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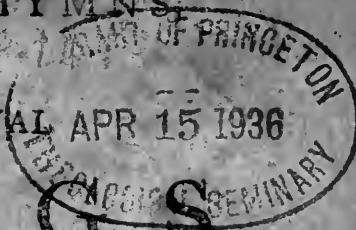
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DIVINE HYMNS,

OR

SPIRITUAL APR 15 1936

SONGS



FOR THE USE OF

RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLIES,

AND

PRIVATE CHRISTIANS:

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BEING A COLLECTION BY JOSHUA SMITH,  
SAMSON OCCUM, AND OTHERS.

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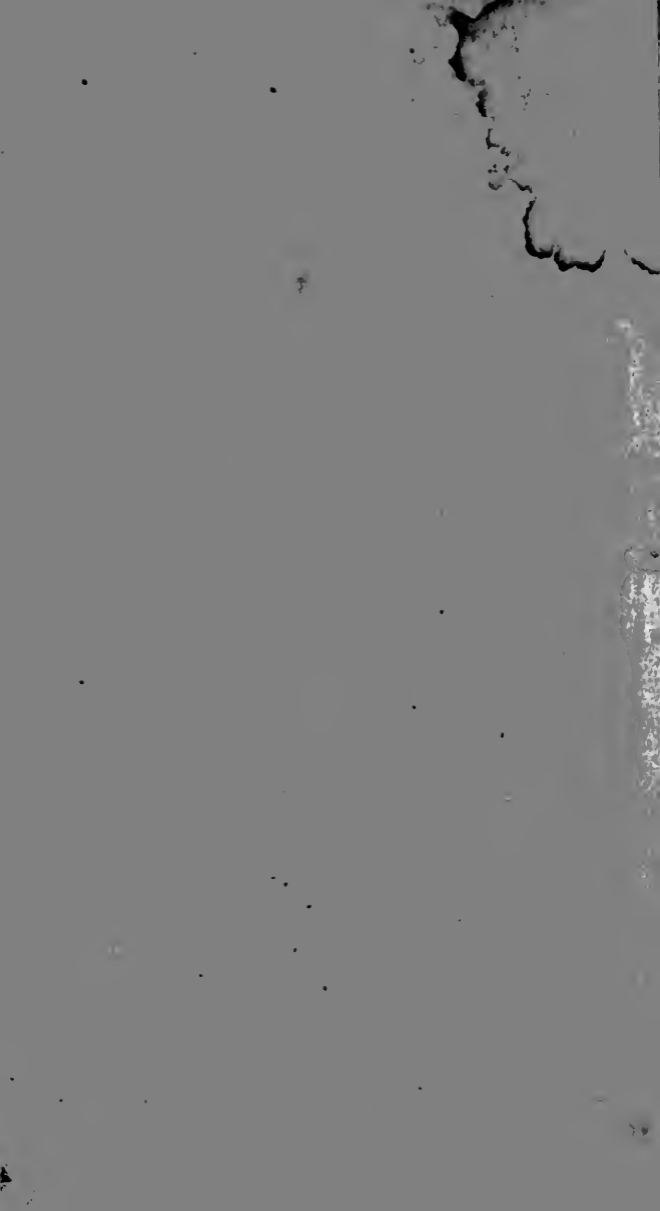
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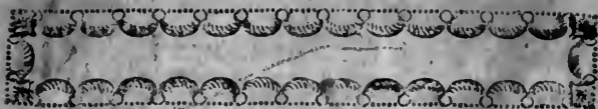
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WILKESBARRE,—PENNSYLVANIA,

PRINTED BY ASHER & CHARLES MINER,

1802.





DIVINE HYMNS,  
OR  
SPIRITUAL SONGS, &c.

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HYMN I.

*A Song of Praise.*

**N**OW in a song of grateful praise,  
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;  
With all the saints I'll join to tell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,  
His wisdom all his works express,  
But O! his love, what tongue can tell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sovereign, merciful and free,  
Has been his love to sinful me;  
He pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,  
And then he undertook my cause;  
To save me tho' I did rebel,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 And since my soul has known his love,  
 What blessings hath he made me prove?  
 Mercy, which doth all praise excel;  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

6 When e'er my Savior or my God,  
 Hath on me laid his gentle rod;  
 I know in all that has befall,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

7 Tho' many flaming fi'ry darts,  
 Attempt their level at my heart;  
 With this I all their rage repel,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

8 Sometimes the Lord his face doth hide,  
 To make me pray, and kill my pride,  
 Yet on my heart it still doth dwell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

9 Soon I shall pass this vale of death,  
 And in his arms resign my breath,  
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

10 And when to those bright worlds I rise,  
 And join the anthems in the skies,  
 Above the rest this note shall swell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

## H Y M N II.

*CHRIST the Apple-tree.*

**T**HE tree of life my soul hath seen,  
 Laden with fruit, and always green,

The trees of nature fruitless be,  
Compar'd with Christ the appletree.

2 His beauty doth all things excel,  
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell,  
The glory which I now can see,  
In Jesus Christ the appletree.

3 For happiness I long have sought,  
And pleasure I have dearly bought ;  
I mis'd of all but now I see  
'Tis found in Christ the appletree.

4 I'm weary'd with my former toil,  
Here I will sit and rest awhile ;  
Under the shadow I will be  
Of Jesus Christ the appletree.

5 With great delight I'll make my stay,  
There's none shall fright my soul away,  
Among the sons of men I see,  
There's none like Christ the appletree.

6 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,  
It cheers my heart like spirit'al wine.  
And now this fruit is sweet to me,  
That grows on Christ the appletree.

7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,  
It keeps my dying faith alive ;  
Which makes my soul in haste to be  
With Jesus Christ the appletree.

H Y M N III. }

*The Farewell.*

**F**AREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,  
The gospel sounds a jubilee ;

My stam'ring tongue shall sound aloud,  
 From land to land, from sea to sea:  
 And as I preach from place to place,  
 I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell in bonds and union dear;  
 Like strings you twine about my heart;  
 I humbly beg your earnest pray'r,  
 Till we shall meet no more to part—  
 Till we shall meet in worlds above,  
 Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell my earthly friends below,  
 Tho' all so kind and dear to me;  
 My Jesus calls, and I must go,  
 To sound the gospel jubilee—  
 To sound the joys, and bear the news,  
 To gentile worlds, and royal Jews.

4 Farewell young people one and all;  
 While God shall grant me breath to breathe  
 I'll pray to the Eternal All,  
 That your dear souls in Christ may live;  
 That your dear souls prepar'd may be,  
 To reign in bliss eternally!

5 Farewell to all below the sun;  
 And as I pass in tears below,  
 The path is straight my feet shall run;  
 And God will keep me as I go—  
 And God will keep me in his hand,  
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell, farewell! I look above;  
 Jesus, my friend, to thee I call;



My joy, my crown, my only love,  
 My safeguard here, my heav'nly all;  
 My theme to preach, my song to sing,  
 My only joy till death—Amen.

H Y M N IV.

*The SAVIOR'S Merit.*

**S**AVIOR, I do feel thy merit,  
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood,  
 And my weary, troubled spirit,

Now finds rest with thee, my God.  
 I am safe, and I am happy,

While in thy dear arms I lie;  
 Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me,  
 While my Savior is so nigh.

2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Glory be to God on high,  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Sing his praises thro' the sky.

Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Glory to the Father give,  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Sing his praises all that live!

3 Now I'll sing my Savior's merit,  
 Tell the world of his dear name,  
 That if any want his spirit,  
 He is still the very same.

He that asketh, soon receiveth,  
 He that seeks is sure to find;  
 Whoso'er on him believeth,  
 He will never cast behind.

4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Glorious Christ of heav'nly birth :  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Sing his praises through the earth ;  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Glory to the spirit be,  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
To the sacred One in Three.

5 Now our advocate is pleading,  
With his father and our God,  
And for us is interceding,  
As the purchase of his blood.  
Now we think I hear him praying,  
"Father! save them; I have died:"  
And the Father, answers, saying,  
"They are freely justified."

6 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,  
Worthy is the lamb of God,  
Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,  
Who lov'd and wash'd us in his blood ;  
Holy, holy, holy, holy,  
Holy is the Lord of Host,  
Holy, holy, holy, holy,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7 Soon we hope to sing more sweetly,  
At the marriage of the Lamb,  
When the Bride is dress'd completely,  
Fit to celebrate the same :  
All our shouts shall then be ringing,  
Round the throne of God most high,

And in sweet melodious singing,  
Loud shall echo through the sky.

8 Glory, honor and thanksgiving,  
Be unto the Lord our king;

O let every creature living  
The redeemer's praises sing :

Allelujah ! Allelujah !

Now the Lord Jehovah reigns ;  
Allelujah ! Allelujah !

Sing his praise in higher strains.

9 Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed,  
Blessed be the God of heav'n,

Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed,  
Who has all our sins forgiv'n ;

Praised, praised, praised, praised,  
Praised be his holy name :

Praised, praised, praised, praised,  
Now and evermore, Amen.

## H Y M N V.

### *The Hiding Place.*

**H**AIL 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 ;  
Despis'd the mansions of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,  
And fond of darkness, more than light,

Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure without a hiding place !

4 But lo ! th' eternal council rang,  
Almighty love arrests 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 cry'd with frowning face,  
'This mountain is no hiding place !

6 But lo ! a heav'nly voice I heard,  
And mercy's angel soon appear'd :  
He led me on a pleasing pace,  
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

7 Should sev'n fold storms of vengeance roll,  
And shake this globe from pole to pole ;  
No thunder-bolt shall daunt my face,  
Whilst Jesus is my hiding place !

8 On him almighty vengeance fell,  
Which else had sunk a world to hell :  
He bore it for his chosen race,  
And thus became a hiding place !

9 Roll on thou sun in rapid haste,  
And bring me to that constant feast,  
Where mirthful songs of sov'reign grace,  
Are sung to him the hiding place.

HYMN VI.—*The Christian Soldier.*

**O** GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,  
It lifts me up to things above ;  
It bears on eagles wings,

It gives my ravish'd soul a taste ;  
 And makes me for some moments feast  
 With Jesus, priests and kings.

2 The things eternal I pursue,  
 A happiness beyond the view,  
 Of those that barely pant  
 For things by nature felt and seen,  
 Their honor, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
 I neither have nor want.

3 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 country out of sight ;  
 A country in the skies :

4 Then 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.

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,  
 I come to meet thee in the skies,  
 And claim my heav'nly rest ;  
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end,  
 Now O my Savior, brother, friend,  
 Receive me to thy breast.

## H Y M N VII.

*Mysteries to be explained hereafter, John 13, 6.*

**G**REAT God of providence! thy ways  
Are hid from mortal sight;

Wrapt in impenetrable shades,  
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace,  
Evade the human eye;

The nearer we attempt t' approach,  
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above,  
Where thou dost ever reign,

These myst'ries shall be all unveil'd,  
And not a doubt remain.

4 The sun of righteousness shall there  
His brightest beams display,

And not a hovering cloud obscure  
That never-ending day.

## H Y M N VIII.

*A warning to sinners, to flee from the wrath  
to come.*

**W**HEN pity prompts me to look round  
Upon this fellow clay;

See men reject the gospel sound,  
Good God! what shall I say?

2 My bowels yearn for dying men,  
Doom'd to eternal woe;

Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,  
If God does not speak too.

3 O ! sinners, sinners, wont you hear,  
When in God's name I come ?

Upon your peril don't forbear,  
Lest hell should be your doom.

4 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,  
O ! sinners come away ;

The Savior's knocking at your door,  
Arise without delay.

5 O ! don't refuse to give him room,  
Lest mercy should withdraw ;

He'll then in robes of vengeance come  
To execute his law.

6 Then where poor mortals, will you be,  
If destitute of grace,

When you your injur'd judge shall see,  
And stand before his face ?

7 O ! could you shun that dreadful sight,  
How would you wish to fly !

To the dark shades of endless night,  
From that all-searching eye ?

8 But death and hell must then give up  
Their dead, who will appear

At the last trumpet's awful sound,  
Their endless doom to hear.

9 No yearning bowels ; pity then  
Shall not affect my heart ;

No, I shall surely say Amen,  
When Christ bids you depart.

10 Let not these warnings be in vain,  
 But lend a listening ear ;  
 Lest you should meet them all again,  
 When wrapt in keen despair.

H Y M N IX.

*The Soldier of the Cross.*

**A**M I a soldier of the Cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb :  
 Why should I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
 Must I not stem the flood ?  
 Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
 To help us unto God ?

3 Should I be carry'd to the skies,  
 On flow'ry beds of ease ?  
 While others fight to win the prize,  
 And fall thro' bloody seas ?

4 Yes I must fight if I would reign,  
 Increase my courage, Lord,  
 To bear the cross, endure the shame,  
 Supported by thy word.

5 The saints all in this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer though they die ;  
 They see a triumph from afar,  
 And meet it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all the armies shine,  
 With robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.



## H Y M N X.

*The Grace of God ; or, Divine Condescension.*

**W**HEN the Eternal bows the skies,  
 To visit earthly things,  
 With scorn divine he turns his eyes,  
 From towers of haughty kings :

2 He bids the awful chariot roll,  
 Far downward from the skies,  
 To visit every humble soul,  
 With pleasure in his eyes.

3 Why should the Lord that reigns above,  
 Disdain so lofty kings ?  
 Say, Lord, and why such looks of love,  
 Upon such worthless things ?

4 Mortals, be dumb ; what creature dares  
 Dispute his awful will ?  
 Ask no account of his affairs,  
 But tremble, and be still.

5 Just like his nature is his grace,  
 All sov'reign and all free ;  
 Great God, how searchless are thy ways  
 How deep thy judgments be !

## H Y M N XI.

*The Justice and Goodness of God.*

**G**REAT God, my maker, and my king,  
 Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing ;  
 All thou hast done, and all thou dost,  
 Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

1 Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,  
 2 Thy threatenings and thy promises,  
 3 Thy joys of heaven, the pains of hell,  
 4 What angels taste, what devils feel.

5 Thy terrors and thy acts of grace,  
 6 Thy threatening rod, and smiling face,  
 7 Thy wounding and thy healing word,  
 8 Thy world undone, a world restor'd.

9 While these excite my fear and joy ;  
 10 While these my tuneful lips employ ;  
 11 Accept O Lord, the humble song,  
 12 The tribute of a trembling tongue.

## H Y M N XII.

*An Evening Hymn.*

1 THE day is past and gone,  
 2 The evening shades appear ;  
 3 O may we all remember well,  
 4 The night of death draws near.

5 We lay our garments by,  
 6 Upon our beds to rest ;  
 7 The death will soon disrobe us all,  
 8 Of what we here possess.

9 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
 10 Secure from all our fears ;  
 11 Thy angels guard us while we sleep,  
 12 Till morning light appears.

13 And when we early rise,  
 14 And view th' unweari'd sun,  
 15 May we set out to win the prize,  
 16 And after glory run.

- 5 And when our days are past,  
 And we from time remove,  
 O may we in thy bosom rest,  
 The bosom of thy love.

## H Y M N XIII.

*A Hymn for Young Converts.*

- M**ETHINKS I hear my Savior call,  
 His pleasant voice doth say,  
 " From tents of ease, and sin, and thrall,  
 " My fair one come away."
- 2 God's spirit doth his saints adorn,  
 Like clusters on the vine ;  
 O 'tis a bright and glorious morn,  
 To see their graces shine.
- 3 Dear Savior, here I panting lie,  
 And long to see thy face ;  
 O Lord, I pray do not deny  
 A visit of thy grace.
- 4 Dear Savior come, sweet Jesus come,  
 I long to hear thy voice ;  
 Jesus ride on, thy pow'r assume,  
 And make thy saints rejoice.
- 5 How long shall that bright hour delay ?  
 When will my Lord appear ?  
 I long to see that happy day,  
 When Jesus will draw near.
- 6 O how I long to take my flight,  
 My soul is on the wing ;

- I long to see my heart's delight,  
 And be with Christ my King.
- 7 Most gracious King, I love thy name,  
 I long for to adore,  
 I long to sound thy gracious fame,  
 Upon the blissful shore.
- 8 Then let my soul absorbed be,  
 While God doth me surround,  
 As a small drop in the vast sea  
 Is lost and can't be found.
9. I long thy coming to behold,  
 Then shall thy saints adore ;  
 My ardent wishes can't be told,  
 So I can say no more.

## H Y M N XIV.

### *The 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 pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green  
 Tho' comely long have been ;  
 Through dark'ning light, by human sight  
 Have never yet been seen.

- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,  
Why should I fly from thence ?  
What folly 'tis that I should dread  
To die and go from hence !
- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,  
And cause me to ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus my love 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 There we shall meet and no more part,  
And heav'n shall ring with praise,  
While Jesus' love in every heart,  
Shall tune the Song, free grace.
- 9 Millions of years around may run,  
Our song shall still go on ;  
To praise the father and the son,  
And spirit Three in One.
- 10 When we've been there ten thousand years  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to serve our God,  
Than when we first begun.

## H Y M N XV.

*The Heavenly Lover.*

**H**E dies, the heav'nly lover dies,  
The tidings strike a doleful sound !  
On my poor heart-strings, deep he lies,  
In the cold caverns of the ground.

2 Come saints, and drop a tear or two,  
On the dear bosom of your God ;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richest blood !

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men ;  
But lo ! what sudden joys I see,  
Jesus the dead, revives again !

4 The rising God forsakes his tomb,  
Up to his father's court he flies ;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.

## H Y M N XVI.

*The Freeness of the Gospel.*

**H**OW free and boundless is the grace  
Of our redeeming God,  
Extending to the Greek and Jew,  
And men of every blood !

2 The mightiest king, and meanest slave,  
May his rich mercy taste ;  
He bids the beggar and the prince,  
Unto the gospel feast.

3 None are excluded thence, but those,  
Who do themselves exclude ;  
Welcome the learned and polite,  
The ignorant and rude.

4 Come then, ye men of every name,  
Of every rank and tongue ;  
What you are willing to receive,  
Doth unto you belong.

## H Y M N XVII.

### CHRIST'S *Invitation* .

**C**OME brethren and sisters that love my  
dear Lord,

I pray give attention and ear to my word ;  
What a wonder of mercy ! behold now I see,  
What a tender kind Savior, has done for  
poor me.

2 I was led by the devil till lost and distress'd,  
I tho't that in torments I soon should be cast,  
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,  
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 Oh sinner ! said Jesus, for you I have dy'd,  
All glory to Jesus, my soul then reply'd :  
The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice,  
The blood was applied, the witness and voice.

4 On my low bending knees before God I  
did fall,

All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all ;  
The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,  
At sight of Christ Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven and peace  
upon earth,

The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth :  
Your sins are forgiven, my Savior did say,  
Oh ! witness kind heav'n, on this my birth  
day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground  
The time of refreshing at length I have found,  
Oh Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy  
charms,

Let me die like Simeon, with Christ in my  
arms.

## H Y M N XVIII.

*Christian under Darkness.*

**H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see ;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs,  
Have lost all their sweetness to me.

2 The mild summer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay,  
But when I am happy in him,  
December is pleasant as May,

3 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom ;  
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should view him always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish and to fear ;  
No monarch so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.



- 5 Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resign ;  
 No changes of seasons or place,  
 Would make any change in my mind.
- 6 While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
 A palace of joy would appear,  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 7 Lord if indeed I now am thine,  
 And thou art my fun and my song,  
 Say why do I languish and pine,  
 And why is my winter so long ?
- 8 O drive those dark clouds from the sky,  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore,  
 Or take me unto thee on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

## H Y M N XIX.

*The peace of a young Christian's life and death.*

- B**LEST door of bliss to weary saints,  
 Thou art, grim Death, become ;  
 Secur'd as in a cabinet,  
 Their dust is in the tomb.
- 2 By death they enter to those joys,  
 Prepar'd for them above ;  
 There they are ever swallow'd up  
 In endless life and love.
- 3 Lo ! there they see as they are seen,  
 With clear unclouded views :  
 And here they hear of nothing else  
 But joyful glorious news.

- 4 Anthems of joy and praise are there,  
With hallelujahs sung :  
Who would be fond of this vain world,  
This dross, this dirt, this dung ?
- 5 The saints forever do behold  
Their dearest Jesus' face ;  
There always they admiring are  
Eternal, boundless grace.
- 6 They're in the house not made with hands,  
In heaven eternally  
They dwell, and with the rays of Christ  
They shine most gloriously.
- 7 They're freed from labor, sorrow, sin,  
From cumbrance, peril, pain ;  
Then we shall find whate'er we did  
For Christ was not in vain.
- 8 Now heaven's work is here begun,  
The work of singing praise—  
The work and will of God in Christ,  
Which there will last always.

H Y M N. XX.

*The Weary Traveller.*

**C**OME all ye weary travellers,  
Now let us join and sing  
The everlasting praises  
Of Jesus our great king.  
We've had a tedious journey,  
And very tiresome too ;  
But see how many dangers  
The Lord has brought us through.

2. At first when Jesus found us,  
 He call'd us unto him,  
 And pointed out the danger  
 Of falling into sin,  
 The world, the flesh and Satan  
 Would prove a fatal snare,  
 Unless we did reject them  
 By faith and humble prayer.
3. But by our disobedience,  
 With sorrow we confess,  
 We have had long to wander,  
 In a dark wilderness ;  
 Where we might long have fainted  
 In that enchanted ground;  
 But now and then a cluster  
 Of pleasant grapes we found.
4. The pleasant fruits of Canaan,  
 Give life, and joy, and peace—  
 Revive our drooping spirits—  
 And love and strength increase,  
 T' confess our Lord and master,  
 And run at his command,  
 And hasten on our journey  
 Unto the promis'd land.
5. With faith and hope, and patience,  
 We 're made for to rejoice ;  
 And Jesus and his people  
 Forever are our choice,  
 In peace and consolation  
 We now are going on,

The pleasing way to Canaan,  
Where Jesus Christ is gone.

6 Sinners, why stand you idle,  
While we do march along ;  
Has conscience never told you  
That you are going wrong,  
Down the broad road to darkness,  
To bear an endless curse ?

Forfake your ways of sinning,  
And come and go with us.

7 But if you will refuse it,  
We bid you all farewell ;  
We're on the road to Canaan  
And you the road to hell ;  
We're sorry for to leave you,  
We'd rather you would go ;  
Come try a bleeding Savior,  
And see the waters flow.

8 Now to the King Immortal  
Be everlasting praise,  
For in his holy service  
We long to spend our days,  
Till we arrive at Canaan  
The celestial world above,  
With everlasting wonder  
To praise redeeming love.

## H Y M N XXI.

*The Enjoyment of Heaven.*

**T**HINE earthly Sabbaths Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above ;

To that our laboring 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 our long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred light, eternal noon.

## H Y M N XXII.

### *A Morning Hymn.*

**N**OW the shades of night are gone,  
Now the morning light is come,  
Lord, we would be thine to-day,  
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,  
Banish every pain and fear;  
In thy vineyard Lord, to-day  
We would labor, we would pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound.  
Rising up and sitting down,  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,  
O! receive us then at last:  
Labor then will all be o'er,  
Night of sin will be no more.

## HYMN XXIII.

*A Hymn for Baptism.*

COME ye redeemed of the Lord,  
 Come and obey his sacred word;  
 He dy'd and rose again for you;  
 What more could the Redeemer do?

2 We to this place are come to show  
 What we to boundless mercy owe;  
 The Savior's footsteps to explore,  
 And tread the path he trod before.

3 Eternal spirit, heav'nly dove,  
 On these baptismal waters move;  
 That we, through energy divine,  
 May have the substance with the sign,

## HYMN XXIV.

*On the swiftness of Time.*

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,  
 Fly rapid, like the whirling spheres,  
 Around the steady pole:

Time like the tide, its motion keeps,  
 Still I shall launch those 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 blifs,  
 Must groan, and gasp, and die!

3 My soul attend the solemn call ;  
 Thine earthly tents must quickly fall,  
 And thou must take thy flight  
 Beyond the vast extensive blue,  
 To love and sing as angels do,  
 Or sink in endless night.

4 Eternal bliss, eternal woe,  
 Hangs on this inch of time below —  
 On this precarious breath ;  
 The God of nature only knows  
 Whether another year may close,  
 Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall 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 roll between  
 My name be quite forgot.

6 But shall my soul be then extinct,  
 Or cease to live, 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 ?

7 Will mercy then its arm extend ?  
 Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,  
 And heav'n thy dwelling-place ?  
 Or shall insulting fiends appear  
 To drag thee down to dark despair,  
 Beyond the reach of grace ?

8 A heaven or hell and these alone,  
Beyond this mortal state are known,  
There is no middle state:

To-day attend the call divine,  
To-morrow may be none of thine,  
Or it may be too late.

9 O! do not pass this life in dreams,  
Vast is the change, whate'er it seems,  
To poor unthinking men:

Lord, at this footstool I would bow,  
Bid conscience tell me plainly now,  
What it will tell me then.

10 If in destruction's roads I stray,  
Help me to choose that better way,  
Which leads to joys on high;

Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,  
Nor let me ever dare to live,  
Such as I dare not die.

## H Y M N XXV.

*A Prospect of CHRIST'S Church.*

**B**EHOLD a lovely vine,  
Here in this desert ground,  
The blossoms shoot and promise fruit,  
The tender grapes are found.

2 Its circling branches rise,  
And shade the neighboring lands;  
With lovely charms she spreads her arms,  
With clusters in her hands.

3 This city can't be hid  
Its built upon a hill:



The dazzling light it shines so bright,  
It doth the vallies fill.

4 Ye trees which lofty stand,  
And stars with sparkling light,

Ye christians hear, both far and near,  
'Tis joy to see the sight.

5 Ye insects, feeble race,  
And fish that glide the stream—

Ye birds that fly secure on high,  
Repeat the joyful theme.

6 Ye beasts that feed at home,  
Or roam the vallies round,

With lofty voice proclaim the joys,  
And join the pleasant sound.

7 Shall feeble nature sing,  
And man not join the lays?

O may their throats be swell'd with notes,  
And fill'd with songs of praise.

8 Glory to God on high,  
For his redeeming grace :

The blessed dove comes from above,  
To seal it to our race.

## H Y M N XXVI.

*The Christian's Invitation and Determination.*

**C**OME now poor sinner, share a part,  
And give the blessed Christ your heart,  
Come, we will take you by the hand,  
Come, go with us to Canaan's land.

2 Leave all your carnal loves and toys,  
 And seek with us those solid joys :  
 For soon in glory we shall rise,  
 And there enjoy the lasting prize.

3 But if with us ye will not go,  
 And seek this Jesus Christ to know ;  
 Then we must bid you all adieu,  
 For by his grace we'll him pursue.

### H Y M N XXVII.

#### *The Pressure of Sin.*

**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 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,  
 The God of my salvation see ?  
 Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,  
 Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
 Savior, if mine indeed thou art,  
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 I would (but thou must give the pow'r)  
 My heart were from its sins releas'd ;  
 O let me see that happy hour,  
 'Twill fill my soul with heav'nly peace.

5 Come Lord the drooping sinner cheer,  
 Let not my Jesus long delay,  
 Appear in my poor heart, appear,  
 My God, my Savior, come I pray.

## H Y M N XXVIII.

*The returning Penitent's Petition.*

**W**EAR Y of struggling with my pain,  
 Hopeless to burst my nature's chain,  
 Hardly I give the contest o'er,  
 I seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own words at last I cease —  
 God that creates must seal my peace ;  
 Fruitless my toil and vain my care,  
 And all my fitness is despair.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,  
 I see my sin but cannot feel ;  
 I cannot, till my spirit bow,  
 And bid th' obedient waters flow.

4 '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.

5 With simple truth to thee I call,  
 My light, my life, my Lord, my all ;  
 I wait the moving of the pool —  
 I wait the word that speaks me whole.

6 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,  
 Make my infected nature pure ;  
 Peace, righteousness and joy impart,  
 And pour thyself into my heart.

## HYMN XXIX.

*Hymn for Baptism.*

- L**ET heav'n and earth rejoice,  
 And sacred anthems raise,  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 For free and sov'reign grace.
- 2 Behold the spotless Lamb,  
 Descending from above,  
 To bring the earthly stranger home,  
 Upon the wings of love.
- 3 O may our souls rejoice,  
 His precepts to obey ;  
 Who to fulfil all righteousness,  
 Mark'd out the humble way.
- 4 Thus Jesus did descend  
 Into the liquid stream ;  
 Which teaches sinners not to scorn  
 What him so well became.
- 5 O may we then march on,  
 Nor fear what men shall say ;  
 Deny ourselves and take our cross,  
 Since Jesus leads the way.
- 6 We dare no longer stand,  
 As neuters to the cause ;  
 But by the help of grace, we'll yield  
 Obedience to thy laws.
- 7 Into the wat'ry tomb,  
 We cheerfully descend ;

In token of our faith and love,  
To our celestial friend.

8 Lord meet us here this day,  
Who come to do thy will ;  
Grant us thy presence, dearest Lord,  
Thy promis'd grace fulfil.

9 Descend, O heav'nly dove,  
And wing our souls away,  
Up to that bright and happy shore  
Of everlasting day.

10 This day I'll make my choice  
To serve the Lord most high ;  
Deny myself, take up the cross,  
And do it cheerfully.

### H Y M N XXX.

#### P R A Y E R.

**P**RAY'R was appointed to convey  
The blessings God design'd to give ;  
Long as they live should christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.

2 The Christian's prayer, 'tis God indites,  
He speaks as prompted from within,  
The spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer ?  
My soul thou hast a friend on high,  
Arise and try thy interest there.

- 4 If pains afflict, if wrongs oppress,  
 If cares distract, if fears dismay,  
 If guilt dejects, if sins distress,  
 Thy remedy's before thee—pray.
- 5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
 Tho' thought be broken, language lame,  
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,  
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 6 Depend on him, 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.

## H Y M N XXXI.

### *Invitation to Sinners.*

**S**INNERS obey the gospel word,  
 Hasten 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 kifs his late returning son:  
 Ready the loving Savior stands,  
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the spirit of his love,  
 Is now, the stony heart to move;  
 T' 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 Come then ye sinners, to the Lord,  
To happiness in Christ restor'd ;  
His proffer'd benefits embrace,  
The plenitude of gospel grace.

6 O quit this world's delusive charms,  
And quickly fly to Jesus' arms ;  
Wrestle until your God is known,  
Till you can call the Lord your own.

## H Y M N XXXII.

*Christ All-Sufficient.*

**L**ORD, whither shall I flee,  
That I may be secure,  
The law proclaims destruction near,  
And thunders round me roar.

2 My guilty conscience speaks,  
And tells me of my crime ;  
How foolish I have spent my days,  
And wasted all my time.

3 And Satan he presents,  
That 'tis too late to pray :  
The time and means of grace are spent,  
And I have lost my day.

4 Now horrors seize my mind,  
With darkness and despair,  
I must be driv'n from earth to hell,  
Lo where the damned are.

- 5 These thro'ts distress my mind,  
And I am fill'd with fear,  
While I am held in hard suspense,  
Presumption or despair.
- 6 If I continue, here,  
I surely shall be lost,  
If I go back to sin again,  
Damnation will be just.
- 7 I'll risk my 'ternal all—  
I'll prostrate on the ground,  
Dear Jesus for one sov'reign word,  
To heal my mortal wound.
- 8 Unto thy feet I fall,  
And sov'reign mercy crave,  
Dear Jesus thou, and thou alone,  
Art able for to save.
- 9 And whilst the Lord delays,  
My heart begins to break,  
Yet suddenly some joys I feel,  
I hear a Savior speak :
- 10 " Cheer up, for I have di'd,  
" My precious blood is spilt ;  
" Behold my flowing crimson stream,  
" To wash away your guilt."
- 11 My fears and grief and guilt,  
Bid instantly depart,  
Strange and surprisngly I felt,  
Wrapt in my Savior's heart.
- 12 Strangely my state was chang'd,  
And I began to sing,



All glory to the God of love,  
 Who doth such sweetness bring;  
 13 I'll praise thee while I live—  
 I'll praise thee when I die—  
 I'll praise thee when I rise again,  
 And to eternity.

## H Y M N XXXIII.

*The Christian's Enquiry.*

'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 and lifeless frame ?  
 Hardly sure can they be worse,  
 Who have never heard thy name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,  
 Pray'r a task and burden prove,  
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,  
 If I knew a Savior's love.

4 When I turn my eyes within,  
 All is darkness, 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 at what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Should I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the way I once abhor'd,  
Find at times the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord decide this doubtful case,  
Thou who art the people's sun,  
Since upon thy work of grace,  
If indeed it be begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I'll pray,  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin this day.

### H Y M N XXXIV.

*Hymn to close Public Worship.*

**D**ISMISS 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 Tho' we are evil, thou art good ;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;  
Give every fetter'd soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

3 O ! let a lasting union join  
My soul to Christ the living vine :

And saints below and saints above,  
Join'd by his spirit and his love.

## H Y M N XXXV.

*The Judgment Hymn.*

- T**HE great tremendous day's approaching,  
That awful scene is drawing nigh;  
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,  
Decreed from all eternity.
- 2 But, O! my soul, reflect and wonder!  
That awful scene is drawing near,  
When you shall see that great transaction,  
When Christ in judgment shall appear.
- 3 See nature stand all in amazement,  
To hear the last loud trumpet sound,  
Arise ye dead and come to judgment!  
Ye nations of the world around.
- 4 Loud thunder rumbling thro' the concave;  
Bright forked lightnings part the skies;  
The heavens a shaking, the earth a quaking,  
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.
- 5 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,  
No more their shining circuits run;  
The wheel of time stopt in a moment;  
Eternal things are now begun.
- 6 Huge mossy rocks and tow'ring mountains  
Over their tumbling bases roar;  
The raging ocean all in commotion,  
Is hov'ring round her frightened shore.

7 Green turfy grave-yards, & tombs of marble,  
 Give up their dead, both small and great;  
 See the whole world both saints and sinners,  
 Are coming to the judgment seat.

8 See Jesus on the throne of justice,  
 Come thundering down the parted skies,  
 With countless armies of shining angels,  
 With Hallelujahs, shout for joy.

9 Bright shining streams from his awful  
 presence,

His face ten thousand suns out-shine,  
 Behold him coming in pow'r and glory,  
 To meet him all his saints combine.

10 Go forth ye heralds with speed like light-  
 ning,

Call in your saints from distant lands,  
 Those that my blood from hell hath ransom'd,  
 Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

11 O come ye blessed of my father,  
 The purchase of my dying love;  
 Receive the crowns of life and glory  
 Which are laid up for you above.

12 For your dear souls which have continu'd  
 With me, and my temptations bore,  
 I have provided for you a kingdom,  
 To reign with me for evermore.

13 There's flowing fountains of living water,  
 No sickness, pain, nor death to fear;  
 No sorrow, sighing, no tears, no weeping  
 Shall ever have admittance here.

14 But how will sinners stand and tremble,  
When justice calls them to the bar ;  
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,  
Their everlasting doom to hear.

15 See justice now with indignation,  
Calling aloud for sinners blood ;  
Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,  
And crucify'd the son of God.

16 Depart from me ye cursed sinners !  
My face you never more shall see :  
Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,  
To endless woe and misery.

17 Each guilty soul then struck with horror  
And anguish throbbing in their breasts,  
Forever doom'd to endless sorrow,  
And never more to hope for rest.

18 Come sinners here's a faithful warning !  
Return to Jesus while you may ;  
For he is ready to forgive you,  
Or else you must depart away.

## H Y M N XXXVI.

*Gethsemane.*

**G**REAT high priest we view the stooping  
With our names upon thy breast ;  
In the garden groaning, drooping,  
To the ground, with sorrow prest.

2 Weeping angels stood confounded,  
To behold their maker thus ;

- And can we remain unwounded,  
 When we know 'twas all for us ?
- 3 On the cross thy body broken  
 Cancels every penal tie ;  
 Tempted souls produce the token,  
 All demands to satisfy.
- 4 All is finish'd, do not doubt it,  
 But believe your dying Lord,  
 Never reason more about it,  
 Only take him at his word.
- 5 Lord we fain would trust thee solely,  
 'Twas for us thy blood was spilt ;  
 Bruised bridegroom, take us wholly,  
 Take and make us what thou wilt.
- 6 Thou hast borne the bitter sentence  
 Past on man's devoted race ;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

## H Y M N XXXVII.

*The true Penitent.*

- H**ARK ! hear the sound on earth is found,  
 My soul delights to hear  
 Of dying love, that's from above,  
 Of pardon bought so dear.
- 2 God's ministers like flames of fire  
 Are passing through the land,  
 The voice is hear "repent and fear,  
 " King Jesus is at hand."

- 3- God's chariots they, no longer stay,  
They're mounted on the truth ;  
The saints in pray'r, cry Lord draw near,  
Have mercy on the youth.
4. Young converts sing and praise their king  
And bless God's holy name ;  
Whilst older saints, true penitents  
Rejoice, to join the theme.
5. God grant a shower of his great pow'r  
On every aching heart,  
Who sincerely to God do cry,  
That they may have a part.
6. Come lovely youth embrace the truth,  
Agree with one accord,  
And use your tongues while you are young,  
In praising of the Lord.

## H Y M N XXXVIII.

*A Hymn for a young Convert.*

- W**HEN converts first begin to sing  
Their happy souls are on the wing !  
Their theme is all redeeming love,  
Fain would they be with Christ above.
- 2 With admiration they behold,  
The love of Christ that can't be told,  
They view themselves upon the shore,  
And think the battle all is o'er.
- 3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,  
And think their enemies are slain,

They make no doubt but all is well,  
And Satan is cast down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,  
And make the heav'nly arches ring—  
Ring with melodious joyful sound,  
Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel  
Their feeble souls begin to reel,  
They think their former hopes are vain,  
For they are bound in Satan's chain.

6 The morning that did shine so bright,  
Is turned to the shades of night ;  
Their harps that did with music sing,  
Are now untun'd in ev'ry string.

7 Oh ! foolish child, why didst thou boast  
In the enlargement of thy coast,  
Why dost thou think to fly away,  
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?

8 Come take up arms and face the field,  
Come gird on harness, sword and shield,  
Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,  
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,  
Then meet him with these blessed lines—  
For Christ our Lord has swept the field,  
And we're determin'd not to yield.



## H Y M N XXXIX.

*Christ's Invitation to his Spouse.*

**A**RISE my dear love, my undefil'd dove,  
 I hear my dear Jesus to say,  
 The winter is past, the spring's come at last,  
 My love, my dove come away.

2 The earth that is green is fair to be seen,  
 The little birds chirping do say,  
 That they do rejoice in each other's voice,  
 My love, my dove come away.

3 All smiling in love the young turtle dove  
 The flower appearing in May,  
 All speak forth the praise of th' ancient of  
 days,  
 My love my dove come away.

4 Come away from th' world's cares, those  
 troublesome snares  
 That follow by night and by day—  
 That you may be free from the troubles,  
 that be,  
 My love, my dove, come away.

5 Come away from all fear that troubles you  
 here,  
 Come into my arms he doth say,  
 That you may be clear from the troubles you  
 fear—  
 My love my dove come away.

6 Come away from all pride, from that raging tide.

That makes you fall out by the way—  
Come learn to be meek and your Jesus to seek,  
My love, my dove come away.

7 As t' you that are old, and whose hearts  
are grown cold,

Your Jesus inviting doth say—  
That he's heard your cries in the north coun-  
My love, my dove come away. (tries,

8 As t' you that are young, your hearts they  
are strong,

Your Jesus invites you away ;  
From antichrist's charms to your Jesus' kind  
arms,

My love, my dove come away.

9 And as to the youth that have known the  
truth,

Whose hearts they have led you astray,  
Come hear to his voice and your hearts shall  
rejoice,

My love, my dove come away.

10 My dear children all come hear to my call,  
While I stand knocking and say—

My head's wet with dew my children for you,  
My love, my dove come away.

11 My fatlings are kill'd, my table is fill'd,  
My maidens attending do say—

There's wine on the lees as much as you please,  
My love, my dove come away.

12 Come travel the road that leads you to  
God,

For it is a bright shining way ;  
Come run up and down my errands upon,  
My love my dove come away.

## H Y M N XL.

### *The Union.*

**F**ROM whence doth this union arise,  
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?

It fastens our souls in such ties,  
That nature 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 did cost ;

3 My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts all united in love ;  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O ! why then so loath for to part  
Since we shall ere long meet again,  
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,  
A distance we cannot remain

5 And when we shall see that bright day,  
And join with the angels above,  
Leaving those vile bodies of clay,  
United with Jesus in love,

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
 And all his bright glory shall see,  
 Singing hallelujahs, amen,  
 Amen, even so let it be.

## H Y M N XLI.

*CHRIST'S Resurrection.*

**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup> our Lord is risen to-day,  
 Our triumphant holy way—  
 Who so lately on the cross,  
 Suffer'd to redeem our loss.

2 In our paschal joys and feast  
 Let the Lord of life be blest,  
 Let the holy three be prais'd,  
 And to heav'n our songs be rais'd,

3 Christ our Lord is risen to-day,  
 Christ our light, our life our way,  
 The object of our love and faith,  
 Who by dying conquer'd death.

4 The holy martyrs early came  
 To weep o'er the Savior's tomb;  
 Two bright angels did appear,  
 Who said Jesus is not here.

5 Where is he, O tell us where,  
 His blessed residence declare;  
 Jesus seek among the dead,  
 Far from these dark regions fled.

6 First the sacred place behold,  
 In rapture your dear Lord unfold;  
 Then lift your eyes and raise your voice,  
 In songs of praise we will rejoice.

7 Haste ye females from the sight,  
 Make to Gallilee your flight,  
 And to his disciples say,  
 Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day.

8 Heralds of our joy to you,  
 Grateful thanks and love are due ;  
 With songs to God and praises high,  
 We'll together magnify.

9 The cross is past the crown is won,  
 The ransom paid and death's sting gone ;  
 Let us feast, and sing, and say,  
 Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day.

## H Y M N XLII.

### *Christ's Sufferings.*

**T**HRO'OUT our Savior's life we trace  
 Nothing but shame and deep disgrace  
 No period else was seen,  
 Till he a spotless victim fell,  
 Tasting in soul a painful hell,  
 Caus'd by the creature sin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I see,  
 My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;  
 For this I'll him adore ;  
 Seiz'd with a chilly sweat thro'out,  
 Blood drops did force their passage out,  
 Thro' ev'ry opening pore.

3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,  
 His back with lashes all was tore,

Till one the bones might see !  
 Mocking they push'd him here and there,  
 Marking his way with blood and tears,  
 Press'd by sin's heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,  
 Round him they mock'd and made their game,  
 At length his cross they rear—  
 And can you see the mighty God  
 Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,  
 Without one thankful tear ?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,  
 He dies with anguish on the tree ;  
 What tongue his grief can tell ?  
 The shudd'ring rocks their heads decline,  
 The morning sun refus'd to shine,  
 When the redeemer fell.

6 Shout brethren, shout with songs divine,  
 He drank the gall to give us wine  
 To quench our parching thirst :  
 Seraphs advance your voices high'r,  
 Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,  
 To praise your precious Christ.

### H Y M N XLIII.

*Original Sin ; or, the first and second Adam.*

**A** DAM, our father and our head,  
 Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us  
 dead,  
 The fiery law speaks all despair,  
 There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;  
 Seraphs the mighty and the wise,  
 Speak: are you strong to bear the load,  
 The weighty vengeance of a God.

3 In vain we ask; for all around  
 Stand silent through the heavenly ground,  
 There's not a glorious mind above,  
 Has half the strength or half the love.

4 But O! unmeasurable grace!  
 The eternal son takes Adam's place;  
 Down to our world the Savior flies,  
 Stretches his naked arms and dies.

5 Amazing work! look down ye skies,  
 Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;  
 Ye faints below and faints above,  
 All bow to this mysterious love.

## H Y M N XLIV.

*Running the Christian race.* Phil. iii. 12, 14.

**A** WAKE, my soul stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigor on:  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an 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 Bless'd Savior, introduc'd by thee,  
Have we our race begun;  
And crown'd with victory, at thy feet  
We lay our laurels down.

## H Y M N XLV.

### *A Son's Farewell.*

**I** HEAR the gospel's joyful sound,  
An organ I shall be,  
For to sound forth redeeming love,  
And sinner's misery.

2 Honor'd parents fare you well,  
My Jesus doth me call;  
I leave you here with God until  
I meet you once for all.

3 With due affections I'll forsake  
My parents and their house,  
And to the wilderness betake,  
To pay the Lord my vows.

4 Then thro' the wilderness I'll run,  
Preaching the gospel free;  
O be not anxious for your son,  
The Lord will comfort me.

5 And if through preaching I shall gain  
True subjects to my Lord,  
'Twill more than recompense my pain,  
To see them love his word,



6 My soul doth wish Mount Sion well,  
 Whate'er becomes of me :  
 There my best friends and kindred dwell,  
 And there I long to be.

## H Y M N XLVI.

*Hymn for the Lord's Supper.*

**J**ESUS once for sinners slain,  
 From the dead was rais'd again,  
 And in heaven is now sat down,  
 With his father on the throne.

2 There he reigns a king supreme,  
 We shall also reign with him ;  
 Feeble souls be not dismay'd,  
 Trust in his Almighty aid.

3 He has made an end of sin,  
 And his blood has wash'd us clean ;  
 Fear not, he is ever near,  
 Now, e'en now he's with us here.

4 Thus assembling, we by faith,  
 Till he come, show forth his death ;  
 Of his body bread's the sign,  
 And we drink his blood in wine.

5 Bread thus broken aptly shews,  
 How his body God did bruise :  
 When the grape's rich blood we see,  
 Lord, we then remember thee.

6 Saints on earth and saints above,  
 Celebrate his dying love,  
 And let every ransom'd soul,  
 Sound his praise from pole to pole.

## H Y M N XLVII.

*Come and welcome to* JESUS CHRIST.

**C**OME ye sinners poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity join'd with power :  
He is able, he is able, he is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify,

True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh ;  
Without money, without money, 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 fell your need of him ;

This he gives you, this he gives you, this he  
gives you,

'Tis the spirit's rising beam.

4 Come ye weary heavy laden.

Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;  
If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all ;

Not the righteous, not the righteous, not the  
righteous,

Sinners Jesus come to call,

- 5 View him grov'ling in the garden,  
 Lo your maker prostrate lies !  
 On the bloody tree behold him,  
 Hear him cry before he dies,  
 It is finish'd, it is finish'd, it is finish'd !  
 Sinners will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo th' incarnate God ascended,  
 Pleads the merits of his blood ;  
 Venture on him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude,  
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but  
 Jesus,  
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
 While the blissful seats of heaven  
 Sweetly echo with his name,  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

### H Y M N XLVIII.

*The condescending Love and Mercy of God in  
 fallen man's redemption.*

**G**OD'S power and wisdom is display'd  
 In ev'ry thing his hands have made ;  
 But more his mercy and his grace,  
 In saving fallen Adam's race.

2 The matchless grace and love of God,  
 Appears in shedding of his blood,  
 For poor apostate Adam's seed,  
 'Tis condescending love indeed.

3 Methinks I heard his father say,  
 " The utmost farthing you shall pay ;  
 " My injur'd justice must have right,  
 " I can't abate one single mite.

4 " Since you espouse the sinner's cause,  
 " You must fulfil my righteous laws ;  
 " Altho' you are my darling son,  
 " I will have right and justice done."

5 Hark ! how the Savior then reply'd ;  
 " Since justice must be satisfy'd,  
 " I am your most obedient son :  
 " My father let thy will be done !

6 " I give myself into thy hands,  
 " Let justice have its full demands ;  
 " If all my blood will pay the debt,  
 " Man sha'nt be lost for want of that.

7 " If that my life will but atone  
 " For the offence that man has done  
 " I freely will resign my breath,  
 " To save their precious souls from death."

8 Amidst his sorrows for a space,  
 His father hid his smiling face,  
 Which did extort such bitter cries  
 As fill'd all nature with surprise.

9 Those piercing words, *Eli, Eli,*  
 Likewise *Lama sabachthini !*  
 Which our expiring Lord did speak,  
 They made the universe to shake.

10 Well might the sun its glory veil,  
 And ev'ry thing in nature fail,

And blush, had they but eyes to see  
Their maker hanging on a tree.

11 What adamantine hearts of stone  
Could hear our Savior's dying groan,  
And not lament in any shape,  
Except some harden'd reprobate ?

12 How could the spotless Lamb of God,  
Consent to spill his precious blood :  
To save a stubborn guilty wretch ?  
'Twas love indeed without a match !

13 O ! what is sin, that spawn of hell ?  
Its dreadful nature who can tell ?  
No man on earth, nor Gabriel's tongue,  
Can e'er express what sin has done.

14 Gods' grace and love to fallen man,  
Our human reach can never scan !  
An angel's tongue can say no more,  
It is a sea without a shore.

15 Arise ye stupid souls, and view  
What your dear Lord has done for you ;  
And spend the remnant of your days  
In striving to advance his praise,

16 The Father, Son and Spirit too,  
All praise and honor are their due,  
From spotless angels round the throne,  
And human creatures ev'ry one.

*H Y M N XLIX. Invitation.*

**C**OME and taste along with me,  
Consolations running free ;

From my Father's worthy home,  
Sweeter than the honey comb.

2 Wherefore should I thirst alone,  
Two are better still than one ;  
More that comes of free good will,  
Makes the bargain sweeter still,

3 Saints in glory sing aloud,  
For to see an heir of God ;  
Coming in at heaven's door,  
Making up the number more.

4 Goodness running like a stream,  
Through the new Jerusalem ;  
By its constant breaking forth,  
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Though my body do its best,  
For to keep me off from Christ ;  
See the treasure coming in,  
Destin'd to the port of sin.

6 Sinful nature, lurking vice,  
Cannot stop the run of grace ;  
Whilst there is a God to give,  
And a sinner to receive.

7 When I go to heaven's store,  
Asking for a little more ;  
Joseph gives a double share,  
Calling me a gleaner there.

8 Then I go rejoicing home,  
From the banquet of perfume ;  
Gleaning manna on the road,  
Dropping from the mouth of God.

9 Heaven here and heaven there,  
 Comforts growing every where  
 This I boldly can attest,  
 That my soul has got a taste.

## H Y M N L.

*The truly enlightened soul in the valley of humiliation, humbly resigned at the foot of a sovereign GOD.*

**T**HE man that views his guilt and sin  
 With clear enlighten'd eyes,  
 He sees how vile a wretch he's been,  
 And down in dust he lies.

2 With humble, low submission 'tis  
 His soul is bro't to say,  
 That God the sov'reign potter is,  
 And he but worthless clay.

3 His views are just and adequate,  
 He sees it would be right,  
 If God should fix his future state  
 In black, eternal night.

4 He gives it in both free and frank,  
 His all he then resigns,  
 He's willing now to sign the blank,  
 And God should write the lines.

5 But yet he can't despair of grace,  
 He wrestles with his God,  
 And begs his precious soul might taste  
 The merits of his blood.

- 6 He pleads the merits of the Lamb,  
That his poor soul may live ;  
He can't be willing to be damn'd,  
Such language he doth give.
- 7 " The souls condemn'd to endless flames  
" Blaspheme the God above,  
" While heav'nly saints in highest strains,  
" Do praise redeeming love.
- 8 " Should I be doom'd to endless woe,  
" To burn forever more,  
" 'T would never pay the debt I owe,  
" Nor cancel all the score.
- 9 " Ten million years in fire and smoke,  
" Amidst the livid flame,  
" Will gain no credit on thy book,  
" The debt is still the same.
- 10 " But if by Christ my soul is freed,  
" He will my surety stand,  
" And every mite will then be paid,  
" Which justice can demand.
- 11 " If such a brand of fire as I,  
" Should now be pluck'd from hell,  
" How would the winged seraphs fly,  
" Such blessed news to tell.
- 12 " To Father Son, and Holy Ghost,  
" What Glory would redound ?  
How would the spotless heav'nly host,  
" Their golden trumpets sound ?
- 13 " Must I despair of future blifs,  
" And so withdraw my suit ?



“ No, God forbid, since mercy is  
 “ Thy darling attribute.

14 “ My ardent cries shall still ascend,  
 “ While I have power to speak,  
 “ And if I perish in the end,  
 “ I’ll die beneath thy feet.”

15 The man that’s brought to such a case,  
 God won’t his suit deny;  
 But he will give him saving grace,  
 And lift his soul on high.

16 The one in three, and three in one,  
 All glory is their due,  
 From beings far above the sun,  
 And human creatures too.

## H Y M N LI.

### *Views of Heavenly Glory.*

**N**O pen can write that sweet delight,  
 Nor human tongue express;  
 There’s none believes, nor can conceive  
 That joy and happiness.

2 That great degree now shewn to me,  
 Of future joy and peace;  
 When they’re reveal’d and not conceal’d,  
 My life doth almost cease.

3 Eternal songs of praise belong  
 To Christ my Savior dear;  
 And I must sing to Christ my king,  
 And honor him with fear.

- 4 When I sit down to view that crown,  
Laid up for me above,  
To meditate and contemplate  
On God's eternal love.—
- 5 My soul doth leap to think how deep  
My Savior's love hath been ;  
I'm carry'd out in thoughts devout,  
On things that are unseen.
- 6 This real view appears so true,  
That Jesus is the man  
That did agree with God for me,  
Before the world began.
- 7 Lord when shall we like angels be,  
And travel thro' the air ;  
And all thy host travel this course,  
And meet together there ?

H Y M N LII.

*A Prospect of Heaven.*

- W**HEN God on high shall magnify  
His everlasting love ;  
And send for me to let me see  
My heritage above—
- 2 Then I shall rise above the skies,  
In praising God with songs ;  
The seraphs they'll shew us the way,  
Where all the angels throng.
  - 3 Then I shall shine in light divine,  
More than the morning fair,

The Father, Son, and Spirit one,  
And I'm a chosen heir.

- 4 There see and feel what they'll reveal,  
With pleasure and delight ;  
Then surely they'll their joys unveil,  
And treasures infinite.

*CONTINUED.*

H Y M N LIII.

**L**ORD, when shall we mount up to thee  
Upon the wings of grace,  
And see thy bright and lilly white,  
And ruddy, rosy face--

- 2 And be so near that we can hear  
Thy ravishing sweet voice,  
And talk with thee forever free  
And in thy love rejoice.

- 3 And dwell above in flames of love,  
Where heart and all shall melt—  
Where love like streams and light like beams,  
Through ages shall be felt.

- 4 Where thou art seen and I shall lean,  
Forever on thy breast,  
And dwell above in flames of love,  
And be thy heav'nly guest.

- 5 Where heart and mind shall all be join'd  
With thousands round thy throne,  
And shall unite in sweet delight,  
That now is much unknown.

6 In that bright place where we thy face  
 Shall see in glory shine,  
 And drink new wine fresh from the vine,  
 And be forever thine.

7 Amen, amen, the angels cry,  
 Salvation is his due,  
 And we to all eternity,  
 His praises shall renew,

## H Y M N LIV.

### *Death and Eternity.*

**M**Y thoughts, that often mount the skies,  
 Go search the world beneath,  
 Where nature all in ruin lies,  
 And owns her sovereign death.

2 The tyrant how he triumphs here,  
 His trophies spread around !  
 And heaps of dust and bones appear  
 Through all the hollow ground.

3 Those skulls, what ghastly figures now !  
 How loathsome to the eyes !  
 Those are the heads we lately knew  
 So beauteous and so wise.

4 But where the souls those deathless things  
 That left their dying clay ?

My thoughts now stretch out all your wings,  
 And trace eternity !

5 O that unfathomable sea !  
 Those deeps without a shore !  
 Where living waters gently play,  
 Or fiery billows roar.

- 6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,  
Or sink in flaming waves,  
While the pale carcase breathless lies  
Among the silent graves.
- 7 "Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand,  
"Then come the joyful day,  
"Come death, and some celestial band,  
"To bear our souls away."

## H Y M N L V .

*The Loving Kindness of the Lord, Isai. lxiii. 7.*

- A** WAKE my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing the great redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the Fall,  
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;  
He sav'd me from my lost estate;  
His loving kindness, O how great!
- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Tho' 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 gather'd thick, and thunder'd 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 tho' 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;  
 Oh! may my last expiring breath,  
 His loving kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away,  
 To the bright worlds of endless day;  
 And sing with rapture and surprise,  
 His loving kindness in the skies.

## H Y M N LVI.

*GOD'S Love to his Saints.*

**M**Y God above with smiles of love,  
 And blisful words will say,  
 " Those saints of mine did once incline,  
 " From my commands to stray :  
 2 " But Christ my son, my only one,  
 " Was wounded for their sins ;  
 " So for his sake I'll pity take,  
 " And make them welcome in.  
 3 " I'll make them heirs and give them  
 shares,  
 " And they shall live with me :  
 " I'll give them crowns instead of frowns,  
 " And joys eternally."  
 4 I have a robe above the globe,  
 Which Jesus gave to me ;  
 'Tis clean and white, it's pure and bright,  
 And thus his gift was free.

5 It cost him dear, but he was freer  
 Than I was to receive ;  
 And he's got more laid up in store  
 For all that will believe.

6 If any those should want to know  
 Where Jesus gave me this,  
 And ask if he elected me,  
 Then I could tell them yes.

7 If Christ made known unto his own,  
 What they'd receive at death,  
 There's not a faint but what would faint,  
 And breathe their dying breath.

### H Y M N LVII.

*Longings for Heaven and Glory.*

JESUS, I thirst, and go I must,  
 I long to be above—

I long to sing to Christ my king,  
 Where oceans flow with love.

2 Ye happy souls that always roll  
 In love and joy and peace,  
 Which always run thro' God's dear son,  
 Whose love will never cease.

3 You're blest I say and you shall stay  
 With Jesus Christ above ;  
 And always swim along with him  
 In oceans full of love.

4 Glory to God the father be,  
 Glory to God the son,  
 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,  
 Glory to God alone.

## H Y M N LVIII.

*The Holiness of God, Isaiah 8. 13.*

**H**OLY and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King ;  
Thrice holy Lord ! the angels cry,  
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 Heav'n's brightest lamps with him compar'd,  
How mean they look and dim !  
The fairest angels have their spots  
When once compar'd with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works,  
And truth is his delight ;  
But sinners and their wicked ways  
Shall perish from his sight.

4 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
Pay O my soul to God :  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.

5 With sacred awe pronounce his name,  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;  
A broken heart shall please him more  
Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou holy God ! preserve my soul  
From all pollution free ;  
The pure in heart are thy delight,  
And they thy face shall see.



## HYMN LIX.

*Faith Conquering.*

**T**HE moment a sinner believes,  
 And trusts in his crucify'd God,  
 His pardon at once he receives,  
 Redemption in full thro' his blood.  
 Tho' thousands and thousands of foes,  
 Against him in malice unite,  
 Their rage he thro' Christ can oppose,  
 Led forth by the spirit of light.

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 one of weakness more strong,  
 And draws the soul upwards to God.

3 It treads on the world and on hell ;  
 It vanishes earth 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 between God and the soul ;  
 It binds up the broken in heart,  
 And makes wounded consciences whole ;

Bids sins of a crimson like die,  
 Be spotless as snow and as white,  
 And raises the sinners on high,  
 To dwell with the angels of light.

### H Y M N LX.

*The Soul in the Exercise of Faith.*

**Y**OU faints of light that shine so bright,  
 Above the lofty skies,  
 Come sing aloud since you're endow'd  
 With holy exercise.

2 My soul doth long to sing a song  
 Unto my Lord above ;  
 And there unite in sweet delight,  
 With all the faints in love.

3 And spend away eternal day,  
 In lofty songs of praise,  
 And thus engage throughout the age  
 Of everlasting days.

4 When I get grace and strength of face,  
 To strike these heav'nly notes,  
 I'll praise him too as angels do,  
 With their sweet warbling throats.

### H Y M N LXI.

*CHRIST'S coming to Judgment.*

**W**HEN Christ shall rend from end to  
 end  
 The regions of the air ;

And split the skies in twain likewise,  
Then he'll himself appear:

2 Then he'll appear a drawing near  
In armies broad and long,  
In rank and file ten thousand miles,  
Methinks I see the throng.

3 Then he will tell the archangel  
To blow the trumpet loud,  
That all might hear both far and near,  
And then you'll see the croud.

4 Then he will call both great and small,  
The beggar and the drudge ;  
The high, the low, the poor also,  
To come before the judge.

5 The sheep shall stand at his right hand,  
But goats on his left side :  
Then he will call both great and small  
To have their cases try'd.

6 Then will he say, " depart away,  
" Ye goats go down to hell,  
" And wander there in black despair,  
" And bid all hope farewell."

7 But to the rest " come up ye blest,"  
My sweet redeemer'll say,  
" And dwell on high with God and I,  
" And sing my praise for aye,"

H Y M N LXII.

*The love of CHRIST to his Saints.*

**N**OW who are they who dare to say,  
I've been too kind to these,  
A right I have to damn or save,  
If men will not believe.

2 Those robes they wear that shine so fair,  
And dazzle like the sun,  
I've kept above wrapt up in love ;  
And angels ne'er had one.

3 Dear saints but I was forc'd to die,  
Or you must naked gone ;  
They're made for you, I know they'll do,  
For I have try'd them on.

4 Lord when shall we like angels be,  
And travel thro' the air ;  
And all thy host travel this coast,  
And meet together there.

H Y M N LXIII.

*At the meeting of Friends.*

**W**ELLmet, 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 heav'nly 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 heav'n most sweet,  
 When e'er we meet with thee.
- 4 A dungeon shews a heav'nly dawn,  
 When there with thee we dwell ;  
 But when thy presence is withdrawn,  
 A palace proves a hell.
- 5 Then O ! dear Jesus, condescend  
 To meet us with a smile ;  
 Thy spirit's quick'ning influence send,  
 And purge our hearts from guile—
- 6 That at the close each one may say,  
 " We meet not here in vain ;  
 " For we have tasted heav'n to day,  
 " Nor could we more contain."

## H Y M N LXIV.

*At Parting of Friends.*

- L** ORD, when together here we meet,  
 And taste thy heav'nly grace ;  
 Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,  
 We're loth to leave the place.
- 2 But father, since it is thy will,  
 That we must part again ;  
 Yet let thy special presence still,  
 With ev'ry one remain.
- 3 Let us all in Christ be one,  
 Bound with the cords of love ;

Till we before the glorious throne  
 Shall joyful meet above.

4 There void of all distracting pains,  
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;

But in seraphic, endless strains,  
 Redeeming love admire.

5 All sin and sorrow from each heart,  
 Shall then forever fly ;

Nor shall a thought that we must part,  
 Once interrupt our joy.

6 And thus to all eternity,  
 Upon the heav'nly shore,

The great mysterious One in Three,  
 Jehovah we'll adore.

## H Y M N L X V.

### ANOTHER.

**N**OW, Lord, tho' we must part awhile,  
 Upon the sacred road ;  
 Yet let thy face upon us smile,  
 And keep us close to God.

2 And if again on earth we meet,  
 Lord let us meet with thee ;

And let thy gracious presence sweet  
 From bondage set us free.

3 This, only this we humbly crave,  
 While earth is our abode ;

That we with Christ and saints may have,  
 Communion on the road.

- 4 For since our fellowship below,  
Affords such joy and love ;  
We long its full extent to know,  
When we shall meet above.
- 5 And Lord, let this excite us on,  
To keep the narrow way ;  
Till we shall meet around thy throne,  
To spend an endless day.
- 6 Celestial dove our souls inspire,  
Maintain this flame of love ;  
Till we shall meet that glorious choir,  
Of worshippers above.

## H Y M N LXVI.

*Advice to Youth, from Eccl. xii.*

- N**OW is the time, O lovely youth,  
To think on your Creator God,  
Attend the words of sacred truth,  
While in the days of youthful blood.
- 2 This is the only way to find,  
The paths of peace and endless joy—  
The way to store your youthful mind  
With pleasure that will never cloy.
- 3 But if you foolishly delay,  
And hearken to the tempter's breath,  
To walk in the destructive way,  
Till age comes on, or sudden death—
- 4 O think what dreadful risk you run—  
You hazard your immortal soul,

- To be eternally undone,  
 And plung'd where endless sorrows roll.
- 5 Behold the wretch advanc'd in years,  
 And with his years grown old in sin ;  
 No more repentance now appears,  
 Than when his life did first begin.
- 6 Lo still upon the horrid brink  
 Of everlasting wrath he goes ;  
 Anon with horror down to sink,  
 Into the gulf of endless woes.
- 7 Young sinners then a warning take,  
 Now in your precious days of youth ;  
 All flatt'ring vanities forsake,  
 And take th' advice of sacred truth.

## H Y M N LXVII.

*A dying Saint's view of Heaven.*

**W**HY was unbelieving I,  
 Trembling so afraid to die ;  
 Now my feet in safety stand,

Here within the promis'd land.

Hallelujah.

2 O what wond'rous grace is here,  
 Now I'm safe from ev'ry fear ;

Sin and doubts are ever gone,  
 Sighing shall no more be known :

Hallelujah.

3 Henceforth neither grief nor pain,  
 Here successive pleasures reign ;



All things our Hofannah raise,  
 O the glories of this place :  
 Hallelujah.

4 O ye perfect happy ones,  
 Let me try to join your tunes  
 Come let us exalt the Lamb,  
 Singing ever to his name :  
 Hallelujah.

5 He our full redemption wrought,  
 He for us his glory bought ;  
 From the earth he calls us home,  
 To our father's house we're come :  
 Hallelujah.

6 Oft in Kedar's tents I strove,  
 When his lovely face was hid ;  
 With my friends to raise the song,  
 But it languish'd on my tongue ;  
 Hallelujah.

7 Jesus now unveils his face,  
 Here I shout with sov'reign grace ;  
 Fill'd with love, incessant cry,  
 To his praise in raptures high :  
 Hallelujah.

8 O my drooping friends below,  
 Did you half this glory know ;  
 Daily would ye stretch the wing,  
 Here to fly and thus to sing :  
 Hallelujah.

## H Y M N LXVIII.

*On GRACE.*

- H**EAVENLY thoughts create my song,  
 And set my soul on fire ;  
 And glide my pleasing thoughts along,  
 To join the heav'nly choir.
- 2 While trav'ling thro' this desert land,  
 My weary soul shall rest ;  
 Guided by Jesus' gentle hand,  
 To lean upon his breast.
- 3 Here I will ease my burden'd mind,  
 And tell him all my grief ;  
 From Jesus' blood my soul shall find  
 The streams of sweet relief.
- 4 I'll lay me down within his arms  
 And view his lovely face ;  
 As one o'ercome by sov'reign charms,  
 And lost in his embrace.
- 5 Here I'll behold with joy divine,  
 The springs of rising bliss,  
 And joy to see that Christ is mine  
 And view that I am his.
- 6 The views of my dear bleeding King,  
 Strike an immortal flame ;  
 Raptur'd with joy my soul shall sing  
 The praise of Jesus' name.—
- 7 Shall sing like the redeeming throng,  
 Of my incarnate God ;

His love shall be my ceaseless song,  
Who wash'd me in his blood.

8 High on the throne my Savior reigns ;  
Angels adore my King ;  
In lofty, sweet seraphic strains,  
My Savior's praise they sing.

9 There I'll adore my dying God,  
And bow before his face ;  
I'll sing of Jesus' wounds and blood,  
And praise victorious grace.

10 Amidst th' eternal sacred true—  
Among the starry plains ;  
My soul shall sing as angels do,  
In sweet celestial strains.

11 The heavenly flame shall still aspire,  
Before my Savior's throne ;  
His love shall feed the sacred fire,  
To praise the Holy One.

## H Y M N LXIX.

*A soul's view : Or, partaking of the Lord's Supper.*

**T**HE tables spread, my soul there 'spies  
The victims bleed, the Savior dies,  
In anguish on the tree !  
I hear his dying groans ! I prove  
His bleeding heart, his dying love,  
He dy'd, my soul, for thee.

2 The table's spread—the royal food  
Is Jesus' sacred flesh and blood,

A feast of love divine :

His bleeding heart ! his dying groans !

His sacred blood for sin atones—

Atones, my soul for thine.

3 The feast is spread with bleeding hands,  
Bedew'd with blood, and lo, it stands

To fill the hungry mind ;

'Tis free, and whosoever will,

May feast his soul, and drink his fill,

And grace and glory find.

4 Whilst at the table sits the King,

'Raptur'd with joy, my soul shall sing,

With an immortal flame ;

My Savior's grace I'll still adore,

With joy I'll love him more and more,

And bless his sacred name ;

5 O sacred flesh ! O solemn feast !

When Christ my Lord, the royal guest,

Is at his table found ;

This adds new glories to my joy—

It bids me sing and well I may,

It makes my bliss abound.

6 'Tis thus my soul by faith is fed,

On angel's food with living bread,

And manna from above—

On sacred flesh, on dying blood !

I feast till I am full of God,

And drink the wine of love.

7 It is an early antipast,  
 Of heav'nly bliss it is a taste,  
 A taste on earthly ground :  
 If here so sweet—if here we prove  
 Seraphic joy—celestial love,  
 In heav'n what will be found ?

## H Y M N LXX.

*Redemption found in JESUS, under the idea of  
 an anchor in a storm. Heb. iv. 19.*

**N**OW I have found the ground, wherein  
 My soul's sure anchor may remain ;  
 The wounds of Jesus for my sin,  
 Before the world's foundation lain ;  
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
 When heav'n and earth are fled away.

2. Father, thine everlasting grace,  
 Our scanty thoughts surpasses far ;  
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness—  
 Thy arms of love still open are,  
 Returning sinners to receive,  
 That mercy they may taste and live.

3 By faith I plunge me in this sea,  
 Here is my hope, my joy and rest ;  
 'Tis here, when hell assaults, I flee,  
 And look into my Savior's breast ;  
 Away sad doubts and anxious fear ;  
 Mercy is all that's written there.

4. Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head—  
 Tho' strength and health and friends be  
 gone—

Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead—

Tho' every comfort be withdrawn,  
On thee my stedfast soul relies ;  
Father thy mercy never dies.

5 Fix'd on this ground, I will remain,

Tho' my heart fail and flesh decay,  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundation melts away ;  
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

6 What in thy love possess I not ?

My star by night, my sun by day—  
My springs of life, when parch'd with  
drought,

My wine to cheer, my bread to stay—  
My shield, my strength, my safe abode—  
My palace, Savior and my God.

### H Y M N LXXI.

*Gospel minister's call, or commission.—From several scriptures.*

**T**HUS saith the Lord, your master dear,  
O ye, his servants, whom he sends  
To preach his gospel, far and near,  
E'en to the world's remotest ends.

2 Go forth ye heralds in my name,  
" Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound ;  
" The glorious jubilee proclaim,  
" Where'er the human race is found.

3 " Convince a world of sinners blind,  
" And shew them where their danger lies ;

- 66 The broken hearted careful bind,  
 “ And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 4 “ Be wise as serpents where you go,  
 “ Yet harmless as the peaceful dove ;  
 “ And let your whole deportment show,  
 “ That you’r commission’d from above.
- 5 “ And as you freely have receiv’d,  
 “ E’en so to others freely give ;  
 “ So shall your message be believ’d,  
 “ And many dying sinners live.”
- 6 “ Master, thy word we have obey’d,  
 (Said Christ’s sweet messengers of peace)  
 And lo, the devils are dismay’d,  
 “ Trembling they flee before our face.”
- 7 Oh ! if I had an angel’s voice,  
 And could be heard from pole to pole,  
 I would to all the list’ning world,  
 Proclaim his goodness to my soul.
- 8 O happy servants of the Lord,  
 Who thus their master’s will obey ;  
 Immensely great is the reward,  
 They shall receive another day.

## H Y M N LXII.

*Divine Fortitude.*

**D**IDST thou, dear Jesus suffer shame,  
 And bear the cross for me ?  
 And shall I fear to own thy name,  
 Or thy disciple be ?

- 2 Forbid it Lord that I should dread,  
To suffer shame or loss ;  
But in thy footsteps let me tread,  
And glory in thy cross.
- 3 Inspire my soul with life divine,  
And holy courage bold ;  
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,  
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 4 Say to my soul, why dost thou fear  
The face of feeble man ?  
Behold thy heavenly captain's here,  
Before thee in the van.
- 5 O how my soul would up and run,  
At this reviving word ;  
Nor any painful sufferings shun,  
To follow thee, my Lord.
- 6 For this let men reproach, defame,  
And call we what they will ;  
Lo, I may glorify thy name,  
And be thy servant still.
- 7 To thee I cheerfully submit,  
And all my pow'rs resign ;  
Let wisdom point out what is fit,  
And I'll no more repine.

*P A U S E.*

- 8 I'll cheerfully take up the cross,  
And follow thee, my Lord,  
Submit to tortures, shame and loss,  
At thy commanding word.



9 But this I promise, to fulfil,  
Through thy assisting grace,  
For I'm powerless, and a weak will,  
I must with shame confess.

10 But let thy grace sufficient be,  
In every time of need ;  
Then, Lord, I'll boldly fight for thee,  
And every time succeed.

### H Y M N LXXIII.

*The rich Provision of the Gospel.*

**J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is thy gospel weak ;  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,  
Does thy salvation flow ;  
It's not confin'd to sex or age,  
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,  
The poor may take their share ;  
No mortal has a just pretence,  
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners come,  
He'll form your souls anew :  
His gospel and his heart, have room  
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love ;  
There's virtue in his name,

To turn a raven to a dove,  
The lion to a lamb.

6 O could we raise a song of praise,  
Half equal to his love :

The heav'ns would ring while we should sing  
Thro' all the courts above.

## H Y M N LXXIV.

### *The Pilgrim's Song.*

**C**HILDREN of your heavn'ly King,  
As you journey sweetly sing;  
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
In the ways your fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Oh ! ye banished seed be glad,  
Christ your advocate is made ;  
Us to save our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flocks and blest,  
You on Jesus' arms shall rest ;  
There your seat is now prepar'd,  
There's your kingdom and reward.

5 O ! ye brethren joyful stand,  
On the borders of your land ;  
Jesus Christ your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord obed'ently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N LXXV.

*Celestial Watering.*

**S**AVIOR, visit thy plantation,  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain,  
All will come to dissolution,  
Unless thou return again.

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

3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,  
Ev'ry 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,  
Fir'd with zeal and love and truth ;  
Old professors tall as cedars,  
Bright examples to our youth ?

6 Some in whom our souls delighted,  
We shall meet no more below :

Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,  
Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants to sight how pleasant,  
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;

But they cause us grief at present,  
Frost has nip'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 mut'al love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in pray'r ;  
Let each one esteem the servant,  
And shun the world's bewitching snare.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony hearts of flesh ;  
Now begin from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.

## H Y M N LXXVI.

### *The slow Traveller.*

O H! happy soul how fast you go,  
And leave me here behind ;  
Don't stop for me for now I see,  
The Lord is just and kind.

2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,  
And I'll come after you ;  
The left behind, yet I can find,  
I'll sing Hosannah too.

- 3 God give you strength that you may run,  
And keep your foot-steps right;  
Tho' fast you go, and I so slow,  
You are not out of sight.
- 4 When you get to those worlds above,  
And all their glories see;  
When you get home your journey's done,  
Then look you out for me.
- 5 For I will come fast as I can,  
Along the way I'll steer;  
Lord give me strength, I shall at length  
Be one among you there.
- 6 There altogether we shall be,  
Together we shall sing;  
Together shall we praise our God  
And everlasting king.
- 7 When we've been there ten thousand years  
Bright shining like the sun;  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Then when we'd first begun.

## H Y M N LXXVII.

### *The Fair Mansions.*

**W**E in this tabernacle mourn,  
For immortality;  
Burden'd with sin we daily groan,  
And long to be set free.

- 2 We view this world not as our home,  
But sojourn in a vale.

We seek a city yet to come,  
Where joy shall never fail.

3 We have an house above the sky,  
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space ;  
Where we shall dwell eternally,  
To see our Savior's face.

4 Roll on, roll on our peaceful years,  
And bring our souls to rest ;  
Where troubles end, and doubts and fears,  
No more disturb our breast.

5 Then we shall bid a long farewell,  
To all those fleeting things ;  
Our clay in earth we leave to dwell,  
To mount on sacred wings.

6 Swifter than thought we soar on high,  
Above those twinkling stars ;  
Pass through the regions of the sky,  
And all those rolling spheres.

7 The sun ere long will disappear,  
And sinners feel their loss ;  
While we ascend through yielding air,  
And steer th' eternal course.

8 Now winged time is known no more,  
Eternity begins !

Our souls have gain'd the heav'nly shore,  
And view th' amazing scenes.

9 Their songs begin to sound so sweet,  
Our raptur'd souls on fire,  
To bow around our Savior's feet,  
And join the heav'nly choir,

10 Unnumber'd years shall gently roll,  
 And each increase their bliss;  
 When God shall say unto each soul,  
 Come dwell where Jesus is.

11 Then will your blessed Jesus come,  
 And bid the dead arise;  
 And call his weary'd children home,  
 To mansions in the skies.

12 Where sin and sorrow all shall cease,  
 And tears be wip'd away;  
 And nothing shall disturb our peace,  
 To one eternal day.

## H Y M N LXXVIII.

*Love to Jesus.*

**T**HEE will I love my Lord, my tow'r,  
 Thee will I love my joy my crown,  
 Thee will I love with all my pow'r  
 Of mind, and strength, and heart alone.

2 Thee will I love, my joy, my throne,  
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God:  
 Thee will I love beneath thy frown,  
 Thy smiles, thy sceptre or thy rod.

## H Y M N LXXIX.

*Praise to Redeeming Grace.*

**D**IFFUSE thy beams and teach my heart  
 Now with genial warmth to glow:  
 For lo! without thy heav'nly art,  
 In vain my lofty numbers flow.

- 2 Magnificent, free grace arise,  
 Out shine the thoughts of shallow man;  
 Sovereign, preventing all divine,  
 To him that neither will'd nor ran.
- 3 Grand is the bosom whence thou flow'd,  
 Kind is the heart that gave thee vent;  
 Rich is the gift that God bestow'd,  
 Lovely and so like Christ be sent.
- 4 Grace by a righteousness doth reign,  
 Wrought by the sacred life of God;  
 Where sin is spoil'd, grace shall maintain,  
 Its rights in Jesus' sacred blood.
- 5 Who counts the sands that bounds the sea,  
 Not half his sins can number o'er;  
 And ah! what millions yet but see  
 Grace hath ten thousand mercies more.
- 6 Infinite grace how full of God,  
 In ev'ry work of thine—there glows  
 New glories in thy sacred blood,  
 There life divine eternal flows.
- 7 We bowing sing thy death so strong  
 Which all our souls from death defends;  
 Shout ye redeem'd—for here your song  
 Begins, and never—never ends.

H Y M N LXXX.

*Christ the Glorious Lover.*

**L**ET Christ the glorious Lover,  
 Have everlasting praise,



- He comes for to discover,  
 The riches of his grace.
- 2 He courts a wretched sinner,  
 To be his loving bride ;  
 Resolving for to win her,  
 And will not be deny'd.
- 3 When first he calls upon her,  
 Herself for to deny,  
 To cast away her honor,  
 And lay her pleasures by.
- 4 To part with ev'ry notion,  
 That puffs her up with pride,  
 To take him for her portion  
 And be his loving bride.
- 5 The offers he makes to her,  
 Is what she can't endure,  
 She thinks it will undo her  
 To part with all her store.
- 6 She wilfully refuses,  
 To yield unto his will ;  
 And in her heart she chooses,  
 Her former lover still.
- 7 She bolts the door upon her,  
 And bids her Lord depart ;  
 No more will serve his honor,  
 Nor give to him her heart.
- 8 But Jesus loves the sinner,  
 And will not leave the door ;  
 But cries, O charming creature,  
 Reject my suit no more,

9 My love, my dove, my jewel,  
Arise and let me in;

How can you be so cruel,  
To bar your heart with sin.

10 If calls and invitation,  
Will not excite your love;

Prepare for condemnation,  
For I will not remove.

11 He then displays his pow'r,  
By an almighty word:

And threatens to devour,  
And shews his flaming sword.

12 She now begins to tremble

At what she sees and hears :  
And feign she would be humble,  
And wash her crimes with tears.

13 She does not yet discover,  
The filth of her inside;

But hopes the Lord will love her,  
And take her for his bride.

14 But like refiners' fire,

That searches ev'ry part ;  
Conviction's rising higher,  
She feels a wretched heart.

15 She now begins to languish,

And none can her relieve ;  
Her heart is full of anguish,  
To find she can't believe.

16 Her Savior has departed,

And left her full of woe ;

And being broken hearted,  
She cries, what shall I do ?

17 But Jesus has compassion,  
Still moving in his breast ;  
Intends to give salvation.

And ease the soul distress'd.

18 One glimpse of love and power  
Makes her forget her pain ;  
She cries, O happy hour,  
Is Jesus come again.

19 Is he whom I rejected,  
Stoop'd down to me so low ;  
Good news, but unexpected,  
It hardly can be true.

20 And still she cries more fervent,  
Lord don't thy mercy hide ;  
May I become a servant,  
And fit to be a bride.

21 The marriage is made ready,  
The parties are agreed ;  
The holy son of David,  
And Adam's wicked seed.

22 The sinner is adorned  
With raiment clean and white ;  
Her sins are freely pardon'd,  
And she's her love's delight.

23 They eat and drink together,  
And mutually embrace ;  
Both saints and angels wonder,  
At this surprising grace.

24 This union shall continue,  
 For evermore the same;  
 And nothing part asunder,  
 The Christian and the Lamb.

H Y M N LXXXI.

*The Fight of Faith.*

**O**MNIPOTENT Lord, my Savior, and  
 king,

Thy succor afford, thy righteousness bring;  
 Thy promises bind thee compassion to have,  
 O now let me find thee mighty to save.

2 Rejoicing in hope and patient in grief,  
 To thee I look up for certain relief;  
 I fear no denial, no danger I fear,  
 Nor start from the trial if Jesus is near.

3 I every hour in jeopardy stand,  
 But thou art my pow'r, and holdest my hand;  
 I wait, I am calling, thy succor I feel,  
 It saves me from falling, or plucks me from  
 hell.

4 On Jesus my Savior I then will rely,  
 All evil before his presence shall fly;  
 When I find my Savior, my fears shall de-  
 part,  
 And Jesus forever shall reign in my heart.

H Y M N LXXXII.

*To be sung before going into public worship.*

**T**HE Savior meets his flock to day,  
 Shall I in sloth abide at home?

Shall I behind the people stay ?

When Jesus calls there still is room,  
I'll go—it is a place of pray'r,  
Who knows but God may meet me there ?

2 To day Immanuel feeds his faints;  
And here the Christians find their King—  
They lay open their complaints,  
And here the Savior's praise they sing ;  
Into their number I'll presume,  
Since Jesus kindly bids me come.

3 How long did faithful Anna wait,  
And sought the Lord full four score years,  
Both day and night, at th' temple gate ;  
She watch'd with many sighs and tears,  
And scarcely left the house of pray'r  
Till God vouchsaf'd to meet her there.

4 Dear Savior, then permit me pow'r,  
And like the faints I'll watch for thee,  
Content till the appointed hour,  
When thou shalt be reveal'd in me ;  
Daily my soul within thy gate,  
Shall for thy gracious presence wait.

5 Remove temptation, O my Lord,  
And let my enemies be slain,  
Who would withdraw me from thy word,  
And plunge me in the world again :  
And when the Bridegroom shall appear,  
O may my soul be found in pray'r.

## H Y M N LXXXIII.

*Guilt and distress inseparable companions.*

**S**IN is the fatal cause of woe,  
 The spring from whence our troubles  
 Yet when we take a view [flow,  
 Of those who sin in ev'ry breath,  
 Yet feel no checks in life and death,  
 We scarce believe it true.

2 Thousands around seem highly blest'd,  
 Who treat religion as a jest,  
 A fable or a song;  
 Down life's impet'ous stream they glide,  
 Favor'd with canvas, wind and tide,  
 And smoothly float along.

3 By pleasure's flow'ry bank they steer,  
 No troubles feel, nor can they fear  
 But laugh, and sing, and play;  
 Till deep they plunge in endless night  
 Without one drop of sweet delight,  
 Or glimpse of op'ning day.

4 O sad exchange! O wretched state?  
 Now they can feel (when 'tis too late)  
 What they have heard in vain;  
 Despair and anguish dwell within,  
 The bitter, bitter fruits of sin,  
 And make them roar with pain!

5 Their groans emphatic, loud complain,  
 'Twas guilt that caus'd their guilt and shame  
 And freely they conf-

The bitter pill was candy'd o'er,  
 'Twas all indulgence just before,  
 But now 'tis all distress.

6 More they would own—but I forbear,  
 And quit those regions of despair ;  
 And now would ask the saints,  
 " If guilt be harmless tell me why  
 " Those trickling tears, that heaving sigh,  
 " And whence those sad complaints."

7 When sin, that viper, you carest  
 Striking remorse and keen distress  
 Speedily make you smart ;  
 'Tis that which hides the Savior's face,  
 Incurs his frowns, suspends his grace,  
 And wounds you to the heart.

8 Then grief like heavy torrents roll,  
 Till the poor agonizing soul  
 Lies bleeding on the rack ;  
 The round of duty's trodden still,  
 But 'tis like laboring up a hill,  
 With mountains on the back.

9 One guilty scene such anguish brings,  
 Clogs the poor soul and clips its wings,  
 And drags it from the skies ;  
 'Till Jesus dress'd in white appears,  
 Forgives the guilt, and wipes the tears  
 From the beclouded eyes.

10 O Christians ! never hope to meet,  
 In pleasures sinful, tasting sweet,  
 But bid them all adieu ;

Stings from forbidden pleasures grow,  
 At least my soul hath found it so,  
 And owns th' assertion true.

11 Restraining grace dear Jesus grant,  
 Make me like nature's noblest plant ;  
 And may my fear be such,  
 That when temptations lie in wait,  
 I may disdain the gilded bait,  
 And shrinking, shun the touch.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

*The Sinner's call rejected.*

**C**OME all who've spent your blooming days,  
 In your own lusts, and Satan's ways ;  
 Bow down to God, confess your sin,  
 Lest you should never enter in—

2 In thro' the gate that is on high,  
 Which leads to joys above the sky ;  
 Where all the saints their voices raise,  
 Rejoice and sing their maker's praise.

3 All who do wish to pass this gate,  
 Must walk upright and very straight ;  
 If you should miss this gate I know,  
 Down to a burning hell you'll go.

4 There endless sorrow, endless pain,  
 Without a hope of peace again ;  
 Oh ! then your aching souls will say,  
 " Why did we God so disobey."

5 His hand was stretch'd forth all the day,  
 We cannot have one word to say ;



For we have had many a call,  
And we like fools rejected all.

6 One word of caution to the young,  
Who never have God's praises sung;  
Give up to christ before too late,  
Or else in hell you'll have your fate.

7 Down with the hellish devils there,  
Lock'd down in horror and despair;  
But oh! the formidable cries,  
That fill the earth and reach the skies.

8 They turn their eyes to heav'n and see,  
Where all the righteous people be?  
Look down into a gaping hell,  
See where the devil's host doth dwell.

9 This heaven is a happy place,  
Where all the people's fill'd with grace;  
This hell it is a place of spite,  
Where sorrow are that's infinite.

10 Come mind the words which I have penn'd,  
Lest down to hell God should you send;  
The place I will describe once more,  
'Tis where the devils always roar.

### H Y M N LXXXV.

*The soul's confidence in God's faithfulness.*

**T**HIS God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,  
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,  
Who knows neither measures nor end.

2 '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.

*H Y M N LXXXVI.*

*To all saints who put their trust in the Lord  
 Jesus Christ.*

**M**Y brethren all remember well,  
 That your sweet Jesus is your all ;  
 Of grace and truth brim full he is,  
 For those who feel their emptiness.

2 Christ is your wisdom, righteousness,  
 Your strength, your holiness and peace,  
 Your head, your hope, your joy also,  
 Your all to God, your all to you.

3 His fulness yours, what can you need ?  
 Nothing but faith thereon to feed ;  
 And faith to you himself will give,  
 Rely on him, and to him live.

4 Then oh ! be free with this your friend,  
 His fulness you can never spend ;  
 Let all your wants be laid on him,  
 And he will fill you to the brim.

5 The more by faith on Christ you live,  
 The more to him your glory give ;  
 The more with Christ your soul is free,  
 The more to him you'll welcome be.

6 Such is his boundless grace and love,  
 He'll joy that you his fulness prove ;

So shall your joy in him be full,  
Who is your everlasting all.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

*Buy the truth, and sell it not.*

**T**HE worth of truth no tongue can tell,  
‘Twill do to buy and not to sell ;  
A large estate that soul has got,  
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth like, a diamond shines most fair,  
More rich than pearls and rubies are—  
More worth than gold and silver coin ;  
O ! may it always in us shine.

3 ‘Tis truth that binds and truth makes free,  
And sets the soul at liberty,  
From sin and Satan’s heavy chain,  
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,  
That doth all freedom else exceed—  
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,  
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O ! happy they who in their youth,  
Arc brought to know and love the truth.  
For none but they whom truth makes free,  
E’er can enjoy true liberty.

6 Truth-like a girdle let us wear,  
And always keep it clean and fair ;  
And never let it once be told,  
The truth by us was ever sold.

## H Y M N LXXXVIII.

*The happy Man.*

**H**APPY the man whose will is bow'd  
 And spirit duly aw'd—  
 Who is resign'd in heart and mind,  
 Unto the will of God.

2 Happy the man that humble is,  
 And doth not one disdain,  
 That ne'er envies nor doth despise  
 One of his fellow men.

3 Happy the man that wears Christ's yoke,  
 And has a lowly mind;  
 Who is not easily provok'd,  
 Great peace then he shall find.

4 Happy the man that is not mov'd,  
 With all the ups and downs;  
 Of this vain world but lives above  
 Its flatteries and frowns.

5 Happy the man that's wing'd with faith,  
 Whose heart is fir'd with love—  
 Who ran and fled to take the prize,  
 That is laid up above.

## H Y M N XC.

*The name of Christ, most sweet.*

**T**HAT name to me sounds ever sweet,  
 Where grace and truth doth always  
 meet,  
 Where right'ousness doth peace embrace,  
 And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting place it is indeed,  
Where mercy meets the sinner's need,  
And opens wide a gracious store,  
Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark ! don't you hear the heav'nly call,  
It foundeth loud, it is to all—  
To high and low, to bond and free,  
That none may say, " 'tis not for me."

4 " Ho ! ev'ry one that thirsts (he cries)  
" Here's wine and milk, and large supplies ;  
" Come now to me and drink your fill,  
" 'Tis free for whosoever will.

5 " Come now receive, I ask no pay,  
" But freely give it all away,  
To all that do my word believe,  
And freely now my grace receive."

## H Y M N XCI.

*God blessed for all things.*

**B**LESSED be God for all,  
For all things here below ;  
For pain, and grief, and joy, and thrall,  
To my advantage grow.

2 Blessed be God for shame,  
For slander and disgrace,  
Welcome reproach for Jesus' name,  
Like flint, Lord set my face.

3 Blessed be God for loss,  
For loss of earthly things ;

For every scourge and every cross

Me nearer Jesus brings.

4 Blessed be God for want,

For want of health and food ;

I live by faith and scorn to faint,

For all things work for good,

5 Blessed be God for pain,

Which tears my flesh like thorns ;

It crucifies my carnal mind,

To God my soul returns.

6 Blessed be God for doubts,

Which he hath overcome ;

My soul in full assurance shouts,

Of being soon at home.

7 Blessed be God for fears,

Of sin and death and hell ;

When Christ who is my life appears,

In glory I shall dwell.

8 Blessed be God for friends,

Blessed be God for foes,

Blessed be God whose gracious ends,

No finite creature knows.

9 Blessed be God for life,

Blessed be God for death,

Blessed be God for joy and grief,

I welcome all through faith.

## H Y M N XCII.

*Christ, the All-sufficient Savior.*

**I** AM that I am,

Saith Christ the dear Lamb ;

- What think ye, O sinners,  
Of this wondrous name ;
- 2 If now you enquire  
With earnest desire,  
And say O to know him,  
Our hearts are on fire—
- 3 My master replies,  
I am will suffice  
Thy wants O poor sinner ;  
Who unto him flies.
- 4 I am to the blind  
The light of the mind ;  
And feet to the cripple,  
And strength shall they find.
- 5 If sin is thy grief,  
I am thy relief ;  
A Savior I am, to  
Poor sinners the chief.
- 6 O sinners, give ear,  
What fulness is here ?  
O ! who would not come to  
A Savior so dear ?
- 7 He saw from his throne,  
Poor sinners undone ;  
And their lives to ransom,  
He gave up his own.
- 8 He came from above,  
The cause to remove ;

And yet shall we slight such  
Unspeakable love ?

9 If we like the Jews,  
His kindness refuse,  
'Tis plain that destruction  
We wilfully chuse.

10 But O ye oppress'd  
Whom sin hath distress'd,  
Come, come unto Jesus,  
And you shall have rest.

11 Methinks one doth cry,  
" Such a sinner am I,  
I dare not, I dare not  
To Jesus draw nigh."

12 Christ answers again,  
Thy doubting refrain,  
Come, come unto me, and  
I'll purge ev'ry stain.

13 Whate'er is thy case,  
Come now and embrace  
My precious salvation,  
And thou shalt have peace."

## H Y M N X C I I I .

*The Wandering Pilgrim.*

**W**ANDRING pilgrims, mourning  
Christians,

Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,  
Who endure great tribulation,  
And with sins are much distress'd :



- Christ has sent me to invite you,  
 To a rich and costly feast ;  
 Let not shame nor pride prevent you,  
 Come, the sweet 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 all your days,  
 Only come to Christ and ask him,  
 He will guide your feet always.
- 3 If your heart is unbelieving,  
 Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,  
 Lay hard by Bethesday waiting,  
 Till the troubled waters move ;  
 If no man appears to help you,  
 All their efforts prove but talk ;  
 Jesus. Jesus he will cleanse you,  
 Rise take up your bed and walk.
- 4 If like Peter you are sinking,  
 In the sea of unbelief ;  
 Wait with patience, always praying,  
 Christ will send you sweet relief ;  
 He will give you grace and glory,  
 All your wants shall be supply'd,  
 Cana'n, Cana'n lies before you,  
 Rise and cross the swelling tide.
- 5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,  
 Christ shall guard you thro' the gloom ;

Down he'll send a heav'nly convoy,  
 To convey you to his home ;  
 There you'll spend your days in pleasure,  
 Free from ev'ry want and care :  
 Come, oh ! come, my blessed Savior,  
 Fain my spirit would be there.

## H Y M N XCIV.

*An Invitation to Sinners.*

**C**OME to the glorious gospel feast  
 Ho ev'ry one that will !  
 O come ye starving souls and taste  
 Those joys that none can tell.

2 Arise ye mortals that are sad  
 And bord'ring on despair,  
 Lo there is balm in Gilead,  
 And a Physician there.

3 Look to the Savior's bleeding side,  
 Behold the purple gore ;  
 It was for wounded souls he dy'd,  
 The sin-sick to restore.

4 Behold him on the cursed tree,  
 With arms extended wide,  
 For sinners such as you and me,  
 The bleeding Savior dy'd.

5 'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,  
 And conquer'd death and hell,  
 That rebels, doom'd to endless death,  
 Might in his bosom dwell.

- 6 Come then receive his grace and tell  
 The wonders of his love ;  
 'Till we arise with him to dwell,  
 In the bright worlds above.
- 7 No sin nor foe shall there annoy,  
 Or wound your peaceful breast ;  
 But boundless love, unmingled joy,  
 And everlasting rest.

## H Y M N XCV.

*Farewell to all but Christ.*

- F**AREWELL vain world, I bid adieu,  
 Your glories I despise ;  
 Your friendship I no more pursue,  
 Your flatt'ries are but lies.
- 2 You promise happiness in vain,  
 Nor can you satisfy ;  
 Your highest pleasures turn to pain,  
 And all your treasures die.
- 3 Had I the Indies, East and West,  
 And riches of the sea ;  
 Without my God I could not rest,  
 For he is all to me.
- 4 Then let my soul rise far above ;  
 By faith I'll take my wing,  
 To the eternal realms of love,  
 Where saints and angels sing.
- 5 There's love and joy that will not waste ;  
 There's treasures that endure ;

There's pleasure that will always last,  
When time shall be no more.

## H Y M N XCVI.

*A Morning Song.*

**L**ORD, in the morning I will send  
My cries, to reach thine ear ;  
Thou art my father and my friend,  
My help forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day,  
Near thee in perfect peace ;  
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,  
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,  
Unless thou be my guide ;  
Warn me of ev'ry foe and snare,  
And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,  
And tread the tempter down ;  
My trust, my hope, joy and relief,  
Shall be in thee alone.

5 Then let my moments smoothly run  
And sing my hours away ;  
'Till ev'ning shades and setting suns  
Conclude in endless day.

## H Y M N XCVII.

*A Morsel for Pilgrims.*

**G**O on ye Pilgrims, while below,  
In the sure paths of peace ;

Determin'd nothing else to know,  
But Jesus and his grace.

2 Observe your leader, follow him;  
He thro' this world has been  
Often revil'd ; but like a Lamb,  
Did ne'er revile again.

3 O take the pattern he has giv'n,  
And love your enemies ;  
And learn the only way to heav'n,  
Thro' self denial lies.

4 Remember you must watch and pray,  
While journeying on the road ;  
Lest you should fall out by the way,  
And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the fruit,  
That feeds the immortal mind ;  
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,  
But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing night and day,  
Your crown is yet before ;  
Defy the trials of your way,  
The storm will soon be o'er.

7 Then you shall reach the promis'd land,  
With all the ransom'd race,  
And join with all the glorious band,  
To sing redeeming grace.

## H Y M N XCVIII.

*Longing for Christ.*

- O** COULD I sing from day to day,  
 A nearness to my God ;  
 Then should my hours glide sweet away,  
 And live upon thy word.
- 2 Lord I desire with thee to live,  
 Anew from day to day ;  
 In joys the world can never give,  
 Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus come and rule my heart,  
 And I'll be wholly thine ;  
 And never, never more depart,  
 For thou art wholly mine.
- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
 And when my flesh dissolves in death,  
 My soul shall love thee more.
- 5 'Thro' boundless grace I then shall spend  
 An everlasting day,  
 In the embraces of my friend,  
 Who took my guilt away.
- 6 That worthy name shall have the praise,  
 To whom all praise is due ;  
 While angels and archangels gaze,  
 On scenes forever new.

## H Y M N XCIX.

*The Backslider returning.*

- O** WHAT a cruel wretch am I,  
 To leave my Jesus so !

- And now without his smiles I lie,  
 And know not where to go.
- 2 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face ;  
 But did not think so soon  
 I should go mourning in distress,  
 And all my comforts gone.
- 3 Not all the glories of this earth,  
 Can do me any good ;  
 My soul abhors all carnal mirth,  
 And groans to find my God.
- 4 O should I see his face again,  
 I'd tell him all my woe,  
 Confess how guilty I have been  
 To leave my Jesus so.
- 5 Then I will clasp him in my arms,  
 And he shall have my heart ;  
 And earth, with all her treach'rous charms,  
 Forever shall depart.

## H Y M N C.

*Complaining, — The good that I would I do not,*  
 Rom. vii. 19.

**I** WOULD, but cannot sing,  
 I would, but cannot pray ;  
 For Satan meets me when I try,  
 And frights my soul away.

2 I would but can't repent,  
 Tho' I endeavor oft ;

This stony heart can ne'er relent,  
'Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would but cannot love,  
Tho' woo'd by love divine ;

No arguments have power to move  
A soul so base as mine,

4 I would, but cannot rest  
In God's most holy will ;

I know what he appoints is best,  
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe !

Then all would easy be ;

I would but cannot—Lord, relieve ;  
My help must come from thee !

6 But if indeed I would,  
Tho' I can nothing do ;

Yet the desire is something good,  
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,  
'Till thine appointed hour,

I was as destitute of will,  
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length,  
The work thou hast begun ?

And with a will afford me strength,  
In all thy ways to run.

## H Y M N C I.

*Apostasy.*—“ Will ye also go away.”

**W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas ! what numbers do !)



Methinks I hear my Savior say,

“ Wilt thou forsake me too ? ”

2 Ah Lord ! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me safe ;

I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,  
To save a wretch like me ;

To whom or whither could I go,  
If I should turn from thee ?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd  
Thou art the Christ of God ;

Who hast eternal life secur'd,  
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,  
Could never reach my case ;

Nor can I hope relief to find,  
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
And bid my fears depart ;

No love but thine can make me bless'd,  
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stir'd,  
If I will also go ?

Yet, Lord relying on thy word,  
I humbly answer No !

## H Y M N CII.

*The Complainer reformed.*

**I** SET myself against the Lord,  
Despis'd his spirit and his word,

And wish'd to take his place ;  
 It vex'd me fore that I must die,  
 And perish too eternally,  
 Or else be sav'd by grace.

2 Of ev'ry preacher I'd complain,  
 One spoke thro' pride and one for gain,  
 Another's learning's small :

This spoke too fast and that too slow,  
 One pray'd too loud and one too low,  
 The other had no call.

3 With no professors could I join,  
 Some dress'd too mean and some too fine,  
 And some did talk too long ;

Some had a tone, some had no gift,  
 Some talk'd so weak and some so swift,  
 That all of them were wrong.

4 I tho't they'd better keep at home,  
 Than to exhort where e'er they come,  
 And tell us of their joys ;

They'd better keep their gardens free  
 From weeds, than to examine me,  
 And vex me with their noise.

5 Kindred and neighbors all were bad,  
 And no true friends were to be had—  
 My rulers were too vile :

At length I was brought for to see,  
 The fault did mostly lie in me,  
 And had done all the while.

6 The horrid loads of guilt and shame,  
 (Being conscious too I was to blame,)

Did wound my frighted soul ;  
 I've sinn'd so much against my God,  
 I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,  
 How can I be made whole ?

7 But there is Balm in Giléad,  
 And a physician to be had,  
 A balsam too most free ;  
 Only believe on God's dear son,  
 Thro' him the victory is won,  
 Christ Jesus dy'd for me.

8 For Christ's free love's a boundless sea ;  
 What ! to expire for such as me ?  
 Yes, 'tis a truth divine ;  
 My heart did melt, my soul o'errun  
 With love, to see what God had done,  
 For souls as mean as mine.

9 Now I can hear a child proclaim  
 The joyful news, and praise the name  
 Of Jesus Christ my king ;  
 I know no sect, Christians are one ;  
 With my complaints I now have done,  
 And God's free grace I sing.

10 Glory to him who gave his Son,  
 To die for crimes which we have done,  
 And made salvation mine ;  
 For as we'd sold ourselves for nought,  
 So without money we are bought,  
 A blessed truth divine.

11 Come saints rejoice in Christ our king,  
 His solemn praises sweetly sing,  
 And tell the world his love ;  
 Sinners invite for to receive  
 Of God's free grace, and not to grieve  
 The holy sacred dove.

12 All those who do an interest gain,  
 In the blest'd Lamb that once was slain,  
 Will surely happy be ;  
 Their loud hosannas they shall raise,  
 A monument of God's high praise,  
 To all eternity.

### H Y M N CIII.

*Self-denial : or taking up the Cross.*

Mark, viii. 38. Luke, ix, 26.

**A** SHAM'D of Christ—my soul disdains  
 The mean ungenerous thought ;  
 Shall I disown that friend whose blood  
 To man salvation brought ?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,  
 From heaven to earth he came ;  
 For us endur'd the painful cross,  
 For us despis'd the shame.

3 At his command we must take up  
 Our cross without delay ;  
 Our lives, and thousand lives like ours,  
 His love can ne'er repay.

4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views  
 With infinite delight ;

Their lives to him are dear, their deaths  
Are precious in his fight.

5 To bear his name, his cross to bear !  
Our highest honor this !

Who nobly suffers now for him,  
Shall reign with him in bliss.

6 But should we in the evil day,  
From our profession fly,  
Jesus the judge, before the world,  
The traitor will deny.

### H Y M N CIV.

*The Pearl of great Price.*—Mat. xiii. 46.

**Y**E 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 specious baits of sense ;—

Inestimable worth appears,  
The pearl of price immense !

3 Jesus to multitudes unknown,  
O name divinely sweet !

Jesus on 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.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
Of this dear gift possess'd,  
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
And be forever bless'd.

6 Dear sov'reign of my soul's desires,  
Thy love is bliss divine;  
Accept, the wish that love inspires,  
And bid me call thee mine.

H Y M N C V.

*Not asham'd of Christ.*

**A** SHAM'D of Jesus! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend,  
No! when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.

2 Asham'd 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.

3 '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 asham'd of me.

4 (His institutions would I prize,  
Take up my cross—the shame despise,  
Dare to defend his noble cause,  
And yield obedience to his laws.)

## H Y M N C V I.

*On Israel's Fall.*

- D**OES it not grief and wonder move,  
 To think of Israel's dreadful fall,  
 Who needed miracles to prove,  
 Whether the Lord was God or Baal.
- 2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,  
 His features glow with love and zeal,  
 In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,  
 And makes to heav'n his great appeal.
- 3 O God if I thy servant am,  
 If 'tis thy message fills my heart,  
 Now glorify thy holy name,  
 And shew this people who thou art.
- 4 He spoke, and lo! a sudden flame,  
 Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone,  
 The people struck, at once proclaim,  
 "The Lord is God, the Lord alone."
- 5 Like him we mourn an awful day,  
 When more for Baal than God appear,  
 Like him, believers, let us pray,  
 And may the God of Ifr'el hear.
- 6 Lord if thy servant speaks the truth,  
 If he indeed is sent by thee,  
 Confirm the word to all our youth,  
 And let them thy salvation see.
- 7 Now may the spirit's holy fire,  
 Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word,

Consume each hurtful vain desire,  
And make them know, thou art the Lord.

## H Y M N CVII.

*The Coronation of Christ.*

**A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall:

Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from the altar call,

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Isr'els race,  
A remnant weak and small,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget,  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Young men and old who know his love,  
Who feel your sin and thrall,  
Now joy with all the hosts above,  
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.



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

## H Y M N CVIII.

*The Preacher's Farewell.*

**B**RETHREN, I bid you all farewell,  
 And from my very heart,  
 Affectionately I do tell,

That you and I must part.

2 And if I see you not again,  
 I trust that I can say,

My labor shall not be in vain,  
 That I have spent this day.

3 I trust I can to record call,  
 All you that hear me now,

I have declar'd God's counsels all,  
 As he did me endow.

4 I now depart, I leave you here,  
 I leave you with the Lord,

And may we all henceforth appear,  
 To be of one accord.

5 And if we never meet again,  
 While we on earth remain,

O may we meet on Canaan's shore,  
 And never part again.

6 There we shall join to sing God's praise,  
 And all his wonders tell,

And triumph in his holy ways,  
 So brethren fare you well.

## H Y M N C I X.

*The Christian's Warrant.*

**T**HO' troubles assail and dangers affright,  
 Tho' friends all should fail and foes all  
 unite,

Yet one thing secures us whatever beside,  
 The promise 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 fairs, what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd  
 So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We all may like ships, by tempests be tost  
 On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost :  
 Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide.  
 Yet scripture engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we'll obey, like Abra'am of old,  
 We know not the way, but faith makes us  
 bold ;

For tho' we are strangers we have a sure 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 (tho' oft he has try'd)  
 This heart cheering promise, the Lord will  
 provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain  
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;

But when such suggestions our graces have  
 try'd,  
 This answers all questions, the Lord will pro-  
 vide.

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

Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' dear name ;  
 In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,  
 The Lord is our pow'r, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace and death is in view,  
 The word of his grace shall comfort us thro'  
 Nor fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our  
 side,

We hope to die shouting, the Lord will pro-  
 vide.

## H Y M N CX.

*The attraction of the Cross.*—John, xii. 32.

**Y**ONDER—amazing sight ! I see  
 Th' incarnate Son of God,  
 Expiring on th' accursed tree,  
 And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run  
 Down from his hands and head !  
 The crimson tide puts out the sun—  
 His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,  
 Proclaim the truth aloud,  
 And with th' amaz'd Centur'on cry,  
 " This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,  
 May well my hope revive ;  
 If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,  
 The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine,  
 Might draw me, Lord to thee ;  
 Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine,  
 Thine it shall ever be.

H Y M N CXI.

*Precious Promises.*—2 Peter, iii. 4.

**H**OW 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 ev'ry condition, in sickness and health,  
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
 At home and abroad, on land or at sea,  
 As thy days may demand, shall thy strength  
 ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-  
 may'd,

I, I am thy God, and still will give thee aid ;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
 to stand,

Upheld by my right'ous, omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to  
 go,

The rivers of woe, shall not thee overflow,

For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress:

5 When thro' fi'ry trials thy path, way shalt  
lie,

My grace, all sufficient shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age, all my people shall  
prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love :  
And when hoary hair shall their temples adorn  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be  
borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for re-  
pose,

I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;  
'That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to  
shake,

I'll never—no never—no never forsake.

## H Y M N CXII.

*Pleading with God under affliction.*

**W**HY should a living man complain,  
Of deep distress within ;  
Since ev'ry sigh and ev'ry pain,  
Is but the fruit of sin.

2 No Lord, I'll patiently submit,  
Nor ever dare rebel ;

Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,  
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,  
 And beat upon my soul ;  
 One trouble to another cries,  
 Billows on billows roll,

4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,  
 My ship-wreck'd soul is tost ;  
 'Till I am tempted in despair,  
 To give up all for lost.

5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look,  
 Once more to thee, my God ;  
 O fix my soul upon a rock,  
 Beyond the raging flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face,  
 Would set my heart at ease,  
 One all creating word of grace,  
 Will make the tempest cease.

## H Y M N CXIII.

*The Gospel Trumpet.*

**H**ARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds,  
 Thro' all the world the echo bounds,  
 And Jesus Christ's redeeming blood  
 Is bringing sinners home to God,  
 And guides him safely by his word  
 to endless day.

2 Hail all victorious, conqu'ring Lord,  
 By all the heav'nly hosts ador'd,  
 Who undertook for fallen man,  
 And bro't salvation thro' thy name,  
 That we with thee might live and reign  
 in endless day.

3 Fight on ye conqu'ring 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 Thro' storms and calms by faith we steer,  
 By feeble hopes and gloomy fears,  
 'Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,  
 Where sin and sorrow are more,  
 We shout our trials there all o'er  
 to endless day.

6 Then we shall in sweet chorus join,  
 With saints and angels all combine,  
 To sing of his redeeming love,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move,  
 And this shall be our theme above  
 in endless day.

## H Y M N CXIV.

*A word of comfort to the Lambs of Christ.*

**B**LESS'D be my God that I was born,  
 To hear the joyful sound;  
 That I was born to be baptiz'd  
 Where gospel truths abound.

- 2 Bless'd be my God for what I see,  
 My God for what I hear;  
 I hear such blessed news from heav'n,  
 Nor earth, nor hell I fear.
- 3 I hear my Lord for me was born,  
 My Lord for me did die,  
 My Lord for me did rise again,  
 And did ascend on high.
- 4 On high he stands to plead my cause,  
 And will return again:  
 And set me on a glorious throne,  
 That I with him may reign.
- 5 Glory to God the Father be,  
 Glory to God the son,  
 Glory to God the holy ghost,  
 Glory to God alone.

### H Y M N CXV.

*Soul thirstings from Heaven.*

- S**TILL out of the deepest abyss  
 Of trouble I mournfully cry;  
 And pine to recover my peace,  
 And see my Redeemer and die.
- I cannot, I cannot forbear  
 These passionate longings for home;  
 O! when shall my spirits be there;  
 O! when will the messenger come.
- 2 Thy nature I long to put on,  
 Thine image on earth to regain:  
 And then in the grave to lay down,  
 This burden of body and pain.



O! Jesus in pity draw near,  
 And lull me to sleep on thy breast,  
 Appear to my rescue, appear  
 And gather me into thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in  
 The arms of thy mercy display,  
 And give me to rest from all sin,  
 And bear me triumphant away ;  
 Away from a world of distress,  
 Away to the mansions above ;  
 A heaven of seeing thy face—  
 A heaven of feeling thy love.

*H Y M N CXVI.*

*A Parting Hymn.*

**L**ORD dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Send it to us from above ;  
 May we all go home a praising,  
 And rejoicing in thy love ;  
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,  
 'Till we all shall meet above.

2 Pardon Lord now all our follies,  
 While together we have been ;  
 Make us humble make us holy,  
 Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin,  
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,  
 'Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy presence, Lord go with us,  
 To each one's respective home ;  
 And the presence of our Jesus,  
 Rest upon us ev'ry one ;

Farewell brethren farewell sisters,  
 'Till we all shall meet at home.

H Y M N CXVII.

*Prayer answered by Crosses.*

- I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow,  
 In faith, and love, and every grace,  
 Might more of his salvation know,  
 And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
 And he I trust has answer'd prayer ;  
 But it has been in such a way,  
 As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,  
 At once he'd answer my request ;  
 And by his love's constraining power,  
 Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
 The hidden evils of my heart ;  
 And let the angry powers of hell  
 Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yet more, with his own hand he seem'd  
 Intent to aggravate my woe ;  
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,  
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd,  
 Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?  
 "'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,  
 I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 These inward trials I employ,  
 From self and pride, to set thee free ;  
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
 That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

H Y M N CXVIII.

*Difficulties in the way of duty surmounted.—*

Hinder me not.—Gen. xxiv. 56.

**W**HEN Abram's servant to procure  
 A wife for Isaac went,  
 He met Rebekah—told his wish,—  
 Her parents gave consent:

2 Yet for ten days, they urg'd the man,  
 His journey to delay :

Hinder me not, he quick reply'd,  
 Since God hath crown'd my way.

3 'Twas thus I cry'd when Christ the Lord,  
 My soul to him did wed ;

Hinder me not, nor friends, nor foes,  
 Since God my way hath sped.

4 Stay, says the world, and taste a while,  
 My ev'ry pleasant sweet ;

Hinder me not, my soul replies,  
 Because the way is great.

5 Stay, Satan, my old master cries,  
 Or force shall thee detain ;

Hinder me not, I will be gone,  
 My God has broke thy chain:

6 In all my Lord's appointed ways,  
 My journey I'll pursue ;

Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,  
For I must go with you.

7 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes ;

Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
Tho' earth and hell oppose.

8 Thro' duty, and through trials too,  
I'll go at his command ;

Hinder me not, for I am bound,  
To my Immanuel's land.

9 And when my Savior calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be ;

Hinder me not, come welcome death,  
I'll gladly go with thee.

### H Y M N CXIX.

*Godly sorrow, arising from the sufferings of Christ.*

**A** LAS ! and did my Savior bleed ?  
And did my sov'reign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred head,  
For such a worm as I ?

#### CHORUS.

Thanks to the Lamb, the loving Lamb,  
Who dy'd on Calvary ;

The Lamb was slain, from heav'n he came,  
To bleed and die for me :

The Lamb was slain, yet lives again,  
To intercede for me.

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine,  
And bath'd in its own blood,

While all expos'd to wrath divine,  
The glor'ous sufferer stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groan'd upon the tree ?

Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,

When God the mighty maker dy'd  
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay,  
The debt of love I owe ;

Here, Lord, I give my self away,  
'Tis all that we can do.

*H Y M N CXX.*

*The Brethren's Farewell.*

**B**RETHREN farewell, I do you tell,  
That you and I must part ;

I go away, and here you stay,  
But still you join in heart.

2 Your love to me has run most free,  
Your conversation sweet ;

How could I bare to journey where  
With you I cannot meet.

3 But still I find, my heart's inclin'd  
To do my work below ;

When Christ doth call, I trust I shall  
Be ready for to go.

4 I leave you all, both great and small,  
In Christ's encircled arms ;

Who will you save from death and th' grave,  
And shield you from all harm.

5 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,  
And keep your garments white ;

For you and me, that we may be  
The Children of the light.

6 If you go first, amen you must,  
The will of God be done ;

I hope the Lord will you reward,  
With an immortal crown.

7 If I'm call'd home while I am gone,  
Indulge no tears for me ;

I hope to sing and praise my king,  
To all eternity.

8 I long to go, so farewell woe,  
My soul shall be at rest ;

No more shall I complain or sigh,  
But be forever blest.

9 O may we meet and be complete,  
And long together dwell ;

And serve the Lord with one accord,  
So brethren all farewell.

## H Y M N CXXI.

*The Youth's Resolution.*

**W**HILE I am blest with youthful bloom,  
I will adore the Sacred Lamb

- That bled and dy'd for me ;  
 If God inspire my heart with grace,  
 And lets me see his shining face,  
 A pilgrim I will be.
- 2 I'll leave this world with all its toys,  
 And seek those far superior joys,  
 That do in Jesus dwell ;  
 If Jesus be my God and king,  
 Immortal triumph I will sing,  
 O'er all the pow'rs of hell.
- 3 A frowning world I will defy,  
 And all those flatt'ring charms deny,  
 If Jesus stands my friend :  
 Not long I have this storm to stand,  
 On this ensnaring barren land ;  
 My conflict soon will end.
- 4 Jesus my friend, my cause will plead,  
 Conduct my steps, supply my need,  
 And never let me fall ;  
 Jesus will all my foes destroy—  
 Will be my life, my strength, my joy ;  
 Jesus is all in all.
- 5 With joy I'll spend my fleeting days,  
 To sound abroad his heav'nly praise,  
 And tell the world his love ;  
 And when I quit this mortal stage,  
 I shall in sacred strains engage,  
 Among the saints above.
- 6 Where I shall with my Jesus dwell,  
 In joys beyond what tongue can tell,

On that immortal shore ;  
 Jesus my love shall be my joy,  
 His praises be my sweet employ,  
 And part from him no more.

## H Y M N CXXII.

### U N I T Y.

- L** ET strife forever cease,  
 And envy quit the field,  
 Come join and live in love and peace,  
 And to the gospel yield.
- 2 Let bitter words no more,  
 Among the saints remain ;  
 Let ev'ry member ev'ry hour,  
 Submit to Jesus' reign.
- 3 One Lord we have to fear,  
 One faith we all confess ;  
 To the same baptism adhere,  
 And magnify free grace.
- 4 Then why should we contend,  
 For meat and drink and dress,  
 And crucify the Lord again,  
 And pierce his wounds afresh.
- 5 When bitter words arise,  
 Then Satan has his ends ;  
 We wound the heart and hands of Christ,  
 Amidst his chosen friends.
- 6 No more we'll feel the flame,  
 Nor judge ourselves too wise ;



But search with care to find the beam,  
That lurks within our eyes.

7 Unto the world we prove,  
That we disciples are ;  
They shall behold us walk in love,  
And say the Lord is there.

8 Then we will live like those  
Who now agree in love ;  
And when our eyes by death shall close,  
We'll join with them above.

## H Y M N CXXIII.

### *The Christian's Noblest Resolution.*

**A** H ! wretched souls, who strive in vain,  
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !  
A nobler toil may I sustain,  
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,  
With all my powers to serve the Lord ;  
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O ! be his service all my joy,  
Around let my example shine,  
Till others love the bless'd employ,  
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,  
My solemn my determin'd choice,  
To yield to his supreme control,  
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,  
 Nor wandering leave his sacred ways ;  
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
 And give me strength to love thy praise.

## H Y M N CXXIV.

### *The Christian's Warfare.*

**M**Y Captain sounds the alarm of war,  
 "Awake, the powers of hell are near !"  
 "To arms ! to arms !" I hear him cry,  
 'Tis your's to conquer, or to die.

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,  
 I cast my eager eyes around ;  
 Made haste to gird my armor on,  
 And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,  
 Thy word, my God, the sword I wield ;  
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,  
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd I venture on the fight :  
 Resolv'd to put my foes to flight :  
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread  
 His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope in him I trust :  
 His bleeding cross is all my boast :  
 Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on,  
 To vict'ry and the victor's crown.

## H Y M N CXXV.

*I will not let thee go except thou bless me—*

Gen. xxxii. 26.

**L**ORD I cannot let thee go,  
 'Till a blessing thou bestow ;  
 Do not turn away thy face,  
 Mine's an urgent pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?  
 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name !  
 Yet a question gives a plea,  
 To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
 In rebellion blindly bold,  
 Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,  
 That poor rebel, Lord was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair,  
 Sought thy mercy seat by prayer ;  
 Mercy heard and set him free,  
 Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have past since then,  
 Many changes I have seen ;  
 Yet have been upheld till now,  
 Who could hold me up but thou ?

6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,  
 This emboldens me to plead ;  
 After so much mercy past,  
 Can'st thou let me sink at last ?

7 No—I must maintain my hold ;  
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold,  
 I can no denial take,  
 When I plead for Jesus' sake.

## H Y M N CXXVI.

*The Sinner's self reflection.*

**A** H Lord ! ah Lord ! what have I done ?  
 What will become of me ?  
 What shall I say, what shall I do ?  
 Or whither shall I flee ?

2 By wand'ring I have lost myself,  
 And here I make my moan :  
 O whither, whither have I stray'd !  
 Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

3 Thy candle searches all my rooms,  
 And now I plainly see,  
 The num'rous sins of earth and hell  
 Are summed up in me.

4 The seeds of all the ills that grow,  
 Are in my garden sown,  
 And multitudes of them are sprung ;  
 Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

5 I have been Satan's willing slave,  
 And his most easy prey :  
 He was not readier to command  
 Than I was to obey :

6 Or, if at times he left my soul,  
 Yet still his works went on :

I was a tempter to myself ;  
 Ah, Lord ! what have I done !  
 7 I puft at all the threats of heav'n,  
 And slighted all its charms :  
 Nor Satan's fetters would I leave  
 For Christ's inviting arms.  
 8 I had a foul but priz'd it not ;  
 And now my foul is gone,  
 My forced cries do pierce the skies ;  
 Ah, Lord ! what have I done !

H Y M N CXXVII.

*The Pilgrim's mutual Conference.*

**H**AIL ! happy Pilgrims, whence came ye  
 And whither are you bound ?  
 Who from the land of Egypt flee,  
 'Tis Cana'n we have found.  
 2 How come ye first to walk this way ?  
 Were you alarm'd with fear ?  
 A fchool-mafter appear'd one day,  
 With countenance fevere :  
 3 His prefence ftruck our hearts with awe ;  
 His eyes appear'd like flame ;  
 I am faid he, the holy law ;  
 And from mount Sinai came.  
 4 Then lo, our fentence he declar'd  
 Was everlasting death :  
 For 'till he had his full demand,  
 We were expos'd to wrath.

- 5 At last a messenger of peace,  
Everlasting by name,  
Appear'd and gave us sweet release,  
From that devouring flame.
- 6 He pointed to the lamb of God,  
In that distressing day,  
And said, behold his precious blood,  
That takes your guilt away.
- 7 Thus were we from our bondage freed,  
And set at liberty ;  
Come then dear brethren, well agreed,  
For thus redeem'd were we.
- 8 Come let us then together walk,  
Together let us sing :  
Be this the subject of our talk,  
To praise the Lamb our King.

## H Y M N CXXVIII.

### *Invitation to Sinners.*

**C**OME sinners to the gospel feast,  
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 "Have me excus'd" why will you say ;  
From health, and life, and liberty ;  
From all that is in Jesus giv'n,  
From pardon, holiness and heav'n.

3 Come then you souls by sin oppress'd,  
Ye weary wand'ers after rest ;

Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 See him set forth before your eyes,  
Behold the bleeding sacrifice ;  
His offer'd love let all embrace,  
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

5 Ye who believe his record true,  
Shall sup with him and he with you ;  
Come to the feast be sav'd from sin,  
For Jesus waits to take you in.

6 This is the time, no more delay ;  
This is the glorious gospel day ;  
Come in this moment at his call,  
And live to him who dy'd for all.

### H Y M N CXXIX.

*Joy in the Holy Ghost.*

**M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,  
My spirit doth rejoice  
In God my Savior and my God,  
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,  
Who have a feast at home ;  
My sighs are turned into songs,  
The comforter is come.

3 Down from above, the blessed dove  
Is come into my breast,  
To witness God's eternal love ;  
This is my heavenly feast.

- 4 This makes me Abba Father cry,  
With confidence of soul ;  
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,  
And that without controul.
- 5 There is a stream which issues forth  
From God's eternal throne,  
And from the Lamb, a living stream,  
Clear as the chrystal stone.
- 6 The streams do water paradise,  
It makes the angels sing :  
One cordial drop revives my heart,  
Hence all my joys do spring.
- 7 Such joys as are unspeakable,  
And full of glory too ;  
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,  
As worldlings do not know.
- 8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,  
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,  
And hast to me reveal'd.
- 9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,  
I taste thy sweetest love ;  
My soul doth leap : But O for wings,  
The wings of Noah's dove.
- 10 Then should I flee, far hence away,  
Leaving this world of sin :  
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,  
And kindly take me in.
- 11 Then should my soul with angels feast,  
On joys that always last ;



Bless'd be my God, the God of joy,  
Who gives me here a taste.

H Y M N CXXX.

*Christians rejoicing in the hope and glory of God.*

**L**O! we are journey'ng home to God,  
Bid by the spirit come ;  
And in the way his children trod,  
We seek our Father's home.

2 We walk a narrow path, and rough,  
And we are tir'd and weak ;  
Yet we shall soon have rest enough,  
In those bless'd courts we seek.

3 Nigh to the country we appear,  
Stor'd with eternal blifs ;  
We know we quickly shall be there,  
In sight our city is.

4 Upon Mount Zion's distant top,  
A Lamb, our eyes behold ;  
'Tis Jesus, look ye children up,  
He calls us to his fold.

5 We see him with his raiment red,  
As tho' besmear'd with blood,  
As newly slain he stands ; he bled,  
Us to redeem to God.

6 About him clad with snowy vests,  
Appears a countless throng ;  
These are his saints, his kings, his priests,  
Who sing th' eternal song.

7 How blest, how more than happy these,  
 Who thus their Lord attend;  
 We, brethren, in their hosts shall praise,  
 We soon shall there ascend.

## H Y M N CXXXI.

*Delight of Praise for the Holy Scriptures.*

**I** BLESS the Lord,  
 Who gives his word,  
 To rule and guide me right;  
 To hear him say,  
 Love and obey,  
 Affords supreme delight.

2 A holy joy,  
 Without alloy,  
 With sacred transport flows,  
 From truth divine,  
 I feel it mine,  
 To give my soul repose.

3 With sacred love,  
 My passions move,  
 I burn with strong desire;  
 With holy aim,  
 And inward flame,  
 I feel my soul on fire.

4 By grace refin'd,  
 My soul inclin'd,  
 Shall consecrate my days,  
 As due to none  
 But God alone,  
 And give him all the praise.

## H Y M N CXXXII.

*Longing after Christ.*

**C**OMPANIONS of thy little flock,  
 Dear Lord, we fain would be ;  
 Our helpless hearts to thee look up,  
 To thee, our Shepherd see.

2 O might we lean upon that breast,  
 Which love and pity fill,  
 And now become those lambs carest,  
 That in thy bosom dwell.

3 How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand  
 Which leads to pastures fair,  
 Shews Cana'n's milk and honey land,  
 Lot of thy flock so dear.

4 Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly call,  
 Directly come who will,  
 Just as you are ; for Christ receives  
 Poor helpless sinners still.

5 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls ;  
 Grace keeps us only pure ;  
 And O ! that nothing else but grace  
 May rule for evermore.

6 As one in heart, let's all rejoice  
 The sinner's friend to praise ;  
 The Shepherd died ; Oh ! 'tis his voice ;  
 He'll us to glory raise.

## H Y M N CXXXIII.

*Meat and Drink indeed.*

**T**O-day Immanuel feeds his sheep,  
 The purchase of his blood ;  
 To-day Jehovah keeps a feast,  
 For all the sons of God.

2 The bread of God is freely giv'n,  
 The food for saints above ;  
 The living bread sent down from heav'n,  
 The fruit of pard'ning love.

3 Lo ! Christ our shepherd, gave us life,  
 To answer all our need ;  
 His body crucifi'd, is meat,  
 His blood is drink indeed.

4 Ye hungry, thirsty souls draw near,  
 And living bread receive ;  
 Taste the provisions of your God,  
 And freely eat and live.

## H Y M N CXXXIV.

ANOTHER.

**A**RISE, my soul, with wonder see  
 What love divine for thee hath done ;  
 Behold thy sorrow, sin and grief,  
 Are laid on God's eternal Son.

2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and grief flow mingling down ;  
 Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet,  
 Or ~~such~~ compose so bright a crown ?

2 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## H Y M N CXXXV.

*The remembrance of Christ in the Supper.*

**C**HRI<sup>S</sup>T in that night he was betray'd,  
 Took bread, gave thanks, it break and  
 My broken body here you see, (said,  
 Take, eat it, and remember me.

2 Thus also, he the cup did take;  
 Here's sealing blood shed for your sake,  
 Which doth my test'ment ratify;  
 Let all drink and remember me.

3 Your pardon, with what's for your good,  
 Is purchas'd with my dearest blood:  
 My blood to you makes pardon free;  
 In drinking then remember me.

4 For hungry souls here's manna rare,  
 God sends from heaven for your fare;  
 This manna falls now plenteously;  
 In eating then remember me.

5 Here God sits on a throne of grace;  
 Where sinful man may see his face;  
 My blood procures your access free,  
 In drinking then remember me.

6 See here the tree of life with fruit,  
 And leaves which heal, and strength recruit.

These I shake down poor soul to thee ;  
 Eat freely and remember me.

7 See Jacob's ladder here set up,  
 A covenanting God at top ;  
 Climb and God will transact with thee,  
 In doing this remember me.

8 Hence runs of life the river pure,  
 Which our souls' wounds doth cleanse and  
 cure,  
 It freely runs to all you see :  
 Drink by faith, and remember me.

## H Y M N CXXXVI.

### *Marriage Hymn.*

**L** ORD, from thy throne of flowing grace  
 Thy choicest blessing give ;  
 And on thy servants cause thy face  
 To shine, and they shall live.

2 Enrich them with thy heav'nly grace,  
 Unite their hearts in love ;  
 May they, in all thy holy ways,  
 To thee themselves approve.

3 Let harmony and holy love,  
 And friendship ever run,  
 Thro' all their thoughts and life to prove,  
 Of twain they now are one.

4 Allure them, Jesus ! with thy charms,  
 And joyfully they'll flee,  
 By faith and love into thine arms,  
 And thus be one in thee.

5 Adorn their house, adorn their ways,  
 With fruit, divinely fair ;  
 So in this world they'l shew thy praise,  
 In th' next thy glory share.

## H Y M N CXXXVII.

*The Beggar's Prayer.*

**E**NCOURAG'D by thy word  
 Of promise to the poor,

Behold a beggar, Lord,  
 Waits at thy mercy-door ;  
 No hand, no heart, dear Lord but thine,  
 Can help, or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,  
 Relief from men to gain,

If offer'd unto thee

I know thou wouldst disdain :  
 But those which move thy gracious ear,  
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say  
 That tho' I now am poor,

Yet once there was a day  
 When I possessed more ;

Thou knowest from my very birth  
 I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess,  
 As beggars often do,

Tho' great is my distress,  
 My faults have been but few :

If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,  
It would be what I should deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend

I never begg'd before,  
And if thou now befriend,  
I'll trouble thee no more ;

Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,  
And I must often come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good

For such a wretch as I,  
No less than children's food,  
My soul can satisfy :

O do not frown and bid me go ;  
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be

Thy bounties to conceal  
From others, who like me,  
Their wants and hunger feel :  
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,  
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy ways, thou only wise,

Our thot's and ways transcend,  
Far as the arched skies

Above this earth extend :  
Such pleas as mine, men would not hear,  
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

## H Y M N CXXXVIII.

*Composed on the death of a Wife.*

**H**OW vain are the pleasures of time,  
How fond are vain mortals of life,



- There's nought of the heav'nly sublime,  
 There's nought but confusion and strife,
- 2 My bride, the dear wife of my youth,  
 Lies panting and gasping for breath,  
 More pleas'd with the beauties of truth,  
 And blest'd in th' embraces of death.
- 3 Her struggles are long and severe,  
 While struggling and coughing, she smiles,  
 Sa'ing, Jesus has made me his care,  
 I soon shall forget all my toils.
- 4 She calls for the chariot of Christ,  
 How slowly it moves on the way,  
 How long, my Lord Jesus, she cries,  
 How long have I here, yet to stay?
- 5 Yet Jesus is faithful to me,  
 He pities the pain I now feel;  
 I shall not outstay his decree,  
 He gives me his love as his seal.
- 6 Farewell my dear husband, says she,  
 Now from your kind bosom I leap,  
 With Jesus my bridegroom to be.  
 My flesh in the cold tomb shall sleep.
- 7 And thus she continu'd to cry  
 For patience to wait for the word,  
 Till from us she leap'd and did fly,  
 Forever to dwell with the Lord.
- 8 Now like a disconsolate dove,  
 I'm left all alone here to mourn;  
 O may the kind powers above  
 Shew pity to me while alone.

- 9 I look through the rooms of my house,  
 Each door on its hinges doth turn,  
 While searching I find not my spouse,  
 Nor will she to me e'er return.
- 10 How lonesome my table to me,  
 How empty the place where she sat,  
 What lonesome devotion I pay,  
 Where together so happy we met.
- 11 And still for to heighten my grief,  
 My sons, a kind mother have lost,  
 They can't go to her for relief,  
 O may they in God put their trust.
- 12 And shall I indulge my complaint,  
 And tell you how lonesome my bed ;  
 And try all my feelings to paint,  
 And fix to each note a dark shade ?
- 13 There's none that can learn my complaint  
 Unless it is stamp'd on his heart ;  
 Not all that gay heathens can paint,  
 Can tell how true lovers do part.
- 14 But those who have lost their best part,  
 Torn from them still leaving the wound,  
 May guess how I feel at my heart,  
 And notes of this kind can be found.
- 15 My passions will lead me too far ;  
 My grief I will leave with the Lord,  
 I trust I shall shortly go where  
 Vain passion can't lead from his word.
- 16 My lyric I now will conclude,  
 And pleas'd with the thro'ts of release.

From troubles that do me surround,  
To dwell in the regions of peace.

17 While I think of concluding my song,  
Methinks she bends downwards her wings  
And whispers you're not to stay long,  
You'll shortly come home to our king.

18 She now views more wonders at once,  
Than ages on earth can relate,  
From nation to nation she runs,  
Then mounts to the heavenly feat.

19 There waiting for further commands,  
At length she's directed to fly  
To further inhabited lands,  
New glories and wonders to spy.

20 And while she their beauties beholds,  
She having her lyre well strung,  
Mounts up in the chariots of gold,  
And strikes an eternal new song.

21 How long my dear Jesus, how long,  
Ere I shall come home to my king,  
And join that eternal new song,  
And with my kind Esther to sing?

22 It is but a moment or two,  
I have in this world for to stay,  
Before I shall leap and must go  
To sing in the regions of day.

23 With patience I'll wait for the morn,  
Nor think the dark moments are long,

Until my Lord Jesus return.  
Then join the angelical song.

## H Y M N CXXXIX.

*On the great duty of Prayer.*

**W**HAT various hindrances we meet,  
In coming to the mercy seat;  
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r  
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darkeſt clouds withdraw,  
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob ſaw;  
Gives exerciſe to faith and love,  
Brings ev'ry bleſſing from above.

3 Reſtraining pray'r, we ceaſe to fight:  
Pray'r makes the chriſtian armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he ſees  
The weakeſt ſaint upon his knees.

4 When Moſes ſtood with arms ſpread wide,  
Success was found on Iſr'el's ſide;  
But when through wearineſs they fail'd,  
That moment Amcleck prevail'd,

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creatures' ears  
With the ſad tale of all your cares.

6 Were half our breath, thus vainly ſpent,  
To heav'n in ſupplication ſent,  
Our cheerful ſongs would often be,  
Hear what the Lord has done for me,

## H Y M N CXL.

*The work of a Minister.*

**B**EFORE thy throne Eternal King,  
 Thy ministers their tribute bring;  
 Their tribute of united praise,  
 For heav'nly news and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquest of thy sword,  
 And publish loud thy healing word;  
 While angels sound thy glorious name,  
 Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem,  
 Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme,  
 And while we feel thy heav'nly love,  
 We burn like seraphims above.

4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise,  
 With us an equal song of praise;  
 They are the noblest work of God,  
 But we the purchase of his blood.

5 Still in thy work would we abound,  
 Still prune the vine or plow the ground;  
 Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,  
 And watch them with unweari'd heed.

6 Thou art our Lord, our life our love,  
 Our care below, our crown above;  
 Thy praise shall be our blest employ,  
 Thy presence our eternal joy.

## HYMN CXLI.

*Christ's Crucifixion.*

- J**ESUS drinks the bitter cup,  
 The wine press treads alone,  
 Tears the graves and mountains up,  
 By his expiring groan :  
 Lo ! the pow'rs of heaven he shakes,  
 Nature in convulsion lies,  
 Earth's profoundest centre quakes,  
 The great Jehovah dies.
- 2 Dies the glorious cause of all,  
 The true eternal plan,  
 Falls to raise us from our fall,  
 To ransom sinful man ;  
 Well may Sol withdraw his light,  
 With the sufferer sympathize,  
 Leave the world in sudden night,  
 While his Creator dies.
- 3 O my God, he dies for me,  
 I feel the mortal smart !  
 See him hanging on a tree,  
 A sight that breaks my heart !  
 O that all to thee might turn ;  
 Sinners ye may love him too ;  
 Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn  
 For one who bled for you.
- 4 Weep o'er your desire and hope  
 With tears of humblest love ;  
 Sing for Jesus is gone up,  
 And reigns enthron'd above ;

Lives our head to die no more,  
 Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,  
 Worship'd as he was before,  
 'The immortal King of heav'n.

*H Y M N CXLII.*

*Christ's Ascension.*

**H**AIL the day that sees him rise,  
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;  
 Christ a while to mortals giv'n,  
 Re-ascends his native heaven.

'There the pompous triumph waits;  
 "Lift up your heads, eternal gates!  
 "Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
 "Take the King of glory in!"

2 Him tho' highest heaven receives,  
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;  
 Tho' returning to his throne,  
 Still he calls the world his own;  
 Still for us he intercedes,  
 Prevalent his death he pleads;  
 Next himself prepares our place,  
 Harbinger of human race.

3 Master (may we ever say)  
 Taken from our head to day;  
 See thy faithful servants, see,  
 Ever gazing upon thee!  
 Grant, tho' parted from our sight:  
 High above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,  
 Wafted on the wings of love ;  
 Looking, when our Lord shall come  
 Longing, gasping after home ;  
 There we shall with thee remain,  
 Partners of thine endless reign,  
 There thy face unclouded see,  
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

### H Y M N CXLIII.

*For a person under temptation.*

**J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high ;  
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past :  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee—  
 Leave, oh ! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me ;  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All mine help from thee I bring,  
 Cover my defenceless head,  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
 More than all in thee I find :  
 Raise the fallen, 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 I 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,  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

*H Y M N CXLIV.*

*The Christian's complaint, and prayer for the  
 Impenitent.*

**A**H ! woe is me, constrain'd to dwell  
 Among the sons of night :  
 Poor sinners dropping into hell,  
 Who hate the gospel light :  
 Wild as the untam'd Arab's race,  
 Who from their Savior fly ;  
 And trample on his pard'ning grace,  
 And all his threats defy.

2 Yet here alas ! in pain I live,  
 Where Satan keeps his seat,  
 And day by day for those I grieve,  
 Who will to sin submit ;  
 With gushing eyes their deeds I see,  
 Their punishment is nigh,  
 I ask with him who ransom'd me,  
 Why will you sin and die ?

3 Jesus, Redeemer of mankind  
 Display thy saving pow'r ;  
 Thy mercy let those outcasts find,  
 To know their gracious hour :  
 Ah! give them Lord a longer space ;  
 Nor suddenly consume,  
 But let them take the proffer'd grace,  
 And flee the wrath to come.

5 Open their eyes and ears to see  
 Thy cross, to hear the cries,  
 Sinner thy Savior weeps for thee,  
 For thee he weeps and dies.  
 All the day long he meekly stands,  
 His rebels to receive ;  
 And shews his wounds, and spreads his hands,  
 And bids you turn and live.

## H Y M N CXLV.

*The Year of Jubilee.*

**B**LOW 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 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of heav'nly grace ;  
 Ye happy souls draw near,  
 Behold your Savior's face ;  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return to your eternal home !

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption in his blood  
Throughout the world proclaim ;  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

H Y M N CXLVI.

*Praise for the hope of Glory.*

**I** SOJOURN in a vale of tears,  
Alas how can I sing !  
My harp doth on the willows hang,  
Distun'd in ev'ry string.

2 My music is a captive's chains ;  
Harsh sounds my ears to fill ;  
How shall I sing sweet Zion's songs,  
On this side Zion's hill ?

3 Yet lo ! I hear the joyful sound,  
Surely I'll quickly come !  
Each word much sweetness doth distil,  
Like a full honey comb.

4 And dost thou come my dearest Lord ?  
And dost thou surely come ?  
And dost thou surely quickly come ?  
Methinks I am at home.

5 Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,  
My sweetest surest friend ;  
Come, for I loath these Kedar tents !  
The fiery chariot send.

6 What have I in this barren land ?  
My Jesus is not here ;

Mine eyes will ne'er be blest until  
My Jesus doth appear.

7 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n  
To get a place for me ;

For 'tis his will, that where he is  
There should his servants be.

8 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,  
Of Canaan's grapes I taste ;

My Lord who sends unto me here,  
Will send for me at last.

9 I have a God that changeth not,  
Why should I be perplext ?

My God that owns me in this world  
Will own me in the next.

10 My dearest friends they dwell above,  
Them will I go to see :

And all my friends in Christ below  
Will soon come after me.

## H Y M N CXLVII.

### *The Sinner's Fear.*

**A**LAS ! for I have seen the Lord,  
With a drawn sword he stood ;  
Now might he sheathe it in my flesh,  
And bathe it in my blood.

2 I've dar'd him with my mighty sins,  
As if he was too slow ;

But now he comes both arm'd and girt,  
As an enraged foe.

3 What shall a guilty sinner do,  
When justice does appear ?

O whither shall I flee from him,  
Whose place is ev'ry where ?

4 As I can neither stand nor fly,  
So neither can I bear

The mighty hand which grinds the rocks,  
And doth foundations tear.

5 My pale, my poor, my trembling soul,  
Does start at ev'ry thing ;

It hourly fears huge hosts of wrath  
From this incensed King.

6 Should he but his commission grant,  
All creatures would engage

Against me as their foe profess'd,  
With an united rage.

7 My fears are just ; I deserve hell,  
And 'tis my proper hire ;

But who can dwell ; O ! who can dwell  
With everlasting fire ?

### H Y M N CXLVIII.

*The unknown World.—Composed on the tolling of  
a Bell.*

**H**ARK ! my gay friends, that solemn toll  
Speaks the departure of a soul !  
'Tis gone, that's all we know—not where,  
Or how th' unbody'd soul doth fare.

2 In that myster'ous world none knows  
But God alone, to whom it goes ;

To whom departed souls return,  
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.

- 3 Oh ! by what glimm'ring light we view  
The unknown world we're hast'ning to !  
God has lock'd up the mystic page,  
And curtain'd darkness round the stage !
- 4 Wise heav'n to render search perplex't,  
Has drawn 'twixt this world and the next  
A dark impenetrable screen,  
All behind which is yet unseen !
- 5 We talk of heav'n, we talk of hell ;  
But what they mean no tongue can tell ;  
Heav'n is the realm where angels, are,  
And hell the *chaos* of despair !
- 6 But what these awful words imply,  
None of us know until we die !  
Whether we will or no, we must  
Take the succeeding world on trust.
- 7 This hour perhaps our friend is well,  
Death struck the next, he cries farewell !  
I die—and then, for ought we see,  
Ceases at once to breathe and be.
- 8 Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore  
Ingulph'd in death, appears no more ;  
Then undirected to repair  
To distant worlds we know not where.
- 9 Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone  
A thousand leagues beyond the sun ;  
Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,  
Ere the forsaken clay is cold !
- 10 And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,  
Tho' dear, may be so far remov'd ;

Only a veil of flesh between,  
Perhaps they watch us tho' unseen.

11 Whilst we their loss lamenting say,  
They're out of hearing, far away;  
Guardians to us perhaps they're near,  
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.


12 And yet no notices they give,  
Nor tell us where or how they live;  
Tho' conscious, whilst with us below,  
How much themselves desir'd to know:

13 As if bound up by solemn fate,  
To tell the secret of their state:  
To tell their joys or pains to none,  
That man might live by faith alone.

14 Well, let my sov'reign, if he please,  
Lock up his marvellous decrees:  
Why should I wish him to reveal  
What he thinks proper to conceal?

15 It is enough that I believe,  
Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive,  
And he that makes it all his care  
To serve God here, shall see him there!

16 But Oh! what worlds shall I survey,  
The moment that I leave this clay!  
How sudden the surprize, how new!  
Let it my God be happy too.



A P P E N D I X.

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I. *The True Christian.*

**A**LL we who have known the Law's  
dreadful sentence,  
Should put on the armor the gospel prepares,  
By faith, love and patience, and living repen-  
tance,  
Commit to the Lord all our causes and cares,  
We'll die to this world, and all its false pleas-  
ures,  
And in our Lord's Kingdom we'll lay up our  
treasure,  
Where safety, and honor, and love without  
measure,  
Invite us to join the blest ensign of life.  
2 Oh! then may I never forget the great  
blessing,  
Of him who hath purchas'd my life with his  
blood,  
And to his great father now makes intercession  
That those who believe may become sons of  
God,  
What tho' while below we do meet with  
temptation,  
Through faith we shall conquer, Oh sweet  
consolation,



For Jesus hath told us thro' great tribulation,  
His servants must enter the Kingdom of  
rest.

3 May each with sincere and unfeign'd reso-  
lution,

Pursue the straight path that our savior hath  
trod,

Nor world, flesh, nor devil can make a disun-  
ion,

Twixt Christ and the soul that is born of God,  
Forfaking this world, and all things that are  
carnal,

Religion that's lukewarm, and lifeless and for-  
mal,

Pursue those bright truths that may last us  
eternal, (fear.

In heav'n where perfect love casteth out

4 My Savior is gone to his kingdom in glory,  
To build me a mansion house there without  
hands,

And my feeble spirit here waits till he call me,  
To sing his loud praises in that promis'd land,

There shall I behold creation's great father,  
Encircled with glorious perfections eternal,

Whom angelic spirits, nor Gabriel can fath-  
om, (due.

Nor Heav'ns high harpers fulfil the praise.

## II. *An Evening Hymn.*

**A** GAIN the circling hours disclose,  
The happy time for sweet repose;

Then let us free from anxious care,  
Address the throne of grace by pray'r

2 Thou great first cause least understood,  
Thou only wise, and great, and good,  
Almighty ruler of the skies,  
Accept our evening sacrifice.

3 With willing hearts, and thankful songs,  
Praise God to whom all praise belongs,  
And for the favors of the day,  
Our gratitude in songs display.

4 That God who said, let there be light,  
And from the ebon throne of night,  
Shot thro' the gloom a vivid ray,  
Hath kept us through another day,

5 Oh ! may these thoughts possess our breast,  
While we on downy pillows rest,  
Each dull desponding murmur cease,  
And every dream, and thought be peace.

### III. *Christian Fellowship.*

WHEN Zion's humble pilgrims meet,  
Their conversation will be sweet ;  
Fashion and faults, envy, and pride,  
And anxious cares are laid aside.

2 Time is too precious to be spent,  
In formal rounds of compliment,  
Their eager spirits wish to know,  
How Zion flourishes below.

3 They mourn their faults with broken hearts;  
Describe the tempter's wiles, and arts,

Then sing how Christ their living head,  
Reclaims the lost, and raise the dead.

4 We'll search his word, and tell its pow'r,  
How it supports us hour by hour,  
Dispels the shades—our souls revive,  
And gives us food to eat and live.

5 This food is light, this food is love,  
'Tis truth descending from above,  
'Tis words of grace from him who reigns  
O'er death, and hell, and broke their chains.

6 Truth, what a base on which to build,  
Truth is the great foundation seal'd ;  
The rock unmov'd though Satan raves,  
Built here, we'll sing amidst the waves.

7 Then let our spirits joyful sing,  
All glory to our conquering King;  
For tho' we're dead, and blind and lame,  
Thro' him we more than victory gain.

IV: *Christ our Life.*

**S**INCE brethren we are one,  
In Jesus Christ our head ;  
The first begotten son,

Who rais'd us from the dead,  
Come let us now our vows renew,  
And holiness' high way pursue.

2 The path is mark'd so plain  
That he that runs may read ;  
Secure from death and pain,  
Who in this way proceed,

Why then in disputations stray,  
 Since Christ hath said I am the way.

3 I am the way to God,  
 The vulture's eye can't see,  
 The lion's whelp ne'er trod,  
 But those who come to me,  
 For he that doth believe in me,  
 From the first sentence, death, is free.

4 The new and living way,  
 In which there is no death ;  
 Then let us praise, and pray,  
 With ev'ry fleeting breath.  
 And on the promise safe rely,  
 Which faith believers shall not die.

V. *What think ye of Christ.*

**W**HAT think ye of Christ ? is the test  
 To try both your state and your  
 scheme ;

You cannot be right in the rest,  
 Unless you think rightly of him ;  
 As Jesus appears in your view,  
 As he is beloved or not,  
 So God is disposed to you,  
 And mercy, or wrath are your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,  
 A man, or an angel at most :  
 Sure these have not feelings like me,  
 Nor know themselves wretched, and lost ;  
 So guilty, so helpless, am I,  
 I durst not confide in his blood ;

Nor on his protection rely,  
Unless I were sure he is God,

3 Some call him a Savior in word,  
But mix their own works with their plan;  
And hope he his help will afford,  
When they have done all that they can;  
If sayings prove rather too light,  
(A little they own they may fail)  
They purpose to make up full weight,  
By casting his name in the scale,

4 Some style him the pearl of great price,  
And say he's the fountain of joys,  
Yet feed upon folly and vice,  
And cleave to the world and its toys;  
Like Judas, the Savior they kiss,  
And while they salute him, betray;  
Ah! what will professions like this  
Avail in his terrible day.

5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think,  
Although my best thoughts are but poor;  
I say he's my meat and my drink,  
My life, and my strength, and my store,  
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,  
My savior from sin, and from thrall,  
My hope from beginning to end,  
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

VI. *Baptismal Hymn.*

**H**OW lowly is the way,  
Our Savior's feet have trod;  
Where Jesus' scepter sways,  
We feel a present God.

His councils mark, his word we prize,  
And bear our cross, the shame despise.

2. When Christ to earth came down  
To be his people's guide ;  
Refus'd an earthly crown,  
And check'd his foll'wers pride ;  
Then mark'd a new and living way,  
To his bright throne in endless day.

3. Beneath old Jordan's flood,  
He meekly laid his head ;  
Thus teaching that his blood  
Has pow'r to raise the dead :  
The holy Spirit like a dove,  
Proclaims, and seals a Father's love.

4. The triune God we see,  
The Father, Spirit, Son,  
United one in three,  
Baptism's right doth own :  
Believers we should follow him,  
And thus put on the christian name,

5. Lord we obey thy call :  
And humbly thus repair :  
Thou sacred all in all,  
O ! hear our earnest pray'r,  
Lord by thy spirit's quick'ning pow'r,  
Rest, and remain from this glad hour.

6. Ye lofty trees whose shade,  
Bend o'er this hallowed brink ;  
And purling streams whose glide,  
Refresh the world with drink,

Let men, and beasts, and floods, and plains,  
Each in their sphere, say Jesus reigns.

7 Yes we will join, and sing,  
With solemn sweet accord;  
Till hill and valley ring,  
Loud praises to the Lord,  
With heart and voice we thus proclaim,  
The captain of salvation reigns.

VII. *Thanks.*

WE thank thy name oh Lord,  
That we are still thy care,  
That thou hast spread the board,  
Again with frugal fare,  
And fed us richly with thy food,  
Oh ! may it do our natures good.

2 Oh ! may our souls be fed,  
With manna from above,  
That pure celestial bread,  
And faith that works by love,  
That we may daily grow in grace.  
And run with joy the heavenly race.

VIII. *Claiming a Blessing.*

ONCE more dear brethren here we meet,  
To fall before the mercy seat;  
And saints whom Jesus deigns to own,  
May claim a blessing from his throne.

2 If we have met in Jesus' name,  
Our wants, our hopes, and prayers the same;

Our savior in the midst will be,  
And make each cloud of darkness flee.

3 A blessing that we can't receive,  
And such alone as God can give ;  
If then to day we stand in want,  
Our Savior promises to grant,

4 Then let us in our needy case,  
Come boldly to the throne of grace ;  
And for those favors that we need,  
Devoutly at the altar plead.

5 Grant us thy blessing while we stay ;  
Bless all the duties of the day ;  
That at the close, with hearts sincere,  
We'll say 'twas good that we were here.

6 Pardon Oh ! Lord our every sin,  
Bless us without, bless us within,  
Forgive our crimes, our country spare,  
And make each house, a house of prayer.

### IX. *The Lamb of God.*

**G**OD of my salvation hear,  
And help me to believe ;  
Humbly do I now draw near,  
Thy blessing to receive ;  
Full of guilt alas ! I am,  
But to thy wounds for refuge flee,  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,  
To thee I lift mine eye ;



Balm of all my grief, and pain,  
 Thy blood is always nigh,  
 Now as yesterday the same,  
 Thou art, and wilt forever be;  
 Friend of sinners, &c.

3 Nothing have I Lord to pay,  
 Or can thy grace procure;  
 Empty send me not away,  
 For thou knowest I am poor,  
 Dust and ashes is my name,  
 My all is sin, and misery;  
 Friend of sinners, &c.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,  
 Bring I to buy thy grace;  
 Pardon I accept unbought,  
 Thy proffer I embrace;  
 Coming as at first I came,  
 To take, and not bestow on thee,  
 Friend of sinners, &c.

5 Savior from thy wounded side,  
 I never will depart;  
 Here will I my spirit hide,  
 When I am pure in heart,  
 Till my place above I claim,  
 This only shall be all my plea,  
 Friend of sinners, &c.

X. *Lord's Day Morning.*

**G**REAT God of boundless might,  
 Accept our morning lays,

And for the favors of the night,  
Receive our humble praise.

2 Let thankful songs arise,  
For this auspicious day,  
Emblem of heav'n when earth and skies  
Shall melt in flames away.

3 This morn our God arose,  
Triumphant from the dead,  
Death, hell, and sin, and all our foes,  
As conquer'd captives led.

4 Lift up your heads, ye gates,  
Ye everlasting doors;  
For lo! he comes in regal state,  
Clad with Almighty power.

5 Who is this glorious King,  
That rises through the air?  
Hark! hear the heavenly arches ring  
The fairest of all fair.

6 The bright, and morning star,  
That bids all darkness cease;  
The wonderful, the counsellor,  
The glorious prince of peace.

7 Since we have met this day,  
Oh may we meet with thee!  
Whether we sing, or praise or pray,  
May we thy glory see.

8 Oh may we see thy power;  
Dead sinners here to raise,  
Sure they will bless the happy hour,  
That taught their tongues thy praise,

9 Then let us join and sing,  
 The praises of our God,  
 The praises of our priest, and king,  
 Who bought us with his blood.

XI. *Gospel Ministers.*

**L**ET it the constant study be,  
 Of him call'd to the ministry;  
 Whom gifts, and grace completely arm,  
 Old Satan's citadel to storm.

2 Regardless of the praise of men,  
 If they approve, or if condemn;  
 Approv'd of God, a workman nam'd  
 That needeth not to be asham'd.

3 Dividing right the word of truth,  
 A part for age, and part for youth;  
 For christians young and old a treat,  
 With milk the first, the last with meat.

4 'Twixt faint and sinner draw a line,  
 The first with radiant crowns shall shine,  
 While those sunk deep in endless night,  
 Confess the sentence just and right.

5 For all shall bow beneath the rod  
 And every tongue confess to God;  
 The law of justice and of grace,  
 Divides at last the human race.

6 Grant we may hear the truth to day,  
 And every soul the call obey,  
 Oh may the thunders of thy word!  
 Awake our souls to praise the Lord.

XII. *Praise to God.*

**T**HOU great first cause of every being;  
 Wisdom power and glory's son;  
 Thine arm sustain thine eye all seeing,  
 Both things past, and things to come,  
 Thou self-sufficient mightest stand,  
 Nor slumb'ring eye, nor wearied hand.

2 Come all who own this God of nature,  
 For your Maker, Lord and King;  
 And ye who trust this mediator,  
 With your hearts his praises sing,  
 Sing him who triumph'd o'er our foes,  
 Spoil'd death, and hell, then conquering rose.

3 When a lost race thou cam'st to purchase,  
 Pay our debt of guilt and thrall,  
 Then death enclos'd thee, hell refounded,  
 Christians mourn'd their shepherd's fall,  
 Then death our great high priest resigned,  
 How impotent all pow'r to thine.

4 Praise him whose love forgives our follies,  
 Shews his pierced hands, and feet,  
 His wounded heart relieves our sorrows,  
 Makes us for his kingdom meet;  
 Praise Father, Son and Spirit three,  
 We'll praise the triune Deity.

XIII. *Saul's Armor.*

**W**HEN first my soul enlisted,  
 My Savior's foes to fight;  
 Mistaken friends insisted,  
 I was not arm'd aright,

So Saul advised David,  
 He certainly would fail ;  
 Nor could his life be saved,  
 Without a coat of Mail.

2 But David tho' he yielded,  
 To put the armor on ;  
 Soon found he could not wield it,  
 And ventur'd forth with none,  
 With only sling and pebble ;  
 He fought the fight of faith ;  
 The weapon seem'd but feeble,  
 Yet prov'd Goliah's death.

3 Had I by him been guided,  
 And quickly thrown away  
 The armor men provided,  
 I might have gain'd the day,  
 But arm'd as they advis'd me,  
 My expectations fail'd,  
 The enemy surpris'd me,  
 And had almost prevail'd.

4 Furnish'd with books and notions,  
 And arguments and pride,  
 I practis'd all my motions  
 And Satan's pow'r defi'd :  
 But soon perceiv'd with trouble,  
 That these would do no good,  
 Iron to them is stubble,  
 And brass like rotten wood.

5 I triumph'd at a distance,  
 While he was out of sight ;

But faint was my resistance,  
 When forc'd to join in fight,  
 He broke my sword in shivers,  
 And pierc'd my boasted shield,  
 Laugh'd at my vain endeavors,  
 And drove me from the field.

6 Satan will not be braved  
 By such a worm as I :  
 Then let me learn with David,  
 To trust in the Most High ;  
 To plead the name of Jesus,  
 And use the sling of pray'r ;  
 Thus arm'd, when satan sees us,  
 He'll tremble, and despair.

#### XIV. *Gideon's Fleece.*

**T**HE signs which God to Gideon gave,  
 His holy sovereignty make known ;  
 That he alone has power to save,  
 And claims the glory as his own.

2 The dew which first the fleece had fill'd,  
 When all the earth was dry around ;  
 Was from it afterwards withheld,  
 And only fell upon the ground.

3 To Israel thus the heav'nly dew,  
 Of saving truth, was long restrain'd ;  
 Of which the gentiles nothing knew,  
 But dry, and desolate remain'd.

4 But now the gentiles have receiv'd  
 The balmy dew of gospel grace ;

And Israel, who his spirit griev'd,  
Is left a dry, and empty fleece.

5 This dew still falls at his command,  
To keep his chosen plants alive,  
They shall, tho' in a thirsty land,  
Like willows by the waters thrive.

6 But chiefly when his people meet,  
To hear his word, and seek his face :  
The gentle dew, with influence sweet,  
Descends, and nourishes their grace.

7 But ah ! what numbers still are dead,  
Tho' under means of grace they lie,  
The dew still falling round their head,  
And yet their hearts untouch'd, and dry.

8 Dear Savior, hear us when we call ;  
To wrestling prayer an answer give ;  
Pour down thy dew upon us all,  
That all may feel, and all may live.

XV. *The Throne of Grace.*

**W**HEN Hannah press'd with grief,  
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r ;  
She quickly found relief,  
And left her burthen there :  
Like her in every trying case,  
Let us approach the throne of grace.

2 When she began to pray,  
Her heart was pain'd and sad ;  
But ere she went away,  
Was comforted, and glad :

In trouble what a resting place  
Have they who know the throne of grace.

3 Though men, and devils rage,  
And threaten to devour ;  
The faints from age to age,  
Are safe from all their pow'r ;  
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,  
By waiting at the throne of grace.

4 Eli her case mistook,  
How was her spirit mov'd,  
By his unkind rebuke ?  
But God her cause approv'd,  
We need not fear a creature's face,  
While welcome at the throne of grace.

5 She was not fill'd with wine,  
As Eli rashly thought ;  
But with a faith divine,  
And found the help she sought :  
Though men despise and call us base,  
Still let us ply the throne of grace.

6 Men have not pow'r or skill,  
With troubled souls to bear,  
Though they express good will,  
Poor comforters they are :  
But swelling sorrows sink apace,  
When we approach the throne of grace.

7 Numbers before have try'd,  
And found the promise true ;  
Nor yet have been deny'd,  
Then why should I, or you ?



Let us by faith, their footsteps trace,  
And hasten to the throne of grace.

8 As fogs obscure the light,  
And taint the morning air,  
But soon are put to flight,  
If the bright sun appear;  
Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,  
By shining from the throne of grace.

XVI. *The Physician.*

**H**OW 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 snatch'd me from the grave,  
To tell to all around me,  
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases  
Is light compar'd with sin;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within:  
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,  
And madness all combin'd;  
And none but a believer  
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain;  
But this prov'd more distressing,  
And added to my pain:

Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
 Some gave me up for lost;  
 Thus ev'ry 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 my eyes had seal'd ;  
 Then bid me look unto him,  
 I look'd and I was heal'd.

5 A dying risen Jesus,  
 Seen by an eye of faith ;  
 From ev'ry 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.

XVII. *The glory of the Church.*

**H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken  
 O my people faint and few ;  
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
 Fair abodes I build for you.  
 Themes of heartfelt tribulation,  
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
 You shall name your walls, salvation,  
 And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end shall flow ;  
For the Lord your faith rewarding,  
All his bounty shall bestow :  
Still in undisturb'd possession,  
Peace, and righteousness shall reign ;  
Never shall you hear oppression,  
Or the noise of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descended,  
Waning moons no more shall see ;  
But your griefs forever ended,  
Find eternal noon in me :  
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night ;  
He, the Lord shall be your glory,  
God your everlasting light.

XVIII. *Rejoice the soul of thy servant.*

**W**HEN my pray'rs are a burden and  
No wonder I little receive ; (ask,  
O Lord, make we willing to ask,  
Since thou art so ready to give.  
Altho, I am bought with thy blood,  
And all thy salvation is mine ;  
At distance from thee, my chief good,  
I wander and languish, and pine.

2 Of thy goodness of old when I read,  
To those who were sinners like me ;  
Why may I not wrestle, and plead,  
With them a partaker to be ?

Thine arm is not shorten'd since then,  
 And those who believe in thy name ;  
 Ever find thou art yea, and amen,  
 Thro' all generations the same.

3 While my spirit within me is prest,  
 With sorrow, temptation, and fear,  
 Like John I would lean on thy breast,  
 And pour my complaints in thine ear.  
 How happy and favor'd was he,  
 Who cou'd on thy bosom repose !  
 Might this favor be granted to me,  
 I'd smile at the rage of my foes.

4 I have heard of thy wonderful name,  
 How great and exalted thou art ;  
 But oh ! I confess to my shame,  
 It faintly impresses my heart :  
 The beams of thy glory display,  
 As Peter once saw thee appear,  
 That transported like him I may say,  
 It is good for my soul to be here,

5 What a sorrow and weight didst thou feel,  
 When nail'd for my sake to the tree !  
 My heart sure is harder than steel ;  
 To feel no more sorrow for thee :  
 Oh let me with Thomas descry,  
 The wounds in thy hands, and thy side ;  
 And have feelings like his when I cry,  
 My God, and my Savior hath dy'd.

6 If thou hast appointed me still,  
 To wrestle, and suffer, and fight ;

O make me resign'd to thy will,  
 For all thine appointments are right ;  
 This mercy at least I entreat,  
 That knowing how vile I have been ;  
 I with Mary, may wait at thy feet  
 And weep o'er the pardon of sin.

XIX. *Welcome Cross.*

**T**IS my happiness below,  
 Not to live without the cross ;  
 But the Savior's pow'r to know,  
 Sanctifying every loss :  
 Trials must, and will befall ;  
 But with humble faith to see,  
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,  
 This is happiness to me.

2 God in Israel sows the seeds,  
 Of afflictions, pain and toil ;  
 These spring up, and choke the weeds,  
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :  
 Trials make the promise sweet,  
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;  
 Trials bring me to his feet,  
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,  
 No chastisement by the way ;  
 Might I not, with reason fear,  
 I should prove a cast away :  
 Bastards may escape the rod,  
 Sunk in earthly vain delight ;

But the true born son of God ;  
Must not, would not, if he might.

XX. *Bartimeus.*

**M**ERCY ; oh thou son of David,  
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd ;  
Others by thy word are saved,  
Now to me afford thine aid :  
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."

2 Money was not what he wanted,  
Tho' by begging us'd to live ;  
But he ask'd and Jesus granted,  
Alms which only he could give :  
" Lord remove this grievous blindness,  
Let my eyes behold the day ;"  
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,  
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 Oh ! methinks I hear him praising,  
Publishing to all around ;  
Friends is not my case amazing ?  
What a savior I have found,  
Oh ! that all the blind but knew him,  
And would be advis'd by me !  
Surely would they hasten to him,  
He would cause them all to see.

XXI. *The Disciples at sea.*

**C**ONSTRAIN'D by their Lord to embark,  
And venture without him to sea ;

The season tempestuous and dark,  
 How griev'd the disciples must be !  
 But tho' he remain'd on the shore,  
 He spent the night for them in pray'r,  
 They still were as safe as before,  
 And equally under his care.

2 They strove, tho' in vain for awhile,  
 The force of the waves to withstand ;  
 But when they were wearied with toil,  
 They saw their dear Savior at hand :  
 They gladly receiv'd him on board,  
 His presence their spirits reviv'd ;  
 The sea became calm at his word,  
 And soon at their port they arriv'd.

3 We, like the disciples are toss'd,  
 By storms on the perilous deep ;  
 But cannot be possibly lost,  
 For Jesus has charge of the ship :  
 Tho' billows, and winds are enrag'd,  
 And threaten to make us their sport ;  
 This pilot his word has engag'd,  
 To bring us in safety to port.

4 If sometimes we struggle alone,  
 And he is withdrawn from our view ;  
 It makes us more willing to own  
 We nothing without him can do :  
 Then Satan our hopes would assail,  
 But Jesus is still within call ;  
 And when our poor efforts quite fail,  
 He comes in good time, and does all.

5 Yet Lord, we are ready to shrink,  
 Unless we thy presence perceive ;  
 O save us (we cry,) or we sink,  
 We would but we cannot believe :-  
 The night has been long, and severe,  
 The winds, and the seas are still high,  
 Dear Savior this moment appear,  
 And say to our souls it is I.

XXII. *Zion:*

**G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God ;  
 He whose word cannot be broken,  
 Form'd thee for his own abode :  
 On the rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ;  
 With salvation's walls surrounded  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See ! the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons, and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove :  
 Who can faint while such a river,  
 Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage ?  
 Grace which like the Lord the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
 See the clouds and fire appear ;  
 For a glory, and a cov'ring,  
 Shewing that the Lord is near :



Thus deriving from their banner,  
 Light by night and shade by day ;  
 Safe they feed upon the manna,  
 Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood ;  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings, and priests to God,  
 'Tis his love his people raises,  
 Over self to reign as king ;  
 And as priests, his solemn praises,  
 Each for a thank-off'ring bring.

5 Savior, if of Zion's city,  
 I thro' grace a member am ;  
 Let the world deride, or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name :  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show ;  
 Solid joys, and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know.

XXIII. *Little Gift.*

**C**HRISTIANS attend the call,  
 My voice obey ;  
 Although your gift is small,  
 No more delay :  
 The Father, Spirit, Word,  
 Will each his help afford,  
 Press on to know the Lord ;  
 Improve your gift.

2 When we left Egypt's land,  
 Our souls rejoic'd :  
 The Father's great command,  
 " Obey my voice :"  
 Was music in our ears,  
 But when the cross appears,  
 We're fill'd with doubts and fears,  
 Our gift's so small.

3 This is the Lord's command,  
 When we begin :  
 Forsake both house and land,  
 To follow him ;  
 Take up your cross each day,  
 Ever rejoice and pray,  
 And never more delay  
 To use your gift.

4 The Spirit speaks the same,  
 Moves on the mind ;  
 Altho' we're deaf and lame,  
 And dumb and blind ;  
 He will work in, and for,  
 If we can self abhor,  
 And follow that bright star,  
 Our little gift.

5 Nought can professors do,  
 Then why so loath,  
 To speak that we do know  
 The spirit doth  
 Indite what we must say,  
 Whether exhort or pray,

If we walk in the way  
Where duty leads.

6 Zion arise and shine,  
Thy light is come ;  
Tis grace alone divine,  
That brings us home :  
Then do not one refuse,  
Your talent for to use,  
Lay by that old excuse,  
My gift's so small.

XXIV. *The Word made Flesh.*

**S**AVIOR descend with pow'r divine,  
And bless the bread, and bless the wine ;  
Our hearts rejoice, be glad and sing,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.

2 The bread, sweet to our taste become,  
Like children starving long from home,  
Returning to our Father's board,  
May eat and drink, and praise the Lord.

3 The wine refresh our hearts, that we  
To run our race may strength'ned be ;  
Become in us a living spring,  
That as we journey, we may sing.

4 These elements a token are,  
Of what the Lord did for us bear ;  
The bread his body represents,  
Object of faith, but not of sense.

5 Behold the wine ! a type of blood,  
Flowing from Christ the Lamb of God,

And as we look, O! may a tear  
Bedew our cheeks, while God we hear.

6 Eat, eat my friends, the bread is free,  
And drink, yea drink abundantly.

Whoever drinks (the word is plain)  
Christ says shall never thirst again.

7 Brethren awake! with one accord,  
This is the supper of the Lord;  
Beloved, rise, make haste away,  
'Tis God that calls, God's voice obey.

8 To quench your thirst, my heart hath bled,  
My body dy'd to raise the dead;  
That Christians all, from sin set free,  
While eating may remember me.

9 Oh! may we never more forget  
This bread of life, this heav'nly treat,  
Our souls have feasted on to day,  
But always friends, rejoice and pray.

### XXV. *Baptism.*

**H**UMBLE souls who seek salvation,  
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,  
Hear the voice of recollection,

Tread the path that Jesus trod:

Flee to him your only savior,

In his mighty name confide;

Thro' the whole of your behavior,

Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the blest redeemer call you,

Listen to his gracious voice;

Dread no ills that can befall you,  
 While you make his ways your choice,  
 Jesus saith, let each believer,  
 Be baptis'd in my name ;  
 He himself in Jordan's river,  
 Was immers'd beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,  
 Follow him without delay ;  
 Gladly his command embracing,  
 Lo ! your captain leads the way ;  
 View the rite with understanding,  
 Jesus' grave before you lies,  
 Be inter'd at his commanding,  
 After his example rise.

XXVI. *Another.*

**J**ESUS our triumphant head,  
 Ris'n victorious from the dead ;  
 To the realms of glory gone  
 To ascend his rightful throne.

2 Cherubs on the conqu'rer gaze :  
 Seraphs glow with brighter blaze ;  
 Each bright order of the sky,  
 Hail him as he passes by.

3 Saints the glorious triumph meet ;  
 Strew their garments at his feet ;  
 By his scars, his toils are view'd,  
 And his garments roll'd in blood.

4 Heav'n its king congratulates ;  
 Opens wide her golden gates ;

Angels, songs of vict'ry sing,  
All the blisful regions ring.

5 Sinners join the heav'nly powers,  
For redemption all is ours ;  
None but burden'd sinners prove,  
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.

6 Hail thou dear, thou worthy Lord,  
Holy Lamb—incarnate Word ;  
Hail ! thou suff'ring Son of God,  
Take the trophies of thy blood,

XXVII. *Another.*

**U**P-RISING from the dark-some tomb,  
See the victorious Jesus come ;  
Th' almighty pris'ner quits the pris'n,  
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.

2 Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve ;  
Hear the glad tidings ; hear and live ;  
God's righteous law is satisfy'd,  
And Justice now is on our side.

3 Your safety thus releas'd by God,  
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood ;  
No new demand, no bar remains,  
But mercy now in triumph reigns.

4 Believers hail your rising head,  
The first-begotten from the dead ;  
Your resurrection's sure thro' his,  
To endless life, and endless bliss.

XXVIII. *Dying Christian.*

**V**ITAL spark of heav'nly flame,  
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
 Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying;  
 Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 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 spirit, 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.

Lord, lend your wings; I mount, I fly:  
 Oh grave! where is thy victory?  
 Oh death! where is thy sting?

XXIX. *Faith.*

**A**WAY my unbelieving fear;  
 Fear shall in me no more take place,  
 My Savior doth not yet appear;

He hides the brightness of his face:  
 But shall I therefore let him go,  
 And basely to the tempter yield?  
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no  
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,  
 Altho' the olive yield no oil;

The withering fig-tree droop and die—

The field illude the tiller's toil;

The empty stall no herd afford,

And perish all the bleating race;

Yet will I triumph in the Lord,

The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren altho' my soul remain

And no one bud of grace appear,

No fruit of all my toil and pain,

But sin and only sin is here.

Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,

My blooming hopes cut off I see,

Yet will I in my Savior trust,

And glory that he dy'd for me.

4 In hope believing, against hope;

Jesus my Lord, my God I claim;

Jesus my strength shall lift me up;

Salvation is in Jesus' name,

To me he soon shall bring it nigh,

My soul shall soon out-strip the wind,

On wings of love mount up on high,

And leave the world and sin behind.

### XXX.

*Love and Conquest of Christ our King.*

**H**OW great was that love,  
That brought Christ from above,  
And nail'd him to that shameful tree;

What not I alone,

But my species are known

To be all drest in arms against thee.



2 How Satan doth rage,  
 And most fiercely engage ;  
 Out of prison he comes forth to reign ;  
 Will you serve a base slave,  
 Whose bounty's the grave,  
 And whose wages must be endless pain ?

3 Come friends don't delay,  
 For io ! now is your day,  
 Let reason all doubtings decide ;  
 Come let conscience speak,  
 It is right we should seek,  
 And should love him who made and provides.

4 Yea more, vastly more,  
 I have treasur'd in store,  
 Which affection would urge me to speak ;  
 Shall God the Most High,  
 Become human and die,  
 And we never his favor once seek.

5 But if you refuse,  
 This bless'd lover who sues,  
 And reject all the offers he brings ;  
 Then his wrathful ire,  
 It will burn you like fire,  
 For Christ will be known as your king.

6 Yes Christ is my king,  
 'Twas himself that did bring,  
 My soul out of darkness to light ;  
 He form'd me again,  
 With himself I shall reign,  
 And overcome death through his might.

7 Come faints we will sing,  
 Unto Christ who did bring  
 Salvation from heav'n to earth ;  
 It was publish'd above  
 In the regions of love,  
 And was sung at Immanuel's birth.

XXXI. *The Paradox.*

**H**OW strange is the course that a christian must steer,  
 How perplex'd is the path he must tread ;  
 The hope of his happiness rises from fear,  
 And his life he receives from the dead.

2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be wav'd  
 And his best resolutions be cross'd,  
 Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,  
 Till he finds himself utterly lost.

3 When this is all done and his heart well as-  
 sur'd,  
 Of the total remission of sin,  
 When his pardon is seal'd and peace is pro-  
 cur'd,  
 From that moment his conflicts begin.

XXXII. *Redeeming Love.*

**L**ET us love, and sing, and wonder,  
 Let us praise the Savior's name,  
 He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,  
 He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame,  
 He has wash'd us in his blood,  
 He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,  
 Who descended from on high,  
 And from death to life hath brought us,  
 By his death on Calvary ;  
 He has wash'd us with his blood,  
 He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, tho' fierce temptations  
 Threaten hard to bear us down ;  
 For the Lord, our strong salvation  
 Holds in view the Conqu'ror's crown,  
 He who wash'd us with his blood,  
 Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us wonder—grace and justice,  
 Join and point to mercy's store,  
 When thro' grace, in Christ our trust is,  
 Justice smiles and asks no more ;  
 He who wash'd us with his blood,  
 Has secur'd our way to God.

5 Let us praise and join the chorus,  
 Of the saints enthron'd on high,  
 Here they trusted him before us,  
 Now their praises fill the sky ;  
 Thou hast wash'd us by thy blood,  
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God.

6 Hark ! the name of Jesus sounded  
 Loud, from golden harps above ;  
 Lord we blush, and are confounded,  
 Faint our praise, and cold our love ;  
 Wash our souls and songs with blood,  
 For by thee we come to God.

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