

~~F-46.111
Sec 85~~

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCA
1500





1875

1875

1875

1875



THE
NEW AND IMPROVED
CAMP MEETING
HYMN BOOK:

BEING A

CHOICE SELECTION

OF

H Y M N S

FROM THE MOST APPROVED AUTHORS.

DESIGNED TO AID IN THE

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

DEVOTIONS OF CHRISTIANS.

BY ORANGE SCOTT,
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

“O, sing praises unto the Lord.”



PUBLISHED BY THE COMPILER.

E. AND G. MERRIAM, PRINTERS, BROOKFIELD,
1830.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit* :

[L. S.]

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twelfth day of December, A. D. 1829, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, ORANGE SCOTT, of the said District, has deposited in this Office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit* :—

“The new and improved Camp Meeting Hymn Book: being a choice selection of Hymns from the most approved Authors. Designed to aid in the public and private devotions of Christians. By Orange Scott, minister of the Gospel. “O, sing praises unto the Lord.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned:” and also to an Act, entitled “An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching Historical, and other Prints.”

JNO. W. DAVIS, { *Clerk of the District
of Massachusetts.* }

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE *new and improved* Camp Meeting Hymn Book will be found to differ from all others in the following particulars, viz.

1. A number of hymns found in every other book of the kind which are seldom or never sung, are left out of this.

2. Several others though often sung, are omitted; being destitute, either, of good sense, good poetry, or sound divinity.

3. It contains many hymns never before published in Camp meeting hymn books, though *often sung* in social meetings, at Camp Meetings, and in revivals of religion.

It is not supposed that the new and improved Camp Meeting Hymn Book is *perfect*; but it is believed that it has *advanced a little* that way: at any rate, it suits the Compiler better than any he has ever seen. It is published

in the most convenient pocket form, and contains more hymns than any book of the kind ever published in New England. It is designed for the permanent use of the Methodist Societies, and their friends, through the New England States; and the author intends keeping a constant supply on hand, and therefore will make no alteration in the pages in any future editions. O. SCOTT.

Springfield, December 16th, 1829.

HYMNS.



HYMN 1.—C. M.

- 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 walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views of human sight,
Have never yet been seen.
- 4 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end,

- 5 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.
- 6 When we've been there ten thousand
 -years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first begun.

 HYMN 2.—P. M.

- 1 As near to Calvary I pass,
 Methinks I see a bloody cross,
 Where a poor victim hangs ;
 His flesh with rugged irons tore,
 His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,
 Gasping in dying pangs.
- 2 Surpris'd the spectacle to see,
 I ask'd, who can this victim be
 In such exquisite pain ?
 Why thus consign'd to woes, I cried,
 " 'Tis I," the bleeding God replied,
 " To save a world from sin."
- 3 A God for rebel mortals dies ?
 How can it be ! my soul replies,
 What ! Jesus die for me ?
 " Yes," saith the suff'ring Son of God,
 " I give my life, I spill my blood,
 For thee, poor soul, for thee."

- 4 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely giv'n,
 To bring my wretched soul to heav'n,
 And bless me with thy love,
 Then at thy feet, O God, I'll fall,
 Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
 To reign with thee above.

 HYMN 3.—P. M.

- 1 DARK and thorny is the desert
 Thro' which pilgrims make their way ;
 Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
 Lie the fields of endless day :
 Fiends loud howling through the desert,
 Make them tremble as they go,
 And the fiery darts of Satan
 Often bring their courage low.
- 2 O young soldiers, are you weary
 Of the roughness of the way ?
 Does your strength begin to fail you ?
 And your vigour to decay ?
 Jesus, Jesus will go with you :
 He will lead you to his throne ;
 He who dyed his garments for you,
 And the wine press trod alone.
- 3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
 He who bids the planets roll :
 He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose sceptre sways the whole :
 Round him are ten thousand angels,
 Ready to obey command,

- They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.
- 4 There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest ;
Love, and joy, and peace for ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint the scenes of glory
Where the ransom'd dwell on high ?
There on golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky.
- 5 There's a million flaming seraphs
Who fly across the heav'nly plain ;
There they sing immortal praises ;
Glory, glory, is their strain.
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring :
And the song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing.
- 6 O their crowns ! how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore ;
They are gone to richer pastures,
Jesus is their shepherd there ;
Hail ! ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear,
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

 HYMN 4.—P. M.

- 1 WHITHER goest thou pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this lonely vale,

Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger?

And will not thy courage fail?

No, I'm bound for the kingdom,

Will you go to glory with me?

O hallelujah, O hallelujah,

I'm bound for the kingdom,

Will you go to glory with me?

O hallelujah, O hallelujah.

2 Pilgrim thou hast justly call'd me,

Passing through a waste so wide,

But no harm will e'er befall me,

While I'm blest with such a guide,

For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a guide! no guide attends thee,

Hence for thee my fears arise;

If some guardian power befriend thee,

'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

O, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,

Such a guide my steps attend;

He'll in every strait relieve me,

He will guide me to the end.

For I'm bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,

Darkly winding through the vale;

Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,

Would not then thy courage fail?

No, I'm bound, &c.

- 6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I'll bend,
 Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
 There my pilgrimage will end.
 For I'm bound, &c.
- 7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,
 Down the stream she plung'd from
 sight ;
 Gazing still, I saw her rising,
 Like an angel cloth'd with light,
 O, I'm bound, &c.
- 8 Cease my heart this mournful crying,
 Death will burst this sullen gloom ;
 Soon my spirit, fluttering, dying,
 Will be borne beyond the tomb.
 For I' bound, &c.

 HYMN 5.—P. M.

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

- 3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain ;
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the Lamb.
- 4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land ;
And the sun refus'd to shine,
While his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.
- 5 When it was finished, when it was finished
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.
- 6 Hail mighty Saviour, hail mighty Saviour,
Prince and the author of peace,
Soon he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant, from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 7 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "See my hands and side,
Father, I was crucified
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive."
- 8 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they repent and believe ;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconcil'd to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

HYMN 6.—P. M.

1 THIS morning most sweetly the gales are
all blowing,

Directly the breeze is from Mount Calvary ;
The sepulchre is open, the odours are flow-
ing,

Breathe gently, sweet zephyrs, breathe
gently on me.

On this lovely morning the Saviour was ris-
ing,

The chains of mortality fully despising ;
His sufferings are over, he's done agoniz-
ing—

This morning my Saviour will think upon
me.

2 And now to the place that's appointed for
praying,

For worship that's social I'll quickly re-
pair ;

In service so pleasing, there needs no delay-
ing ;

The stone is roll'd back, and my Lord
will be there.

Rouse quickly, my soul, shake off thy dull
slumbers,

In melody raise all your heavenly numbers ;
For Jesus is pleas'd, when recounting his
members,

He finds you like Mary thus early at prayer.

3 With faith in full action, we meet at the chapel ;

There humbly we ask for a power divine :

Immanuel puts all our souls in a rapture,

And graciously causes his glory to shine ;

Our hearts are enliven'd, affections engag'd,

Devotion inspires us, and sinners amaz'd,

Behold with what zeal christian warfare is wag'd,

Against the fell monster and all his designs.

4 Then trusting in Jesus, our head and our leader,

We'll march on to glory without any fear ;

Each Sabbath revolving brings one Sabbath nearer

To that blessed morning when he shall appear.

His sign in the east he will soon be displaying,

The nations to judgment will then be all gathering,

Till then, we'll adore him, nor ever cease praying,

Till praises unceasing shall call us from prayer.

5 My brethren and friends, may the God of all glory,

Protect us and save us from sin and all harm ;

With the head of the church in full view before us,
 We'll shew ourselves valiant in every alarm.

Then each soul inspire, O God, with devotion,
 Be thou the great object of earnest affection,
 And when these dull bodies shall cease from their motion,
 Receive us, O Jesus, to thy blessed arms.

HYMN 7.—L. M.

- 1 I've listed in the Holy War,
 To fight for life and endless joy ;
 And grace more boundless than the seas,
 Is the rich wages I receive.
- 2 Under my Captain, Jesus Christ,
 I now am listed during life,
 To fight against the powers of hell,
 In favour of Immanuel.
- 3 My Captain is the great I AM,
 Against whose sword there's none can stand ;
 But all before his word must fall,
 For he has power to conquer all.
- 4 My great good Captain, mild and meek,
 Most kindly favors all the weak ;

His servants all are chosen peers,
And all his soldiers volunteers.

- 5 From day to day, with living bread,
And rich provisions, I am fed,
Drawn from my Captain's well fill'd stores
On blessed Canaan's happy shores.
- 6 Arm'd with my helmet, sword and shield,
I'll never quit the glorious field ;
For Christ my Lord the victory won,
Then, O my soul, put courage on.
- 7 I'm listed, and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight ;
Though battles rage and wars increase ;
Soon I shall reach a land of peace.
- 8 I'll God adore, obey his laws,
Nor coward prove in his good cause ;
But in his service firm abide,
Still fighting on Immanuel's side.
- 9 I've fought through many battles sore,
And ready stand to fight through more,
Trusting in Jesus' sacred name,
None in this holy war are slain.
- 10 I have a sword, which, when I wield,
The stoutest foes must quit the field ;
The word of God must e'er prevail,
Eternal truth can never fail.
- 11 Come, sinners, then enlisted be,
And Christ our King shall make you free,

Come try his service, trust the Lord,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 8.—P. M.

- 1 THE gospel ship is sailing by,
The ark of safety now is nigh,
O sinners unto Jesus fly,
Improve your day of grace ;
O there'll be glory, glory, O hallelujah,
O there'll be glory,
When we the Lord embrace.
- 2 The judgment day is rolling on,
The glass of life will soon be run,
Creation with her fiery doom,
The Lord will soon appear !
O there'll be glory, &c.
When saints shall view him near.
- 3 Now hark ! the trumpet rends the skies !
See slumbering millions wake and rise !
What joy, what terror and surprise,
The last great day is come !
O there'll be glory, &c.
Around the judgment throne.
- 4 See nations throng his awful bar,
Both saints and sinners from afar,
All tribes and kindred now appear,
And wait to hear their doom !
O there'll be glory, &c.
When Christ the Lord shall come.

- 5 Jehovah now the book unseals !
 The clearest light each heart reveals !
 The pointed truth each conscience feels !
 The amazing throng divide !
 O there'll be mourning, mourning, mourning,
 mourning,
 O there'll be mourning,
 When justice shall decide.
- 6 See parents and their children part !
 See husbands and their wives must part !
 See brothers and their sisters part !
 To meet again no more ;
 O there'll be mourning, &c.
 The day of mercy's o'er.

 HYMN 9.—P. M.

- 1 HAIL ! thou blest morn, when the great Me-
 diator
 Down from the regions of glory Descends ;
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the man-
 ger,
 Lo, for his guide the bright angels attend.
- CHORUS.
- Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Shine on our darkness, and lend us thine
 aid ;
 Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shin-
 ing,

- Low lies his bed with the beasts of the
stall ;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !
Brightest and best, &c.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine,
Brightest and best, &c.
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor,
Brightest and best &c.

HYMN 10.—P. M.

- 1 THE pure testimony, put forth in the spirit,
Cuts like a sharp two-edged sword,
And hypocrites now are most sorely torment-
ed,
Because they are condemned by the word.
The pure testimony discovers the dross,
While wicked professors make light of the
cross,
And Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.
- 2 Is not the time come for the church to be
gather'd

Into the one Spirit of God ?
Baptiz'd by one spirit into the same body,
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood.
They drink in one spirit, which makes them
all see
They're one in Christ Jesus, wherever they be,
The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the
free.

3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testi-
mony,
And let the world hear it again ;
Then come ye from Babylon, Egypt and
Sodom,
And make your way over the plain,
Then wash all your robes in the blood of the
Lamb,
And walk in the spirit through Jesus' name,
In pure testimony you will overcome.

4 The world will not persecute those that are
like them,
But hold them the same as their own ;
The pure testimony cries out separation,
That causes your lives to lay down.
Come out from foul spirits and practices too,
The track of your Saviour keep still in your
view,
The pure testimony will cut the way through.

5 The great prince of darkness is mustering
his forces,
To make you his pris'ners again,

By slanders, reproaches, and vile persecu-
tion,

That you in his cause may remain.

Then shun his temptations, wherever they lie,
And fear not his servants, whatever they say,
The pure testimony will give you the day.

HYMN 11.—P. M.

- 1 DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show ;
John's Divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal,
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day, and conquer all.
- 2 Mary's love, may I possess,
Lydia's tender heartedness,
Peter's fervent spirit feel,
James' faith by works reveal ;
Like young Timothy may I
Every sinful passion fly.
- 3 Job's submission may I show,
David's pure devotion know,
Samuel's call, O ! may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share :
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
All my new born soul inspire.
- 4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,

Isaac's meditating heart:
 Abraham's friendship may I prove,
 Faithful to the God I love.

- 5 Most of all may I pursue
 The example Jesus drew ;
 In my life and conduct show
 How he liv'd and walk'd below,
 Day by day, through grace restor'd,
 Imitate my perfect Lord.

HYMN 12.—P. M.

- 1 WANDERING 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 your heart is unbelieving,
 Doubting Jesus' pardoning love,
 Lay hard by Bethesda 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.
- 3 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,
 Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
 Rise and cross the swelling tide.

- 4 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
 Christ will guard you through the gloom,
 Down he'll send a heavenly convoy
 To convey you to his home,
 There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
 Free from ev'ry want and care ;
 Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
 Fain my spirit would be there.

HYMN 13.—P. M.

- 1 GLORY to God that I have found the pearl
 of my salvation ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 up to our heavenly station,
 And I'm resolved to follow on, and never to
 forsake him,
 I'll always keep the narrow way, till I do
 overtake him.
- 2 Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock, heirs
 of immortal glory,
 You're built upon the surest rock, the king-
 dom lies before you ;

Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of bliss, and tell
 the pleasing story,
 I'm always with my little flock, and I'll
 bring them home to glory.

==
 HYMN 14.—P. M.

1 How precious is the name, brethren sing,
 brethren sing,

How precious is the name, brethren sing,
 How precious is the name of Christ our Pas-
 chal Lamb,

Who bore our sin and shame, on the tree, on
 the tree.

2 I've given all for Christ, he's my all, he's
 my all,

I've given all for Christ, he's my all ;
 I've given all for Christ, and my spirit cannot
 rest, [reigning there.

Unless he's in my breast, reigning there,

3 His easy yoke I'll bear with delight, with
 delight,

His easy yoke I'll bear with delight ;
 His easy yoke I'll bear, and his cross I will,
 not fear ;

His name I will declare evermore, evermore.

4 I feel the love of God in my soul, in my
 soul,

I feel the love of God in my soul,
 I feel the love of God, in my heart 'tis shed
 abroad,

And I will serve my God here below.

HYMN 15.—L. M.

- 1 PRAY on, my brethren in the Lord ;
Pray 'till you feel the pow'r of God ;
Pray 'till he drive your doubts away ;
Pray 'till you see the gospel day.
- 2 Pray for the mourners ; see their grief ;
Pray 'till the mourners find relief ;
Pray for the wicked every where ;
Pray, that your garments may be clear.
- 3 Soon you shall have your hearts' desire ;
Our God will answer as by fire ;
You'll see th' effect of fervent prayer,
In the abundant grace you share.

 HYMN 16.—L. M.
Faith.

- 1 O PRECIOUS Faith !—may I be found
Establish'd on its happy ground ;
Instruct me, Jesus, from above,
And build me up in Faith and Love.
- 2 Then let the rising billows roll,
Faith is the anchor of my soul ;
I'm well secur'd on every side,
Fix'd firm in Christ, my rock, my guide.

 HYMN 17.—P. M.

- 1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my enraptur'd vision,
All the extatic joys that spring

Round the bright elysian :

Lo ! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies ;
Sons of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light !

Freely flash before him ;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him ;

Angelic trumps resound his fame ;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name ;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise

From their princely station ;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation ;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone !
Holy ! Holy ! Holy One.

4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies,

Seem methinks to seize us ;
Join we too the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus !
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

HYMN 18.—P. M.

- 1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compar'd to 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.
He gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd ;

Then bade me look unto him !
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

- 5 A risen, living Jesus,
Seen by the eye of Faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this physician,
His help he'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

HYMN 19.—P. M.

- 1 FROM 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 all be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart ;
At distance we cannot remain.

- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
 United with angels above,
 No longer confin'd to our clay,
 O'erwhelm'd in the ocean of love.
- 6 O then with our Jesus we'll reign,
 And all his bright glory shall see,
 And sing hallelujah, amen,
 Amen, even so let it be.

 HYMN 20.—C. M.

- 1 **WHAT** heavenly music do I hear,
 Salvation sounding free ;
 Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
 This is the Jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
 All round, from sea to sea,
 From land to land, from pole to pole,
 This is the Jubilee.
- 3 Good news, good news, to Adam's race ;
 Let Christians all agree
 To sing redeeming Love and Grace,
 This is the Jubilee.
- 4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
 To all in misery,
 And bids them welcome home to peace,
 This is the Jubilee.
- 5 Jesus is on his mercy seat,
 Before him bend the knee ;

Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return and come
Unto the Saviour free ;
The Spirit bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony ;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

HYMN 21.—P. M.

1 THE Lord into his garden comes ;
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive :
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make his people one.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become !
The desert blossom as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is :
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive !
None are too late who will repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went ;
Jesus did him relieve.
- 5 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne
Of Jesus Christ on high ;
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.
- 7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround a throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply :
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
Which never will run dry.
- 8 There we shall reign and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly regions ring,
When all the saints get home !
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

- 9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there;
 Now here's my heart, now here's my hand
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 22.—P. M.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear,
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
 One that loves us to the end;
 Forward then with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—Come home.
- 2 In the world a thousand snares
 Lay to take us unawares;
 Satan with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart;
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—Come home.
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so apt to turn our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes we have within;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these;

Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—Come home.

HYMN 23.—P. M.

- 1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour
 Come and bid our jarrings cease,
 Come, O come, and reign forever,
 God of love, and Prince of Peace ;
 Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
 Hear the people mourn and weep,
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
 Some for Cephas—none agree ;
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee.
 Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
 Over every hindrance leap,
 Undismay'd by force or numbers ;
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
 We've been sinners from our youth,
 Guide us, Lord by thy good Spirit,
 Which shall teach us all the truth.
 On the gospel word we'll venture,
 Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
 Love our Lord and Christ our Saviour,
 O, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us ;
 Persecution rages here ;

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

5 Here's the Prince of your salvation,
 Saying, Fear not, little flock ;
 I myself am your foundation,
 You are built up on this rock ;
 Shun the path of vice and folly,
 Scale the mount, although it's steep,
 Look to me and be ye holy,
 I delight to feed my sheep.

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

HYMN 24.—P. M.

1 BRETHREN, see my Jesus coming,
 See him come in yonder cloud,
 With ten thousand angels round him,
 How they do my Jesus crowd.

2 I will arise and go and meet him,
 And embrace him in my arms ;

In the arms of my dear Jesus,
O there are ten thousand charms.

3 Death shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guard me through the gloom ;
Down he'll send some heavenly consort
To convey my spirit home.

4 Jordan's stream shall ne'er o'erflow me,
While my Saviour's by my side ;
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

5 See the happy spirits waiting
On the bank beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus is their theme.

6 See, they whisper ! hark, they call me !
Sister Spirit, come away !
Lo I come ! earth can't contain me !
Hail, ye realms of endless day.

7 Worlds of light, and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky ;
Though by faith I now explore ye,
I'll enjoy ye soon on high.

8 Smiling angels now surround me,
Troops resplendent fill the skies,
Glory shining all around me,
While my towering spirit flies.

9 Jesus clad in dazzling splendor,
Now methinks appears in view,

Brethren, could you see my Jesus,
 You would love and serve him too.

HYMN 25.—L. M.

- 1 THERE is a heaven o'er yonder skies,
 A heaven where pleasure never dies,
 A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
 But fear again 'tis not for me.
- But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, O Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.
- 2 The way is difficult and straight,
 And narrow is the gospel gate ;
 Ten thousand dangers are therein,
 Ten thousand snares to take men in.
 - 3 I travel through a world of foes,
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes ;
 The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
 Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
 - 4 The way of danger I am in,
 Beset with devils, men and sin ;
 But in this way thy track I see,
 And mark'd with blood it seems to be.
 - 5 Come life, come death, come then what
 will,
 His footsteps I will follow still,
 Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
 I shall be safe in his dear arms.

- 6 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's my Saviour, Friend, and King;
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "press on, and here's the crown.
- 7 "Prove faithful, then, a few more days
Fight the good fight and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."
- 8 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last joyful trump shall sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN 26.—P. M.

- 1 FROM the regions of love,
Lo! an angel descended,
And told the blest news
How the babe was attended;
Go, shepherds, and visit
This wonderful stranger,
With wonder and joy
See your Christ in a manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Through whom we've obtain'd pardon,
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

- 2 Glad tidings I bring
To you and each nation ;

Glad tidings of joy,
Now behold your salvation ;
When sudden a multitude
Raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer,
While heaven rejoices.

3 Now glory to God
In the highest is given,
Now glory to God
Is re-echoed through heaven ;
Around the whole earth
Let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love,
His salvation and glory.

4 Enraptur'd I rise
With delight and desire ;
Such love, so divine,
Sets my soul all on fire ;
Around the blest throne
Hosannas are ringing,
O when shall I join them
And ever be singing !

5 Triumphantly ride
In thy chariot victorious,
And conquer with love ;
O Jesus all glorious !
Thy banner unfurl ;
Let the nations surrender
And own thee their Saviour,
Their king and defender.

HYMN 27.—C. M.

- 1 **ARISE** and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come,
Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home ;
The trumpet's thund'ring through the sky,
To set poor sinners free ;
The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of Jubilee.
- 2 Ye heralds blow your trumpet's loud,
Throughout the earth and sky ;
Go, spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judgment's nigh :
Blow out the sun, turn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood ;
Whilst every star shall disappear,
The moon turn into blood.
- 3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the judge appear ;
All tongues, all languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear.
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round ;
While Gabriel, with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.
- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace,
With sinners now is o'er ;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more ;
The watchmen all have left their walls,

And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout Redeeming Love.

And when you reach fair Canaan's shore
I hope to meet with you.

HYMN 28.—P. M.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold the beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door ;
No hand, nor 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 would'st disdain ;
But those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
That though 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,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few.

If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well 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 often I must come again.
- 6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a worm 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 bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and mis'ry feel ;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

HYMN 29.—C. M.

The Band of Love.

- 1 OUR souls in love together knit
Cemented into one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire ;

He stoop'd and talk'd, and fed and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS. L. M.

“A Saviour,” let creation sing!

“A Saviour!” let all heaven ring!

He's God with us, we feel him ours,

His fulness on our souls he pours:

'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,

We're foll'wing those who've gone before;

We soon shall reach that blissful shore

Where we shall meet to part no more.

2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God,

Let trembling cowards fly;

We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,

With Christ to live and die.

Let devils rage and hell assail,

We'll fight our passage through

Though foes unite and friends desert,

We'll seize the prize in view.

3 The little cloud increases still,

The heavens are big with rain;

We haste to catch the teeming shower,

And all its moisture drain.

A well, a stream, a current flows,

But pour a mighty flood;

Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,

'Till all proclaim thee God.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up

And set'st thy starry crown,

When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
 May we a little band of love,
 Be sinners sav'd by grace ;
 From glory unto glory chang'd
 Behold thee face to face !

HYMN 30.—P. M.

The Family Bible.

- 1 How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
 Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
 When blest with parental advice and affection,
 Surrounded with mercies, with peace from
 on high.
 I still view the chair of my sire and my
 mother,
 The seats of their offspring as rang'd on each
 hand,
 And that richest book which excels every
 other,
 That family Bible which lay on the stand.
 The old fashioned Bible, the dear blessed
 Bible,
 The family Bible, that lay on the stand.
- 2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration
 At morn and at evening could yield us de-
 light,
 The prayer of our sire was a sweet invoca-
 tion,

For mercy by day, and safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony
swelling,

All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous
dwelling,

Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old fashioned Bible, &c.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity long have we part-
ed,

My hopes almost gone, and my parents no
more ;

In sorrow and sadness I live broken heart-
ed,

And wander unknown on a far distant
shore ;

Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's pro-
tection,

Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand ;
Oh! let me with patience receive his cor-
rection,

And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old fashioned Bible, &c.

HYMN 31.—C. M.

Something always new.

1 SINCE Man by sin, has lost his God,
He seeks Creation through,
And vainly hopes for solid bliss,
In trying something new.

- 2 The new possess'd, like fading flowers,
 Soon loses its gay hue ;
 The bubble now no longer takes,
 The soul wants something new.
- 3 And could we call all Europe ours,
 With India and Peru ;
 The mind would feel an aching void,
 And still want something new.
- 4 But when we feel the Saviour's power,
 All good in him we view,
 The soul forsakes its vain pursuit
 Nor seeks for something new.
- 5 The joys a dear Redeemer brings,
 Will bear a strict review ;
 Nor need we ever change again,
 For Christ is always new.

 HYMN 32.—P. M.

- 1 SEE the Eternal Judge descending,
 Seated on his Father's throne,
 Now poor sinner, Christ will show thee
 That he's with the Father one.
 Trumpets call thee,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the sinner now lamenting
 At the sight of fiercer pain ;
 Cries and tears he now is venting,
 But he weeps and cries in vain.—
 Greatly mourning
 That he ne'er was born again.

- 3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love ;
O ! that I had sought his favor
When I felt his Spirit move !
Doom'd I'm justly,
For I have against him strove.
- 4 All his wooing I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul ;
If my vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke them all ;
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll.
- 5 There I see my godly neighbors
Who were once despis'd by me ;
Now they're clad in dazzling splendor,
Waiting my sad fate to see ;
Farewell, neighbors !
Dismal gulf, I'm bound for thee.
- 6 Hail ! ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,
Groaning, rattling of your chains !
Christ has now pronounc'd my sentence,
I'm to dwell in endless pain ;
Down I'm rolling,
Never to return again.
- 7 Now experience plainly shows me
Hell is not a fabled thing ;
Now I see my friends in glory,
Round the throne they ever sing,
I'm tormented
With an everlasting sting.

HYMN 33.—L. M.

- 1 WE'VE found the rock, the travellers cried,
 O Halle Hallelujah,
 The stone that all the prophets tried ;
 O Halle Hallelujah,
 Come, children, drink the balmy dew,
 O Halle Hallelujah,
 'Twas Christ who shed his blood for you,
 O Glory Hallelujah.
- 2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
 Which sin and guilt had made so foul ;
 O that you would believe in God,
 And wash in Christ's most precious blood.
- 3 I'm glad I ever saw this day,
 That we might meet to praise and pray :
 O children, children, bear the cross,
 And count the world below as dross.
- 4 We'll bear the cross and wear the crown,
 And by our Father's side sit down ;
 His grace will feed our hungry souls,
 While love divine eternal rolls.
- 5 His fiery chariots make their way,
 To welcome us to endless day ;
 There glitt'ring millions we shall join,
 To praise the Prince of David's line.

HYMN 34.—P. M.

- 1 As I lay musing on my bed,
 I thought on my Redeemer ;

My heart did sing, to Christ my King,
Who did my soul deliver.

CHORUS.

- We're all united, heart and hand ;
All in one band completely :
We're marching through Immanuel's land
Where the waters flow most sweetly.
- 2 The mountains melt, the skies dissolve,
While sinners stand and tremble ;
The saints rejoice, to hear God's voice,
While Jesus bids them welcome.
- 3 Then I saw thousands hand in hand,
All on their way to heaven ;
They were baptiz'd in Jesus' name,
And felt their sins forgiven.
- 4 As they march'd on they beheld a crown
That was by Jesus purchas'd ;
The sacred fire still rises higher,
While Jesus gives them conquest.
- 5 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
The hosts of hell are driven ;
Fight on, fight on, ye conqu'ring souls,
The prize will soon be given.
- 6 When we arrive at joys on high,
To reign with Christ for ever ;
There we shall drink full draughts of bliss
From the pure source of pleasure.
- 7 When on the flowery plains we meet,
And range the fields of glory ;

We'll shout and sing, to Christ our King,
And cast our crowns before him.

HYMN 35.—P. M.

- 1 THE son of man they did betray :
He was condemn'd and led away,
Think, O my soul, on that dread day,
Look on mount Calvary.
Behold him lamb like led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.
- 2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood ;
From every wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain.
His bitter groans all nature shook,
The earth to its firm centre rock'd,
'The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
And laughed at his pain.
- 3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
Behold ! in agonies he dies ;
O sinners hear his mournful cries,
Come see his torturing pain.
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight ;
The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood affright.
When Christ the Lord was slain.

- 4 Hark ! men and angels, hear the Son,
He cries for help, but O there's none.
He treads the wine press all alone,
His garments stain'd with blood.
In lamentations hear him cry ;
" Eloi, lama sabacthani !"
Though death may close his languid eyes,
He soon will mount the upper skies,
The conq'ring Son of God.
- 5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts of steel around him stand,
And mocking say, " Come save the land,
Come, try thyself to free."
A soldier pierc'd him when he died ;
Thence healing streams came from his side,
And thus my Lord was crucifi'd,
Stern justice now is satisfied,
Sinners, for you and me !
- 6 Behold ! he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While millions bowing at his feet,
With loud hosannas tell :
Though he endur'd exquisite pains,
He led the monster death in chains ;
Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains,
He conquer'd Death and Hell.
- 7 'Tis done ! the dreadful debt is paid,
The great atonement now is made :
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,

- For you he spilt his blood.
 For you his tender soul did move,
 For you he left the courts above,
 That you the length and breadth might
 prove,
 And height and depth of perfect love,
 In Christ your smiling God.
- 8 All glory be to God on high,
 Who reigns enthron'd above the sky ;
 Who sent his Son to bleed and die.
 Glory to him be given ;
 While heav'n above, his praise resounds :
 O Zion sing—his grace abounds ;
 I hope to shout eternal rounds,
 In flaming love, which knows no bounds,
 When swallow'd up in heav'n.

 HYMN 36.—L. M.

- 1 YOUNG people all attention give,
 While I address you in God's name,
 Ye, who in sin and folly live,
 Come hear the counsels of a friend.
- 2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
 And rang'd the luring scenes of vice,
 But never knew substantial joys,
 Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 3 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
 And took my load of guilt away,
 He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
 And thus I found the heavenly way.

- 4 And now, with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet,
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 5 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time, or conquering death,
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
- 6 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose,
The coffin muffler, winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 7 Ye heedless ones, that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns and vapours roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
- 8 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.
- 9 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns, and billows rear
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.
- 10 Still sunk in shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in ceaseless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

11 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
 Of all who do free grace refuse ;
 And soon with you 'twill be too late,
 The way of life is Christ to choose.

12 Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
 No longer fight against your God,
 But with the Gospel now comply,
 And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 37.—P. M.

1 THE voice of Free Grace
 Cries escape to the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race
 Christ has opened a fountain ;
 For sin and transgression
 And every pollution,
 His blood flows most freely
 In streams of ablution.

CHORUS

Hallelujah to the Lamb
 Who has purchas'd our pardon,
 We will praise him again
 When we pass over Jordan.

2 That fountain so clear,
 In which all may find pardon,
 From Jesus' side flows
 In plenteous redemption ;
 Though your sins were increas'd
 As high as a mountain,

His blood it flows freely ;
O come to this fountain.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious,
Thy name shall be prais'd
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

Hallelujah, &c.

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

Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 38.—P. M.

1 JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep.
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

- 2 Thou art my pilot wise ;
My compass is thy word ;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord !
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye ;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And ev'ry boist'rous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest :
My soul thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where wind and waves distress no more.
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss ;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempest bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace ;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destin'd place ;
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 39.—L. M.

- 1 To-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 2 Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ forever reign?
- 3 Make now your choice, and halt no more,
For now he's waiting for the poor;
Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 4 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compar'd with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear,
Come, go with us, your souls are dear.
- 5 Or must we leave you bound to hell;
Resolv'd with devils there to dwell?
Still we will weep, lament and cry,
That God may change you ere you die.
- 6 Then, blooming friends, a long farewell;
We're bound to heaven, but you to hell:
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you ere the burning day.

HYMN 40.—S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear ;
 O may we all remember well
 The day of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest ;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears ;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
 And view the unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 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.

 HYMN 41.—P. M.

- 1 THE fields are all white, the harvest is near,
 The angels all with their sharp sickles appear,
 To reap down the wheat, and gather it in
 barns,
 While the wild plants of nature are left for
 burn.

2 Come, then, O my soul, meditate on that day,
When all things in nature shall cease and
decay;

When the trumpet shall sound, the angels
appear,
To reap down the earth, both the wheat and
the tare.

3 But hear the sad cry, ascend to the sky,
Of those in distress that have no where to fly;
They'll call for the rocks and mountains to
fall,
On their wretched souls, for to hide them
withal.

4 But 'twill all be in vain, the mountains will
flee,
The rocks fly like hailstones, and shall no
more be;
The earth it shall quake, the seas shall re-
tire,
And the solid world shall be all on fire.

5 But hear the great Judge, in that dread
alarm,
Saying Gather my saints, bring them all to
my arms,
That the seven last plagues may be pour'd out
on those
Who have blasphem'd my name, and my
saints have oppos'd.

6 Then, O wretched sinners, look up and
espy

The glorious Redeemer, marching down the
sky ;

In a chariot of fire to the earth he is bound,
With a guard of bright angels attending him
down.

7 Come hither, ye nations, your sentence re-
ceive,

No longer my Spirit shall strive and be
griev'd ;

My sentence is right, my judgment is just,
Come hither, ye blest, but depart, all ye
curst.

8 O sinners, take warning, and seek ye the
I have not been jesting, 'tis Jesus' [Lord
own word,

That those who believe in glory shall stand,
While all unbelievers are sure to be damn'd.

9 Now farewell, I leave you to ponder your
way ;

May the Lord seal instruction from what I
say,

That our souls to God's throne may be pour'd
out in prayer,

That we may be prepar'd to meet Christ in
the air.

HYMN 42.—P. M.

1 WHAT 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 is 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 could not confide in his word,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I could call him my Lord.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with the plan,
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can.
If doings 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 Saviour they kiss,
And while they salute him betray,
Ah ! what will profession like this,
Avail in that terrible day !

- 5 If asked what of Jesus I think ?
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say he's my meet and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store,
 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall,
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My portion, my Lord, and my all.

HYMN 43.—P. M.

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

CHORUS.

Sinners, can you hate a Saviour ?
 Will you thrust him from your arms ?
 Once he died for your behaviour,
 Now he calls you to his charms.

- 2 Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,
 Shows his wounded hands and feet ;
 Father, save them though they're blood red,
 Raise them to a heavenly seat.

- 3 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
 Hear his gracious voice to day ;
 Turn from all your vain behaviour,
 O repent ! return and pray.

- 4 O be wise before you languish
 On the bed of dying strife !

Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon th' events of life.

5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee ;
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shines around on you and me.

6 Open now your hearts before him ;
Bid the Saviour welcome in ;
Now receive, and O adore him !
Take a full discharge from sin.

HYMN 44.—P. M.

- 1 THE blessed Jesus, loving Saviour,
He has call'd on me to go ;
In the vineyard, I must labor,
Or on me must come the wo.
Farewell, dear friends and loving neighbors,
The gospel trumpet I must blow,
And sound salvation to poor sinners,
Or on me must come the wo.
- 2 Say not four months then comes the har-
vest ;
The fields are white, the harvest near,
He that reaps receiveth wages,
As from scripture doth appear,
Then for my Jesus I will travel,
O'er mountains high and vallies low,
To seek a bride for my dear master ;
For the word to me is, Go.

3 O hark, poor sinner, will you hear me?
Will you have my Christ or no?

To you my errand is directed,
Will you with my Saviour go?

Say, poor sinners, will you hear me?
Will you have my Christ or no?

The blessed Jesus now invites you,
Now he calls on you to go.

4 O come, poor mourners, who feel wounded,
Though your sins like mountains rise,

Let your hopes on Christ be founded,
Prepare to meet him in the skies.

If your sins appear like crimson,
He'll wash your souls as white as snow;

O come, dear mourner, to the Saviour,
Come, and feel the pardon flow.

5 O come, backsliders, who have wander'd,
Who so long have gone astray;

Come, rebellious wandering children,
Jesus meets you on the way,

For the fatted calf is killed,

All things are ready now, I know,
Wine on the lees and well refined,
So farewell wand'ers, I must go.

6 Ye little lambs of my Redeemer,
Ye who feed in pastures green;

Follow, follow Christ your leader,
Ever let your light be seen.

Ever mind and love each other;
Shun the path that leads to wo,

And travel on the way together,
So farewell, brethren, I must go.

HYMN 45.—P. M.

- 1 THE great tremendous day's approaching,
The awful scene is drawing nigh!
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.
But O, my soul, reflect and wonder!
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see that great transaction,
When Christ in judgment shall appear.
- 2 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound,
Arise ye dead, and come to judgment,
Ye nations of the world around!
Loud thunders rumbling through the concave
Bright forked lightnings part the skies;
The heavens are shaking, the earth is quak-
ing,
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.
- 3 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,
No more their shining circuits ran;
The wheel of time stops in a moment,
Eternal things are now begun.
Huge massy rocks and towering mountains
Over their tumbling bases roar;
The raging ocean all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frightened shore.

4 Green turf-y grave-yards and tombs of marble,
 Give up their dead both small and great ;

See the whole world both saints and sinners,
 Are coming to the judgment seat.

See Jesus on the throne of Justice,

Comes thundering down the parted skies,
 With countless armies of shining angels,
 With hallelujahs shout for joy.

5 Bright shining streams from his awful presence ;

His face ten thousand suns outshine !
 Behold him coming in power and glory !
 To meet him all his saints combine.

Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like lightning,

Call in my saints from distant land,
 Those that my blood from sins have ransom'd
 Whose names on life's fair book do stand.

6 O come, ye blessed of my Father,
 The purchase of my dying love ;

Receive the crowns of life and glory,
 Which are laid up for you above.

For your dear souls which have continued
 With me and my temptations bore,

I have provided for you a kingdom,
 To reign with me for evermore.

7 See Justice now with indignation,

Calling aloud for sinner's blood ;

Those that have slighted offer'd mercy ;

And crucified the Son of God ;
 Depart from me ye cursèd sinners ;
 My face you never more shall see ;
 Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
 To dreaded wo and misery.

8 See guilty souls then struck with horror,
 And anguish throbbing in their breasts,
 Behold them doom'd to hopeless sorrow,
 And never more to look for rest.
 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.

HYMN 46.—P. M.

1 THROUGH tribulation's deep
 The way to glory is,
 This stormy course I keep,
 On these tempestuous seas.
 By wave and winds I'm tost and driven,
 Freightèd with grace and bound to heaven.

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

3 When I, in my distress,
 My anchor, hope, can cast

Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast ;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heaven no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use,
I tug and toil and strive ;
Through storms and calms for many a day
I make but very little way.

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

6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I in the night
Behold the moon or star ;
Sometimes for days and weeks or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.

7 As at the time of noon
My quadrant, faith, I take,
To view my Christ my sun,
If he the clouds should break,
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabouts I be.

- 8 The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know ;
I cannot with it part,
Its rocks and sands doth show.
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true.
- 9 I keep aloof from pride,
Those rocks I pass with care ;
I studiously avoid
The whirlpool of despair.
Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
Near them I do not choose to run.
- 10 When through a strait I go,
Or near some coast am drove,
The plummet forth I throw,
And thus my safety prove.
The Scripture is the line which I
Fathom the depth of water by.
- 11 My vessel would be lost
In spite of all my care,
But that the Holy Ghost
Himself vouchsafes to steer,
And I through all my voyage will
Depend upon my Steersman still.
- 12 Ere I reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,
Which dreadful proves to most ;
For all this passage go ;
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
If God himself is at my helm.

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



HYMN 47.—C. M.

- 1 WHAT poor despised company
 Of travellers are these,
 That walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along that rugged maze?
- 2 "Ah, these are of a royal line
 All children of a King;
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
 And lo, for joy they sing."
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean,
 And why so much despised?
 "Because of their rich robes unseen
 The world is not apprised."
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
 And lacking daily bread,
 "Ah, they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
 With hidden manna fed."
- 5 But why keep they that narrow road,
 That rugged thorny maze?
 "Why that's the way their Leader trod,
 They love and keep his ways."

6 Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well ?

“ Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.”

7 What ! is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground ?

“ Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.”

HYMN 48.—P. M.

1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home to stay with you ;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.

Farewell; farewell, farewell,
My loving friends farewell.

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

Farewell, &c.

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

Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n ;
You've counted all things here but dross ;
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

Farewell, &c.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
 Sore conflicts yet await for you ;
 Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
 Till Canaan's happy land you view.
 Farewell, &c.

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

HYMN 49.—L. M.

- 1 Lift up your hearts, Immanuel's friends
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends ;
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the good old way.
- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be
 Shall not prevent our victory ;
 If we but watch and strive and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way.
- 3 O, good old way, how sweet thou art ;
 May none of us from thee depart,
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marching in the good old way.
- 4 Then, far beyond this mortal shore,
 We'll meet with those who've gone before,
 And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
 By marching in the good old way.

HYMN 50.—P. M.

1 FAREWELL, my dear^r brethren, the time is
at hand,

That we must be parted from this social band ;
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for
awhile,

We'll soon meet again if kind Providence
smile,

But when we are parted and scatter'd abroad
We'll pray for each other and wrestle with
God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be
discharg'd,

The war will be ended, your treasures en-
larg'd,

With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may
roar,

We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who're listed
for war,

Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near ;

Altho' you must travel the dark wilderness,

Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to
bliss.

5 The world and the devil and hell all unite,

And bold persecution will try you to fright,

But Jesus stands for you, who's stronger than
he?

Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners with sad bro-
ken heart,

O hasten to Jesus and choose the good part,
He's full of compassion and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, careless sinner, for you I do mourn,
To think of your danger while quite uncon-
cern'd;

I've heard of the judgment where all must ap-
pear,

There you will stand trembling with torment-
ing fear.

8 Your frolics and pastimes in which you de-
light,

Will serve to torment you with dreadful af-
fright.

You'll think of those sermons that you've
heard in vain,

All hopes gone forever, of hearing again.

9 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all
around,

Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall
sound.

To meet you in glory I'll give you my hand;
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

HYMN 51.—P. M.

- 1 O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all ;
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy
sheep,
To feed on the pasture of love ?
Oh why in the valley of death shall I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread ?
'Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they
see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The star that on Israel shone ?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone ?
- 3 This my beloved is his form divine,
His vestments shed odors around ;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the
vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence
blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams !

- 4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 5 Love sits in his eyelids and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.
He looks, and ten thousands of angel's rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

 HYMN 52.—P. M.

- 1 THE song of salvation it is so divine,
There's music and melody in every line!
It was sung by the Hebrews when deliver-
ance they found,
When old Simeon finds Jesus sweet praises
doth sound.
- 2 There is a day coming when louder we'll
sing,
Sweet anthems of praises to Jesus our King;

Then we shall mount up from all sorrow and
 pain,

The kingdom of heaven eternally gain.

3 O sinners, we're travelling to yonder bright
 world,

From which by transgression the angels were
 hurl'd,

We bid you a final eternal farewell,

Unless you're converted you'll sink down to
 hell.

4 Awake, O poor sinners, awake from your
 sin,

To call on the Saviour this moment begin;

But if you neglect it again and again,

When God speaks your sentence we must say
 Amen.



HYMN 53.—P. M.

1 O JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
 With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy
 feet;

In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh and blood;

Thou art my Redeemer, who brought me to
 God.

2 All human expressions are empty and vain,
 They cannot unriddle the heavenly flame;

I'm sure if the tongue of an angel were mine,
 I could not this mystery completely define.

3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous ac-
 count!

My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount ;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels my kindred so dear.

4 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest !
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest !
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my
song ;

Thy grace shall inspire my heart and my
tongue.

5 O who's like my saviour, he's Salem's
bright King ;

He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to
sing,

I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud
and shrill,

While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

HYMN 54.—L. M.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat ;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour 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 Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amelek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would often be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.

HYMN 55.—P. M.

- 1 YE soldiers of Jesus,
Pray stand to your arms ;
Prepare for the battle,
The gospel alarms,
The trumpets are sounding, come, soldiers,
and see,
The standard of Jesus, salvation is free.
- 2 Though Satan's black trumpet
Is sounding so near,
Take courage, brave soldiers,
His armies we dare :
In the strength of King Jesus we dare him to
fight,
We'll put his black armies of aliens to flight.

- 3 In the mount of salvation,
In Christ's armory,
There's swords, shields and breast plates,
And helmets for thee.
O be not faint hearted, though he roars like a
flood,
He'll not stand before the bright armies of
God.
- 4 Behold all the armies
Are now marching home,
God's trumpet is sounding,
And bids them to come ;
All Zion's fair armies together do meet,
And lay down their armor at Jesus' feet.
- 5 The angelic army
With Zion combines ;
In robes of bright glory
Eternally shines ;
All shouting and singing on Canaan's bright
shore,
Where wars and commotions can meet them
no more.
- 6 We'll join the bright harpers
In anthems divine,
Whose crowns with bright diamonds
The sun doth outshine,
To the praise of King Jesus we'll tune our
harps then,
Salvation and glory to Jesus, Amen.

HYMN 56.—P. M.

The Minister's Farewell.

- 1 FAREWELL my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds the jubilee ;
My stammering 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 of union dear,
Like strings you twine about my heart ;
I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
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,
Although so kind and dear to me ;
My Jesus calls and I must go
To sound the gospel jubilee ;
To sound the joy and bear the news
To Gentile world, and royal Jews.
- 4 Farewell, young people one and all,
While God to me my breath will give
I'll pray to the Eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live ;
That your dear souls prepared be
May 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.

HYMN 57.—P. M.

- 1 Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you farther go,
 Can you sport 'upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo?
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,
 Vengeance waits the dread command,
 Soon will stop your sport and pride,
 And sink you with the damn'd.

CHORUS.

- Then be intreated now to stop,
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware you'll drop
 Into a burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that great day,
 When his judgment will proclaim;
 When the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to the bar,
 Then to hear your awful doom,

Will fill you with despair,
 All your sins will round you crowd ;
 Sins of a blood crimson dye ;
 Each for vengeance cry aloud,
 And what will you reply ?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lin'd with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass.
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Tho' they now despise his grace ;)
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

5 But as yet there is a hope,
 You may his mercy know ;
 Tho' his arm be lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow.
 It was for sinners Jesus died ;
 Sinners he invites to come ;
 None that come shall be denied ;
 He says there still is room.

 HYMN 58.—C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the visions of thy face
 Have overpowering charms ;
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.
- 2 Then while you hear my heart strings break
 How sweet the minutes roll,

A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.

- 3 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I could forget my breath,
And lose my life amid the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 59.—L. M.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be?
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon!
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham'd of me.
- 7 His institutions I will prize,
 Take up the cross, the shame despise ;
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.

 HYMN 60.—P. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pleasure,
 Where streams of joy forever roll,
 'Tis there I have my treasure,
 And there I hope to rest my soul.
 Long darkness dwelt around me,
 With scarcely once a cheering ray ;
 But since my Saviour found me,
 A light has shone along my way.
- 2 My way is full of trials ;
 But it's the path that leads to God ;
 Then like a valiant soldier,
 I'll dauntless keep the happy road.
 Now I must gird my sword on,
 My helmet, breast plate, and my shield,
 And fight the hosts of Satan,
 Until I gain the heavenly field.
- 3 I'm on my way to Canaan,
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand ;
 O come along, dear sinner,
 And see Immanuel's happy land.

- To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a long farewell !
O come, or you'll repent it,
When you do reach the gates of hell !
- 4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before !
O how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar !
Whose hand shall then support me ;
And keep my soul from sinking there ;
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair.
- 5 The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave,
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll ride on Jordan's waves :
His word has calm'd the ocean ;
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale ;
O may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail.
- 6 Then come, thou king of terrors,
And with thy weapons lay me low !
I soon shall reach that region,
Where everlasting pleasures flow ;
Now, Christians, I must leave you,
A few more days to suffer here ;
Through grace I soon shall meet you ;
My soul exults, I'm almost there.
- 7 But Oh the thoughtless company
That crowd the road that leads to wo ;

- For them I'm fill'd with sympathy ;
 I soon must bid them a long adieu !
 O sinners, must I leave you !
 No more to join your social band ?
 No more to stand before you,
 Till at the judgment seat we stand.
- 8 Soon the archangel's trumpet
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll.
 Then shall I see my Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels, come
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his ransom'd people home.

 HYMN 61.—P. M.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin !
 Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

- 4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN 62.—P. M.

- 1 Why stand ye here idle,
My friends, all the day?
Your moments are fleeting,
They'll soon pass away!
The market is open,
The store you may see,
Then come, take in welcome,
All things here are free.
- 2 Here's mercy and pardon,
Here's love and free grace,
Here's strong consolation,

Here's great joy and peace,
Here's hope for the hopeless,
The weary find rest,
Here's all things in plenty
For poor and distress'd.

3 Here are clothes for the naked,
Here all may be clad,
Here is bread for the hungry,
Here souls may be fed ;
Here's manna from heaven,
This food is divine,
Fat things full of marrow,
And wine well refin'd.

4 Here is oil, milk and honey,
A plenty in store,
Sufficient for thousands,
Yea, millions and more ;
Here's balm for the wounded,
Here's strength for the weak,
Here cordials divine
Are prepared for the sick.

5 Then come, all ye needy,
Ye poor and distress'd,
Come, and receive freely,
And be ever bless'd ;
O come, without money,
To Jesus and buy,
Then love him and praise him
For ever on high.

HYMN 63.—P. M.

- 1 ALL who seek a throne of grace,
Find one may in every place ;
To those who love a life of prayer
Our God is present every where.
- 2 In pining sickness, or in health,
In poverty or growing wealth,
The humble soul delights in prayer,
And God is present every where.
- 3 When Zion mourns and comforts fail,
And all her foes do scoff and rail ;
'Tis then a time for secret prayer,
For God is present every where.
- 4 When some backslide, and others fall,
And few are found that strive at all,
The faithful find in secret prayer,
That God is present every where.
- 5 O then, my soul, in every straight,
To the Almighty come and wait ;
Who sees, and every sigh does hear,
And he will answer all true prayer.

 HYMN 64.—S. M.

- 1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels own their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire ;
And yet how far from thee I lie ;
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

HYMN 65.—P. M.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 O refresh us, O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation,
 In our hearts and lives abound,
 May thy presence, may thy presence,
 With us ever more be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever, may we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

 HYMN 66.—P. M.
Indian Hymn.

IN de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
 Den me look Heaven, and send up cry,
 Upon my knee so low ;
 Den God on high in shining place,
 See me in night wid teary face,
 De priest he tell me so.

- 2 He send he angel take me care,
 He come heself to hear me prayer,
 If Indian heart do pray ;
 He see me now, he know me here,
 He say, poor Indian neber fear,
 Me wid you night and day.
- 3 So me lub God wid inside heart,
 He fight for me, he take um part,
 He save um life before ;
 God lub poor Indian in de wood,
 Den me lub God, and dat be good ;
 Me pray him two times more.

 HYMN 67.—P. M.

- 1 THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given :
 The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
 There's nothing *true* but heaven.
- 2 Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave are driven :
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray,
 Serve but to light us on the way :
 There's nothing *calm* but heaven.
- 3 And false the light on glory's plume
 As fading hues at even ;
 And genius' bud and beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb ;
 There's nothing *bright* but heaven.

- 4 And where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven ;
For sorrows, sighs, and trouble's tear,
Have never found a refuge here ;
There's nothing *kind* but heaven.
- 5 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven ;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace ;
There's nothing *good* but heaven.
- 6 From such as walk in wisdom's road,
Corroding fears are driven ;
They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their *way* to heaven.

SECOND PART.

- 7 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given,
There is a tear for souls distress,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heaven.
- 8 There is a soft and downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even,
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest their aching head,
And find repose in heaven.
- 9 There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tost on life's tempestuous shore,

Where storms arise and oceans roar,
But all is o'er in heaven.

10 Now faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
The ev'ning shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

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

HYMN 68.—P. M.

- 1 COME, my brethren, let us try,
For a little season ;
Every burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.
- 2 What is this that casts you down,
What is this that grieves you ?
Speak and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.
- 3 Think on what your Saviour bore,
In the gloomy garden ;
Sweating blood from every pore,
Crying, O my Father.
- 4 See him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying ;

See he suffered this for you,
Therefore be believing.

5 Joseph took his body down,
Shrouded it in linen ;
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.

6 Soon he rises from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory ;
O what glory shone around,
Hallelujah, glory.

7 Brethren, don't you feel the flame ?
Sisters, don't you love him ?
Let us join to praise his name ;
Let us never grieve him.

8 Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll be in heaven ;
There to join with those above,
And forever praise him.

HYMN 69.—P. M.

1 WHEN shall we three meet again ?
When shall we three meet again ?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire ;
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky ;

Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls ;
 And in fancy's wide domain,
 Oft shall we three meet again.

3 When our burnish'd locks are grey,
 Thinn'd by many a toil spent day ;
 When around this youthful pine,
 Moss shall creep and ivy twine ;
 (Long may this lov'd bow'r remain ;)
 Here may we three meet again.

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

HYMN 70.—P. M.

1 Now the truth is gaining ground,
 By its testimony ;
 Weighty testimony sound,
 Sweeter than the honey ;
 Humble souls begin to see,
 In the heavenly mystery ;
 And they hold, and preach, and sing,
 Christ the great salvation.
 Let their testimony ring
 Through the whole creation.

- 2 Now the rich eternal word,
Like the powerful leaven,
Opens in the saints of God,
Mysteries of heaven ;
In this op'ning they behold
All things clearly new and old ;
And the op'ning life within
Moves the proclamation,
Let the testimony ring
Through the whole creation.
- 3 Faithful souls who watch and pray,
Overcome temptation ;
And the light of gospel day,
Gives them revelation ;
And the revelations give
Food which keeps their souls alive ;
And they live and rise and sing,
Hearty adoration,
Let their testimony ring
Through the whole creation.
- 4 Now the dragon is afraid,
He shall lose dominion ;
Now he's calling to his aid,
Ev'ry false opinion ;
Hypocrites and sinners too,
Help compose his army now,
And he's plac'd his army round,
Some in ev'ry nation ;
Hear their vile reproaches sound
Through the whole creation.

- 5 But the lovely Prince of Peace,
Sometimes called Michael,
With a band of humble saints,
Gives the dragon battle :
And the only weapon us'd,
Is the Spirit's word of truth ;
And with this they cut and sing,
In their proper station ;
Let their testimony ring
Through the whole creation.
- 6 In the battle thus engag'd,
Which I think is coming ;
Though the dragon is enrag'd,
Saints will overcome him ;
By the blood of Christ the Lamb,
Testifying in his name ;
Thus they'll take the ground and sing
Christ the great salvation ;
Let the testimony ring
Through the whole creation.
- 7 Hearken, poor, half-hearted souls,
Shunning self-denial ;
While the testimony calls,
Do not fear the trial ;
While you see this ardent strife,
Never try to save your life ;
Now give up to Christ the King,
He's the great salvation ;
Let the testimony ring
Through the whole creation.

- 8 Now if any want to know
 How to join the army
 Under Jesus, and will go
 Against the prince of darkness ;
 Wicked self must be denied,
 Strive to mortify your pride,
 And let Jesus be your King,
 And your whole salvation ;
 Let this testimony ring
 Through the whole creation.

HYMN 71.—P. M.

- 1 COME and taste along with me,
 The weary pilgrim's consolation ;
 Boundless mercy running free,
 The earnest of complete salvation.
 Joy and peace in Christ I find,
 My heart to him is all resign'd,
 The fulness of his power I prove ,
 And all my soul's dissolved in love ;
 Jesus is the pilgrim's portion,
 Love is boundless as the ocean.
- 2 When the world and flesh would rise,
 And strive to draw me from my Saviour,
 Strangers slight or foes despise,
 I then more highly prize his favour.
 Friends believe me when I tell,
 If Christ is present all is well ;
 The world and flesh in vain would rise,
 I all their efforts do despise ;

In the world I've tribulation,
But in Christ sweet consolation.

3 When I'm in the house of prayer,
I find him in the congregation ;
Music sweet unto my ear
Is the sound of free salvation.
My heart exults, my spirits flow,
I love my God and brethren so ;
I join and sing and shout aloud,
And disregard the gazing crowd.
Glorious theme of exultation !
Jesus Christ is my salvation.

4 Worldlings hold me in disdain,
Because I slight their carnal pleasure ;
All in this that gives me pain,
Is, they slight a noble treasure.
But among them, bless the Lord,
There's some that tremble at his word ;
And this doth joy to me impart,
To think the Lord has reached their heart ;
O the praise to God be given,
Peace on earth and crowns in heaven.

5 Why should I regard the frowns
Of those who mock, deride and slight me,
Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,
Beyond the reach of those who hate me,
Toil and pain and sufferings o'er,
I'll gain that blissful happy shore ;
And with the shining host above,
I'll sing and shout redeeming love :

Pleasures there beyond expression,
Ever flow in sweet succession.

PART II.

- 6 When I hear the pleasing sound
Of weeping mourners just converted,
The dead's alive, the lost is found,
The Lord has healed the broken hearted.
When I join to sing his praise,
My heart in holy raptures raise ;
I view Immanuel's land afar,
I shout and wish my spirit there.
Glory, honour and salvation,
What I feel is past expression.
- 7 Mourners, see your Saviour stand,
With arms extended to receive you ;
See ! he spreads his bleeding hands,
Come, venture on him, he'll relieve you ;
Cast all your doubts and fears aside,
The door of mercy's open wide,
The fountain flows that saves from sin,
Come now believe and enter in ;
Don't distrust your blessed Saviour,
Now believe and live forever.
- 8 Sinners, you may mock and scorn,
Your moments lost will be lamented ;
That awful day is hastening on,
When you will wish you had repented ;
Death with its embraces cold,
Will soon your mortal bodies hold ;
Your pleasures then will take their flight,

And down you'll sink to endless night.
 While you're of that guilty number,
 Your damnation doth not slumber.

- 9 Come, poor sinners, go with me,
 My heart's enlarged to receive you ;
 Slight not mercy offer'd free,
 Venture on him, he'll relieve you ;
 But if you offer'd grace refuse,
 And still the way of folly choose,
 Unhappy souls, your guilt and blood
 Will rest on your defenceless heads.
 Darkness, torment, pain and sorrow,
 May be your's before to-morrow.

HYMN 72.—P. M.

- 1 YE jewels of my Master,
 Who shine with heavenly rays,
 Amid the beams of glory,
 Reflect immortal blaze,
 Ye diamonds of beauty,
 With pleasing lustre crown'd ;
 Of heavenly extraction,
 To Zion's city bound.
- 2 When I beheld your order,
 And harmony of soul,
 And heard divinest numbers
 In pure devotion roll,
 And gems immortal glowing
 With such enliven'd grace,

I view'd the Saviour's image
Imprest on every face.

- 3 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion join'd ;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies ;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.
- 4 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Relcas'd from cumb'rous clay ;
He'll polish and refine you,
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom,
Will bid you enter in.
- 5 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound ;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands :
Lo, you're redeem'd for ever,
From death's corrupted bands.
- 6 As Aaron on his girdle,
In shining jewels drest,
Bore all the tribes of Israel

- Inscrib'd upon his breast ;
 So will the Priest of Zion,
 Before the Father's throne,
 Present the heirs of glory,
 And God the kindred own.
- 7 The golden bells will echo
 Around the sacred hill ;
 And sweet immortal anthems
 The vocal regions fill ;
 In everlasting beauty,
 The shining millions stand,
 Safe on the Rock of Ages,
 Amid the promis'd land.
- 8 We'll range the wide dominion
 Of our Redeemer round,
 And in dissolving rapture
 Be lost in love profound ;
 While the flaming harpers
 Begin the lasting song,
 With hallelujahs rolling
 From the unnumber'd throng.

 HYMN 73.

An Address to Sailors.

- 1 YE sons of the main, ye that sail o'er the
 flood,
 Whose sins, big as mountains have reach'd
 up to God,
 Remember, the short voyage of life soon
 will end ;

Now come, brother sailor, make Jesus your friend.

2 Look astern on life ! see your wake mark'd with sin,
Look ahead ; see the torments, you'll soon founder in ;

The hard rocks of death will soon beat out your keel,

And your vessel and cargo will all sink to hell.

3 Lay by your old compass, 'twill do you no good,

It ne'er will direct you the right way to God ;

Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall asleep,

Watch and pray night and day, lest you sink into the deep.

4 Spring your luff, brother sailor, the breeze now is fair,

Trim your sails to the wind, and those torments you'll clear ;

Your leading star Jesus, keep full in your view,

You'll weather the danger, he'll guide you safe through.

5 Renounce your old captain, the devil, straightway ;

The crew which you sail with will lead you astray ;

Desert their black colours, come under the
red,
Where Jesus is captain, to conquest he'll
lead.

6 His standard's unfurl'd, see it wave through
the air,
And volunteers coming from far off and
near ;
Now's the time, brother sailor, no longer
delay,
Embark now with Jesus, good wages he'll
pay.

7 The bounty he'll give, when the voyage
doth begin ;
He'll forgive your transgressions and
cleanse you from sin ;
Good usage he'll give, while you sail on the
way,
And shortly you'll anchor in heaven's
broad bay.

8 In the harbour of glory, for ever you'll
ride,
Free from quicksands and dangers, and
sin's raging tide :
Waves of death cease to roll, and the
tempest be o'er,
And the hoarse breath of Boreas dismast
you no more.

9 The tarpolin jacket no longer you'll wear,
But robes dipped in glory, all clean, white
and fair ;

A crown on your head that will dazzle the
 sun,
 And from glory to glory eternally run.

HYMN 74.—C. M.

Class Meeting.

- 1 LORD! when together here we meet,
 And taste thy heav'nly grace,
 Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
 We're loath to leave the place.
- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
 That we must part again,
 O let thy precious presence still
 With every one remain.
- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
 Bound with the cords of love,
 Till we, around thy glorious throne,
 Shall joyous meet above.
- 4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart,
 Shall then for ever fly,
 And not one thought that we should part
 Once intercept our joy.
- 5 Where void of all distracting pains,
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
 But in seraphic, heavenly strains,
 Redeeming love admire.
- 6 And thus, through all eternity,
 Upon the heav'nly shore,

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

HYMN 75.

- 1 NAY, 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 knowst my name!
Yet the 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 pow'r 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 years have pass'd 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,
Canst 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.

HYMN 76.—C. M.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
 And make this last resolve.
- 2 “I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin,
 “Hath like a mountain rose;
 “I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 “Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 “And there my guilt confess;
 “I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 “Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 “But should the Lord reject my plea,
 “And disregard my pray'r;
 “Yet, still, like Esther, I will stay,
 And perish only there.
- 5 “I can but perish if I go—
 “I am resolved to try;
 “For if I stay away, I know
 “I must for ever die.
- 6 “But should I die with mercy sought,
 “When I the King have tried:

“I there should die (delightful thought!)
 “Where ne'er a sinner died.”

HYMN 77.—P. M.

Class-Meeting Hymn.

- 1 DEAR friends for a week we must part,
 Another sweet Class-Meeting's gone,
 While absent, united in heart,
 Our interests are blended in one.
 Each other's afflictions we share,
 And bear them all up to the throne;
 Agreed in the spirit of prayer,
 To meet every day about noon.
- 2 O Jesus, our centre and source!
 Let brotherly love keep us one;
 To urge with unanimous force,
 The ark of the Covenant on.
 May each of us actively strive,
 To gather poor sinners to God,
 And labour thy work to revive,
 By spreading religion abroad.
- 3 Our leader, O Lord! do thou lead,
 That he may lead us unto thee:
 To us make him useful indeed,
 And light in thy light may he see.
 O may he not shun to declare,
 The cause and effects of thy curse,
 The council of God without fear
 That all may quit sin or quit us.

HYMN 78.—P. M.

- 1 HARK, brethren, don't you hear the sound,
The martial trumpet now is blowing,
Men in order listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing :
Bounties offer'd, joy and peace,
To ev'ry soldier this is given ;
And when from toil and war we cease,
A mansion bright prepar'd in heav'n.
- 2 Those who long in debt have laid,
And felt the hand of dire oppression ;
All their debts are freely paid,
And they endow'd with large possession ;
All that's sick or blind or lame,
Maladies are also healed,
Outlaw'd rebels when they come,
Receive a pardon freely sealed.
- 3 The battle is not to the strong,
The burden's on the Captain's shoulder ;
None so aged or so young
But he may list and be a soldier ;
Those who cannot fight nor fly,
Beneath this banner find protection,
None, who on his name rely,
Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.
- 4 You need not fear, the cause is good,
Come who will list and be a soldier ;
In this cause the martyrs bled,

And shouted vict'ry in the fire :
 In this way let's follow on,
 And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
 How through Christ we gain'd the crown,
 And fought our way through grace to glory.

5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
 Behold the army's now in motion,
 Some by faith behold the crown,
 And almost grasp their future portion ;
 Shout the victory, sing aloud,
 Emmanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling,
 Mourners weeping through the crowd,
 And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

 HYMN 79.—P. M.

1 ENLISTED into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil ?
 Music, alas ! too long has been
 Press'd to obey the devil :
 Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
 Flows to the soul's undoing,
 Widens and strews with flowers the way
 Down to our utter ruin.

2 Who on the part of God will rise ?
 Innocent sounds recover ;
 Fly on the prey, and seize the prize,
 Plunder the carnal lover ?
 Strip him of every moving strain,
 Every melting measure,

Music in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure.

3 Come let us try if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us ;
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth shall fire us :
Try if your hearts are tuned to sing ;
Is there a subject greater ?
Harmony all its strains may bring,
Jesus' name is sweeter.

4 Jesus the soul of music is,
His is the noblest passion ;
Jesus' name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation :
Jesus' name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.

5 Who hath a right like us to sing,
Us whom his mercy raises !
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,
Joyful are all our faces.
Who of his love doth once partake,
He in the Lord rejoices ;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

6 Then let us in his praises join ;
Triumph in his salvation ;
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship and adoration :

Heaven already is begun,
 Open'd in each believer ;
 Only believe, and still sing on,
 Heaven is ours for ever.

HYMN 80.—L. M.

1 HEAR the royal proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation,
 Publishing to every creature,
 To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious :
 Over heaven and earth most glorious
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
 Hear the heralds loudly crying,
 " Rebel sinners, royal favour
 Now is offer'd by the Saviour."

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
 Who have wrought your own undoing ;
 Here is life and free salvation,
 Offer'd to the whole creation.

4 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
 For you he was crucified ;
 Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven,
 Life eternal's through him given.

5 Here is life, and milk, and honey,
 Come and purchase without money ;

Mercy flowing like a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

6 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightnings' blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

7 Now our hearts have caught new fire,
Brethren raise your voices higher,
Shout with joyful acclamation
To the King of our salvation.

8 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation ;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

9 Shout, ye saints; make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption ;
Angels shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

HYMN 81.—L. M.

The penitent Thief.

1 JESUS Christ has power alone,
To subdue an heart of stone ;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died ;

One with vile blasphemous tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death ;
Perish'd as too many do,
With a Saviour in their view.
- 4 But the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith receiv'd to own his Lord,
Whom the Scribes and Priests abhor'd.
- 5 Lord, he pray'd, remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be :
Soon with me, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt be in Paradise.
- 6 This was wonderous grace indeed !
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need :
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
And you'll find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief ;
And if the gospel you disdain,
Christ for you has died in vain.

HYMN 82.—L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise :
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh how free !

2 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, oh how strong!

3 When troubles, like a gloomy cloud,
Have gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, oh how good!

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
Though oft his mercies I've forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

5 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!

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

HYMN 83.—P. M.

1 WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear;
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear.
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sin to their mind;

But when they were humbled enough,
He hasted to show himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill treated and sold !
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told !
“ I am Joseph, your brother,” he said,
“ And still to my heart you are dear ;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here.”

3 Though greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup :
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.
“ Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did ?
And will he our household maintain ?
Oh this is a brother indeed !”

4 Thus, dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
And laden'd with guilt, to the Lord,
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word :
At first he look'd stern and severe,
What anguish then pierced my heart ;
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, “ Thou cursed, depart !”

5 But oh ! what surprise when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face ;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace :

“ Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
 By thee I was sold and was slain ;
 But I died to redeem thee from hell,
 And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 “ I am Jesus, whom thou hast blasphemed,
 And crucify'd often afresh ;
 But let me henceforth be esteem'd
 Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh :
 My pardon I freely bestow,
 Thy wants I will fully supply ;
 I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
 And soon will remove thee on high.

7 “ Go publish to sinners around,
 That they may be willing to come,
 The mercy which now you have found,
 And tell them that yet there is room.”
 Oh sinners, the message obey !
 No more vain excuses pretend ;
 But come without farther delay,
 To Jesus, our Brother and Friend.

HYMN 84.—P. M.

1 Ye children of Zion, who're aiming for
 glory,
 Enlisted with Jesus, to fight against hell,
 New-Canaan's bright borders are now just
 before you,
 Though Jordan's proud billows its banks over-
 swell :

Ten thousand have cross'd it, and are now in
 heaven,
 A shouting and praising the great One in
 Seven ;

And I hope my Saviour will bring us all over,
 In the land of sweet Canaan forever to dwell.

2 This makes my heart merry, it fills me
 with glory,
 That toiling and labouring one day will be
 o'er :

At the feet of my Saviour I'll there tell my
 story,
 When sin, pain and sorrow, can reach us no
 more.

Be bold and courageous and fear not the
 devil,
 Though he should speak of you all manner
 of evil ;

Although hell enrages, yet Jesus engages
 To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright
 shore.

3 Like ships on the ocean, we're tost by com-
 motion :

But Christ is the pilot, and he's a sure guide :
 When sick and afflicted, kind love has a foun-
 tain,

Which flows in abundance from Jesus' side.
 Though Satan's wild whirlwinds, like deluges
 roaring,

With floods of temptation, as hail adown
 pouring ;

Though devils should haunt you, yet let them
 not daunt you,
 For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.

4 I feel his love blazing, my spirits are rais-
 ing,

Had I angel's pinions, away I would go ;
 And see that bright city, and hear angels
 praising,

And all the enjoyment of glory to know ;
 To those blessed Seven, that shine through
 all heaven

All glory from saints and from angels be giv-
 en ;

My heart's all on fire ; my Jesus draws nigh-
 er :

His love like an ocean, all through me doth
 flow.

5 His love so constrains me, this earth can't
 contain me :

My soul is so joyful I'm fill'd with new wine,
 'Tis grace that supports me, and glory a-
 waits me,

While flames from sweet heaven all round me
 do shine,

Bright angels attend me where'er I am going ;
 Sweet Jesus, direct me, whate'er I am doing.

A subject of wonder, on which angels ponder,
 That beggars are rais'd to a life so divine.

HYMN 85.—P. M.

- 1 LIKE a ship see the church through the ocean she rolls,
She's freighted with grace, and well mann'd
out with souls,
'Midst whirlwinds and tempests she sails
through the world,
While storms of temptation against her are
hurl'd.
- 2 She is bound from the world, through the
tempest she flies,
She mounts o'er the billows, is bound for the
skies ;
While Christ stands at helm no danger she'll
fear,
Her captain and pilot knows which way to
steer.
- 3 She stops not to anchor in harbours below,
But o'er life's rough billows her true course
doth go ;
The high lands of heaven, she still keeps in
view,
Intends there to anchor and there land her
crew.
- 4 While hell and her legions around her do
roar,
Like the waves of the ocean which break on
the shore ;

She steers her course onward, nor heeds the
 alarm,
 With Christ in the vessel, she smiles at the
 storm.

5 The ebb-tide of nature which feeds the dead
 sea,
 And the gulf of confusion together agree
 To hinder her progress, her march to oppose ;
 She spreads forth her canvass and outsails her
 foes.

6 She's hated by worldlings, despised by fools,
 Who sail the black sea till they shipwreck
 their souls ;
 She kindly invites them their course to bewail,
 Yet tarries not for them, but spreads the more
 sail.

7 She's rapidly sailing with strong gales of
 love,
 And soon will strike soundings on the fair
 coast above ;
 Make the high lands of Heaven, above the
 dark flood,
 And anchor for ever in the kingdom of God.

HYMN 86.—C. M.

1 In evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear ;
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopp'd my wild career.

- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree
 In agonies and blood :
 Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never to my latest breath
 Can I forget that look ;
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
 And plunged me in despair ;
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
 But now my tears are vain :
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
 For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive ;
 My blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die that thou may'st live."

 HYMN 87.—C. M.

- 1 COME, all ye mourning pilgrims dear,
 Who are bound for Canaan's land,
 Take courage, and fight valiantly,
 Stand fast with sword in hand :
 Our Captain he is gone before,
 Our Father's only Son ;

Then pilgrims dear, oh do not fear,
But let us follow on.

2 Through a dark howling wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore ;
A land of pits, and snares, and death,
Where chilling winds do roar ;
But Jesus will go through with us,
And guard us by the way :
Though enemies examine us,
He'll tell us what to say.

3 *Apol.* Good morning, brother traveller,
Pray tell to me your name ;
And whither you are travelling to ;
Likewise from whence you came.

Pil. My name it is Bold Pilgrim,
To Canaan I am bound ;
I'm from the howling wilderness,
And the enchanted ground.

4 *Apol.* Pray what is that upon your head
That shines so clear and bright ?
Likewise the covering of your breast,
So dazzling to my sight ?
What kind of shoes are those you wear,
On which you boldly stand ?
Likewise the shining instrument
You hold in your right hand ?

5 *Pil.* 'Tis glorious hope upon my head,
And on my breast a shield,
With this bright sword I mean to fight,
Until I win the field :

My feet are shod with gospel grace,
On which I boldly stand ;
I mean to fight until I die,
And gain fair Canaan's land.

6 *Apol.* You'd better stay with me, young man,
And give your journey o'er ;
Your Captain now is out of sight,
His face you'll see no more.

My name is old Apollyon,
This land belongs to me,
And for your arms and pilgrim's dress,
I'll give it all to thee.

7 " Oh no ! " replies the pilgrim bold,
" Your offer I disdain :

A glitt'ring crown of righteousness
I shortly shall obtain :

If I continue faithful
To my dear Lord's command,
I shall be heir with him above
Of Canaan's fruitful land.

8 The pleasant fields of Canaan,
How beauteous to behold !

The valleys clad in living green !

The mountains ting'd with gold !

The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand ;

Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
Away to Canaan's land.

HYMN 88.—C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ;
Whilst o'hers fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die,
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 89.—P. M.

- 1 COME, precious soul, and let us take
A walk becoming you and me,
And whither, my friend,
Shall we our footsteps bend
To Calvary or to Gethsemane.
- 2 "O Calvary is a mountain high,
'Tis much too hard a task for me ;
And I had rather stay
In the broad and pleasant way,
Than to walk in the garden of Gethsemane."
- 3 It would not appear such a mountain high,
Nor such a task, dear sinner, for thee,
If you lov'd the Man
Who first laid the plan,
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.
- 4 'I'd rather abide in this pleasant plain,
My gay and merry friends to see :
And tarry awhile
In the joys of the world,
Than to climb up the mountain Calvary.'
- 5 Your gay companions must lie in the dust,
Their souls are bound for misery ;
And if you ever stand,
On Canaan's happy land,
You must climb up the mountain Calvary.
- 6 'There is no pleasure that I can behold,
And it is a lonely way to me ;

For I have heard them say
There are Lions in the way,
And they lurk in the mountain Calvary.'

7 It is a peaceful pleasant way,
Poor wand'ring soul, could you but see ;
And you shall have a guard,
Yea, the Angels of God,
To conduct you o'er mountain Calvary.

8 'I'd rather have peace, and live at my ease,
Than to be afflicted thus by thee ;
When blooming youth is gone
And when old age comes on,
I will climb up the mountain Calvary.'

9 There is no better time than youth,
To travel the mountain as you see ;
When old age comes on,
You are burden'd with sin,
Then how can you climb up Calvary.

10 "O leave this melancholy theme,
I cannot enjoy any peace for thee ;
There is time enough yet,
And the journey's not so great,
I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.

11 O, hark, I hear a doleful sound !
You greatly should alarmed be ;
A blooming youth is gone
And is laid in the tomb,
Who refused to climb Mount Calvary.

12 'Alas, I know not what to do,
 You greatly have alarmed me,
 For in sin I've gone on,
 Till I fear I'm undone,
 Lord, help me to climb up Calvary.'

13 O tarry not in all the plain,
 Lest it prove a dangerous snare to thee ;
 But look to the Man,
 Who was slain for your sin,
 And he'll help you to climb up Calvary.

HYMN 90.—P. M.

1 WITH pleasure behold
 The city of gold,
 How beautiful, lovely, and bright ;
 Coming down from above,
 In its beauty and love,
 Adorned with glory and light ;
 Prepared as a bride,
 For Immanuel's side ;
 Let angels rejoice at the sight ;
 Jerusalem new
 Its glory doth show,
 The wisdom of God and his might.

2 Its walls great and high,
 Behold it with joy,
 Think of it, ye saints, with delight ;
 Behold its foundation
 With great admiration,
 With precious stones garnished bright ;

It lieth four square,
A golden reed there,
With angels to measure it right ;
Consider with pleasure,
Its equal in measure,
Its length, breadth and height are alike.

3 Twelve angels there wait,
At twelve holy gates,
The righteous rejoice when they enter ;
For they will behold
A city of gold,
The tree of life placed in the centre :
There proceeds from the throne
Of the King whom they own,
A river, of water of life ;
As crystal it's clear,
As wine it doth cheer
The heart of the bride, the Lamb's wife.

4 There those who do well,
With Jesus shall dwell,
For ever and ever in peace ;
They need not the moon,
Nor the bright shining sun,
In so glorious and holy a place.
God's glory will shine,
And give light divine,
Therefore it will never be night :
What raptures are there !
All heaven will share,
It's perfectly filled with light.

5 The saints shall there reign
 With the Lamb that was slain,
 The face of their King they will see ;
 There standing before him,
 To love and adore him,
 His name in their foreheads will be.
 Great joy will be there,
 The righteous will share,
 While angels their voices are raising ;
 How pleasant the singing,
 Melodiously ringing,
 While saints are in harmony praising.

6 How pleasant their singing,
 Melodiously ringing,
 All praising with cheerfullest voices ;
 What melodious sounds
 Are echoing round,
 While all in that city rejoices.
 How rich and how great,
 How good and complete,
 That city which God will prepare ;
 How pure and how holy,
 And full of bright glory,
 How beautiful, lovely, and fair.

HYMN 91.—P. M.

1 THE old Israelites knew what it was they
 must do,
 If fair Canaan they would possess,

- They must still keep in sight of the pillar of
light,
Which led on to the promised rest.
- 2 The camps on the road, could not be their
abode,
But as oft as the trumpet should blow,
They all glad of a chance, of a further ad-
vance,
Must then take up their baggage and go.
- 3 I am thankful indeed, for the heavenly
head,
Which before me has hitherto gone ;
For that pillar of love which doth onward still
move
And doth gather our souls into one.
- 4 Now the cross bearing throng, are advanc-
ing along,
And a closer communion doth flow,
Now all who would stand on the promised
land,
Let them take up their crosses and go.
- 5 The way is all new, as it opens to view,
And behind is a foaming Red Sea ;
So none now need to speak, of the onions
and leeks,
Or to talk about garlicks to me.
- 6 My mind's in pursuit, I must have the good
fruit,
Which in Canaan's rich vallies doth grow ;

Although millions of foes should rise up and
oppose,

I will take up my crosses and go.

7 What though some in the rear preach up
terror and fear,

And complain of the trials they meet ;

Though the giants before with great fury do
roar,

I am resolved I will never retreat.

8 We are little 'tis true, and our numbers are
few,

And the sons of old Anak are tall ;

But while I see a track I will never give back,

But go on at the risk of my all.

9 Though while scatter'd around in this wil-
derness ground,

With good manna awhile we've been fed ;

This will not always do, we must rise and go
through,

Till we feed on the heavenly bread.

10 Now the morning doth dawn for the camps
to move on,

And the priests with their trumpets do blow,

As the priests give the sound and the trumpets
resound,

All my soul is exulting to go.

11 On Jordan's near side I can never abide,

For no place here of refuge I see,

Till I come to the spot, and inherit the lot,
Which the Lord God will give unto me.

12 Now 'tis union I seek with the pure and
the meek,
So an end to all discord and strife ;
Since I have fixed mine eyes on the heavenly
prize,
I will go at the risk of my life.

13 If I am faithful and true and my journey
pursue,
Till I stand on the heavenly shore,
I shall joyfully see what a blessing to me,
Was the mortifying cross which I bore.

14 Since these losses are gain I will never
complain,
But so long as I am able to move,
With the resolute few, I'm resolved to go
through,
Till I reach the fair Canaan above.

15 All my honors and wealth, all my pleas-
ures and health,
I am willing should now be at stake ;
If my Christ I obtain I shall think it great
gain
For the sacrifice which I shall make.

16 When I all have forsook, like a bubble
'twill look,
From the midst of a glorified throng,

Where all losses are gain, where each sorrow
and pain
Are exchang'd for the conqueror's song.

HYMN 92.—P. M.

1 HEARKEN ye sprightly, and attend ye vain
ones,
Pause in your mirth, adversity consider,
Learn from a friend's pen truths that are most
painful,

A sick-bed reflection.

2 Healthful and gay, like you I spent my mo-
ments,
Fondly my heart said, joy shall last forever,
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyments,
But by permission.

3 Sudden and awful, from the height of pleas-
ure,
By pain and sickness thrown upon a death-
bed,
Vain is its softness to assuage the pain of
Raging disorder.

4 Kindest attention of my friends most hu-
mane,
With the profound skill of a kind physician,
All skill is baffled, while distress and anguish
Torture my whole frame.

5 Vain are my groanings, all complaints are
fruitless,

Changing my place does not abate my fever;
Hère like a reptile, on a bed of embers,
Tortur'd I languish.

6 Hopes of recov'ry my fond heart indulged,
Till my physician, to my great amazement,
Kindly inform'd me that my case was des-
p'rate,

Death was approaching.

7 Wonders on wonders to my view now open
Life is receding, to the grave I'm hast'ning;
Am I prepared? this dreadful moment must I
Meet my Creator?

8 Twenty-five years I've spent without con-
sidering

Man was a mortal, dependt on a moment,
Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.

9 Oft have I listen'd while death-bells were
tolling,

Seen the graves open with spectators mourn-
ing,

But for myself was, spite of all these warn-
ings,

Long life expecting.

10 Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've re-
jected,

In my gay moments, thoughts of death I've
 banish'd,
 When grown grey-headed, I have oft resolved
 Death to prepare for.

11 Time in advance to me seem'd moving
 slowly,
 Days without numbering I propos'd for pleas-
 ure ;
 But they are blasted ! Now behold the end of
 Procrastination.

12 Tortur'd in body, not a limb escapes it,
 No sweet composure to direct one prayer,
 All is disorder ! yet my state eternal
 Now is depending.

13 Now ghastly death ! pray stop one mo-
 ment longer,
 Till I give warning to my gay companions !
 No time is granted for expostulation,
 Shun my example.

HYMN 93.—P. M.

1 SHOUT aloud, O ye angels,
 In glory's bright rays ;
 Who wait on king Jesus,
 His glory to praise.
 Ye thousands of thousands,
 Ascribing your songs,
 To Jesus whom praises
 And power belongs.

- 2 Shout aloud, saints in glory,
The Saviour's high praise,
Who on Jesus's glory
Eternally gaze.
He's worthy of honor
From all that's above ;
For he was your ransom,
With grace, truth and love.
- 3 Shout aloud, O ye heralds,
Christ makes you to sound,
Salvation from Jesus,
To sinners around :
Shout glory to Jesus,
And go in his name ;
And he, by his Spirit,
Will make you a flame.
- 4 Shout aloud to your Shepherd,
Who gives you his law ;
His foes shall behold him,
And sink down in awe ;
Your Saviour will give you
His word for your sword,
And with it you'll conquer,
For Christ is your Lord.
- 5 Shout aloud, O ye churches,
For Jesus is King ;
And hold on rejoicing,
His praises to sing ;
Depend on his mercy,
He'll carry you through,

And you may shout glory
While you're here below.

6 Shout aloud, for in Jesus
Your life shall increase ;
His promise is certain,
And you shall have peace ;
Your tears shall be wiped,
And soon you shall sing,
In eternal glory,
With Jesus your King,

7 Shout, Jesus is worthy,
He's Zion's bright King ;
Ye young men and maidens,
His praises now sing ;
O daughter of Zion,
Come sing your sweet song ;
Your harps have been hanging
On willows too long.

8 The sun shows his glory,
The moon spreads his praise ;
The stars all in order,
Declare his decrees ;
The bow and the harvest
Do show he's the Lord,
Forever declaring
The truth of his word.

9 The thunder, while roaring,
Is showing his voice ;
And showers descending
Make vallies rejoice ;

The mountains, in standing,
Do show forth his pow'r ;
And waters are shouting
From shore unto shore.

10 The birds sing his praises,
Which fly in the air ;
The rose and the lily
His beauties declare ;
The fish in the ocean,
He makes them to swim,
And leap out of water,
In honor to him.

11 Here's glory and honor,
To Jesus below ;
All things here around us,
His power do show !
He's worthy of honor,
From all things that be,
On earth or in heaven,
And all in the sea.

12 Salvation, dominion,
With power and praise ;
Hosanna to Jesus,
For riches of grace :
Hallelujah to Jesus,
I'll shout and I'll sing ;
For he is my refuge,
My rock and my king.

HYMN 94.—S. M.

Penitential.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain ;
I feel the very same,
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 Oh would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal ;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie ?
Surely the mercy I have sought,
Is not for such as I.
- 6 But whither can I go ?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and cry ;

Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die ?

8 No, he is full of grace,
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

HYMN 95.—P. M.

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

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie ;
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
“ With God you have no union.”

3 Then I began to weep and cry ;
And look'd this way and that, to fly,
It griev'd me so that I must die ;
I strove salvation for to buy ;
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean ;
And oh ! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
 And went from house to house to pray,
 And if I met one on the way,
 I found I'd something still to say
 About this heavenly union.

6 I now with saints can join to sing,
 And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring
 With loud hosannas to our King,
 Who brought our souls to union.

HYMN 96.—C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease :
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
 'Tis life and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free :
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood avail'd for me.

HYMN 97.—P. M

- 1 COME, ye sinners poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r ;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh ;
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger ;
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness he requireth,
Is, to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring 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 ;
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him!

Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finish'd !"
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

HYMN 98.—C. M.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free !
 A heart that always feels thy blood
 So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly contrite heart,
 Believing, true and clean !
 Which neither life nor death can part,
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN 99.—P. M.

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

 HYMN 100. —P. M.

- 1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I own, but cannot see,

- My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee ;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold :
Art thou the man who dy'd for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 3 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong :
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.
- 4 Yield to me now—for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant pray'r !
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be love.
- 5 'Tis love, 'tis love ! Thou dy'dst for me,
I hear thy whisper in my heart,
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art ;
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

6 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay, and love me to the end;
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature and thy name is love.

HYMN 101.—P. M.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought:
 Do I love the Lord or no;
 Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his 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 Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn mine eyes within,
 O how dark, and vain, and wild!
 Prone to unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Faith is weak in all I do;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you?

- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy with saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd:
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

 HYMN 102.—P. M.

- 1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain
store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort—go after
 him, go :

Lo ! onward I move to a city above,
 None guesses how wond'rous my journey will
 prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and
 sin,

'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ
 within :

And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why :

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
 He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind :
 So this is the race I'm running through grace,
 Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's
 face.

HYMN 103.—C. M.

1 How happy ev'ry child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiv'n !
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heav'n :
 A' country far from mortal sight ;
 Yet, O ! by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 The heav'n prepar'd for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours !
 While here on earth we stay,

We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
 And antedate that day :
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.

- 3 O would he more of heav'n bestow !
 And let the vessels break ;
 And let our ransom'd spirits go,
 To grasp the God we seek :
 In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 Through all eternity.

HYMN-104.—P. M.

- 1 VAIN delusive world adieu,
 With all of creature-good,
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood !
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd !
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity :
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me !
 Me to save from endless wo
 The sin-atoning victim dy'd !

Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd !

3 Here will I set up my rest ;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart :
Whither should a sinner go ?
His wounds for me stand open wide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd !

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness
On Jesus to depend ;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd !

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove :
Shew the length, the breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love !
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied !
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd !

HYMN 105.—L. M.

1 Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon :

His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment :
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am ;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the way to God!"

HYMN 106.—P. M.

1 COME on my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,

And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The saints' secure abode :

On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :

To patient faith the prize is sure :
And all that to the end endure
The cross shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up :
It brings to life the dead !

Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see ;
The beatific sight

Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

HYMN 107.—L. M.

1 He dies, the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;

A solemn darkness veils the skies!

A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two

For him who groan'd beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!

But lo! what sudden joys we see;
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise)

Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
How high your great deliv'rer reigns:

Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!

Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!

"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting:

"And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?"

HYMN 108.—P. M.

Convinced of Backsliding.

1 How happy are they

Who the Saviour obey,

And have laid up their treasure above!

Tongue cannot express

The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name !

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

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

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

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justify'd I,
Nor envy'd Elijah his seat ;

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

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

HYMN 109.—S. M.

- 1 AND let our bodies part,
 To diff'rent climes repair;
 Inseparably join'd in heart
 The friends of Jesus are!
- 2 Jesus the corner-stone
 Did first our hearts unite!
 And still he keeps our spirits one,
 Who walk with him in white.
- 3 O let us still proceed
 In Jesus' work below;
 And follow our triumphant Head,
 To farther conquests go.
- 4 The vineyard of the Lord
 Before his labourers lies;
 And lo! we see the vast reward,
 Which waits us in the skies!
- 5 O let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend,

That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end !

- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain !
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

HYMN 110.—P. M.

- 1 Lo ! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain !
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train ;
Hallelujah !
God appears with man to reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty !
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !
- 4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne !
Saviour take the pow'r and glory,

Claim the kingdom for thine own :
Jah ! Jehovah !
Everlasting God, come down !

HYMN 111.—S. M.

- 1 AND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Be heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love ;
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above.
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 112.—P. M.

- 1 **ARISE**, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my surety stands :
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary :
 They pour effectual pray'rs,
 They strongly speak for me :
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
- 4 The father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son :
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear :

With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father! cry.

HYMN 113.—C. M.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die ;
-My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high :
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest ;
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer on my three-score years
'Till my deliv'rer come ;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise !
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there !
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

- 4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet,
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away :
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

 HYMN 114.—L. M.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' ensure the great reward,
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
 To 'scape from sin and fly to heav'n ;
 The day of grace, when mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die ;
 Beneath the clods their dust must lie ;
 They'll have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circle of the sun.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue ;
 Since no device, nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
 In the cold grave to which we haste ;

O may we all improve the grace !
And see with joy thy glorious face.

HYMN 115.—L. M.

Thou shalt make thy prayer unto him, and he shall hear thee. Job. xxii. 27.

- 1 PRAY'R is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give :
Long as they live should Christians pray :
They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If guilt deject ; if sin distress ;
In ev'ry case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak :
Though thought be broken language lame,
Pray ; if thou canst, or canst not, speak :
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him ; thou canst not fail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not ; his merits must prevail :
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

HYMN 116.—C. M.

That at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow. Heb. ii. 10.

- 1 JESUS, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners giv'n !

- It scatters all their guilty fear ;
It turns their hell to heav'n.
- 2 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace !
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
- 3 His only righteousness I show,
His loving truth proclaim :
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry "Behold the Lamb!"
- 4 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name !
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold ! behold the Lamb !

HYMN 117.—P. M.

And in his law doth he meditate day and night
Psalm i. 2.

- 1 How happy, gracious Lord, are we !
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude :
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and pray'r.
- 2 With us no melancholy void
No moment lingers unemploy'd
Or unimprov'd below :
Our weariness of life is gone,

Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise ;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heav'nly pow'rs,
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And holy, holy, holy cry,
A bright harmonious throng,
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new, eternal song.

HYMN 118.—P. M.

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home ;
The city of saints shall appear
The day of eternity come :
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end
When, rais'd by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord :
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air,

No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there!

- 3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem near:
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear:
 Immoveably founded in grace,
 She stands, as she ever hath stood:
 And brightly her builder displays,
 And shines with the glory of God.

HYMN 119.—P. M.

- 1 COME, all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
 Whose hearts are join'd in one;
 Hold up your hands with courage bold,
 Your race is almost run;
 Above the clouds behold him stand,
 And smiling bid you come;
 Whilst angels beckon you away,
 To your eternal home.
- 2 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
 With glory in his view;
 To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
 And bids the world adieu;
 While friends stand weeping all around,
 And loath to let him go,
 He shouts with his expiring breath,
 And leaves them all below.
- 3 O, Christians; are you ready now,
 To cross the narrow flood?

On Canaan's happy shore behold,
 And see a smiling God!
 The dazzling charms of that bright world,
 Attract my soul above;
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
 When perfected in love.

4 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
 I'm bound to meet you there;
 Tho' you've to travel th' enchanted ground,
 Hold out, and do not fear.
 Fight on, fight on, ye conq'ring souls,
 The land keep still in view;
 And when you reach fair Canaan's shore
 I hope to meet with you.

HYMN 120.—L. M.

1 THE people called christians, how many
 things they tell,
 About the land of Canaan, where saints and
 angels dwell;
 But sin that dreadful ocean encloses them
 around,
 With its tide still divides them from Canaan's
 happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient to find a
 passage through,
 And with united wisdom, have tried what they
 could do;

But vessels built by human skill have never
sailed far,
'Till we've found them aground on some
dreadful sandy bar.

3 The everlasting gospel has launched the
deep at last,
Behold her sails extended around her tower-
ing mast ;
Along the deck in order, the joyful sailors
stand ;
Crying ho, here we go, to Immanuel's happy
land.

4 The passengers united, in order, peace and
love,
The wind's all in our favor, how sweetly we
do move ;
Let tempests now assail us and raging bil-
lows roar,
We will sweep through the deep till we reach
fair Canaan's shore.

5 To those who stand spectators what anguish
must ensue,
To see their old companions bid them a long
adieu ;
The pleasures of your paradise no longer can
invite,
Here we sail, you may rail, but we'll soon be
out of sight.

6 We are now on the wide ocean, we bid the
world farewell,

And where we shall cast anchor, no human
tongue can tell ;
About our future destiny there need be no de-
bate,
While we ride on the tide, with our captain
and his mate.

7 The peaceful port we'll enter, though tow-
ring billows roar,
And join with saints and angels our Saviour
to adore ;
The Captain of salvation will bring us safe to
land
In the gospel ship, O glory, to join the heav-
enly band.

HYMN 121.—L. M.

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 A SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
Thou art my Captain, King, and Head ;
And under thee I still will fight
The fight of faith with all my might.
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The ensign of our conquering Lord,
The Christian soldier's standard is,
And I will fight for King Jesus.
- 2 Thou art my Lord, keep me I pray,
That I may run the heavenly way !
Nor from my duty e'er depart,
But live to Christ with all my heart.

Help me to walk in humbleness,
 March in the way of holiness,
 O make me pure and spotless too,
 And fit to stand the grand review.

3 That when our General shall come,
 With sound of trumpet, not of drum ;
 'Tis then our well dress'd ranks shall stand,
 In full review at God's right hand ;
 And when our foes shall get the rout,
 And Jesus wheels them left about ;
 Then we'll march up the heavenly street,
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

4 The war is o'er and we are free,
 To join the blood wash'd company ;
 Our wages shall be harps of gold
 And joys of heaven which can't be told.
 There we shall drink full draughts of wine,
 The band of music we shall join ;
 And hallelujah's highest key,
 Shall be our theme eternally.

HYMN 122.—P. M.

1 DEATH, he is the king of terrors,
 And a terror unto kings ;
 Oft he fills our minds with horrors,
 Telling us of frightful things ;
 Lands of darkness, shades of silence,
 Gloomy vaults where pris'ners lie :
 How many thousands he has conquer'd !
 We, alas ! must shortly die !—

2 " See, weak man, how unexpected,
In my chariot forth I ride !

Fierce convulsions, pains, and fevers,
Are the weapons by my side :

Kingdoms, countries, or their cities,
Kings, their councils, or their slaves,
None of these mine eyes have pitied,
Quick I bring them to their graves.

3 " See them lie without distinction !
Thus I boast my thousands slain ;

Nor can reason's comprehension
E'er behold them rise again."—

Stop, oh Death ! don't boast of vict'ry ;
Stop and hear what faith can say ;

Our blessed Jesus, glorious Saviour !
Was entomb'd near Calvary.

4 See him rising ! hear him triumph !

" I, oh Death ! have conquer'd you ;
Though thy looks are so dismaying

To my saints, I'll bring them through.

This gives cause for all believers

To rejoice in Christ their King ;

Death's no more than a dark curtain,

Drawn to let my saints come in.

5 " There the wicked cease from troubling,
There the weary are at rest ;

There my saints do cease from suff'ring,

There they are divinely blest ;

Free from sin, and free from sorrow,

Free from sickness, care, and pain ;

No gloomy thoughts, or dismal horrors,
E'er shall frighten them again.

6 Thus the saints in holy triumph
May rejoice in Christ their King,
Ask the grave, "Where is thy vict'ry?
Boasting death! where is thy sting?"
Redeem'd and pardon'd through the Saviour,
Though the grave my flesh annoy,
Death's but the gate to endless glory,
Gate to everlasting joy.

HYMN 123.—P. M.

1. WHILE shepherds in Jewry were guarding
their sheep,
Promiscuously seated, estranged from sleep,
An angel from heaven presented to view,
And thus he accosted the trembling few:
"Dispel all your sorrows, and banish your fears,
For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.
- 2 "Though Adam the first in rebellion was
found,
Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground;
Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve,
The loss ye sustain'd by the Devil and Eve:
Then shepherds be tranquil; this instant arise,
Go visit your Saviour, and see where he lies.
- 3 "A token I leave you, whereby you may find
This wonderful stranger, this friend to man-
kind;

A manger his cradle, the stall his abode,
 The oxen are near him, beholding your God :
 Then shepherds be humble, be meek, and lie
 low,

For Jesus your Saviour's abundantly so."

4 This wonderful story no sooner was heard,
 Than thousands of angels from glory appeared ;
 They join'd in a concert, and this was their
 theme,

" All glory to God, and good will towards men :
 Then shepherds strike in, join your voice to the
 choir,

And catch a few sparks of the celestial fire."

5 " Hosanna," the angels in ecstasy cried ;
 " Hosanna," the wondering shepherds replied :
 " Salvation, redemption, all centred in one,
 All glory to God for the birth of his Son :
 Then shepherds adieu, we commend you to
 God ;

Go visit the Son in his humble abode."

HYMN 124.—P. M.

Trusting in Grace and Providence.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
 What more can he say than to you he hath
 said,

You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

2 In every condition, in sickness and health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
 At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 "As thy days may demand shall thy strength
 ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dis-
 may'd !
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee
 to go,
 The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow ;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
 shall 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 re-
 fine.

6 "Even down to old age, all my people shall
 prove
 My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples
 adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be
 borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for re-
 pose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
 shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

HYMN 125.—P. M.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow ;
 O ! do not our suit disdain,
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
 In compassion now descend ;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
 Lord, we know not how to go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford ;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return ;
 Those that are cast down, lift up ;
 Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek, and find
 Thee a gracious God, and kind ;

Heal the sick, the captive free ;
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 126.—P. M.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet
 flow'rs,
 Have all lost their sweetness to me :
 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice :
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind ;
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear ;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

 HYMN 127.—C. M.

- 1 WHEN all the mercies of my God,
 My rising soul surveys ;
 Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
 In wonder, love, and praise ?
- 2 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear ;
 E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in pray'r.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd :
 Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 5 Through ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;

And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

- 6 Through all eternity, to thee,
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 128.—P. M.

- 1 **THOUGH** troubles assail, and dangers af-
fright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, The Lord will pro-
vide.
- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are
fed :
From them let us learn to trust for our
bread ;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be de-
nied,
So long as it's written, The Lord will pro-
vide.
- 3 We all may, like ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost :
Though Satan enrages the wind and the
tide,
Yet Scripture engages, The Lord will pro-
vide.

- 4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old :
We know not the way, but faith makes us
bold ;
For though we are strangers, he have a sure
guide,
And trust in all dangers, The Lord will pro-
vide.
- 5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by
faith :
He cannot take from us (though oft he has
tried)
The 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 ob-
tain :
But when such suggestions our graces have
tried,
This answers all questions, The Lord will
provide.
- 7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
claim ;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name ;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power, The Lord will pro-
vide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in
 view,
 The word of his grace shall comfort us
 through :
 Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
 side,
 We hope to die shouting, The Lord will pro-
 vide.

HYMN 129.—P. M.

- 1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
 It lifts me up to things above !
 It bears on eagles' wings ;
 It gives my ravish'd soul to 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 basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen :
 Their honours, 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 city out of sight,
 A city in the skies.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart is there,

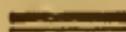
And my abiding home :
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come !

- 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 Saviour, brother, friend,
 Receive me to thy breast !

HYMN 130.—P. M.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself, to thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry :
 A half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die !
- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
 Secure, insensible ;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart,
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,

- And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness !
- 4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar :
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above !
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.



HYMN 131.—P. M.

- 1 AND am I only born to die ?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree ?
What after death for me remains ?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity.

- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay ;
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch and tremble and prepare
 Against that fatal day !
- 3 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies !
 How make my own election sure,
 And when I fall on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies.
- 4 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way
 To glorious happiness !
 Ah ! write the pardon on my heart !
 And whensoever I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace !

 HYMN 132.—S. M.
Morning.

- 1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
 O Day Star from on high !
 The sun itself is but thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O may no gloomy crime
 Pollute the rising day !
 May Jesus' blood like evening dew,
 Wash all our stains away !

- 3 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past ;
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.
- 4 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit one in three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.
-

HYMN 133.—C. M.

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

HYMN 134.—C. M.

Upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning.

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

 HYMN 135.—P. M.

- 1 HARK ! listen to the trumpeters !
They sound for volunteers !
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
Behold the officers—
Their horses white, their garments bright,
With crown and bow they stand,

Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march for Canaan's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame ;
A soldier I will be ;

I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.

They want no cowards in their band,
(They will their colours fly,)

But call for valiant hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3 The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear !

All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war ;

They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb,

His garments stain'd with his own blood,—
King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
And drive the hosts of hell ;

How dreadful is our God in arms !
The great Immanuel !—

Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ
Th' eternal Son of God,

And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>
All who seek a throne of grace	83
Am I a soldier of the cross	126
And let our bodies part	157
And must this body die	159
And let this feeble body fail	161
And am I only born to die	182
Arise and shine, O Zion fair	38
Arise, my soul, arise	160
A soldier Lord thou hast me made	169
As near to Calvary I pass	6
As I lay musing on my bed	46
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	115
Away with our sorrow and fear	165
Beside the gospel pool	141
Brethren, while we sojourn here	31
Brethren, see my Jesus coming	33
Burst ye emerald gates, and bring	24
Come my soul, thy suit prepare	85
Come, my brethren, let us try	93
Come and taste along with me	98
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast	108
Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear	123
Come precious soul, and let us take	127

Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell	142
Come, ye sinners poor and needy	144
Come thou Fount of ev'ry blessing	146
Come, O thou traveller unknown	146
Come on my partners in distress	153
Come all ye pilgrims of the Lord	166
Dark and thorny is the desert	7
Daniel's wisdom may I know	20
Dear friends for a week we must part	109
Death he is the king of terrors	170
Encourag'd by thy word	39
Enlisted into the cause of sin	111
Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone	69
Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand	71
Farewell my brethren in the Lord	79
From whence doth this union arise	27
From the regions of love	36
Glory to God that I have found the pearl of my salvation	22
Hark, brethren, don't you hear the sound	110
Hark listen to the trumpeters	185
Hail! thou blest morn, when the great Mediator	17
Hear the royal proclamation	113
Hearken ye sprightly, and attend ye vain ones	135

He dies, the Friend of sinners dies	154
How painfully pleasing the fond recollection	42
How precious is the name, brethren sing, brethren sing	23
How lost was my condition	26
How happy gracious Lord are we	164
How happy are they	155
How happy every child of grace	150
How firm a foundation	173
How tedious and tasteless the hours	176
In de dark wood, no Indian nigh	90
In evil long I took delight	122
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	184
I've listed in the Holy War	14
Jerusalem, my happy home	5
Jesus! and shall it ever be	82
Jesus, the visions of thy face	81
Jesus Christ has power alone	114
Jesus the name to sinners dear	163
Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone	152
Jesus, at thy command	53
Life is the time to serve the Lord	162
Like a ship see the church through the o- cean she rolls	121
Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour	32
Lift up your hearts, Immanuel's friends	70

Lo ! he comes with clouds descending	158
Lord we come before thee now	175
Lord ! when together here we meet	106
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	90
My God, my life, my love	88
Nay, I cannot let thee go	107
Now the Saviour stands a pleading	60
Now the truth is gaining ground	95
O for a thousand tongues to sing	143
O for a heart to praise my God	145
O glorious hope of perfect love	180
O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit	75
O precious Faith !—may I be found	24
O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight	73
O tell me no more of this world's vain store	149
Our souls in love together knit	40
Pray on, my brethren in the Lord	24
Prayer is appointed to convey	163
Saw ye my Saviour ! Saw ye my Saviour	10
See the Eternal judge descending	44
Shout aloud, O ye angel	137
Since man by sin, has lost his God	43
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think	80
'Tis a point I long to know	148

There is a heaven o'er yonder skies	35
This morning most sweetly the gales are all blowing	12
The gospel ship is sailing by	16
The pure testimony, put forth in the spirit	18
The people called christians, how many things they tell	167
The song of salvation it is so divine	74
There is a land of pleasure	83
The old Israelites knew what it was they must do	131
The Lord into his garden comes	29
Though troubles assail and dangers	178
The blessed Jesus, loving Saviour	61
The great tremendous day's approaching	63
Through tribulation's deep	65
The voice of Free Grace	52
The day is past and gone	56
The fields are all white, the harvest is near	56
The son of man they did betray	49
This world is all a fleeting show	91
Thou God of glorious majesty	181
To-Day, if you will hear his voice	55
Vain delusive world adieu	151
Wandering pilgrims, mourning christians	21
We lift our hearts to thee	183
We've found the rock, the travellers cried	46
Welcome sweet day of rest	185
With pleasure behold	129

What think ye of Christ ? is the test	58
What heavenly music do I hear	28
What poor despised company	68
What various hindrances we meet	76
When Joseph his brethren beheld	116
When shall we three meet again	94
When all the mercies of my God	177
While shepherds in Jewry	172
Whither goest thou pilgrim stranger	8
Why stand ye here idle	86
Ye children of Zion, who're aiming for glory	118
Ye jewels of my master	101
Ye sons of the main, ye that sail o'er the flood	100
Ye soldiers of Jesus	77
Young people all attention give	50

ERRATUM.

Page 29, at the end of the 27th Hymn, omit the two last lines.





1421 SCOTT, Orange. New and Improved. Camp Meeting Hymn Book. First ed. 32° sheep (slightly water-stained). Published by the Compiler: Brookfield, 1830

