49. s. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

The Malady of Sin.

- 1 THOU great Physician of the soul,
To thee I bring my case ;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

- 2 Help me to state my whole complaint ;
 But where shall I begin ?
 Nor words, nor thoughts can fully paint,
 That worst distemper—sin.
- 3 It lies not in a single part,
 But through my soul is spread ;
 And all the affections of my heart
 By sin are captive led.
- 4 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
 Tumultuous in my breast ;
 Which indispose me for my food,
 And rob me of my rest.
- 5 Thou great Physician, hear my cry,
 And set my spirit free ;
 Let not a trembling sinner die,
 Who longs to live to thee.

27

 Egypt, p. 206. a. Kentucky, p. 16. b. S. M.

A contrite Heart.

- 1 THOU, Lord of all above,
 And all below the sky,
 Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
 And for thy mercy cry.
- 2 Forgive my follies past,
 The crimes which I have done ;
 O bid a contrite sinner live,
 Through thine incarnate Son.

- 3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
 Upon my conscience lies ;
 To thee I make my sorrows known,
 And lift my weeping eyes.
- 4 The burden which I feel,
 Thou only canst remove ;
 Do thou display thy pardoning grace,
 And thine unbounded love.
- 5 One gracious look of thine
 Will ease my troubled breast ;
 O, let me know my sins forgiven,
 And I shall then be blest.

28

Blendon, p. 57. s. Brookfield, p. 132. b L. M.

Power of the Gospel.

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
 That seeks relief from all his wo ?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of the mind ?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
 Or form our natures fit for heaven ?
 Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
 Make their own powers and passions clean ?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
 Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh ;
 'Tis here that power and glory dwell,
 Which save rebellious souls from hell.

- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up ;
We read the grace, and *trust* the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

TURNING TO THE LORD.

29

Melody, p. 128. a. Paradise, p. 118. b. C. M.

The Prodigal Son.

- 1 AFFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear ?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled ;
Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

- 6 "Father I've sinn'd, but O! forgive,"—
 "Enough," the father said,
 "Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 Go spread the news around,
 My son was dead, but lives again;
 Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home;
 More than a father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

30 Woodstock, p. 58. a. G. Memory, p. 32. b. C. M.

The Mercy-Seat.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh;
 Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely prest;
 By war without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "thou hast died."
- 5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame ;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 " Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
My promised grace receive :"
'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

31

Plymouth, p. 37. s. Whiting, p. 146. a. C. M.

Pardon Received.

- 1 HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.
- 2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, " Return :"
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
Oh, take the wand'rer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love ?

- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
 How glorious, how divine !
 That can to bliss and life restore
 So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Savior I adore :
 O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

32

G. Memory, p. 32. b. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

Looking to Jesus.

- 1 JESUS, the life, the truth, the way,
 In whom I now believe,
 As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
 Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
 As by the powers above,
 Who always see thee on thy throne,
 And glory in thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,
 That I may do thy will,
 As angels who behold thy face,
 And all thy words fulfil.
- 4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
 Shall serve thee without fear,
 If thou my nature sanctify
 In answer to my prayer.

33 Ganges, p. 23. a. Anticipation, p. 140. a. C. P. M.

Grace Conquering.

- 1 LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield ;
 My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
 Surrenders all to thee ;
 Against thy terrors long I strove,
 But who can stand against thy love?—
 Love conquers even me.
- 2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
 And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
 I still had stubborn been ;
 But mercy has my heart subdued,
 A bleeding Savior I have viewed,
 And now I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone ;
 Come, take possession of thine own,
 For thou hast set me free ;
 Released from Satan's hard command,
 See all my powers in waiting stand,
 To be employ'd by thee.

34 Wantage, p. 46. s. China, p. 24. b. C. M.

Slain and Reviving.

- 1 SMOTE by the law, I'm justly slain ;
 Great God, behold my case ;
 Pity a sinner fill'd with pain,
 Nor drive me from thy face.
- 2 Dread terrors fright my guilty soul—
 Thy justice, all in flames,

Gives sentence on this heart so foul,
So hard, so full of crimes.

- 4 'Tis trembling hardness that I feel ;
I fear, but don't relent,—
Perhaps of endless death the seal :
O, that I could repent !
- 4 My prayers, my tears, my vows are vile ;
My duties black with guilt ;
On such a wretch can mercy smile,
Though Jesus' blood was spilt ?
- 5 Speechless I sink to endless night,
I see an opening hell ;
But lo ! what glory strikes my sight !
Such glory who can tell !
- 6 Enwrapp'd in these bright beams of peace,
I feel a gracious God :
Swell, swell the note ; O tell his grace ;
Sound his high praise abroad !

35

Wantage, p. 46. s. Woodstock, p. 58. a. C. M.

The Prodigal Returned.

- 1 THE prodigal, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise ;
His heart begins to break.
- 2 "I starve," he "cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land ;
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

- 3 "With deep repentance I'll return
 And seek my father's face ;
 Unworthy to be call'd a son,
 I'll ask a servant's place."
- 4 Far off he saw him slowly move,
 In pensive silence mourn ;
 The father ran with arms of love
 To welcome his return.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
 And spread the joy around ;
 The angels tune their harps anew ;
 The prodigal is found !

36

Bath, p. 56. s. Accomack, p. 208. a. L. M.

Conviction and Conversion.

- 1 THE sinner's flattering dreams are fled,
 Destruction hovers o'er his head ;
 And conscience throws her darts around,
 And poison rankles in each wound.
- 2 Despair and death his heart assail,
 And all his hopes of comfort fail ;
 Till, deeply humbled in the dust,
 He owns his punishment is just.
- 3 Then penitence beside him stands,
 With brow severe, but healing hands ;
 The wounds she probes, the balm applies,
 To heaven directs the mourner's sighs.

4 To heaven his streaming eyes he rears,
 And Mercy's radiant form appears ;
 She whispers peace and hope within,
 His sorrows cease—his joys begin.

37

Mount Pleasant, p. 35. s. Clifford, p. 24. s. C. M.

Joys of Salvation.

- 1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And changed my mournful state,
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess ;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
 And own'd thy power divine ;
 "Great is the work," my heart repli'd,
 And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night ;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those who sow in sadness wait
 'Til the fair harvest come ;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessing home.

SANCTIFICATION.

—

38

Bray, p. 29. s. Rochester, p. 23. s. C. M

Cheerful Self-Denial.

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee ?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair !
- 4 Savior of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

39

Brewer, p. 58. s. Luton, p. 71. s. j

The Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 From thee the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a full supply ;
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly.
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.
-

40

St. Stephens, p. 43. s. Moor, p. 31. s. C. M.

Devotion to Christ.

- 1 BEING of beings, God of love !
 To thee our hearts we raise ;
 Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
 And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we want to be,
 Our sacrifice receive ;
 Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
 To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Savior's love
 Shed in our hearts abroad ;
 So shall we ever live and move,
 And be with Christ in God.

41 Devonshire, p. 134. b. Cheshunt, p. 160. b. 10 & 11s.
Confiding in the Savior.

- 1 **BEGONE**, unbelief! my Savior 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 Determined 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?
- 3 Why should I complain of want or dis-
tress,
Temptation or pain? he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow the Lord.
- 4 Though dark be my way, since he is my
guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

5 His love in time past, forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink :
 Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant
 The conqueror's song !

42

Silver Street, p. 8. s. St. Thomas, p. 9. s. S. M.

The Joy of Believers.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song, with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew their God ;
 But children of the heavenly King
 Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

43

Portugal, p. 81. s. Bath, p. 56. s. L. M.

Buried with Christian Baptism.

- 1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord ;
Baptised into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin.
- 3 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death ;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again ;
The various lusts we served before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

44

Athens, p. 178. b. Jordan, p. 29. s. C. M. D.

Happy Child of Grace.

- 1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven ;
This earth, he says, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,
A country far from mortal sight ;
Yet, O ! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day ;

We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.

- 3 O would he more of heaven bestow !
 And let the vessel break ;
 And let our ransom'd spirits go,
 To grasp the God we seek ;
 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 Through all eternity.

45

Bangor, p. 14. s. Camden, p. 22. s. C. M.

Deliverance from Sin.

- 1 I ASK the gift of righteousness,
 The sin-subduing power ;
 Power to believe, and go in peace,
 And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
 The liberty from sin ;
 The grace infused, the love reveal'd,
 The kingdom fix'd within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray ;
 Thou seest my heart's desire ;
 Made ready in thy powerful day,
 Thy fulness I require.

- 4 My vehement soul cries out, oppress'd,
Impatient to be freed !
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.
- 5 Art thou not able to convert ?
Art thou not willing too ?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew ?
- 6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.
-

46

Moravian, p. 98. a. Camden, p. 22. s. C. M.

The Token of Christ's Love.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me ;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near ;
His presence makes us free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be !
What can withstand his will ?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil !

- 4 Jesus, I hang upon the word ;
 I steadfastly believe
 Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
 And to thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
 To meet thee from above ;
 Thy goodness thankfully adores ;
 And sure I taste thy love.
- 6 When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of paradise possess'd,
 I taste unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest.

47 Old Hundred, p. 77. s. Winchester, p. 90. s. L. M.
The Christian's Triumph.

- 1 IMMOVEABLE our hope remains,
 Within the vail our anchor lies ;
 Jesus, who wash'd us from our stains,
 Shall bear us safely to the skies.
- 2 Strong in his strength, we boldly say,
 For us Immanuel shed his blood,
 Who then shall tear our shield away,
 Or part us from the love of God ?
- 3 Can tribulation or distress,
 Or persecution's fiery sword—
 Can Satan rob us of our peace,
 Or prove too mighty for the Lord ?
- 4 Founded on Christ, secure we stand,
 Seal'd with his Spirit's inward seal ;

We soon shall gain the promised land,
Triumphant o'er the powers of hell.

- 5 The winds may roar, the floods beset,
And rain, impetuous, descend ;
Yet will he not his own forget,
But love, and save them to the end.

48

Moravian, p. 98. a. Camden, p. 22. s. C. M.

Hinder me not.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
"My every pleasant sweet ;"
"Hinder me not," my soul replies,
"Because the way is great."
- 3 "Stay," Satan, my old master cries,
"Or force shall thee detain ;"
"Hinder me not, I will begone,
My God has broke my chain."
- 4 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 5 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command ;

Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

- 6 And when my Savior calls me home,
This still my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

49 Portugal, p. 81. s. Wells, p. 39. s. L. M.]
Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee—whom angels praise?
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus?—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No!—when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus?—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave—
No fears to quell—no soul to save!
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain!
And O, may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

50 Brewer, p. 58. s. New Hundred, p. 74. s. L. M.
The Heavenly Way.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;

- His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against his power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul ; I am the way."
- 5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

51

Lisbon, p. 74. a. Watchman, 11. s. S. M.

Strength found in Christ.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

- 5 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To thee and thy great name ;
 A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise ;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word,
 The promise is for me ;
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee ;
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

52

Luton, p. 71. s. Woburn, p. 206. b. L. M.

Consecrating all to God.

- 1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine ;
 With full consent thine I would be,
 And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
 Among the children of thy grace ;
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,
 But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thee my new Master now I call,
 And consecrate to thee my all ;

Lord, let me live and die to thee—
Be thine through all eternity.

53

Paradise, p. 15. b. Camden, p. 22. s. C. M.

Longing for the Image of Christ.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meeke,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean !
Which neither life nor death can part,
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human wo ;
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,
I want thy love to know.
- 6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come, quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

54

Zephyr, p. 50. b. Clifford, p. 24. s. L. M.

The Happy Choice.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
 - 2 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
 - 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes, who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?
 - 4 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
-

55

Hinton, p. 34. b. Harvest, p. 219. b. 11s.

Joy in submission to Christ.

- 1 O JESUS, my Savior, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at
thy feet,
In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh and blood;
Thou art my Redeemer, my Lord and my
God.

- 2 All human expressions are empty and vain ;
They cannot give voice to this heavenly
flame :
I'm sure if the tongue of an angel were
mine,
I could not this mystery completely define.
- 3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous ac-
count ;
My days are immortal, I stand on the
mount ;
I gaze on my treasure and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
- 4 O Jesus, my Savior, with thee I am blest !
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest,
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be
my song ;
Thy grace shall inspire my heart and my
tongue.
- 5 O, who's like my Savior, he's Salem's
bright King !
He smiles and he loves me, and learns me
to sing ;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes
loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirits shall fill.

56

Barby, p. 15, s. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

Perfect Resignation.

- 1 O Lord, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign

Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

3 No—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !

6 But ah, my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Will drive these thoughts away.

57

Armley, p. 55. s. Portugal, p. 81. s. L. M.

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,

- Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee,
O burst these bonds and set it free !
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Savior, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee ;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

58

New Sabbath, p. 75. s. German Air, p. 64. s. L. M.

Safety of God's Elect.

- 1 SAY, who shall God's elect condemn ?
'Tis Christ who for their ransom died ;
Rising, he intercedes for them,
And they in him are justified.

- 2 Not tribulation, nakedness,
Not famine, peril, or the sword,
Nor persecution or distress,
Shall separate from Christ the Lord.
- 3 Nor life nor death, nor depth nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.
- 4 His sovereign mercy knows no bounds,
His faithfulness shall still endure ;
And those who on his word rely,
Shall find his truth for ever sure.
-

59

Duke Street, p. 51. s. Pilesgrove, p. 80. s. L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 **STAND** up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sins are vanquish'd foes ;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

60

Wantage, p. 46. s. Coleshill; p. 60. b. C. M.

Succor in spiritual Conflicts.

- 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven, O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance—ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O gracious God ! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
O bear my fainting spirits up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

61 Arlington, p. 12. s. Woodstock, p. 58. a. C. M.
Salvation ascribed to 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 Through 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 life shall cease ;
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

62

Athens, p. 178. b. Brattlestreet, p. 19. s. C. M.

Submission to our Mortal State.

- 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 :
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest ;
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain ;
I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus done for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
A tree of paradise !
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there !
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet !

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

63

Green's Hundred, p. 65, s. Armley, p. 55. s. L. M.

Self-Examination.

- 1 AND what am I!—My soul, awake,
 And an impartial survey take :
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
 In practice, or in heart appear ?
- 2 What image does my spirit bear ?
 Is Jesus form'd, and living there ?
 Say, do his lineaments divine,
 In thought, and word, and action shine ?
- 3 Searcher of hearts, O search me still ;
 The secrets of my soul reveal ;
 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
 Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread.
- 4 May I at that blest world arrive,
 Where Christ thro' all my soul shall live ;
 And give full proof that he is there,
 Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

64

St. Stephens, p. 43, s. Melody, p. 123. s. C. M.

The Christian Conflict.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul—stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on ;

A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;—
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Savior—in^troduced by thee,
Have we our race begun ;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

65

St. Thomas, p 9. s. Whitefield, p. 80. b. S. M.

Adoption.

1 BEHOLD ! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them Sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their king,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we msst be made ;

But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.

- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

66

Accomack, p. 208. a. Bath, p. 56. s. L. M.

Blessedness of the Righteous.

- 1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose mercies move
To acts of kindness and of love ;
From Christ the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
Who never tread the ways of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God—the God of peace.

67

Invitation, p. 62. a. Athens, p. 178. b. C. M.

The Backslider's Lament.

- 1 DEAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep ;
False to my vows, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Now let me be by grace restored,
To me thy mercy shown ;
O, turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Almighty Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,

Grant through the greatness of thy love,
 The humble, contrite heart :
 Give, what I should have long implored,
 A taste of love unknown ;
 O, turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 3 Behold me, Savior, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die ;
 For life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye.
 Speak but the reconciling word ;
 Let mercy melt me down ;
 O, turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

68 Peterboro', p. 36. s. Camden, p. 22. s. C. M.

The Power of Faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves me from its snares ;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all my cares ;
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
 And lights the sacred fire
 Of love to God and heavenly things,
 And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
 The healing balm to give ;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.

- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign ;
 And bids me seek my portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain.
-

69

Peterboro', p. 36. s. Melody, p. 123. a. C. M.

Faith, the Evidence of things not seen.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight ;
 It pierces through the veil of sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home,
 Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the world was made
 By God's almighty word ;
 We know the heavens and earth shall fade
 And be again restored.
- 4 Abraham obeyed the Lord's command,
 From his own country driven ;
 By faith he sought a promised land,
 But found his rest in heaven.
- 5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
 The promise in our eye ;
 By faith we walk the narrow way,
 That leads to joys on high.

70

Shirland, p. 7.s. Northampton, S. M.

Salvation all of Grace.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound;
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through ev'rlasting days;
 It lays in heaven, the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

71 Littleton, p. 20. a. Greenville, p. 10. a. Tamworth, 8, 7 & 4s.

The Pilgrim's Guide.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.
-

72

Bath, p. 56. s. Pilesgrave, p. 80. s. L. M.

Christ a living Advocate.

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 What joy the blest assurance gives ;
 And now before his Father God,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice arm'd with frowns appears ;
 But in the Savior's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts,
 Above our fears, above our faults
 His powerful intercessions rise,
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.
-

73

Silver Street, p. 8. s. St. Thomas, p. 9. s. S. M.

Love to the Church.

- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion—solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

- 5 Jesus, thou friend divine,
 Our Savior, and our king,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe,
 Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.
-

74

Forest, p. 68. a. Pile-grove, p. 80. s. L. M.

Rejoicing over our Mortality.

- 1 I'M glad that I am born to die,
 From grief and wo my soul shall fly ;
 Bright angels shall convey me home,
 Where erring feet no longer roam.
- 2 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 I hope to praise him after death,
 I hope to praise him when I die,
 And shout salvation as I fly.
- 3 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
 My Savior smiles and bids me come ;
 Sweet angels beckon me away,
 To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 4 I soon shall pass the vale of death[!]
 And in his arms I'll lose my breath ;
 And then my happy soul shall tell
 "My Jesus has done all things well."

- 5 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
 "Awake ye nations under ground :
 Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
 And meet King Jesus in the clouds."
- 6 When to that blessed world I rise,
 And join the anthems in the skies ;
 This note above the rest shall swell,
 "My Jesus has done all things well."
- 7 Then shall I see my blessed God,
 And praise him in his bright abode ;
 My theme through all eternity
 Shall glory, glory, glory be.

75

Pilesgrove, p. 80. s. Effingham, p. 62. s. L. M.

Christ the one thing needful.

- 1 JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
 That thou the one thing needful art ;
 I could from all things parted be,
 But never, never, Lord from thee !
- 2 Needful art thou to make me live ;
 Needful art thou all grace to give ;
 Needful is thy indulgent care,
 Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.
- 3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
 True peace and comfort to afford ;
 Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
 When I yield up my soul to thee.

- 4 Needful art thou to raise my dust
 In shining glory with the just ;
 Needful art thou, my God, my King !
 While thro' eternity I sing.
- 5 Then shall my soul, with joy supreme,
 Dwell on the dear delightful theme ;
 Glory and praise be ever his,
 "The one thing needful," Jesus is !

76

Truro, p. 87. s. Shoel, p. 83. s. L. M.

The Lord our Righteousness.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day ;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully absolved through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came ;
 Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,
 Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
 Which at the mercy-seat of God
 For ever doth for sinners plead,
 For me, e'en for *my* soul was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
 Than sands upon the ocean shore,

Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

77

Barby, p. 15. s. Walsal, p. 45. s. C. M.

God's Omniscience Contemplated.

- 1 LORD, thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my powers ;
My rising steps are watch'd by thee ;
By thee, my resting hours.
- 2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee ;
Abroad, at home, still I'm inclosed
With thine immensity.
- 3 To thee, the labyrinths of life
In opening view appear ;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy listening ear.
- 4 Behind I glance, and thou art there ;
Before me shines thy name ;
And 'tis thy strong almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.
- 5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind ;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its towering summit find.

O

78

Watchman, p. 11. s. Egypt, p. 206. a. S. M.

Watching unto Prayer.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard ;
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
 'To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down ;
 The arduous work will not be done,
 Till thou hast got thy crown.

79

Athens, p. 178. b. Dundee, p. 26. a. C. M.

Weaned from the World.

- 1 My span of life will soon be done,
 The passing moments say ;
 As lengthening shadows o'er the mead,
 Proclaim the close of day.
 O that my heart might dwell aloof,
 From all created things,
 And learn that wisdom from above,
 Whence true contentment springs !
- 2 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
 In every trial here,
 Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
 But shall not enter there.

The sighing souls that humbly seek
 In sorrowing paths below,
 Shall in eternity rejoice,
 Where endless comforts flow.

3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
 Of sublunary care,
 And life's dull vanities no more,
 This anxious breast ensnare.
 Courage, my soul, on God rely,
 Deliverance soon will come ;
 A thousand ways has Providence
 To bring believers home.

4 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
 From nature's prison free,
 Crosses in number, measure, weight,
 Were written, Lord, for me :
 But thou, my shepherd, friend, and guide,
 Hast led me kindly on,
 Taught me to rest my fainting head
 On Christ, the corner stone.

80

Jordan, p. 98. s. Littleton, p. 20. a. 8, 7 & 4s.

Cast down, yet hoping.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness ?
 Wherefore art thou cast down ?
 Let thy griefs be turned to gladness ;
 Bid my restless fears be gone ;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.

- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day ;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay ;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within ;
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin ;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road ;
His right hand shall still defend thee ;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God !
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 Oh, that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing, sing his love !
Happy songsters !
When shall I your chorus join ?

81

Melody, p. 128. a. St. Stephens, p. 43. s. C. M.

Praise for Redeeming Grace.

- 1 ONCE in the paths of sin I ran,
And was to vice a slave ;

Nor deign'd the laws of God to scan,
Or seek his power to save.

- 2 But with a hard, ungrateful heart,
I sail'd from shore to shore,
And when my conscience felt the smart,
I strove to blunt it more.
- 3 Till thy sweet mercy, O ! my God,
Resolved to set me free ;
'Twas then I bless'd thy chastening rod,
And raised a prayer to thee.
- 4 Then did thy grace shed o'er my soul,
A ray of heavenly light,
That freed me from the world's control,
And thrill'd me with delight.
- 5 And now to thee, who art always
Supreme through endless space ;
One chorus let all beings raise,
To sing thy pardoning grace.

82

Jordan, p. 29. s. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

Viewing the Promised Land.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises on my sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !

- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 6 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

83

Melody, p. 128. a. Harleigh, p. 2^d. s. C. M.*Our Master, Jesus.*

- 1 OUR master, Jesus, reign'd above,
The Lord of all was he,
And yet he chose to set his love,
O wondrous love ! on me.
- 2 Our master, Jesus—bless his name !
I love to hear the sound,—
When I was lost to seek me came,
And, O thank God, he found.

- 3 Our master, Jesus, went to preach
 The gospel every where,
 And by his own example teach
 How we the cross should bear.
- 4 Our master, Jesus, O how kind
 Was all he did and said !
 He heal'd the sick, the lame, the blind,
 And raised to life the dead.
- 5 Our master, Jesus, crucified
 By hands of wicked men,
 Pray'd for his murderers—then he died,
 He died, but rose again.
- 6 Our master, Jesus, who didst give
 Thyself to die for me,
 Grant a poor sinner grace to live,
 And grace to die to thee.

84 Amsterdam, p. 91. s. Supplication, p. 76. b. 7 & 6s.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards 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 me riches, fly me 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 Savior will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 There we'll join the heavenly train,
 Welcomed to partake the bliss ;
 Fly from sorrow and from pain,
 To realms of endless peace.

85

Plymouth, p. 37. s. Dundee, p. 26. C. M.

Deliverance from Despair.

- 1 RISE, O my soul! the hour review,
 When awed by guilt and fear,

- Thou durst not heaven for mercy sue,
Nor hope for pity here !
- 2 Dried are thy tears, thy griefs are fled,
Dispelled each bitter care ;
For heaven itself did send its aid,
To snatch me from despair.
- 3 Then here, O God, thy work fulfil ;
And from thy mercy's throne
O grant me strength to do thy will,
And to resist my own.
- 4 So shall my soul each power employ,
Thy mercies to adore,
Whilst heaven itself proclaims with joy,
One rescued sinner more !
-

86

Resignation, p. 152. a. Woodstock, p. 58. a. C. M.

Mourning in darkness of Soul.

- 1 SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Savior's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;

And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 My prayers are now an empty noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

6 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share.

87

Plymouth, p. 37. s. Walsal, p. 45. s. C M.

The Soul in doubt and darkness.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But, when I cry, " My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer ;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache—
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.
-

88

Brattlestreet, p. 19. s. Fountain, C. M.

Cleansing by the blood of Christ.

- 1 THERE is a fountain, fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

- 4 Since first by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
- 5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave—
 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save.
-

89

Pilesgrove, p. 80. s. St. Peters, p. 85. s. L. M.

Walking by Faith.

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night,
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home ;
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abraham, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God ;
 His faith beheld the promised land,
 And fired his zeal along the road.

90

Munich, p. 72. s. Armley, p. 55. s. L. M.

Christ's finished work.

- 1 'TIS finish'd! so the Savior cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died;
'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 Savior of mankind.
- 3 '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.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

91

Armley, p. 55. s. Kingsbr.dge, p. 68. s. L. M.

Whither shall we go from Thee.

- 1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go—
A wretched wanderer from the Lord?

- Can this world of sin and wo,
 One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Thy name my inmost powers adore ;
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
 Depart from thee !—'tis death—'tis more,
 'Tis end·ess ruin—deep despair.
- 4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life is thine.

92

Rochester, p. 38. s. Melody, p. 23. a. C. M.

Blessedness of fearing God.

- 1 THrice happy souls, who born of heaven,
 While yet they sojourn here,
 Humbly begin their days with God,
 And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
 Prevent the dawning day ;
 And turn the sacred pages o'er,
 And praise thy name and pray.
- 3 Midst hourly cares may love present
 Its incense to thy throne ;
 And while the world our hands employs,
 Our hearts be thine alone.
- 4 At night we lean our weary heads
 On thy paternal breast ;
 And safely folded in thine arms,
 Resign our powers to rest.

- 5 In solid, pure delights, like these,
 Let all my days be past ;
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,
 Nor shall I fear the last.

93

Lovest thou me, p. 84. a. Chase, p. 14. a. 7a.

Strength as our Day.

- 1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
 To his gracious promise flee,
 Laying hold upon his word,
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of my case
 Strange and hard appear to me ;
 God has promised needful grace,
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession I may see ;
 Daily, this is my relief,
 "As *thy* days, thy strength shall be."
- 4 When I feel my want of strength,
 Who, my soul, so weak as thee ?
 Christ shall give thee power at length,
 "As thy days, *thy* strength shall be."
- 5 Rock of ages, I'm secure,
 With thy promise full and free ;
 Faithful, positive, and sure,
 "As thy days, thy strength *shall* be.

94

Armley, p. 55. s. China, p. 60. s. L. M

Wisdom of God confessed.

- 1 WAIT, O, my soul, thy Maker's will !
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confess'd,
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat ;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

95

Eaton, p. 95. s. Newcourt, p. 100. s. L. P. M.

The antepast of Heaven.

- 1 WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains !
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
 When sorrow pains our hearts no more,
 How shall we view the Prince of Light,
 And all his works of grace explore !
 What heights and depths of love divine
 Will there through endless ages shine !
- 3 This is the heaven I long to know ;
 For this, with patience, I would wait,
 Till, wean'd from earth, and all below,
 I mount to my celestial seat,
 And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
 And, with the elders, cast them down.

96

Suffield, p. 10. s. Watchman, p. 11. s. L. M.

Supports of Religion.

- 1 WHEN gloomy doubts and fears
 The trembling heart invade,
 And all the face of nature wears
 A universal shade :
- 2 Religion can assuage
 The tempest of the soul ;
 And every fear shall lose its rage
 At her divine control.
- 3 Through life's bewilder'd way,
 Her hand unerring leads ;
 And, o'er the path, her heavenly ray
 A cheering lustre sheds.
- 4 When reason, tired and blind,
 Sinks helpless and afraid ;

Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid !

- 5 O, let me feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To cheer my every gloomy hour,
And calm my every grief.

97 Pisgah, p. 150. a. Melody, p. 123. a. C. M.
The hope of Heaven our support.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all :
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

98 Windson, p. 49. s. Plymouth, p. 37. s. C. M.
Indwelling sin lamented.

- 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,

My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been ;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Savior, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast ?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest ?

4 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free :
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

99

Aylesbury, p. 3. s. Lisbon, p. 174. a S. M.

At opening the meeting.

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face ?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace !
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

- 2 What troubles have we seen !
 What conflicts have we past !
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Since we assembled last ;
 But out of all the Lord
 Hath brought us by his love ;
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hides our life above.
- 3 Then let us make our boast
 Of his redeeming power,
 Which saves us to the uttermost
 Till we can sin no more ;
 Let us take up the cross,
 Till we the crown obtain ;
 And gladly reckon all things loss,
 So we may Jesus gain.

100

Aylesbury, p. 3. s. Lisbon, p. 174. a. S. M.

Parting, yet joined in Heart.

- 1 And let our bodies part,
 To different climes repair ;
 Inseparably joined in heart,
 The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 Jesus, the corner stone,
 Did first our hearts unite !
 And still he keeps our spirits one,
 Who walk with him in white.
- 3 O let us still proceed
 In Jesus' work below ;

And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

4 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies ;
And lo ! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies !

5 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend ;
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end !

6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain ;
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

101 Parting Friends, p. 212. a. Hampton, p. 23.b. 7a.

Privileges of the Sons of God.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God ;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have :

*With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity.*

- 2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
- 3 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness !
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within.
- 4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood ;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
- 5 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs with God, joint heirs with Christ ;
They with love and peace are fill'd ;
They are by his Spirit seal'd.

102

Barby, p. 15. s. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

Union to each other and to Christ.

- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside,
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his beloved embrace ;
 Expect his fulness to receive ;
 And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
 Which shall our flesh restore :
 When death shall all be done away,
 And bodies part no more.

103 Vanhall's, p. 82. s. Zephyr, p. 50. b. L. M.
Welcome, in the name of Christ.

- 1 BRETHREN, beloved for Jesus' sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which he alone can give.
- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above ;
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love !

- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When thus we meet to pray and praise,
 We only wish to speak of him,
 And tell the wonders of his grace.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 His sufferings and his dying love,
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And how he triumphs now above.
- 5 Thus as the moments pass away,
 We'll love and wonder, and adore ;
 Then hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.
-

104

Benevento, p. 4. a. Middletown, p. 114. b. 7s.

The mystic body of Christ.

- 1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
 Perfecting the saints below,
 Hear us, who thy nature share,
 Who thy mystic body are ;
 Join us, in one spirit join,
 Let us still receive of thine ;
 Still for more on thee we call,
 Thou who fillest all in all !
- 2 Move, and actuate, and guide ;
 Divers gifts to each divide ;
 Placed according to thy will,
 Let us all our work fulfil ;
 Never from our office move ;
 Needful to each other prove ;

Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

- 3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy ;
Kindly for each other care,
Every member feel its share.
Many are we now, and one,
We who Jesus have put on :
Names, and sects, and parties fall ;
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.
-

105 Zephyr, p. 50. b. Antigua, p. 54. a. L. M.

For the presence and love of Christ.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell.
By faith and love in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

106

Portugal, p. 81. s. Zephyr, p. 50. b. L. M.

Prayer for the Comforter.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

107

Shirland, p. 7. s. Watchman, p. 11. s. S. M.

Sanctifying influences of the Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds—
The darkness from our eyes.

- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
 Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith ;
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

108

Mear, p. 34. s. Paradise, p. 118. b. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers—
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great ?

- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening pow'rs ;
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.
-

109 Peterborough, p. 36. s. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

Praising our common Savior.

- 1 COME, let us who in Christ believe,
 Our common Savior praise ;
 To him, with joyful voices give
 The glory of his grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
 Of every sinner's heart ;
 The worst need keep him out no more,
 Nor force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
 Yield to be saved from sin :
 In sure and certain hope rejoice,
 That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
 Nor ever hence remove ;
 But sup with us, and let the feast
 Be everlasting love.
-

110 Ganges, p. 28. a. Reflection, p. 114. a. C. P. M.

Looking to the heavenly Rest.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel ;

- Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
It brings to life the dead !
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see,
The beatific sight ;
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with
praise
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

111

Italian, p. 97. s. Creation, p. 14. b. 6 & 4s.

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 COME, thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise !
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus. our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall !
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made :
 Our souls on thee be stay'd ;
 Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword ;
 Our prayer attend !
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success ;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend !
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour !
 Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

5 To the great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore !
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

112

Portugal, p. 51. s. Forest, p. 68. a. L. M.

Dismission Hymn.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord—
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good—
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.
-

113

Whiting, p. 140. a. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

Fellowship with God.

- 1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Nor life, nor all the joys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

- 3 When I am made, in love to bear
 Affliction's needful rod,
 Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
 Through fellowship with God.
- 4 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
 Or dark desertion's road,
 I'm happy if I can but taste
 Some fellowship with God.
- 5 And when the icy hand of death
 Shall chill my flowing blood,
 With joy I'll yield my latest breath
 In fellowship with God.
- 6 When I, at last, to heaven ascend,
 And gain my blest abode,
 There an eternity I'll spend
 In fellowship with God.

114

Bermondsey, Creation, p. 14. b. 6 & 4.

Universal Praise.

- 1 GLORY to God on high,
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 Praise ye his name!
 Angels his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 Sing aloud, evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Ye, who surround the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name!

Ye, who have felt his blood,
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad ;
 “ Worthy the Lamb.”

- 3 Soon must we change our place,
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name !
 Still will we tribute bring,
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And through all ages sing,
 “ Worthy the Lamb.”



115

Brattlestreet, p. 19. s. Barby, p. 15. s. C. M.

Christian Love.

- 1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfill his word
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part :
 When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart :
- 3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
 Our wishes all above,
 Each can his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love !
- 4 Let love in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow ;

And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

116

Lisbon, p. 174, a. Shirland, 7. s. L. M.

The Morning Prayer Meeting.

- 1 HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer.
- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light ;
Once, on the chilling mount did stay
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down,
To rescue souls condemn'd to die,
And make his people one.

117 Mear, p. 31. s. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

Asking the way to Zion.

- 1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way,
That leads to Zion's hill ;
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join ;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there ;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer !
- 4 O come and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands ;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

118 Peterborough, p. 36. s. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

Prayer for brotherly love.

- 1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke ;
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

- 3 Make us into one spirit drink ;
 Baptize into thy name ;
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 This is the bond of perfectness,
 The spotless charity ;
 O let us, (still we pray) possess
 The mind that was in thee !
- 5 Then when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove,
 In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our all in all is love.
-

119 Watchman, p. 11. s. Walbridge, p. 130. a. S. M.

Pray always, and never faint.

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear—
 We never plead in vain ;
 Then let us wait till he appear,
 And pray and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
 “ Why should we longer wait ? ”
 He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy’s gate.

- 4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
 His chosen when they cry ;
 Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.
- 5 Then let us earnest cry,
 And never faint in prayer ;
 He sees, he hears, and from on high,
 Will make our cause his care.

120 Watchman, p. 11. s. Kentucky, p. 16. b. S. M.

Against party spirit.

- 1 LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let discord—child of hell !
 Be banished 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.

121

Dismission, p. 94. s. Greenville, p. 10. n. 8, 7 & 4s.

Prayer for a parting blessing.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing—
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 O refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day !

122

Barby, p. 15. s. Mar, p. 24. s. C. M.

Sincerity in worship.

- 1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore ;
 Our broken spirits pitying see ;
 True penitence impart :

Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

- 2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.
Let faith each weak petition fill,
And lift it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
Which grants it or denies.
- 3 When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And lift our souls in praise ;
Then on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review ;
Till love divine, transported tell—
Thou God, art Father too.

123 Dismission, p. 94. s. Greenville, p. 10. 8 and 7s.

Grace at parting.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above !
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

124

Greenv'le, p. 10. a. Vesper Hymn, p. 44. a. 8, 7 & 4s.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
 May a sinner speak thy name?
 Lord of man, as Lord of angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just, exalted praise.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought—
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 For thy providence that governs,
 Through thine empire's wide domain;
 Wings an angel—guides a sparrow—
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.
 Hallelujah, &c.
-

125

Effingham, p. 62. s. Pilesgrave, p. 80. s. L. M.

The bands of Christian Love.

- 1 NO mortal ties can be compared
 To those that join the Savior's fold;

Those bands of love by heaven bestow'd,
Not earned by works, nor bought with
gold.

2 By these, the followers of the Lamb,
Know they have pass'd from death to
life;

These bands still sweeten every song,
And help to banish sinful strife.

3 Tho' all the world combined, disdain
The "little flock" renew'd by grace;
This flock may glory in their gain,
In Jesus' heart they have a place.

4 The "little flock," and only they,
Enjoy the Savior's smiles in time;
And they, at last, in endless day,
Shall bright with God and angels shine.

126 Peterborough, p. 36. s. Barby, p. 15. s. C. M.

The enlivening presence of God.

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art!
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Shew us some tokens of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

- 3 Within these walls let holy praise,
 And love and concord dwell ;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humble mind bestow ;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 'To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our prayers ;
 And in the presence of our Lord,
 Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforced by mighty grace,
 Awaken sinners all around
 To come and fill the place.
-

127

Cambridge, p. 2. s. Kentucky, p. 16. b. S. M.

A parting hymn.

- 1 ONCE more before we part,
 Bless the Redeemer's name ;
 Let every tongue and every heart,
 Praise and adore the same.
- 2 Lord, in thy grace we come,
 That blessing still impart ;
 We meet in Christ the Savior's name,
 And in his name we part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word
 We'd live, and feed and grow,

Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

- 4 Here, Lord, we came to live,
And in thy truth increase,
All that thou seest amiss, forgive,
And send us home in peace.

128 Dundee, p. 27. s. St. Ann., p. 39. s. C. M.]

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.
- 2 Give us, this day, our daily bread ;
And as we those forgive,
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.
- 3 Into temptation lead us not ;
From evil set us free ;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory ever be.

129 Hinton, p. 34. b. Wesley, 11s.

- 1 OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy
name !
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same ;
O, give us to us daily thy portion of bread,
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

- 2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us
to know
That humble compassion that pardons each
foe !
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and
sin :
And thine be the glory forever, Amen !

130 Clarendon, p. 23. s Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

The nature and spirit of prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold he prays !"
- 4 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.
- 5 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The HOLY SPIRIT pleads ;
And JESUS on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to **GOD**,
 The life, the truth, the way ;
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
LORD! teach us how to pray.

131 Evening Hymn, p. 122. b. Orland, p. 78. s. L. M.

- 1 **PRAYER** was appointed to convey
 The blessing God designs to give :
 Long as they live should Christians pray ;
 For only while they pray, they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
 He speaks as prompted from within ;
 The Spirit his petition writes,
 And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And shall we in dead silence lie,
 When Christ stands waiting for our
 prayer ?
 My soul, thou hast a friend on high ;
 Arise, and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pains inflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,
 The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 5 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail ;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
 Fear not, his merits must prevail ;
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

132

German Hymn, p. 96. s. Lovest Thou Me, p. 84. a. 7s.

Saints singing praises of the Savior.

- 1 SWEET the time—exceeding sweet !
When the saints together meet,
When the Savior is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move :
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world—and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature, and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love :
With our wretched hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Savior near.
- 5 Sweet the place—exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet ;
Where the Savior's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

133

Arlington, p. 12. s. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

The communion of saints.

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make,
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love.
All of his grace partake.

- 2 One family we dwell in him,
Our church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To this command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo, thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.
- 5 Lord Jesus ! be our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

134

Clarendon, p. 33. s. Melody, p. 23. a. C. M.

Saints on earth and in heaven.

- 1 'Tis good to wait upon the Lord,
When Christ himself draws near,
And every heart with one accord,
Ascends in solemn prayer.
- 2 While thus we feel the Savior's love,
In heavenly showers descend,
Our souls commune with saints above,
In bliss that knows no end.

- 3 We taste the precious streams of grace,
 The fountain makes them sing ;
 We travel through the wilderness,
 They sit before the King.
- 4 We pray for grace to hold out well
 The conflict but begun ;
 They of their past engagements tell,
 And sing the conquest won.
- 5 We fight the battles of the Lord,
 And are sometimes cast down :
 They wield no more the warrior's sword,
 But wear the conqueror's crown.

135

Old German, p. 37. b. 5s & 11s.

- 1 'TIS pleasant to sing
 The sweet praise of our King,
 As here in this valley of sorrows we move ;
 'Twill be pleasanter still,
 When we stand on the hill,
 And give thanks to our Savior, our Master,
 above.
- 2 'Tis sweet to recline
 On thy bosom divine,
 And experience the comforts peculiar to
 thine ;
 While, born from above,
 And upheld by thy love,
 With singing and triumph to Zion we move.

3 On Canaan's fair land
We shortly shall stand
With crowns on our heads, and with harps
in our hand ;
Our harps shall be tuned,
The Lamb shall be crown'd,
Salvation to Jesus thro' heaven shall resound.

136 Peterborough, p. 36. s. Melody, p. 28. a. C. M.

Christian Salutation.

- 1 WELL met, dear friends, in Jesus' name,
Come let us now rejoice,
While we our Savior's praise proclaim,
With cheerful hearts and voice.
- 2 But O, dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove,
His graces to diffuse abroad,
To warm our hearts with love.
- 3 In vain, dear Savior, here we meet,
Except thy face we see ;
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,
Whene'er we meet with thee.
- 4 Then O, dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile ;
Thy Spirit's quick'ning influence send,
And purge our hearts from guile.
- 5 That at the close, each one may say,
" We've met not here in vain ;

For we have tasted heaven to-day,
Nor could we more contain."

137

Evening Hymn, p. 122. l. Bath, p. 56. s. L. M.

Hindrances to prayer.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw—
Gives exercise to faith and love—
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer—we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ? Ah, think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent—
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me !"

138 Lenox, p. 26. b. Amherst, p. 62. b. H. M.*Presence of God promised and enjoyed.*

- 1 **WHEREVER** two or three
 Are met in Jesus' name,
 God in the midst will be,
 Nor let them meet in vain ;
 In stately courts, or open air,
 They still shall find him present there.
- 2 The Lord is never bound
 To any time or place,
 But always may be found
 Among his chosen race ;
 Then tread his courts with holy fear,
 For God himself is present here.

139 Emory Hy. n., p. 122. v. Portugal, p. 81. s.

- 1 **WHERE** two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 "There," says the Savior, "will I be,
 Amid this little company ;
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word ;
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

140 Willowby, p. 50. a. Reflection, p. 114. a. C. P. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three together meet,
 My love and mercy to repeat,
 And tell what I have done
 "There will I be," saith God, "to bless,
 And every burden'd soul redress,
 Who worships at my throne."
- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
 Speak to each heart some cheering word,
 To set the spirit free ;
 Impart a kind celestial shower,
 And grant that we may spend an hour
 In fellowship with thee.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

141 Lenox, p. 25. b. Amherst, p. 62. b. H. M.

Birth Day.

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee
 My cheerful soul I raise !
 Thy goodness bade me be,
 And still prolong my days ;
 I see my natal hour return,
 And bless the day that I was born.
- 2 Long as I live beneath,
 To thee, O let me live !
 To thee my every breath
 In thanks and praises give !

Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

3 My soul and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine shall be ;
And all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee ;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

142 *Benev. nto, p. 4. a. Saturday Night, p. 150. h. 7s.*

1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise ;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.
What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not :
This shall set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.

2 I my all to thee resign ;
Father, let thy will be mine ;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.
Guard me, Savior, by thy power ;
Keep me in the trying hour ;
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.

3 Let my few remaining days
Be devoted to thy praise ;

So the last, the closing scene
 Shall be tranquil and serene.
 To thy will I leave the rest ;
 Grant me but this one request—
 Both in life and death to prove
 Tokens of thy special love.

143

Dover, p. 3. s. St. Thomas, p. 9. s. S. M.

Daily Worship.

- 1 ANOTHER day is past,
 The hours forever fled ;
 And time is bearing me away,
 To mingle with the dead.
 - 2 My mind in perfect peace
 My Father's care shall keep ;
 I yield to gentle slumber now,
 For thou canst never sleep.
 - 3 How blessed, Lord, are they
 On thee securely stayed !
 Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
 Nor be in death dismayed.
-

144

Union Hymn, p. 126 a. Wilton, p. 106. s. 8.

- 1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer—
 Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,
 My all to thy covenant care
 I, sleeping or waking, resign.

- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee ;
- 3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand ;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew shall descend ;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.
- 5 From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Savior be nigh ;
And songs his kind presence, indeed,
Shall in the night season supply.

145 Peterborough, p. 36. s. Melody, p. 128. a. C. M.

- 1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend ;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys ;
And fired with grateful zeal prepares
A sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,

In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

- 4 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill ;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

146

Peckham, p. 6. s. Dover, p. 3. s. L. M.

- 1 SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing ;
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near !
- 4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame ;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
So worthless as I am ?
- 5 O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God ?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

6 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy presence I would spend
A long eternity.

147 Watchman, p. 11. s. Dover, p. 3. s. S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears ;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when I early rise,
To view the unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 4 Lord, when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
O may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.
-

148 Alfreton, p. 51. s. Evening Hymn, p. 122. b. L. M.

- 1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well-appointed angels keep,
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.
-

149

Mear, p. 34. s. St. Stephens, p. 43. s. C. M.

Departure of Missionaries.

- 1 LORD, charge the waves to bear our
 friends
 In safety o'er the deep :
 Let the rough tempest speed their way,
 Or bid its fury sleep.
- 2 Whene'er they preach the Savior's word
 Beneath the cooling shade,
 Let the poor heathen feel its power,
 And grace their souls pervade.
- 4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 May Jesus be adored ;
 And earth, with all her millions, shout
 Hosannas to the Lord.

150 *Missionary Hymn, p. 24. a. Light, p. 136. a. 7 & 6s.*

- 1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean !
 And, as thy billows flow,
 Bear messengers of mercy
 To every land below.
 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
 Safe to the destined shore ;
 That man may sit in darkness,
 And death's black shade, no more.
- 2 O thou eternal Ruler !
 Who holdest in thine arm
 The tempests of the ocean,
 Protect them from all harm !
 Thy presence e'er be with them,
 Wherever they may be,
 Though far from us who love them,
 Still let them be with thee.
-

151 *St. Thomas, p. 9. s. Walbridge, p. 130. a. S. M.*

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,
 His sovereign voice obey ;
 Arise; and follow where he leads,
 And peace attend your way !
- 2 The Master whom you serve
 Will needful strength bestow ;
 Depending on his promised aid,
 With sacred courage—go.

- 3 Go, spread the Savior's fame ;
 Go, tell his matchless grace ;
 Proclaim salvation full and free
 To Adam's guilty race.
- 4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
 And hell in vain oppose :
 The cause is God's—and will prevail
 In spite of all his foes.
-

152 Greenville, p. 10. a. Sabbath Morning, p. 78. b. 8, 7s & 4s.

- 1 YES, my native land, I love thee,
 All thy scenes I love them well,
 Friends, connexions, happy country !
 Can I bid you all farewell ?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 2 *Home !* thy joys are passing lovely ;
 Joys no stranger-heart can tell !
 Happy home ! 'tis sure I love thee !
 Can I—can I say—*Farewell.*
 Can I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days, and Sabbath-bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure !
 Can I say a last farewell ?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

- 4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I loved so well !
 Far away, ye billows, bear me ;
 Lovely native land, farewell !
 Pleased I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor,
 On the mountains let me tell,
 How he died—the blessed Savior—
 To redeem a world from hell !
 Let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;
 Let the winds my canvas swell—
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell.
 Glad I bid thee,
 Native land—*Farewell—Farewell.*

153

Dismission, p. 94. s. Oundell, p. 204. b. 8s & 7s.

Funeral.

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
 O'er the grave of those you love ;
 Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
 Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
 Lonely through night's deepening shade,
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round the immortal spirit's head.

- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high,
 In his glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die !
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
 Sickness there no more can come ;
 There, no fear of wo intruding,
 Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.
- 5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish ;
 O'er the graves of those ye love ;
 Far remov'd from pain and anguish,
 They are chanting hymns above.

154

Windsor, f. 49. s. Ch. m., p. 24. b. C. M.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
 claims
 For all the pious dead !
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
 How kind their slumbers are !
 From suffering and from sin released,
 They're freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord ;
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

155

Poland, p. 188. a. Martyrs, p. 33. s. C. M.

- 1 MUST friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn ;
While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone !
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God !
Our helper and our friend ;
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led !
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.
- 4 Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

156

Ainsley, p. 55. s. Funeral Dirge, L. M.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

- 3 So Jesus slept :—God's dying Son
 Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed ;
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;
 Attend, O earth, his sovereign word ;
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
 Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

157 Mt. Calvary, p. 6. a. Complaint, p. 104. a. New-York, 7s.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame ;
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 O ! the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature—cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !
- 2 Hark !—they whisper—angels say,
 “ Sister spirit, come away :”
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
 Drowns my spirits—draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul—can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes—it disappears—
 Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring !
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 “ O grave ! where is thy victory !
 O death ! where is thy sting !”

158

Bangor, p. 14. s. Poland, p. 189. a. C. M.

- 1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains,
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
There passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 4 All, level'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till God, in judgment, calls them forth,
To meet their righteous doom.
-

159

Bunker Hill, p. 204, a. 11s & 5s.

- 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
in crimson,
Sounding with death groans!

Q

- 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 his dealings ;
 Never repining, but forever praising
 God our creator.
- 4 Good is Jehovah in bestowing sun-shine,
 Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder ;
 Mercies and judgments both proceed from
 kindness—
 Infinite kindness.
- 5 Then to the wisdom of our Lord and master,
 Let us commit all that we have or wish for ;
 Sweetly as babes sleep will we give our
 life up,
 When call'd to yield it.

160

Camden, p. 22. s. Plymouth, p. 37. s. C. M.

- 1 WITH what a fix'd and peaceful mind,
 The righteous man expires !
 Behold him breathing out his soul,
 In hope and blest desires !

- 2 Eternal glory now begins
To dawn upon his eyes,
And Jesus animates his song,
While languishing he lies.
- 3 No sins, or fears, disturb his soul,
Nor terror from below ;
No worldly glory stops his flight,
Or makes him loth to go.
- 4 Bright hosts of angels round his bed,
With holy ardor stand ;
Ready to bear aloft his soul,
At Jesus' high command.
- 5 No wonder Balaam wished to share
In such a happy death ;
For such are truly blest indeed,
When they resign their breath.
- 6 O how this bright, this blessed hope,
My longing spirit warms !
O let me live and die like him,
Enclosed in Jesus' arms.

161

Greenville, p. 10. a. Disciple, p. 86. b. 8, 7 & 4s.

Marriage.

- 1 COME, thou condescending Jesus !
Thou hast blest a marriage feast ;
Come, and with thy presence bless us ;
Deign to be an honored guest.

- 2 Lord, we come to ask thy blessing
 On the happy pair to rest ;
 May thy goodness, never ceasing,
 Make them now and ever blest.
- 3 Make them thine in true adoption,
 Thine by free and sovereign grace ;
 May they, in each word and action,
 Do thy will and speak thy praise.
- 4 Gracious Lord, from thy free bounty,
 Fill their basket and their store ;
 Give them, with their health and plenty,
 Hearts thy goodness to adore.
- 5 Often from their happy dwelling
 May the voice of prayer ascend,
 For thy mercies still increasing,
 To their best, their kindest *Friend*.
- 6 When by death's cold hand divid'd,
 Which dissolves the tenderest ties ;
 By thy grace again united,
 May they in thy image rise.

162

Welle, p. 83. s. Vanhalls, p. 88. s. L. M.

- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds.
 In union sweet, according minds !
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
 What jealous love, what holy fear !

How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !

- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and mortal wo ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the p ace,
Where God reveals his awful face ;
At length they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy—because of love.

163

Brattle tree, p. 11. . Welsh re, p. 153 b. C. M.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast ;
Dear Lord we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best ;
Their substance bless ; and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Chris'tian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 And when that solemn hour shall come,
 And life's short space be o'er;
 May they in triumph reach that home,
 Where they shall part no more.

164 Old Hundred, p. 77. s. Alfreton, p. 51. s. L. M.

Meetings of Societies.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
 Before thy face, dread King! we stand;
 The voice that marshalled every star,
 Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
 The truth for which the martyrs bled;
 Along the line—to either pole—
 The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—
 Our hopes revive—our courage raise—
 Our counsels aid—to each impart
 The single eye—the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
 Recall the wandering spirits home;
 From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
 To spread the spacious earth around.

165 Luton, p. 71. s. Evening Hymn, p. 122. b. L. M.

- 1 INDULGENT God of love and power,
 Be with us at this solemn hour!
 Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
 By which we seek to spread thy love.

- 2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one ;
Let all we have, and are, combine,
To forward objects so divine.
-

166 St. Thomas, p. 9. s. Wallbridge, p. 130. a. L. M

- 1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own ;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.
- 2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne ;
With thankful souls behold we pay
A tribute of thine own.
- 3 Oh may this sacrifice
To thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.
- 4 Well pleased, our God shall view
The products of his grace ;
With endless life shall he fulfil
His kindest promises.
-

166 Truro, p. 87. s. Brewer, p. 58. s. L. M.

Monthly Concert.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake ! awake !
Put on thy strength, the nations shake !

- And let the world adoring see,
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied,
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
- 4 Let Zion's time of favor come,
O, bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 5 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

167

Alfreton, p. 51. s. E. Engham, p. 62. s. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days;
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave, and freeman—Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

168

Camb. dir., p. 21. s. Melody, p. 123. a. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
'Up to the hill of God,' they say,
"And to his courts we'll go."
- 3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers,
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 5 Come then—oh, come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;

And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

169

Daughter of Zion, 11s & 10s.

- 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 sorrow 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
should be ;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved
thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
free.

170 Old Hundred, p. 77. s. New Hundred, p. 74. s. L. M.

- 1 FROM all who dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truths attend thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

171 Latrobe, p. 99. s. Missionary Hymn, p. 21. a. 7 & 6s.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
 Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls condemned and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

- 3 He shall come down, like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth ;
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace the herald go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end ;
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand forever ;
 That name to us is—Love.

172 Weymouth, p. 105. s War. aw, p. p. 200. b. Resurrection.

- 1 HARK ! hark ! the notes of joy
 Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
 And seraphs find employ
 For their sublimest strains ;
 Some new delight in heaven is known ;
 Loud ring the harps around the throne.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! the sounds draw nigh,
 The joyful hosts descend ;
 Jesus forsakes the sky,
 To earth his footsteps bend ;
 He comes to bless our fallen race ;
 He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round ;
 Let every mortal know
 What love in God is found,
 What pity he can show ;
 Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name ;
 Arise, ye sons of men,
 And all his grace proclaim ;
 Angels and men, wake every string,
 'Tis God the Savior's praise we sing.

173

Benevento, p. 4. a. Middletown, p. 114. b. 74.

1 HARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
 From the depth unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
 Sheath'd his sword ; he speaks ; 'tis
 done ;

And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away :
Then the end ; beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.
-

174 Leyden, p. 68. s. Antigua, p. 54. s. Monmouth, L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud amen.
-

175

Lenox, p. 26. b. Carmarthen, p. 176. a. H. M.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow
 And the diffusive rain !
 To heaven from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again ;
 But waters earth through every pore,
 And calls forth all its secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green
 The hills and valleys shine,
 And man and beast are fed
 By providence divine ;
 The harvest bows its golden ears,
 The copious seed of future years.
- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,
 "My gospel shall descend,
 Almighty to effect
 The purpose I intend :
 Millions of souls shall feel its power,
 And bear it down to millions more.
- 4 "Joy shall begin your march,
 And peace protect your ways ;
 While all the mountains round
 Echo melodious praise ;
 The vocal groves shall sing the God,
 And every tree consenting nod."

176 Queensborough, p. 106. b. Greenville, p. 10. a. 8s & 7s.

1 ONWARD, onward, men of heaven !

Bear the gospel banner high ;
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky.

Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints 'neath Asia's vertic ray ;
Bid the red-brow'd forest ranger
Hail it, ere it fades away.

2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow,
India marks its lustre stealing,
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo ! they haste to every nation,
Host on hosts the ranks supply ;
Onward ! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

177 Evening Hymn, p. 22. b. Forest, p. 68. a. L. M.

1 THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,

- Assemble round thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to intreat ;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
To be a light to Gentile lands ;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched prisoner's bands ?
- 4 Hast thou not said, from sea to sea
His vast dominion shall extend ;
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend ?
- 5 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Zion come ;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banished children home.

178

Middletown, 1. 114. 1. Dialogue, 72.

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler ! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveler ! yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends—

Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends !
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveler, 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.
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home !
 Traveler, lo ! the Prince of peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come !

179 Greenville, p. 10 a. Dismission, p. 94. s. 8, 7 & 4s.

- 1 WHO, but thou, almighty Spirit,
 Can the heathen world reclaim ?
 Men may preach, but till thou favor,
 Heathens will be still the same ;
 Mighty Spirit !
 Witness to the Savior's name.
- 2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
 Glorious light in latter days :
 Come, and bless bewildered nations,
 Change our prayers and tears to praise ;
 Promised Spirit !
 Round the world diffuse thy rays.

- 3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,
 Must be vain without thine aid :
 But thou wilt not disappoint us—
 All is true that thou hast said :
 Faithful Spirit !
 O'er the world thine influence shed.
-

180 Old Hundred, p. 77. s. Blendon, p. 57. s. L. M.

Opening a place of worship.

- 1 AND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode ?
 And will he from his radiant throne,
 Avow our temples for his own ?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
 And sing that condescending grace,
 Which to our notes will lend an ear,
 And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 These walls we to thy honor raise ;
 Long may they echo to thy praise ;
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the graces of his train ;
 While power divine his word attends
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey ;
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.

181 *Bethesda, p. 92. s. Warsaw, p. 210. b. H. M.*

- 1 GREAT King of glory, come,
 And with thy favor crown
 This temple as thy dome,
 This people as thy own ;
 Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
 How God can dwell with men below.
- 5 Here may thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend
 All fragrant to the skies :
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around !
- 4 Here, may the attentive throng,
 Imbibe thy truth and love ;
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above :
 And willing crowds surround thy board,
 With sacred joy and sweet accord !
- 5 Here may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound thy praise ;
 And shine like polish'd stones
 'Thro' long succeeding days :
 Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
 While temples stand, and men adore.

182 *German Hymn, p. 96. s. Sincerity, p. 102. a. 73.*

- 1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
 Here, a house of prayer and praise ;

- Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread ;
Here in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah—e rth and sky
To the joyful sound reply ;
Hallelujah—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

183

Portugal, p. 81. s. Duke Street, p. 66. s. L. M.

Ordination.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be !
- 2 How great their work, how vast their
charge !
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge ;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine ;

To them thy sacred truth reveal,
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain—
 Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 And feel thy new creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
 Distressed souls forget their pains ;
 Let light through distant realms be spread,
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

184 St. Thomas, p. 9. s. Cambridge. p. 2. s. Martyn, 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 their tidings are !
 " Zion, behold thy Savior King,
 He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !

- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died 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 makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad !
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.
-

185 Silver Street, p. 8. s. Whitefield, p. 80. b. S. M.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry ;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view ;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure gospel-word,
The word of general grace ;

Then let them preach the common Lord,
Savior of human race.

- 5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove ;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

186 Duke Street, p. 61. s. E. Ingham, p. 62. s. L. M

- 1 THE Savior, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below ;
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the *Apostles'* honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame,
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and *Teachers* rise.
- 3 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live :
While guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 4 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun ;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

187

Dover, p. 3. s. Stafford, p. 100. b. S. M.

Receiving members to the church.

- 1 BRETHREN, as you have own'd
The Savior for y^e ur Lord ;
And to his people join'd *yourselves*,
According to his word ;
- 2 In Sion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake ;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
And a'l her joys partake.
- 3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your increasing care ;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your prayer.
- 4 Never offend, or grieve
Your brethren in th^e way ;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

188

Vanhall's, p. 88. s. Effingham, p. 62. s.

- 1 COME in, ye blessed of the Lord,
Ye that believe his holy word ;
Come, and receive his heavenly bread,
The food with which his saints are fed.
- 2 Your Savior's boundless goodness prove,
And feast on his redeeming love ;
Come all ye happy souls that thirst,
The last is welcome as the first.

- 3 Come to his table and receive
Whate'r a pardoning God can give !
His love through every age endures ;
His promise and himself are yours.
-

189 Duke Street, p. 61. b. Zephyr, p. 50. b. L. M.

- 1 CONVERTS to Christ's benignant sway,
Welcome to Zion's happy hill ;
Welcome where zealous hearts obey
One blessed law—Immanuel's will.
- 2 Welcome to Jesus' gentle reign,
Free from the foe's malignant eye ;
For God has loosed the tyrant's chain,
And love's soft bands its place supply.
- 3 But stop—we have not reached our rest ;
We're pilgrims through a hostile land ;
Oft by the foe we're sorely prest,
And dangers frown on every hand.
- 4 Yet welcome to our conflict still ;
Danger has lost its deadly power ;
Immanuel's hand, with wondrous skill,
With victory crowns the final hour.
- 5 Oh ! welcome, then, to join the war,
And welcome to the Christian's crown,
The crown of life, which shines from far,
But shines for loyal hearts alone.
- 6 Brethren in Christ ! by this new name
Our joyful hearts your coming greet ;

Joyful, yet trembling, lest we shame
That cause in which our hearts now meet.

- 7 Yet look to Christ, our Captain, King ;
His arm can shield our dangerous way ;
And safe each faithful soul will bring,
Up to his courts of endless day.
-

190 Alfreton, p. 41. s. Evening Hymn, p. 122. b. L. M.

- 1 DEAR Savior, we thy will obey,
Not of constraint, but with delight ;
Hither thy servants come to-day,
To honor thine appointed rite.
- 2 Descend again, celestial Dove,
On these, the followers of the Lord ;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.
- 3 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The mysteries of thy love explore ;
And washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart and sin no more.
-

191 Lenox, p. 26. b. Carmarthen, p. 176. a. H. M.

- 1 DESCEND, celestial dove,
And make thy presence known ;
Reveal our Savior's love,
And seal us for thine own !
Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain ;
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

- 2 When our incarnate God,
 The sovereign Prince of light,
 In Jordan's swelling flood
 Received the holy rite,
 In open view thy form came down,
 And, dove-like, flew, the king to crown.
- 3 Continue still to shine,
 And fill us with thy fire :
 This ordinance is thine,
 Do thou our souls inspire !
 Thou wilt attend on all thy sons :
 "Till time shall end," thy promise runs.
-

192

Mear, p. 34. s. Dandle, p. 26. s. C. M.

- 1 "PROCLAIM," saith Christ, "my wondrous grace
 To all the sons of men ;
 He that believes, and is baptised,
 Salvation shall obtain."
- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
 Who, hoping in thy word,
 This day have publicly declared
 That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the Christian race ;
 And through the troubles of the way
 Find all-sufficient grace.

193 Moravian Hymn, p. 98. a. St. Ann's, p. 39. s. C. M.

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels now
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break :
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our vows to praise.

194 Benevento, p. 4 a. Fairfax, p. 121. a. 7s.

Temperance Meetings.

- 1 DRINKER ! turn, and leave your bowl ;
Turn, and save your deathless soul ;
From your lips the poison fling ;
Dash away the accursed thing.
- 2 Husband, turn, nor let your feet
Enter that accursed retreat ;
Look ! your partner's tearful eye
Eloquently asks you why ?

- 3 Brother ! leave the place of glee ;
 Quick, O quickly turn and flee !
 See your sister's swelling breast,
 Deep with anxious fear distress'd.
- 4 Father, turn ! your children's voice
 Bids you seek your fire-side joys ;
 Leave the revel : homeward haste,
 And those purer pleasures taste. .

195 Missionary Hymn, p. 24. a. Light, p. 136. a. 7 & 6s.

- 1 HOW long shall virtue languish ?
 How long shall folly reign ?
 While many a heart with anguish
 Is weeping o'er the plain ;
 How long shall dissipation
 Her deadly waters pour
 Throughout this favored nation,
 Her millions to devour ?
- 2 When shall the veil of blindness
 Fall from the shrine of wealth,
 Restoring human kindness,
 And industry and health ?
 When shall the charms so luring,
 Of bad example cease,
 The end at once securing,
 Of temperance and peace ?

- 3 We hail with joy unceasing,
The band whose pledge is given,
Whose numbers are increasing,
Amid the smiles of heaven ;
Their virtues, never failing,
Shall lead to brighter days ;
Where holiness prevailing
Shall fill the earth with praise.
-

196

Calesh II, p. 67. b. Peterboro', p. 36. s.C. M.

- 1 O TAKE the maddening bowl away,
Remove the poisonous cup ;
My soul is sick—its burning ray
Hath drunk my spirit up.
- 2 Say not, “ Behold its ruddy hue ;
O press it to thy lips ;”
For 'tis more deadly than the dew
That from the Upas drips.
- 3 Say not, “ It hath a spell to soothe
The soul in misery deep ;”
Go, ask thy conscience if the bowl
Can give *eternal* sleep !
- 4 Go ! I will have no more of thee,
Thou bane of Adam's race ;
But to a heavenly fountain flee,
And drink the dews of grace.

197

Tune—Watchman tell us, 7s.

1st Voice.—Temperance ! tell the listening
world

What thine advocates have done ;

2d V.—Hearken ! now the tyrant's hurl'd
From his high despotic throne.

1st V.—Temperance ! will thy beams alone,
Gild the spot that gave thee birth !

2d V.—Other climes its sway shall own ;
See ! it bursts o'er all the earth !

1st V.—Temperance ! then I'll be thy child ;
For I love thy sacred name.

2d V.—Yes, my voice and influence mild
Can the wildest passion tame.

All.—Temperance ! we will shout thy praise,
We no more will leave thy band :

Joyful now our anthems raise
In every clime and every land.

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EXPLANATION.

In this index, the first lines are arranged under several distinct heads, according to their subjects.

The first head, "Gospel Calls," comprises those which would be ordinarily used in connection with addresses or exhortations to impenitent sinners, including both such as are calculated to alarm by the terrors of the Lord, and those intended to win by the mercy of the Savior.

The second head, "Conviction," includes those suited for use in an inquiry meeting, or connected with addresses and instructions to anxious sinners.

The third head, "Turning to the Lord," delineates the beginning of the divine life, and many of them are suited to be used in meetings of young converts.

The fourth, "Sanctification," explains itself. It was chosen, from the belief, that the Sanctification of Believers is a subject, which the present state and exigency of the church requires should be made particularly prominent.

Title fifth, "The Christian Life," contains all those hymns, not included in other titles, which describe the thoughts, meditations, afflictions, wants, prayers, duties, trials, and comforts of the Christian.

In the sixth head, "Prayer Meetings," will be found such hymns as are deemed suitable for use in social circles or other meetings, devoted particularly to united prayer and supplication.

The last, "Particular occasions," includes most of the special seasons in which the present practices of the church seem to call for hymns, specially appropriate to the occasion.

The several specific occasions are arranged in the order of the Alphabet.

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By a little attention, it is confidently believed that the present form of our index will be found highly convenient.

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