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Parlour, and Cottage

# HYMNS.



A NEW SELECTION.

—  
*“Praise is comely for the upright.”* PSALMS.

*John J. Harrod*  
                    

BALTIMORE:

JOHN J. HARROD, PUBLISHER,  
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—  
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DISTRICT OF MARYLAND, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this twenty-eighth  
\*\*\*\*\* day of October, in the forty-seventh year of  
\* the Independence of the United States of  
\* L.S. \* America, John J. Harrod, of the said District,  
\* \*\*\*\*\* hath deposited in this office the title of a book,  
the right whereof he claims as compiler, in the words follow-  
ing, to wit:—

“ *Public, Parlour, and Cottage Hymns. A new se-  
lection. In two parts. ‘Praise is comely for the up-  
right.’ Psalms.*”

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PHILIP MOORE,  
*Clerk of the District of Maryland.*

**PUBLIC,**  
**PARLOUR, AND COTTAGE**  
**H Y M N S.**

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**HYMN 1. L. M.**

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd his gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise:  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## HYMN 2. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,  
No longer in thy sins lie down:  
The garment of salvation take,  
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,  
And hides the promise from thine eyes  
Arise, and struggle into light,  
The great Deliverer calls, arise!
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,  
Sion, assert thy liberty;  
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,  
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,  
Be purg'd from every sinful stain,  
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,  
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,  
And lead the pompous triumph on;  
His glory shall bring up the rear,  
And perfect what his grace begun.

## HYMN 3. S. M.

- 1 AH! whither shall I go,  
Burdened, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my trouble show,  
And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come,  
Ah! why do I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home  
And yet from him I stay.

- 3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part?  
Which will not let my Saviour take  
Possession of my heart.
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown  
Must surely lurk within;  
Some idol which I will not own,  
Some secret, bosom sin.
- 5 Jesus, the hind'rance show,  
Which I have fear'd to see;  
Yet let me now consent to know  
What keeps me out of thee.
- 6 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away!
- 7 I now believe in thee  
Compassion reigns alone:  
According to my faith, to me  
O let it, Lord, be done!
- 8 In me is all the bar,  
Which thou wouldst fain remove:  
Remove it, and I shall declare  
That God is only love.

## HYMN 4. S. M.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have;  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil:

O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely:  
Assur'd if I my trust betray  
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 5. C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote his sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

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

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

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

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

## HYMN 6. S. M.

- 1 **AND** can I yet delay  
 My little all to give?  
 To tear my soul from earth away,  
 And Jesus to receive?  
 Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
 I can hold out no more;  
 I sink by dying love compell'd,  
 And own thee conqueror.
- 2 Though late, I all forsake,  
 My friends, my all resign;  
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
 And seal me ever thine!  
 Come, and possess me whole,  
 Nor hence again remove;  
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul  
 With all thy weight of love.
- 3 My one desire be this,  
 Thine only love to know;  
 To seek and taste no other bliss,  
 No other good below;  
 My life, my portion thou,  
 Thou all-sufficient art,  
 My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
 Enter and keep my heart!

## HYMN 7. 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 threescore 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 conq'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 8. C. M.

- 1 AND must I be to judgment brought,  
 And answer in that day,  
 For every vain and idle thought,  
 And every word I say?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
 Shall shortly be made known,  
 And I receive my just desert  
 For all that I have done.

- 3 How careful then I ought to live!  
 With what religious fear,  
 Who such a strict account must give  
 For my behaviour here!
- 4 Thou awful judge of quick and dead,  
 The watchful power bestow;  
 So shall I to my ways take heed,  
 To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,  
 O let me feel thee near!  
 And make my peace with God, before  
 I at thy bar appear.

## HYMN 9. 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 atoned for all our race,  
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
 Receiv'd on Calvary;  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
 They strongly speak for me;  
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!
- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
 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.

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 10. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,  
 Nail'd to the shameful tree:  
 How vast the love that him inclin'd  
 To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,  
 And earth's strong pillars bend!  
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,  
 "Receive my soul! he cries:"  
 See where he bows his sacred head!  
 He bows his head and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
 And in full glory shine;  
 O Lamb of God! was ever pain  
 Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 11. C. M.

- 1 BEING of beings, God of love,  
 To thee our hearts we raise;

- Thy all-sustaining power we prove,  
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,  
Our sacrifice receive;  
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,  
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heav'nward our every wish aspires,  
For all thy mercy's store;  
The sole return thy love requires,  
Is that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask, we open then  
Our hearts t' embrace thy will;  
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again  
With all thy fulness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
Shed in our hearts abroad;  
So shall we ever live and move,  
And be with Christ in God.

## HYMN 12. C. M.

- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part,  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we go;  
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,  
And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside,  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified!

Closer and closer let us cleave  
 To his belov'd embrace;  
 Expect his fulness to receive,  
 And grace to answer grace.

- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
 The same in mind and heart,  
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
 Nor life, nor death, can part.

But let us hasten to the day,  
 Which shall our flesh restore:  
 When death shall all be done away  
 And bodies part no more.

#### HYMN 13. S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds,  
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts, and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain;  
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.
- This glorious hope revives  
 Our courage by the way;

While each in expectation lives  
And longs to see the day.

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

HYMN 14. S. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround his throne.  
Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,  
Who all the earth surveys,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas:  
This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love,  
He will send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above.
- 3 There we shall see his face;  
And never, never sin!  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in;  
Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 4 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below,

Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
 From faith and hope may grow  
 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry:  
 We're marching through Immanuel's land,  
 To fairer worlds on high.

## HYMN 15. S. M.

- 1 SEE how the rising sun  
 Pursues his shining way;  
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
 With every bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
 Its heavenly parent sing;  
 And to its great original  
 The humble tribute bring.
- Serene I laid me down  
 Beneath his guardian care;  
 I slept, and I awoke, and found  
 My kind Preserver near!
- 4 Thus does thine arm support  
 This weak, defenceless frame:  
 But whence these favors, Lord, to me,  
 So worthless as I am?
- 5 O how shall I repay  
 The bounties of my God?  
 This feeble spirit pants beneath  
 The pleasing, painful load.
- 6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross  
 I bring my sacrifice;  
 By thee perfum'd, it shall ascend  
 With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew  
 Devote, O Lord, to thee;  
 And in thy presence I would spend  
 A long eternity.

## HYMN 16. 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 power;  
 He is able,  
 He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify,  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh;  
 Without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream:  
 All the fitness he requireth,  
 Is to feel your need of him;  
 This he gives you,  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall,  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all;  
 Not the righteous,  
 Sinners—Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!

On the bloody tree behold him!  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
"It is finish'd!"

Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name.  
Hallelujah?  
Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN 17. P. M.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,  
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:  
See the Saviour quits the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.

*Hallelujah.*

2 Shout ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise  
Fame's eternal trump of praise;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Echo to the blissful sound.

*Hallelujah.*

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,  
See the conqu'rer mount the skies;  
Troops of angels on the road,  
Hail, and sing th' incarnate God.

*Hallelujah.*

- 4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide,  
Glorious hero, thro' them ride;  
King of glory, mount thy throne,  
Boundless empire is thine own.

*Hallelujah.*

- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,  
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;  
Praise, him in the noblest songs,  
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.

*Hallelujah.*

- 6 Ev'ry note to rapture swell:  
Sing the pow'rs of death and hell  
Dragg'd in chains behind his wheels,  
Each the wreck eternal feels.

*Hallelujah.*

- 7 Let Immanuel be ador'd,  
Ransom, Mediator, Lord;  
To creation's utmost bound,  
Let th' immortal praise resound.

*Hallelujah.*

HYMN 18. P. M.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bounds,  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

- 2 Exalt the lamb of God;  
The sin-atonig Lamb,  
Redemption by his blood,  
Through all the world proclaim;  
*The year of Jubilee, &c.*

3 Ye, who have sold for nought,  
 Your heritage above,  
 , take it back unbought,  
 The gift of Jesu's love;  
*The year of Jubilee, &c.*

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive;  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live;  
*The year of Jubilee, &c.*

5 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of pard'ning grace;  
 Ye happy souls, draw near,  
 Behold your Saviour's face;  
*The year of Jubilee, &c.*

6 Jesus, our great high-priest,  
 Hath full atonement made ;  
 Ye weary spirits, rest;  
 Ye mourning souls, be glad!  
*The year of Jubilee, &c.*

#### HYMN 19. C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up his bright designs,  
 And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust him for his grace;  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding ev'ry hour;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain;  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

HYMN 20. P. M.

1 HARK! the herald angels say,  
 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
 Let the glorious tidings fly.

*Hallelujah.*

2 Love's redeeming work is done;  
 Th' battle's fought, the vict'ry won;  
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;  
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

*Hallelujah.*

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
 Death in vain forbids his rise,  
 Christ hath open'd paradise.

*Hallelujah.*

4 Lives again our glorious king,  
 "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"  
 Once he died our souls to save,  
 "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

*Hallelujah.*

What tho' once we perish'd all,  
Partners of our parents' fall;  
Second life we shall receive,  
And in Christ for ever live.

*Hallelujah.*

'Hail, thou great Almighty Lord,  
'Hail, thou great incarnate Word;  
'Hail thou suff'ring Son of God,  
'Take the trophies of thy blood.']

*Hallelujah.*

HYMN 21. 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!
- 2 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!
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see!  
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!  
Up to his Father's court he flies;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;  
Sing how he spoil'd the host of hell,  
And led the monster, death, in chains!

- 6 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 22. P. M.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,  
 As we journey let us sing;  
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God  
 In the way our fathers trod;  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed be glad,  
 Christ our Advocate is made:  
 Us to save our flesh assumes,  
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
 On the borders of our land;  
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
 Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord! obediently we'll go,  
 Gladly leaving all below;  
 Only thou our leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee!

## HYMN 23. C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers:  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys!  
Our souls how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## HYMN 24. C. M.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus:  
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,

Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 25. C. M.

- 1 COME let us use the grace divine,  
And all with one accord,  
In a perpetual cov'nant join  
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves through Jes:':s power,  
His name to glorify:  
And promise in this sacred hour  
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make  
Be ever kept in mind;  
We will no more our God forsake,  
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,  
Who hears our solemn vow;  
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,  
Come down and meet us now!
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
Let all our hearts receive;  
Present with the celestial host,  
The peaceful answer give.
- 5 To each the cov'nant blood apply,  
Which takes our sins away;  
And register our names on high,  
And keep us to that day.

## HYMN 26. P. M.

- 1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, 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 died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 3 What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long?  
I rise superior to my pain,  
When I am weak, then am I 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 prayer;  
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if thy name be love.
- 5 'Tis love, 'tis love! thou diedst 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 27. 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 heavenly place,  
 The saint's 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 heavenly courts with praise,  
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
 Of everlasting light.

- 6 The Father shining on his throne,  
 The glorious co-eternal Son,  
 The Spirit one and seven,  
 Conspire our rapture to complete;  
 And lo! we fall before his feet,  
 And silence heightens heaven.
- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,  
 Jesus, we now sustain the cross,  
 And at thy footstool fall,  
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,  
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,  
 And God is all in all.

HYMN 28. P. M.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace:  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise:  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it:  
 Mount of thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I 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,  
 Interposed 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 29. C. M.

- 1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,  
 On thee, when sorrows rise,  
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
 For thou alone canst heal;  
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief,  
 For ev'ry pain I feel.
- [3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,  
 I fear to call thee mine;  
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?  
 Thou art my only trust:  
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
 Though prostrate in the dust.]
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
 And shall I seek in vain?  
 And can the ear of sov'reign grace  
 Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No—still the ear of sov'reign grace  
 Attends the mourner's pray'r;

O may I ever find access  
To breathe my sorrows there!

- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still;  
Here let my soul retreat:  
With humble hope attend thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 30. L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise,  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land—by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,  
In songs of praise divinely sing:  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name:
- 4 In every land begin the song;  
To every land the strains belong;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN 31. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,  
No other help I know;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me!  
Ah! whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,  
Before I drew my breath!

What pain, what labour to secure  
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
I now should feel thy power;  
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,  
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes:  
O let me now receive that gift;  
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;  
O speak, and I shall live!  
And here I will unwearied lie,  
Till thou thy spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,  
Could they but see thy face:  
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,  
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

HYMN 32. S. M.

1 FROM sin's dark, thorny maze,  
To Canaan's fertile plains,  
A trav'ling fair one, in distress,  
On her beloved leans.

2 Through fire and flood she goes,  
A weakling more than strong—  
Vents in his bosom all her woes,  
And, leaning moves along.

3 When dangers round her press,  
And darkness veils the skies,  
She leans upon his righteousness,  
From whence her hopes arise.

- 4 When guilt, a mighty flood,  
 Her trembling conscience pains,  
 Then on his peace-procuring blood  
 This trav'ling fair one leans.
- 5 She views the cov'nant sure;  
 Her hopes all centre there;  
 And on his bosom leans secure,  
 Whose temples bled for her.
- 6 O'er Jordan's chilling flood,  
 When call'd by death to go,  
 She, leaning on her cov'nant God,  
 Shall pass triumphant through.

## HYMN 33. S. M.

- 1 FATHER, our hearts we lift  
 Up to thy gracious throne,  
 And thank thee for the precious gift  
 Of thine incarnate Son!  
 The gift unspeakable  
 We thankfully receive,  
 And to the world thy goodness tell,  
 And to thy glory live.
- 2 Jesus, the holy Child,  
 Doth by his birth declare,  
 That God and man are reconcil'd,  
 And one in him we are;  
 Salvation through his name  
 To all mankind is given,  
 And loud his infant cries proclaim  
 A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.
- 3 A peace on earth he brings,  
 Which never more shall end:  
 The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,  
 Declares himself our friend;

- Assumes our flesh and blood,  
That we his grace may gain:  
The everlasting Son of God;  
The mortal Son of man.
- 4 His kingdom from above  
He doth to us impart,  
And pure benevolence and love  
O'erflow the faithful heart:  
Chang'd in a moment, we  
The sweet attraction find,  
With open arms of charity  
Embracing all mankind.
- 3 O might they all receive  
The new-born Prince of Peace;  
And meekly in his Spirit live!  
And in his love increase!  
Till he convey us home,  
Cry every soul aloud,  
Come, thou desire of nations, come,  
And take us up to God!

## HYMN 34. S M.

- 1 FAITH—'tis a precious grace,  
Where'er it is bestow'd!  
It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the gift of God!
- 2 Jesus it owns a king,  
An all-atoning priest;  
It claims no merit of its own,  
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,  
When fill'd with deep distress;  
Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
And trusts his righteousness!

- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,  
 And that divinely free;  
 Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,  
 To work this aith in me.

## HYMN 35. S. M.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!  
 Harmonious to the ear!  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way  
 To save rebellious man;  
 And all the steps that grace display  
 Which drew that wond'rous plan.
- [3 Grace first inscrib'd my name  
 In God's eternal book:  
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
 Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet,  
 To tread the heavenly road;  
 And new supplies each hour we meet,  
 While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

## HYMN 36. C. M.

- 1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,  
 In this our evil day;  
 To all thy tempted foll'wers give  
 The power to watch and pray.

- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
 Long as the cross we bear;  
 O let our souls on thee be cast  
 In never-ceasing prayer!
- 3 The spirit of interceding grace,  
 Give us in faith to claim;  
 To wrestle till we see thy face,  
 And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,  
 Till thou thyself bestow;  
 Be this the cry of every heart,  
 I will not let thee go.
- 5 I will not let thee go, unless  
 Thou tell thy name to me:  
 With all thy great salvation bless,  
 And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain-top  
 Behold thy open face;  
 Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,  
 And prayer in endless praise.

## HYMN 37. S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise:  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
 And feasts his saints to day:  
 Here we may sit, and see him here,  
 And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day 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 38, P. M.

- 1 **WHAT** now is my object and aim?  
What now is my hope and desire?  
To follow the heavenly lamb,  
And after his image aspire;  
My hope is all centred in thee;  
I trust to recover thy love,  
On earth thy salvation to see,  
And then to enjoy thee above.
- 2 I thirst for a life-giving God;  
A God that on Calvary died;  
A fountain of water and blood,  
Which gush'd from Immanuel's side:  
I gasp for the stream of thy love,  
The spirit of rapture unknown;  
And then to redrink it above,  
Eternally fresh from the throne.

HYMN 39. P. M.

- 1 **GUIDE** me, O thou Great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty—  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow!

Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
 Lead me all my journey through;  
 Strong deliv'rer!  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,  
 In this barren wilderness:  
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner—  
 Be my robe of righteousness:  
 Fight and conquer,  
 All my foes by sov'reign grace.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Foe to death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side—  
 Songs of praises,  
 I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 40. C. M.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song  
 To thee I cheerful raise:  
 Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,  
 And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserv'd by thy Almighty arm,  
 I pass'd the shades of night,  
 Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,  
 To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs  
 And restless pains and woes,  
 In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,  
 And rose from sweet repose.

4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,  
 And I unconscious lay,

Thy watchful care was round my bed,  
To guard my feeble clay.

5 O let the same Almighty care  
Through all this day attend:  
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,  
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,  
And guide my future days;  
And let thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

HYMN 41. P. M.

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I deliver'd thee, when bound,  
"And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;  
"Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
"Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care  
"Cease towards the child she bare?  
"Yes, she may forgetful be,  
"Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
"Higher than the heights above;  
"Deeper than the depths beneath—  
"Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
"When the work of grace is done;

“Partner of my throne shalt be,  
 “Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?”

- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is weak and faint;  
 Yet I love thee and adore,  
 O for grace to love thee more.

HYMN 42. C. M.

- 1 GOD of all consolation, take  
 The glory of thy grace!  
 Thy gifts to thee we render back  
 In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Through thee we now together came  
 In singleness of heart;  
 We met, O Jesus, in thy name;  
 And in thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind:  
 Our minds continue one:  
 And each to each in Jesus join'd,  
 We hand in hand go on.
- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul;  
 No power can make us twain;  
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll,  
 To sever us in vain.
- 5 Present we still in spirit are,  
 And intimately nigh;  
 While on the wings of faith and prayer,  
 We each to other fly.
- 6 In Jesus Christ together we  
 In heavenly places sit:

Cloth'd with the sun, we smile to see  
The moon beneath our feet.

- 7 Our life is hid with Christ in God!  
Our life shall soon appear,  
And shed his glory all abroad  
On all his members here.
- 8 The heavenly treasure now we have  
In a vile house of clay;  
But he shall to the utmost save,  
And keep it to that day.
- 9 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he shall keep them still;  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With him on Zion's hill.
- 10 His eye to eye we there shall see,  
Our face like his shall shine;  
O what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join!
- 11 O what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white array'd:  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.
- 12 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through:  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.
- 13 Then let us hasten to the day,  
When all shall be brought home!  
Come, O Redeemer, come away!  
O Jesus, quickly come!

## HYMN 43. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,  
 In hell, or earth, or sky!  
 Angels and men before it fall,  
 And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,  
 The name to sinners given!  
 It scatters all their guilty fear;  
 It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 O that the world might taste and see  
 The riches of his grace!  
 The arms of love that compass me  
 Would all mankind embrace.
- 4 O that my Jesu's heavenly charms  
 Might every bosom move!  
 Fly, sinners, fly into those arms  
 Of everlasting love.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,  
 His loving truth proclaim;  
 'Tis all my business here below  
 To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
 I may but gasp his name!  
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
 Behold! behold the Lamb!

## HYMN 44. S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,  
 Who stand on Zion's hill;  
 That bring salvation in their tongues,  
 And words of peace reveal!

- 2 How charming is their voice,  
 So sweet the tidings are;  
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour King;  
 "He reigns and triumphs here!"
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
 That hear the joyful sound;  
 Which kings and prophets waited for,  
 And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
 That see this heavenly light;  
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
 But died without the sight!
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
 And tuneful notes employ;  
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
 Through all the earth abroad:  
 Let every nation now behold  
 Their Saviour and their God.

## HYMN 45. P. M.

- 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 cried,  
 He hath suffer'd and died,  
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

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

6 I rode on the sky,  
 Freely justified I,  
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat;  
 My soul mounted higher  
 In a chariot of fire,  
 And the moon it was under my feet.

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

## HYMN 46. C. M.

- 1 I SOJOURN in a vale of tears;  
 Alas! how can I sing?  
 My harp doth on the willows hang,  
 Untun'd in ev'ry string
- [2 O come, my dear, almighty Lord—  
 My sweetest, surest friend:  
 Come—for I loathe these Kedar tents,  
 Thy fi'ry chariots send.]
- [3 What have I here? my thoughts and joys,  
 So long dispos'd to roam,  
 Are fixt, and I will follow them  
 To my eternal home.]
- 4 What have I in this barren land?  
 My Jesus is not here;  
 Mine eyes will ne'er be blest, until  
 My Jesus doth appear.
- 5 My Jesus is gone up to heaven,  
 To get a place for me;  
 For 'tis his will that where he is,  
 His followers should be.
- 6 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top:  
 Of Canaan's grapes I taste;  
 My Lord, who sends unto me here,  
 Will send for me at last.
- [7 I have a God that changeth not—  
 Why should I be perplex'd?  
 My God, who owns me in this world,  
 Will own me in the next.]
- [8 Go fearless, then, my soul, with God,  
 Into another room:

Thou who hast walked with him here,  
Go, see thy God at home.]

- 9 My dearest friends, they dwell above;  
Them will I go to see;  
And all my friends in Christ below  
Will soon come after me.

HYMN 47. P. M.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly;  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high!
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last!
- 3 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—  
Still support and comfort me!
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd;  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
Boundless love in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
- 6 Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am—  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

7 Plenteous grace with thee is found;  
 Grace to pardon all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Let me feel them flow within.

8 Thou of life the fountain art;  
 Freely let me take of thee;  
 Spring thou up within my heart—  
 Rise to all eternity!

HYMN 48. L. M.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone—  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
 His track I see and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way till him I view.

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

[3 No stranger shall proceed therein,  
 No lover of the world and sin,  
 No lion, no devouring care,  
 No sin, nor sorrow shall be there.

4 No—nothing shall go up thereon,  
 But trav'ling souls, and I am one;  
 Way-faring men, to Canaan bound,  
 Shall only in the way be found]

5 This is the way I long have sought,  
 And mourn'd because I found it not;  
 My grief, my burden, long has been,  
 Because I could not cease from sin.

- 6 The more I strove against its pow'r,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 7 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am;  
My sinful self to thee I give--  
Nothing but love I shall receive.
- 8 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 49 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 In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee, here we stay;  
Lord we cannot let thee go,  
'Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- [4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those who are cast down, lift up;  
Make them strong in faith and hope.]

- 5 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

## HYMN 50. C. M.

- 1 MY God, thy service well demands  
The remnant of my days;  
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,  
But to renew thy praise?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love  
Did this weak frame sustain;  
When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,  
And nature sunk with pain
- [3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,  
Didst chase the fears of hell;  
And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips  
Thy matchless grace to tell.]
- 4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head  
On thy dear faithful breast;  
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call  
To his eternal rest.
- 5 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,  
Did I my soul resign:  
In firm dependence on that truth,  
Which made salvation mine.
- 6 Back from the borders of the grave,  
At thy command I come:  
Nor will I urge a speedier flight;  
To my celestial home.

- 7 Where thou determin'st mine abode,  
 There would I choose to be;  
 For in thy presence death is life,  
 And earth is heaven with thee.

## HYMN 51. C. M.

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below,  
 How false, and yet how fair!  
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
 And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
 Give but a flatt'ring light;  
 We should suspect some danger nigh,  
 Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
 The partners of our blood,  
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
 And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
 How strong it strikes the sense!  
 Thither the warm affections move,  
 Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
 My soul's eternal food;  
 And grace command my heart away  
 From all created good.

## HYMN 52. C. M.

- 1 HOW happy every child of grace,  
 Who knows his sins forgiven!  
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
 I seek my place in heaven:

A country far from mortal sight,  
 Yet O! by faith I see,  
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
 The heaven prepar'd for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!  
 While here on earth we stay,  
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
 And antedate that day;  
 We feel the resurrection near,  
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,  
 And with his glorious presence here  
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.

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

HYMN 53. P. M.

- 1 P'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
 On Israel's God; he made the sky,  
 And earth, and seas, with all their train:  
 His truth for ever stands secure!  
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;  
 And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;  
 The Lord supports the fainting mind;  
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;  
 He helps the stranger in distress,  
 The widow and the fatherless,  
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.

HYMN 54. L. M.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
 To wash me in thy cleansing blood;  
 To dwell within thy wounds: then pain  
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
 Forever clos'd to all but thee;  
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
 That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide  
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side;  
 Who life and strength from thence derive,  
 And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,  
 Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?  
 Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move,  
 O wond'rous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
 That thou shouldst us to glory bring,

Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading crown!

- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
Our words are lost, nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside,  
"My Lord, my love is crucified."
- 7 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 8 First-born of many brethren thou,  
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:  
To thee our hearts and hands we give:  
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN 55. S. M.

- 1 JESUS, my truth, my way,  
My sure unerring light,  
On thee my feeble steps I stay,  
Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My wisdom and my guide,  
My Counsellor thou art;  
O let me never leave thy side,  
Nor from thy paths depart.
- 3 I lift mine eyes to thee,  
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,  
That I may now enlighten'd be,  
And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove  
Out of thy hands my cause,  
But rest in thy redeeming love,  
And hang upon thy cross.

- 5 Teach me the happy art,  
 In all things to depend  
 On thee, O never, Lord, depart,  
 But love me to the end.
- 6 Still stir me up to strive  
 With thee in strength divine;  
 And every moment, Lord, revive  
 This fainting soul of mind.
- 7 Persist to save my soul  
 Throughout the fiery hour,  
 Till I am every whit made whole,  
 And show forth all thy power.
- 8 Through fire and water bring  
 Into the wealthy place,  
 And teach me the new song to sing,  
 When perfected in grace!
- 9 O make me all like thee,  
 Before I hence remove!  
 Settle, confirm and 'stablish me,  
 And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me thy witness live,  
 When sin is all destroy'd;  
 And then my spotless soul receive,  
 And take me home to God.

## HYMN 56. L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun,  
 Does his successive journeys run;  
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
 Till moon shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,  
 To pay their homage at his feet:

While western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend his word.

- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head:  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of ev'ry tongue,  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

HYMN 57. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, united by thy grace,  
And each to each endear'd;  
With confidence we seek thy face,  
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,  
And bear thine easy yoke,  
A band of love, a threefold cord,  
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink:  
Baptize into thy name;  
And let us always kindly think,  
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,  
Let all our hearts agree;  
And ever tow'rds each other move,  
And ever move tow'rds thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably join'd,  
Let all our spirits cleave:  
O may we all the loving mind  
That was in thee receive!

- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,  
 Thy spotless charity;  
 O let us still, we pray, possess  
 The mind that was in thee!
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below,  
 Insensibly remove;  
 Our souls their change shall scarcely know,  
 Made perfect first in love.
- 8 With ease, our souls thro' death shall glide  
 Into their paradise,  
 And thence on wings of angels ride;  
 Triumphant thro' the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,  
 The same delight we prove:  
 In earth, in paradise, in heaven,  
 Our all in all is love.

## HYMN 58. C. M.

- 1 NOW let our hearts their glory wake,  
 The sacred song to raise;  
 And ev'ry tuneful pow'r combine,  
 To shout Jehovah's praise.
- 2 To us a goodly heritage  
 His providence assigns,  
 And in a safe and pleasant place,  
 Marks out our happy lines.
- 3 Come, let us to his holy name,  
 A grateful altar raise:  
 And be this habitation styl'd  
 The house of pray'r and praise.

- 4 Here may his secret breathings fan  
 Devotion to a flame,  
 And faith and love and zeal inspire,  
 T' adorn the Christian name,
- 5 Thus with thy visits, smiles and grace,  
 May this abode be blest;  
 And here, O great Jehovah, fix  
 Thy pleasant, lasting rest.

## HYMN 59. L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay:  
 "Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates!  
 "Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold the radiant scene;  
 He claims those mansions as his right,  
 Receive the king of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the king of glory, who?"  
 The Lord, that all his foes o'er came;  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
 And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay;  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
 "Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 6 "Who is the king of glory, who?"  
 The Lord of boundless pow'r possest,

The king of saints, and angels too,  
God over all, for ever blest!

HYMN 60. C. M.

- 1 O WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found!  
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,  
Who know the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls;  
Are freely welcome here;  
Salvation, like a river, rolls,  
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds  
Your ev'ry burden bring!  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep celestial spring!
- 4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)  
Shall of this stream partake;  
Come thirsty souls and bless the Lord,  
And drink for Jesu's sake!
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace;  
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

HYMN 61. C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,  
That rises to my sight!

Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales  
With milk and honey flow.

[4 All o'er those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN 62. P. M.

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and guide  
Of all that travel to the sky,  
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,  
Who would on thee alone rely;  
On thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth, we know, is not our place.

And hasten through the veil of woe,  
 And restless to behold thy face,  
 Swift to our heavenly country move,  
 Our everlasting home above.

- 3 We've no abiding city here,  
 But seek a city out of sight;  
 Thither our steady course we steer,  
 Aspiring to the plains of light,  
 Jerusalem, the saint's abode,  
 Whose founder is the living God
- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,  
 This weary world we cast behind;  
 From strength to strength we travel on,  
 The New Jerusalem to find;  
 Our labour this, our only aim,  
 To find the new Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,  
 Freely and graciously forgiven,  
 With songs to Zion we return,  
 Contending for our native heaven;  
 That palace of our glorious King;  
 We find it nearer while we sing.
- 6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,  
 We urge our way with strength renew'd  
 The church of the first-born to join,  
 We travel to the mount of God,  
 With joy upon our heads to rise;  
 And meet our Saviour in the skies.

HYMN 63. P. M.

- 1 Let earth and heaven agree,  
 Angels and men be join'd,

To celebrate with me  
 The Saviour of mankind;  
 T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
 And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!  
 The joy of earth and heaven;  
 No other help is found,  
 No other name is given  
 By which we can salvation have,  
 But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!  
 It charms the hosts above;  
 They evermore proclaim,  
 And wonder at his love;  
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,  
 And is from sin set free;  
 'Tis music in his ears,  
 'Tis life and victory!  
 New songs do now his lips employ,  
 And dances his glad heart of joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,  
 My poor expiring soul  
 The balmy sound drinks in,  
 And is at once made whole:  
 See there my Lord upon the tree!  
 I hear, I feel he died for me.

6 O unexampled love!  
 O all-redeming grace!  
 How swiftly didst thou move  
 To save a fallen race!

What shall I do to make it known  
 What thou for all mankind hast done?

7 O for a trumpet voice,  
 On all the world to call,  
 To bid their hearts rejoice  
 In him who died for all!  
 For all my Lord was crucified;  
 For all, for all my Saviour died.

8 To serve thy blessed will,  
 Thy dying love to praise,  
 Thy counsel to fulfil,  
 And minister thy grace;  
 Freely what I receive to give,  
 The life of heaven on earth to live

HYMN 64. C. M.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,  
 Thou sov'reign Lord of all,  
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,  
 And raise the poor that fail.

When sorrows bow the spirit down,  
 When virtue lies distress'd;  
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,  
 Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,  
 Thou hear'st thy children's cry;  
 And their best wishes to fulfil,  
 Thy grace is ever nigh.

Thy mercy never shall remove  
 From men of heart sincere:  
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love  
 Is join'd with holy fear.

- 5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
 And spread thy fame abroad;  
 Let all the sons of Adam raise  
 The honours of their God.

HYMN 65. C. M.

- 1 LORD, all I am is known to thee;  
 In vain my soul would try  
 To shun thy presence or to flee  
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys  
 My rising and my rest,  
 My public walks, my private ways,  
 The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
 Before they're form'd within,  
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high;  
 Where can a creature hide?  
 Within thy circling arms I lie  
 Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still;  
 And like a bulwark prove,  
 To guard my soul from every ill,  
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

HYMN 66. P. M.

- 1 LORD, and is thine anger gone?  
 And art thou pacified!  
 After all that I have done,  
 Dost thou no longer chide?

Infinite thy mercies are,  
 Beneath the weight I cannot move;  
 O 'tis more than I can bear,  
 The sense of pard'ning love.

2 Let it still my heart constrain;  
 And all my passions sway;  
 Keep me; lest I turn again  
 Out of the narrow way;  
 Force my violence to be still,  
 And captivate my ev'ry thought;  
 Charm, and melt, and change my will,  
 And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more  
 Thy sweet return to feel;  
 If e'en now I find thy power  
 Present my soul to heal;  
 Still and quiet may I lie,  
 Nor struggle out of thine embrace;  
 Never more resist or fly  
 From thy pursuing grace.

4 To the cross, thine altar, bind  
 Me with the cords of love;  
 Freedom let me never find  
 From my dear Lord to move;  
 That I never, never more  
 May with my much-lov'd Master part;  
 To the posts of mercy's door,  
 O nail my willing heart

5 See my utter helplessness,  
 And leave me not alone,  
 O preserve in perfect peace,  
 And seal me for thine own!  
 More and more thyself reveal,  
 Thy presence let me always find;

Comfort, and confirm, and heal  
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

- 6 As the apple of an eye,  
Thy weakest servant keep;  
Help me at thy feet to lie,  
And there for ever weep;  
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,  
That I possess a hope of heaven;  
Much of love I ought to know,  
For I have much forgiven.

HYMN 67. C. M.

- 1 The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,  
In concert with the blest;  
And in most sweet, harmonious lays,  
Employ this day of rest.
- 2 O may we still remember thee,  
And more in knowledge grow;  
And may we more of glory see,  
While waiting here below.
- 3 On this sweet day a brighter scene  
Of glory was display'd,  
By God th' eternal Word, than when  
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who our souls had bought  
With blood, and grief extreme;  
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,  
'Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN 68. P. M.

- 1 THIS, this is the God we adore,  
Our faithful unchangeable friend;

Whose love is as large as his pow'r,  
And neither knows measure nor end.

- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 69. C. M.

- 1 **THY** goodness, Lord, our souls confess;  
Thy goodness we adore;  
A spring whose blessings never fail—  
A sea without a shore!
- 2 **Sun**, moon and stars. thy love attest;  
In every golden ray,  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns,  
With all the bliss it yields;  
With joyful clusters loads the vines.  
With strength'ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,  
Is in the gospel seen:  
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,  
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,  
Thro' Jesu's name are giv'n,  
He on the cross was lifted high;  
That we might reign in heav'n.

HYMN 70. C. M.

- 1 **WHEN** Jesus hung upon the tree;  
In agonies and blood,

He fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.

2 O never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look:  
He seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Tho' not a word he spoke.

3 A second look he gave and said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
"This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
"I die that thou may'st live."

4 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,  
My spirit now is fill'd,  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 71. L. M.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they  
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!  
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,  
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
Made up of innocence and love;  
And soft and silent as the shades,  
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,  
But fly not half so swift away:  
Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
And calm as summer evenings are.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills;  
Where groves of living pleasures grow!  
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,  
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,  
 But spend the day and share the night,  
 In numb'ring o'er the richer joys,  
 That Heaven prepares for their delight:

## HYMN 72. C. M.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains  
 To all thy people known:  
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns;  
 And thou art lov'd alone.
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire  
 Is fix'd on things above,  
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
 Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
 Believe and enter in!  
 Now, Saviour, now, the power bestow,  
 And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
 This unbelief remove;  
 To me the rest of faith impart,  
 The sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,  
 And have thee all my own;  
 Thee, O my all-sufficient good,  
 I want, and thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!  
 This, only this begiven;  
 Nothing beside my God I want,  
 Nothing in earth or heaven.

- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away,  
 Into my soul descend!  
 No longer from thy creature stay,  
 My author and my end!
- 8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 And seal me thine abode;  
 Let all I am in thee be lost,  
 Let all be lost in God!

## HYMN 73. C. M.

- 1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,  
 When I begin thy praise,  
 Where will the growing numbers end;  
 The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
 Thy goodness I adore:  
 Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,  
 That I may love thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
 Of the celestial road:  
 And march with courage in thy strength,  
 To see the Lord my God.
- 4 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers,  
 With this delightful song,  
 And entertain the darkest hours,  
 Nor think the season long.

## HYMN 74. P. M.

- 1 THE voice of my Beloved sounds,  
 While o'er the mountain top he bounds;  
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,  
 And all my soul with transport fills:

Gently doth he chide my stay,  
 "Rise, my love, and come away."

- 2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,  
 The rain is gone, the winter's past,  
 The lovely vernal flowers appear,  
 The warbling choir enchants our ear:  
 Now with sweetly pensive moan,  
 Coos the turtle dove alone.

HYMN 75. 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 crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,  
 'Tis all but vanity;  
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
 He tasted death for me!  
 Me to save from endless woe  
 The sin-atonement victim died!  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified!
- 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 crucified!

- 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 crucified!
- 5 O that I could all invite,  
 This saving truth to prove:  
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,  
 And depth of Jesu's love!  
 Fain I would to sinners show  
 The blood by faith alone applied,  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

## HYMN 76. S. M.

*Morning Song.*

- 1 SEE how the rising sun  
 Pursues his shining way;  
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
 With ev'ry bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
 Its heavenly parent sing;  
 And to its great original  
 The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down  
 Beneath his guardian care;  
 I slept, and I awoke, and found  
 My kind Preserver near!

4 Thus does thine arm support  
 This weak, defenceless frame:  
 But whence these favors, Lord, to me,  
 So worthless as I am?

5 O how shall I repay  
 The bounties of my God?  
 This feeble spirit pants beneath  
 The pleasing, painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross  
 I bring my sacrifice;  
 By thee perfum'd, it shall ascend  
 With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew  
 Devote, O Lord, to thee;  
 And in thy presence I would spend  
 A long eternity

HYMN 77. L. M.

1 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise him, all creatures here below;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 78. C. M.

1 WHY should a living man complain  
 Of deep distress within,  
 Since ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry pain  
 Is but the fruit of sin?

2 Lord to thy dealings I'll submit,  
 Nor would I dare rebel;  
 Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,  
 My painful feelings tell.

- 3 **T**hou seest what floods of sorrows rise;  
 And beat upon my soul;  
 Deep calls to deep—O hear my cries,  
 While stormy billows roll
- 4 **F**rom fear to hope, and hope to fear,  
 My ship-wreck'd soul is tost;  
 Till I am tempted in despair  
 To give up all for lost.
- 5 **Y**et thro' the stormy clouds I look  
 Once more to thee, my God;  
 O fix my feet on Christ, the rock,  
 Who bought me with his blood.
- 6 **O**ne look of mercy from thy face,  
 Will set my heart at ease;  
 One all-commanding word of grace  
 Will make the tempest cease.

## HYMN 79. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high:  
 To thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 **U**p to the hills where Christ is gone,  
 To plead for all his saints,  
 Presenting at the Father's throne  
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 **T**hou art a God, before whose sight  
 The wicked shall not stand,  
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 **O** may thy Spirit guide my feet  
 In ways of righteousness;

Make every path of duty straight;  
And plain before my face.

- 5 Now to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

## HYMN 80. C. M.

- 1 WHEN faith presents the Saviour's death,  
And whispers, "this is mine;"  
Sweetly my rising hours advance,  
And peacefully decline
- 2 Let outward things go how they will,  
On thee I cast my care.  
But let me reign with thee in heaven,  
Tho' most unworthy here
- 3 Faith in thy love shall sweeten death,  
And smooth the rugged way;  
Smile on me dearest Lord, and then  
I shall not wish to stay.

## HYMN 81. S. M.

- 1 WHAT cheering words are these?  
'Their sweetness who can tell?  
In time and to etern ty,  
'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In every state secure,  
Kept by Jehovah's eye,  
'Tis well with them while life indures,  
And well when call'd to die.
- 3 'Tis well when joys arise,  
'Tis well when sorrows flow;

'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,  
And strong temptations blow.

[4 'Tis well when on the mount  
They feast on dying love;  
And 'tis as well in God's account,  
When they the furnace prove.]

5 'Tis well when at his throne,  
They wrestle, weep, and pray,  
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,  
Yet bring their wants away.

6 'Tis well when Jesus calls,  
From earth and sin, arise,  
Join with the host of virgin souls,  
Made to salvation wise.

HYMN 82. C. M.

1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,  
And chaunt the solemn lay;  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,  
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,  
While sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And tun'd the golden lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo roll'd;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky  
Th' impetuous torrent ran;  
And angels flew with eager joy  
To bear the news to man.

- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
 And glory leads the song:  
 Good will and peace are heard throughout  
 Th' harmonious heavn'ly throng.
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!  
 Redeemer, brother, friend!  
 Though earth, and time, and life should fail,  
 Thy praise shall never end.

## HYMN 83. C. M.

- 1 NOW from the altar of our hearts,  
 Let warmest thanks arise;  
 Assist us Lord, to offer up  
 Our ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 This day God was our sun and shield,  
 Our keeper and our guide;  
 His care was on our weakness shown,  
 His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,  
 Have made up all this day;  
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
 More swift and sure than they.
- 4 New times, new favours, and new joys,  
 Do a new song require:  
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
 Accept our heart's desire.

## HYMN 84. C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage;  
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
 Then'll I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 Let storms of sorrow fall;  
 So I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heavenly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

#### HYMN 85. 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 Saviour, 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 pow'r of cancell'd sin;  
 He sets the pris'ners free;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean;  
 His blood availed for me.

## HYMN 86. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God!  
 A calm and heav'nly frame;  
 A light to shine upon the road,  
 That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
 Where is the soul refreshin' view,  
 Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
 How sweet their mem'ry still!  
 But they have left an aching void,  
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest!  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close wi'h God,  
 Calm and serene my frame;  
 So purer light shall mark the road,  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

## HYMN 87 P. M.

- 1 REJOICE the Lord is King;  
 Your Lord and King adore;  
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
 And triumph evermore;

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

- 3 Jesus, the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love,  
When he had purg'd our stains;  
He took his seat above;  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given;  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 4 He sits at God's right-hand  
Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet;  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy;  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy;  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come;  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home;  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

HYMN 88. C. M.

1. WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High-Priest above;

His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

- HYMN 89. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from guilt set free;  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,  
So freely shed for me.
- 2 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part,  
From him that dwells within.
- 3 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

- 4 Thy holy nature, Lord, impart,  
 Come quickly from above;  
 Write thy new name upon my heart,  
 Thy new, best name, of love.

## HYMN 90. L. M.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,  
 Haste to the supper of our Lord;  
 Be wise to know your gracious day,  
 All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,  
 And kiss a late returning son;  
 Ready the loving Saviour stands.  
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,  
 Ev'n now the stony heart to move,  
 T' apply and witness with the blood,  
 And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the Angels wait,  
 To triumph in your blest estate;  
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

## HYMN 91. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-with'ring flow'rs:  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er;  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## HYMN 92. L. M.

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die?  
What tim'rous worms we mortals are?  
Death is the gate to endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
And we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she past.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## HYMN 93. L. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise  
Your hearts and voices in his praise:  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.

- 2 He form'd the stars, those heaven'y flames;  
 He counts their numbers, calls their names;  
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd:
- 3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high.  
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky;  
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;  
 He clothes the smiling fields with corn:  
 The beasts with food his hands supply,  
 And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force,  
 The sprightly man, or warlike horse?  
 The piercing wit, the active limb,  
 Are all to mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,  
 He views his children with delight;  
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
 He looks, and loves his image there.

## HYMN 94. P. M.

- 1 THOU God of truth and love,  
 We seek thy perfect way,  
 Ready thy choice t' approve,  
 Thy providence t' obey;  
 Enter into thy wise design,  
 And sweetly lose our will in thine.
- 2 Why hast thou cast our lot  
 In the same age and place?  
 And why together brought  
 To see each other's face;

To join with softest sympathy,  
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,  
That we might one remain?  
Together travel on,  
And bear each other's pain?  
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,  
And rise renew'd in perfect love.

4 Surely thou didst unite  
Our kindred spirits here,  
That all hereafter might  
Before thy throne appear:  
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,  
And all thy gracious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear  
The blessed end in view,  
And join with mutual care,  
To fight our passage through;  
And kindly help each other on,  
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may the Spirit seal  
Our souls unto that day!  
With all thy felices fill,  
And then transport away:  
Away to our eternal rest,  
Away to our Redeemer's breast.

HYMN 95. P. M.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why?  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live;

He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of his own hands,  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why?  
 God, who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself that ye might live.  
 Will you let him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why?  
 He who all your lives hath strove,  
 Woo'd you to embrace his love:  
 Will ye not his grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
 Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead already, dead within,  
 Spiritu'ly dead in sin:  
 Dead to God, while here you breathe;  
 Pant you after second death?  
 Will you still in sin remain,  
 Greedy of eternal pain?  
 O, ye dying sinners, why,  
 Why will ye for ever die?

HYMN 96. C. M.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
 What pleasures to our ears.  
 A sov'reign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

*Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever!  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!  
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!*

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky,  
Conspire to raise the sound. *Glory, &c.*
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!  
To thee the praise belongs:  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues. *Glory &c.*

HYMN 97. C. M.

- 1 "SHEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,  
And send your fears away,  
News from the regions of the skies—  
A Saviour's born to-day.
- 2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,  
Comes down to dwell with you;  
To-day he makes his entrance here,  
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,  
Nor royal shining things;  
A manger for his cradle stands;  
And holds the King of kings.
- 4 "Go shepherds, where the infant lies,  
And see his humble throne;  
With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around,  
The heav'nly armies throng;

They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude the song:

- 6 " Glory to God that reigns above,  
Let peace surround the earth;  
Mortals shall know their Maker's love;  
At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,  
And men no tunes to raise?  
O may we lose these useless tongues  
When we forget to praise!
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,  
That pity'd us forlorn;  
We join to sing our Maker's love,  
For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN 98. C. M.

- 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground-  
Of every sinful heart;  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart!
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve;

Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow;  
Till thou hast made us free indeed;  
And spotless here below.

6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive thy ready bride;  
Give us in heaven a happy lot  
With all the sanctified.

### HYMN 99. C. M.

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

## HYMN 100. S. M.

- 1 **THE** praying spirit breathe,  
 The watching power impart;  
 From all entanglements beneath  
 Call off my peaceful heart;  
 My feeble mind sustain,  
 By worldly thoughts oppress'd:  
 Appear, and bid me turn again  
 To my eternal rest.
- 2 Swift to my rescue come,  
 Thine own this moment seize,  
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,  
 And keep in perfect peace:  
 Suffer'd no more to rove  
 O'er all the earth abroad,  
 Arrest the pris'ner of thy love;  
 And shut me up in God.

## HYMN 100. C. M.

- 1 **WHEN** all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view I'm lost,  
 In wonder, love, and praise,
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redress'd;  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.
- 3 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.
- 4 **Ten** thousand, thousand precious gifts,  
 My daily thanks employ;

Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,  
Thy goodnes I'll adore!  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
Thy boundless love explore.

6 Thro' all eternity, to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But O, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

#### HYMN 101. C. M.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting All,  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
Nor on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod!  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,  
Scatters his feeble light;  
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,  
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,  
Among the shades I roll,  
If my Redeemer shows his head,  
'Tis morning with my soul.

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,  
And health, and safe abode:

Thanks to thy name for meaner things;  
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,  
If once compar'd to thee:  
Or what's my safety, or my health,  
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And call'd the stars my own,  
Without thy graces and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas.  
And grasp in all the shore:  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.

### HYMN 102. C. M.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise!  
All praise to him belongs,  
Who kindly lengthens out our days,  
Demands our choicest songs:  
His providence hath brought us through  
Another various year;  
We all with vows and anthems new  
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,  
Thy still continued care:  
To thee presenting, through thy Son  
Whate'er we have or are:  
Our lips and lives shall gladly show  
The wonders of thy love,

While on in Jesu's steps we go  
To seek thy face above.

- 3 Our residue of days or hours,  
Thine, wholly thine shall be;  
And all our consecrated powers,  
A sacrifice to thee;  
Till Jesus in the clouds appear,  
To saints on earth forgiven,  
And bring the grand sabbatic year,  
The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN 103. S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on.  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son;  
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in his mighty power.  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endu'd;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God:  
That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.
- 3 Stand, then, against your foes,  
In close and firm array;  
Legions of wily fiends oppose  
Throughout the evil day;

But meet the sons of night,  
 But mock their vain design,  
 Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,  
 Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,  
 No weakness of the soul:  
 Take every virtue, every grace,  
 And fortify the whole:  
 Indissolubly join'd,  
 To battle all proceed;  
 But arm yourselves with all the mind  
 That was in Christ your Head.

Hymn 104. C. M.

1 BUT, above all, lay hold  
 On faith's victorious shield;  
 Arm'd with that adamant and gold,  
 Be sure to win the field:  
 If faith surround your heart,  
 Satan shall be subdu'd;  
 Repell'd his every fiery dart,  
 And quench'd with Jesu's blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!  
 What can his love withstand?  
 Believe, hold fast your shield, and who  
 Shall pluck you from his hand?  
 Believe that Jesus reigns,  
 And power to him is given:  
 Believe, till freed from sin's remains,  
 Believe yourselves to heaven!

3 To keep your armour bright,  
 Attend with constant care;

Still walking in your Captain's sight,  
 And watching unto prayer,  
 Ready for all alarms,  
 Steadfastly set your face,  
 And always exercise your arms,  
 And use your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceasing, pray,  
 (Your Captain gives the word,)  
 His summons cheerfully obey,  
 And call upon the Lord:  
 To God your every want  
 In instant prayer display:  
 Pray always; pray, and never faint;  
 Pray, without ceasing. pray.

HYMN 105. C. M.

1 IN fellowship alone,  
 To God with faith draw near:  
 Approach his courts, besiege his throne,  
 With all the power of prayer;  
 Go to his temple, go,  
 Nor from his altar move;  
 Let every house his worship know,  
 And every heart his love.

2 To God your spirits dart;  
 Your souls in words declare;  
 Or groan to him who reads the heart,  
 Th' unutterable prayer;  
 His mercy now implore,  
 And now show forth his praise,  
 In shouts, or silent awe, adore:  
 His miracles of grace.

- 3 Pour out your souls to God,  
 And bow them, with your knees;  
 And spread your hearts and hands abroad,  
 And pray for Sion's peace.  
 Your guides and brethren bear  
 For ever on your mind;  
 Extends the arms of mighty prayer,  
 In grasping all mankind.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,  
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray:  
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
 And win the well-fought day;  
 Still let the Spirit cry  
 In all his soldiers, "Come,"  
 Till Christ the Lord descend from high,  
 And take the conquerors home.

## HYMN 106. C. M.

- 1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
 Unmerited and free,  
 Delights our evil to remove,  
 And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,  
 Thou dost with sinners bear,  
 That sav'd, we may thy goodness feel,  
 And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,  
 To every soul abound;  
 A vast unfathomable sea  
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd!
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
 So plenteous is the store;  
 Enough for all, enough for each,  
 Enough for evermore.

- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,  
 A rock that cannot move;  
 A thousand promises declare  
 Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,  
 Unalterably sure;  
 And while the truth of God remains,  
 His goodness must endure.

## HYMN 107. C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,  
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
 When I must stand before my Judge,  
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,  
 Thou ruler of my heart,  
 How could I bear to hear thy voice  
 Pronounce the sound depart.
- 3 The thunder of that awful word,  
 Would so torment my ear,  
 'Twould tear my soul assunder, Lord,  
 With most exquisite fear.
- 4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,  
 And yet forbid to die!  
 To linger in eternal pain,  
 And death forever fly!
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,  
 To see my God remove,  
 And fix my doleful station where  
 I must not taste his love!

## HYMN 109. P. M.

- 1 THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,  
 The joy and desire of my heart,  
 For closer communion I pine,  
 I long to reside where thou art;  
 The pasture I languish to find,  
 Where all who their Shepherds obey,  
 Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd,  
 And screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah! show me that happiest place,  
 That place of thy people's abode,  
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
 And hang on a crucify'd God:  
 Thy love for a sinner declare,  
 Thy passion and death on the tree;  
 My spirit to Calvary bear,  
 To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,  
 There only I covet to rest:  
 To lie at the foot of the rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast:  
 'Tis there I would always abide,  
 And never a moment depart:  
 Concealed in the cleft of thy side,  
 Eternally held in thy heart.

## HYMN 108. C. M.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
 night,  
 All seated on the ground,  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
 And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread  
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind:)

“Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

3 “To you in David’s town, this day,  
Is born of David’s line,  
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:

4 “The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view display’d,  
All meanly wrapp’d in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.”

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appear’d a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, on high,  
And thus address’d their song:

6 “All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth, from heav’n to men,  
Begin and never cease.”

HYMN 109. C. M.

1 O GOD! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne;  
Still may we dwell secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv’d her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night,  
 Before the rising sun
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
 With all their cares and fears,  
 Are carried downward by the flood,  
 And lost in foll'wing years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the op'ning day.
- 7 O God! our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
 And our perpetual home!

## HYMN 110. C. 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 Jesu's priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
 I stand, and from the mountain top  
 See all the land below:  
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
 And all the fruits of Paradise,  
 In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
 Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,  
 With every blessing blest;

There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
 And everlasting rest.

- 4 O that I might at once go up!  
 No more on this side Jordan stop,  
 But now the land possess!  
 This moment end my legal years;  
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
 A howling wilderness.
- 5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!  
 Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,  
 The carnal mind remove;  
 The purchase of thy death divide;  
 And, O! with all the sanctify'd,  
 Give me a lot of love!

#### HYMN 111. L. M.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone,  
 O that I could at last submit,  
 At Jesu's feet to lay it down!  
 To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
 And fully set my spirit free;  
 I cannot rest till pure within,  
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
 Thy light and easy burden prove,  
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
 The labour of thy dying love.

- 5 I would, but thou must give the power;  
 My heart from every sin release;  
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay:  
 Appear in my poor heart, appear;  
 My God, my Saviour, come away!

## HYMN 112. P. M.

- 1 O THOU God of my salvation,  
 My Redeemer from all sin;  
 Mov'd by thy divine compassion,  
 Who has died my heart to win,  
 I will praise thee, I will praise thee:  
 Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;  
 He hath brought salvation near;  
 Manifests his pard'ning favour;  
 And when Jesus doth appear,  
 Soul and body, &c.  
 Shall his glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel-choirs are crying;  
 Glory to the great I AM!  
 I with them will still be vying,  
 Glory! glory to the Lamb!  
 O how precious, &c.  
 Is the sound of Jesu's name!
- 4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,  
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,  
 Glad to join the holy song:  
 Hallelujah, &c.  
 Love and praise to Christ belong!

5 Now I see with joy and wonder,  
 Whence the gracious spring arose;  
 Angels' minds are lost to ponder  
 Dying love's mysterious cause:  
 Yet the blessing, &c.  
 Down to all, to me it flows!

6 This hath set me all on fire;  
 Strongly glows the flame of love;  
 Higher mounts my soul, and higher,  
 Struggles for its swift remove;  
 Then I'll praise him, &c.  
 In a nobler strain above!

### HYMN 113. P. M.

1 REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,  
 Our loss is his infinite gain;  
 A soul out of prison releas'd,  
 And freed from its bodily chain;  
 With songs let us follow his flight,  
 And mount with his spirit above;  
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,  
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,  
 Outflying the tempest and wind,  
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,  
 And left his companions behind;  
 Still toss'd on the sea of distress;  
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
 Where all is assurance and peace,  
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,  
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;  
 With shouting each other they greet,  
 And triumph o'er sorrow and death:

The voyage of life's at an end,  
 The mortal affliction is past:  
 The age that in heaven they spend,  
 For ever and ever shall last.

## HYMN 114. P. M.

- 1 YE simple souls, that stray  
 Far from the path of peace,  
 That unfrequented way  
 To life and happiness:—  
 How long will ye your folly love,  
 And thron'g the downward road,  
 And hate the wisdom from above,  
 And mock the sons of God!
- 2 Madness and misery,  
 Ye count our lives beneath;  
 And nothing great can see,  
 Or glorious in our death!  
 As born to suffer and to grieve,  
 Beneath your feet we lie;  
 And utterly contemn'd we live;  
 And unlamented die.
- 3 Poor pensive sojourners,  
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes  
 Perplex'd with needless fears,  
 And pleasure's mortal foes;  
 More irksomè than a gaping tomb,  
 Our sight ye cannot bear,  
 Wrapt in the melancholy gloom  
 Of fanciful despair.
- 4 So wretched and obscure,  
 The men whom ye despise,  
 So foolish, weak, and poor,  
 Above your scorn we rise:

Our conscience in the Holy Ghost,  
 Can witness better things:  
 For he whose blood is all our boast,  
 Hath made up priests and kings.

5 Riches unsearchable

In Jesu's love we know,  
 And pleasures from the well  
 Of life, our souls o'erflow;  
 From him the Spirit we receive  
 Of wisdom, grace, and power,  
 And always sorrowful we live,  
 Rejoicing evermore.

6 Angels our servants are,

And keep in all our ways,  
 And in their hands they bear  
 The sacred sons of grace;  
 Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,  
 They all our steps attend;  
 And God himself our Father is,  
 And Jesus is our Friend.

7 With him we walk in white,

We in his image shine,  
 Our robes are robes of light,  
 Our righteousness divine:  
 On all the grov'ling kings of earth,  
 With pity we look down,  
 And claim, in virtue of our birth,  
 A never-fading crown.

HYMN 115. C. M.

1 MY span of life will soon be done,  
 The passing moments say;  
 As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,  
 Proclaim the close of day.

- O that my heart might dwell aloof,  
 From all created things;  
 And learn that wisdom from above,  
 Whence true contentment springs!
- 2 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,  
 In ev'ry trial here,  
 Shall bear thee to thy heaven above;  
 But shall not enter there.  
 The sighing ones that humbly seek  
 In sorrowing paths below,  
 Shall in eternity rejoice,  
 Where endless comforts flow.
- 3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,  
 Of sublunary care,  
 And life's dull vanities no more,  
 This anxious breast ensnare.  
 Courage, my soul, on God rely,  
 Deliv'rance soon will come,  
 A thousand ways has Providence,  
 To bring believers home.
- 4 E'er first I drew this vital breath,  
 From nature's prison free,  
 Crosses in number, measure, weight,  
 Where written, Lord, for me:  
 But thou my shepherd, friend, and guide,  
 Hast led me kindly on,  
 Taught me to rest my fainting head  
 On Christ, the corner-stone.
- 5 So comforted, and so sustain'd,  
 With dark events I strove,  
 And found, when rightly understood,  
 All messengers of love;

With silence and submissive awe,  
 Ador'd a chast'ning God,  
 Rever'd the terrors of his law,  
 And humbly kiss'd the rod.

## HYMN 116. L: M.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not  
 fear!  
 Thy great Provider still is near:  
 Who fed thee last, will feed thee still,  
 Be calm, and sink into this will.
- 2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,  
 In mercy stops to hear thy cry;  
 His promise all may freely claim,  
 "Ask and receive in Jesu's name"
- 3 His stores are open all, and free  
 To such as truly upright be;  
 Water and bread he'll give for food,  
 With all things else which he sees good.
- 4 Your sacred hairs which are so small,  
 By God himself are number'd all;  
 This truth he's publish'd all abroad,  
 That men may learn to trust the Lord.
- 5 The ravens daily he doth feed,  
 And sends them food as they have need;  
 Although they nothing have in store,  
 Yet as they lack he gives them more.
- 6 Then do not seek with anxious care,  
 What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear,  
 Your heavenly Father will you feed,  
 He knows that all these things you need.

- 7 Without reserve give Christ your heart;  
 Let him his righteousness impart;  
 Then all things else he'll freely give;  
 With him you all things shall receive.
- 8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,  
 That seeks in God his only rest,  
 May I that happy person be,  
 In time and in eternity.

## HYMN 117. S. M.

- 1 GLORY to God on high;  
 Our peace is made with heav'n;  
 The Son of God came down to die;  
 That we might be forgiv'n.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,  
 His body bruis'd for sin:  
 Remember this in eating bread,  
 And this in drinking wine.
- 3 Approach his royal board,  
 In his rich garments clad;  
 Join ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord;  
 And ev'ry heart be glad.
- 4 The Father gives the Son;  
 The Son is flesh and blood:  
 The Spir't applies, and faith puts on  
 The righteousness of God.

## HYMN 118. S. M.

- 1 EQUIP me for the war,  
 And teach my hands to fight,  
 My simple, upright heart prepare,  
 And guide my words aright.

2 Control my ev'ry thought;  
 My whole of sin remove;  
 Let all my works in thee be wrought;  
 Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,  
 Meek Lamb, that was in thee!  
 And let my knowing zeal be join'd  
 With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal  
 Let me enforce thy call;  
 And vindicate thy gracious will,  
 Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee!  
 In all thy footsteps tread!  
 Thou hatest all iniquity,  
 But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,  
 With meekness to reprove!  
 To hate the sin with all my heart,  
 But still the sinner love.

## HYMN 119. L. M.

- 1 OF him who did salvation bring  
 I could for ever think and sing;  
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;  
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!  
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;  
 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,  
 He clos'd his eyes to show us God;

Let all the world fall down and know,  
That none but God such love can show.

- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
I shed my tears and make my moan!  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;  
I drink and yet am ever-dry;  
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

HYMN 120. C. M.

- 1 MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim,  
Till all I have is lost in thine,  
And all renew'd I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,  
And will not let thee go,  
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,  
And all thy goodness know,
- 3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad:  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fix'd in God.
- 4 O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow!  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow!
- 5 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume:  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,  
Spirit of burning, come.

- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,  
 Illuminate my soul;  
 Scatter thy life through every part,  
 And sanctify the whole.
- 7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,  
 When enter'd into rest;  
 I only live my God to admire,  
 My God for ever blest
- 8 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
 Shall then no longer move;  
 But Christ be all the world to me,  
 And all my heart to love.

## HYMN 121 L. M.

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

My ransom'd soul shall soar away,  
To sing thy praise in endless day.

## HYMN 122 L. M.

- 1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear,  
My utter helplessness reveal;  
Satan and sin are always near;  
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 2 O! that to thee my constant mind  
Might with an even flame aspire,  
Pride in its earliest motions find,  
And mark the risings of desire.
- 3 O! that my tender soul might fly  
The first abhorr'd approach of ill:  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
The slightest touch of sin to feel.
- 4 Till thou anew my soul create,  
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray;  
Humbly and confidently wait,  
And long to see the perfect day.

## HYMN 122. C. M.

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

There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
And soft'ned ev'ry bed:  
Where should the dying members rest;  
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he arose ascending high,  
And shew'd our feet the way,  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake, ye nations, under ground,  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 124. S. M.

1 GREAT God, now condescend  
To bless our rising race;  
Soon may their willing spirits bend  
To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a vast delight  
Their happiness to see!  
Our warmest wishes all unite  
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,  
This ordinance divine  
Send thy good spirit from above,  
And make *these children* thine.

HYMN 125. P. M.

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking;  
Joyful times are near at hand:

God, the mighty God, is speaking,  
 By his word, in ev'ry land;  
 When he chuses,  
 Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season:  
 Let us hail the rising ray:  
 When the Lord appears, there's reason  
 To expect a glorious day:  
 At his presence  
 Gloom and darkness fly away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring;  
 While he enters like a flood;  
 God, the Saviour, is preparing  
 Means to spread his truth abroad:  
 Every language  
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

4 O! 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving,  
 To our hearts to hear each day,  
 Joyful news from far arriving,  
 How the Gospel wins its way:  
 Those enlight'ning,  
 Who in death and darkness lay.

5 God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
 Let thy people see thy hand;  
 Let the gospel be victorious,  
 Through the world, in every land:  
 And the idols,  
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

HYMN 126. 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;  
While others 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 couquer 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 thro' the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 127. P. M.

1 DROOPING saints no longer grieve;  
Heaven is propitious,  
If on Christ you do believe;  
You will find him precious.

2 Jesus now is passing by,  
Call the mourners to him;

He has died, for you and I,  
Now look up, and view him.

3 From his hands, his feet, his side;  
Runs a heeling fountain,  
See the consolation tide;  
Boundless as the ocean.

4 See the living waters move,  
For the sick and dying;  
Now resolve to gain his love,  
Or to perish trying.

5 Grace's store is always free;  
Drooping souls to gladden,  
Jesus calls; "come unto me;"  
Weary heavy laden.

6 Though your sins, like mountains high,  
Rise and reach to heaven;  
Soon as you, on him rely,  
"All shall be forgiven".

7 Now me thinks, I hear one say,  
I will go, and prove him;  
If he takes my sins away;  
Surely I shall love him.

8 Yes, I see the Father smile,  
Smiling moves my burden;  
All is grace, for I am vile,  
Yet he seals my pardon.

9 Streaming mercy, how it flows,  
Now I know I feel it;  
Half has never yet been told,  
Yet, I want to tell it.

10 Jesus' blood, has healed my wounds,  
Oh the wond'rous story;

I was lost, but now am found,  
 Glory! Glory! Glory!

- 11 Glory to my Saviour's name,  
 Saints are bound to love him;  
 Mourners you may do the same,  
 Only come and prove him.
- 12 Hasten to the Saviour's blood,  
 Feel it, and declare it;  
 Oh that I could sing so loud,  
 That all the world might hear it.
- 13 If no greater joys are known,  
 In the upper regions;  
 I will try to travel on,  
 In this pure religion.
- 14 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,  
 Glory's here, and yonder;  
 Brightest Seraph's shout amen,  
 While all the angels wonder.

HYMN 128. C. M.

- 1 HAIL, mighty Jesus; how divine  
 Is thy victorious sword!  
 The stoutest rebel must resign,  
 At thy commanding word.
- 2 The strongest holds of Satan yield  
 To thy all conqu'ring hand:  
 When once thy glorious arm's reveal'd;  
 No creature can withstand.
- 3 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give;  
 They pierce the hardest heart:  
 Thy smiles of grace, the slain revive,  
 And joy succeeds to smart.

- 4 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,  
 Ride with us on the way:  
 Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,  
 And make thy foes obey.

## HYMN 129. C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,  
 In a believer's ear!  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding place;  
 My never-failing treas'ry fill'd  
 With boundles stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend;  
 My prophet, priest, and king;  
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought;  
 But when I see thee as thou art,  
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 'Till then I would thy love proclaim  
 With ev'ry fleeting breath:  
 And may the music of thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

## HYMN 130. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
"Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame,
- 4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,  
Sinners of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The grace of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O! let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,  
Their beauty this their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness!

## HYMN 131. C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take th' alarm they give;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their solemn charge receive.

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
 The pastor's care demands;  
 But what might fill an angel's heart,  
 And fill'd . . . Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
 Did heavenly bliss forego;  
 For souls which must for ever live  
 In raptures, or in wo.
- 4 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,  
 Their own Redeemer see;  
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
 That they may watch for thee.

## HYMN 132. P. M.

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

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

The promise stands for ever sure,  
 And we shall in thine image shine,  
 Partakers of a nature pure,  
 Holy, angelical, divine;  
 In spirit join'd to thee, the Son,  
 As thou art with thy Father one.

## HYMN 133 P. M

- 1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee,  
 Humbly trusting in thy cross;

That alone be all our glory;  
All things else are dung and dross.

2 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
Only source of all that's good;  
Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour  
Come to us through Jesu's blood.

3 Jesus gives us true repentance,  
By his Spirit sent from heav'n;  
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,  
"Son thy sins are all forgiv'n."

4 Faith he gives us to believe it,  
Grateful hearts his love to prize;  
Want we wisdom? He must give it;  
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

5 Jesus gives us pure affections,  
Wills to do what he requires;  
Makes us follow his directions,  
And what he commands, inspires.

6 All our pray'rs, and all our praises,  
Rightly offer'd in his name,  
He that dictates them is Jesus,  
He that answers is the same.

7 When we live on Jesu's merit,  
Then we worship God aright;  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Then we savingly unite.

8 Hear the whole conclusion of it,  
Great or Good, whate'er we call,  
God or King, or Priest or Prophet,  
Jesus Christ is All In All.

## HYMN 134. P. M.

- 1 O THOU God of my salvation,  
 My Redeemer from all sin,  
 Mov'd to this by great compassion,  
 Yearning bowels from within:  
 I will praise thee:  
 Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 While the angel-choirs are crying  
 Glory to the great I AM:  
 I with them would still be vying,  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb?  
 O how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesu's name!
- 3 Now I see with joy and wonder,  
 Whence the healing streams arose:  
 Angel-minds are lost to ponder  
 Dying love's mysterious cause;  
 Yet the blessing,  
 Down to all; to me it flows:
- 4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,  
 He almighty grace hath shown;  
 Pardon'd guilt, and purchas'd favour!  
 Th s he makes to mortals known,  
 Give him glory,  
 Glory; glory is his own.
- 5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,  
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,  
 Glad to join the holy song:  
 Hallelujah,  
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

## HYMN 135. C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,  
When those that love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word!
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part:  
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes fix above;  
May each his brother's failings hide,  
And shew a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In ev'ry action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

## HYMN 136. C. M.

- 1 BEYOND the glitt'ring starry sky,  
Far as th' eternal hills,  
There, in the boundless worlds of light,  
Our great Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,  
In countless armies shine  
At his right hand, with golden harps,  
To offer songs divine.

- 3 "Hail Prince! (they cry) for ever hail!  
 "Whose unexampled love  
 "Mov'd thee to quit those blissful realms,  
 "And royalties above."
- 4 Through all his travels here below,  
 They did his steps attend,  
 Oft wond'ring how, or where, at last  
 This mystic scene would end.
- 5 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,  
 His crimson sweat and gore;  
 They saw him break the bars of death,  
 Which none e'er broke before.
- 6 They brought his chariot from above,  
 To bear him to his throne;  
 Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'  
 "The glorious work is done!"

## HYMN 137. C. M.

- 1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path  
 By ancient heroes trod  
 Ambitious view those holy men  
 Who liv'd and walk'd with God.
- 2 Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear,  
 And in example live;  
 Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,  
 Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood  
 They conquer'd ev'ry foe;  
 And to his pow'r and matchless grace,  
 The crowns and honor owe.

- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view  
 The patterns thou hast given;  
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road,  
 Which led them safe to heaven.

## HYMN 138. C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,  
 And press with vigor on:  
 A heavenly prize demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey:  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice  
 That calls thee, from on high:  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,  
 Have I my race begun:  
 And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet  
 I'll lay my honors down.

## HYMN 139. C. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
 And joy to make it known,  
 The sov'reign of your heart proclaim,  
 And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd  
 With glories all divine;

And tell the wond'ring nations round,  
How bright those glories shine.

- 3 Infinite pow'r and boundless grace,  
In him unite their rays;  
You who have seen his lovely face,  
Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view  
The beauties of our King;  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise!  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period! glorious day!  
When heaven and earth shall raise,  
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,  
To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN 140. C. M.

- 1 YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,  
A nobler choice be mine;  
A real prize attracts my view—  
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,  
Ye specious baits of sense;  
Inestimable worth appears,  
The pearl-of-price immense!
- [3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown—  
O name divinely sweet!

Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.]

4 Should both the Indies, at my call  
Their boasted stores resign.  
With joy I would renounce them all,  
For leave to call thee mine.

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

6 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,  
Thy love is bliss divine;  
Accept the praise that grace inspires,  
Since I can call thee mine!

HYMN 141. 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 owe 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!  
O Jesus, raise me higher!

## HYMN 142. C. M.

THRO' endless years thou art the same,  
O thou eternal God:  
Ages to come shall know thy name,  
And tell thy works abroad.

The strong foundations of the earth  
Of old by thee were laid;  
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n  
With matchless skill was made.

- 3' Soon shall this goodly frame of things,  
 Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,  
 Be like a vesture laid aside,  
 And chang'd at thy command.
- 4 But thy perfections all divine,  
 Eternal as thy days,  
 Thro' everlasting ages shine,  
 With undiminish'd rays.
- 5 Thy children's children still thy care,  
 Shall own their father's God;  
 To latest times thy favour share,  
 And spread thy praise abroad.

## HYMN 143. L. M.

- 1 OH! give me Lord my sins to mourn,  
 My sins which have thy body torn!  
 Give me with broken heart to see,  
 Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,  
 And gaze upon that bleeding sight!  
 O, that with Salem's daughters I  
 Could stand, and see my Saviour die.
- 3 I'd smite my breast, and weep and mourn,  
 And never from the cross return;  
 I'd weep o'er an expiring God,  
 And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.
- 4 I'd hang around the cross, and cry,  
 Lord save a soul condemn'd to die;  
 O let a wretch come near thy throne;  
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 Father of mercy do not frown,  
 But give me mercy in thy Son;  
 And with my broken heart comply,  
 O give me Jesus, or I die.

6 O save me from a gaping hell,  
 Or else with devils I must dwell;  
 O might I enter, now I'm come!  
 Lord Jesus? save, or I'm undone.

HYMN 144. L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of glory dy'd,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ my God:  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down?  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet;  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 145. L. M.

JESUS, immortal King, go on;  
 The glorious day will soon be won;

- Thine enemies prapare to flee,  
And leave a conquer'd world to thee.
- 2 Gird on thy sword, victorious Chief!  
The captive sinner's sole relief;  
Cast the usurper from his throne;  
And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace  
And mark the conquests of thy grace.  
Finish the work thou hast begun;  
And let thy will on earth be done.
- 4 Then shall contending nations rest,  
For love shall reign in every breast;  
Weapons for war design'd shall cease;  
Or then be implements of peace.
- 5 Hark how the hosts triumphant sing!  
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"  
Let all his saints rejoice at this,  
The kingdoms of the world are his!  
Hallelujah! Amen

## HYMN 146. 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 let thy orient beams  
The night of sin disperse,  
The mists of error and of vice,  
Which shade the universe!

- 3 How beauteous nature now!  
 How dark and sad before!  
 With joy we view the pleasing change,  
 And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime  
 Polute the rising day;  
 May Jesu's blood, like evening dew,  
 Wash all our stains away!
- 5 May we this life improve,  
 To mourn for errors past:  
 And live this short revolving day,  
 As if it were our last.
- 6 To God, the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit one in three,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall for ever be.

## HYMN 147. 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! bid 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 my cross—the shame despise;  
Dare to defend his noble cause,  
And yield obedience to his laws.

## HYMN 148. S. M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait;  
Observant of his heav'nly word,  
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we speak, he's near;  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.

- 4 O happy servant they,  
 In such a posture found:  
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
 And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread,  
 With his own bounteous hand,  
 And raise that favourite servant's head,  
 Amidst th' angelic band.

## HYMN 149. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, immortal king, arise!  
 Assume, assert thy sway,  
 Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,  
 And distant lands obey
- 2 Ride forth, victorious conqu'ror ride!  
 Till all thy foes submit,  
 And all the power of hell resign  
 Their trophies at thy feet!
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,  
 This spacious earth around;  
 Till ev'ry soul beneath the sun,  
 Shall hear "the joyful sound!"
- 4 O may the great Redeemer's name,  
 Through ev'ry clime be known;  
 And heathen gods, like Dagon fall;  
 And Jesus reign alone.
- 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 May Jesus be ador'd;  
 And earth, with all her millions, shout  
 Hosannas to the Lord!

## HYMN 150. C M.

- 1 FIRMLY I stand on Zion's hill,  
 And view my starry crown;  
 No pow'r on earth my hope can shake,  
 Nor hell can pull me down.
- 2 The lofty hills and stately tow'rs,  
 That lift their heads on high,  
 Shall all be levell'd in the dust—  
 Their very names shall die.
- 3 The vaulted heavens shall melt away,  
 Built by Jehovah's hands;  
 But firmer than the heavens, the Rock  
 Of my salvation stands.

## HYMN 151. L. M.

- 1 IN age and feebleness extreme,  
 Who shall a helpless worn redeem?  
 'Tis only Jesus, by his blood,  
 Can raise a sinking soul to God.
- 2 Jesus! my only hope thou art,  
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart,  
 O could I catch a smile from thee,  
 And drop into eternity.

## HYMN 152. S. M.

- 1 WE know, by faith we know,  
 If this vile house of clay,  
 This tabernacle sink below,  
 In ruinous decay.
- 2 We have a house above;  
 Not made with mortal hands;

And firm as our Redeemer's love  
The heavenly fabric stands.

3 O were we enter'd there!  
To perfect bliss restor'd!  
O were we all caught up to share  
The triumph of our Lord!

4 Full of immortal hope,  
We urge the restless strife,  
And hasten to be swallow'd up  
Of everlasting life.

HYMN 153. C. M.

1 HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
One God, in persons three;  
Of thee we make our joyful boast,  
And homage pay to thee.

2 Present alike in every place,  
Thy Godhead we adore:  
Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,  
Thine eye doth all things see;  
And every thought of every heart,  
Is fully known to thee.

4 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below,  
Thou dost, in heaven above;  
But chiefly we rejoice to know  
Th' Almighty God of love.

5 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,  
Thy goodness we rehearse,

In shining characters display'd  
Throughout our universe.

6 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,  
O'er all thy works doth reign;  
But mostly thou delight'st to bless  
Thy fav'rite creature, man.

7 Wherefore let ev'ry creature give  
To thee the praise design'd;  
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,  
The hearts of all mankind.

HYMN 154. L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;  
Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast.
  - 2 Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by thine hand;  
Let me within thy courts be seen,  
Like a young Cedar fresh and green.
  - 3 There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
Blest with thine influence from above;  
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,  
Yields such a comely sight as these.
  - 4 The plants of grace shall ever live;  
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)  
'Time, that doth all things else impair,  
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- Laden with fruits of age they shew  
The Lord is holy, just and true;

None that attend his gates shall find  
A God unfaithful and unkind.

## HYMN 155. C. M.

- 1 ARISE ye Saints, arise and tell,  
The great good news come down from God,  
Arise, and with devoted zeal,  
Convey th' intelligence abroad.
- 2 To sit at ease, would ill become-  
The people whom the Lord has bless'd:  
Let those who have the world their home,  
Be silent, and remain at rest.
- 3 But let us rise, and speak aloud,  
And tell the world the things we know:  
How God the heavens in mercy bow'd,  
And liv'd a man of grief below.
- 4 O yes! the God who reigns above,  
Was once on earth, a man of grief:  
Ye nations hear it, "God is love:"  
And brings a ruin'd world relief.
- 5 In streams of blood, his mercy flows;  
The blood of him who bore the cross:  
Who suffer'd death, and then arose,  
And lives to plead the sinner's cause.
- 6 Now let the idols fall around;  
And be the Saviour's name ador'd:  
His gospel through the world resound;  
And all the nations call him Lord.

## HYMN 156. C. M.

- 1 O 'Tis a sound should fill the world!  
The sound of mercy thro' the Lamb:

Lo Satan from his seat is hurl'd,  
 Unable to withstand his name!  
 From heaven like lightning see him fall!  
 Struck by the arm that conquers all.

2 Lord give the word!—and wak'd by thee,  
 Let many tongues thy victory tell!  
 That hopeless sinners now may see,  
 That thou hast vanquish'd death and hell:  
 Sound, sound the joyful truth abroad!  
 Let sinners now draw nigh to God!

3 And thou victorious Lord, all hail!  
 Immortal honours shade thy brow!  
 When death and hell thy friends assail,  
 They find in thee a refuge now:  
 Thy name shall furnish them with arms,  
 And free their souls from all alarms.

#### HYMN 157. P. M.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores,  
 Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One!  
 Nature and grace with all their pow'rs  
 Confess the infinite unknown.

2 Thy voice produc'd the sea and spheres,  
 Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;  
 But nothing like thyself appears  
 Thro' all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows  
 From change to change the creatures run;  
 Thy being no succession knows,  
 And all thy vast designs are one.

4 A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,  
 Rules the bright worlds, and moves their  
 frame,

Broad sheets of light compose thy robes,  
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

5 How shall affrighted mortals dare  
To sing thy glory or thy grace?  
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,  
And see but shadows of thy face:

6 Who can behold the blazing light?  
Who can approach consuming flame?  
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,  
None but thy word can speak thy name.

HYMN 158. P. M.

1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear!  
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve: [love.  
By the patience of hope, and the labour of

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;  
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone:  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say  
"I have fought my way through,  
"I have finished the work thou didst give me  
to do!  
O that each from his Lord may receive the  
glad word,  
"Well and faithfully done! [throne."  
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my

## HYMN 159. L. M.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:  
Out of the depths to thee I call,  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the storm  
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,  
Controul the waves—say "peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of ev'rv shape and name,  
Attend the foll'wers of the Lamb;  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-tost, and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek;  
Let neither winds nor stormy main,  
Force back my shatter'd bark again:

## - HYMN 160. C. M.

- 1 THOU lovely source of true delight,  
Whom I unseen adore,  
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,  
But in thy sacred word  
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,  
My bleeding, dying Lord.

- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,  
 And sin and sorrow rise,  
 Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,  
 My fainting breast supplies.
- 4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene  
 Is clouded o'er with pain;  
 My gloomy fears rise dark between,  
 And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,  
 O come with blissful ray!  
 Break radiant thro' the shades of night,  
 And chase my fears away.
- 6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
 The wonders of thy love;  
 But the full glories of thy face  
 Are only known above.

## HYMN 161. S. M.

- 1 ON the brink of fi'ry ruin,  
 Justice, with a flaming sword,  
 Was my guilty soul pursuing  
 When I first beheld my Lord.
- 2 Terrifi'd with Sinai's thunder,  
 Straight I flew to Calvary,  
 Where I saw with love and wonder,  
 Him by faith who dy'd for me.
- 3 "Sinner," he exclaim'd, "I've lov'd thee  
 "With an everlasting love;  
 "Justice has in me approv'd thee;  
 "Thou shalt dwell with me above."

- 4 Sweet as angels' notes in heaven,  
 When to golden harps they sound,  
 Is the voice of sins forgiven,  
 To the soul by Satan bound.
- 5 Sweet as angels' harps in glory,  
 Was that heavenly voice to me,  
 When I saw my Lord before me  
 Bleed and die to set me free!
- 6 Saints, attend with holy wonder!  
 Sinners, hear and sing his praise!  
 'Tis the God that holds the thunder  
 Shows himself the God of grace!

## HYMN 122. I. M.

- 1 WHEN Jesus first, at heaven's command,  
 Descended from his azure throne,  
 Attending angels join'd his praise,  
 Who claim'd the kingdom for his own.  
 [Hail, Immanuel! Immanuel we'll adore,  
 And sound his fame from shore to shore ]
- 2 Girt with Omnipotence and grace,  
 The pow'rs of darkness trembling stood,  
 To hear the dire decree, and feel  
 The vengeance of the mighty God.
- 3 Not with the sword that warriors wear,  
 But with a sceptre dipt in blood,  
 He bends the nations to obey,  
 And rules them by the love of God.
- 4 Ride on, and prosper, Kings of kings,  
 Till all the pow'rs of hell resign  
 Their dreadful trophies at thy feet,  
 And endless glory shall be thine.

## HYMN 163. L. M.

- 1 O! HAPPY day, when saints shall meet  
To part no more—the thought is sweet;  
No more to feel the rending smart,  
Oft felt below, when Christians part.
- 2 O happy place I still must say,  
Where all but love is done away;  
All cause of parting there is past;  
Their social feast will ever last.
- 3 Such union here is sought in vain,  
As there, in ev'ry heart, will reign  
There separations can't compel  
The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 On earth, when friends together meet,  
And find the passing moments sweet;  
Time's rapid motions soon compel,  
With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.
- 5 The shepherd feels the smarting shock,  
Of parting from his weeping flock;  
His feelings for them, none can tell,  
When forc'd to say—my friends, farewell.
- 6 The happy season soon will come,  
When saints shall meet in heav'n, their home  
Eternally with Christ to dwell,  
Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

## HYMN 164. P. M.

- 1 WHEN shall I see the welcome hour  
That plants my God in me?  
Spirit of health, and life, and power,  
And perfect liberty.

- 2 Love only can the conquest win,  
 The strength of sin subdue;  
 Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin,  
 And form my soul anew.
- 3 No longer then my heart shall mourn,  
 While sanctified by grace;  
 I only for his glory burn,  
 And always see his face.

## HYMN 165. C. M.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,  
 I have sought the world around,  
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
 Peace and comfort now are found:  
 Now to you my spirit turns—  
 Turns a fugitive unblest;  
 Brethren, where your altar burns,  
 O receive me to your rest.
- 2 Lonely, I no longer roam,  
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,  
 Where you dwell shall be my home,  
 Where you die shall be my grave.  
 Mine the God whom you adore,  
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
 Earth can fill my soul no more,  
 Every idol I resign.
- 3 Tell me not of gain and loss,  
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;  
 Welcome poverty and cross,  
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.  
 Follow me, I know thy voice—  
 Jesus Lord, thy steps I see,  
 Now I take thy yoke by choice  
 Light thy burthen now to me.

## HYMN 166. C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,  
That sav'd a wretch like me!  
I once was lost but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures,
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease;  
I shall possess within the vail,  
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever blooming prospects rise,  
Unconscious of decay.
- 7 Then new, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Let ardent wishes rise  
To those bright scenes where pleasures  
spring,  
Immortal in the skies

## HYMN 167. C. M.

- 1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,  
Our God deserves a song,  
We take the pattern of our praise  
From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave  
Are open'd wide in vain,  
If he who holds the keys of death  
Commands them fast again.
- 3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse  
Our minds with slavish fears;  
"Our days are past and we shall lose  
"The remnant of our years."
- 4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,  
Or like a dove we mourn,  
With bitterness instead of joys,  
Afflicted and forlorn.
- 5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,  
And no disease withstands;  
Fever and plagues obey the Lord,  
And fly at his commands.
- 6 If half the strings of life should break,  
He can our frame restore;  
He casts our sins behind his back,  
And they are found no more.

## HYMN 168. S. M.

- 1 TO-DAY the Saviour rose;  
Our Jesus left the dead;  
He conquer'd our tremendous foes,  
And Satan captive led.

- 2 He left his glorious throne,  
To make our peace with God;  
Blessings for ever on his name—  
He bought us with his blood.
- 3 For us his life he paid—  
For us the law fulfil'd:  
On him our loads of guilt were laid;  
We by his stripes are heal'd.
- 4 Ye saints, adore his name,  
Who hath such mercy shown;  
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,  
And make his praises known.

THE END.

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**PUBLIC,**

**Parlour, and Cottage**

**HYMNS.**

**A NEW SELECTION.**

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**PART SECOND.**

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*“Praise is comely for the upright.”* PSALMS.

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# AMERICAN

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# COTTAGE

AND

## CAMP MEETING

### HYMNS.

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#### PART II.

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#### HYMN 1. P. M.

- 1 AWAK'D by Sīna's awful sound,  
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,  
I knew not what to do;  
O'erwhelmed with guilt—with anguish slain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
Or sink in endless woe.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell,  
Which way to shun the gates of hell  
For death and hell drew near;  
I strove indeed, but strove in vain;  
The sinner must be born again,  
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 Then to the law I trembling fled,  
It pour'd its curses on my head,  
I no relief could find:  
This fearful truth I found remain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
O'erwhelm'd my troubled mind.

4 Again did Sina's thunder roll,  
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,  
 A vast unwieldy load:  
 Alas! I heard and found it plain,  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 Or drink the wrath of God.

The saints I heard with rapture tell  
 How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,  
 And broke the fowler's snare;  
 But when I found this truth remain,  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 I sunk in deep despair.

6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,  
 Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way,  
 I felt his pity move:  
 The sinner by his justice slain,  
 Now by his grace is born again,  
 And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,  
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,  
 And loftier sounds did raise:  
 All hail the lamb that once was slain,  
 Unnumber'd millions born again,  
 Shall shout thy endless praise.

#### HYMN 2. C. M.

1 AFFLICTIONS though they seem severe,  
 In mercy oft are sent,  
 They stopp'd the prodigal's career,  
 And caused him to repent.

2 Although he no relentings felt,  
 'Till he had spent his store,  
 His stubborn heart began to melt,  
 When famine pinch'd him sore.

- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,  
 "But hunger, shame and fear?  
 My father's house abounds with bread,  
 While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
 Fall down before his face;  
 Unworthy to be call'd his son,  
 I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,  
 He saw, and ran, and smil'd;  
 Then threw his arms around the neck,  
 Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive,"—  
 "Enough," the father said,  
 "Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,  
 For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
 Go spread the news around,  
 My son was dead but lives again;  
 Was lost but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,  
 To call poor sinners home;  
 More than a father's love he feels,  
 And welcomes all that come.

## HYMN 3. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name,  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,  
 And as they tune it fall,

- Before his face, who tunes their choir,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him ye morning stars of light,  
He fix'd this floating ball;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Crown him you martyrs of your God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Ye s'ded of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransom'd of the fall;  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Hail him ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call;  
The God incarnate, man divine,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget,  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 8 Let ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,  
That hear the Saviour's call;  
Now shout an universal song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## HYMN 4. L. M.

- 1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise,  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils, which thou canst not heal.

- 2 See human nature sunk in shame,  
 See scandal pour'd on Jesus' name,  
 The father wounded through the son,  
 The world abus'd, the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight,  
 Closing in everlasting night,  
 In flames that no abatement know,  
 Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;  
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men;  
 And fain my pity would reclaim,  
 And snatch the fire-brands from the flame!
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
 And can but weep where most it loves;  
 Thine own all-saving arm employ,  
 And turn these drops of grief to joy.

HYMN 5. P. M.

- 1 BEGONE! unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief will surely appear,  
 By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will per-  
 form,  
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all  
 fail,  
 The word he has spoken will surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think,  
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review  
 Confirms his good pleasure to bring me quite  
 through.

- 4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food.  
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease be-  
     fore long,  
 And then, O how pleasant, the conqueror's  
     song.

HYMN 6. P. M.

- 1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring  
     To my raptur'd vision,  
 All the ecstatic 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 to the holy lays—  
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!  
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,  
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,  
 Sweetest carol ever sung—  
 Jesus—Jesus flow along.

HYMN 7. L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER, six days work is done;  
 Another sabbath is begun,  
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
 Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns,  
 So sweet a rest to weary'd minds;  
 Provides an antepast of heav'n;  
 And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
 As grateful incense to the skies;  
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
 Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heav'nly calm within the breast,  
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
 Which for the church of God remains,  
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 In holy duties, let the day,  
 In holy pleasures pass away;  
 How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,  
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 8. P. M.

- 1 BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,  
 And all my passions capture,  
 Eternal beauties round me shine,  
 Infusing warmest rapture.

- 1 I dive in pleasures, deep and full.  
 In swelling waves of glory;  
 And feel my Saviour in my soul,  
 And groan to tell my story.
- 2 I feast on honey, milk and wine,  
 I drink perpetual sweetness;  
 Mount Zion's beauties round me shine,  
 While Christ unfolds his glory!  
 No mortal tongue can shew my joys,  
 Nor can an angel tell them;  
 Ten thousand times surpassing all  
 Terrestrial worlds or emblems.
- 3 My captivated spirit flies,  
 Through shining worlds of beauty.  
 Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry,  
 In praises loud and mighty.  
 And here I'll sing and swell the strain,  
 Of harmony delighted;  
 And with the millions, learn the notes,  
 Of saints in Christ united.
- 4 The bliss that rolls through those above,  
 Through those in glory seated,  
 Which causes them loud songs to sing,  
 Ten thousand times repeated;  
 Dart through my soul in radiant flame  
 Constraining loudest praises;  
 O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,  
 While all within me blazes.
- 5 When earth and sea shall be no more,  
 And all their glory perish,  
 When sun and moon shall cease to shine,  
 And stars at midnight languish.  
 My joys refin'd shall higher shine,  
 With heaven's radiant glory;

And tell through one eternal day,  
Love's all immortal story.

## HYMN 9. P. M.

1 COME, my soul, and let us try,  
For a little season,  
Ev'ry burthen to lay by,  
Come, and let us reason.  
What is this that casts you down?  
Who are those that grieve you?  
Speak and let the worst be known,  
Speaking may relieve you.

2 Christ by faith I sometimes see,  
Then it doth relieve me;  
But my sins return again,  
They are they that grieve me.  
Troubled like the restless sea,  
Feeble, faint, and fearful;  
Plung'd in sin, a sore disease,  
How can I be cheerful.

3 Think on what your Saviour bore  
In the gloomy garden,  
Sweating blood from every pore,  
To procure thy pardon.  
See him stretch'd upon the wood,  
Bleeding, groaning, crying,  
Suff'ring all the wrath of God,  
Groaning, gasping, dying.

## HYMN 10. L. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord indeed,  
Who are from sin and bondage freed,  
Submit to all the ways of God,  
And walk the narrow, happy road.

## CHORUS.

*We're all united heart and hand,  
Join'd in one band completely,  
We're marching through Immanuel's land,  
Where the waters flow most sweetly.*

- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,  
But soon shall walk the golden street,  
Though hell may rage and vent its spite,  
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.  
*Cho. We're all united, &c.*
- 3 That happy day will soon appear,  
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear  
Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,  
And call the nations great and small.  
*Cho. We're all united, &c.*
- 4 Behold the world in burning flames,  
The trumpet louder still proclaims,  
The world must hear and know her doom;  
The separation day is come.  
*Cho. We're all united, &c.*
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,  
And all the angels bid them come,  
While Christ the judge, these words pro-  
claims,  
"Here come my saints, I own their names.  
*Cho. We're all united, &c.*
- 6 "Ye everlasting gates fly wide;  
"Make ready to receive my bride;  
"Ye harps of heav'n now sound aloud,  
"Here comes the purchase of my blood."  
*Cho. We're all united, &c.*
- 7 In grandeur see the royal line,  
In glittering robes the sun outshine;

See saints and angels join in one,  
 And march in splendour to the throne.  
*Cho. We're all united, &c.*

8 They stand and wonder and look on;  
 They join in one eternal song,  
 Their great Redeemer to admire,  
 While raptures set their souls on fire.  
*Cho. We're all united, &c.*

## HYMN 11. P. M.

*The weary Pilgrim's consolation.*

- 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 dissolv'd in love.  
 Jesus is the Pilgrim's portion,  
 His love's as boundless as the ocean.
- 2 When the world of flesh would rise,  
 And strive to draw me from my Saviour;  
 Strangers slight or friends despise,  
 I then more highly prize his favour.  
 Friends believe me when I tell,  
 If Christ be present, all is well:  
 The world and flesh in vain may rise,  
 I all their efforts do despise.  
 In the world I've tribulation,  
 But in Christ I've consolation.
- 3 Worldlings hold me in disdain,  
 Because I shun their carnal pleasure;

All in this which gives me pain  
 Is, that they slight a noble treasure.  
 But still among them, bless the Lord!  
 Are some who tremble at his word;  
 And this doth joy to me impart,  
 To think the Lord hath reach'd their heart.  
 O the grace to sinners given,  
 Peace on earth, and crowns in heaven.

- 4 When I'm in the house of prayer,  
 I find him with the congregation:  
 Music sweet unto my ear,  
 Is the glad sound of free salvation.  
 When I join to sing his praise,  
 My heart in holy raptures raise;  
 I join, and sing, and shout aloud,  
 And disregard the gazing crowd,  
 Glorious theme of exultation,  
 What I feel is past expression.
- 5 When I hear the pleasing sound  
 Of weeping mourners just converted,  
 The dead's alive, the lost is found,  
 The Lord hath heal'd the broken hearted.  
 My heart exults, my spirits glow,  
 I love my Lord and brethren so;  
 Oh, had I wings like Noah's dove,  
 I soon would sing with those above.  
 Glory, honour, and salvation,  
 What I feel is past expression.
- 6 Why should I regard the frowns  
 Of those who mock, deride, or slight me;  
 Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,  
 Beyond the reach of those who hate me,  
 Sorrows, toils, and sufferings o'er,  
 When once we reach that happy shore;

There, with the shining hosts above,  
 I'll sing and shout redeeming love.  
 Blessings there beyond expression,  
 Ever roll in sweet succession.

7 Sinners you may laugh and scorn;  
 Your moments lost will be lamented;  
 The awful day is hastening on,  
 When you will wish you had repented.  
 Death in its embraces cold,  
 Will soon your mortal bodies hold,  
 Then all your pleasures take their flight,  
 And down you'll sink to endless night:  
 While you're of that guilty number,  
 Your destruction doth not slumber.

8 Fellow sinner go with me;  
 My heart's enlarged to receive you;  
 Slight not mercy offer'd free,  
 Come to Jesus, he'll relieve you:  
 But if you offer'd grace refuse,  
 And will destruction ever choose;  
 Unhappy soul your guilt and blood,  
 Will rest on your defenceless head.  
 Darkness, torment, pain and sorrow,  
 May be yours before to-morrow.

9 Mourner see your Saviour stand,  
 With arms expanding to receive you;  
 He spreads for you his bleeding hands  
 Venture on him, he'll relieve you.  
 Cast all your doubts and fears aside,  
 The door of mercy's open wide;  
 The fountain flows which saves from sin;  
 Come now believe and enter in.  
 Don't distrust your blessed Saviour;  
 Come, believe, and live for ever.

## HYMN 12. P. M.

- 1 EXULTING, rejoicing, hail the happy  
 morning,  
 The morning on which the Saviour Christ  
 was born;  
 Angels of mercy who his birth attended,  
 O bear our loud hosannahs through the sky.
- 2 Salvation proclaiming to the guilty nations,  
 He comes in the glory, and in the power of  
 God;  
 Angels of mercy, who his steps attended,  
 O bear our loud hosannahs through the sky.
- 3 Devoted, submissive, on the cross expiring,  
 He bows to the mandate of his Father God;  
 Angels of pity, who his death attended,  
 O bear our loud hosannahs through the sky.
- 4 He rose from the dead, and up to heaven  
 ascended;  
 And now intercedeth for the sons of men:  
 Who would not love so gracious a Redeemer;  
 We hail thee! Prince and Saviour of lost  
 mankind.

## HYMN 13. L. M.

- 1 DON'T you see my Jesus coming?  
 Don't you see him in yonder cloud?  
 With ten thousand angels round him,  
 See how they do my Jesus crowd!
- 2 Don't you see his arms extended?  
 Don't you here his charming voice?  
 Each loving heart beats high for glory,  
 Oh! my Jesus is my choice.

- 3 Don't you see the saints ascending?  
Hear them shouting through the air?  
Jesus smiling—trumpets sounding,  
Now his glory they shall share.
- 4 Don't you see the heav'ns open,  
And the saints in glory there?  
Shouts of triumph bursting round you,  
Glory, glory, glory here!
- 5 Come backsliders, tho' you've pierc'd him,  
And have caus'd his church to mourn;  
Yet you may regain free pardon,  
If you will to him return.
- 6 Now behold each loving spirit,  
Shout the praise of his dear name;  
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,  
While his presence feeds the flame.
- 7 There we'll range the fields of pleasure,  
By our dear Redeemer's side,  
Shouting glory, glory, glory,  
While eternal ages glide.

## HYMN 14. P. M.

- 1 DEAREST Jesus—though unseen,  
My believing heart must love thee,  
Poor despised Nazarene,  
A true and constant friend I prove thee!  
Sinking in thy balmy name,  
O how I love my dearest Lamb.
- 2 Night and day I vent my sigh,  
Languishing to see my Saviour,  
With warm heart and wond'ring eye,  
I view my dying Lord for ever:  
Here I always would abide,  
O this I choose and nought beside.

- 3 Like the widow'd turtle dove,  
 I, dear lovely Lamb, mourn for thee;  
 Pants my soul thy love to prove,  
 Crying, O my God restore me,  
 To thy presence sweet and fair,  
 O how I long to meet thee there.
- 4 Every moment seems an age,  
 'Till thy presence shall relieve me,  
 'Till thy grace my woes assuage,  
 And thy absence no more grieve me.  
 Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb,  
 O how thy presence feeds the flame.
- 5 O'er the hills I see him come,  
 Quick as darts and piercing lightning,  
 Scattered o'er the horrid gloom,  
 All thy joys are quick and bright'ning,  
 Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb,  
 O how I love thy dearest name.

## HYMN 15. P. M.

- 1 COME all ye weary travellers,  
 And let us join to sing,  
 The everlasting praises  
 Of Jesus Christ, our king;  
 We've had a tedious journey  
 And tiresome, 'tis true;  
 But see how many dangers,  
 The Lord has brought us through.
- 2 At first when Jesus found us,  
 He call'd us unto him;  
 And pointed out the danger  
 Of falling into sin;  
 The world, the flesh, and Satan,  
 Will prove a fatal snare,

Unless we do reject them,  
By faith and humble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,  
With sorrow we confess,  
We've had too long to wander  
In a dark wilderness;  
Where we might soon have fainted,  
In that enchanted ground;  
But now and then a cluster  
Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan,  
Give life, and joy, and peace;  
Revive our drooping spirits,  
And faith and love increase;  
Confess our Lord and master,  
And run at his command;  
And hasten on our journey  
Unto the promis'd land.

5 In faith, and hope, and patience,  
We now are going on,  
The pleasant way to Canaan,  
Where Jesus Christ is gone;  
In peace and consolation,  
We're going to rejoice;  
And Jesus and his people  
For ever be our choice.

6 Sinners, why stand ye idle,  
While we do march along?  
Has conscience never told you,  
That you are going wrong,  
Down the broad road to ruin,  
To bear an endless curse?  
Forsake your ways of sinning,  
And come along with us.

- 7 But if you will refuse us,  
 We'll bid you all farewell,  
 We're on the way to Canaan,  
 And you the way to hell.  
 We're sorry for to leave you,  
 We'd rather you would go;  
 Come try a bleeding Saviour,  
 And feel salvation flow.
- 8 O sinners, be awaken'd,  
 To see your dismal state;  
 Repent and be converted,  
 Before it is too late;  
 Turn to the Lord by praying,  
 And daily search his word;  
 And never rest contented,  
 Until you find the Lord.
- 9 Now to the king immortal,  
 Be everlasting praise,  
 For in his holy service  
 We mean to spend our days;  
 Till we arrive at Canaan,  
 The celestial world above;  
 With everlasting praises,  
 To sing redeeming love.

## HYMN 16. C. M.

- 1 ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way  
 That leads to Zion's hill;  
 And thither set your steady face,  
 With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around  
 Your pious march to join;  
 And spread the sentiments you feel  
 Of faith and love divine.

- 3 O come and to his temple haste,  
 And seek his favor there;  
 Before his footstool humbly bow,  
 And pour your fervent prayer!
- 4 O come and join your souls to God  
 In everlasting bands,  
 Accept the blessing he bestows,  
 With thankful hearts and hands.

## HYMN 17. P. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time  
 is at hand,  
 That we must part 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 a  
 while,  
 We'll soon meet again, if kind providence  
 smile;  
 But when we are parted and scattered abroad  
 We will pray for each other when wrestling  
 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, though Jordan  
 may roar,  
 We will enter fair Canaan, and rest on the  
 shore.
- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who are listed  
 for war,  
 Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;

Although you must travel the dark wilder-  
ness,  
Your captain's before you, he'll lead you to  
peace.

5 The world, and the devil, and hell all unite,  
And bold persecution will try you to fright;  
But Jesus stands for you, who is stronger  
than they,  
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad bro-  
ken hearts,  
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, 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 18. L. M.

1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,  
I have no home or stay with you;  
I'll take my staff and travel on,  
'Till I a better world do view:  
*Farewell, farewell, farewell,  
My loving friends farewell.*

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,  
Nor waits for mortal's cares 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 hea-  
 v'n,  
 You've counted all things here but dross,  
 Fight on the crown shall soon be giv'n.  
*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.  
*Fight on, fight on, fight on,  
 The crown shall soon be giv'n.*

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 19. C. M.

*Union Hymn.*

1 FROM whence does this Union arise,  
 That hatred is conquer'd by love?  
 It fastens our souls with such ties,  
 That distance nor time can remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
 Nor yet in a Paradise lost;

It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesu's dear blood it did cost.

- 3 My friends once so dear unto me,  
Our souls so united in love;  
Where Jesus is gone, we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O why then so loth for to part?  
Since there we shall soon meet again,  
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,  
At a distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And then we shall see that bright day;  
And join with the angels above,  
Set free from the prisons of clay,  
United in Jesus's love.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
And all his bright glory shall see,  
Singing hallelujahs, amen;  
Amen! even so let it be.

HYMN 20. L. M.

- 1 HAIL! sov'reign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man:  
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky  
I fought, with hands uplifted high,  
Despis'd the offers of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,  
Was fond of darkness more than light,

Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure—without an hiding place.

- 4 But lo! the eternal counsel ran,  
"Almighty love arrest the man!"  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view,  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,  
Stern justice cried, with frowning face,  
This mountain is no hiding place.
- 6 But lo! a heav'nly voice I heard,  
And mercy for my soul appear'd;  
She led me on a pleasant pace,  
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.
- 7 Should seven-fold storms of thunder roll,  
And shake the globe from pole to pole,  
No thunder bolt shall daunt my face,  
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 8 On him Almighty vengeance fell,  
That might have crush'd a world to hell;  
He bore it for a sinful race,  
And thus became their hiding place.
- 9 A few more rolling scenes at most,  
Will land me safe on Zion's coast;  
There I shall sing a song of grace,  
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

HYMN 21, P. M.

- 1 How lost was my condition  
'Till Jesus made me whole;

B

There is but one physician  
 Can cure a sin-sick soul:  
 Next door to death he found me,  
 And snatch'd me from the grave,  
 To tell to all around me  
 His wond'rous 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 sought a cure to gain;  
 But this prov'd more distressing,  
 And added to my pain.  
 Some said that nothing ailed me,  
 Some gave me up for lost;  
 Thus every refuge failed me,  
 And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great physician,  
 (How matchless is his grace,)  
 Accepted my petition,  
 And undertook my case:  
 First gave me sight to view him,  
 For sin mine eyes had seal'd;  
 Then bade me look unto him,  
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,  
 Seen by an eye of faith,  
 At once from danger frees us,  
 And saves the soul from death.

Come, then, to this physician,  
 His help he'll freely give,  
 He makes no hard condition,  
 'Tis only look and live.

## HYMN 22. P. M.

- 1 HOLY Jesus, lovely lamb,  
 Thine, and only thine, I am;  
 Take my body, spirit, soul,  
 Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be,  
 Let me ever cleave to thee;  
 Let me chuse the better part,  
 Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,  
 Do not let me turn again,  
 Leave the fountain head of bliss,  
 Stoop to creature happiness!
- 4 Whom have I on earth below?  
 Only thee I'd wish to know;  
 Whom have I in heav'n but thee?  
 Thou art all in all to me.
- 5 All my treasure is above,  
 All my riches is thy love:  
 Who the worth of love can tell?  
 Infinite! unsearchable!
- 6 Nothing else may I require;  
 Let me thee alone desire:  
 Pleas'd with what thy love provides;  
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

## HYMN 23. L. M.

- 1 HASTEN, O sinner! *to be wise,*  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 O hasten *mercy to implore,*  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
For fear thy season should be o'er  
Before this evening's stage be run.
- 3 O hasten, sinner, *to return,*  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,  
Before the needful work be done.
- 4 O hasten, sinner, *to be blest,*  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear the curse should thee arrest,  
Before the morrow be begun.
- 5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!  
Nor let him stay the morrow's sun;  
O may he not thy counsel spurn,  
But haste, deserved wrath to shun.

## HYMN 24 P. M.

- 1 IN the house of King David a fountain did  
spring.  
For sin and uncleanness, from Jesus our king;  
This fountain flows sweetly, whenever ap-  
plied,  
It sprang from the bowels of Christ when  
he died.
- 2 Come all that have bath'd in the fountain of  
love,

- And have felt th' heavy burthen of guilt to  
remove;  
Let's praise our dear Saviour, as long as  
we've breath,  
And after we're laid in the dust of the earth.
- 3 There, there, we shall sleep, but not always  
remain,  
We look for the coming of Jesus again;  
When wak'd by the trumpet, we'll lay by  
our shrouds,  
And rise to meet Jesus, our Lord, in the  
clouds.
- 4 How we shall be fashion'd he does not de-  
clare,  
But we shall be like him when he doth ap-  
pear;  
And that happy moment we're longing to  
see,  
When we shall be perfectly happy in thee.
- 5 Lord Jesus I love thee thou knowest very  
well  
Assist me to conquer the powers of hell;  
Though Satan he rages, and frightens me  
too,  
Lord Jesus protect me, and bring me safe  
through.

## HYMN 25. P. M.

*Rock of Salvation,*

- 1 IF life's pleasures charm thee, give them  
not thy heart,  
Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to  
part;

His favour seek, his praises speak,  
 Fix here thy hope's foundation:  
 Serve him and he will ever be,  
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,  
 Let not grief appal thee, to thy Saviour flee;  
 He ever near, thy prayer will hear,  
 And calm thy perturbation;  
 The waves of woe, shall nee'r o'erflow,  
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not  
 distress,  
 Better comforts wait thee, Christ will freely  
 bless;  
 To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,  
 Thy heavenly consolation;  
 For griefs below cannot o'erthrow,  
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not  
 alarm,  
 Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from  
 harm;  
 He near thee stands, with mighty hands,  
 To ward off each temptation;  
 To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,  
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from  
 his blow,  
 For thy God shall arm thee, and victory be-  
 stow;  
 For death shall bring, to thee no sting,  
 The grave no desolation;  
 'Tis gain to die, with Jesus,  
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

## HYMN 26. P. M.

- 1 IF Jesus is ours, we have a true friend,  
Whose goodness endures the same to the  
end:  
Our comforts may vary, our frames may de-  
cline;  
We cannot miscarry! Our aid is divine.
- 2 Though God may delay to shew us his light,  
And heaviness may endure for a night;  
Yet joy, in the morning, shall surely abound,  
No shadow of turning, in Jesus, is found.
- 3 The hills may depart, and mountains remove;  
But faithful thou art, O fountain of love!  
The Father hath graven our names on thy  
hands:  
Our building in heaven eternally stands.
- 5 Then tune ev'ry string to Jesus's name!  
With angels we'll sing the song of the Lamb:  
Thee ev'ry believer shall joyfully praise,  
Thou bountiful giver of glory and grace.

## HYMN 27. C. M.

- 1 I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,  
My heart exults for joy;  
And sing I must, a Christ I have,  
O what a Christ have I!
- 2 Christ is my father and my friend,  
My brother, and my love:  
My head, my hope, my counsellor,  
My advocate above.
- 3 My Christ, he is the heaven of heavens;  
My Christ what shall I call?

My Christ is first, my Christ is last,  
My Christ is all in all.

## HYMN 28 C. M.

- 1 WHEN Abram's servant to procure  
A wife for Isaac went,  
He met Rebecca—told his wish,—  
Her parents gave consent,
- 2 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man,  
His journey to delay;  
*Hinder me not*, he quick reply'd,  
Since God hath crown'd my way.
- 3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when Christ the Lord,  
My soul to him did wed;  
*Hinder me not*, nor friends, nor foes,  
Since God my way hath sped.
- 4 Stay, says the world, and taste awhile,  
My every pleasant sweet;  
*Hinder me not*, my soul replies,  
Because the way is great.
- 5 Stay, Satan my old master cries,  
Or force shall thee detain;  
*Hinder me not*, I will be gone,  
My God has broke thy chain.\*
- 6 In all my Lord's appointed ways,  
My journey I'll pursue;  
*Hinder me not*, ye much lov'd saints,  
For I must go with you.

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\* This Hymn may begin at the 6th verse.

- 7 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
 I'll follow where he goes;  
*Hinder me not*, shall be my cry,  
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Through duty, and through trials too,  
 I'll go at his command;  
*Hinder me not*, for I am bound,  
 To my Immanuel's land.
- 9 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be,  
*Hinder me not*, come welcome death,  
 I'll gladly go with thee.

## HYMN 29. 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'll trust thy faithfulness and power,  
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,  
 Through all my passage lie,  
 Yet Christ will safely keep,  
 And guard me with his eye:  
 My anchor, hope, will firm abide,  
 And ev'ry boisterous storm outride.

- 4 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 tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 5 By faith I see the land,  
 The port of endless rest;  
 My soul, thy sails expand,  
 And fly to Jesu's breast:  
 O may I gain the heavenly shore,  
 Where winds and waves disturb no more,
- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow  
 A prosperous gale of grace:  
 Waft me from all below,  
 To heaven my destin'd place:  
 There in full sail my port I'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind

## HYMN 30. 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 gardens and thy pleasant walks,  
 My study long have been;  
 Such dazzling views by human sight,  
 Have never yet been seen.

- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,  
 Why should I stay from thence?  
 What folly's this that I should dread  
 To die and go from hence?
- 5 Reach down, O Lord, thy arm of grace,  
 And cause me to ascend,  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,  
 Him will I go and see;  
 And all my brethren here below,  
 Will soon come after me.
- 7 My riends, I bid you all adieu,  
 I leave you in God's care;  
 And if I never more see you,  
 Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 When we've been there ten thousand years  
 Bright shining as the sun,  
 We've no less days to sing God's praise  
 Than when we first begun.

## HYMN 31. 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 heav'n 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 my cross—the shame despise,  
 Dare to defend his noble cause,  
 And yield obedience to his laws.

## HYMN 32. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love the charming name,  
 'Tis music to my ear;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud  
 That earth and heav'n might hear.  
 Yes,—thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport and my trust,  
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys;  
 And gold is sordid dust

*Chor.—A Saviour! let creation sing!  
 A Saviour! let all heaven ring!*

*He's God with us, we feel him ours,  
His fulness in our souls he pours,  
'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er,  
We're joining them who're gone before,  
We then shall meet to part no more.*

- 2 O may thy grace still cheer my heart?  
And shed its fragrance there!  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.  
I'll speak the honours of thy name,  
With my last lab'ring breath;  
When speechless, clasp thee in my arms:  
My joy in life and death.

*A Saviour, &c.*

HYMN 33. L. M.

*The good old way.*

- 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.

CHORUS.

*And I'll sing hallelujah,  
And glory be to God on high,  
And I'll sing hallelujah,  
There's glory beaming thro' the sky.*

- 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.

*And I'll sing, &c.*

- 3 O good old way! how sweet thou art,  
May none of us from the depart.

But may our actions always say,  
 We're marching in the good old way.  
*And I'll sing, &c.*

4 Though Satan may his powers employ,  
 Our happiness for to destroy,  
 Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,  
 And shout and sing the good old way.  
*And I'll sing, &c.*

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,  
 And view, by faith, the promis'd land,  
 Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,  
 And march along the good old way.  
*And I'll sing, &c.*

6 Ye valiant souls for heaven contend,  
 Remember glory's at the end;  
 Our God will wipe all tears away  
 When we have run the good old way.  
*And I'll sing, &c.*

7 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.  
*And I'll sing, &c.*

HYMN 34. L. M.

1 LADEN with guilt, sinners arise,  
 And view your bleeding sacrifice;  
 Each purple drop proclaims there's room,  
 And bids the poor and needy come.

2 Beneath your crimes the victim stood,  
 Sign'd your acquittances in blood,  
 Hereby stern justice is pleas'd;  
 Sinners look up and be releas'd.

3 Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,  
Beam from the Reconciler's face;  
Here look, till love dissolve your heart,  
And bid your slavish fears depart.

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

HYMN 35. P. M.

1 MERCY, O thou son of David!  
Thus poor blind Bartemus pray'd,  
Others by thy grace are saved,  
Now vouchsafe to me thy aid:  
For his crying many chid him,  
But he pray'd the louder still,  
'Til his gracious Saviour bid him,  
Come and ask me what you will.

2 Money was not what he wanted,  
Though by begging us'd to live,  
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted  
Alms which none but he could give:  
Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
Let mine eyes behold the day,  
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,  
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 Now methinks I hear him singing,  
Publishing to all around:  
Friends, is not my case amazing,  
What a Saviour I have found!  
O that all the blind but knew him,  
And would be advis'd by me;  
Sure if they would come unto him,  
He would cause them all to see.

- 4 Now I freely leave my garments,  
 Follow Jesus in the way,  
 He will guide me by his counsel,  
 Lead me to eternal day;  
 There I shall behold my Saviour,  
 Spotless, innocent and pure,  
 There with him to reign for ever,  
 If I to the end endure.

## HYMN 36. C. M.

- 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,  
 Great God, are in thine hand;  
 My choicest comforts come from thee,  
 And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,  
 Yet would I not repine;  
 Before they were possess'd by me,  
 They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,  
 Tho' the whole world were gone;  
 But seek enduring happiness,  
 In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 O teach thy worm whate'er his state,  
 Therewith to be content;  
 Thine hand to bless, thy time to wait,  
 And leave to thee th' event.
- 5 What is the world with all its joys?  
 'Tis but a bitter sweet;  
 When I attempt a rose to pluck,  
 A pricking thorn I meet.
- 6 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found;  
 The honey's mix'd with gall;  
 'Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,  
 Be thou my all in all.

## HYMN 37. - P. M.

- 1 O JESUS my Saviour, to thee I submit,  
 With love and thanksgiving, fall down at thy  
 feet,  
 The sacrifice offer, my soul flesh, and blood,  
 To thee, my Redeemer, my Lord, and my  
 God.
- 2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee my Lord,  
 I love thee my Saviour, I trust in thy word,  
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost  
 know,  
 But how much I love thee I never can show.
- 3 I am happy, I am happy, O wond'rous ac-  
 count,  
 My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount,  
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,  
 With angels my kindred, and Jesus my dear.
- 4 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest,  
 My life and my treasure, my joy and my  
 rest;  
 Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be  
 my song,  
 Thy love doth inspire both my heart and  
 my tongue.
- 5 O who is like Jesus? he is 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 38. P. M.

- 1 O how I have long'd for the coming of God,  
And sought him by praying and searching  
his word,  
With watching and fasting my soul was  
opprest,  
Nor would I give over till Jesus had blest.
- 2 The news of his mercy, at length did ap-  
pear,  
According to promise he answer'd my prayer  
And glory is open'd in floods on my soul,  
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.
- 3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,  
And sinners come crying and weeping to  
God,  
Their mourning and praying is heard very  
loud,  
And thousands find pardon in Jesus's blood.
- 4 Here's more, my dear Saviour, who fall at  
thy feet,  
Opprest by a burden enormously great;  
O raise them, my Jesus to tell of thy love  
And shout hallelujah like angels above.
- 5 I'll sing and I'll shout, and I'll shout and  
I'll sing,  
O God make the nations with praises to ring,  
With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,  
And carry us all to the city above.
- 6 We'll wait for his chariot, it seems to draw  
near,  
O come my dear Saviour, let glory appear;  
We long to be singing and shouting above,  
With angels o'erwhelmed in Jesus's love.

## HYMN 39. L. M.

- 1 OH! give me, lord my sins to mourn;  
My sins which have thy body torn;  
Give me, with broken heart, to see  
Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,  
And gaze upon the wond'rous sight:  
O that with Salem's daughters, I  
Could stand and see my Saviour die.
- 3 I'd hang around his feet, and cry,  
Lord save a soul condemn'd to die;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 Father of mercy, drop thy frown,  
And give me shelter in thy Son;  
And with my broken heart comply,  
O give me Jesus or I die.
- 5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,  
If thou wilt ease me of my guilt;  
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,  
And give me Jesus or I die.
- 6 O save my soul from gaping hell,  
Or else with devils I must dwell;  
Oh, might I enter, now I'm come,  
Lord Jesus save me or I'm gone.

## HYMN 40. P. M.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
And dwell with him above,  
To drink the flowing fountains,  
Of everlasting love?

When shall I be deliver'd,  
 From this vain world of sin,  
 And with my blessed Jesus  
 Drink endless pleasure in.

2 But now I am a soldier,  
 My captain's gone before,  
 He's given me my orders,  
 And tells me not to fear.  
 And if I hold out faithful,  
 A crown of life he'll give  
 And all his valiant soldiers  
 Eternal life shall have.

Through grace I am determin'd  
 To conquer though I die,  
 And then away to Jesus,  
 On wings of love I'll fly  
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
 I bid them all adieu,  
 And you my friends, prove faithful,  
 And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles,  
 And trials on the way,  
 Then cast your care on Jesus,  
 And don' orget to pray.  
 Gird on the heavenly armour  
 Of faith, and hope, and love,  
 And when your race is ended  
 You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,  
 For Jesus is your friend,  
 And if you lack for knowledge,  
 He'll not refuse to lend;  
 Neither will he upbraid you,  
 Though often you request;  
 He'll give you grace to conquer,  
 And take you home to rest.

## HYMN 41. P. M.

*Description of Christ.*

- 1 O THOU, in whose presence  
 My soul takes delight,  
 On whom in affliction I call  
 My comfort by day,  
 And my song in the night,  
 My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide,  
 Resort with thy sheep,  
 To feed on the pastures of love?  
 For why in the valley  
 Of death should I weep,  
 Or alone in the wilderness rove.
- 3 O why shoul 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.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion,  
 Declare, have you seen  
 The star that on Israel shone?  
 Say if in your tents  
 My beloved has been,  
 And where with his flocks he is gone?
- 5 This is my beloved,  
 His form is divine,  
 His vestments shed odours around;  
 The locks on his head  
 Are as grapes on the vine,  
 When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

- 6 The roses of Sharon,  
 The lilies that grow,  
 In the vales, on the banks of the stream,  
 On his cheek in the beauty  
 Of excellence blow—  
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 7 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.
- 8 His lips as a fountain  
 Of righteousness flow,  
 That waters the garden of grace,  
 From which their salvation  
 The Gentiles shall know,  
 And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 9 Love sits in his eye-lids,  
 And scatters delight  
 Through all the bright mansions on high:  
 Their faces the cherubims  
 Veil in his sight,  
 And tremble with fulness of joy.
- 10 He looks—and ten thousand  
 Of angels rejoice,  
 And myriads wait for his word;  
 He speaks, and eternity  
 Fill'd with his voice,  
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

*Second Part.*

- 1 HIS vestments of righteousness  
 Who shall describe!  
 Its purity words would defile.

The heav'ns from his presence  
 Fresh beauties imbibe,  
 The earth is made rich by his smile.

2 Such is my beloved,  
 In excellence bright,  
 When pleas'd he looks down from above  
 Like the morn when he breathes  
 From the chambers of light,  
 And comforts his people with love.

3 But when arm'd with vengeance,  
 In terror he comes,  
 The nations rebellious to tame:  
 The reins of omnipotent  
 Power he assumes,  
 And rides in a chariot of flame.

4 A two-edged sword  
 From his mouth issues forth,  
 Bright quivers of fire are his eyes;  
 He speaks, and black tempests  
 Are seen in the north,  
 And storms from their caverns arise.

5 Ten thousand destructions,  
 That wait for his word,  
 And ride on the wings of his breath,  
 Fly swift as the wind  
 At the nod of their Lord,  
 And deal out the arrows of death.

6 His cloud bursting thunders  
 Their voices resound,  
 Through all the vast regions on high;  
 'Till from the deep centre  
 Loud echoes rebound,  
 And meet the quick flame in the sky.

7 The portals of heav'n  
 At his bidding obey,  
 And expand ere his banner appear,  
 Earth trembles beneath,  
 'Till her mountains give way,  
 And hell shakes her fetters with fear.

8 When he treads on the clouds  
 As the dust of his feet,  
 And grasps the big storm in his hand.  
 What eye the fierce glance  
 Of his anger shall meet,  
 Or who in his presence shall stand.

HYMN 42. L. M.

1 O GOD, my heart with love inflame,  
 That I may in thy holy name,  
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,  
 While I have breath to raise my voice;  
 Then I will shout, then I will sing,  
 And make the heavenly arches ring:  
 I'll sing and shout for evermore,  
 On that eternal, happy shore.

2 O hope of glory, Jesus, come,  
 And make my heart thy constant home;  
 For the small remnant of my days  
 I want to sing and shout thy praise.  
 O give me, Lord, a heart to pray,  
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day;  
 To give thee thanks in ev'ry thing,  
 And sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3 When on my dying bed I lay,  
 Lord give me strength to shout and pray.  
 And praise thee with my latest breath  
 Until my voice is lost in death.

Then, brethren, sisters, shouting come,  
 My body follow to the tomb:  
 And as you march the solemn road,  
 Loud sing and shout the praise of God.

- 4 Then you below, and I above,  
 We'll shout and praise the God we love,  
 Until the great tremendous day,  
 When Gabriel's trump shall wake our clay;  
 Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,  
 And shout, O death where is thy sting!  
 O grave, where is thy victory!  
 We'll shout to all eternity.
- 5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,  
 Then shall the sov'reign of the skies,  
 With smiles unto his children say,  
 Come reign with me in endless day,  
 Then on that happy, happy shore,  
 We'll shout and sing our suff'rings o'er.  
 We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,  
 And make the heavenly arches ring.

HYMN 43. P. M.

- 1 THERE is a holy city,  
 A happy world above,  
 Beyond the starry regions,  
 Built by the God of love:  
 An everlasting temple,  
 And saints array'd in white,  
 They serve their great Redeemer,  
 They dwell with him in light.
- 2 This is no world of trouble,  
 The God of peace is there,  
 He wipes away their sorrows,  
 He banishes their care;

Their joys are still increasing,  
 Their songs are ever new,  
 They praise the eternal Father,  
 The Son and Spirit too.

3 The meanest child of glory  
 Outshines the radiant sun;  
 But who can speak the splendour  
 Of that eternal throne,  
 Where Jesus sits exalted,  
 In godlike majesty?  
 The elders fall before him,  
 The angels bend the knee:

4 Is this the man of sorrows,  
 Who stood at Pilate's bar,  
 Condemn'd by haughty Herod,  
 And by his men of war?  
 He seems a mighty conqueror,  
 Who spoil'd the powers below,  
 And ransom'd many captives  
 From everlasting woe.

5 The hosts of saints around him,  
 Proclaim his work of grace;  
 The patriarchs and prophets,  
 And all the godly race;  
 Who speak of fiery trials  
 And tortures on their way,  
 They came from tribulation,  
 To everlasting day.

6 Now with a holy transport,  
 They tell their suff'rings o'er  
 Their tears and their temptations,  
 And all the pains they bore;

They turn and bow to Jesus,  
 Who gained their liberty  
 Amid our fiercest dangers,  
 Our lives are hid in thee.

7 Long time I was invited  
 To gain that heav'nly rest;  
 Grace made no hard condition,  
 'Twas only to be bless'd;  
 But earth's bewitching pleasures  
 Inclined me long to stay;  
 I sought her dreams and shadow  
 And joys that pass away.

8 But now it is my purpose  
 The better way to find;  
 To serve my great Creator,  
 And leave my sins behind;  
 A guilt's seducing mazes  
 I will no longer roam;  
 I'll give my soul to Jesus.  
 Who brings the ransom'd home.

9 And what shall be my journey,  
 How long I'll stay below,  
 Or what shall be my trials,  
 Are not for me to know:  
 In every day of trouble,  
 I'll raise my thoughts on high;  
 I'll think on the bright temple,  
 And crowns above the sky.

HYMN 44. P. M.

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

Surrounded with troubles, with terrors dismay'd.

With toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

Loud roaring the billows, now night thee o'erwhem,

But skilful the pilot that sits at the helm;  
His wisdom conducts thee, his power shall defend,

'Tis he, all victorious, thy warfare shall end.

2 O fearful, O faithless, in mercy he cries,  
What though high the surges to affright thee arise;

Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,

Through tossings and tempests I'll bring thee to land.

Forget thee I will not, I care for thy name,  
Engrav'd on my heart, it shall ever remain.

The palms of my hands, when I look on I see,

The wounds I receiv'd when I suffer'd for thee.

3 The fearful, the faithless, the weak are my care,

The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;—

Thro' great tribulation my people I bring;  
And when they reach heaven, the louder they'll sing.

I feel at my heart, all thy sighs and thy groans,

For thou art most nigh me, my flesh and my bones;

In all thy afflictions, though great is my  
 pain,  
 They all are most needful, not one is in vain.

- 4 The day of eternal salvation draws near,  
 When Jesus our leader will dry every tear,  
 Our bodies and souls shall his glory partake,  
 When the trumpet shall sound, and the na-  
 tions awake.  
 Fight on, ye old soldiers, you'll soon be  
 discharg'd,  
 The war will be ended, your treasure en-  
 larged,  
 With singing and shouting, though Jordan  
 may roar;  
 We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the  
 shore.

HYMN 45. C. M.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love,  
 Lie just before mine eye;  
 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I'd to those rivers fly:  
 I'd rise superior to my pain,  
 With joy outstrip the wind:  
 I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,  
 And leave the world behind.
- 2 While I'm imprison'd here below,  
 In anguish, pain, and smart,  
 Oft times those troubles I forego,  
 When love surrounds my heart.  
 In darkest shadows of the night,  
 Faith mounts the upper sky,  
 I then behold my heart's delight,  
 And would rejoice to die!

- 3 I view the monster death, and smile,  
 Now he has lost his sting;  
 Though Satan rages all the while,  
 I still in triumph sing:  
 I hold my Saviour in my arms,  
 And will not let him go;  
 I'm so delighted with his charms,  
 No other good I'll know
- 4 A few more days, or years at most,  
 My troubles will be o'er.  
 I hope to join the heav'nly host,  
 On Canaan's happy shore.  
 My rapt'rous soul shall drink and feast  
 In love's unbounded sea;  
 The glorious hope of endless rest,  
 Is transporting to me
- 5 O come, my Saviour, come away,  
 And bear me through the sky,  
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,  
 Make haste, and bring it nigh:  
 I long to see thy glorious face,  
 And in thine image shine;  
 To triumph in victorious grace,  
 And be for ever thine.
- 6 Then I will tune my harp of gold,  
 To my eternal king;  
 Through ages that can ne'er be told,  
 I'll make his praises ring:  
 All hail! thou great eternal God!  
 Who died on Calvary;  
 And sav'd me with thy precious blood,  
 From endless misery.
- 7 Ten thousand, thousand join in one,  
 To praise the Eternal Three:

Prostrate before the blazing throne,  
 In deep humility:  
 They rise and tune their harps of gold,  
 And string the immortal lyre:  
 And ages that can ne'er be told,  
 Shall raise their praises higher.

## HYMN 46. P. M.

- 1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,  
 Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame:  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,  
 Sister spirit, come away:  
 What is this absorbs me quit?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight?  
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes: it disappears!  
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring!  
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
 O grave! where is thy victory?  
 O death! where is thy sting?

## HYMN 47. C. M.

- 1 WHEN langour and disease invade  
 This trembling house of clay,  
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,  
 And long to fly away.

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend;  
The whispers of thy love;  
Sweet to look upwards to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid;  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death;  
Sweet to experience day by day,  
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on his covenant of grace  
For all things to depend.
- 7 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee!

## HYMN 48 C. M.

- 1 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,  
That when my change shall come,  
Angels shall hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.

- 2 There shall my disembodied soul  
View Jesus, and adore;  
Be with his likeness satisfied.  
And grieve and sin no more.
- 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh  
On which my guilt was lain;  
His love intense, his merit fresh,  
As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon too, my slumb'ring dust shall hear  
The trumpet's quick'ning sound;  
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,-  
At his right hand be found.
- 5 These eyes shall see him in that day,  
The God that died for me;  
And all my rising bones shall say,  
Lord, who is like to thee?
- 6 If such the views which grace unfolds,  
Weak as it is below,  
What raptures must the church above  
In Jesu's presence know!
- 7 O may the unction of these truths  
For ever with me stay;  
Till, from her earthly cage dismiss'd,  
My spirit flies away.

## HYMN 49. P. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again.  
*Lord revive us,  
All our help must come from thee.*

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high:  
Lest for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die,  
*Lord, revive us, &c.*
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,  
Every part look'd gay and green:  
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;  
Happy seasons we have seen!  
*Lord, revive us, &c.*
- 4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
Thou canst make us bloom again;  
O permit us not to wither,  
Let not all our hopes be vain.  
*Lord, revive us, &c.*
- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in pray'r;  
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,  
Shun the world's bewitching snares.  
*Lord, revive us, &c.*
- 6 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
And begin from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.  
*Lord, revive us, &c.*

## HYMN 50. C. M.

*On the Passion.*

- 1 SAW ye my Saviour! Saw ye my Saviour!  
Saw ye my Saviour and God?  
Oh! he died on Calvary, to atone for you  
and me,  
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

- 2 He was extended! he was extended!  
 Shamefully nail'd to the cross;  
 Oh! he bow'd his head and died, thus my  
 Lord was crucified,  
 To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleeding!  
 Three dreadful hours in pain;  
 Oh! the sun refus'd to shine, when his ma-  
 jesty divine,  
 Was derided, insulted and slain
- 4 Darkness prevailed! Darkness prevailed!  
 Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,  
 Oh! the solid rocks were rent through cre-  
 ation's vast extent,  
 When the Jews crucified the God-man.
- 5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,  
 And the atonement was made;  
 He was taken by the great, and embalm'd  
 in spices sweet,  
 And in a new sepulchre was laid.
- 6 Hail, mighty Saviour! Hail, mighty Saviour!  
 Prince—and the author of peace,  
 Oh! he burst the bands of death, and trium-  
 phant through the east,  
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 7 Now interceding! Now interceding!  
 Pleading that sinners may live;  
 Crying, Father I have died! O behold my  
 hands and side,  
 To redeem them: I pray thee forgive.
- 8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,  
 If they'll repent and believe,

Let them now return to me and be reconcil'd to thee,  
And salvation they all shall receive.

## HYMN 51. P. M.

- 1 SINNERS, the warning hear,  
And haste to Jesu's arms,  
Where love and grace appear  
In all their heav'nly charms;  
No longer from his mercy roam,  
But flee the dreadful wrath to come.
- 2 Long have you liv'd in sin,  
And priz'd the joys of earth,  
Too long delighted been  
With vanity and mirth:  
No longer now from Jesus roam,  
But fly, O fly from wrath to come.
- 3 Hark! 'tis the Saviour's voice,  
His promises invite,  
O make his grace your choice,  
His name your chief delight.  
O may you seek the heav'nly home,  
And flee the dreadful wrath to come.
- 4 No longer ling'ring stand,  
On Sodom's sinful plains;  
Destruction's near at hand,  
And everlasting pains:  
No longer from the Saviour roam,  
But flee the dreadful wrath to come.

## HYMN 52. P. M.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;

Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying friend.  
 Here I'll sit. for ever viewing  
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;  
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,  
 Low before his cross to lie;  
 While I see divine compassion,  
 Floating in his languid eye.  
 Here it is I find my heaven,  
 While upon the Lamb I gaze:  
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.  
 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
 In all need to Jesus go;  
 Prove his wounds each day more healing;  
 And himself more deeply know.

### HYMN 53. 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 danger,  
 But 'tis 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 host of Satan,  
 Until I gain the heav'nly field.

3 I'm on my way to Canaan,  
 Still guarded 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 surround 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 calmly 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 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 I shall see my Saviour,  
 With shining ranks of angels come,  
 To execute his vengeance,  
 And take his ransom'd people home.

HYMN 54. P M.

- 1 THE wond'rous love of Jesus,  
 From doubts and fears it frees us,  
 With pitying love he sees us,  
 A toiling here below.  
 Through tribulation driven,  
 We'll force our way to heaven;  
 Through consolation given,  
 Rejoicing on we'll go.
- 2 Companions now distressed,  
 By Satan sore oppressed,  
 Cheer up, you'll be relieved,  
 Your captain's gone before:  
 In every trying hour,  
 He'll save you by his power,  
 And bring you safe to heaven;  
 On that eternal shore.
- 3 O yonder is the glory,  
 It lies but just before you,  
 And there we'll tell the story  
 Of all redeeming love:

And there we shall for ever,  
 Drink of that flowing river,  
 And ever, ever ever,  
 Surround the throne of love.

- 4 There in the blooming garden  
 Of Eden, gain'd by pardon,  
 Upon the banks of Jordan,  
 We will worship the Lamb:  
 We'll sing the song of Moses,  
 While Jesus he composes  
 A song that never closes,  
 Of pleasures to his name.

HYMN 55. P. M.

- 1 THE Lord's into his garden come,  
 The spices yield a rich perfume,  
 The lilies grow and thrive;  
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,  
 From Jesus flow to every vine,  
 And make the dead revive.
- 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 coming 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 merciful and kind,  
 Who will them all receive;  
 None are too vile who will repent,  
 Out of one sinner legions went,  
 The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 Come brethren dear, who know the Lord,  
 And taste the sweetness of his word;  
 In Jesu's way go on:  
 Our troubles and our trials here,  
 Will only make us richer there,  
 When we arrive at home.
- 6 We feel that heav'n is now begun,  
 It issues from the sparkling throne,  
 From Jesu's throne on high:  
 It comes in floods, we can't contain,  
 We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
 And yet we still are dry.
- 7 But when we come to dwell above,  
 And all surround the throne of love,  
 We'll drink a full supply:  
 Jesus will lead his armies through,  
 To living fountains where they flow,  
 That never will run dry.
- 8 'Tis there we'll reign and shout, and sing,  
 And make the upper regions ring,  
 When all the saints get home:  
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
 Soon we shall meet together there,  
 For Jesus bids us come.
- 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, and here's my hand,  
To meet you on that heav'nly land,  
Where we shall part no more.

## HYMN 56. L. M.

*The Wheat and Tares.*

- 1 THOUGH in the outward church below,  
The wheat and tares together grow;  
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,  
And pluck the tares in anger up:  
*For soon the reaping time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.*
- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there;  
To recollect their stations here,  
How much they heard, how much they  
knew,  
How much among the wheat they grew?  
*For soon the reaping time, &c.*
- 3 Oh! this will aggravate their case,  
They perish'd under means of grace;  
To them the word of life and faith  
Became an instrument of death.  
*And soon, &c.*
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,  
Strangers might think we all were wheat;  
But to the Lord's all searching eyes  
Each heart appears without disguise.  
*And soon, &c.*
- 5 The tares are spar'd for various ends;  
Some for the sake of praying friends;  
Others the Lord, against their will,  
Employs his counsels to fulfil.  
*But soon, &c.*

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,  
His plan will not require them long;  
In harvest when he saves his own,  
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

*For soon, &c.*

7 Most awful thought, and is it so,  
Must all mankind the harvest know?  
Is every man a wheat or tare?  
Me, for that harvest, Lord prepare

*For soon the reaping time, &c.*

### HYMN 57. P M

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my  
song,

The joy of my heart, and the boast of my  
tongue:

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the  
last,

Hath won my affections, and bound my soul  
fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live  
here,

Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;  
But through thy free goodness my spirits  
revive:

And he that first made me still keeps me  
alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my  
heart,

Which wonders to feel its own hardness de-  
part;

Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the  
ground,

And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,  
 To the poor and the needy, who knock by  
 the way;  
 No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,  
 Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell,  
 Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;  
 'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on  
 the tree,  
 Who opened the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I  
 own,  
 And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son:  
 All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper di-  
 vine,  
 Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness  
*mine.*

## HYMN 58. P. M.

- 1 'TIS my happiness below,  
 Not to live without the cross;  
 But, the Saviour's pow'r to know,  
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss:  
 Trials must and will befall;  
 But, with humble faith, to see,  
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,  
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Isr'el, sows the seeds  
 Of affliction, pain, and toil;  
 These spring up and choke the weeds,  
 Which would else o'erspread the soil:  
 Trials make the promise sweet;  
 Trials give new life to prayer;  
 Trials bring me to his feet,  
 Lay me low and keep me there:

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
 No chastisements by the way;  
 Might I not with reason fear,  
 I should prove a cast-away:  
 Bastards may escape the rod,  
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight;  
 But the true-born child of God,  
 Must not, would not, if he mig t.

## HYMN 59. L. M.

- 1 THERE is a heav'n o'er yonder skies,  
 A heav'n where pleasure never dies,  
 A heav'n I sometimes hope to see,  
 But fear again it's 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 me in.  
*But Jesus, &c.*
- 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.  
*But Jesus, &c.*
- 4 The way of dangers 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.  
*Sweet Jesus, &c.*
- 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.

*O Jesus, &c.*

6 Then, O my soul arise and sing,  
Yonder's thy Saviour, friend and king,  
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,  
And cries "press on and here's the crown,  
*O Jesus, &c.*

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."  
*O Jesus, &c.*

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.  
*O Jesus, &c.*

HYMN 60. 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 glory,  
A shouting and telling the triumphant story,  
And Jesus, our Saviour, will bring us all  
over,  
In the land of sweet Canaan, for ever to  
dwell.

2 This makes my heart joyful, it fills me  
 with pleasure,  
 That suff'ring and toiling will one day be  
 o'er;  
 At the feet of my Saviour I'll there count  
 my treasure,  
 Where sin, pain, and sorrow can reach me  
 no more.  
 Be bold and courageous, and fear not the  
 devil,  
 Though he should speak of you, all manner  
 of evil,  
 For though Satan rages, yet Jesus engages  
 To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright  
 shore.

3 Like ships on the ocean, we're tossed by  
 commotion,  
 But Christ is the pilot, and he's a sure  
 guide:  
 If sick and afflicted, kind love has a lotion  
 Which flows in abundance from Jesus's  
 side.  
 Though Satan's wild whirlwinds like de-  
 luges roaring,  
 And floods of temptation as hail are down  
 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 raising  
 Had I angel's pinions, away would I go,  
 And see that bright city, and hear angels  
 praising,  
 And all the enjoyment of glory to know,

To our great Father, that shines through-  
 out heaven,  
 All glory from saints and from angels be  
 given;  
 My heart's all on fire, my Jesus draws  
 nigher,  
 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  
 awaits me,  
 While beams from sweet heaven all round  
 me doth shine.  
 Bright angels attend me where'er I am  
 going,  
 Sweet Jesus directs me, whatever I'm  
 doing;  
 A subject of wonder, on which angels  
 ponder,  
 That beggars are raised to a life so divine.

### HYMN 61. S. M.

#### *The Female Pilgrim.*

- 1 WHITHER go'st thou, Pilgrim stranger,  
 Passing through this darksome vale?  
 Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,  
 And will not thy courage fail?  
*I'm bound for the kingdom,  
 Will you go to glory with me.  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah.*
- 2 *Pilgrim*, thou dost justly call me,  
 Wandering o'er this waste so wide;

Yet no harm will e'er befall me,  
 While I'm blest with such a guide.  
*I'm bound, &c.*

3 Such a guide!—No guide attends thee,  
 Hence for thee my fears arise;  
 If a guardian power befriend thee,  
 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.  
*I'm bound, &c.*

4 Yes unseen—but still, believe me,  
 Such a Guide my steps attends;  
 He'll in every strait relieve me,  
 He from every harm defends.  
*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?  
*I'm bound, &c.*

6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,  
 To its brink my steps I bend,  
 There my plunge will be delightful—  
 There my pilgrimage will end.  
*I'm bound, &c.*

7 While I gaz'd—with speed surprising,  
 Down the stream she plung'd from sight,  
 Gazing still, I saw her rising,  
 Like an angel, cloth'd with light.  
*I'm bound, &c.*

HYMN 62. C. M.

1 TO Christ, the Lord, let every tongue  
 Its noblest tribute bring:

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When he's the subject of our song,  
Who can refuse to sing?

- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,  
And on his glories dwell;  
Think of the wonders of his grace,  
And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd  
Upon his awful brow;  
His head with radiant glories crown'd,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare,  
Among the sons of men:  
Fairer he is than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,  
He fled to my relief;  
For me he bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.
- 6 His hand a thousand blessings pours  
Upon my guilty head:  
His presence gilds my darkest hours,  
And guards my sleeping bed.
- 7 To him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have:  
He makes me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.
- 8 To heaven the place of his abode  
He brings my weary feet;  
Shews me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joys complete.

- 9 Since from his bounty I receive  
 Such proofs of love divine,  
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
 Lord, they should all be thine.

## HYMN 63 P. M.

- 1 'TIS religion that can give  
 Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
 'Tis religion must supply  
 Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be  
 Lasting as eternity;  
 If the Saviour is my friend,  
 Then my bliss shall never end.

## HYMN 64. P. M.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,  
 Immerg'd in sin and woe,  
 The gospel's voice attend,  
 While Jesus sends to you:  
 Ye perishing and guilty come,  
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,  
 Nor vain excuses frame:  
 He bids you come to-day,  
 Though poor, and blind, and lame:  
 All things are ready, sinner, come,  
 For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word  
 His messengers proclaim;  
 He is a gracious Lord,  
 And faithful is his name:  
 Backsliding souls, return and come,  
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.

- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,  
 Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near,  
 Christ calls you from above,  
 His charming accents hear!  
 Let whosoever will, now come:  
 In mercy's breast there still is room.

## HYMN 65. C. M.

- 1 WHEN faith presents the Saviour's death,  
 And whispers, "this is mine:"  
 Sweetly my rising hours advance,  
 And peacefully decline.
- 2 Let outward things go how they will,  
 On thee I cast my care;  
 But let me reign with thee in heav'n,  
 Though most unworthy here.
- 3 Faith in thy love shall sweeten death,  
 And smooth the rugged way;  
 Smile on me, dearest Lord, and then,  
 I shall not wish to stay.

## HYMN 66 P. M.

- 1 WHEN we pass through yonder river:  
 When we reach the further shore:  
 There's an end of war for ever;  
 We shall see our foes no more.  
 All our conflicts then shall cease,  
 Follow'd by eternal peace.
- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant,  
 O how sweet the prospect is!  
 Though we toil and strive at present,  
 Let us not repine at this:  
 Toil, and pain, and conflict past,  
 All endear repose at last.

- 3 When we enter yonder regions;  
 When we touch the sacred shore  
 Blessed thought! no hostile legions,  
 Can alarm or trouble more:  
 Far beyond the reach of foes,  
 We shall dwell in sweet repose.
- 4 O that hope! how bright! how glorious!  
 'Tis his people's blest reward;  
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,  
 They at length behold their Lord:  
 In his kingdom they shall rest;  
 In his love be fully blest.
- 5 When the sight of war alarms us,  
 Let us call to mind our friend;  
 He who for the conflict arms us,  
 Will be with us to the end:  
 'Tis enough, the war is his;  
 God our king and leader is.

## HYMN 67. P. M.

- 1 WHAT is life? 'Tis but a vapour;  
 Soon it vanishes away:  
 Life is like a dying taper;  
 O my soul, why wish to stay?  
 Why not spread thy wings and fly,  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 2 See that glory; how resplendent  
 Brighter far than fancy paints,  
 There in majesty transcendent,  
 Jesus reigns, the king of saints.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,  
 Sing with rapture of his love:

Through the heav'ns his praises sounding,  
 Filling all the courts above.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

- 4 Go, and share his people's glory;  
 'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear;  
 Thine a joyful, wond'rous story;  
 One that angels love to hear.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

HYMN 68. C. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
 Down from the willows take;  
 Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,  
 Bid every string awake.
- 2 Tho' in a foreign land,  
 We are not far from home;  
 And nearer to our house above,  
 We every moment come.
- 1 His grace shall to the end  
 Stronger and brighter shine;  
 Nor present things, nor things to come,  
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,  
 When we shall clearly see  
 Not only that he shed his blood,  
 But each shall say, *for me*.
- 5 Tarry his leisure then,  
 Wait the appointed hour;  
 Wait till the bridegroom of your souls  
 Reveal his love with power.

- 6 Blest is the man, O God,  
 That stays himself on thee!  
 Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
 Shall thy salvation see.

## HYMN 69 P. M.

- 1 Though earth's wealth allure thee,  
 With its many charms;  
 It can nee'r secure thee,  
 From death's rude alarms.  
 Though fortune's smile, should you beguile;  
 To build on this foundation;  
 How would death's call, your soul appall,  
 And blast its expectation.
- 2 Shall earth's brightest pleasures,  
 Charm a heav'nly soul;  
 Shall its fading treasures,  
 Lure it from its goal.  
 Will you let these, vain trifles please,  
 Here fix your hope's foundation;  
 And for earth's toys, spurn heav'nly joys,  
 And slight your soul's salvation.
- 3 All earth's brightest prospects  
 Soon sink to decay;  
 All its dreams of pleasure,  
 Vanisheth away.  
 Not gayest wealth, nor rosy health,  
 Afford us consolation;  
 When death is near, they cannot cheer,  
 With prospects of salvation.
- 4 But the Christian places  
 Trust in Jesu's blood;  
 A brighter course he traces,  
 By that crimson flood.

Sinners he cries, lift up your eyes,  
 See your Lord's suff'ring station;  
 He bow'd his head, for you he bled,  
 That you might have salvation.

5 Will you slight the offer,  
 Jesus Christ hath made?  
 Shall his goodness proffer,  
 Ev'ry heavenly aid?  
 And you refuse, the good to chuse—  
 Still follow inclination;  
 Or careless run, 'till you're undone,  
 Nor heed your soul's salvation.

6 Sinners view the Christian,  
 Mark his steady form;  
 His hopes are plac'd on Jesus,  
 He smiles at life's rude storm.  
 For holy love, buoy's him above  
 The waves of tribulation;  
 He knows no fear, with Jesus near,  
 The rock of his salvation.

7 Sinners view the splendour,  
 That surrounds the bed;  
 Where the happy Christian,  
 Rests his dying head.  
 His eager soul, knows no control,  
 Oh, hear its exultation?  
 "Tis gain to die! with Jesus nigh!  
 The God of my salvation."

HYMN 70. L. M.

*Matthew chap. xxvi. verse 25.*

1 GOD is the same in ev'ry place,  
 And all whose hearts are so inclin'd,

His power in all his works may trace,  
His mercy ev'ry where may find.

2 There's not a tree, a shrub, or flower,  
That springs from out this teeming earth;  
But bears the impress of that pow'r,  
Whose word alone, first gave it birth.

3 Behold the fowls that fill the air,  
They plant no corn, they raise no bread;  
Yet claim our Heav'nly Father's care,  
And by his tender hand are fed.

4 The "lilies of the valley, grow,"  
Although they neither toil nor spin;  
And Solomon with all his show,  
Had no such robes to "deck him in."

5 Hear then the words that Jesus saith;  
"If God so clothe the tender plant,  
Much more oh ye little faith,  
Will he supply your ev'ry want."

6 Let not to-morrow's anxious thought,  
What shall we eat? What shall we drink?  
Disturb your hearts—for we are taught,  
God doth for all his creatures think.

7 Full well our Heav'nly Father knows,  
That we of all those things have need;  
And from his bounteous hand there flows,  
For all a rich supply indeed.

8 But first the kingdom of our God,  
Seek through his righteousness so true;  
Then fix your trust upon his word,  
"These things shall all be added you."

## HYMN 71. P. M.

- 1 TH' atoning work is done:  
 The victim's blood is shed,  
 And Jesus now is gone  
 His people's cause to plead:  
 He stands in heav'n their great High-priest,  
 And bears their names upon his breast.
- 2 He sprinkles with his blood  
 The mercy-seat above:  
 For Justice had withstood  
 The purposes of love:  
 But justice now objects no more:  
 And mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands,  
 His place of service is:  
 In heav'n itself he stands:  
 An heav'nly priesthood his.  
 In him the shadows of the law  
 Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.
- 4 And tho' awhile he be  
 Hid from the eyes of men;  
 His people look to see  
 Their great High-priest again;  
 In brightest glory he will come,  
 And take his waiting people home.

## HYMN 72. L. M.

- 1 "BY whom shall Jacob now arise?"  
 For Jacob's friends are few,  
 And, (what should fill us with surprise,)  
 They seem divided too.
- 2 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"  
 For Jacob's foes are strong.

I read their triumph in their eyes,  
They think he'll fail e'er long.

3 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"  
Can any tell by whom?  
Say, shall this branch that wither'd lies,  
Again revive and bloom?

4 Lord thou canst tell—the work is thine,  
The help of man is vain.  
On Jacob now arise and shine,  
And he shall live again.

HYMN 73. P. M.

1 GRACIOUS Lord my heart is fixed,  
Sing I will, and sing of thee;  
Since the cup that justice mixed,  
Thou hast drank, and drank for me;  
Great deliv'rer!  
Thou hast set the pris'ner free.

2 Lute and harp, awake to praise him!  
All my pow'rs your tribute bring!  
Tho' no praise can higher raise him,  
(What can higher raise our king?)  
Were I silent,  
Ev'n the stones would rise and sing.

3 Many were the chains that bound me;  
But the Lord has loos'd them all;  
Arms of mercy now surround me;  
Favours these, nor few nor small,  
Saviour keep me:  
Keep thy servant lest he fall.

4 Fair the scene that lies before me:  
Life eternal Jesus gives;

While he waves his banner o'er me,  
 Peace and joy my soul receives;  
 Sure his promise!  
 I shall live because he lives.

- 5 When the world would bid me leave thee,  
 Telling me of shame and loss:  
 Saviour, guard me lest I grieve thee;  
 Lest I cease to love thy cross:  
 This a treasure:  
 All the rest I count but dross.

HYMN 74. L. M.

- 1 ENDLESS praises  
 To our Lord!  
 Ever be his name ador'd!
- 2 Angels crown him  
 Crown the lamb!  
 He is worthy—praise his name.
- 3 Saints adore him,  
 Sound his fame,  
 You he saves from endless shame.
- 4 Saints and angels,  
 Jointly sing:  
 Glory, glory to our King!

HYMN 75. P. M.

- 1 IF our warfare be laborious,  
 Soon the strife will reach a close:  
 Rest is sweet, secure and glorious,  
 That from prosp'rous warfare flows:  
 Doubly precious,  
 After labour is repose.

- 2 Once our choice was peace inglorious;  
 Then we yielded to our foes;  
 Warfare now the most laborious,  
 Ev'n with all its toils we choose,  
 Glorious warfare!  
 Leading to secure repose.
- 3 Are there many foes before us,  
 Standing to oppose our way?  
 Yet they shall not overpower us:  
 This with boldness we may say;  
 Since Jehovah,  
 Keeps his people night and day.
- 4 Are we blind and prone to error?  
 God vouchsafes to be our guide;  
 Are we faint and full of terror?  
 He himself is on our side.  
 'Tis sufficient;  
 God our Saviour will provide.
- 5 When through him we prove victorious,  
 Then will strife and labour cease;  
 Then our triumph will be glorious;  
 Then his people dwell at ease:  
 And their portion  
 Will be everlasting peace.

## HYMN 76. C. M.

- 1 LORD, if thy people suffer grief,  
 Yet are their comforts great;  
 Nor are they left without relief;  
 Thy time is never late.
- 2 If when affliction's waves run high,  
 Deliv'rance should be slow;  
 Thy purpose is, their faith to try,  
 And make their patience grow.

- 3 In sorrow's sev'nfold furnace tried,  
 This thought may yield them joy:  
 Thou, Lord, art walking by their side,  
 Nør can the fire destroy.
- 4 Yea, ev'n the flame's destructive pow'r,  
 Directed, Lord, by thee;  
 Shall nothing but their bands devour,  
 And leave their bodies free,
- 5 All this I know. But in the hour  
 Of trial, then I faint;  
 And feel that nothing but thy pow'r  
 Can keep me from complaint.
- 6 Howe'er a mother loves her own,  
 I know, beyond a doubt;  
 Her love by thine is far outdone;  
 Thy love that changes not.
- 7 Whatever light in man may shine,  
 And guide a father's care:  
 'Tis but a shadow, Lord, of thine;  
 Thy wisdom cannot err.
- 8 Of this convinc'd, I would "Be still,  
 And know that thou art God;"  
 Would give up my rebellious will,  
 And kiss thy chast'ning rod.
- 9 O teach thy worm, whate'er his state,  
 Therewith to be content;  
 Thine hand to bless, thy time to wait,  
 And leave to thee th' event.

## HYMN 77. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!  
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before;

Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You use no other friend so ill.

- 2 But will he prove a friend indeed?  
He will--the very friend you need;  
The man of Nazareth is he,  
With garments dy'd, from Calvary.
- 3 O lovely attitude! he stands  
With melting heart and open hands;  
O matchless kindness! and he shows  
That matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine;  
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,  
And let the heav'nly stranger in.

HYMN 78. P. M.

- 1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
And join with the armies above,  
To shout his adorable name.  
To gaze on his glories divine,  
Shall be my eternal employ;  
To feel them incessantly shine,  
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeemed with his blood,  
My soul from the confines of hell,  
To live on the smiles of my God.  
And in his sweet presence to dwell.  
To shine with the angels of light;  
With saints and with seraphs to sing;  
To view, with eternal delight,  
My Jesus, my Saviour, my king.

- 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
 Your pride with disdain I survey;  
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
 And pass in a moment away:  
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;  
 My joy everlastingly flows,  
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

## HYMN 79. P. M.

- 1 SUBJECTS of the King of heaven,  
 We can talk on glorious themes;  
 Happy they to whom 'tis given  
 To despise the worldling's dreams!  
 Subjects of the King of Kings,  
 We can speak of real things.
- 2 Of his kingdom, and its glory,  
 Let us speak since we are *his*:  
 Mighty kingdoms fam'd in story,  
 Nothing are compar'd with this.  
 All that makes a kingdom great,  
 Here alone is found to meet.
- 3 Other thrones, however splendid,  
 Yield to time's destructive pow'r;  
 Human glory soon is ended;  
 God appoints its final hour;  
 But the throne at which we bow,  
 Time can never overthrow.
- 4 While the kingdoms round us vanish,  
 (What that's human can endure?)  
 Ev'ry sad reflection banish,  
 God has made *his* kingdom sure.  
 Other thrones may shake and fall,  
 But *his* throne survives them all.

- 5 Good it is for us and pleasant,  
 'To converse on themes like these.  
 When with God his saints are present,  
 Then they see him as he is.  
 Till that day we'll talk of him;  
 Heav'n supplies no richer theme.

## HYMN 80. C. M.

- 1 WE'LL speak of Christ, no matter who  
 Should disapprove our theme;  
 When he is precious in our view,  
 We can't but speak of him.
- 2 And he is precious in the sight  
 Of all who know his voice;  
 'Twas he that brought them to the light,  
 And taught them to rejoice.
- 3 'Tis he who cheers them by his smile,  
 And guards them by his pow'r;  
 Who keeps them safe from force and guile,  
 In ev'ry trying hour.
- 4 'Tis he who will conduct them home,  
 Beyond the reach of ill:  
 Where all the ransom'd people come,  
 Where saints for ever dwell.
- 5 Let glory wreath his blessed head,  
 Who once was crown'd with thorns;  
 Whose blood upon the cross was shed;  
 Whom man reviles and scorns.
- 6 And let his people make their boast  
 Of him, and him alone,  
 Who came from heav'n to save the lost:  
 The praise be all his own.

## HYMN 81. C. M.

- 1 THE gospel comes with welcome news  
To sinners lost like me  
Their various schemes let others choose;  
Saviour, I come to thee!
- 2 Of sinners sure I am the chief,  
But grace is rich and free.  
This welcome truth affords relief  
To *sinners*, ev'n to me.
- 3 Of merit now let others speak,  
But merit I have none;  
For merit 'tis in vain to seek;  
I'm sav'd by grace alone.
- 4 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won;  
'Tis grace that holds me fast:  
Grace will complete the work begun,  
And save me to the last.
- 5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
What God has done for me;  
And celebrate redeeming grace,  
Throughout eternity.

## HYMN 82. C. M.

- 1 ONCE more the cheerful sun's withdrawn,  
And darkness comes again;  
How many since the morning dawn,  
Have left the abodes of men!
- 2 They who had known the Saviour's name;  
Are present with the Lord;  
But their's is misery and shame,  
Who fought against his word.

- 3 Though not admitted yet so near,  
 As those who see his face.  
 The voice of mercy still we hear,  
 And *this* demands our praise.
- 4 We bless the Lord that yet we live  
 To close another day:  
 Our many trespasses forgive,  
 And keep us in the way.
- 5 When we shall close our eyes in sleep,  
 Preserve us safe from harm!  
 From nightly foes our dwelling keep,  
 And guard us with thine arm!
- 6 And should we sleep to wake no more,  
 Till the last trumpet sound;  
 May we in that decisive hour,  
 Among thy sheep be found.

## HYMN 83. P M.

- 1 THROUGH the dark and silent hours,  
 Of the night, preserve us, Lord!  
 Safely keep both us and ours;  
 Peace and confidence afford.  
 We are bold, in thee confiding;  
 Safe beneath thy shade abiding.
- 2 Should we never rise again,  
 Till the morning of that day  
 When thy glory shall be seen;  
 When the world shall pass away:  
 May we stand by thee confessed;  
 And with all thy saints be blessed.
- 3 Since we cannot tell to-day;  
 What to-morrow's dawn may bring:

Saviour, draw our hearts away,  
 Far from ev'ry earthly thing.  
 Make us in thy service steady;  
 Always for thy coming ready.

## HYMN 84. P. M.

- 1 PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know him,  
 Jesus well deserves your praise:  
 O ye careless, turn ye to him;  
 Turn from folly's fatal ways.  
 In the gospel,  
 Jesus all his grace displays:
- 2 Saviour, full of love and pity,  
 Grant repentance to thy foes.  
 Till thy saints in heav'n are with thee,  
 Let them on thine arm repose,  
 And grow stronger  
 Till their glorious strife shall close.

## HYMN 85. P. M.

- 1 WHENCE come ye, weeping pilgrims  
 whence?  
 And whither do ye journey hence?
- 2 We travel from the distant land  
 The scene of our disgrace;  
 We leave it by our king's command  
 And haste to see his face;  
 We're bound for Zion's blest abode,  
 His people's joy to share;  
 O tell us, if thou know'st, the road  
 That will conduct us there.
- 3 Ye happy pilgrims come with me,  
 To yonder eminence and see,

The city of your glorious King;  
Then let your hearts rejoice and sing

- 4 'Tis it, how glorious to behold!  
We shall be there ere long.  
O let the timid now be bold;  
And let the faint be strong!

Sing, sing, ye pilgrims on your way,  
Let joy fill ev'ry breast!  
Our King will all our toils repay,  
When we have gain'd our rest.

HYMN 86. L. M.

- 1 O ZION when I think on thee,  
I wish for pinions like the dove:  
And mourn to think that I should be  
So distant from the place I love.
- 2 A captive here, and far from home,  
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh;  
Thither the ransom'd nations come,  
And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here, I walk on hostile ground;  
The few that I can call my friends,  
Are like myself with fetters bound,  
And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But yet we shall behold the day,  
When Zion's children shall return,  
Our sorrows then shall flee away,  
And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 The hope that such a day will come,  
Makes ev'n the captive's portion sweet;  
Though now we wander far from home,  
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

## HYMN 87. P. M.

- 1 O HAD I the wings of a dove,  
 I'd make my escape, and begone:  
 I'd mix with the spirits above,  
 Who encompass yon heav'nly throne,  
 I'd fly from all labour and toil,  
 To the place where the weary have rest:  
 I'd haste from contention and broil,  
 To the peaceful abode of the blest.
- 2 How happy are they who no more,  
 Have to fear the assaults of the foe!  
 Arriv'd on the heav'nly shore;  
 They have left all their conflicts below.  
 They are far from all danger and fear;  
 While remembrance enhances their joys;  
 As the storm when escap'd will endear,  
 The retreat that the haven supplies.
- 3 Around that magnificent throne,  
 Where the Lamb all his glory displays;  
 United for ever in one  
 His people are singing his praise.  
 How holy, how happy are they?  
 No tongue can express their delight.  
 My soul, now unwilling to stay,  
 Prepares for her heavenly flight.
- 4 But why do I wish to be gone?  
 Do I want from the danger to flee?  
 And shall I do nothing for one,  
 Who was once such a suff'rer for me?  
 Ah, Lord, let me think of the day,  
 When thou wast "rejected of men,"  
 And put the base wish far away,  
 And never be fearful again.

- 5 Nor less my perverseness forgive;  
 That when ease and prosperity come;  
 Thy servant is willing to live;  
 And his exile prefers to his home:  
 Ah Lord, what a creature am I  
 Sure nothing can heighten my guilt:  
 Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,  
 And make me whatever thou wilt.

## HYMN 88. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a way that leads to death,  
 A way that many go:  
 In spite of all that wisdom saith,  
 In spite of future woe.
- 2 This way is smooth, 'tis fair, and broad,  
 'Tis pleasant to the sight.  
 But to those, who take this road!  
 It leads to endless night.
- 2 Another way there likewise is,  
 That leads to joys above:  
 But few alas, will travel this;  
 'Tis not the way they love.
- 4 This road is rough and narrow too;  
 Nor does it please the eye.  
 But though 'tis difficult to go;  
 Its end is certain joy.
- 5 How blest are they whose feet are found,  
 In wisdom's sacred way:  
 They soon shall reach the happy ground,  
 And there for ever stay.
- 6 Where sorrow ends in purest joys;  
 Where no complaint remains:

Where hope, before its object dies,  
And love triumphant reigns.

## HYMN 89. L. M.

- 1 WE'VE no abiding city here,  
This may distress the worldling's mind;  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.
  - 2 We've no abiding city here,  
Sad truth were this to be our home:  
But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come.
  - 3 We've no abiding city here;  
Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not the world our rest appear;  
But let us haste from all below.
  - 4 We've no abiding city here,  
We seek a city out of sight:  
Zion its name—the Lord is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.
- Zion!—JEHOVAH is her strength!  
Secure she smiles at all her foes;  
And weary travellers at length,  
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 Thither our course with joy we bend,  
In hopes the sacred place to gain:  
Where toil and pain and sorrow end;  
And peace and love forever reign.

## HYMN 90. P. M.

- 1 PRAISE we him, by whose kind favour,  
Heav'nly truth has reach'd our ears!

May its sweet reviving savour  
 Fill our hearts, and calm our fears!  
 TRUTH—how sacred is the treasure!  
 Teach us, Lord, its worth to know!  
 Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure,  
 Which from other sources flow.

- 2 What of truth we've now been hearing,  
 Lord to ev'ry heart apply!  
 In the day of thine appearing,  
 May we share thy people's joy!  
 Till thou take us hence for ever,  
 Saviour guide us with thine eye;  
 This our aim, our sole endeavor,  
 Thine to live, and thine to die.

#### HYMN 91. 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 suff'rer stood,  
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,  
 From ev'ry wound a stream of blood  
 Came flowing down amain:  
 His bitter groans all nature shook,  
 And at his voice the rocks were broke,  
 And 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 agony he dies;  
O sinners hear his mournful cries,  
    Come see his tort'ring 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 like steel around him stand,  
And mocking say, "Come save the land,"  
    "Come try yourself to free."  
A soldier pierc'd him when he died,  
Then healing streams came from his side;  
And thus my Lord was crucify'd:  
Stern justice then was satisfy'd,  
    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 Hosanna's tell;  
'Though he endur'd exquisite pains,  
He led the monster death in chains,

Ye seraphs raise your loudest 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 heighth 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 heaven above his praise resounds,  
 O Zion sing, his grace abounds,  
 I hope to shout eternal rounds,  
 In flaming love that knows no bounds,  
 When swallow'd up in heav'n.

HYMN 92. C. M.

1 INSPIRE our souls, thou heav'nly dove,  
 On thee we humbly call;  
 Come, warm our hearts with Jesu's love,  
 To own him Lord of all.

2 The saints who now in glory shine,  
 And triumph o'er the fall:  
 In concert join with notes divine,  
 To praise him Lord of all.

- 3 Sinners, who now in him believe,  
 Whose crimes are bitter gall,  
 Pardon and grace from him receive,  
 And bless him Lord of all.
- 4 The day arrives when ev'ry voice  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 Aloud shall sing, exult, rejoice,  
 To hail him Lord of all.
- 5 All heav'n, in one admiring throng,  
 Before him prostrate fall;  
 And join in sweet seraphic song,  
 To crown him Lord of all.

## HYMN 93. P. M.

- 1 JESUS I know hath died for me,  
 This is my hope, my joy, my rest!  
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,  
 And look into my Saviour's breast!  
 Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,  
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 2 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
 Though strength, and health, and friends  
 be gone;  
 Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,  
 And ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;  
 Steadfast on this my soul relies,  
 Father—thy mercy never dies.
- 3 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
 When heart shall fail, and flesh decay;  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
 When earth's foundations melt away:  
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,  
 Lov'd with an everlasting love!

## HYMN 94. P M.

- 1 O THOU, that hear'st the pray'r of faith,  
 Wilt thou not save a soul from death,  
 That casts itself on thee?  
 I have no refuge of my own,  
 But fly to what my Lord hath done  
 And suff'ered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
 His spotless righteousness I plead,  
 And his availing blood;  
 Thy righteousness my robe shall be,  
 Thy merit shall atone for me,  
 And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then snatch me from eternal death,  
 The spirit of adoption breathe,  
 His consolations send:  
 By him some word of life impart,  
 And sweetly whisper to my heart,  
 "Thy Maker is thy friend."
- 4 The king of terrors then would be  
 A welcome messenger to me,  
 To bid me come away:  
 Unclog'd by earth or earthly things  
 I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings  
 To everlasting day.

## HYMN 95. 8—7s.

- 1 NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,  
 Can relieve us from our guilt,  
 Nothing else from sin release us,  
 Nothing else the heart can melt.
- 2 Law and terrors do but harden,  
 While they operate alone;

But a sense of blood-bought pardon,  
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

[3 Jesus, all our consolations  
Flow from thee the sov'reign good!  
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,  
Come to us through thy rich blood.]

HYMN 96. P. M.

1 THOU sweet-gliding Kedron, by thy silver  
stream,  
Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's  
pale beam  
Shone bright on the waters, would frequent-  
ly stray,  
And loose in thy murmurs the toils of the  
day.

CHORUS.

*Come saints and adore him, come bow at his  
feet,  
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is  
meet;  
Let joyful Hosanna's, unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the  
skies.*

2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his  
head.  
How hard was his pillow—how humble his  
bed:  
The angels astonish'd, grew sad at the  
sight,  
And follow'd their master with solemn de-  
light.

*Come saints and adore him, &c.*

- 3 Oh! garden of Olivet, dear honor'd spot,  
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be for-  
 got;  
 The theme most transporting, to seraphis  
 above,  
 The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.  
*Come saints and adore, &c.*

## HYMN 97. S. M.

- 1 HERE long I shall not stay,  
 And therefore need not make  
 A large provision for the way,  
 Since home my way I take.
- 2 Raiment and food will be  
 Enough till I remove;  
 Hence every superfluity,  
 Would but a burthen prove.
- 3 Jacob of staff possesseth,  
 Free on his way could go;  
 But when his flocks and herds increas'd,  
 His journeyings were but slow.
- 4 As through the world we glance,  
 We see the rich are dull,  
 In virtue lingeringly advance,  
 And careless of the soul.
- 5 While, free from luxury,  
 The poor move easy on:  
 And joyfully the cheerful way  
 Of God's commandments run.
- 6 Unfetter'd by those ties,  
 That worldlings bind to earth;

Their souls more freely mount the skies,  
For things of nobler worth.

- 7 While proper care is given,  
To smooth their passage hence;  
Their bliss and treasure are in heaven,  
And all their comfort thence.
- 8 Should I then wish for love  
More than would me become,  
More than would carry me above  
To my eternal home.
- 9 Nay, sure I'm better off  
Than rich in golden store,  
If for my journey I've enough,  
And not one atom more.
- 10 Lord, therefore, in thy grace,  
Bestow on me, I pray,  
Just what will make me mend my pace,  
And serve me on my way.

HYMN 98. C. M.

- 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,  
Break—by Jesu's cross subdued,  
See his body mangled, rent,  
Cover'd with a gore of blood!  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?  
Murder'd God's eternal Son!
- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
Drove the nails that fix him here,  
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,  
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear,  
Made his soul a sacrifice;  
For a sinful world he dies.

- 3 Shall we let him die in vain?  
 Still to death pursue our God?  
 Open tear his wounds again,  
 Trample on his precious blood?  
 No: with all our sins we part:  
 Saviour, take my broken heart!

## HYMN 99. P. M

- 1 IN the floods of tribulation,  
 While the billows o'er me roll,  
 Jesus whispers consolation,  
 And supports my fainting soul:  
 Sweet affliction,  
 That brings Jesus to my soul.
- 2 Thus the lion yields me honey,  
 From the eater food is giv'n;  
 Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,  
 Singing as I wade to heav'n;  
 Sweet affliction,  
 And my sins are all forgiv'n.
- 3 So, in darkest dispensations,  
 Doth my faithful Lord appear,  
 With his richest consolations,  
 To re-animate and cheer:  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Thus to bring my Saviour near.
- 4 Floods of tribulation heighten,  
 Billows still around me roar,  
 Those who know not Christ they frighten;  
 But my soul defies their pow'r:  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Thus to bring my Saviour near.

- 5 In the sacred page recorded,  
 Thus his word securely stands;  
 "Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,  
 Nought shall pluck thee from my hands:"  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Ev'ry word my love demands.
- 6 All I meet I find assists me  
 In my path to heav'nly joy,  
 Where, though trials now attend me,  
 Trials never more annoy;  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Ev'ry promise gives me joy,
- 7 Wearing there a weight of glory,  
 Still the path I'll ne'er forget,  
 But exulting, cry it led me  
 To my blessed Saviour's feet:  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Which has brought me to his feet,

## HYMN 100. S. M.

- 1 IN Sharon's lovely rose,  
 Immortal beauties shine;  
 Its sweet refreshing fragrance shows  
 Its origin divine.
- 2 How blooming and how fair!  
 O may my happy breast  
 This lovely rose for ever wear,  
 And be supremely blest,

## HYMN 101. L. M.

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

- 2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,  
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;  
 He sav'd me from my lost estate,  
 His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose;  
 He safely leads my soul along,  
 His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood,  
 His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
 But though I have him oft forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail:  
 O may my last expiring breath,  
 His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day;  
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

## HYMN 102. L. M.

- 1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,  
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;  
 With all his saints I'll join to tell,  
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess;  
 His wisdom all his works express:

But O his love, what tongue can tell?  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 How sov'reign, wonderful, and free  
Has been his love to sinful me!  
He pluck'd me as a brand from hell;  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

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

5 And since my soul has known his love,  
What mercies has he made me prove;  
Mercies which do all praise excel,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

6 Whene'er my Saviour and my God,  
Has on me laid his gentle rod,  
I know in all that has befel,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

7 Though oft a fiery, flaming dart  
The tempter levels at my heart;  
With this I all his rage repel,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

[8 Sometimes my Lord his face does hide,  
To make me pray, or kill my pride;  
Yet then it on my mind does dwell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.]

9 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,  
And in his arms shall lose my breath;  
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

- 10 And when to that bright world I rise,  
 And join the anthems of the skies;  
 Above the rest this note shall swell,  
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

## HYMN 103. C. M.

- 1 LET others labour to possess,  
 A temporary fame:  
 We cannot be content with less  
 Than an immortal name.
- 2 Not such as mortals can bestow,  
 On those whom they extol:  
 The brightest honors here below,  
 For us are far too small.
- 3 The honor we desire to have,  
 From God alone descends:  
 The honor that survives the grave:  
 That never, never ends.
- 4 For ever be his name ador'd,  
 Who bids us hope for this!  
 Eternal honor to our Lord,  
 Who sav'd and made us his.
- 5 Our hope is now, that through his love,  
 We shall at last arise;  
 And from the springs of life above,  
 Drink everlasting joys.

## HYMN 104. P. M.

- 1 FROM Egypt lately come,  
 Where death and darkness reign,  
 We seek our new, our better home,  
 Where we our rest shall gain.  
 Hallelujah!  
 We are on our way to God.

- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound  
 We haste with songs of joy;  
 Where peace and liberty are found,  
 And sweets that never cloy.  
*Hallelujah! &c.*
- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,  
 And ev'ry conflict's o'er:  
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,  
 And never hunger more.  
*Hallelujah, &c.*
- 4 There, in celestial strains,  
 Enraptur'd myriads sing;  
 There love in ev'ry bosom reigns,  
 For God himself is king.  
*Hallelujah, &c.*
- 5 We soon shall join the throng,  
 Their pleasures we shall share;  
 And sing the everlasting song,  
 With all the ransom'd there.  
*Hallelujah, &c.*
- 6 How sweet the prospect is!  
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast:  
 We're journeying through the wilderness,  
 But soon shall gain our rest.  
*Hallelujah, &c.*

## HYMN 105. C. M.

- 1 WE'RE bound for yonder land,  
 Where Jesus reigns supreme:  
 We leave the shore at his command;  
 Forsaking all for him.
- 2 'Twere easy did we chuse,  
 Again to reach the shore:

But this is what our souls refuse;  
We'll never touch it more.

- 3 We know the state of those  
Who still continue there;  
And fly that we may shun the woes  
That else our portion were.
- 4 The perils of the sea,  
The rocks, the waves, the wind,  
Are small, whatever they may be,  
To those we leave behind.
- 5 Nor have we cause to fear,  
The God who rules the sea,  
In ev'ry danger will be near,  
And our protector be.
- 6 The Lord himself will keep  
His people safe from harm:  
Will hold the helm, and guide the ship  
With his almighty arm.
- 7 Then let the tempests roar;  
The billows heave and swell;  
We trust to reach the peaceful shore,  
Where all the ransom'd dwell.
- 8 And when we gain the land,  
How happy shall we be?  
How shall we bless the mighty hand  
That led us through the sea?

HYMN 106. P. M.

1 OF Jesus we'll sing;  
The Saviour and King,  
Of all who on earth are redeem'd;

No name is so great;  
 No name is so sweet;  
 However by men disesteem'd.

2 How high was his seat?  
 His glory how great?  
 When sitting on yonder bright throne.  
 The object above,  
 Of wonder and love;  
 The object of worship alone.

3 But see from his place,  
 In infinite grace,  
 He comes and appears here below:  
 He leaves all his store,  
 And stoops to the poor:  
 Submitting to want and to woe.

4 No love is like his;  
 Unequall'd it is,  
 By that of a mother or friend.  
 What tongue cannot teach:  
 What thought cannot reach:  
 'Tis love without measure or end.

5 To Jesus alone,  
 Who sits on his throne,  
 Be glory, dominion, and pow'r:  
 To Jesus be giv'n,  
 All honor in heav'n,  
 By angels and saints evermore.

HYMN 107. C. M.

1 LIKE Bartimeus we are blind,  
 Enwrapt in nature's night;  
 The grossest darkness veils our mind,  
 For sin prevents the sight.

- 2 But lo! the Lord from heav'n is come,  
 To open sinners' eyes:  
 To make his wondrous mercy known,  
 And heal their maladies.
- 3 Come then, ye blind, and beg, and pray,  
 And in the Lord believe;  
 For who can tell? perhaps to-day,  
 You may your sight receive.
- 4 Jesus of Naz'reth passeth by,  
 He is the sinner's friend;  
 Call on his name, and wait and cry,  
 He will your suit attend.
- 5 Should sinners say, "hold ye your peace,  
 "Nor dare to make so free;"  
 The louder cry, and never cease,  
 "Have mercy, Lord, on me."
- 6 Your worthless garments leave behind;  
 Go to the Lord of light;  
 Trust in his name, however blind,  
 And he will give you sight.

## HYMN 108. P. M.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word  
 Of promise to the poor,  
 Behold a beggar, Lord,  
 Waits at thy mercy's door!  
 No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,  
 Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,  
 Relief from men to gain,  
 If offer'd unto thee  
 I know thou wouldst disdain;

And those which move thy gracious ear,  
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

- 3 'Twere folly to pretend  
I never begg'd before;  
Or, if thou now befriend,  
I'll trouble thee no more;  
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,  
And often I must come again.
- 4 Nor can I willing be  
Thy bounty to conceal,  
From others who like me,  
Their wants and hunger feel:  
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,  
And try to send a thousand more.

HYMN 109. C. M.

- 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
Thy goodness we adore;  
A spring whose blessings never fail,  
A sea without a shore!
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest  
In every golden ray;  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns,  
With all the bliss it yields;  
With joyful clusters loads the vines,  
With strength'ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,  
Is in the gospel seen;  
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,  
Without a cloud between.

- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace and joy,  
Through Jesu's name are giv'n,  
He on the cross was lifted high,  
That we might reign in heav'n.

## HYMN 110. P. M.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserv'd for me!  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners spare?  
I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provok'd him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls;  
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
- 2 I have spilt his precious blood,  
Trampled on the Son of God;  
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable,  
I, who yet am not in hell!  
Whence to me this waste of love?  
Ask my advocate above!  
See the cause in Jesu's face,  
Now before the throne of grace.
- 3 Lo! I cumber still the ground:  
Lo! an advocate is found!  
"Hasten not to cut him down,  
"Let this barren soul alone."  
Jesus speaks and pleads his blood!  
He disarms the wrath of God!  
Now my father's bowels move:  
Justice lingers into love.
- 4 Kindled his relentings are,  
Me he now delights to spare:  
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
Let's the lifted thunder drop.

There for me the Saviour stands;  
 Shews his wounds and spreads his hands!  
 God is love! I know, I feel,  
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

- 5 Jesus, answer from above:  
 Is not all thy nature love?  
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget?  
 Suffer me to kiss thy feet?  
 If I rightly read thy heart,  
 If thou all compassion art,  
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow!  
 Pardon, and accept me now.
- 6 Pity from thine eye let fall;  
 By a look my soul recall;  
 Now the stone to flesh convert:  
 Cast a look, and break my heart.  
 Now incline me to repent!  
 Let me now my fall lament;  
 Now, my soul, revolt deplore!  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

HYMN 111. C. M.

- 1 LET us go forth, 'tis God commands;  
 Let us make haste away,  
 Offer to Christ our hearts and hands;  
 We work for Christ to-day.
- 2 When he vouchsafes our hands to use,  
 It makes the labour sweet;  
 If any now to work refuse,  
 Let not the sluggard eat.
- 3 Who would not do what God ordains,  
 And promises to bless?

Who would not 'scape the toils and pains  
Of sinful idleness?

- 4 In vain to Christ the slothful pray,  
We have not learn'd him so;  
No—for he calls himself the way,  
And work'd himself below.
- 5 Then let us in his footsteps tread,  
And gladly act our part;  
On earth employ our hands and head,  
But give him all our heart.

HYMN 112. P. M.

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love  
We thus recall to mind,  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find;  
Think on us, who think on thee,  
And every struggling soul release:  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,  
And bloody sweat, we pray,  
By thy dying love to man,  
Take all our sins away;  
Burst our bonds, and set us free,  
From all iniquity release:  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,  
The sinner's pardon seal,  
Speak us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal:

By thy passion on the tree  
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease;  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace.

4 Never will we hence depart,  
 Till thou our wants relieve;  
 Write forgiveness on our heart,  
 And all thine image give:  
 Still our souls shall cry to thee  
 Till perfected in holiness:  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace.

HYMN 113. P. M.

- 1 YE tempt'd and try'd, to Jesus draw nigh,  
 He suffer'd and dy'd your wants to supply;  
 Trust him for salvation, you need not to  
 grieve,  
 There's no condemnation to them that be-  
 lieve.
- 2 By day and by night his love is made known,  
 It is his delight to succour his own;  
 He will have compassion, then why should  
 you grieve:  
 There's no condemnation to them that be-  
 lieve.
- 3 Though Satan will seek the sheep to annoy;  
 The helpless and weak he ne'er shall de-  
 stroy;  
 Christ is their salvation, and strength he  
 will give,  
 There's no condemnation to them that be-  
 lieve.

## HYMN 114. L. M.

- 1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With cheerful hope and warm desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;  
Nor groans shall mingle with the songs,  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin—  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

## HYMN 115. C. M.

- 1 TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,  
My soul wake all thy powers:  
He calls, and at his voice come forth  
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;  
My tongue his goodness sing;  
Summer and winter know their time,  
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold  
The waving yellow crop;  
With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
And sow again in hope.

- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow  
 The seeds of righteousness;  
 Smile on my soul, and with thy beams  
 The ripening harvest bless.
- 5 Then in the last great harvest, I  
 Shall reap a glorious crop;  
 The harvest shall by far exceed  
 What I have sow'd in hope.

## HYMN 116. L. M.

- 1 AS when the weary traveller gains  
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains  
 He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views  
 By faith, his mansion in the skies;  
 The sight his fainting strength renews,  
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers,  
 No more he grieves for troubles past;  
 Nor any future trial fears,  
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
 With Jesus, in the realms of day:  
 There I shall bid my cares farewell,  
 And he shall wipe my tears away.
- 5 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,  
 To lead us on to thine abode:  
 Assur'd our home will make amends  
 For all our toil while on the road.

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