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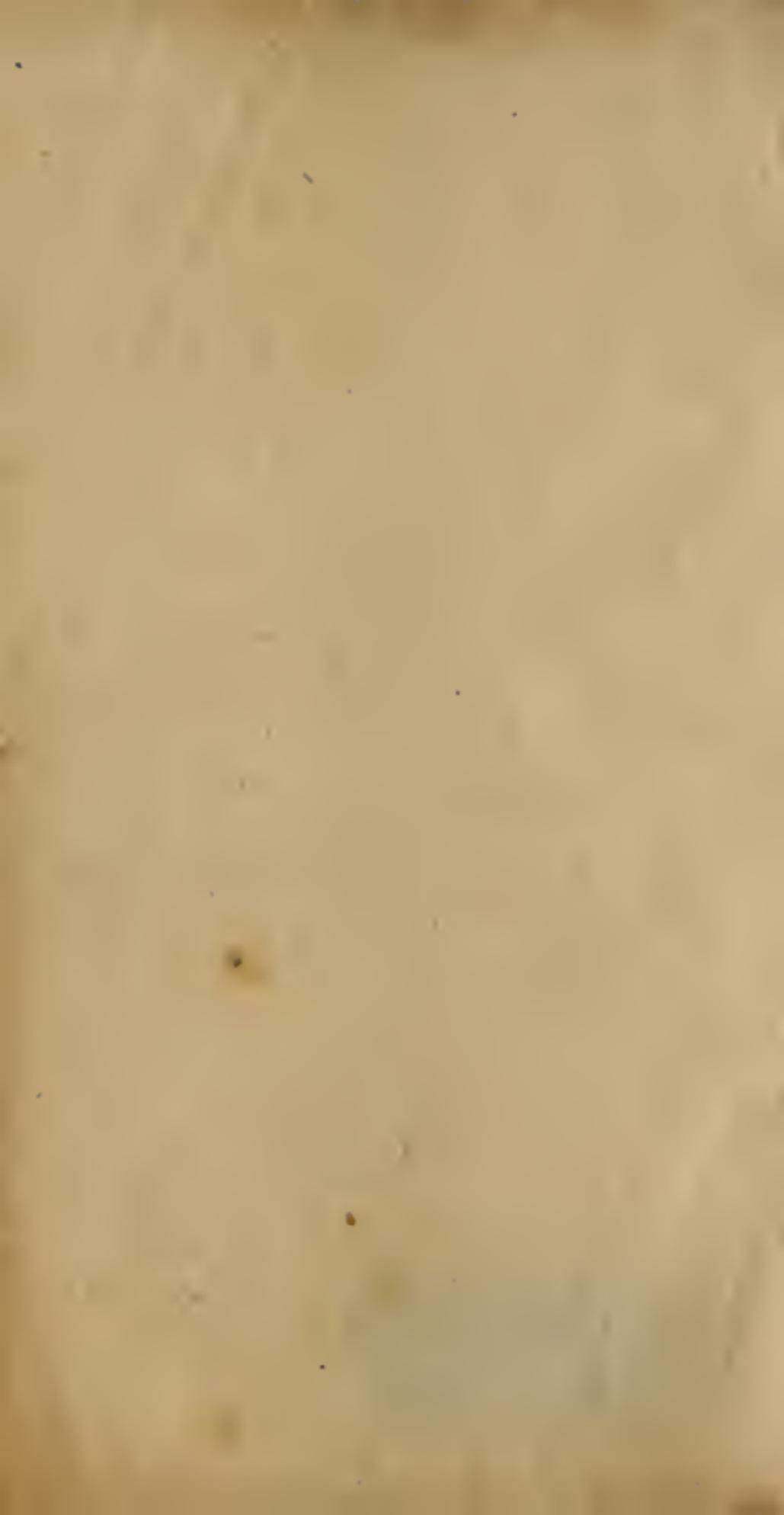
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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THE

SWEET SINGER

OF ISRAEL:

A COLLECTION OF

**HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,**

USUALLY

SUNG AT CAMP, PRAYER, AND SOCIAL MEETINGS,  
AND IN REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

SELECTED AND COMPILED, AT THE REQUEST OF  
THE PUBLISHERS,

BY THE REV. ALFRED BRUNSON,

AND THE

REV. CHARLES PITMAN.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, sing-  
ing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—*Eph.* v. 19.

NEW EDITION, MUCH ENLARGED.

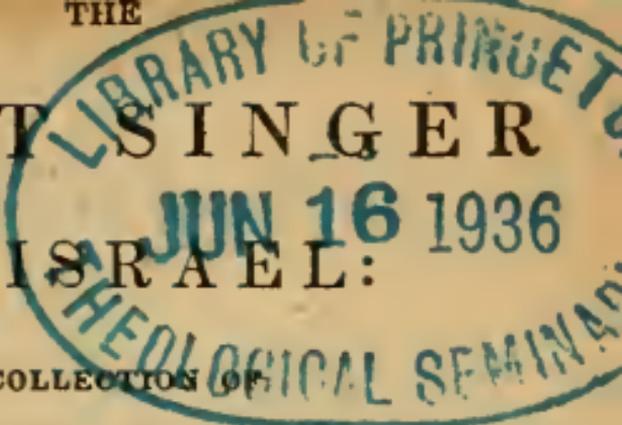
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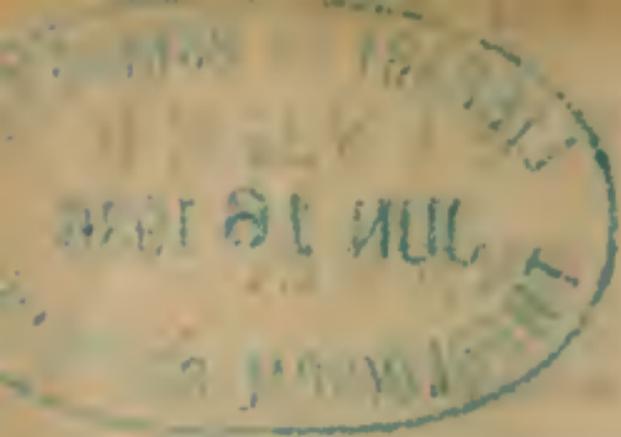
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## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

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IN presenting the religious public with a New Selection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, I shall offer no apology; because the continual appearance of *new* Hymns, renders it not only admissible, but necessary, to furnish the inquiring with the improvements and advancements of the day.

Excellent as the Hymn books in common use are, the best I have yet seen are deficient, not only in the *kind* of Hymns in this selection, but in those suitable for the festivals observed in the present benevolent movements of the day:—such as Missionary, Sabbath School, Bible Society, Temperance, and other Anniversaries; and of which some are found in this selection.

The Hymns commonly used in churches, are adapted <sup>to</sup> *the congregational purposes*, and, as far as practicable, of such a character as to suit all in the congregation. But the kind of Hymns in this selection, though they are often very useful in congregations, are, however, more particularly designed for individuals, or those social prayer meetings usual in revivals of religion. And as this kind of Hymns is earnestly sought by a large por-

tion of the religious public, it appears to me a duty to furnish them, not only with such as promote the spirit of devotion, but such also as will raise the standard of poetic taste above the dog-grel lines too often associated in books with Hymns worthy of a better place. But how far I have succeeded will be for others, and not me, to determine.

I have never yet seen an edition of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, but what contained more or less of the Hymns found in books used for congregational purposes, so that the people, to possess themselves of *this* kind, were under the necessity of purchasing some Hymns twice or thrice. This objection, however, cannot be urged against this selection.

In this book will be found a number of Hymns never before in print, and some also which have been recovered from the verge of oblivion. And from the experience of near a quarter of a century, mostly in performing the duties of an Itinerant Minister of the Gospel among the people who use this kind of Hymns, I trust I have been enabled to select such as are generally in use, and will meet the public taste.

A. BRUNSON.

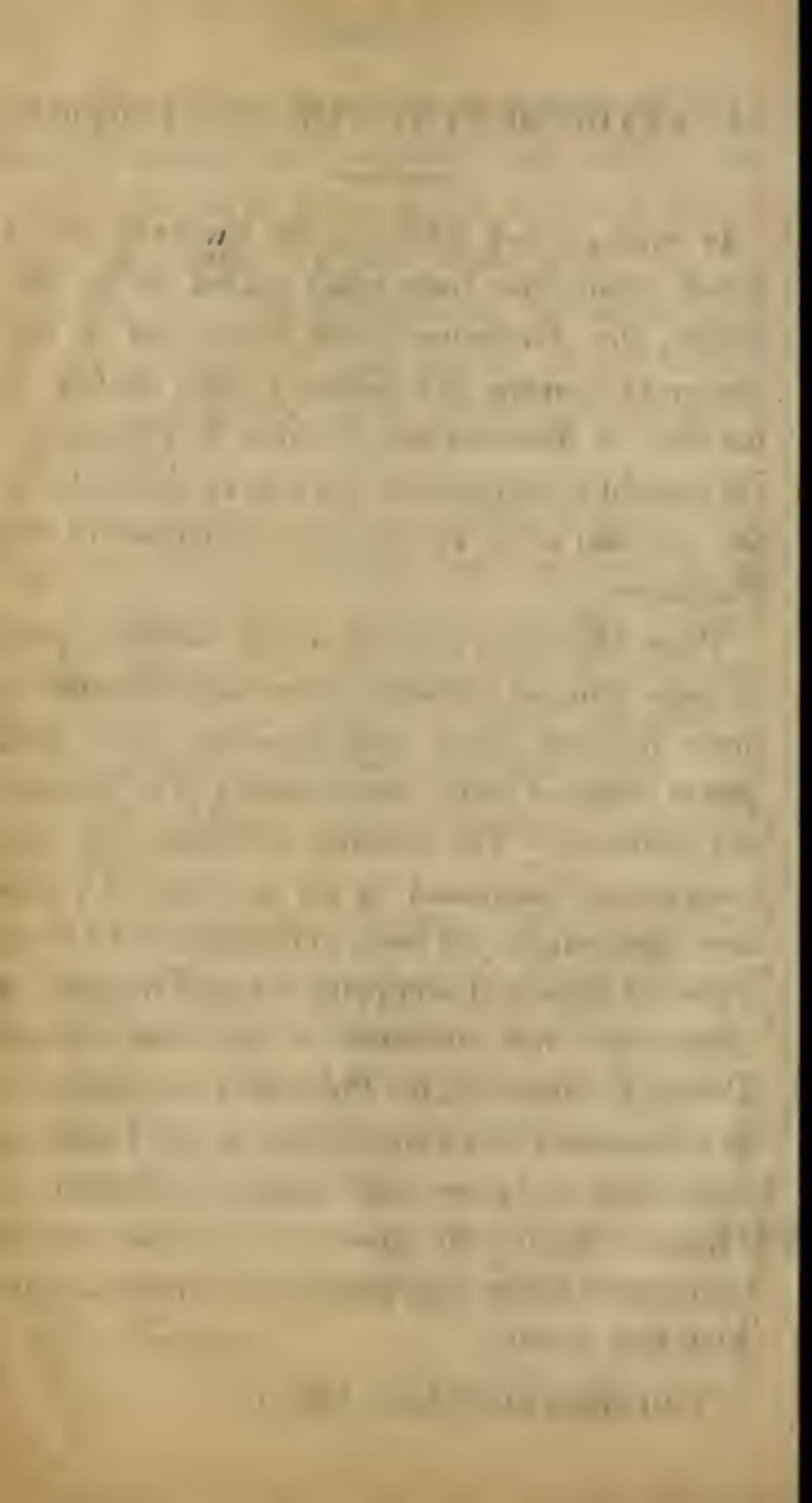
## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE NEW EDITION.

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IN issuing a new edition of the Sweet Singer of Israel, which has been much called for by the Public, the Publishers avail themselves of this favourable means of expressing their thanks to the Rev. A. Brunson and the Rev. C. Pitman, for the careful discrimination they have exercised in the revision of it, at the earnest request of the Publishers.

Those Hymns in the first edition, which appear to have become obsolete, or are objectionable in other respects, have been removed, and their places supplied with *others*, mostly of a *Missionary* character. The number of Hymns has also been greatly increased by the addition of *eighty new ones*, which has been accomplished by using a smaller type, and occupying a larger number of pages than was contained in the first edition. Taking it altogether, the Publishers can confidently recommend this Hymn Book to the Public, as embracing a better and larger assortment of Hymns, suitable for meetings on the popular movements of the day, than any other work of the kind now extant.

PHILADELPHIA, *March* 1837.



# SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL.

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## HYMN 1. P. M.

**W**HY stand you here idle, my friends, all the day ?

Your moments so fleeting, will soon pass away ;  
All things are provided for sinners undone,  
And you are invited, and welcome to come.

### CHORUS.

*The market is open, the stores you may see ;  
Then come, take and welcome, all things here are free.*

2 Here's mercy and pardon, here's love and free  
grace ;

Here's strong consolation, here's great joy and peace ;  
Here's hope for the hopeless,—the weary find rest ;  
Here's all things in plenty for poor souls distress'd.  
*The market, &c.*

3 Here's clothes for the naked—here all may be  
clad ;

Here's bread for the hungry—here souls may be fed ;  
Here's manna from heaven, the food is divine ;  
Here's food full of marrow, and wine well refin'd.  
*The market, &c.*

4 Here's oil, milk, and honey, and plenty in store,  
Sufficient for thousands, yea, millions, and more ;  
Here's balm for the wounded—here's strength for  
the weak ;

Here cordials divine are prepared for the sick.

*The market, &c.*

5 Here medicines for healing, are given out free ;  
Here's eye salve for eyes, that will make them to  
see,

Here cripples are healed, the lame made to walk ;  
The deaf made to hear, and the dumb made to talk.

*The market, &c.*

6 Here lepers are cleansed and purged from their  
sins ;

Here sinners are pardon'd, and souls are made clean ;  
Here all that are willing, are eased of their pains ;  
Here thousands are ransomed and freed from their  
chains.

*The market, &c.*

7 Here's armour and weapons for soldiers to wield,  
A breastplate, a helmet, a sword and a shield ;  
The poor receive riches, a crown for their head—  
Eternal salvation, and life from the dead.

*The market, &c.*

8 O come all ye needy, ye poor and distressed ;  
Come and receive plenty, and be ever bless'd.  
O come, without money, to Jesus, and buy ;  
Then love him, and praise him, for ever on high.

*The market, &c.*

## HYMN 2. P. M.

**H**AIL ye hosts of seraphs bright,  
I come to join your symphony,  
For ever here to feel delight,  
In your melodious company :  
My cares have ceased, my pains are o'er,  
I now have reach'd the blessed shore,  
And floods of light begin to roll,  
And burst upon my ravish'd soul :  
O sound his praise, ye heav'nly choirs,  
Who pluck'd me from the burning fires.

2 Farewell, ye fading things of time,  
No more your false attraction  
Can move this peaceful heart of mine,  
My joys are everlasting.  
Long I withstood the pow'rs of hell  
And Jesus was my glorious shield,  
Now I've got through the wilderness,  
And glory to my great high priest.  
O sound his praise, ye heavenly choirs,  
Who pluck'd me from the burning fires.

3 Jesus looks in smiles of love,  
And angels bid me welcome,  
The patriarchs and prophets old  
Reach forth the hand of friendship.  
My Christian neighbours here I find,  
My kindred and my dearest friends ;  
The song of Moses now I join,  
And heaven and glory all are mine.  
O sound his praise ye heav'nly choirs,  
Who pluck'd me from the burning fires.

4 Now I see my God and King,  
With grateful admiration ;  
His ways, his works, his name I sing,  
In loudest acclamation.  
His everlasting beauties shine,  
Diffusing light and joys sublime,  
To millions in that happy clime,  
And heav'n and glory all are mine.  
O sound his praise, ye heav'nly choirs,  
Who pluck'd me from the burning fires.

5 Throughout the boundless fields of light,  
My mind is lost in ponder ;  
I sail through seas of glory bright,  
O glorious scene of wonder !  
Angelic notes in highest strains,  
And holy saints his love proclaim,

Loud acclamations to his name  
 Are echo'd o'er the heavenly plains.  
 O sound his praise, ye heav'nly choirs,  
 Who pluck'd me from the flaming fires.

## HYMN 3. P. M.

**T**HE son of man they did betray,  
 He was condemned 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 'T was thus the glorious sufferer stood,  
 With hands and feet nailed to the wood;  
 From every 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 agonies he dies;  
 O sinners! hear his mournful cries,  
 Come see his tort'ring pain.  
 The mourning 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 sabachthini!"  
Though death may close his languid eyes,  
He soon will mount the upper skies,  
The conquering 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 pierced him when he died, —  
Then healing streams came from his side,  
And thus my Lord was crucified,  
Stern justice now is satisfied,  
Sinners, for you and me.

6 Behold! he mounts the throne of state,  
He fills the mediatorial seat,  
While millions bowing at his feet,  
With loud hosannas tell,  
Though he endured exquisite pains,  
He led the monster death in chains;  
Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,  
With music fill bright Eden's plains;  
He conquer'd death and hell.

7 'T is done! the dreadful debt is paid,  
The great atonement now is made:  
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,  
For you he spilt his blood;  
For you, his tender soul did move,  
For you, he left the courts above,  
That you the length and breadth might prove,  
And height and depth of perfect love,  
In Christ your smiling God.

8 All glory be to God on high,  
Who reigns enthron'd above the sky,

Who sent his Son to bleed and die,  
 Glory to him be given:  
 While 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 heaven.

## HYMN 4. P. M.

**T**HIS world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's probation giv'n;  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,  
 There's nothing true, but Heav'n.

2 And false the light of glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of ev'n;  
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,  
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,  
 There's nothing bright but Heav'n.

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day!  
 From wave to wave we're driven,  
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,  
 Serve but to light our troubled way;  
 There's nothing calm but Heav'n.

4 And where's the light, held out to cheer  
 This heart with anguish riv'n?  
 Affliction's sigh, and sorrow's tear,  
 Have never found a refuge here,  
 There's nothing kind but Heav'n.

5 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,  
 Without their sins torgiv'n:  
 True pleasure, everlasting peace,  
 Are only found in God's free grace;  
 There's nothing good as Heaven.

6 From those who walk in wisdom's ways,  
 Corroding fears are driven ;  
 They 're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,  
 Enjoy communion with their God,  
 And find their way to Heaven.

## HYMN 5. P. M.

**T**HIS world's not "all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion given ;"  
 He that hath sooth'd a widow's woe,  
 Or wip'd an orphan's tear, doth know  
 There's something here of Heav'n.

2 And he that walks life's thorny way,  
 With feelings calm and ev'n ;  
 Whose path is lit from day to day  
 By virtue's bright and steady ray,  
 Hath something felt of Heav'n.

3 He, that the Christian's course has run,  
 And all his foes forgiv'n ;  
 Who measures out life's little span  
 In love to God, and love to man  
 On earth, has tasted Heav'n.

## HYMN 6. P. M.

**W**HAT happy children who wait on Jesus,  
 Unto the house of prayer and praise,  
 And join in union, while love increases,  
 Resolved this way to spend our days.  
 Altho' we're hated by the world and Satan,  
 And flesh and such as know not God,  
 Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,  
 We oft-times have on Canaan's road.

2 While we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,  
 We've felt some help come from above ;  
 Our hearts have burn'd with holy rapture,  
 And long'd to be dissolv'd in love.

Then let us hold fast what is giv'n,  
 And trust in him for things to come,  
 Sure we shall find our way to heav'n,  
 So farewell, brethren, we are going home.

3 And as we go, let us praise our Jesus,  
 And pray for those who spurn his grace,  
 Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,  
 And ne'er enjoy God's lovely face.  
 Now here's my hand and my best wishes,  
 In token of my Christian love,  
 In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,  
 So farewell, brethren, till we meet above.

## HYMN 7. P. M.

**N**O leave my dear friends, and with neighbours  
 to part,  
 And go from my home, it affects not my heart,  
 Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day,  
 From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray,  
 Where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar are  
 spread,  
 And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head:  
 How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,  
 And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer—  
 To my Saviour in prayer.

3 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the  
 pine,  
 The ivy, the olive, the wild eglantine;  
 Yet sweeter, O sweeter superlative were  
 The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer—  
 In answer to prayer.

4 'T was under the covert of that blessed grove  
 That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove;

Presenting himself as the only true way  
Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray—  
And taught me to pray.

5 The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale,  
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,  
To call me to duty; and birds of the air  
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer—  
As I went to prayer.

6 And Jesus my Saviour oft deign'd there to meet  
And bless with his presence my lonely retreat;  
Oft fill'd me with rapture and peacefulness there  
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer—  
Own language my prayer.

7 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,  
And pay my devotion in parts that are new;  
Well knowing my Saviour is found everywhere,  
And can in all places give answer to prayer—  
Give answer to prayer.

8 Altho' I may never revisit thy shade,  
Yet oft shall I think on the vows I there made,  
And when at a distance, my thoughts shall repair  
To the place where my Saviour first answered my  
prayer—  
First answered my prayer.

9 My blessed Redeemer, my hope and my all,  
Will guide and direct me when on him I call;  
And when I am dying, he'll be with me there,  
And take me to heaven in answer to prayer—  
In answer to prayer.

### HYMN 8. P.M.

**T**IS my happiness below,  
Not to live without the cross;  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.

- 2 Trials must and will befall ;  
 But—with humble faith, to see  
 Love inscrib'd upon them all—  
 This is happiness to me.
- 3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds  
 Of affliction, pain and toil ;  
 These spring up and choke the weeds  
 Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
 Trials give new life to prayer ;  
 Trials bring me to his feet—  
 Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 5 Did I meet no trials here—  
 No chastisement by the way ;  
 Might I not, with reason, fear  
 I should be a cast-away ?

## HYMN 9. L. M.

**T**HERE is a school on earth begun,  
 Instructed by the Holy One ;  
 He calls his pupils there, to prove  
 The sweetness of redeeming love.

2 The school-book is the Scripture true ;  
 The lessons are forever new ;  
 In this the pupils are agreed,  
 It is a blessed school indeed.

3 'T is here the blind may learn to see ;  
 Then come, ye blind, the school is free ;  
 And here the lame may learn to walk ;  
 The dumb may also learn to talk.

4 'T is here the deaf may learn to hear ;  
 Then come, ye deaf, and lend an ear ;  
 Listen to Jesu's pleasant voice,  
 He 'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

5 Come, brethren, you who are at school,  
 Attention pay to ev'ry rule ;  
 Here may we learn the happy art  
 Of loving God with all our heart.

## HYMN 10. C. M.

**S**INCE man by sin has lost his God,  
 He seeks creation through,  
 And vainly strives for solid bliss,  
 In trying something new.

2 Could I but call all Europe mine,  
 The Indies and Peru,  
 My soul would feel an aching void,  
 And still want something new.

3 But when we know the Saviour's love,  
 All good in him we view ;  
 The soul forsakes its vain delights—  
 In Christ finds all things new.

4 The joy the dear Redeemer gives,  
 Will bear us safely through,  
 Nor need we ever change again,  
 For Christ is always new.

## HYMN 11. P. M.

**M**Y brethren all, on you I call,  
 Arise, and look around you,  
 How many foes, bound to oppose,  
 Are waiting to confound you ;  
 The trumpet calls on Zion's walls—  
 Shake off your sleep and slumber ;  
 Arise and pray, we 'll win the day,  
 Though we are few in number.

2 To God we 'll cry, and hell defy,  
 Though Satan roars like thunder ;

The voice of pray'r makes sinners stare,  
 While fill'd with awe and wonder ;  
 While music sweet, makes some retreat,  
 Our Jesus still draws nigher ;  
 His precious name lights up the flame,  
 That sets our souls on fire.

3 While grace divine in others shines,  
 With such we are delighted ;  
 With them we crowd, and sing so loud,  
 Poor sinners are affrighted.  
 The sweetest joys our pow'rs employ,  
 To see the cause advancing,  
 Though some go off, and boldly scoff,  
 And say that we are dancing.

4 Some mournfully for mercy cry,  
 And stubborn hearts are bended !  
 If we but smile, some say we 're wild,  
 And so go off offended ;  
 If souls are born, we 'll bear the scorn,  
 Let sinners tell this story ;  
 For Jesu's name, we 'll bear the blame,  
 And give him all the glory.

5 But as we fly, we 'll always cry  
 To God for their salvation—  
 O God of love, send from above,  
 And save the wicked nation.  
 Thy Spirit send, their hearts to bend,  
 Arrest them by thy thunder !  
 Let sweetest songs employ our tongues,  
 While fill'd with joy and wonder.

6 The outward blaze sometimes decays,  
 Some Christians seem contented ;  
 The world is sure their work is o'er  
 They 'll be no more tormented.  
 Some are afraid the Spirit's fled,  
 While others are offended ;

But never fear, let's persevere,  
The warfare is not ended.

7 To men unknown, the seed is grown,  
We've overcome temptation;  
The cross we'll bear, and not despair,  
We'll joy in tribulation.

The noisy scene comes on again!  
The shouting trump is sounded!  
We find at length we're gaining strength,  
Our foes will be confounded.

## HYMN 12. P. M.

**H**AIL the blest morn, see the great Mediator,  
Down from the regions of glory descend;  
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,  
Lo, for his guard, the bright angels attend.

## CHORUS.

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

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

*Brightest and best, &c.*

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Eden, and offerings divine,  
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the  
ocean;

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

*Brightest and best, &c.*

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold we his favour secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;

Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

*Brightest and best, &c.*

## HYMN 13. P. M.

**O**F all Religions that are found,  
 Whose forms do lead their subjects round,  
 In all this earthly region ;  
 There is one better than the rest,  
 Which properly is call'd the Best ;  
 And that is pure Religion.

2 To visit widows with relief,  
 And save the fatherless from grief,  
 In time of their affliction ;  
 And then, against temptations hurl'd,  
 To keep unspotted from the world,  
 Is real pure Religion.

3 There 's many people who profess  
 To have religion, more or less,  
 And talk of sins forgiv'n ;  
 Who say they walk the heav'nly road,  
 And say they feel the love of God,  
 And think they 're heirs of heav'n.

4 But if they gratify their pride,  
 And will be covetous beside,  
 And pattern after sinners ;  
 To set their hearts on things below,  
 And talk as other worldlings do,  
 'Tis only vain Religion.

5 But thanks to God, there are a few,  
 Who good sincerity do show,  
 To follow after Jesus :  
 They joyfully forsake their pride,  
 And lay their vanities aside,  
 For th' sake of pure Religion.

6 They bring their thoughts to judgment now,  
 And thus they make their actions bow

To Jesus, their Redeemer ;  
 They know if they 're defiled with sin,  
 And if they have not Christ within,  
 'T will not be pure religion.

7 All these who count all things as loss,  
 And willingly take up the cross,  
 To gain a heav'nly mansion :  
 Although by sinners they 're despis'd,  
 They 're precious in the Saviour's eyes,  
 For they have pure Religion.

8 Professors say we are too strict,  
 And some good things they contradict,  
 Which strike against the worldling ;  
 And now because we live to God,  
 There 's many call us very odd,  
 Despising pure Religion.

9 But while we walk this heavenly road,  
 This way of truth which leads to God,  
 In which we find such freedom ;  
 We 'll bear reproach for Jesu's name,  
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
 For th' sake of pure Religion.

10 Although for Christ we suffer loss,  
 We find such virtue in the cross,  
 The beauty of his kingdom :  
 O let us count all things but loss,  
 And like the dung, or as the dross,  
 For th' sake of pure Religion.

HYMN 14. P. M.

**N**ATIVE land!—in summer smiling,—  
 Hill and valley, grove and stream ;—  
 Home! whose nameless charms beguiling,  
 Peaceful nursed our infant dream ;—  
 Haunts!—to which our childhood hasted,  
 Where the earliest wild-flowers grew ;—  
 Church!—where Christ's free grace we tasted,—  
 Graved on memory's page—*Adieu.*

Mother!—who hast watch'd our pillow,  
 In thy tender, sleepless love,  
 Lo! we dare the crested billow,—  
 Mother!—put thy trust above.  
 Father!—from thy guidance turning,  
 O'er the deep our way we take,—  
 Keep the prayerful incense burning,  
 On thine altar, for our sake.

Brothers!—Sisters!—more than ever  
 Are our fond affections twined,  
 As that hallowed bond we sever,  
 Which the hand of Nature join'd.  
 But the cry of Burmah's anguish  
 Through our inmost hearts doth sound;  
 Countless souls in misery languish,—  
 We would fly to heal their wounds.

Burmah!—we would soothe thy weeping;  
 Take us to thy sultry breast,  
 Where thy sainted dust is sleeping,  
 Let us share a kindred rest.  
 Friends, this span of life is fleeting,  
 Hark!—the harps of angels swell,  
 Think of that eternal meeting,  
 Where no voice shall say—*Farewell.*

## HYMN 15. P. M.

**C**AST thy burdens on the Lord,  
 Leave them with thy Saviour;  
 He, whose hands for thee were bored,  
 Can and will deliver.

2 Why should sorrow bow thee down,  
 Trials or temptation?  
 Is not Christ, upon the throne,  
 Still thy strong salvation?

3 Roll thy burdens on the Lord,  
 Leave them with thy Saviour;  
 He, whose hands for thee were bored,  
 Can and will deliver.

## HYMN 16. P. M.

**F**ROM whence does this union arise,  
 That hatred is conquer'd by love?  
 It fastens our souls with such ties,  
 That distance and time can't remove.  
 It cannot in Eden be found,  
 Nor yet in a paradise lost;  
 It grows in Emanuel's ground,  
 And Jesu's dear blood did it cost.

2 My friends are so dear unto me!  
 Our souls so united in love!  
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
 In yonder bless'd mansions above.  
 Oh! why then so loth for to part?  
 Since there we shall soon meet again;  
 Engraved on Emanuel's heart,  
 At a distance we cannot remain.

3 And when we shall see that bright day,  
 And join with the angels above,  
 Set free from our prison of clay,  
 United in Jesus's love;  
 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
 And all his bright glory shall see,  
 And sing hallelujahs, amen;  
 Amen! even so let it be.

## HYMN 17. P. M.

**G**O forth to distant lands,  
 Ye messengers of heaven!  
 Scatter, with holy hands,  
 The seed so freely given.  
 Across the mighty deep,  
 Around the arctic pole,  
 Where pillar'd whirlwinds sweep,  
 And crested billows roll;  
 In every clime, 'midst every clan,  
 Proclaim the Saviour's love to man.

2 Tho' clouds obscure the sky,  
 And tempests howl around,  
 Tho' tears bedew the eye,  
 And disappointments wound,  
 Amidst a hopeless race,  
 Unfold hope's beauteous brow,  
 And bid the "Sun of Grace"  
 In polar regions glow ;  
 The savage shall forego his chains,  
 And carol forth celestial strains.

3 Firm as the throne of God,  
 Bright as the vaulted sky ;  
 Seal'd with atoning blood,  
 And fraught with ecstasy—  
 The promises invite  
 Your constant toil and care :  
 Make ready for the fight,  
 The cross with courage bear,  
 Millennial scenes of radiant hue  
 Shall soon entrance your raptured view.

4 Nerved with the spirit's might,  
 'Midst darkness, death, and woe,  
 Plumed with angelic light,  
 Onward, still onward go :  
 All mortal joys despise,  
 Immortal spirits win ;  
 'T is no ignoble prize,  
 " A soul released from sin ;"  
 For these the Saviour lived and died,  
 And nought is worth a thought beside.

## HYMN 18. P. M.

**L**OOK not upon the wine, when it  
 Is red within the cup !  
 Stay not for pleasure, when she fills  
 Her tempting beaker up !

Tho' clear its depth, and rich its glow,  
A spell of madness lurks below.

2 They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,  
And merry on the brain ;  
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,  
And dulls the tooth of pain :  
Ay—but within its glowing deeps,  
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

3 Its rosy lights will turn to fire!  
Its coolness change to thirst!  
And, by its mirth, within the brain,  
A sleepless worm is nursed.  
There's not a bubble at the brim,  
That does not carry food for him.

4 Then dash the brimming cup aside,  
And spill its purple wine :  
Take not its madness to thy lip—  
Let not its curse be thine.  
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe  
Are hid those rosy depths below.

## HYMN 19. P. M.

**D**ASH the drunkard cup in pieces ;  
Mortals, spurn the liquid fire !  
Drink, and lordly reason ceases—  
Taste, and human hopes expire.  
Pause, while human feelings last thee !  
Soon the awful thirst increases :  
Hold ! the ruddy draught will blast thee,  
Dash the drunkard cup in pieces.

2 Dash the drunkard cup in pieces,  
Deadly poison sparkles there,—  
Poison, that a moment pleases,  
Then produces chill despair,—

Drink, and woe will gather round thee,  
 Woe that pains, but ne'er releases;  
 Break the spell that long hath bound thee—  
 Dash the drunkard cup in pieces.

3 Dash the drunkard cup in pieces,  
 Life and death are centred there;  
 Drink, and soon distraction seizes  
 All that's beautiful and fair;  
 Laurels fade where'er it lingers,  
 Care the smoothest forehead creases,  
 Death is there with icy fingers,  
 Dash the drunkard cup in pieces.

## HYMN 20. P. M.

**H**OLY book, thy sacred pages  
 Golden treasure do contain,  
 Nor art thou impaired by ages,  
 Still thy glory doth remain!  
 Tho' thy truths have oft been slighted  
 By the fallen sons of men,  
 Thou thy thousands still hast lighted  
 In the shining way to heaven.

2 Pinions take and fly thou swiftly,  
 Regions scan, unscanned before,  
 In thy brightness, go thou quickly,  
 E'en to ocean's distant shore.  
 Wing thy way to distant nations,  
 Climb o'er China's towering walls,  
 Spread thy light and consolations,  
 Till the prince of darkness falls.

3 Let us all combine our efforts,  
 To enlighten fallen man;  
 That the world may know the comforts,  
 Given thro' the gospel plan.

Saving grace for all is purchased,  
 Ransom paid by Christ the Lord,  
 But to them we must convey it,  
 Lest they perish from the world.

## HYMN 21. P. M.

**T**RUST thou not in worldly pleasures,  
 Trust thou not in earthly fame,  
 Trust thou not in glittering treasures—  
 Trust in God's eternal name!

In the hour of keenest sorrow,  
 In the hour of keenest woe,  
 Thou canst never hope to borrow  
 Comfort from those joys below.

2 Fear thou not a world of folly,  
 Fear thou not the scoffer's sneer;  
 Fear Jehovah, wise and holy,  
 (For 't is wisdom thus to fear:)

Then thy faith shall be augmented,  
 And thy heart increase in love;  
 And thy soul shall rest contented,  
 Confident in strength above.

3 And should dangerous snares beset thee,  
 Trouble meet thee everywhere,  
 Fear the Lord: he'll ne'er forget thee;  
 He will break the cruel snare.

For his fear is perfect pleasure,  
 And his confidence is joy;  
 'T will secure thy soul a treasure,  
 Which the world can ne'er destroy.

## HYMN 22. P. M.

**S**AVIOUR, slain and slain for me,  
 While thy mercy I implore:  
 Then I humbly bend the knee,  
 While my prayer is gushing o'er,

Speak refreshment to my soul,  
Great physician make me whole.

2 Tho' abased and full of shame,  
Shrinking with well-founded fear ;  
All my trust is in thy name,  
Bid thy love to me appear ;  
Bursting like a ray of light,  
Thro' the stormy cloud of night.

3 Not like the lightning's deadly blaze  
Bursting wheresoe'er it flies ;  
But the summer morning's rays  
As the healing beam doth rise,  
Bidding night and terror cease,  
Bringing glory, bringing peace.

4 Oh ! to tread life's weary way,  
Cheered by my Redeemer's smile,  
Sun of Righteousness, thy ray  
Will its weariness beguile :  
Making life a happy road  
To a happier abode.

#### HYMN 23. P. M.

**T**HE Song of Salvation it is so divine,  
There's music and melody in ev'ry line ;  
It was sung by the Hebrews when deliv'rance  
they found,  
When old Simeon found Jesus, sweet praises did  
sound.

2 There is a day coming when louder we'll sing  
Sweet anthems of praises to Jesus our King ;  
Then we shall mount up from all sorrow and pain,  
The Kingdom of Heaven eternally gain.

3 O sinners, we're trav'ling to yonder bright  
world,  
From which, by transgression, the angels were  
hurl'd,

We bid you a final, eternal farewell :—  
Unless you 're converted, you 'll sink down to hell.

4 Awake, O poor sinners, awake from your sin,  
To call on your Saviour this moment begin ;  
But if you neglect it again and again,  
When God speaks your sentence we must say—  
Amen.

HYMN 24. P. M.

**H**ARK! hark, what sounds are these so pleasing?  
Sinners, wipe the falling tear ;  
'Tis love divine and never ceasing,  
Flows from Jesus to the ear.

2 "Come unto me, all ye that labour ;  
Sinners, heavy laden, come ;"  
None are more welcome to the Saviour  
Than the wretched and undone.

3 Let not the weight of sin distress you,  
Cease to heave the plaintive sigh ;  
A hearty welcome now awaits you,  
Come, and you shall never die.

4 Come, ye sinners, come and wonder  
How such mercy you withstood ;  
Parch'd with thirst, and starv'd by hunger,  
Sate your souls with God.

5 Howe'er by sin and sore temptation,  
Heavy laden and opprest ;  
Behold the gracious invitation,  
"Come, and I will give you rest."

6 [No longer let the tempter keep you  
Fast in chains of unbelief:  
Though late in life, the word assures you,  
Christ could save the dying thief.

7 Mary Magd'len too can witness,  
To the mercy she receiv'd ;  
Then doubt no longer of your fitness,  
Saul, of sinners chief, believ'd.

8 Ho ! all ye sinners, heavy laden,  
Fly to Christ, the Saviour's breast :  
Receive the pressing invitation,  
"Come, and I will give you rest."] ]

## HYMN 25. C. M.

**I**N 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.

2 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile  
My ev'ry pleasant sweet ;"  
Hinder me not, my soul replies,  
Because the way is great.

3 "Stay," Satan, my old master, cries,  
"Or force shall thee detain ;"  
Hinder me not, I will be gone,  
My God hath broke thy chain.

4 Through flood and flames if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes ;  
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.

5 Through duty, and through trials too,  
I'll go at his command ;  
Hinder me not, for I am bound  
To my Emanuel's land.

6 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 26. L. M.

**L**ET others, wrapt in self-conceit,  
Boast in their wisdom and their wit ;  
Let them extol their gold and dross,  
I'll glory in my Saviour's cross.

2 While the self-righteous, blind and rude,  
Cry up their native rectitude,  
I'll seek revenge on all my pride,  
And boast in Jesus crucified.

3 While they, with curses on their heads,  
Talk of their justice and their deeds,  
I choose to sit at Jesu's feet,  
And self-abasement is my seat.

4 Hither I'm brought by sov'reign grace,  
I bless the means, and love the place,  
I bid all earthly joys be gone,  
And glory in my Lord alone.

5 Here I could tarry night and day,  
Here could my soul forever stay ;  
O may I never, never rove,  
Nor glory, but in Christ my love.

## HYMN 27. P. M.

**W**E are but young—yet we may sing  
The praises of our heavenly King ;  
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,  
And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet ruin'd all  
By Adam, our first parent's fall ;  
And we have sinn'd—O Lord, forgive—  
Jesus hath died that we might live.

3 We are but young—yet we have heard  
The gospel news, the heavenly word ;

If we despise the only way,  
Dreadful will be the judgment day.

4 We are but young—yet we must die,  
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;  
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,  
And find in Christ a hiding-place.

5 We are but young—we need a guide,  
Jesus, in thee we would confide;  
Oh lead us in the path of truth,  
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

6 We are but young—yet God has shed  
Unnumber'd blessings on our head;  
Then let our youth and riper days  
Be all devoted to his praise.

HYMN 28. P. M.

**T**HERE is a book, I've heard them say,  
Which says, "thou shalt not work or play  
On God Almighty's holy day."  
On Sundays, then, O let me look  
In God Almighty's holy book.

2 This book to which you all appeal,  
Does thus the word of God reveal,  
"Thou shalt not murder, lie, nor steal."  
Then let your little Negro look  
In God Almighty's holy book.

3 Yet stealing, sure, no sin can be,  
Because, dear Massa, you stole me,  
Of course to steal no harm you see.  
But I should know, if I could look  
In God Almighty's holy book.

4 Dear Massa, you have been to me  
As kind and good as man can be,  
And many such I hope to see:  
Then let your little slave boy look  
In God Almighty's holy book.

5 But Oh! before I'm grown a man,  
 I pray, in one thing mend your plan,  
 And give us comfort, if you can;  
     I'm sure you will, if you'll but look  
     In God Almighty's holy book.

6 If wife and babe should e'er be mine,  
 Round each, when fond affections twine,  
 Oh! part us not, we'll all be thine.  
     We will not mind the burning weather,  
     If we may live and work together.

7 The stripes 'tis said one Jesus bore,  
 Could I but read *His* sufferings sore,  
 Would make *mine* lighter than before  
     Yes, every sorrow I could brook,  
     By studying God Almighty's book.

8 I'm told this book, so wise and good,  
 Has made it fully understood,  
 God made all nations of one blood;  
     If this be true, we yet may meet,  
     Good Massa, at our Saviour's feet.

## HYMN 29. P. M.

**T**HOU changing, terrestrial state,  
 Thy motion—how rapid it is,  
 I'm bound to submit to thy fate,  
     Till raised to celestial bliss.  
 Till then I the desert must trace,  
     With creatures both savage and tame,  
 Exposed to their various race,  
     While I the strange message proclaim.

2 O'er winter's bleak forest I roam,  
 Or by the impassable road—  
 The greatest of dangers o'ercome,  
     Then meet with a smoking abode.

A moment I here make my stay—  
 Then meeting the tempest again,  
 I travel the cold winter's day,  
 Exposed to the frost, snow, or rain.

4 Sometimes in the summer's fierce blaze,  
 I traverse the desert of sand—  
 The songsters now cease from their lays,  
 And seek for a more cooling stand.  
 While I'm received with a frown,  
 Or greeted with lovelier smiles ;  
 At night's sweet approach I lay down,  
 And sleep all my trouble beguiles.

5 Sometimes when the harbour is sweet,  
 And kindness and love bid me stay,  
 My nature would gladly submit—  
 But duty loud calls me away :  
 My staff and portmanteau take up,  
 And parting with those that I love,  
 I greet them—exulting in hope  
 Of meeting *below* or *above*.

6 When summon'd at last to depart,  
 And give an account to my God,  
 May nothing be found in my heart  
 But Jesus who bought it with blood :  
 And now my short race being run,  
 My talents improved as they ought—  
 My toiling and pain being done,  
 I enter the bliss which I sought.

HYMN 30. P. M.

**F**AREWELL to thee, brother! we meet but to  
 part,  
 And sorrow is struggling with joy in each heart ;  
 There is grief—but there's hope, all its anguish to  
 quell,  
 The MASTER goes with thee.—Farewell, Oh, fare-  
 well !

2 Farewell! thou art leaving the home of thy youth—

The friends of thy God, and the temples of truth,  
For the land where is heard no sweet Sabbath bell:  
Yet the MASTER goes with thee.—Farewell, Oh, farewell!

3 Farewell! for thou treadest the path that HE trod;

His God is thy Father—his Father thy God—  
And if ever with doubtings thy bosom shall swell,  
Remember, He's with thee.—Farewell, Oh, farewell!

4 Farewell! and God speed thee glad tidings to bear

To the desolate isles, in their night of despair;  
On the sea—on the shore, the promises tell,  
His wings shall enfold thee.—Farewell, Oh, farewell!

5 Farewell! but in spirit we often shall meet,  
(Though the ocean divide us) at one mercy-seat;  
And above, ne'er to part, but for ever to dwell  
With the MASTER in glory.—Till then, Oh, farewell.

HYMN 31. P. M.

**G**O, my brother, God doth call thee,  
He hath need of thee below;  
Go, no evil shall befall thee;  
To the wandering sinner go,  
Do not linger,  
To the wandering sinner go.

2 Say to him, the blessed Saviour  
From your wanderings calls you home;  
Once he died for your behaviour,  
Now he bids you freely come:  
Don't reject him,  
When he bids you freely come.

3 Brother, hasten! time is flying,  
 Do not for a moment wait;  
 Sinners are around thee dying,  
 Soon all calls will be too late:  
 Sad reflection!  
 Soon, alas! 't will be too late!

4 Trembling mourners want supporting—  
 Brother, to their rescue run;  
 Christians, too, oft need exhorting,  
 After all the Lord hath done!  
 Yes, they need it,  
 After all the Lord hath done!

5 All thy trials are recorded,  
 The Redeemer is thy friend;  
 He will see thee well rewarded,  
 If thou art faithful to the end:  
 Canst thou doubt it?  
 Then prove faithful to the end.

HYMN 32. C. M.

**F**ROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,  
 And from this earthly clod,  
 Arise, my soul, and strive to gain  
 Some fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there below the sky,  
 O'er all the paths thou 'st trod,  
 Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,  
 Like fellowship with God.

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,  
 Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,  
 Can to my soul such bliss impart,  
 As fellowship with God.

4 Not health or friendship here below,  
 Nor wealth, that golden load,  
 Can such delights and comforts show,  
 As fellowship with God.

5 When I in love am made to bear,  
 Affliction's needful rod,  
 Light, sweet, and kind, the strokes appear,  
 Through fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,  
 And dark distraction's road,  
 I'm happy, if I can but taste  
 Some fellowship with God.

7 And when the icy arms of death  
 Shall chill my flowing blood,  
 With joy I'll yield my latest breath,  
 In fellowship with God.

8 When I at last to heaven ascend,  
 And join that blest abode—  
 There an eternity I'll spend,  
 In fellowship with God.

#### HYMN 33. C. M.

**W**HAT poor despised company  
 Of travellers are these,  
 That walk in yonder narrow way,  
 Along that rugged maze?  
 Ah, those are of a royal line,  
 All children of a King;  
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,  
 And lo! for joy they sing.

2 Why do they then appear so mean,  
 And why so much despised?  
 Because of their rich robes unseen,  
 The world is not apprised.  
 But why keep they that narrow road,  
 That rugged thorny maze?  
 Why, that's the way their leader trod,—  
 They love to keep his ways.

3 Why do they shun the pleasing path,  
 That worldlings love so well?  
 Because that is the road to death,  
 The open road to hell.  
 What, is there then no other road  
 To Salem's happy ground?  
 Christ is the only way to God,  
 No other can be found.

## HYMN 34. P. M.

**H**OW painfully pleasing the fond recollection,  
 Of youthful connexions, and innocent joy,  
 When blest with parental advice and affection,  
 Surrounded with mercies — with peace from on  
 high.

I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother,  
 The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand;  
 And that richest of books, which excelled every  
 other,  
 The family Bible, which lay on the stand.  
 The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
 The family Bible, which lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,—  
 At morn and at evening, could yield us delight,  
 And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation  
 For mercy by day, and for safety through night,  
 Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swell-  
 ing,

All warm from the hearts of the family band,  
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwell-  
 ing,

Described in the Bible that lay on the stand—  
 The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
 The family Bible, which lay on the stand.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted;  
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more,

In sorrow and sadness, I live broken-hearted,  
 And wander unknown on a far distant shore ;  
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,  
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand ?  
 O let me with patience receive his correction,  
 And think of the Bible that lay on the stand—  
 The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
 The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

## HYMN 35. P. M.

**L** UKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger,  
 See what hosts your camp surround—  
 Arm to battle, lag no longer,

Hark! the silver trumpets sound,  
 Wake, ye sleepers, wake! what mean you?

Sin besets you round about,  
 Up and search, the world's within you,  
 Slay, or chase the traitor out.

2 What enchants you, sloth or pleasure?

Pluck right eyes—with right hands part!  
 Ask your conscience, where's your treasure?

For be certain there's your heart:  
 Give the fawning foe no credit,  
 See the bloody flag unfurl'd;  
 That base heart, the truth hath said it,  
 Loves not God, that loves the world.

3 God and mammon! O, be wiser,

Serve them both! it cannot be;  
 Ease and warfare, saint and miser,

These can never well agree:  
 Shun the shame of basely falling,  
 Cumber'd captives, clogg'd with clay,  
 Prove your faith, make sure your calling,  
 Wield the sword, and win the day.

4 Onward press toward perfection,

Watch and pray, and all things prove;  
 Seek to know your own election,

Set your hearts on things above:

Shun backsliding, scorn dissembling  
 Lo! salvation's near in view;  
 Work it out with fear and trembling;  
 'Tis your God that works in you.

## HYMN 36. L. M.

**Y**OUNG people all, attention give,  
 While I address you in God's name;  
 You who in sin and folly live,  
 Come hear the counsel of a friend.

I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,  
 And ranged the luring scenes of vice;  
 But never knew substantial joys,  
 Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,  
 And washed my load of guilt away;  
 He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,  
 And thus I found the heavenly way.  
 And now with trembling sense I view,  
 The billows roll beneath your feet;  
 For death eternal waits for you  
 Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,  
 By fleeting time or conqu'ring death;  
 Your morning sun may set at noon,  
 And leave you ever in the dark.  
 Your sparkling eyes, and blooming cheeks,  
 Must wither like the blasted rose;  
 The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet,  
 Will soon your active limbs inclose.

4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,  
 The grave will soon become your bed,  
 Where silence reigns, and vapours roll,  
 In solemn darkness round your head,  
 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,  
 And with a sigh move slow along;  
 Still gazing on the spires of grass,  
 With which your graves are overgrown.

5 Your souls will land in darker realms,  
 Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,  
 And roll amid the burning flames,  
 When thousand, thousand years are o'er —  
 Sunk in the shades of endless night,  
 To groan and howl in endless pain,  
 And never more behold the light,  
 And never, never rise again.

6 Ye blooming youth, this is the state  
 Of all who do free grace refuse ;  
 And soon with you 't will be too late,  
 The way of life in Christ to choose.  
 Come, lay your carnal weapons by,  
 No longer fight against your God ;  
 But with the Gospel now comply,  
 And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 37. P. M.

**F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at  
 hand,  
 That we must be parted from this social band ;  
 Our several engagements now call us away,  
 Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a  
 while,  
 We 'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile :  
 But when we are parted, and scattered abroad,  
 Let's pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you 'll soon be dis-  
 charged,  
 The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged :  
 With shouting and singing, though Jordan may  
 roar,  
 We 'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.

- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who 're listed for  
war,  
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;  
Altho' you must travel the dark wilderness,  
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.
- 5 The world, and the devil, and hell all unite,  
And bold persecution will try you to fright;  
But Jesus is for you, who's stronger than they,  
Let this animate you to march on your way.
- 6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken  
heart,  
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part;  
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,  
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.
- 7 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell, all  
around,  
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall  
sound;  
To meet you in glory, I give you my hand,  
Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

## HYMN 38. P. M.

- S**EE the Lord of glory dying,  
See him gasping, hear him crying;  
See his burden'd bosom heave:  
Look ye sinners, you that hung him,  
Look how deep your stings have stung him;  
Dying sinners, look and live.
- 2 See the rocks and mountains quaking;  
Earth unto her centre shaking;  
Nature's groans awake the dead,  
Look on Phœbus struck with wonders,  
While the peals of legal thunders  
Smite the dear Redeemer's head.
- 3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,  
Chanting through the tuneful regions,  
Cease to thrill the quiv'ring strings;

Songs seraphic all suspended,  
Till the mighty war was ended  
By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell and all the powers infernal,  
Vanquish'd by the King Eternal,  
When he pour'd the vital flood ;  
By his groans which shook creation,  
Lo! we found a proclamation ;  
Peace and pardon by his blood.

5 Shout, ye saints, with adoration—  
Fill with songs the wide creation,  
Since he's risen from the grave :  
Shout with joyful acclamation,  
To the rock of your salvation,  
Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear, with patience, tribulation,  
Overcoming all temptation,  
'Till the glorious jubilee ;  
Then he'll come with bursts of thunder,  
Then shall we adore and wonder,  
Singing on the highest key.

HYMN 39. P. M.

**W**HAT think you of Christ? is the test  
To try both your state and your scheme,  
You cannot be right in the rest,  
Unless you think rightly of him.  
As Jesus appears in our view,  
As he is beloved or not ;  
So God is disposed to you,  
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,  
A man, or an angel at most :  
Sure these have not feelings like me,  
Nor know themselves wretched and lost.

So guilty, so helpless am I,  
 I durst not confide in his blood,  
 Nor on his protection rely,  
 Unless I was sure he was God.

3 Some call him a Saviour, in word,  
 But mix their own works with his plan;  
 And hope he his help will afford,  
 When they have done all that they can:  
 If doings prove rather too light,  
 (A little, they own, they may fail)  
 They purpose to make up full weight,  
 By casting his name in the scale.

4 Some style him the pearl of great price,  
 And say he's the fountain of joys;  
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,  
 And cleave to the world and its toys;  
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,  
 And while they salute him, betray,  
 Ah! what will profession like this  
 Avail in his terrible day?

5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think?  
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor,  
 I say he's my meat and my drink,  
 My life, and my strength, and my store;  
 My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,  
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall;  
 My hope from beginning to end,  
 My portion, my Lord, and my All.

HYMN 40. L. M.

**A** SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,  
 Thou art my captain, king, and head,  
 And under thee I mean to fight,  
 The fight of faith with all my might.  
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
 The ensign of our conquering Lord,

The Christian soldier's standard is,  
And I will fight for King Jesus.

2 Grant me the arrows of thy word,  
Thy spirit's powerful two-edged sword,  
To slay my foes where'er they be,  
And own the victory won by thee ;  
That I a duteous child may be,  
To stand and fight the enemy ;  
That when the alarm's to call, the Lord  
May pass the word unto the guard.

3 Thou art my guard, keep me, I pray,  
That I may walk the narrow way,  
Nor from my duty e'er depart,  
But live to Christ with all my heart ;  
Help me to keep my guardian dress,  
And march to th' right in holiness ;  
O make me pure and spotless too,  
And fit to stand the grand review.

4 And when our general he has come,  
With sound of trumpet—not with drum,  
And when our well-dress'd rank shall stand  
In full review at God's right hand  
It's then the enemy he'll rout,  
And make them wheel to the left about ;  
Then we'll march up the heavenly street,  
And ground our arms at Jesu's feet.

5 The war is o'er, and we are free  
To join the blood-wash'd company,  
Our wages shall be crowns of gold,  
And joys of heaven that can't be told.  
There like our glorious Lord we'll shine,  
In heavenly concert we shall join,  
And praises on the highest key,  
Shall be our theme eternally.

## HYMN 41. P. M.

**A**UTHOR of mercies, God of love!  
 Whose kind compassion still we prove,  
 Our praise accept, and bless us here,  
 Thus brought to see—another year.

2 What shall we render to thy name,  
 Or how thy glorious praise proclaim!  
 Whose constant, kind, indulgent care  
 Has brought us to—another year.

3 Thy bounty, pity, patience too,  
 With thankful hearts, Lord, we review;  
 And own we've had a plenteous share,  
 To bring us to—another year.

4 Our souls, our all, we here resign,  
 Make us, and keep us ever thine;  
 And grant that in thy love and fear,  
 We may begin—another year.

5 Be this our sweet experience still,  
 To know and do thy holy will;  
 Then shall our souls, with joy sincere,  
 Bless thee for this—another year.

6 Help us to walk, as in thy sight,  
 With growing pleasure and delight;  
 Then, whether life or death appear,  
 We'll bless thee for—another year.

7 Still, Lord, through life thy love display,  
 And then in death's approaching day,  
 We'll joyful part with all that's here,  
 Nor wish on earth—another year.

## HYMN 42. P. M.

**P**OOOR trembling sinner, tell me why  
 Such floods of grief proceed from thee!  
 'My sins distress me,' you reply;—  
 Then look to Christ on Calvary.

- 2 Behold his sacred hands stretch'd wide,  
Fast nail'd upon the fatal tree;  
The cruel spear thrust in his side—  
O look by faith to Calvary.
- 3 See! streams of blood flow from his veins;  
How great must his distresses be!  
Think on his agonizing pains,  
When you remember Calvary.
- 4 " 'T is finished," the Redeemer cried,  
And paid th' amazing price for thee;  
Then bow'd his sacred head and died—  
O, sinner, look on Calvary!
- 5 Come fall with love at Jesu's feet,  
He suffer'd all the woes for thee;  
Salvation's work he made complete,  
And still remembers Calvary.
- 6 He reigns a Prince exalted high,  
An ever-glorious Priest to be;  
And will not trembling souls deny,  
The bliss which flows from Calvary.

## HYMN 43. L. M.

**H**EAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry,  
For I have no where else to fly;  
My hope, my only hope 's in thee,  
O God, be merciful to me.

2 To thee I come, a sinner poor,  
And wait for mercy at thy door;  
Indeed I've no where else to flee;  
O God, be merciful to me!

3 To thee I come, a sinner weak,  
And scarce know how to pray or speak;  
From fear and weakness set me free;  
O God, be merciful to me!

4 To thee I come, a sinner vile,  
 Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe thy smile ;  
 Mercy alone I make my plea ;  
 O God, be merciful to me !

5 To thee I come, a sinner great,  
 And well thou knowest all my state ;  
 Yet full forgiveness is with thee ;  
 O God, be merciful to me !

6 To thee I come, a sinner lost,  
 Nor have I aught wherein to trust ;  
 But where thou art, Lord, I would be ;  
 O God, be merciful to me !

7 To glory bring me, Lord, at last,  
 And there, when all my fears are past,  
 With all the saints I'll then agree,  
 God has been merciful to me !

HYMN 44. P. M.

**Y**E sons of war, I pray, draw near,  
 And list as generous volunteers,  
 Become our royal brothers here,  
 I mean as valiant soldiers ;  
 You'll enter into present pay,  
 And feasting live from day to day,  
 Turn right about and march away,  
 And Jesus will support you.

2 Ye careless sons of Adam's race,  
 Who long have trod in folly's ways,  
 O turn about to Zion's face,  
 And meet Apollyon's forces ;  
 Gird on your sword and glitt'ring shield,  
 And with your helmet take the field,  
 And fight your way and never yield,  
 And Jesus will support you.

3 The bounty you shall have in hand,  
If you will list in Jesu's band,  
Your captain in the front will stand,  
    And beat your foes before you;  
Come, throw your rebel weapons down,  
And seek for honour and renown,  
And you shall wear a starry crown,  
    For Jesus will support you.

4 You long have been the slaves of sin,  
With dire corruption deep within;  
The Christian warfare now begin,  
    And face Apollyon's forces;  
The breast-plate take of righteousness,  
Your feet be shod with gospel peace,  
Be daily at the throne of grace,  
    And Jesus will support you.

5 Desert the cause of Heaven's foe,  
Before you plunge in endless woe;  
Now courage take, to Jesus go,  
    And he will now receive you;  
From sin and Satan you 'll get free,  
And happy seasons you shall see,  
And gain the Christian's liberty,  
    For Jesus will support you.

6 No more in Satan's ranks appear,  
But to our banner pray draw near,  
We 'll win the day, you need not fear,  
    Though earth and hell oppose us;  
Our Captain he is always brave,  
And able still his men to save,  
He conquer'd death, hell, and the grave,  
    And he will still support you.

7 Let not sinners you affright,  
Altho' they rage and vent their spite,  
Wear but the Christian's armour right,  
    And none can stand before you;

Altho' your parents should oppose,  
 Your dearest friends become your foes,  
 Yet sweetly with the Gospel close,  
 And Jesus will support you.

8 And when the war is at an end,  
 Our captain still will be our friend,  
 We 'll wing our way and up ascend,  
 To reign with him in glory ;  
 Then shall our tears be wiped away,  
 Our night be turned 'to endless day,  
 And on our golden harps we 'll play,  
 The joyful song of heaven.

HYMN 45. C. M.

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

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
 Most glorious to behold ;  
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
 Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,  
 My study long have been ;  
 Such dazzling views by human sight  
 Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,  
 Why should I stay from thence ?  
 What folly 's this that I should dread  
 To die, and go from hence ?

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,  
 And cause me to ascend,  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,  
Him will I go and see;  
And all my brethren here below  
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,  
I leave you in God's care;  
And if I never more see you,  
Go on, I'll meet you there.

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

HYMN 46. P. M.

**T**HE 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, how this dry and barren ground,  
In springs of water shall 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 légions went,  
 The Lord did him relieve.

5 Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord,  
 And taste the sweetness of his word,  
 In Jesu's ways go on:  
 Our troubles and our trials here,  
 Will only make us richer there,  
 When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,  
 It issues from the 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 in that heavenly land,  
 Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 47. P. M.

**D**ARK and thorny is the desert,  
 Through which pilgrims make their way,

Yet beyond this vale of sorrow  
Lie the fields of endless day;  
Fiends loud howling through the desert  
Make them tremble as they go,  
And the fiery darts of Satan  
Often bring their courage low.

2 O, young soldiers, are you weary  
Of the roughness of the way?  
Does your strength begin to fail you,  
And your vigour to decay?  
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you:  
He will lead you to his throne;  
He who dyed his garments for you,  
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,  
He who bids the planets roll:  
He who rides upon the tempest,  
And whose sceptre sways the whole:  
Round him are ten thousand angels,  
Ready to obey command,  
They are always hov'ring round you,  
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,  
Lie the fields of endless rest;  
Love, and joy, and peace for ever  
Reign and triumph in your breast.  
Who can paint the scenes of glory  
Where the ransom'd dwell on high,  
There on golden harps for ever  
Sound redemption through the sky!

5 There a million flaming seraphs  
Fly across the heavenly plain,  
Where they sing immortal praises;  
Glory, glory, is their strain.  
But methinks a sweeter concert,  
Makes the heavenly arches ring,

And the song is heard in Zion,  
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 O their crowns! how bright they sparkle,  
Such as monarchs never wore:

They are gone to richer pastures,  
Jesus is their shepherd there.

Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,  
Death no more shall make you fear,

Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,  
Shall no more distress you there.

HYMN 48. P. M.

**H**OLY Bible! book divine!  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!  
Mine, to tell me whence I came;  
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine, art thou, to guide my feet;  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show, by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
O thou precious book divine!  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

HYMN 49. L. M.

**O**NCE more, dear brethren, join to sing,  
Jesus, our God, our heavenly King;  
His praise proclaim, with sweet accord,  
And worship him, for he's your Lord.

2 O make his praise, in all you do,  
Your blessedness and business too!  
This, as your sweet employ, regard,  
To worship him, for he's your Lord.

3 Before him walk in humble faith,  
And in him trust in life and death;  
Worthy is he to be ador'd;  
Then worship him, for he's your Lord.

4 Tho' from each other here we part,  
With him, we trust, we're joined in heart;  
He's our exceeding great reward,  
And him we'll worship as our Lord.

5 Ere long our happy souls shall meet  
In glory, boundless and complete;  
And there, according to his word,  
For ever worship him, our Lord.

## HYMN 50. L. M.

**L**IKE a ship, see the Church! through the ocean  
she rolls,  
Well ballast with grace, and mann'd out with  
live souls,  
Midst whirlwinds and tempests she sails thro'  
the world,  
While storms and temptation against her are hurl'd.

2 She is bound from the world, through the tem-  
pest she flies;  
She mounts o'er the billows, is bound to the skies;  
While Christ's at the helm, no danger we fear,  
Her captain and pilot knows which way to steer.

3 She stops not to anchor in harbours below,  
But o'er life's rough billows her true course  
doth go;  
The highlands of heaven she still keeps in view,  
Intends there to anchor, and there land her crew.

4 While hell and her legions around her do roar,  
Like the waves of the ocean which break on the  
shore,

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

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

6 She is hated by the world, despised by fools,  
Who sail the black sea till they shipwreck their  
souls ;

She kindly invites them their course to bewail,  
Yet tarries not for them, but spreads the more sail.

7 She is rapidly sailing with strong gales of love,  
And soon will strike soundings on the fair coast  
above,

Make the high lands of Zion, and enter the road,  
And anchor for ever in the kingdom of God.

#### HYMN 51. P. M.

**B**RETHREN, we have met to worship  
And adore the Lord our God ;

Will you pray with all your power,  
While we try to preach the word ?

All is vain unless the Spirit  
Of the holy one comes down—

Brethren, pray, and holy manna  
Will be shower'd all around.

2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you  
Slumbering on the brink of woe,

Death is coming, hell is moving,  
Can you bear to let them go ?

See our fathers, and our mothers,  
And our children sinking down ;

Brethren, pray, and holy manna  
Will be shower'd all around.

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,  
 Who were once near heaven's door,  
 But they have betray'd their Saviour,  
 And are worse than e'er before ;  
 Yet the Saviour offers pardon,  
 If they will lament their wound,  
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna  
 Will be shower'd all around.

4 Sisters, will you join and help, as  
 Moses' sister helped him,  
 While you see the trembling sinners  
 Who are struggling hard with sin ?  
 Tell them all about the Saviour,  
 Tell them that he will be found ;  
 Pray on, sisters, and the manna  
 Will be shower'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,  
 Let us love each other too,  
 Let us love and pray for sinners,  
 Till our God makes all things new :  
 Then he'll call us home to heav'n,  
 At his table we'll sit down,  
 Christ will gird himself and serve us  
 With sweet manna all around.

## HYMN 52. L. M.

**A** WAKE, my heart! my soul, arise!  
 This is the day believers prize ;  
 Improve this sabbath then with care ;  
 Another may not be thy share.

2 O solemn thought—Lord, give me pow'r,  
 Wisely to fill up ev'ry hour :  
 O for blessings of faith and love  
 To bear my heart and soul above.

3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail  
 To worship thee within the veil ;  
 To glorify thy matchless grace,  
 To see the beauties of thy face.

4 Go with me to thy house to-day,  
 And tune my heart to praise and pray ;  
 Like dew, command thy word to fall,  
 Refreshing, quick'ning, saving all.

5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove  
 O'er the green pastures of thy love—  
 O let not sin prevent my rest,  
 Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.

6 Give to thy church a large increase,  
 Send her prosperity and peace—  
 May all the saints in Zion say,  
 O happy, happy, happy day.

HYMN 53. P. M.

**G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim thro' 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 heav'nly 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 54. P. M.

**B**EGONE ! unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief will surely appear ;  
 By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will perform—  
 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 ;  
 Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
 The word he has spoken shall 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 medicine is food :  
 Tho' painful at present, 't will cease before long,  
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

## HYMN 55. L. M.

**I**NQUIRING souls who long to find  
 Pardon of sin and peace of mind,  
 Attend the voice of God to-day,  
 Who bids you seek the good old way.

2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood  
 Of Jesus, is the way to God ;  
 O may you then no longer stray,  
 But walk in Christ, the good old way.

3 The prophets, and aposties too,  
 Pursu'd this path while here below ;  
 Then let no fear your souls dismay,  
 But come to Christ, the good old way.

## HYMN 56. P. M

**H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !  
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

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

3 Fear not, I am with thee—O, be not dismay'd,  
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
 stand,  
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

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

5 When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,  
 My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;  
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

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

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;

That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake  
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

## HYMN 57. P. M.

**D**ROOPING saints, no longer grieve,  
Heaven is propitious,  
If on Christ you do believe,  
You will find him precious.

Jesus, who is passing by,  
Calls the mourners to him;  
He has died for you and me,  
Now look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,  
Runs a healing fountain;  
See the heart-consoling tide,  
Boundless as the ocean.

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

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

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

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

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

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,  
 Now I know, I feel it;  
 Half has never yet been told,  
 Yet I want to tell it.  
 Jesu's blood has heal'd my wounds,  
 Oh the wond'rous story;  
 I was lost, but now am found,  
 Glory! Glory! Glory!

6 Glory to my Saviour's name,  
 Saints are bound to love him;  
 Mourners you may do the same,  
 Only come and prove him.  
 Hasten to the Saviour's blood,  
 Feel it and declare it;  
 Oh that I could sing so loud,  
 That the world might hear it.

7 If no greater joys are known  
 In the upper regions;  
 I will try to travel on,  
 In this pure religion.  
 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,  
 Glory's here and yonder;  
 Brightest seraphs shout Amen,  
 While the angels wonder.

HYMN 58. L. M.

**T**HOUGH 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.

CHORUS.

*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, &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.  
*For soon the reaping, &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.  
*For soon the reaping, &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.  
*For soon the reaping, &c.*

6 But tho' 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 the reaping, &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, &c.*

HYMN 59. P. M.

**Y**E 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 overswell.

Ten thousands 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 tho' Satan rages, yet Jesus engages  
 To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright shore.

3 Like ships on the ocean, we're toss'd by com-  
 motion,

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 deluges roar-  
 ing,

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 rising,  
 Had I angels' pinions, away I would go,  
 And see that bright city, and hear angels praising  
 And all the enjoyment of glory to know.

To our great Father, that shines throughout hea-  
 ven,

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 do  
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 60. P. M.

**H**EAR the royal proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation,  
Published to every creature,  
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

## CHORUS.

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

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

*Jesus reigns, &c.*

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

*Jesus reigns, &c.*

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,  
Shun the paths of vice and folly ;  
Turn, or you are lost for ever,  
Oh now turn to God the Saviour.

*Jesus reigns, &c.*

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

*Jesus reigns, &c.*

6 Here are wine, and milk, and honey,  
Come, and purchase without money;  
Mercy like a flowing fountain,  
Streaming from the holy mountain.

*Jesus reigns, &c.*

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

*Jesus reigns, &c.*

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

*Jesus reigns, &c.*

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

*Jesus reigns, &c.*

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

*Jesus reigns, &c.*

#### HYMN 61. P. M.

**C**OME tell me, wandering sinner,  
Say whither dost thou roam,  
Over this wide world a stranger,  
Hast thou no Saviour known?  
He calls you to his bosom,  
But ah! you still delay:  
He'll fit your soul for heaven,  
And guide you in the way.

2 Angels are now attending,  
 To waft the news above,  
 Your Saviour still presenting  
 The joys of pard'ning love ;  
 Oh! come, accept the offer  
 Of pardon and free grace,  
 And own the mighty power,  
 In songs of love and praise.

3 All your sorrows he'll remove,  
 His grace and peace bestow ;  
 Heaven's glories you shall prove,  
 As angels now do know,  
 All his love can ne'er be told,  
 While here on earth we stay ;  
 Still his glory will unfold,  
 In realms of endless day.

## HYMN 62. P. M.

**B**ROTHER soldier, still fight on,  
 Till the battle thou hast won ;  
 The great Captain thou didst choose  
 Never did a battle lose.

We his soldiers sure shall be  
 Happy in eternity.

2 Advocates for sin do say  
 We can never win the day,  
 Would discourage all the host ;  
 Meanly yield—the battle's lost.  
 We his soldiers, &c.

3 They that do his host defy,  
 Shall before his presence fly ;  
 If we on our Captain call,  
 They like Jericho shall fall.  
 We his soldiers, &c.

4 Still fight on, and you shall see  
 All the sons of Anak flee,

Fear them not, tho' they be tall,  
 Our great Captain conquers all.  
 More than conqu'rors we shall be  
 Happy thro' eternity.

## HYMN 63. P. M.

- Y**E angels who mortals attend,  
 And minister comfort in woe,  
 Come listen, ye heavenly friends,  
 My happier story to know.  
 I sing of a theme most sublime,  
 No sorrow my song can control ;  
 I sing of the rapturous time  
 When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
- 2 When guilt my poor heart did assail,  
 Because I had wandered from God ;  
 I strove my sad case to bewail,  
 My sins were a cumberous load.  
 O Saviour have mercy, I cry'd !  
 O pardon a wretch that's so vile !  
 Then quickly his blood was apply'd,  
 And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
- 3 My guilt like the cloud of the morn,  
 Was chas'd in a moment away ;  
 The joy of my soul newly born  
 Increas'd like the dawning of day.  
 My Saviour redeem'd me from sin,  
 He saves not in part, but in whole ;  
 He writes his salvation within,  
 For Oh ! he spoke peace to my soul.
- 4 I now am so bless'd with his love,  
 I covet not earth's greatest store ;  
 He visits me oft from above—  
 I have him, I want nothing more :  
 Resign'd to his pleasure I live,  
 Till time's latest circle shall roll,

His utmost salvation receive,  
For Oh! he spoke peace to my soul.

5 Nor Satan nor sin can dismay,  
No danger my soul can affright,  
While onward to mansions of day  
I go in Emanuel's might:

Though earth in convulsions shall rend  
From the centre quite thro' to each pole,  
I'll smile, for I'm sure of a friend,  
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

6 Ye angels who hear while I sing,  
Send your wings and I'll quickly be gone,  
I'll haste to my Saviour and King,  
To join with the heav'nly throng;

'Tis there I'll eternally feast,  
On the joys that enrapture the whole;  
All heaven would welcome the guest,  
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

7 Farewell to earth's glittering toys,  
Farewell to my friends and my foes;  
I haste from these scenes to the skies,  
Where pleasure eternally flows:

He bids me leave all for his sake—  
I'll run till I reach the blessed goal;  
Then me to his arms he will take,  
Oh! there he'll speak peace to my soul.

#### HYMN 64. P. M.

COME, thou long expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free,  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth thou art;  
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,  
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver;  
 Born a child, and yet a King;  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

## HYMN 65. P. M.

**H**OSANNA to Jesus! I'm filled with his praises.  
 Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to  
 sing,

No theme is so charming, no love is so warming,  
 It gives joy and gladness and comfort within.

2 Hosanna is ringing! I'm happy while singing,  
 And shouting the praises of Jesus's name:  
 The angels in glory repeat the glad story  
 Of Jesus's love, which is made known to men.

3 Hosanna to Jesus! who died to redeem us,  
 I'll serve him and love him wherever I go;  
 And now gone to heav'n, the Spirit he's given  
 To quicken and comfort his children below.

4 Hosanna for ever! his grace, like a river,  
 Is rising and spreading all over the land;  
 His love is unbounded, to all it's extended,  
 And sinners are feeling the heavenly flame.

5 Hosanna to Jesus! my soul how it pleases  
 To see sinners falling, and crying to God:  
 Then shouting and praising, they cry, "'Tis  
 amazing,  
 "We've found peace and pardon in Jesus's blood.

6 "Hosanna is ringing! hark how they are singing,  
 "All glory to Jesus, we've tasted his love."  
 The kingdom of heaven to mortals is given,  
 And rolls through my soul from the mansions above,

7 Hosanna to Jêsus! my soul feels him precious;  
 in bright beams of glory he comes from above.  
 My heart is now glowing, I feel his love flowing;  
 I'm sure that my Jesus I really do love.

8 Hosanna is ringing! the saints now are singing,  
 And marching to glory in bright royal bands:  
 Come on, my dear brethren, let's press towards  
 heaven,  
 For Jesus invites us with crowns in his hand.

9 Hosanna to Jesus! my soul sweetly rises,  
 I'll soon be transported to a happier clime,  
 Where I shall see Jesus, and dwell on his praises,  
 And with him in glory eternally shine.

## HYMN 66. P. M.

**T**HE trump of the gospel resounds through the  
 land,  
 Repent, for the kingdom of heaven's at hand;  
 Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead,  
 And Christ shall enlighten thy heart and thy head.

2 While the rich, poor, wise, simple, the aged and  
 youth,  
 In the north, south, and west, are embracing the  
 truth;  
 Bring near, heavenly Father, to us the glad hour,  
 The times of refreshing, the day of thy power.

3 With bowels of mercy, oh Jesus, survey  
 The great congregation assembled to-day;  
 Of various tenets, the price of thy blood,  
 Who all have revolted and wander'd from God.

4 With the cloud of thy glory o'ershadow the whole,  
A deep veneration impress on each soul;  
And strengthen thy servants thy word to proclaim,  
And work for the honour and praise of thy name.

5 In copious effusion thy free Spirit shed,  
Requicken the living, and quicken the dead;  
Thy image celestial on penitents stamp,  
And waken the shout of a king in the camp.

6 Bring bigotry prostrate, like Dagon of old,  
O'erturn Satan's king, thy standard unfold;  
And raise up an army, thy name to adore,  
While life's current flows, and when time is no  
more.

HYMN 67. P. M.

**W**HITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,  
Passing through this darksome vale?  
Know'st thou not 't is full of danger,  
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

*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 for, &c.*

3 Such a guide!—no guide attends thee;  
Hence for thee my fears arise;  
If some guardian power befriends thee,  
'T is unseen by mortal eyes.  
*I'm bound for, &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 for, &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 for, &c.*

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

7 While I gazed—with speed surpassing  
 Down the stream she plunged from sight:  
 Gazing still, I saw her rising,  
 Like an angel, clothed with light.  
*I'm bound for, &c.*

## HYMN 68. P. M.

**H**EAR the gospel trumpet sounding  
 Louder than the ocean's roar!  
 Hear it from the hills resounding,  
 Break in music on the shore!  
 Hear it, mourner,  
 Let thy sorrows flow no more.

2 Where the gothic altars solemn  
 Fed a feeble, flickering flame,  
 Wesley, leaning on a column,  
 Called on God, his Saviour's name;  
 'Then from heaven  
 Fires of living glory came.

3 Brighter with his mission glowing,  
 Earth grew sweet with Sharon's rose ;  
 Songs, like those of Eden flowing,  
 Broke the rubric's dull repose.

Then in power,  
 Banner, star, and cross arose.

4 See another angel flying  
 O'er the broad Atlantic wave !  
 Asb'ry lifts his trumpet, crying  
 " Jesus came the world to save."

Happy tidings !  
 Millions in the fountains lave.

5 Now a thousand trumpets thunder,  
 Deep along the vaulted sky ;  
 Now they part the spheres asunder,  
 While the lightning arrows fly—

Deep conviction  
 Fills with tears the sinner's eye.

6 O'er the silver Lake of Simcoe,  
 Hear the Indian chorus swell !  
 Softly blending with night's echo,  
 All these strains of Jesus tell ;

Precious music !  
 Like the gush of Elim's well.

7 Blessed Jesus, reign for ever !  
 Seated high on victory's car ;  
 Bend the nations to thy sceptre,  
 Wave thine ensigns from afar.

Hallelujah !  
 Thou art Christ, the morning star.

HYMN 69. P. M.

**W**HO will go to rear the standard  
 Of the cross in heathen lands,  
 Where the people sit in darkness,  
 Bound by superstition's bands ?

Who will leave their friends and country,  
 Bid adieu to earthly bliss,  
 Yield their lives a willing offering,  
 To so great a work as this?

2 Who will go to Afric's centre,  
 Tell the Ethiop there's a God,  
 Point him to the crimson fountain  
 Of a Saviour's cleansing blood?  
 Who will climb the Rocky Mountains,  
 Thro' the Western forests stray,  
 Where thick gloom and pagan darkness  
 Long have held unrivalled sway?

3 Oh! for Paul's denying spirit,  
 For his missionary zeal:  
 And the perfect love of Jesus,  
 Ev'ry Christian heart to fill.  
 Then the earth would soon be covered  
 With the knowledge of the Lord,  
 And the far-off isles of Ocean  
 Soon would all receive his word.

## HYMN 70. P. M.

**H**AIL, thou everlasting Saviour!  
 Prince and God of earth and sky!  
 In thy blood we all find favour,  
 Through thy name salvation's free:  
 E'en the vilest  
 May redemption find in thee!

2 Let the news of thy salvation  
 Reach the bound'ries of the world,  
 And in every land and nation  
 May thy banner be unfurl'd—  
 In oblivion  
 Superstition shall be hurl'd.

- 3 While thy heralds cross the ocean,  
 Fearless of each dangerous wave ;  
 Fill their hearts with sweet devotion,  
 Save them from a wat'ry grave.  
     Land them safely  
 Where the briny billows lave.
- 4 Be their fortress and their tower ;  
 Be their shield and hiding place :  
 And, in ev'ry trying hour,  
 Aid them with thy mighty grace ;  
     Be their Saviour  
 In each moment of distress.
- 5 While they preach the truths of heaven,  
 On each superstitious shore,  
 May the poor benighted heathen  
 Feel thy spirit's quick'ning power—  
     And confess thee,  
 And thy holy name adore.
- 6 May, from all the hills and mountains,  
 - From the valleys and the plains,  
 Loud hosannas (like the fountains)  
 Soon burst forth in ceaseless strains—  
     Hallelujah :  
 Lo! the great Messiah reigns !

## HYMN 71. P. M.

**M**ORN is the time to wake :  
 The eye-lids to unclose :  
 Spring from the arms of sleep, and break  
 The fetters of repose ;  
 Walk at the dewy dawn abroad,  
 And hold sweet fellowship with God.

- 2 Morn is the time to pray,  
 How lovely and how sweet,

To send our earliest thoughts away,  
Up to the mercy-seat ;  
Ambassadors, for us, to claim  
A blessing in our Maker's name.

3 Morn is the time to sing :  
How charming 't is to hear  
The mingling notes of nature ring  
In the delighted ear !  
And with that swelling anthem raise  
The soul's fresh matin song of praise !

4 Morn is the time to sow  
The seeds of heavenly truth,  
While balmy breezes softly blow  
Upon the soil of youth :  
And look to thee, nor look in vain,  
To God for sunshine and for rain.

5 Morn is the time to love :  
As tendrils of the vine,  
The young affections fondly rove,  
And seek them where to twine ;  
Around thyself, in thine embrace,  
Lord, let them find a resting place.

6 Morn is the time to shine,  
When skies are clear and blue ;  
Reflect the rays of light divine,  
As morning dew-drops do :  
Like early stars be early bright,  
And melt away, like them, in light.

7 Morn is the time to weep  
O'er morning hours misspent ;  
Alas ! how oft from peaceful sleep  
On folly madly bent,  
We've left the strait and narrow road,  
And wandered from our guardian God.

8 Morn is the time to think,  
 While thoughts are fresh and free,  
 Of life, just balanced on the brink  
 Of dark eternity ;  
 And ask our souls if they are meet  
 To stand before the judgment seat.

9 Morn is the time to die,  
 Just at the dawn of day,  
 When stars are fading in the sky,  
 To fade, like them, away—  
 But lost in light more brilliant far,  
 Than ever merged the morning star.

10 Morn is the time to rise—  
 The resurrection morn—  
 Up springing to the glorious skies,  
 On new-found pinions borne,  
 To meet a Saviour's smile, divine :  
 Be such ecstatic rising mine !

HYMN 72. C. M.

**M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
 Damnation and the dead :  
 What horrors seize the guilty soul  
 Upon a dying bed !

2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,  
 She makes a long delay ;  
 Till like a flood, with rapid force,  
 Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends  
 Down to the fiery coast,  
 Amongst abominable fiends,  
 Herself a frightened ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,  
 And darkness makes their chains ;  
 Tortur'd with keen despair, they cry,  
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood,  
 For their own guilt atones,  
 Nor the compassion of a God  
 Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,  
 Nor bid my soul remove,  
 Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,  
 And well insur'd his love!

## HYMN 73. L. M.

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 Emanuel'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 her spite,  
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.  
*We're all united, &c.*

3 That happy day will soon appear,  
 When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear;  
 Sound thro' the earth, and down to hell,  
 To call the nations great and small.  
*We're all united, &c.*

4 Behold the earth in burning flames,  
 The trumpet louder still proclaims:  
 The earth must hear and know her doom,  
 The day of separation's come.  
*We're all united, &c.*

5 Behold the righteous marching home,  
And all the angels bid them come ;  
When Christ himself these words proclaims,  
" Here are my saints, I know their names.

*We're all united, &c.*

6 " Ye everlasting gates, fly wide,  
Make ready to receive my bride ;  
Ye harps of heaven, sound aloud,  
Here comes the purchase of my blood !"

*We're all united, &c.*

7 In grandeur see the royal line  
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine :  
See saints and angels join in one,  
And march in splendour to the throne.

*We're all united, &c.*

8 They stand in wonder and look on,  
They join in one eternal song,  
The great Redeemer to admire,  
While rapture sweeps the golden lyre.

*We're all united, &c.*

9 They've fought the fight, their race is run,  
Their joys are now in heaven begun ;  
Their tears are gone, their sorrows flee,  
No more afflicted now like me.

*We're all united, &c.*

#### HYMN 74. L. M.

**C**OME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,  
Come, and accept the proffer'd rest ;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,  
O! come, and spread your woes abroad,  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes,  
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;  
 How rich the gift ! how free the grace !

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,  
 The hope thy gracious words impart ;  
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
 And bless thy kind inviting voice.

## HYMN 75. P. M.

**T**HROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we trace  
 Nothing but shame and deep distress,  
 No period else is seen ;  
 'Till he a spotless victim fell,  
 Tasting, in soul, a painful hell,  
 Caused by the creature's sin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I see  
 My Saviour kneel and pray for me ;  
 For this I him adore ;  
 Seized with a chilly sweat throughout,  
 Blood drops did force their passage out  
 Through every opening pore.

3 The piercing thorns his temples bore,  
 His back with lashes deep they tore,  
 Till we the bones might see ;  
 Mocking, they push'd him here and there,  
 Marking his way with blood and tears,  
 Press'd by the heavy tree.

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

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

6 Shout, brethren, shout in songs divine,  
 He drank the gall to give us wine,  
 To quench our parching thirst :  
 Seraphs, advance your voices higher,  
 Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,  
 And laud the precious Christ.

#### HYMN 76. P. M.

**S**AVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,  
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;  
 And my weary, troubled spirit  
 Findeth rest in thee, my God.  
 I am safe, and I am happy,  
 While in thy dear arms I lie :  
 Sin and Satan cannot harm me,  
 While my Saviour is so nigh.

2 Now I'll sing of Jesu's merit,  
 Tell the world of his dear name,  
 That if any want his Spirit,  
 He is still the very same ;  
 He who asketh soon receiveth,  
 He who seeks is sure to find :  
 Who of comfort is bereaved,  
 Jesus never casts behind.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading  
 With his Father and our God ;  
 Now for us he 's interceding,  
 Pleads the purchase of his blood.

Now methinks I hear him praying,  
 "Father, spare them, I have died ;"  
 And the Father answers, saying,  
 "They are freely justified."

## HYMN 77. C. M.

**Y**E weary, heavy laden souls,  
 Who are oppressed sore,  
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness  
 To Canaan's peaceful shore :  
 Thro' chilling winds and beating rains,  
 And waters deep and cold,  
 And enemies surrounding us ;  
 Take courage and be bold.

2 Tho' storms and hurricanes arise,  
 And lay waste all around ;  
 Though fiery serpents oft appear  
 Through this enchanted ground ;  
 Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fears,  
 And dragons often roar :  
 Yet while the gospel-trump we hear,  
 We'll press for Canaan's shore.

3 We're often like the lonesome dove,  
 Who mourns her absent mate—  
 From hill to hill she mournful flies,  
 Her sorrows to relate ;  
 But Canaan's land is just before,  
 Sweet Spring is coming on ;  
 A few more beating winds and rains,  
 And winter will be gone.

4 Sometimes like mountains to the skies  
 Bleak Jordan's billows roar ;  
 Which often makes the pilgrim fear  
 He never will get o'er ;

But let us gain Mount Pisgah's top,  
And view the vernal plain;  
To fright our souls may Jordan roar,  
And hell may rage in vain.

5 Methinks I now begin to see  
The borders of that land;  
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,  
In beauteous order stand.  
The winter time is past and gone,  
Sweet flowers do appear;  
The fiftieth year is roll'd around,  
The great sabbatic year.

6 O what a glorious sight appears  
To my believing eyes!  
Methinks I see Jerusalem,  
A city in the skies!  
O that my faith were strong to raise,  
And bear my soul away!  
I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,  
Through an eternal day.

7 By faith my gracious God I see,  
On his eternal throne;  
At his right hand the loving Lamb,  
And Spirit, Three in One:—  
The angels whisper me away,  
Saying, "My brother, come;"  
And I am willing to be gone  
To my eternal home.

8 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,  
Who are for Canaan bound;  
And should we never meet again,  
Till Gabriel's trump shall sound,  
I hope that I shall meet you there,  
On that delightful shore,  
In mansions of eternal bliss,  
Where parting is no more.

## HYMN 78. C. M.

- Y**E happy souls, whose peaceful minds  
 Are freed from pain and fear;  
 Ye objects, whom kind heaven designs  
 To make its constant care :  
 To you I'll vent my mournful sighs,  
 Pressed by my dismal fate ;  
 O can you with me sympathise,  
 While I my case relate ?
- 2 I once was happy in the Lord,  
 My soul was in a flame ;  
 I did delight to hear his word,  
 And praise his holy name ;  
 His children were my chief delight,  
 I loved their company ;  
 I lived by faith both day and night,  
 That Jesus died for me.
- 3 But woe is me, those joys are past,  
 Those blissful scenes are o'er ;  
 I'm like a city quite laid waste,  
 To be rebuilt no more :  
 In vain I cry, in vain I mourn,  
 In vain I seek for rest :  
 I fear the dove will ne'er return,  
 To my devoted breast.
- 4 Alas ! alas ! where shall I go ?  
 Jesus from me is gone ;  
 A child of sorrow, grief and woe,  
 For evermore undone :  
 The gospel, too, is hid from me,  
 Though often I do hear,  
 The law denounces death on me,  
 And thunders out despair.
- 5 The devil waiting me around,  
 To make my soul his prey ;  
 I wait to hear the trumpet sound,  
 " Take, take the wretch away ! "

I linger, pine, I groan and sigh,  
 Sleep now has left mine eyes,  
 And ghastly death seems drawing nigh,  
 And that without disguise.

6 O that I were some bird or beast,  
 Were I a stork or owl ;  
 Some lofty tree should bear my nest,  
 Or through some waste I'd prowl ;  
 But I have an immortal soul,  
 Within this house of clay,  
 That either must with devils howl,  
 Or dwell in endless day.

## HYMN 79. P. M.

**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 should I wander  
 An alien from thee,  
 And cry in the desert for bread ?  
 Thy foes will rejoice,  
 When my sorrows they see,  
 And smile at the tears I have shed.

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 streams,  
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 shadow of death ;  
The cedars of Lebanon  
Bow at his feet,  
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain  
Of righteousness flow,  
That waters the garden of grace,  
From which their salvation  
The gentiles shall know,  
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits in his eye-lids  
And scatters delight  
Thro' all the bright mansions on high :  
Their faces the cherubim  
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.

HYMN 80.—SECOND PART.

**H**IS vestment of righteousness  
 Who shall describe ?  
 Its purity words would defile ;  
 The heav'ns from his presence  
 Fresh beauties imbibe,  
 And 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 heaven  
 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 81. P. M.

**C**OME, and taste along with me,  
 The weary pilgrim's consolation ;  
 Boundless mercy running free,  
 The earnest of complete salvation.  
 Joy and peace in Christ I find,  
 My heart to him is all resign'd ;  
 The fulness of his power I prove,  
 And all my soul's dissolved in love.  
 Jesus is the pilgrim's portion,  
 Love is boundless as the ocean.

2 When the world and flesh would rise,  
And strive to draw me from my Saviour,  
Strangers slight, or 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 sweet consolation.

3 The 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!  
There's some who tremble at his word;  
And this doth joy to me impart,  
To think the Lord hath reach'd their heart.  
Oh 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,  
He doth my heart to rapture 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 Come, poor 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 expanded 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 82. C. M.

**A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,  
 In mercy oft are sent;  
 They stopp'd the Prodigal's career,  
 And caus'd him to repent.

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

3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,  
 "But hunger, shame, and fear?  
 My father's house abounds with bread,  
 While I am starving here.

4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
 Fall down before his face:  
 Unworthy to be call'd his son,  
 I'll seek a servant's place."

5 His father saw him coming back:  
 He saw, and ran, and smiled;  
 Then threw his arms around the neck  
 Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but oh 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 'T is 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 83. P. M.

**M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years,  
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres  
Around the steady pole;  
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
And I must launch through endless deeps,  
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,  
How swift the moments pass between,  
And whisper, as they fly,  
"Unthinking man, remember this,  
Though fond of sublunary bliss,  
That you must groan and die."

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,  
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,  
And thou must take thy flight,  
Beyond the vast expansive blue,  
To sing above as angels do,  
Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the woe,  
Hangs on this inch of time below,  
On this precarious breath!  
The Lord of nature only knows,  
Whether another year shall close,  
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,  
I may be buried under ground,  
And there in silence rot:  
Alas! an hour may close the scene;  
And ere twelve months shall roll between  
My name be quite forgot.

6 But will my soul be thus extinct,  
And cease to live, and cease to think?  
It cannot, cannot be;  
No, my immortal cannot die!  
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,  
When death shall set thee free?

7 Will mercy then her arms extend,  
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,  
And heaven thy dwelling place;  
Or shall insulting fiends appear,  
And drag thee down to dark despair  
Below the reach of grace?

8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,  
Beyond the present life are known;  
There is no middle state:  
To-day attend the call divine,  
To-morrow may be none of thine,  
Or it may be too late.

9 Oh, do not pass this as a dream,  
Vast is the change, whate'er it seem  
To poor unthinking man:  
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,  
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,  
What it would tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,  
Help me to choose the better way  
That leads to joys on high;  
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,  
Nor let me ever dare to live,  
So as I dare not die.

## HYMN 84. P. M.

**A** WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found,  
 I knew not what to do;  
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with anguish slain,  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 Or sink in endless woe.

2 Amazed 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 Sinai'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.

5 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 pass'd 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 tuned 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 85. P. M.

**H**OW lost was my condition  
 Till Jesus made me whole !  
 There is but one Physician  
 Can cure a sin-sick soul :  
 Next door to death he found me,  
 And snatch'd me from the grave,  
 To tell to all around me  
 His wond'rous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases  
 Is light, compared to sin ;  
 On every part it seizes,  
 But rages most within :  
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
 And madness all combined ;  
 And none but a believer,  
 The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,  
 I sought a cure to gain ;  
 But this proved more distressing,  
 And added to my pain.  
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
 Some gave me up for lost ;  
 Thus every refuge fail'd me,  
 And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician  
 (How matchless is his grace)  
 Accepted my petition,  
 And undertook my case:  
 First gave me sight to view him,  
 For sin mine eyes had 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 86. L. M.

**J**ESUS, engrave it on my heart,  
 That thou the one thing needful art!  
 I could from all things parted be,  
 But never, never, Lord, from thee!

2 Needful art thou to make me live;  
 Needful art thou all grace to give;  
 Needful to guide me lest I stray;  
 Needful to help me every day.

3 Needful is thy most precious blood;  
 Needful is thy correcting rod;  
 Needful is thy indulgent care;  
 Needful thy all-prevailing prayer;

4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,  
 True peace and comfort to afford;  
 Needful thy promise, to impart  
 Fresh life and vigour to my heart;

5 Needful art thou to be my stay  
Thro' all life's dark and thorny way;  
Nor less in death thou 'lt needful be,  
When I yield up my soul to thee.

6 Needful art thou to raise my dust,  
In shining glory with the just;  
Needful, when I in heaven appear,  
To crown, and to present me there.

7 Then shall my soul, with joy supreme,  
Dwell on the dear delightful theme;  
Glory and praise be ever his,  
The one thing needful Jesus is!

HYMN 87. L. M.

**J**ESUS, dear name, how sweet it sounds!  
Replete with balm for all my wounds!  
His word declares his grace is free;  
Come, needy sinner, come and see.

2 He left the shining courts on high,  
Came to our world to bleed and die:  
Jesus, the God, hung on the tree;  
Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,  
Till death had done its dreadful part;  
Yet his dear love still burns for thee;  
Come, trembling sinner, come and see.

4 His blood will cleanse the foulest stain,  
And make the filthy leper clean;  
This fountain open stands for thee;  
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

5 The garments of his shining grace,  
His glorious robe of righteousness,  
In this array, thou bright shalt be;  
Come, naked sinner, come and see.

6 No tongue can tell what glories shine  
 In our Emanuel, all divine ;  
 O that in sweetest melody  
 Each heart may sing, He died for me.

## HYMN 88. P. M.

**C**OME, ye poor and thirsty sinners,  
 To the living waters, come ;  
 Jesus bids you come and welcome,  
 And declares he 'll cast out none—  
     Give him credit !  
 He 's Jehovah's faithful son.

2 Hearken to the bride and spirit,  
 Seize the promises divine ;  
 Without money, price, or merit,  
 Buy of Jesus milk and wine—  
     His rich bounty  
 Freely take—he makes it thine.

3 Wherefore will you toil for nothing ?  
 Spend your strength and treasure too ?  
 Joyfully receive the blessing  
 Which his liberal hands bestow—  
     All his goodness  
 Let your souls delight to know.

4 Hearken, sinners, to your Saviour ;  
 "Hear me, and your souls shall live ;  
 You my covenant shall discover,  
 I will David's mercies give"—  
     As your witness,  
 And your leader, him receive.

## HYMN 89. P. M.

**W**HATEVER disasters of nature  
 Upon the believer may fall,  
 His treasure in God is much greater,  
 He cheerfully smiles at them all.

- 2 He soon by experience discovers  
That this is the gospel design,  
The more that he righteously suffers,  
By so much the brighter he 'll shine.
- 3 The more that the flesh is debased,  
And mortified down by distress,  
The higher the soul shall be raised,  
And so much more glory possess.
- 4 Then where's the foundation for sorrow?  
So long as my faith's to obey;  
I need not take thought for the morrow,  
But just do my duty to-day.
- 5 Along the true path of obedience,  
My feet shall be swift as the hind,  
And those are the uppermost regions  
That I am concerned to find.
- 6 Upon these high places I travel,  
And here I'm preserv'd from the beast,  
And neither the world, flesh, nor devil,  
Can injure my soul in the least.

## HYMN 90. L. M.

**I** LONG to see the season come,  
When sinners will come flocking home,  
To taste the riches of God's love,  
And sing his praise in realms above.

2 Hark! hear the gospel trumpet sound,  
Inviting sinners all around;  
Behold, your loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 He now is knocking at your heart,  
Waiting salvation to impart;  
To wash you in atoning blood,  
And seal you, heirs and sons of God.

4 A few more days, and you must go  
To realms of joy, or endless woe ;  
In worlds above, with Christ to dwell,  
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

5 Come, sinners all, now warning take,  
And all your sinful ways forsake ;  
This world give o'er, leave sin behind,  
In Christ you shall redemption find.

6 Take your companions by the hand,  
Take all your children in a band,  
And give them up at Jesu's call,  
He'll pardon, bless, and save you all.

7 When the great day of Christ shall come,  
And he collects his jewels home ;  
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,  
And join the bright angelic band:

HYMN 91. C. M.

**W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay ;  
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O may this truth—imprest  
With awful power—I too must die !  
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more :  
Behold the gaping tomb !  
It bids us seize the present hour,  
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,  
May every heart obey :  
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save ;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,  
With cleansing, healing pow'r ;  
This only can prepare the heart,  
For death's all solemn hour.

## HYMN 92. P. M.

**W**HILE angels strike their tuneful strings,  
And veil their faces with their wings,  
Each saint on earth his Jesus sings,  
And joins to praise the King of kings,  
Who saves lost souls from ruin.

2 But sinners, fond of earthly toys,  
Mock and deride, when saints rejoice :  
They shut their ears at Jesu's voice,  
And make the world and sin their choice,  
And force their way to ruin.

3 The preachers warn them night and day ;  
For them the Christians weep and pray :  
But sinners laugh, and turn away,  
And join the wicked, lewd, and gay,  
Who throng the road to ruin.

4 Oft-times in visions of the night,  
God doth their guilty souls affright ;  
They tremble at the awful sight,  
But still again with morning light  
Pursue the road to ruin.

5 Sometimes by preaching, sinners see  
They're doomed to hell and misery ;  
To turn to God they then agree,  
But oh ! 'tis wicked company  
Allures their souls to ruin.

6 Oft-times when nothing else will do,  
Affliction will their danger show,  
And bring the haughty sinners low ;  
Then they 'll repent, and pray, and vow ;  
But turn again to ruin.

7 When ev'ry way is tried in vain,  
No more the Spirit strives with man,  
But full of guilt, and fear, and pain,  
Death strikes the blow, the sinner's slain,  
And sinks to endless ruin.

8 Oh sinners, turn ! you long have stood  
Oppos'd to truth, and all that's good ;  
You may be sav'd through Jesu's blood,  
Lay down your arms, submit to God,  
And thus be sav'd from ruin.

9 Turn, sinners, neighbours, friend, or foe,  
The terrors of the Lord we know ;  
Oh tell us, friends, what will you do ?  
We cannot bear to let you go  
To everlasting ruin.

## HYMN 93. L. M.

**H**OW sweet is the cordial of love !  
A balm to the sorrowful soul :  
It flows from the fountain above,  
And makes the disconsolate whole.

2 How happy the souls that are blest,  
And sprinkled with Jesus's blood !  
That lean on Emanuel's breast,  
And live in communion with God !

3 This heavenly sweetness below  
Is common to all that believe :  
The joys of communion they know,  
In bonds of affection they live.

4 While striving to gain the blest shore,  
They mutual succour afford ;  
They look to the heaven before,  
And follow their Captain and Lord.

5 Their joys, that on earth are begun,  
Will soon be completed above :  
Their labour below will be done,  
When lost in the ocean of love.

6 There all the ship's company meet,  
Who sail with their Saviour below ;  
Their union will then be complete,  
And sorrow they never shall know.

HYMN 94. L. M.

**F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, I bid you  
farewell,  
I'm going to travel the way to excel ;  
I'm going to travel the wilderness through,  
Therefore, my dear brethren, I bid you adieu.

2 The thought of our parting doth cause me to  
grieve,  
So well do I love you ; but you I must leave,  
My Jesus commands, and I must obey,  
Therefore, my dear brethren, don't grieve after me.

3 May the heavens protect you, be Jesus your  
guide,  
On the walls of our Zion may you ever abide ;  
Though we live at a distance, and you I ne'er see,  
On the banks of sweet Canaan acquainted we'll be.

4 There all things are plenty, and the leaves  
growing green,  
And the parting of Christians no more to be seen ;  
No sorrow, no trouble, shall enter that place,  
But there we shall join in a song of free grace.

5 And when we meet Jesus in the mansion above,  
Where saints and bright angels are feasting on  
love ;

O then we shall look for each mourner that's here,  
How glad we shall be to meet each other there !

6 Farewell to all sorrows, temptations, and pain,  
I'm going where Jesus for ever doth reign ;  
I'm going to Jesus, his goodness to prove,  
Where saints and bright angels are feasting on  
love.

## HYMN 95. C. M.

**C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve :  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,  
And make this last resolve :

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins  
Have like a mountain rose ;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess :  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 "I'll to my gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;  
Perhaps he may command a touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,  
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer ;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try ;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die."

## HYMN 96. P. M.

**H**ARK! the jubilee is sounding;  
 O the joyful news is come;  
 Free salvation is proclaimed,  
 In and through God's only Son.  
 Now we have an invitation  
 To the meek and lowly Lamb;  
 Glory, honour, and salvation,  
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Come, dear friend, and don't neglect it,  
 Come to Jesus in your prime;  
 Great salvation, don't reject it,  
 O receive it, now's the time;  
 Now the Saviour is beginning  
 To revive his work again;  
 Glory, honour, and salvation,  
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.

3 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,  
 Praise him, praise him evermore,  
 May his great love now constrain us,  
 His great name for to adore;  
 O then let us join together,  
 Crowns of glory to obtain,  
 Glory, honour, and salvation,  
 Christ the Lord is come to reign

## HYMN 97. P. M.

**Y**E jewels of my Master,  
 Who shine with heavenly rays,  
 Amidst the beams of glory,  
 Reflect immortal blaze.  
 Ye diamonds of beauty,  
 With pleasing lustre crown'd,  
 Of heavenly extraction,  
 To Zion's city bound.

- 2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,  
The purchase of his blood,  
Who feed among the lilies,  
Beside the purple flood ;  
Go on, ye happy pilgrims,  
Your journey still pursue,  
And at a humble distance  
I'll sing and follow too.
- 3 When I beheld your order,  
And harmony of soul ;  
And heard divinest numbers  
In pure devotion roll,  
And gems immortal glowing  
With such enliv'ning grace,  
I view'd the Saviour's image  
Imprest on every face.
- 4 Speak often to each other,  
To cheer the fainting mind,  
And often be your voices  
In pure devotion joined ;  
Though trials may await you,  
The crown before you lies,  
Take courage, brother pilgrims,  
And soon you'll win the prize.
- 5 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,  
In that auspicious day,  
When I make up my jewels,  
Releas'd from cumbrous clay.  
He'll polish and refine you  
From worthless dross and tin,  
And to his heavenly kingdom  
Will bid you enter in.
- 6 On that important morning,  
When bursting thunders sound,  
And nimble lightnings waving,  
Shall wing the gloom profound,

Lift up your heads rejoicing,  
 And clap your joyful hands,  
 Lo! you're redeem'd for ever  
 From death's corrupted bands.

- 7 As Aaron, with his girdle,  
 In shining jewels drest,  
 Bore all the tribes of Israel  
 Inscrib'd upon his breast,  
 So will the priests of Zion,  
 Before the Father's throne,  
 Present the heirs of glory,  
 And God their kindred own.
- 8 The golden bell shall echo  
 Around the sacred hill,  
 And sweet immortal anthems,  
 The vocal regions fill ;  
 In everlasting beauty  
 The shining millions stand,  
 Safe on the rock of ages,  
 Amidst the promis'd land.
- 9 We'll range the wide dominion  
 Of our Redeemer round,  
 And in dissolving raptures  
 Be lost in love profound :  
 While all the flaming harpers  
 Begin the lasting song,  
 With hallelujahs rolling  
 From the unnumber'd throng.

## HYMN 98. C. M.

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

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
 In agonies and blood :  
 Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
 As near his cross I stood.

- 3 Sure never to my latest breath  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair ;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;  
But now my tears are vain :  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?  
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,  
" I freely all forgive ;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I'll die that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue ;  
(Such is the mystery of grace)  
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 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 99. P. M.

- S**AW 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 majesty  
divine  
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Darkness prevail'd! darkness prevail'd!  
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;  
Oh! the solid rocks were rent, through creation'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 laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!  
Prince and the author of peace;  
Oh! he burst the bands of death, and triumphant  
through the east  
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 Now interceding! now interceding!  
Pleading that sinners may live;  
Crying, Father, I have died! Oh 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 100. P. M.

**A**S near to Calvary I pass,  
Methinks I see a bloody cross,  
Where a poor victim hangs ;  
His flesh with rugged irons tore,  
His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,  
Gasping in dying pangs.

2 Surprised the spectacle to see,  
I ask'd, Who can this victim be,  
In such exquisite pain ?  
Why thus consign'd to woes, I cried ;  
" 'T is I," the bleeding Lamb replied,  
" To save a world from sin."

3 A Christ for rebel mortals dies !  
How can it be ! my soul replies,  
What ! Jesus died for me !  
" Yes," saith the suff'ring Son of God,  
" I give my life, I spill my blood,  
" For thee, poor soul, for thee."

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

## HYMN 101. L. M.

**W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
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 thy 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 102. P. M.

**A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers pray'r,  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh,  
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
And such, oh Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd,  
By wars without, and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame !  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,  
 My promis'd grace receive ;  
 'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,  
 I can, I do believe.

## HYMN 103. P. M.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
 He himself has bid thee pray,  
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a king,  
 Large petitions with thee bring,  
 For his grace and power are such,  
 None can ever ask too much !

3 With my burden I begin—  
 Lord, remove this load of sin ;  
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,  
 Take possession of my breast ;  
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass,  
 Answers the beholder's face ;  
 Thus unto my heart appear,  
 Print thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,  
 Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
 Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Show me what I have to do ;  
 Every hour my strength renew ;  
 Let me live a life of faith ;  
 Let me die thy people's death.

## HYMN 104. P. M.

**N**AY, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow ;  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am !  
Ah ! my Lord, thou know'st my name ;  
Yet the question gives a plea  
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
In rebellion blindly bold,  
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy ;  
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair,  
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;  
Mercy heard, and set him free ;  
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have pass'd since then,  
Many changes I have seen,  
Yet I've been upheld till now ;  
Who could hold me up but thou ?

6 Thou hast help'd in every need,  
This emboldens me to plead ;  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

7 No—I must maintain my hold,  
'T is thy goodness makes me bold ;  
I can no denial take,  
When I plead for Jesu's sake.

## HYMN 105. P. M.

**L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,  
Come, and bid our jarrings cease ;  
Come, oh come ! and reign forever,  
God of love, and Prince of peace ;

Visit now poor bleeding Zion,  
 Hear the people mourn and weep,  
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,  
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,  
 Some for Cephas—none agree ;  
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us ;  
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee ;  
 Then we 'll rush through what encumbers,  
 Over every hindrance leap ;  
 Not kept back by force or numbers—  
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

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

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

5 Hear the Prince of our salvation,  
 Saying, "Fear not, little flock ;  
 I, myself, am your Foundation,  
 You are built upon this Rock.  
 Shun the paths of vice and folly,  
 Scale the mount, although it's steep ;  
 Look to me, and be ye holy ;  
 I delight to feed my sheep."

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

## HYMN 106. P. M.

**S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:  
 All will end in desolation,  
 If thou come not here again.

## CHORUS.

*Lord, revive us, Lord revive us,  
 Lord, revive thy work in me;  
 O Lord, revive us, O 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 then were seen!  
*Lord, revive us, &c.*

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

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

*Lord, revive us, &c.*

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

*Lord, revive us, &c.*

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!  
 Cover'd with thick blossoms stood;  
 But they cause us grief at present,  
 Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.

*Lord, revive us, &c.*

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
 Thou canst make them bloom again;  
 Oh permit them not to wither,  
 Let not all our hopes be vain.

*Lord, revive us, &c.*

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
 Make us prevalent in prayers;  
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,  
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.

*Lord, revive us, &c.*

10 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 107. P. M.

**E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,  
 Just ready all hope to resign,  
 I pant for the light of thy face,  
 And fear it will never be mine:

Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
 I sink at thy feet with my load;  
 All plaintive I pour out my song,  
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,  
 The blood of atonement apply,  
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,  
 The Rock that is higher than I.  
 Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice;  
 Thy presence is fair to behold;  
 Attend to my sorrows and cries,  
 My groanings that cannot be told

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
 My hold of thy promise to keep,  
 The billows more fiercely return,  
 And plunge me again in the deep.  
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,  
 The tempter suggests with a roar,  
 "The Lord has forsaken thee quite,  
 Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd  
 No covenant blessing for me,  
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find  
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee?  
 Almighty to rescue thou art;  
 Thy grace is my shield and my tower;  
 Come, succour and gladden my heart,  
 Let this be the day of thy power.

HYMN 108. L. M.

**W**HAT various hindrances we meet,  
 In coming to the mercy-seat!  
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
 But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw,  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;

Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words ? Ah, think again ;  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creatures' ears  
With the sad tale of all your cares.

5 Were half the time thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,  
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

## HYMN 109. L. M.

**G**OD of my life, to thee I call ;  
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall ;  
When the great water floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint !  
Where should I lodge my sad complaint ?  
Where, but with thee ? whose open door,  
Invites the helpless and the poor !

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
Does not thy word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;  
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,  
Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me,  
I have an advocate with thee ;  
They whom the world caresses most,  
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not :  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 110. P. M.

“ **M**ERCY, oh, thou son of David !  
Thus poor blind Bartimeus pray'd,  
Others by thy grace are saved ;  
Now vouchsafe to me thine aid :”  
While he cried, many chid him,  
But he pray'd the louder still,  
Till the gracious Saviour bid him  
“ Come, and ask me what you will.”

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

3 Now methinks I hear him praising,  
Publishing to all around,  
“ Friends, is not my case amazing !  
What a Saviour I have found !  
Oh, that all the blind but knew him,  
And would be advised by me !  
Surely, 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 ;  
 And with him shall reign for ever,  
 If I to the end endure."

## HYMN 111. P. M.

**T**HERE fell from God's favour, two exiles of  
 Eden:  
 They wander'd thro' deserts of sorrow and pain,  
 Were banish'd from paradise, the place of their  
 freedom,  
 And we their posterity are apt to complain,  
 O never again, in the green shady bowers,  
 In the presence of God shall we spend our sweet  
 hours ;  
 Nor taste of the fruit, nor smell to the flow'rs,  
 Nor sing the sweet anthems of Eden again.

2 O hard is our fate, cry these heart-wand'ring  
 strangers,  
 The brutal creation's more happy than we ;  
 Surrounded with troubles, temptations, and dan-  
 gers ;  
 If God had been just, could such evils e'er be !  
 Hush all these complaints, let us mend our beha-  
 viour,  
 We need not go mourning as exiles for ever ;  
 If we do but repent and believe in the Saviour,  
 Who died to redeem us, and lives to restore.

3 He offers you pardon, he waits to embrace you,  
 Here's pleasure forever, come follow the Lamb ;  
 Religion's a calling that will not disgrace you,  
 An honour from heaven arising to fame.

Come, all you ambitious, who rise by gradation,  
 Salvation's the glory of every nation,  
 Come now, and accept it, and take your high  
 station,  
 In heaven be crowned on Jesus's throne.

4 Come, all ye fond youth, who are doting on  
 beauty,  
 Who revel in ball-rooms, and gamble by night;  
 Yet strangers to happiness, neglecters of duty;  
 In Jesus I find a superior delight!  
 His voice is sweet music, his person's endearing,  
 To my spirit the wine of his kingdom is cheering,  
 My heart is now leaping, my soul's persevering;  
 My Saviour's my suitor, my partner, and friend.

5 Come all ye vain tipplers, who often get heady,  
 Who sup at the tavern, and lodge in the street,  
 You reel on a precipice, you ought to be steady,  
 Or soon you will stumble and fall in the deep:  
 Where liquids are plenty, and you'll not be craving,  
 Where the devils torment, and the damned are  
 raving;  
 Where billows of vengeance in justice are waving,  
 O'erwhelming your souls in the torments of hell.

6 Come all ye poor misers, though rich in your  
 coffers;  
 I doubt much, if ever you lib'ral will be,  
 Except you repent, and take Christ at his offers;  
 Your treasure lies useless, till death turns the key  
 You've ground down the poor, to accumulate  
 riches,  
 Such impious conduct your character impeaches;  
 The root of all evil your spirit bewitches;  
 To make life pernicious, and die in contempt.

7 Come all ye proud Deists, who boast of your  
 reason,  
 Who will not believe what you can't comprehend,  
 Come meet your opponent, let's argue a season;  
 And see how the contest will turn in the end.

You've erected a Babel, come now and defend it,  
 Comprehend your existence, or else not pretend it :  
 Here rises a mountain, and you can't ascend it,  
 You are lost in the valley, and sunk in despair.

8 Come all ye bold Atheists, who glory in error,  
 Deny the true God, and pay homage to chance ;  
 Be struck with conviction, and tremble with terror,  
 As you on to ruin so swiftly advance :  
 By chance there 's a God, and by chance there 's  
     a Saviour ;  
 By chance there 's a hell, and you 'll heir it for-  
     ever ;  
 By chance there 's a heaven for each true be-  
     liever ;  
 By chance there are angels, and seraphs above. .

9 The church of the first born, to bliss have at-  
     tained,  
 Tho' once they were exiles, and wander'd in time.  
 Eternity 's before them, the mystery 's explain'd,  
 The glories of heaven unfolding in prime.  
 Again they're restored, to the most pleasing  
     bowers ;  
 In the presence of God, now they spend their  
     sweet hours ;  
 They taste of the fruit, and they smell to the  
     flowers,  
 And sing the sweet anthems, of Eden regain'd.

## HYMN 112. P. M.

**T**HE great tremendous day 's approaching,  
 That awful scene is drawing nigh,  
 So long foretold by ancient prophets,  
 Decreed from all eternity.  
 But O, my soul, reflect and wonder !  
 That awful scene is drawing near,  
 When you shall see that great transaction,  
 When Christ in judgment shall appear.

- 2 See nature stand all in amazement,  
To hear the last loud trumpet sound ;  
Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment,  
Ye nations of the world around.  
Loud thunders rumble thro' the concave,  
And forked lightnings part the skies,  
The heavens are shaking, the earth is quaking,  
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.
- 3 The orbit lamps, all veil'd in sackcloth,  
No more their shining circuits run ;  
The wheels of time stop in a moment,  
Eternal things are now begun.  
Huge massy rocks, and towering mountains,  
Over their tumbling bases roar ;  
The raging Ocean, all in commotion,  
Is hov'ring round her frightened shore.
- 4 Green turfy grave-yards and tombs of marble  
Give up their dead, both small and great ;  
See the whole world, both saints and sinners,  
Are coming to the judgment-seat—  
See Jesus on the throne of justice,  
Comes thund'ring down the parted skies,  
With countless armies of shining angels,  
Who hallelujahs, shout for joy.
- 5 Bright shining streams from his awful presence,  
His face ten thousand suns outshines ;  
Behold him coming in power and glory,  
To meet him all his saints combine.  
“Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like lightning,  
Call all my saints from distant lands,  
Those that my blood from sin has ransom'd,  
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.
- 6 “O come, ye blessed of my Father,  
The purchase of my dying love ;  
Receive the crowns of life and glory,  
Which are laid up for you above.

For your dear souls, which have continued  
 With me, and my temptations bore,  
 I have provided for you a kingdom,  
 To reign with me forever more.

7 There 's flowing fountains of living water,  
 No sickness, pain, nor death to fear;  
 No sorrows, sighing, no tears nor weeping,  
 Shall ever have admittance there.  
 But how will sinners stand and tremble,  
 When justice calls them to the bar—  
 Them that reject his offer'd mercy,  
 Their everlasting doom to hear.

8 See justice now with indignation,  
 Calling aloud for sinners' blood;  
 Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,  
 And crucified the Son of God:  
 Depart from me, ye cursed sinners!  
 My face you never more shall see;  
 Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,  
 To dreadful woe and misery.

9 Each guilty soul 's then struck with horror,  
 And anguish throbbing in their breast;  
 Behold them doom'd to hopeless sorrow,  
 And never more to look for rest.  
 Come, sinners, here 's a faithful warning,  
 Return to Jesus while you may;  
 For he is ready to forgive you,  
 Or else you must depart away.

HYMN 113. P. M.

**C**OME, saints and sinners, hear me tell  
 'The wonders of Emanuel,  
 Who saved me from a burning hell,  
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,  
 And gave me heavenly union.

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

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

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

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

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

7 Oh come, backsliders, come away,  
And mind to do as well as say,  
And learn to watch as well as pray,  
And bear your cross from day to day ;  
    And then you 'll feel this union.

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

9 Come, heav'n and earth, unite your lays,  
 And give to Jesus endless praise ;  
 And oh, my soul, look on and gaze !  
 He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,  
 To give you heav'nly union.

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

## HYMN 114. P. M.

**W**E soon shall break all nature's ties,  
 On wings of love our souls shall rise,  
 And shout salvation through the skies,  
 And win the mark, and gain the prize,  
 And feel a blessed union.

2 And when we reach the blissful plains  
 Where love divine immortal reigns,  
 We'll bid adieu to all our pains,  
 And join the sweet angelic strains,  
 In one eternal union.

3 There we shall see as we are seen,  
 Without a dimming veil between ;  
 And not a cloud shall intervene,  
 But all is pleasant and serene  
 In climes of perfect union.

4 There we shall reign eternally,  
 And praise the Lamb that sets us free,  
 Who groan'd and died upon the tree,  
 That we might his salvation see,  
 And feel this blessed union.

5 Almighty God ! each heart and tongue  
 To thee shall raise a glorious song ;  
 All praises to thy name belong :

Let Zion sing, Thy kingdom come,  
And fill the world with union.

6 And when the final trump shall sound,  
And wake the nations under ground,  
Our souls and bodies shall obey,  
And fly to everlasting day ;  
Then sweet will be this union.

7 Divisions then will all be o'er,  
And party spirit reign no more :  
The church triumphant will be pure,  
And all God's people dwell secure,  
Where none can break their union.

HYMN 115. C. M.

**H**OW 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 treasury, fill'd  
With boundless 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 116. L. M.

**H**AİL, God the Father, glorious light !  
 Hail, God the Son, my soul's delight !  
 Hail, Holy Ghost, eternal Three !  
 My anthem through eternity.

2 Ye glitt'ring orbs around the skies,  
 But speak his glories in disguise :  
 Your silent language ne'er can tell  
 The wisdom of Emanuel.

3 Tall mountains, that becloud the sky,  
 With all the hills that round you lie,  
 While time endures you ne'er can tell  
 The grandeurs of Emanuel.

4 Ye trembling seas, with dismal roar,  
 Whose billows sound from shore to shore,  
 Your thund'ring language ne'er can tell  
 The power of Emanuel.

5 Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng  
 Through every clime extend your song ;  
 A guilty world's preserv'd from hell,  
 By Christ, the King Emanuel.

6 Behold him leave his Father's throne ;  
 Behold him bleed, and hear him groan :  
 Death's iron chain would fail to tell  
 The strength of king Emanuel.

7 Behold him take his ancient seat,  
 And millions bowing at his feet ;  
 He conquer'd all the hosts of hell  
 Yes, glory to Emanuel.

8 His fame shall spread from pole to pole,  
While glory rolls from soul to soul ;  
The gospel now goes forth to tell  
The love of King Emanuel.

9 While I am singing of his name,  
My soul begins to feel the flame ;  
I'm full, I'm full, but ne'er can tell  
The glory of Emanuel.

10 I long to hear the trumpet sound,  
And see his glories blaze around :  
Then will I shout, and sing, and tell,  
Redemption through Emanuel.

11 Ten thousand thousand in the throng ;  
Ten thousand thousand join the song ;  
All saved from a gaping hell,  
Give glory to Emanuel.

12 My soul's transported with his charms ;  
I long to lie in Jesu's arms :—  
My loving brethren, all farewell,  
I go to meet Emanuel.

HYMN 117. P. M.

**H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord,  
'T is 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 wounded, heal'd thy wound ;  
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

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

4 Mine is a redeeming 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;  
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

## HYMN 118. C. M.

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

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

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky  
Proclaim the truth aloud;  
And with the amazed centurion cry  
"This is the Son of God."

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

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

## HYMN 119. P. M.

**F**ATHER of mercies, God of love!  
 Oh, hear an humble suppliant's cry;  
 Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
 Thy throne of glorious majesty:  
 Oh, deign to listen to my voice,  
 And bid this drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,  
 For I, alas, am all that's vile;  
 No—when I bow before thy throne,  
 Dare to converse with God awhile,  
 Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,  
 That dearest, sweetest name to me.

3 Within this heart of mine, I feel  
 The weight of sin's oppressive load.  
 Oh, help! or else I sink to hell—  
 Crush'd by thine arm, avenging God!  
 Entomb'd within that dread abyss,  
 And exiled from the realms of bliss.

4 But ah! the thought alone is hell—  
 That prospect drives me to despair;  
 For who can 'mid those horrors dwell?  
 Or who those dreadful torments bear?  
 Where not a ray of hope appears,  
 Or beam of joy the bosom cheers!

5 Yet, mighty God! thy powerful arm  
 Can snatch me from that dread abode,  
 Can shield me from th' impending harm,  
 And ease me of my heavy load:  
 One pardoning word can make me whole,  
 And soothe the anguish of my soul.

6 Father of mercies, God of Love!  
 Then, hear thy humble suppliant's cry;

Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
 Thy throne of glorious majesty :  
 Oh ! listen to a sufferer's voice,  
 Then shall this bleeding heart rejoice !

## HYMN 120. P. M.

**H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,  
 " Oh my people, faint and few ;  
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
 Fair abodes I build for you ;  
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation  
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
 You shall name your walls Salvation,  
 And your gates shall all be praise.

2 " There, like streams that feed the garden,  
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;  
 For the Lord your faith rewarding,  
 All his bounty shall bestow :  
 Still in undisturb'd possession,  
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
 Never shall you feel oppression,  
 Hear the voice of war again.

3 " Ye no more your suns descending,  
 Waning moons no more shall see ;  
 But your griefs for ever ending,  
 Find eternal noon in me.  
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,  
 Change to day the gloom of night ;  
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
 God your everlasting light."

## HYMN 121. C. M.

**A**RISE and shine, oh, Zion fair,  
 Behold thy light is come !  
 Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near,  
 To take his exiles home :

The trumpet's sounding through the sky,  
To set poor captives free ;  
The day of wonder now is nigh,  
The year of jubilee.

2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,  
The earth must know her doom ;  
Go spread the news from pole to pole,  
Behold the Judge is come :  
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth !  
Consume the rolling flood :  
Let every star swift disappear,  
And turn the moon to blood ?

3 Arise, ye nations under ground,  
Before the Judge appear ;  
All tongues and languages must come,  
Their final doom to hear !  
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,  
Ten thousand angels round ;  
And Gabriel with a silver trump,  
Echoes the awful sound !

4 The glorious news of gospel grace  
To sinners now is o'er ;  
The trump in Zion now is still,  
And to be heard no more !  
The watchmen all have left their walls,  
And with their flocks above,  
On Canaan's peaceful shore they sing,  
And shout redeeming love !

5 Come on, my brethren in the Lord,  
Whose hearts are join'd in one ;  
Hold up your heads with courage bold,  
Your race is almost run :  
Above the clouds behold him stand,  
And smiling bid you come,  
And angels whisp'ring you away,  
To your eternal home.

## HYMN 122. P. M.

**B**URST, ye emerald gates, and bring,  
 To my raptur'd vision,  
 All the ecstatic joys that spring  
 Around the bright elysian.

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

2 Floods of everlasting light,  
 Freely flash before him;  
 Myriads, with supreme delight,  
 Instantly adore him;  
 Angelic trumps resound his fame;  
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim  
 All the music of his name;  
 Heaven echoing the theme.

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

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

## HYMN 123. P. M.

**D**EATH, he is the king of terrors,  
 And a terror unto kings;

Oft he fills our minds with horrors,  
 Telling us of frightful things ;  
 Lands of darkness, shades of silence,  
 Gloomy vaults where pris'ners lie :  
 How many thousands he has conquer'd !  
 We, alas ! must shortly die !—

2 “ Yes, I 'm Death, I spare not any,  
 Children, husbands, or their wives ;  
 Nor am I ever brib'd by money—  
 Physic will not save their lives :  
 Deaf I am to all entreaties,  
 When commission'd, forth I go ;  
 With mortal paleness on my features,  
 Thus I give the fatal blow !

3 “ See, weak man, how unexpected,  
 In my chariot forth I ride !  
 Fierce convulsions, pains, and fevers,  
 Are the weapons by my side :  
 Kingdoms, countries, or their cities,  
 Kings, their councils, or their slaves,  
 None of these mine eyes have pitied,  
 Quick I bring them to their graves.

4 “ See them lie without distinction !  
 Thus I boast my thousands slain ;  
 Nor can reason's comprehension  
 E'er behold them rise again.”—  
 Stop, oh Death ! don't boast of vict'ry ;  
 Stop and hear what faith can say !  
 Our blessed Jesus, glorious Saviour !  
 Was entomb'd near Calvary.

5 See him rising ! hear him triumph !  
 “ I, oh Death ! have conquer'd you ;  
 Though thy looks are so dismaying  
 To my saints, I'll bring them through.  
 This gives cause for all believers  
 To rejoice in Christ their King ;  
 Death 's no more than a dark curtain,  
 Drawn to let my saints come in.

6 "There the wicked cease from troubling,  
 There the weary are at rest;  
 There my saints do cease from suffering,  
 There they are divinely blest;  
 Free from sin, and free from sorrow,  
 Free from sickness, care, and pain—  
 Gloomy thoughts, or dismal horrors,  
 Ne'er shall frighten them again."

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

## HYMN 124. P. M.

**T**HERE is a land of pleasure,  
 Where streams of joy for ever roll,  
 'Tis there I have my treasure,  
 And there I long to rest my soul.  
 Long darkness dwelt around me,  
 With scarcely once a cheering ray;  
 But since my Saviour found me,  
 A lamp has shone along my way.

2 My way is full of danger;  
 But 'tis the path that leads to God,  
 And like a faithful soldier  
 I'll boldly march along the road.  
 Now I must gird my sword on,  
 My breast-plate, helmet, and my shield;  
 And fight the host of Satan,  
 Until I reach the heavenly field.

3 I'm on my way to Zion,  
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand;  
 Oh come along, dear sinners,  
 And see Emanuel's happy land:

To all who stay behind me,  
I bid a long, a long farewell ;  
Come now, or you 'll repent it,  
When you shall reach the gates of hell.

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,  
And Jordan's current rolls before ;  
Oh 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 stream shall not affright me,  
Although 't is deeper than the grave,  
If Jesus stands beside me,  
I 'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave :  
His word has calm'd the ocean,  
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale,  
Oh ! may this Friend be with me  
While through the gates of death I sail !

6 Come then, thou king of terrors,  
And with thy dagger lay me low—  
I then shall reach those regions  
Where everlasting pleasures flow.  
Oh sinners ! shall I leave you ?  
No more to join your social band !  
No more to stand beside you,  
Till at the judgment bar we stand ?

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 we shall see the Saviour,  
With shining ranks of angels, come  
To execute his vengeance,  
And take his faithful servants home.

8 Then, sinners, you'll be driven  
 Down to the lake of fire and pain,  
 To dwell in flaming sulphur,  
 And never to return again.  
 Then, sinners, you'll remember  
 Who warn'd you of that dreadful end;  
 While the smoking of your torment,  
 In pitchy clouds shall up ascend.

## HYMN 125. P. M.

**I**'M tired with visits, modes, and forms,  
 And flatt'ries paid to fellow worms;  
 Their conversation cloy:  
 Their vain amours and empty stuff:  
 But I can ne'er enjoy enough  
 Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all my  
 joys.

2 When he begins to tell his love,  
 Through every vein my passions move,  
 The captives of his tongue:  
 In midnight shades, on frosty ground,  
 I could attend the pleasing sound,  
 Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the  
 darkness long.

3 There while I hear my Saviour God  
 Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)  
 He bore upon the tree,  
 Inward I blush with secret shame,  
 And weep, and love, and bless the name,  
 That knew no guilt nor grief his own, but bare it  
 all for me.

4 Next he describes the thorns he wore,  
 And talks his bloody passion o'er,  
 Till I am drown'd in tears:

Yet with the sympathetic smart,  
 There's a strange joy beats round my heart!  
 The cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweetest  
 balm it bears.

5 I hear the glorious sufferer tell,  
 How on the cross he vanquish'd hell,  
 And all the powers beneath:  
 'Transported and inspired, my tongue  
 Attempts his triumphs in a song:  
 How has the serpent lost his sting, and wher's  
 thy vict'ry, death?

6 But when he shows his hands and heart,  
 With those dear prints of dying smart,  
 He sets my soul on fire:  
 Not the beloved John could rest  
 With more delight upon that breast,  
 Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more in-  
 tense desire.

7 Kindly he opes to me his ear,  
 And bids me pour my sorrows there,  
 And tell him all my pains:  
 Thus while I ease my burthen'd heart,  
 In every woe he bears a part,  
 His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping  
 head sustains.

HYMN 126. C. M.

**W**HEN secret sins before us rise,  
 In all their dread array,  
 And justice frowns on every side,  
 To find relief, we pray.

2 When sore temptations vex the soul,  
 And fill it with dismay;  
 The Saviour speaks, the storm is hush'd;  
 O then 't is good to pray.

- 3 When light shines on the soul  
 Its bright and cheering ray,  
 And points it to the Lamb of God,  
 O then 't is good to pray.
- 4 When Christ appears, the sinner's hope,  
 And drives his fears away ;  
 And softly speaks his sins forgiven,  
 O then how sweet to pray !
- 5 When pure religion o'er the heart  
 Holds an unbounded sway ;  
 And hourly lifts the heart to God,  
 O then 't is sweet to pray.
- 6 When friends are taken from our arms,  
 In the cold grave to stay ;  
 To him who dries the mourner's tears,  
 'T will then be good to pray.
- 7 When to the shining courts above,  
 The joyful soul is raised ;  
 And wrapp'd in ecstasy and love,  
 'T will then be heaven to praise.

## HYMN 127. P. M.

BY AN INDIAN.

**I**N de dark wood, no Indian nigh,  
 Den me look heaben, and send up cry,  
 Upon my knees so low ;  
 Dat God on high, in shiny place,  
 See me in night, wid teary face,  
 De priest did tell me so.

2 God send his angel take me ka,  
 He cum himself and hear me pray,  
 If inside heart do pray ;  
 He see me now, he no me heare,  
 He say, poor Indian, neber fear,  
 Me wid you night and day.

3 Den me love God, wid inside heart,  
 He fight for me, he take my part,  
 He save my life before.  
 God love poor Indian in de wood,  
 So me love God, and dat be good,  
 Me praise him two times more.

## HYMN 128. P. M.

**H**AIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,  
 Learn with me your certain doom,  
 Learn with me your fate to-morrow,  
 Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.  
 See all nature fading, dying,  
 Silent all things seem to mourn,  
 Life from vegetation flying,  
 Calls to mind the mould'ring urn.

2 Lo! in yonder forest standing,  
 Lofty cedars, how they nod,  
 Scenes of nature, how surprising!  
 Read in nature, nature's God.  
 While the annual frosts are cropping  
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,  
 So our friends are yearly dropping,  
 We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring,  
 Noisy waters round me rise,  
 While I sit, my fate deploring,  
 Tears fast streaming from my eyes.  
 What to me is autumn's treasure,  
 Since I know no earthly joy?  
 Long have I lost all youthful pleasure,  
 Time will health and youth destroy.

4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them,  
 Just to cheer a troubled mind,  
 Now they're gone like leaves of autumn,  
 Driv'n before the dreary wind.

When a few more days are wasted,  
 And a few more scenes are o'er,  
 When a few more griefs I've tasted,  
 I shall rise to fall no more.

5 Fast my sun of life's declining,  
 Soon 't will set in endless night,  
 But my hopes, pure and reviving,  
 Rise to fairer worlds of light.  
 Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,  
 Death shall burst this sullen gloom,  
 Then my spirit, fluttering, flying,  
 Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

## HYMN 129. L. M.

**S**EE the eternal Judge descending,  
 Seated on his Father's throne;  
 Now, poor sinner; Christ will show thee  
 That he's with the Father one:  
 Trumpets call thee,  
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the sinner now lamenting,  
 At the sight of fiercer pain:  
 Cries and tears he now is venting,  
 But he weeps and cries in vain:  
 Greatly mourning,  
 That he ne'er was born again.

3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
 With the marks of dying love:  
 O! that I had sought his favour,  
 When I felt the spirit move!  
 Doom'd I'm justly,  
 For I have against him strove.

4 All his wooing I have slighted,  
 While he daily sought my soul,  
 If my vows to him I plighted,  
 Yet for sin I broko them all:

Golden moments,  
How neglected did they roll!

5 There I see my godly neighbours,  
Who were once despis'd by me,  
Now they're clad in dazzling splendour,  
Waiting my sad fate to see:  
Farewell, neighbours—  
Dismal gulf, I'm bound for thee.

6 Hail! ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,  
Groaning, rattling of your chains!  
Christ has now announc'd my sentence,  
I'm to dwell in endless pains;  
Down I'm rolling,  
Never to return again.

7 Now experience plainly shows me,  
Hell is not a fabled thing,  
Now I see my friends in glory,  
Round the throne they ever sing.  
I'm tormented  
With an everlasting sting.

HYMN 130. P. M.

**T**EMPTED, tossed, troubled spirit,  
Dost thou groan beneath thy load?  
Fearing thou shalt not inherit  
In the kingdom of thy God?  
View thy Saviour on the mountain,  
In temptation's painful hour;  
Though of grace himself the fountain,  
And the Lord of boundless pow'r.

2 Do thy blooming prospects languish?  
Say'st thou still, "I'm not his child?"  
View thy Saviour's dreadful anguish,  
Famish'd in the gloomy wild.

Not a step in all thy journey,  
 Through this gloomy vale of tears,  
 But thy Lord hath trod before thee,  
 And thy way to glory clears.

3 Though through seas of tribulation  
 Jesus calls thee here to go,  
 He hath wrought thy great salvation  
 In far deeper seas of woe.  
 Jesus, though by God anointed,  
 Christ, the co-eternal Son,  
 As by love divine appointed,  
 Treads the wine-press all alone.

4 Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow?  
 Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood,  
 Witness there the doleful horror  
 Of the suff'ring Son of God.  
 There the victim, groaning, weeping,  
 Bears the wrath of God alone,  
 While his senseless followers sleeping,  
 Scarce regard a single groan.

5 On the chilly ground extended,  
 Lo, he takes the bitter cup!  
 With Almighty vengeance blended,  
 Drinks the dreadful contents up;  
 Now th' avenging sword pursues him,  
 Up to Calv'ry's rugged brow:  
 There the wrath of God doth bruise him,  
 But *my soul* escapes the blow.

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

## HYMN 131. P. M.

**T**HOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,

Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's pale beam  
Shone bright on thy waters, did frequently stray,  
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

*Come saints and adore him, come bow at his feet,  
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the loud Anthem 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 silent delight.

3 O garden of Olivet—dear honour'd spot,  
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;  
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,  
The wonder of joy, and the wonder of love.

## HYMN 132. C. M.

**S**WEET rivers of redeeming love

Lie just before mine eyes;

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 o'er Jordan's stormy waves,

And leave the world behind.

2 A few more days, or years at most,

My troubles will be o'er;

I hope to join the heavenly host

On Canaan's happy shore.

My raptured soul shall drink and feast  
In love's unbounded sea:  
The glorious hope of endless rest  
Is ravishing to me.

3 Oh come, my Saviour, come away,  
And bear me to the sky!  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay—  
Make haste and bring it nigh:  
I long to see thy glorious face,  
And in thy image shine;  
To triumph in victorious grace,  
And be for ever thine.

4 Then will I tune my harp of gold  
To my eternal King,  
Through ages that can ne'er be told  
I'll make thy praises ring.  
All hail, eternal Son of God,  
Who died on Calvary!  
Who bought me with his precious blood,  
From endless misery.

5 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 join the immortal choir,  
Through ages that can ne'er be told  
To raise his praises higher.

6 Salvation in sweet purling streams  
Through Canaan's land doth roll,  
Proceeding from the throne of God  
To bathe the pilgrim's soul;  
Ten thousand thousand glitt'ring crowns,  
All set with diamonds bright!  
And there my Saviour Jesus reigns,  
Who is my heart's delight.

## HYMN 133. P. M.

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

2 If you have a heart lamenting,  
 And bemoan your wretched case,  
 Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,  
 He will give you gospel grace.  
 If you want a heart to fear him,  
 Love and serve him here below ;  
 With your troubles now draw near him,  
 He the blessing will bestow.

3 If like poor Bartimeus blinded,  
 You bewail the want of sight ;  
 Cry to Jesus, Son of David,  
 He will give you gospel light.  
 If, like Mary, you've been keeping  
 Seven devils in your embrace ;  
 Fly, like her, to Jesus, weeping,  
 He will bid you go in peace.

4 If your heart is unbelieving,  
 Doubting Jesu's pardoning love ;  
 Lie hard by Bethesda, waiting  
 Till the troubled waters move.  
 If no one appear to help you,  
 All their efforts prove but talk ;  
 Jesus ready waits to heal you,  
 He will bid you rise and walk.

5 If, like Peter, you are sinking  
 In the sea of unbelief ;

Wait with patient, constant praying,  
 Christ will grant you sweet relief.  
 Are you weary, heavy laden ?  
 He will give you sweet repose :  
 Bear his light and easy burden,  
 He shall conquer all your foes.

## HYMN 134. L. M.

**I**'VE 'listed in the holy war,  
 Content to suffer soldier's fare ;  
 The banner over me is love,  
 I draw my rations from above.

2 I've fought through many a battle sore,  
 And I must fight through many more ;  
 I'll take my breast-plate, sword, and shield,  
 And boldly march into the field.

3 I've 'listed, and I mean to fight  
 Till all my foes are put to flight ;  
 And when the vict'ry I have won,  
 I'll give the praise to God alone.

4 Come, Christian heroes, go with me ;  
 Come, face the foe, and never flee :  
 The heavenly battle is begun,  
 Come, take the field, and wear the crown.

5 With 'listing orders I am come—  
 Come rich, come poor, come old and young ;  
 Here's bounty money Christ has given,  
 And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.

6 Our General he has gone before,  
 And you may draw on grace's store :  
 But if you will not 'list and fight,  
 You'll sink into eternal night.

## HYMN 135. L. M.

**L**IFT up your hearts, Emanuel's friends,  
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;  
 Let nothing cause you to delay,  
 But hasten on the good old way.

## CHORUS.

*We'll serve the Lord, we'll watch and pray,  
 We'll serve the Lord, in the righteous way.*

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,  
 Shall not prevent our victory,  
 If we but strive, and watch, and pray,  
 Like soldiers in the good old way.

*We'll serve the Lord, &c.*

3 Oh, good old way! how sweet thou art!  
 May none of us from thee depart;  
 But may our actions always say,  
 We're marching in the good old way.

*We'll serve the Lord, &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.

*We'll serve the Lord, &c.*

5 The good old way is safe by night;  
 No mortal foe our souls shall fright,  
 If all along throughout the day  
 We're walking in the good old way.

*We'll serve the Lord, &c.*

6 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,  
 Who count all earthly things but loss;  
 Continue still to watch and pray,  
 And hasten on the good old way.

*We'll serve the Lord, &c.*

7 The pillar and the cloud before!  
 The watchmen cry, the trumpets roar!  
 Tall sons of Anak we will slay,  
 And shout along the good old way.  
*We'll serve the Lord, &c.*

8 The promised land is just in view,  
 And I'm resolved to go with you;  
 Press on, my soul, and win the day,  
 By running in the good old way.  
*We'll serve the Lord, &c.*

9 Then when on Pisgah's top we stand;  
 And view by faith that happy land;  
 Our God will wipe all tears away,  
 When we have run the good old way,  
*We'll serve the Lord, &c.*

10 Then, far beyond this mortal shore,  
 We'll meet with those who're gone before;  
 And shout to think we've gain'd the day  
 By marching in the good old way.  
*We'll serve the Lord, &c.*

## HYMN 136. L. M.

**T**HERE is a heaven above the skies,  
 A heaven where pleasure never dies;  
 A heaven I sometimes hope to see,  
 Yet often fear 't is not for me.

## CHORUS.

*But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, oh, hallelujah;  
 Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.*

2 The way is difficult and strait,  
 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 Through glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,  
Dimly the heavenly way appears;  
But in this way methinks I see  
The track of Him who died for me.

*But Jesus, &c.*

5 I trace the footsteps of my God,  
Who on the cross sustain'd my load:  
'T was on that dark and doleful day,  
In streaming blood he pass'd this way.

*But Jesus, &c.*

6 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.

*But Jesus, &c.*

7 Then, oh my soul, arise and sing;  
Behold thy Saviour, Friend, and King!  
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,  
And cries, "Press on, and take the crown."

*But Jesus, &c.*

8 "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."

*But Jesus, &c.*

9 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

*But Jesus, &c.*

## HYMN 137. C. M.

**H**ARK! listen to the trumpeters!  
 They sound for volunteers!  
 On Zion's bright and flowery mount—  
 Behold the officers—  
 Their horses white, their garments bright,  
 With crown and bow they stand,  
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,  
 To march for Canaan's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame;  
 A soldier I will be;  
 I will enlist, gird on my arms,  
 And fight for liberty.  
 They want no cowards in their band,  
 (They will their colours fly)  
 But call for valiant-hearted men,  
 Who're not afraid to die.

3 The armies now are in parade,  
 How martial they appear!  
 All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,  
 They look like men of war;  
 They follow their great General,  
 The great Eternal Lamb,  
 His garments stain'd with his own blood,—  
 King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,  
 And drive the hosts of hell;  
 How dreadful is our God in arms!  
 The great Emanuel!—  
 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,  
 Th' eternal Son of God,  
 And march with us to Canaan's land,  
 Beyond the swelling flood.

5 There is a green and flow'ry field,  
 Where fruits immortal grow;

There, cloth'd in white, the angels bright  
 Our great Redeemer know.  
 We'll shout and sing for evermore  
 In that eternal world :  
 But Satan and his armies too,  
 Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

6 Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,  
 Redemption's drawing nigh,  
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,  
 'T will shake both earth and sky :  
 In fiery chariots then we'll fly,  
 And leave the world on fire,  
 And meet around the starry throne,  
 To tune th' immortal lyre.

## HYMN 138. P. M.

**T**HROUGH tribulations deep  
 The way to glory is ;  
 This stormy course I keep  
 On these tempestuous seas :  
 By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driv'n,  
 Freighted with grace, and bound to heav'n.

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

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

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

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

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

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

8 The Bible is my chart,  
By it the seas I know;  
I cannot with it part,  
Its rocks and sands doth show:  
It is a chart and compass too,  
Whose needle points for ever true.

9 I keep aloof from pride,  
These rocks I pass with care;  
I studiously avoid  
The whirlpool of despair:  
Presumption's quicksands too I shun,  
Near them I do not choose to run.

10 When through a strait I go,  
 Or near some coast am drove,  
 The plummet forth I throw,  
 And thus my safety prove:  
 My conscience is the line which I  
 Fathom the depth of water by.

11 My vessel would be lost  
 In spite of all my care,  
 But that the Holy Ghost  
 Himself vouchsafes to steer:  
 And I through all my voyage will  
 Depend upon my steersman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heav'n's coast,  
 I must a gulf pass through,  
 Which fatal proves to most—  
 For all this passage go:  
 But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,  
 If God himself is at the helm.

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

### HYMN 139. C. M.

**L**ORD! when together here we meet,  
 And taste thy heav'nly grace,  
 Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,  
 We're loth to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,  
 That we must part again,  
 O let thy gracious presence still  
 With ev'ry one remain.

3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,  
Bound with the cords of love,  
Till we around thy gracious throne  
Shall joyous meet above.

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart,  
Shall then forever fly,  
And not one thought that we should part,  
Once intercept our joy.

5 Where, void of all distracting pains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire :  
But in seraphic, heavenly strains,  
Redeeming love admire.

6 And thus, through all eternity,  
Upon the heav'nly shore,  
The great mysterious One in Three,  
Jehovah we 'll adore.

## HYMN 140. P. M.

**A** FEW more days on earth to spend,  
And all my toils and cares shall end,  
Then I shall see my God and friend,  
And praise his name on high.  
There's no more sighs, and no more tears,  
There's no more pains, and no more fears,  
But God and Christ and heav'n appears,  
Unto the ravished eye.

2 Then, oh! my soul, despond no more,  
The storm of life will soon be o'er,  
And I shall find the peaceful shore  
Of everlasting rest.  
O happy day! O joyful hour,  
When freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r  
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,  
To be forever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day,  
I'd joyfully the call obey,  
Which summonses my soul away,  
    To seats prepar'd above.  
There I shall see my Saviour's face,  
And dwell in his belov'd embrace,  
And taste the fulness of his grace,  
    And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,  
And death's black billows roll before ;  
Yet still by faith I see the shore,  
    Beyond the rolling flood ;  
The heav'nly Canaan sweet and fair,  
Before my ravish'd eyes appear ;  
It makes me almost think I'm there,  
    In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I'd say farewell,  
And triumph over death and hell,  
And go where saints and angels dwell,  
    To praise the eternal Three.  
I'll join with them who're gone before,  
Who sing and shout, their suff'rings o'er,  
Where pain and parting are no more,  
    To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,  
And all this region here below,  
Where nought but disappointments grow,  
    A better world's in view.  
My Saviour calls! I haste away,  
I would not here for ever stay :  
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day,  
    Vain world, once more, adieu.

## HYMN 141. L. M.

**M**Y dearest friends, in bonds of love,  
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove ;  
Your friendship 's like the strongest band,  
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your company 's sweet, your union dear,  
Your words delightful to my ear,  
And when I see that we must part,  
You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,  
Since we have met to sing and pray,  
How loth we are to leave the place  
Where Jesus shows his smiling face !

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,  
How would it cheer my fainting mind ;  
But duty makes me understand,  
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will,  
That we be parted for a while,  
In sweet submission, all as one,  
We'll say our Father's will be done.

6 My dearest friends, both old and young,  
I hope you will in Christ go on ;  
Fight on, and soon you'll win the prize,  
Those happy regions in the skies.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,  
And heard you tell your hopes and fears,  
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,  
Which makes me think we'll meet again.

8 A few more days and years at most,  
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast,  
When in that holy, happy land,  
We'll clasp anew the immortal hand

9 I hope you will remember me,  
 If you no more my face should see,  
 An interest in your prayers I crave,  
 That we may meet beyond the grave.

10 O blessed day, O glorious hope,  
 My soul leaps forward at the thought,  
 When in that holy, happy land,  
 We'll take no more the parting hand.

HYMN 142. C. M.

**B**EHOLD the tears that mourners shed—  
 Their many sins forgiven!  
 Their doubts and darkness all are fled,  
 In peaceful hope of heaven.

2 Say, burden'd soul, whose num'rous sins  
 In dark array are set;  
 What canst thou do to mitigate  
 'The terrors of thy debt?

3 Canst thou not love the friend who died  
 That burden to assume?  
 Who shrunk not from the crown of thorns,  
 The scourge—the cross—the tomb.

4 If heavy is the weight of guilt,  
 Thy love must greater be—  
 Then he, whose blood for man was spilt,  
 Will shed his peace on thee.

5 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;  
 He pardons like a God;  
 He will forgive your num'rous faults,  
 Through a Redeemer's blood.

HYMN 143. P. M.

**G**REAT Redeemer, friend of sinners,  
 Thou hast wondrous power to save;  
 Grant me grace, and still protect me,  
 Over life's tempestuous wave:

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

2 Oh what madness! oh what folly!  
That my heart should go astray  
After vain and foolish trifles—  
Trifles only of a day ;  
This vain world, with all its pleasures,  
Very soon will be no more ;  
There's no object worth admiring,  
But the God whom we adore.

3 See the happy spirits waiting  
On the banks beyond the stream ;  
Sweet responses still repeating,  
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme.  
Hark! they whisper; lo! they call me,  
Sister spirit, come away ;  
Lo! I come; earth can't contain me,—  
Hail the realms of endless day.

4 Swiftly roll, ye ling'ring hours,  
Seraphs, lend your glitt'ring wings ;  
Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,  
Heavenly sounds around me ring.  
Worlds of light, and crowns of glory,  
Far above yon azure sky :  
Through my faith I now behold you,  
I'll enjoy you soon on high.

## HYMN 144. P. M.

**C**OME, O my heart, and let us take  
An evening walk becoming thee ;  
Now whither dost thou choose, we shall take our  
course,  
Up to Calvary or Gethsemane ?

- 2 Oh! Calvary is a mountain high,  
'T is too difficult a task for me,  
To indulge in balmy sleep, would far better suit  
my taste,  
Than Calvary, or Gethsemane.
- 3 O! it would not appear such a mountain high,  
Nor yet so hard a task for thee,  
If thou didst love the man who first laid the plan  
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.
- 4 I had rather abide in the pleasant plain,  
My gay companions there to see,  
And to tarry awhile in the joys of the world,  
Than to climb up the mountain Calvary.
- 5 Thy gay companions ere long will be gone,  
Poor blinded souls, could they but see!  
And if ever thou would'st stand on Canaan's  
happy land,  
Thou must first climb the mountain Calvary.
- 6 There is no pleasure that I can behold,  
'T is a sad and dreary path to me,  
And I have heard them say, there are lions in the  
way,  
And they lurk in the mountain Calvary.
- 7 True! it is a strait and narrow road,  
And lions lurk there for their prey;  
But thou shalt have a guard, yea, the angels of God  
Shall conduct thee up to Calvary.
- 8 I had rather have peace, and live at my ease,  
Than to be afflicted thus by thee,  
When blooming youth is gone, and old age comes on,  
I will then go with thee to Calvary.
- 9 There is no time so good as youth,  
To travel this mountain you must see,  
For when old age comes on, with its great load of  
sin,  
How then canst thou climb up Calvary?

- 10 O conscience, thou art ever making a noise,  
I cannot enjoy any peace for thee ;  
There is time enough yet, and the journey's not  
so great,  
I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.
- 11 Oh hark ! I hear a doleful sound,  
And thou shouldst greatly alarmed be ;  
A blooming youth is gone, and is sleeping in the  
tomb,  
Who refused to climb up Calvary
- 12 Alas ! I know not what to do,  
For thou hast greatly alarmed me,  
In sin I have gone on, till I fear I am undone,  
Lord help me to climb up Calvary.
- 13 O tarry not in all the plain,  
Lest it prove a dangerous snare to thee,  
But look up to the man who was bruised for thy  
sin,  
And he 'll help thee to climb up Calvary.

## HYMN 145. C. M.

**B**EHOLD that great and awful day  
Of parting soon will come,  
When sinners must be hurl'd away,  
And Christians gather'd home.

2 Sinners among the damn'd shall lie,  
Bound with a fiery chain ;  
And gnash their teeth, and howl, and cry,  
And wring their hands in vain.

3 " Now hail ! all hail ! ye frightful ghosts !  
With whom I once did dwell,  
And spent my days in frantic mirth,  
And danced my soul to hell.

4 " You once did draw me into sin,  
To dance, and sport, and please ;  
With devils now you must combine,  
My torments to increase !"

5 The sister may the brother see,  
 For whom she wept and pray'd,  
 Sink down to endless misery,  
 To dwell among the dead.

6 The husband sees his piteous wife,  
 With whom he once did dwell,  
 Depart with groans, and bitter cries—  
 "My husband, fare you well!"

7 But oh! perhaps the wife may see  
 The man she once did love,  
 Doom'd to eternal misery,  
 While she is crown'd above.

8 Then shall the saints, through grace divine,  
 Drink in perpetual bliss:  
 In God's delightful image shine,  
 And dwell where Jesus is.

9 Oh how it melts my soul to think  
 Of meeting round the throne!  
 Eternal joys we then shall drink,  
 Where sorrows never come.

10 There, tears shall all be wiped away,  
 And glory shall begin;  
 The Lamb of God will smiling say,  
 "Come in, my saints, come in."

HYMN 146. P. M.

**D**AY of Judgment, day of wonders!  
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound!  
 Louder than ten thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round!  
 How the summons  
 Will the sinner's heart confound!

- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine!  
You who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, "This God is mine."  
Gracious Saviour!  
Own me on that day for thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;  
All the powers of nature, shaken  
By his looks, prepare to flee:  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee?
- 4 Horrors past imagination  
Will surprise your trembling heart,  
When you hear your condemnation,  
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!  
Thou with Satan  
And his angels have thy part!"
- 5 But to those who have confess'd,  
Saved and served your Lord below,  
He will say, "Come in, ye bless'd,  
See the kingdom I bestow:  
You for ever  
Shall my love in glory know."
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
Let this thought our courage raise;  
Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be turn'd to praise;  
May we triumph  
When this world is in a blaze.

## HYMN 147. C. M.

**F**ROM Salem's gates advancing slow,  
What object meets my eyes,  
What means that majesty of woe,  
What mean those mingled cries?

2 Who is the man that groans beneath  
The pond'rous cross of wood,  
Whose soul's oppress'd with pangs of death,  
And body bathed in blood?

3 Is this the man! can this be he  
The prophets have foretold,  
Should with transgressors number'd be,  
And for my crimes be sold?

4 Ah, lovely sight! a heavenly form  
For sinful souls to see,  
I'll creep beside him as a worm,  
And see him die for me.

## HYMN 148. P. M.

**W**HEN the fierce north wind, with his airy  
forces,  
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,  
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes  
Rushing amain down!

2 Now the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,  
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,  
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,  
Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,  
If things eternal may be like these earthly;  
Such the dire terror when the great archangel  
Shakes the creation;

4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,  
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;  
See the graves open, and the bones arising!  
Flames all around them!

5 Hark! the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches;  
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,  
Stare through their eyeballs, while the living  
worm lies  
Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts like old vultures prey upon their  
heart-strings,  
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the  
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance  
Rolling before him.

7 Hopeless immortals, how they scream and  
shiver!  
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning,  
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong  
Down to the centre.

8 Stop here, my fancy, (all away, ye horrid,  
Doleful ideas) come, arise to Jesus:  
How he sits God-like, and the saints around him  
Throned, yet adoring!

9 Oh may I sit there, when he comes triumphant,  
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,  
While our hosannas all along the passage  
Shout the Redeemer.

## HYMN 149. P. M.

**A** VOICE from the savage, a voice from the  
slave,  
Comes afar o'er the mount and the dark rolling  
wave!

'T is heard in the zephyrs perfumed by the myrrh,  
And heard in the winds from the forests of fir.

2 And hark! from the islands that spot the blue  
sea,  
I heard a wild cry as they bend low the knee!  
They are groping their way 'mid the gloom of the  
night,  
While the dim star of nature yields only its light.

3 For ignorance spreads her broad wings o'er the  
wave,  
And her flag, like a pall, has curtain'd the grave:

Superstition in chains is weaving her wreath,  
And leading them down to the caverns of death.

4 Too long we have slumber'd, too long we have  
slept,

While the children of nature in bondage have  
wept!

Their groans and their cries, their tears and their  
prayer,

Have unheeded pass'd by on the wings of the air.

5 And shall we yet slumber or linger at home?

Or fear o'er the dark rolling ocean to roam?

To range the wide woods where the council fires  
curl,

And there the broad banner of Jesus unfurl?

6 Come, arouse! arouse while the sun is yet high!

For the evening of death and oblivion is nigh!

Like the light of the morn, let us fly to their aid,

And the powers of darkness and death shall be  
stayed.

HYMN 150. P. M.

**J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,

All to leave and follow thee.

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken—

*Thou* from hence my all shall be!

Perish every fond ambition—

All I sought, or hoped, or known;

Yet how rich is my condition—

God and heaven are all my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me—

They have left my Saviour too;

Human hopes and looks deceive me,

*Thou* art not, like them, untrue;

And while thou shalt smile upon me,

God of wisdom, love and might,

Friends may hate, and foes may scorn me,

Show thy face and all is right.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure ;  
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain :  
 In thy service pain is pleasure,  
 With thy favour loss is gain.  
 I have call'd thee Abba Father,—  
 I have set my heart on thee :  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
 All must work for good to me !

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation—  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
 Joy to find in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what spirit dwells within thee ;  
 Think what heavenly bliss is thine ;  
 Think that Jesus died to save thee—  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer—  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee—  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition—  
 Faith to light, and prayer to praise.

## HYMN 151. L. M.

**A** SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !  
 From which none ever wakes to weep ;  
 A calm and undisturb'd repose,  
 Unbroken by the lust of foes !

2 Asleep in Jesus ! O how sweet  
 To be for such a slumber meet ;  
 With holy confidence to sing,  
 That death has lost his venom'd sting !

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest :  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,  
That so displays the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
May such a blissful refuge be :  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high!

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space  
Debars this precious "hiding place;"  
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,  
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee,  
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

HYMN 152. P. M.

**T**ELL me no more of earthly toys,  
Of sinful mirth, and carnal joys,  
The things I loved before ;  
Let me but view my Saviour's face,  
And feel his animating grace,  
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,  
Tell me no more of ease and health,  
For these have all their snares ;  
Let me but know my sins forgiven,  
But see my name enroll'd in heaven,  
And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty towers,  
Delightful gardens, fragrant bowers,  
For these are trifling things :  
The little room for me design'd,  
Will suit as well my easy mind,  
As palaces of kings.

4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,  
Of sumptuous feasts, and gaudy dress,  
Extravagance and waste:  
My little table only spread,  
With wholesome herbs, and wholesome bread,  
Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me a Bible in my hand,  
A heart to read and understand,  
This sure unerring word:  
I'd urge no company to stay,  
But sit alone from day to day,  
And converse with the Lord.

## HYMN 153. P. M.

**A** WAKE thy song, Oh earth!  
For God hath heard thy cry:  
A glorious day hath birth,  
Its star is on the sky;  
Tho' long thy night, and deep its gloom,  
Arise—arise—thy light has come.

2 Amid the storm of wrath,  
When ruin's deluge reign'd,  
He saw the direful death,  
And bade the ruin end.  
Deliverance came, the ark was rear'd,  
And o'er the flood the bow appear'd.

3 What tho' thy foes be strong,  
And "*legion*" his dread name—  
Tho' of the wrathful throng  
He bears the loftiest fame?  
Thy help descends from yonder throne,  
And vict'ry is the Lord's alone.

4 'T was God who saw thy fears,  
Who heard thy thousandth sigh,  
When thou, abased in tears,  
Scarce hoped that help was nigh.

He dash'd the cup that hell had given,  
And show'd the crystal stream of heaven.

5 Thine, Lord, is all the power,  
Far may thy conquests spread,  
The demon reigns no more

When thou shalt bruise his head.  
The world renew'd to thee shall come—  
The earth rejoice in Eden's bloom

HYMN 154. P. M.

**F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, belov'd of the  
Lord,

The footsteps of Jesus you'll find in his word :  
Then follow your Saviour wherever he goes ;  
Stand fast and unshaken whatever oppose.

2 On parting, dear brethren, I give you my hand,  
In token of friendship, that uniting band :  
Although for a while these vile bodies must part,  
Cemented in love, we are still join'd in heart.

3 The time is approaching when Christ shall ap-  
pear  
In glory, and then all his saints shall meet there  
No fear then of parting, no grief, no complaint,  
Shall ever be heard from the tongue of a saint.

4 But praise and thanksgiving shall be their em-  
ploy ;  
Their souls always feasting, yet never shall cloy ;  
New scenes still unfolding, new joys shall afford ;  
All glory, and honour, and praise to the Lord.

HYMN 155. P. M.

**C**OME, 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.

2 We feel that heav'n is now begun,  
It issues from the sparkling throne,  
From Jesu's throne on high :  
'T comes in floods, we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet we still are dry.

3 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.

4 'T is 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.

5 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 in that heavenly land,  
Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 156. P. M.

**I**'M on my way to Canaan,  
I bid this world farewell ;  
Come on, my old companions,  
In spite of earth or hell.  
Lo ! Satan's army rages,  
And all his hosts combine ?  
Yet Scripture doth engage us,  
The strength of grace divine.

- 2 I'll blow the silver trumpet,  
And on the nations call;  
For Christ hath me commission'd  
To say he died for all.  
Come try his grace, and prove him,  
You shall the gift obtain;  
He will not send you empty,  
Nor let you come in vain.
- 3 And if you want a witness,  
Here are some just at hand,  
Who've lately felt the sweetness  
Now flowing from that land:  
It comes in copious showers,  
Our bodies can't contain;  
It fills our ransom'd powers—  
And now we drink again!
- 4 The glories of that kingdom  
My soul cannot describe:  
I feel it is within me,  
I feel the blood applied.  
Oh come unto the Saviour's arms,  
And you shall feel his love,  
'Tis sweeter than all other charms,  
It comes from heaven above.
- 5 The glories of that heavenly place  
I've oft-times felt before,  
But what I've felt is but a taste,  
Which makes me long for more.  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly and be at rest;  
Then would I soar to worlds above,  
And be forever blest.
- 6 My soul looks up, and sees him smile,  
And then the blessing send,  
And I am thinking all the while,  
When will this journey end?

I contemplate it can't be long  
 Till he will come again,  
 Then I shall join the heav'nly throng,  
 And in his kingdom reign.

7 Oh could I join that heavenly throng,  
 And ne'er return again!  
 I would not think the season long  
 That I had suffer'd pain:  
 When Zion's sons are marching home  
 Along the heavenly street,  
 Then I would march along with them,  
 And bow before his feet.

8 The tallest of those heav'nly ones,  
 Would fail for to describe  
 The brightness which the Saviour puts  
 Upon his lovely bride.  
 Ten thousand years around may roll,  
 We have but just begun  
 To wear our robes, and glitt'ring crowns,  
 Bright shining as the sun.

## HYMN 157. P. M.

**D**EATH shall not destroy my comfort,  
 Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom;  
 Down he'll send some heavenly convoy,  
 To convey my spirit home:  
 Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me,  
 While my Saviour's by my side,  
 Canaan, Canaan lies before me,  
 I will cross the swelling tide.

2 See the happy spirits waiting,  
 On the banks beyond the stream,  
 Sweet responses still repeating,  
 Jesus, Jesus, is their theme:

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

3 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,  
 Far above yon azure sky,  
 Tho' by faith I now explore ye;  
 I'll enjoy you soon on high:  
 Soon I'll gain a full possession,  
 Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,  
 Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,  
 Love, that sweetest, brightest grace.

4 Smiling angels now surround me,  
 Troops resplendent fill the skies,  
 Glory shining all around me,  
 While my tow'ring spirit flies:  
 Jesus clad in dazzling splendour,  
 Now methinks appears in view;  
 Brethren, could you see my Jesus,  
 You would love and serve him too.

HYMN 158. P. M.

**J**ESUS, 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 pow'r  
 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 destined place ;  
 There in full sail, my port I'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

## HYMN 159. L. M.

**B**EHOLD the Saviour 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 dyed 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 cut his enemy and thine,  
 Turn out that hateful monster, sin,  
 And let the heavenly stranger in.

HYMN 160. P. M.

**H**ARK! the song of jubilee  
 Loud as mighty thunders roars,  
 Or the fulness of the sea,  
 When it breaks upon the shores:—  
 Hallelujah! for the Lord  
 God Omnipotent shall reign;  
 Hallelujah! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,  
 From the depths unto the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All Creation's harmonies:—  
 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,  
 Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis done,  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
 With illimitable sway;  
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away:—  
 Then the end;—beneath his rod,  
 Man's last enemy shall fall;  
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is all in all.

## HYMN 161. P. M.

**T**IS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought:  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I his or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every trifle give me pain;  
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,  
Oh how dark, and vain, and wild!  
Prone to unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Faith is weak in all I do;  
You that love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy with saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,  
Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case,  
Thou who art thy people's sun;  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all, I pray;  
 If I have not lov'd before,  
 Help me to begin to-day.

## HYMN 162. L. M.

**O**H! 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 wondrous 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 wouldst 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, or I am gone.

## HYMN 163. C. M.

**P**RAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,  
 Utter'd or unexpress'd,  
 The motion of a hidden fire,  
 That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,  
That any lips can try,  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watch-word at the gate of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, Behold he prays.
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, in deed, in mind,  
When with the Father and the Son,  
Their fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,  
The holy Spirit pleads,  
And Jesus on the eternal throne  
For sinners intercedes.
- 8 Oh, thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

## HYMN 164. L. M.

**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 will I shout, then will I 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 lie,  
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 your 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 through 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 165. P. M.

**W**HY should I be affrighted at pestilence or  
 war,  
 The fiercer be the tempest, the sooner it is o'er ;  
 With Jesus in the vessel, the billows rise in vain,  
 They only will convey me to yon elysian plain,  
 With glory in my soul.

2 This is a land of dangers, and foes they press  
 me hard,  
 But Jesus, he has promised that he will be my  
 guard,  
 Then I shall not be tempted above what I can  
 bear,  
 When fighting's done, escorted his kingdom then  
 to share,  
 With glory in my soul.

3 Although my flesh is mortal, immortal is my  
 hope ;  
 I'll try, like holy Moses, to gain the mountain top,  
 There at Jehovah's bidding, with cheerfulness to  
 die—  
 And then ascend to heaven to reign above the sky,  
 With glory in my soul.

4 From him I have my orders, and while I do  
 obey,  
 I find his Holy Spirit illuminates my way,  
 The way is so delightful I wish to travel on,  
 Till I am call'd away to receive a starry crown,  
 With glory in my soul.

5 I feel that Jesus loves me, but why, I do not  
 know,  
 To him I'm so unfaithful in what I have to do,  
 I grieve to see my failings, but he does all  
 forgive,

Which makes me love him more, and by faith in  
 him I live,  
 With glory in my soul.

6 Though sinners do despise me, and laugh at  
 what I say,  
 I find a little number walks with me in the way,  
 Come on, come on, my brethren, they laugh at  
 Jesus too,  
 The crown appears before me, and heaven is in  
 my view,  
 With glory in my soul.

7 We soon shall gain fair Canaan, and on that  
 happy shore,  
 Beyond the reach of sorrow, we'll shout for ever-  
 more ;  
 There walk the golden pavement, and blood-  
 wash'd garments wear,  
 And to increase our pleasure, our Jesus will be  
 there,  
 With glory in my soul.

8 My song I must conclude, though it is against  
 my will,  
 I want to have the power, to sing while I can  
 feel—  
 I long to see the time, when immortal I shall be,  
 And shout and shout his praises, through vast  
 eternity !  
 With glory in my soul.

HYMN 166. P. M.

**R**EJOICE, my friends, the Lord is King,  
 Let all prepare to take him in ;  
 Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,  
 And all the world with praises ring,  
 And give to Jesus glory.

2 I long to see the Christians join  
In union sweet, and peace divine,  
When every church with grace shall shine,  
And grow to Christ the living vine,  
And give to Jesus glory.

3 Come, parents, children, bond and free,  
Come, will you go to heaven with me,  
That glorious land of rest to see,  
And shout with me eternally,  
And give to Jesus glory?

4 My soul feels happy while I sing :  
I feel that I am on the wing ;  
I'll shout salvation to my king,  
'Till I to heaven my trophies bring,  
And there we'll give him glory.

5 A few more days of pain and woe,  
A few more suffering scenes below,  
And then to Jesus we shall go,  
Where everlasting pleasures flow,  
And there we'll give him glory.

6 The awful trumpet soon will sound,  
And shake the vast creation round,  
And call the nations under ground ;  
And all the saints shall then be crown'd,  
And give to Jesus glory.

7 Ten thousand thunders then shall roll,  
And shake the globe from pole to pole ;  
How dreadful to the guilty soul !  
But nothing shall the saints control,  
They'll give to Jesus glory.

8 Then tears shall all be wiped away ;  
Then Christians ne'er shall go astray ;  
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,  
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,  
And give to Jesus glory.

9 There all the saints shall join in one,  
 And sing with Moses round the throne ;  
 Their troubles are forever gone,  
 They 'll shine with God's eternal Son,  
 And give to Jesus glory.

## HYMN 167. P. M.

**T**HE people call'd Christians how many things  
 they tell,  
 About the land of Canaan, where saints and  
 angels dwell ;  
 But sin, that dreadful ocean, compasses them  
 around,  
 While its tide still divides them from Canaan's  
 happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient to find their  
 passage through,  
 And, with united vigour, have tried what they  
 could do ;  
 But vessels built by human skill, have never sail'd  
 afar,  
 Till they 're found, run aground, on some dreadful  
 sandy bar.

3 The Gospel, it is launched into the deep at last ;  
 Behold her sail suspended, around her tow'ring  
 mast ;  
 Around her decks, in order, the joyful sailors  
 stand,  
 Crying, O ! here we go, to Emanuel's happy land !

4 To those who are spectators, what sorrow must  
 ensue,  
 To have their old companions bid them a long  
 adieu ;  
 The pleasures of a paradise no longer them invite :  
 They may rail while we sail, but we 'll soon be  
 out of sight.

- 5 We 're now on the wide ocean, we bid them all  
farewell,  
But where we shall cast anchor, no mortal tongue  
can tell:  
About our future happiness there need be no de-  
bate,  
While we ride, on the tide, with our Captain and  
his Mate.
- 6 We 're passengers united, with harmony and  
love!  
The wind 's all in our favour, how joyfully we  
move!  
Tho' troubles may surround us, and raging bil-  
lows roar,  
We will sweep thro' the deep till we land on Ca-  
naan's shore.

## HYMN 168. P. M.

**T**HE specious world promiscuous flows,  
Enrapt in fancy's vision;  
Allured by sound, beguiled by shows,  
And empty dreams, nor scarcely knows,  
There is a brighter heaven.

2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,  
Swift wings to wealth be given,  
All-varying time, our forms invade,  
The seasons roll, light sink in shade  
There 's nothing lasts but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all,  
Will be to atoms riven;  
The sky consumed, the planets fall,  
Convulsions rock this earthly ball,  
There 's nothing firm but heaven.

4 This world, with all its wealth, is poor,  
And like a baseless vision,

Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,  
 Its gems and crowns, are vain and poor,  
 There 's nothing rich but heaven.

5 A stranger lonely here I roam,  
 From place to place I 'm driven ;  
 My friends are gone, and I 'm in gloom,  
 This earth is lonely as a tomb,  
 I have no home but heaven.

6 The clouds disperse, the light appears,  
 My sins are all forgiven ;  
 Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears ;  
 Roll on, ye suns, fly swift, ye years,  
 I 'm on the wing for heaven.

7 And now I bid the world adieu,  
 Let life's dull chains be riven ;  
 The charms of Christ have caught my view,  
 The world of light I will pursue,  
 To live with Him in heaven.

HYMN 169. P. M.

**W**HILE others at ease, on their pillows are  
 sleeping,

Unmindful, unconscious, of morning's return,  
 At the grave of her Lord, see Mary stand weeping,  
 Oppressed with grief, at the dawn of the morn.

2 To do the last office, perfume the departed,  
 She came like a friend, though her soul was for-  
 lorn ;

With an over-charged bosom, she wept broken-  
 hearted,

Not finding the body of him she did mourn.

3 While others, afraid of the dæmon of the morning,  
 Which seldom proves baneful, did hie them away ;  
 Poor Mary was faithful, thought not of returning,  
 But still in the garden did linger and stay.

4 While weeping she stood, with her heart full of  
grief,

And mourning, that he was not there ;  
Then Jesus appear'd, and gave her relief,

“ Why weepest thou, Mary, whom seekest thou  
here ? ”

5 Surprised to hear now the voice that had quell'd  
The woes of her bosom, when tortured with fear—

Whose words from her mind every fear had dis-  
pell'd,

Her heart oft had calmed, and charmed her ear.

6 Then turning, astonished, “ Rabboni,” she cried,  
Amazed, overwhelm'd : but Jesus replied,

“ I, justice divine having now satisfied,  
Am risen, who for you, and others, had died.”

7 How bless'd wert thou, Mary, thy tidings how  
glorious !

Redemption completed beams mercy and peace.

Heaven's king from the grave, o'er his foes all  
victorious,

Now offers full pardon to Adam's lost race.

8 No longer in gloom is the sinner benighted,

Nor haunted with terror, in hopeless despair ;

The sun-beams of mercy his path have enlighten'd,

And hope gilds the tomb, and banishes fear.

#### HYMN 170. P. M.

**I**F 't is sweet to mingle where  
Christians meet for social prayer ;  
If 't is sweet with them to raise,  
Songs of holy joy and praise—  
Passing sweet that state must be,  
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove  
Preparations for above ;

While we worship in this place,  
 May we go from grace to grace;  
 Till we, each in his degree,  
 Fit for endless glory be.

## HYMN 171. P. M.

**Y**ES, my native land, I love thee,  
 All thy scenes I love them well;  
 Friends, connexions, happy country!

Can I bid you all farewell?

Can I leave you—

Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely,  
 Joys no stranger heart can tell;  
 Happy home! 't is sure I love thee!

Can I—can I say—*farewell*?

Can I leave thee—

Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
 Holy days, and Sabbath bell,  
 Riches!, brightest, sweetest treasure!

Can I say at last—farewell?

Can I leave you—

Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,  
 From the scenes I love so well!

Far away, ye billows, bear me;  
 Lovely native land, farewell!

Pleased I leave thee—

Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labour,  
 On the mountains let me tell  
 How He died—the blessed Saviour—

To redeem a world from hell!

Let me hasten

Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;  
 Let the winds my canvas swell—  
 Heaves my breast with warm emotion,  
 While I go far hence to dwell.  
 Glad I bid thee,  
 Native land!—Farewell!—Farewell!

## HYMN 172. C. M.

**A** MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound)  
 That saved a wretch like me!  
 I once was lost, but now am found,—  
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears relieved ;  
 How precious did that grace appear,  
 The hour I first believed !

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
 I have already come ;  
 'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,  
 And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,  
 His word my hope secures ;  
 He will my shield and portion be,  
 As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
 And mortal life shall cease ;  
 I shall possess within the veil  
 A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
 The sun forbear to shine ;  
 But God, who call'd me here below,  
 Will be for ever mine.

## HYMN 173. P. M.

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

2 Who on the part of God will rise?  
 Innocent sounds recover;  
 Fly on the prey, and seize the prize,  
 Plunder the carnal lover?  
 Strip him of every moving strain,  
 Every melting measure,  
 Music in virtue's cause retain,  
 Rescue the holy pleasure.

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

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

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

6 Then let us in his praises join ;  
 Triumph in his salvation ;  
 Glory ascribe to love divine,  
 Worship and adoration ;  
 Heaven already is begun,  
 Open'd in each believer ;  
 Only believe, and still sing on,  
 Heaven is ours for ever.

## HYMN 174. P. M.

**O**H 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 oppress'd,  
 Nor would I give over till Jesus had bless'd.

2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,  
 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 many find favour in Jesus's blood.

4 Here are more, my dear Saviour, who fall at  
 thy feet,  
 Oppress'd by a burden enormously great ;  
 Oh raise them, my Jesus, to tell of thy love,  
 And shout hallelujahs with angels above.

5 I'll sing, and I'll shout, and I'll shout, and I'll  
sing;

Oh God, make the nations in praises to ring  
With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,  
And carry us all to the city above.

6 We'll wait for thy chariot, it seems to draw  
near:

Oh come, my dear Saviour, let glory appear;  
We long to be singing and shouting above,  
With angels o'erwhelm'd in Jesus's love.

### HYMN 175. P. M.

**O**H Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit,  
With love and thanksgiving I fall 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 love thee, my God!  
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,  
But how much I love thee I never can show:

3 All human expressions are empty and vain;  
They cannot unriddle the heavenly flame;  
I'm sure if the tongue of an angel I had,  
I could not the myst'ry completely describe.

4 I'm happy, I'm happy, oh wondrous account!  
My joys are immortal—I stand on the mount;  
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,  
With Jesus my Saviour, the kingdom to share.

5 Oh 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 my heart and my tongue.

6 Oh who is like Jesus ! he 's Salem's bright King ;  
 He smiles and he loves me, and taught me to sing ;  
 I 'll praise him, I 'll praise him, and bow to his will,  
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

## HYMN 176. P. M.

**O**H Jesus, my Saviour ! I know thou art mine ;  
 For thee all the pleasure of earth I resign ;  
 Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best ;  
 Without thee I 'm wretched, but with thee I 'm  
 blest.

2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my love,  
 (None richer possess'd by the angels above) ;  
 For thee all the pleasures of sense I forego,  
 And wander a pilgrim despised below.

3 Thy spirit first taught me to know I was blind,  
 And taught me the way of salvation to find ;  
 For when I was sinking in dreadful despair,  
 My Jesus reliev'd me and bid me not fear.

4 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel :  
 The language of mortals forever must fail ;  
 My Jesus is precious, my soul 's in a flame ;  
 I 'm raised into raptures while praising his name.

5 Though weak and despised, by faith I now stand,  
 Preserved and defended by heav'n's kind hand ;  
 By Jesus supported, I 'll praise his dear name,  
 Regardless of danger, of praise or of blame.

6 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer ;  
 In sweet meditation he always is near :  
 My constant companion, oh may we not part !  
 All glory to Jesus, who dwells in my heart.

7 If ever I loved, sure I love thee, my Lord,  
 I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word ;

I love all my brethren, I love sinners too,  
 Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

8 When happy in Jesus, I regard not the proud,  
 Tho' sinners despise me for shouting so loud ;  
 For death will soon call me, and then I shall fly,  
 To praise my dear Jesus in mansions on high.

9 Through millions of ages sweet notes I'll employ  
 In praising my Jesus, my hope and my joy :  
 The glorified spirits, and angels around,  
 Shall all be delighted to join the glad sound.

HYMN 177. C. M.

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

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

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

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,  
 With beams of mercy shine !  
 And let thy healing voice impart  
 A taste of joys divine.

HYMN 178. P. M.

**B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine  
 Had wasted his estate,  
 He begs a share among the swine,  
 To taste the husks they eat !

2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,  
 "I starve in foreign lands ;  
 My father's house has large supplies,  
 And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,  
 Fall down before his face ;  
 Father, I've done thy justice wrong,  
 Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,  
 To seek his father's love ;  
 The father saw the rebel come,  
 And all his bowels move.

5 He ran and fell upon his neck,  
 Embraced and kiss'd his son ;  
 The rebel's heart with sorrow breaks  
 For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"  
 The father gives command :  
 Dress him in garments white and clean,  
 With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain,  
 Let joy and mirth abound ;  
 My son was dead, and lives again ;  
 Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN 179. P. M.

**T**HE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,  
 Which, flowing in Eden, in streams from  
 above ;

Refresh'd every moment the first happy pair,  
 Till sin stopp'd the torrent, and brought in despair.

2 Oh wretched condition ! what anguish and pain !  
 They thirst for the fountain, and seek it in vain ;

To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,  
They drink, but the draught still increases their  
grief.

3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we com-  
plain!

Our Jesus has open'd the fountain again;  
Now mingled with mercy, and rich with free grace,  
From Zion 't is flowing to all the lost race.

4 How happy the prospect! how pleasant the road!  
When led down the stream by the angel of God;  
Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last,  
A river so boundless it cannot be pass'd.

5 Come, sinners, poor sinners! it's boundless and  
free,

In Eden once flowing, 't was open'd for thee;  
'This water has virtue to heal all complaints—  
Come, drink, ye diseased, and rejoice with the  
saints.

6 Say not, "I'm a sinner, and must not partake,"  
For this very reason the Lord bids you take;  
Say not, "Too unworthy, the vilest of all:"  
For *such*, not the righteous, the Lord came to call.

7 Come, all ye dead sinners, here life you may  
find;

Come, all ye poor beggars, ye halt and ye blind;  
The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you too:  
Come, call all your neighbours, they're welcome  
with you.

8 Come, Christians, let's venture along down the  
stream;

The shallows are pleasing, but oh let us swim:  
Let's bathe in the ocean of infinite love,  
And wash, and be pure as the angels above.

## HYMN 180. L. M.

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

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
 He loved me notwithstanding all;  
 He saved me from my lost estate,  
 His loving kindness, oh how great!

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

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

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

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail!  
 Oh! may my last expiring breath  
 His loving kindness sing in death!

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

## HYMN 181. L. M.

**J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
 Ashamed of thee! whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star;  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
 Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
 No—when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed 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 oh! may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

7 His institutions I will prize,  
 Take up my cross—the shame despise;  
 Dare to defend this noble cause,  
 And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 182. L. M.

**H**AIL! 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;  
 Despised the offers of his grace,  
 Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrap in dark Egyptian night,  
And fond of darkness more than light,  
Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure without a hiding-place.

4 But lo! 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 heavenly 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 sevenfold storms of thunder roll,  
And shake the globe from pole to pole,  
No thunderbolt 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 suns 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 183. P. M.

**T**HE voice of free grace  
Cries, "Escape to the mountain,  
For Adam's lost race  
Christ hath open'd the fountain.

For sin and transgression,  
 And every pollution,  
 His blood flows most freely  
 In streams of ablution.

## CHORUS.

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

2 That fountain so clear,  
 In which all may find pardon,  
 From Jesus's side  
 Flows plenteous redemption;  
 Though your sins were increased  
 As high as a mountain,  
 His blood it flows freely:  
 Oh come to this fountain.

*Hallelujah, &c.*

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

*Hallelujah, &c.*

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

*Hallelujah, &c.*

## HYMN 184. C. M.

- A**LL hail the power of Jesu's name,  
 Let angels prostrate fall,  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 To 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, ye martyrs of your God,  
 Who from his altar call;  
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Ye seed 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 the trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

## HYMN 185. P. M.

**F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down the golden sand:

From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What tho' the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
 Tho' every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile:  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strewn,  
 The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Can we, to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation, O salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

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

## HYMN 186. P. M.

**T**HEY have gone to the land where the patri-  
 archs rest,  
 Where the bones of the prophets are laid,  
 Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd,  
 And Jehovah his wonders display'd:

To the land where the Saviour of sinners once  
 trod,  
 Where he labour'd, and languish'd and bled,  
 Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascended to  
 God,  
 As he captive captivity led.

2 They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy  
 have gone,  
 To the land where the martyrs once bled ;  
 Where the "Beast and False Prophet" have since  
 trodden down  
 The fair fabric that Zion had laid ;  
 Where the churches, once planted, and water'd  
 and blest  
 With the dews which the spirit distill'd,  
 Have been smitten, despoil'd, and by heathens  
 possess'd ;  
 And the places that knew them defiled.

3 They go to the land where the Indians now  
 dwell,  
 Impell'd by the love of their Lord ;  
 His love to proclaim, and His mercy to tell,  
 As reveal'd in his excellent word.  
 "Thy blessing go with them, O be thou their  
 shield  
 From the shafts of the fowler that fly ;  
 O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd  
 In mercy and might from on high."

## HYMN 187. C. M.

**L**ET saints on earth their anthems raise,  
 Who taste the Saviour's grace ;  
 Let saints in heaven proclaim his praise,  
 And crown him Prince of Peace.

- 2 Ye martyrs, who in glory sit,  
Reclining at your ease,  
Cast *your* bright crowns at Jesu's feet,  
And crown *him* Prince of Peace.
- 3 Kings, princes, potentates, and powers,  
Rise from your ancient place,  
And lay your glitt'ring honours by,  
And crown him Prince of Peace.
- 4 Ye warriors, lay your weapons down,  
For wars and strife shall cease ;  
Bow down to God's eternal Son,  
And crown him Prince of Peace.
- 5 Ye islands of the sea, rejoice—  
Behold your near release!  
Make to the Lord a joyful noise,  
And crown him Prince of Peace.
- 6 Ye Indians of America,  
Your glad hosannahs raise,  
Unite with injured Africa,  
And crown him Prince of Peace.

## HYMN 188. P. M.

**E**VERLASTING praise to Jesus,  
Men and angels, sound his fame ;  
He has suffer'd to release us  
From eternal pain and shame ;  
Hallelujah !  
Endless praises to his name.

- 2 Tell the news through every nation,  
To the earth's remotest bound :  
Let the tidings of salvation  
By Emanuel, freely sound ;  
Full redemption,  
In his sacrifice is found.

3 Waft, ye winds, the wondrous story  
 Spread the joy with every breath ;  
 The immortal Prince of glory  
 Bought our ransom with his death ;  
 He delivers  
 All that look to him by faith.

4 Every land shall soon be bless'd,  
 With the knowledge of the Lord ;  
 Christ by all shall be confess'd,  
 Trusted, follow'd, and adored ;  
 Hallelujah !  
 Saviour, shed thy light abroad.

## HYMN 189. P. M.

**W**HAT could your redeemer do,  
 More than he hath done for you ?  
 To procure your peace with God,  
 Could he more than shed his blood ?  
 After all his flow of love,  
 All his drawings from above,  
 Why will ye your Lord deny ?  
 Why will ye resolve to die ?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn ;  
 By his love, your God makes known,  
 He would have you turn and live,  
 He would all the world receive.  
 If your death were his delight,  
 Would he you to life invite ?  
 Would he ask, beseech, and cry,  
 " Why will ye resolve to die ? "

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near  
 Dare not think him insincere :  
 Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,  
 All day long he spreads his hands !

Cries, "Ye will not happy be,  
 No, ye will not come to me ;  
 Me, who life to none deny ;  
 Why will ye resolve to die ?"

4 Can ye doubt if God is love ?  
 If to all his bowels move ?  
 Will ye not his word receive ?  
 Will ye not his oath believe ?  
 See, the suff'ring God appears,  
 Jesus weeps, believe his tears,  
 Mingled with his blood, they cry,  
 "Why will ye resolve to die ?"

## HYMN 190. C. M.

**M**Y God was with me all the night,  
 And gavè me sweet repose ;  
 His angels watch'd me while I slept,  
 Or I had never rose.

2 Now for the mercies of the night,  
 My humble thanks I'll pay,  
 And unto God I'll dedicate  
 The first fruits of the day.

3 In pressing dangers, fears and death,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore,  
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

4 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
 And death, when death must be my lot  
 Shall join my soul to thee.

## HYMN 191. P. M.

**F**ROM the regions of love,  
 Lo ! an angel descended,  
 And told the strange news  
 How the babe was attended ;

Go, shepherds, and visit  
 This wonderful stranger,  
 See yonder bright star—  
 There's your Lord in the manger.

## CHORUS.

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

2 Glad tidings I bring  
 To you and each nation ;  
 Glad tidings of joy,  
 Now behold your salvation :  
 When sudden a multitude  
 Raise their glad voices,  
 And shout the Redeemer,  
 While heaven rejoices.

*Hallelujah, &c.*

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

*Hallelujah, &c.*

4 Enraptured I burn  
 With delight and desire,  
 A love so divine  
 Sets my soul all on fire :  
 Around the bright throne  
 Now hosannahs are ringing,  
 Oh, when shall I join them,  
 And be ever singing!

*Hallelujah, &c.*

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

*Hallelujah, &c.*

HYMN 192. L. M.

**W**HEN marshall'd on the nightly plain  
 The glittering host bestud the sky;  
 One star alone, of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks  
 From every host, from every gem;  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks;  
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud—the night was dark  
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd  
 The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
 And through the storms, and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd—my peril o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever, and for ever more,  
 The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

## HYMN 193. P. M.

**A**ND are our joys so quickly fled?  
We, who were fill'd with living bread,  
With calm delight and peace;  
Constrain'd, into the ship we go,  
And now the boist'rous vi'lence know  
Of these strong winds and seas.

2 To shipwreck our weak faith and hope,  
Satan has raised a tempest up;  
Prince of the lower air,  
The world he actuates and guides,  
And in that troubled ocean rides,  
And reigns despotic there.

3 But lo! in our distress we see  
The Saviour walking on the sea,  
Even now he passes by;  
He silences our clam'rous fear,  
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,  
Be not afraid, 't is I."

4 "'T is I, who bought you with my blood!  
'T is I, who bring you wash'd to God!  
'T is I, the sinner's friend!  
'T is I, in whom you pardon have!  
Who speak the truth, mighty to save,  
And love you to the end."

5 Ah! Lord, if it be thou indeed,  
So near us in the time of need,  
So good, so strong to save;  
Stretch out thy hand and ask me "Why,  
Why didst thou doubt or fear, when I,  
Thy Lord, had bid thee live."

## HYMN 194. C. M.

**A**H, what can I, a sinner, do,  
 With all my guilt opprest ?  
 I feel the hardness of my heart,  
 And conscience knows no rest.

2 Great God, thy good and perfect law  
 Does all my life condemn,  
 'The secret evils of my soul  
 Fill me with fear and shame.

3 How many precious Sabbaths gone,  
 I never can recall ;  
 And Oh, what cause have I to mourn,  
 Who misimproved them all !

4 How long, how often have I heard  
 Of Jesus, and of heaven ;  
 Yet scarcely listen'd to his word,  
 Or pray'd to be forgiven !

5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,  
 And grant renewing grace ;  
 For thou this flinty heart canst break,  
 And thine shall be the praise.

## HYMN 195. P. M.

**E**NCOURAGED 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 would'st disdain :  
 But those which move thy gracious ear,  
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.

- 3 I have no right to say,  
That though I now am poor,  
Yet once there was a day  
When I possessed more ;  
Thou knowest, from my very birth,  
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor dare I to profess,  
As beggars often do,  
Though great is my distress,  
My faults have been but few ;  
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,  
It would be what I should deserve.
- 5 Nor dare I to pretend  
I never begg'd before,  
And if thou now befriend,  
I'll trouble thee no more :  
Thou often hast relieved my pain,  
And often I must come again.
- 6 Though crumbs are much too good  
For such a wretch as I,  
No less than children's food,  
My soul can satisfy :  
O, do not frown and bid me go,  
Until a blessing thou bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be,  
Thy bounties to conceal  
From others, who, like me,  
Their wants and hunger feel ;  
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,  
And try to send ten thousand more.
- 8 Thy ways, thou only wise,  
Our ways and thoughts transcend,  
Far as the arched skies  
Above the earth extend :  
Such pleas as mine men would not hear,  
But God receives the beggar's prayer.

## HYMN 196. P. M.

**J**ESUS to every willing mind,  
 Opens a heavenly treasure ;  
 In him the sons of sorrow find  
 Sources of real pleasure ;  
 See what employments men pursue ;  
 Then you will own my words are true,  
 Jesus alone unfolds to view  
 Sources of real pleasure.

2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem,  
 Fading and transitory ;  
 Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,  
 Or a delusive story :  
 Luxury leaves a sting behind,  
 Wounding the body and the mind ;  
 Only in Jesus can we find  
 Pleasure and solid glory.

3 Learning, that boasting, glitt'ring thing  
 Scarcely is worth possessing :  
 Riches, for ever on the wing,  
 Scarce can be call'd a blessing :  
 Fame, like a shadow, flies away,  
 Titles and dignities decay,  
 Nought but religion can display  
 Joys that are free from trouble.

4 Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,  
 Is but a painted bubble ;  
 Short are the triumphs wit bestows,  
 Full of deceit and trouble ;  
 Sensual pleasures swell desire,  
 Just as the fuel feeds the fire ;  
 Religion can real bliss inspire,  
 Bliss that is worth possessing.

## HYMN 197. P. M.

**A**S much have I of worldly good,  
 As e'er my master had ;  
 I diet on as dainty food,  
 And am as richly clad :  
 Tho' plain my garb, tho' scant my board,  
 As Mary's son, and nature's Lord.

2 The manger was his infant bed,  
 His home the mountain cave,  
 He had not where to lay his head,  
 He borrow'd e'en his grave :  
 Earth yielded him no resting spot—  
 Her Maker—but she knew him not.

3 As much the world's goods will I share,  
 Its favour and applause,  
 As he whose blessed name I bear ;  
 Hated without a cause,  
 Despised, rejected, mock'd by pride,  
 Betray'd, forsaken, crucified.

4 Why should I court my Master's foe ?  
 Why should I fear its frown ?  
 Why should I seek for rest below,  
 Or sigh for brief renown ?  
 A pilgrim to a better land,  
 An heir of joys at God's right hand.

## HYMN 198. P. M.

What's this that rises in my soul ?  
 Is it grace ? Is it grace ?  
 That makes my life of sin look foul ?  
 Is it grace ? Is it grace ?  
 This work that's in my soul begun,  
 It makes me strive all sin to shun,  
 It plants my soul beneath the Throne,  
 Where mercy's free—mercy's free !

2 Great God of Love! I can't but wonder,  
 Mercy's free—mercy's free!  
 Though I've no price at all to tender,  
 Mercy's free—mercy's free!  
 Though mercy's free, our God is just,  
 And if a soul should e'er be lost,  
 This will torment the sinner most,—  
 Mercy's free—mercy's free!

3 Swell, swell, oh swell the Heavenly chorus!  
 Mercy's free—mercy's free!  
 The Devil's Kingdom falls before us:  
 Mercy's free—mercy's free!  
 Sinner repent, enquire the road  
 That leads to glory and to God,  
 And wash in Christ's atoning blood—  
 Mercy's free—mercy's free!

4 This truth through all our life shall cheer us,  
 Mercy's free—mercy's free!  
 And through the vale of Death shall bear us,  
 Mercy's free—mercy's free!  
 And when to Jordan's brink we come,  
 And cross the raging billows foam,  
 We'll sing, when safely landed home,  
 Mercy's free—mercy's free!

## HYMN 199. P. M.

**M**Y soul is full of glory,  
 Inspiring my tongue;  
 Could I meet with angels,  
 I would sing them a song;  
 I would sing of my Jesus,  
 And tell of his charms,  
 And beg them to bear me  
 To his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're descending  
To hear what I sing ;  
Well pleased to hear mortals  
Praising their king :  
O angels, O angels !  
My soul's in a flame,  
I faint in sweet raptures  
At Jesus's name.

3 O Jesus ! O Jesus !  
Thou balm of my soul,  
'T was thou, my dear Jesus,  
That made my heart whole :  
O bring me to view thee,  
Thou precious sweet King,  
In oceans of glory  
'Thy praises to sing.

4 O heaven ! sweet heaven !  
I long to be there,  
To meet all my brethren,  
And Jesus my dear :  
Come angels ! come angels !  
I'm ready to fly,  
Come, quickly convey me  
To God in the sky.

5 Sweet Spirit attend me,  
Till Jesus shall come,  
Protect and defend me  
Till I am call'd home :  
Though worms my poor body  
May claim as their prey,  
'T will outshine, when rising,  
The sun at noon-day.

6 The sun shall be darken'd,  
The moon turn'd to blood ;  
The mountains all melt  
At the presence of God ;

Red lightnings may flash,  
 Loud thunders may roar,  
 All this cannot daunt me  
 On Canaan's blest shore.

7 A glimpse of bright glory  
 Surprises my soul,  
 I sink in sweet visions  
 To view the bright goal :  
 My soul, while I'm singing,  
 Is leaping to go :  
 This moment for heaven  
 I'd leave all below.

8 Farewell, my dear brethren,  
 My Lord bids me come ;  
 Farewell, my dear sisters,  
 I'm now going home ;  
 Bright angels are whisp'ring  
 So sweet in my ear,  
 Away to my Saviour  
 My spirit they'll bear.

9 I'm going, I'm going,  
 But what do I see ?  
 'Tis Jesus in glory  
 Appears unto me !  
 I'm going, I'm going,  
 I'm going, I'm gone !  
 O glory ! O glory !  
 'Tis done ! it is done !

10 To the regions of glory  
 The spirit is fled,  
 And left this poor body  
 Inactive and dead ;  
 With angelic armies  
 In glory to blaze,  
 On Jesus's beauties  
 For ever to gaze.

11 When the six seals shall open,  
 The trumpet shall sound ;  
 To awake God's dear children  
 That sleep under ground :  
 Their souls and their bodies  
 Shall then join in one,  
 And each from their Saviour  
 Receive a bright crown.

## HYMN 200. L. M.

**I**'M glad that I am born to die,  
 From grief and woe my soul shall fly ;  
 Bright angels shall convey me home,  
 Away to new Jerusalem.

*Hallelujah.*

2 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
 I hope to praise him after death,  
 I hope to praise him when I die,  
 And shout salvation as I fly.

*Hallelujah.*

3 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,  
 My Saviour smiles, and bids me come ;  
 Sweet angels beckon me away,  
 To sing God's praise in endless day.

*Hallelujah.*

4 I soon shall pass the vale of death,  
 And in his arms I'll lose my breath ;  
 And then my happy soul shall tell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

*Hallelujah.*

5 I soon shall hear the awful sound,  
 Awake, ye nations under ground ;  
 Arise and drop your dying shrouds,  
 And meet king Jesus in the clouds.

*Hallelujah.*

6 When to that blessed world I rise,  
 And join the anthems in the skies,  
 This note above the rest shall swell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.  
*Hallelujah.*

7 Then shall I see my blessed God,  
 And praise him in his bright abode ;  
 My theme through all eternity,  
 Shall glory, glory, glory be.  
*Hallelujah.*

## HYMN 201. P. M.

**I**N the house of king David a fountain did spring,  
 For sin and transgressions, from Jesus our king ;  
 This fountain flows sweetly, whenever applied,  
 It sprang from the bowels of Christ when he died.

2 Come all that have bathed in the fountain of  
 love,  
 And have felt the heavy burthen of guilt to re-  
 move ;  
 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 re-  
 main,  
 We look for the coming of Jesus again ;  
 When waked 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 declare  
 But we shall be like him when he doth appear ;  
 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 full 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 202. P. M.

**M**Y gracious Redeemer I love !  
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
 And join with the armies above,  
 To shout his adorable name.

2 To gaze on his glories divine,  
 Shall be my eternal employ ;  
 And feel them incessantly shine,  
 My boundless ineffable joy.

3 He freely redeem'd 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.

4 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
 Your pride with disdain I survey ;  
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
 And pass in a moment away.

5 The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;  
 My joy everlastingly flows—  
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

## HYMN 203. S. M.

**A**WAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
 Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,  
 Sing of his rising power ;  
 Sing, how he intercedes above,  
 For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart  
 Ascending with our tongue ;  
 Sing, till the love of sin depart,  
 And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
 In Christ, the eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,  
 " Ye blessed children, come ;"  
 Soon will he call us hence away,  
 And take his wand'ers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue  
 His endless praise proclaim ;  
 And sweeter voices tune the song  
*Of Moses and the Lamb.*

## HYMN 204. P. M.

**Y**E angels, who stand round the throne,  
 And view my Emanuel's face,  
 In rapturous songs make him known ;  
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise ;  
 He form'd you the spirits you are,  
 So happy, so noble, so good ;  
 When others sunk down in despair,  
 Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
 His grace and his glory display,  
 And all his rich mercy repeat :  
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—  
 He ransom'd from death and despair ;  
 For you he was mighty to save,  
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh, when will the period appear  
 When I shall unite in your song?  
 I'm weary of lingering here,  
 And I to your Saviour belong!  
 I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay;  
 I struggle and pant to be free;  
 I long to be soaring away,  
 My God and my Saviour to see!

4 I want to put on my attire,  
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;  
 I want to be one of your choir,  
 And tune my sweet harp to his name:  
 I want—Oh, I want to be there,  
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—  
 Your joy and your friendship to share—  
 To wonder, and worship with you!

## HYMN 205. P. M.

## THE PREACHER'S ADIEU.

**A** DIEU, my dear brethren, adieu,  
 Reluctant I give you my hand,  
 No more to assemble with you,  
 Till we on mount Zion shall stand.  
 My heart swells with tender regret,  
 'To leave your embraces so soon,  
 Though heaven my course must direct,  
 And others succeed in my room.

2 Your acts of benevolence past,  
 Your gentle compassionate love,  
 Henceforth in my mem'ry shall last,  
 Though far from your sight I remove.  
 While roving the wilds of the west,  
 When through foreign regions I steer,  
 Still friendship inspiring my breast,  
 Shall then drop her own native tear.

3 Our labours will shortly subside,  
 For vigour and life must decay,  
 But wisdom and truth shall abide,  
 To pilot our souls on the way.  
 As time rolls his seasons around,  
 And truth shall new teachers inspire,  
 O may we in love still abound,  
 And after new conquests aspire.

4 Our seasons of converse are o'er,  
 Till mortal commotions are past,  
 Till nature and time are no more,  
 Or we are in Paradise blest,  
 Sweet comforting spirit, draw near,  
 And shed forth thy luminous rays,  
 My parting reflections to cheer,  
 And change lamentation to praise.

5 O may we conform to his will,  
 Aspiring for glory and peace,  
 Our covenant vows to fulfil,  
 Till Jesus shall sign our release.  
 Till suddenly wafted above,  
 Where saints in sweet harmony meet,  
 To feel all the pleasures of love,  
 And each happy conqueror greet.

## HYMN 206. L. M.

**Y**E sons of the main, ye that sail o'er the flood,  
 Whose sins, big as mountains, have reach'd  
 up to God.

Recollect your short voyage of life soon will end,  
 Then come, brother sailors, make Jesus your  
 friend.

2 Look astern on your life, see your wake mark'd  
 with sin,  
 Look ahead! see what torments you'll soon found  
 der in:

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

Then your vessel and cargo will all sink to hell.

3 Lay by your old compass, 't will do you no good,  
It ne'er will direct you the right way to God ;

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

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

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

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

Your leading-star, Jesus, keep full in your view,  
You 'll weather the danger, he 'll guide you safe  
through.

5 Renounce your old captain, the devil, straight-  
way,

The crew that you sail with, will lead you astray ;  
Desert their black colours, come under the red,

Where Jesus is captain to conquest be led.

6 His standard's unfurl'd, see it wave through  
the air,

And volunteers coming from far off and near ;

Now's the time, brother sailor, no longer delay,

Embark now with Jesus, good wages he 'll pay.

7 The bounty he 'll give when the voyage doth  
begin,

Is justification and freedom from sin ;

Good usage he 'll give, while you sail on the way,

And shortly you 'll anchor in heaven's broad bay.

8 In the harbour of glory for ever you 'll ride,

Free from quicksands, and dangers, and sin's rapid  
tide ;

Waves of death cease to roll, and tempests are o'er  
The hoarse breath of Boreas dismast thee no  
more.

9 Your tarpaulin jacket, no longer you'll wear,  
But robes of bright glory all shining and fair;  
A crown on your head, that would dazzle the sun,  
And from glory to glory eternally run.

HYMN 207. P. M.

**R**ISE, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
Lay aside thy mourning,  
Wipe away those falling tears,  
Cease this inward groaning.  
Though thy sins like mountains rise  
Though they reach to heaven,  
Jesus lives above the skies,  
They may be forgiven.

2 Once a man of sorrows, he  
Wrestled in the garden,  
Died upon the shameful tree,  
To procure thy pardon—  
Rose triumphant from the grave,  
Lives thy great Redeemer,  
Strong and powerful to save  
Ev'ry true believer.

3 Wherefore then with fears dismay'd,  
Why with grief dejected?  
All that seek shall find his aid,  
None shall be rejected.  
Rise and prove his faithful word,  
Feel his pardon flowing,  
Let thy faith embrace its Lord,  
All his goodness knowing.

4 He thy burden shall remove,  
 Speak thy sins forgiven,  
 Crown thee with his peace and love,  
 Turn thy hell to heaven;  
 Guide thee by his counsel here,  
 Still thy strength renewing,  
 Save from every anxious care,  
 All thy foes subduing.

5 And when earth, with all its strife,  
 Thou in peace art leaving;  
 When the dearest cords of life  
 Death's strong hand is reaving,  
 Thou, my soul, shalt mount on high,  
 Gain thy heavenly treasure,  
 Live with God, no more to die,  
 In those realms of pleasure.

## HYMN 208. L. M.

**S**PARE, mighty God, in mercy spare  
 The creatures of thy sov'reign will;  
 Sweep nature's poison from the air,  
 And say in pity, "Peace, be still!"

2 'Mid gloomy fears from day to day  
 Thy creatures live, Eternal King,  
 O, chase their gloomy thoughts away,  
 And shield them with thy mighty wing.

3 Let not the scourge of Asia sweep  
 O'er fair Columbia's wide domain,  
 But lull the poisonous blast to sleep,  
 Or waste it on the western main.

4 Hear us, thy guilty creatures, Lord!  
 Let mercy be thy motto still,  
 But if we need thy chastening rod,  
 Fit us! O fit us for thy will.

- 5 Thus shall the sons of earth rejoice,  
By land and flood, with one accord;  
And every heart and every voice  
Shall sing the goodness of the Lord.

## HYMN 209. P. M.

**A**LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,  
The budding fig-tree droop and die,  
No oil the olive yield;  
Yet will I trust me in my God,  
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,  
And by his grace be heal'd.

2 Though fields in verdure once array'd,  
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
Or parch'd by scorching beam;  
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
My joy; for, though his frown is just,  
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the fold the flock decay,  
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,  
And round the empty stall;  
My soul above the wreck shall rise,  
Its better joys are in the skies,  
There, God is all in all.

## HYMN 210. L. M.

**I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Who lives by angels now ador'd;  
That Jesus who once died for me,  
Who bore my sins in agony.

2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,  
Nor to defend his noble cause;  
The way he's gone, is mark'd with blood,  
O may I tread the steps he trod.

3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear  
 With those who his disciples are ;  
 Christian, sweet name, its worth I view  
 O may I wear its nature too.

4 I'm not asham'd to bear my cross,  
 For which I count all things as dross ;  
 Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,  
 If Christ command I will obey.

5 I'm not asham'd to be despis'd,  
 By those who ne'er religion priz'd :  
 Nor will I prove to Christ untrue  
 For all that man can say or do.

6 This world's vain honours I will shun,  
 The narrow way to life I'll run,  
 That this at last my boast may be,  
 My Saviour's not ashamed of me.

## HYMN 211. P. M.

COME, my brethren, let us try,  
 For a little season,  
 Every burthen to lay by ;  
 Come, and let us reason.

2 What is this that casts you down ?  
 What is this that grieves you ?  
 Speak, and let the worst be known,  
 Speaking may relieve you.

3 Christ at times by faith I view,  
 And it doth relieve me,  
 But my doubts return anew,  
 They are those that grieve me.

4 Troubled like the restless sea,  
 Feeble, faint and fearful,  
 Plagu'd with every sore disease,  
 How can I be cheerful ?

- 5 Think on what your Saviour bore  
 In the gloomy garden,  
 Sweating blood at every pore,  
 To procure thy pardon.
- 6 View him nailed to the tree,  
 Bleeding, groaning, dying,  
 Since he suffer'd this for thee,  
 Therefore be believing.
- 7 Joseph took his body down,  
 Shrouded it in linen,  
 Laid it in the silent tomb,  
 And returned mourning.
- 8 Jesus rises from the tomb,  
 Angels tell the story ;  
 See what glory shines around,  
 Hallelujah, glory.
- 9 Brethren, don't you feel the flame ?  
 Sisters, don't you love him ?  
 Let us join to praise his name,  
 Let us never grieve him.
- 10 Soon we 'll meet to part no more,  
 Soon we 'll meet in heaven,  
 There we 'll join the saints above,  
 And forever praise him.

## HYMN 212. P. M.

**W**HEN I set out for glory,  
 I left the world behind,  
 Determin'd for a city,  
 That 's out of sight, to find.

## CHORUS.

*And to glory I will go—  
 And to glory I will go—I'll go, I'll go,  
 And to glory I will go.*

2 I left my worldly honour—  
 I left my worldly fame—  
 I left my young companions,  
 And with them my good name.

*And to glory, &c.*

3 Some said I'd better tarry—  
 They thought I was too young  
 For to prepare for dying—  
 But that was all my theme.

*And to glory, &c.*

4 Come, all my loving brethren  
 And listen to my cry ;  
 All you that are backsliders  
 Must shortly beg or die.

CHORUS.

*And to begging I will go—  
 And to begging I will go—will go, will go,  
 And to begging I will go.*

5 The Lord he loves the beggar,  
 Who truly begs indeed ;  
 He always will relieve him  
 Whene'er he stands in need.

*And to begging, &c.*

6 I do not beg for riches,  
 Nor to be dressed fine :  
 The garment that he'll give me,  
 The sun it will outshine.

*And to begging, &c.*

7 I'm not ashamed to beg  
 While here on earth I stay ;  
 I'm not ashamed to watch—  
 And I'm not ashamed to pray.

*And to begging, &c.*

8 The richest man I ever saw  
 Was one that begg'd the most ;  
 His soul was fill'd with Jesus,  
 And with the Holy Ghost.

*And to begging, &c.*

9 And now we are encouraged,  
 Come let us travel on,  
 Until we join the angels,  
 And sing the holy song,

*And to glory, &c.*

HYMN 213. C. M.

**J**ESUS! thou art the sinner's friend ;  
 As such I look to thee ;  
 Now in the bowels of thy love,  
 O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,  
 Remember Calvary ;  
 Remember all thy dying groans,  
 And then remember me.

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

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

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

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

## HYMN 214. P. M.

**O**N the brink of fiery ruin,  
 Justice, with a flaming sword,  
 Was my guilty soul pursuing,  
 When I first beheld my Lord.

2 Terrified with Sinai's thunder,  
 Straight I flew to Calvary,  
 Where I saw, with love and wonder,  
 Him, by faith, who died for me

3 "Sinner," he exclaim'd, "I've loved thee  
 With an everlasting love;  
 Justice has in me approved 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:  
 'T is the God that holds the thunder  
 Shows himself the God of grace.

## HYMN 215, P. M.

**R**ICHEST source of purest pleasure,  
Fountain whence our comfort flows,  
More to be desired than treasure ;  
Treasure which this world bestows.

2 These afford us poor enjoyment  
As the world recedes to view :  
Thou canst yield us sweet employment,  
As we bid the world adieu.

3 Dearest source of consolation,  
Refuge to the poor distress'd,  
Thou canst calm our perturbation,  
Thou canst give the weary rest.

4 Bid the billows, loudly raging,  
Calmly at thy voice subside ;  
Bid the clouds, that storms presaging,  
Soon to distant quarters glide.

5 As the evening sun declining,  
Sheds around a softer ray,  
May thy milder radiance shining,  
Calmly gild our closing day.

6 As the soul, released from trouble,  
Views with joy its sorrows past,  
Views them as an empty bubble  
On the billowy ocean cast.

7 Oh ! how sweet, in retrospect,ion,  
Pains and sorrows well endured ;  
'T was through suffering—sweet reflection,  
Christ our brightest hopes procured.

8 Let us then, on him reclining,  
For his sake our patience prove ;  
Sure, we oft, without repining,  
Suffer much for those we love.

9 Soon this path, so dark and dreary,  
 Shall in fairer scenes expand ;  
 Soon the traveller, faint and weary,  
 Shall behold the promised land.

## HYMN 216. P. M.

**A**LMIGHTY love inspire my heart with pure  
 desire,  
 Until the sacred fire my soul doth renew,  
 I love the blessed Jesus, on whom each angel  
 gazes,  
 And symphony increases, above the ethereal blue.

2 My tender-hearted Jesus, thy love my soul ama-  
 zes,  
 Who came from heaven to save us, when lost and  
 undone ;  
 No angel could redeem us, no seraph could re-  
 trieve us,  
 No arm could relieve us, but Jesus alone.

3 In him I have believed, he has my soul re-  
 trieved,  
 From sin he has redeem'd my soul that was dead,  
 And now I love my Saviour, for I am in his fa-  
 vour,  
 And hope with him forever, the golden streets to  
 tread.

4 Yet here awhile I stay, in hope of that glad day,  
 Till I'm called away to the mansions above :  
 There to enjoy the treasure of unconsuming plea-  
 sure,  
 And shout in highest measure, hallelujahs of love.

## HYMN 217. C. M.

**J**ESUS, I love thy charming name,  
 'Tis music to my ear,  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
 That earth and heaven 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.

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.

## HYMN 218. P. M.

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

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

2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distress'd,  
 I thought that in torments I soon should be cast,  
 No peace to my conscience, but all misery,  
 Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 O sinner, said Jesus, for you I have died;  
 All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied:  
 The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice,  
 The blood was applied, the witness and voice.

4 On my low bended knees before God I did fall,  
 And glory to Jesus, for he's all in all:  
 The heart of his rebel was bursted in twain,  
 To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace  
 upon earth,  
 The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth;  
 Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say,  
 Oh, witness kind heaven, on this my birth-day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground ;  
 The time of refreshing at length I have found ;  
 O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy  
     charms,  
 Let me die like old Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

## HYMN 219. P. M.

COME and taste, along with me,  
 Consolation running free,  
 From our Father's wealthy throne,  
 Sweeter than the honey-comb.

2 Wherefore should I feast alone,  
 Two are better still than one ;  
 The more comes in with a free good-will  
 Makes the banquet sweeter still.

3 Now I go to heaven's door,  
 Asking for a little more :  
 Jesus gives a double share,  
 Calling me his chosen heir.

4 Goodness running like a stream,  
 Through the New Jerusalem,  
 And by a constant breaking forth,  
 Sweetens earth, and heaven both.

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

6 Now my body doth its best,  
 For to keep me back from Christ ;  
 But a treasure coming in,  
 Doth oppose my inbred sin.

7 Sinful nature, hatching vice,  
 Cannot stop the force of grace ;  
 Whilst there is a God to give,  
 And a sinner to receive.

8 Heaven's here and heaven's there,  
 Comfort's flowing every where!  
 This I boldly do profess,  
 That my soul hath got a taste.

9 Now I go rejoicing home,  
 From the banquet of perfume!  
 Finding manna on the road,  
 Dropping from the mount of God.

## HYMN 220. L. M.

**H**OW happy every child of grace,  
 The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace,  
 That bears the fruits of righteousness,  
 And kept by Jesus' power!  
 Their trespasses are all forgiven,  
 They antedate the joys of heaven:  
 In rapturous lays  
 Shout the praise  
 Of Jesus' grace  
 To a lost race  
 Of sinners, brought to happiness  
 Through th' atoning blood of Jesus.

2 Satan may tempt, and hell may rage,  
 And all the powers of earth besiege;  
 Their united strength at once engage  
 To pluck a soul from Jesus:  
 The faithful soul laughs them to scorn,  
 He's heaven bound, he's heaven born,  
 He'll watch and pray,  
 Night and day,  
 Fight his way,  
 Win the day,  
 And all his enemies dismay,  
 Through the mighty name of Jesus.

3 Oh monster death, thy sting is drawn!  
O boasting grave! no trophy's won!

The saint triumphs through grace alone,  
To praise the name of Jesus.

At length he bids the world adieu,  
With all its vanity and show—

The soul it flies

Through the skies,

To paradise,

And joins its voice,

In rapturous lays of love, to praise

The glorious name of Jesus.

4 When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,  
And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,  
And swear that time is at an end,

Ye dead, arise to judgment.

See lightnings flash and thunders roll,

The earth wrapt like a parchment scroll;

Comets blaze,

Sinners raise,

Dread amaze

And horrors seize

The guilty sons of Adam's race,

Unsaved from sin by Jesus.

5 The Christian, fill'd with rapturous joy,  
'Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high,  
To meet his Saviour in the sky,

And see the face of Jesus.

Then soul and body reunite,

And fill'd with glory infinite:

Blessed day!

Christians, say—

Will you pray

That we may

All join that happy company,

To praise the name of Jesus?

## HYMN 221. C. M.

**G**OD counts the sorrows of his saints,  
 Their groans affect his ears;  
 He has a book for their complaints,  
 A bottle for their tears.

2 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
 Can give us day for night,  
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
 To rivers of delight.

3 Let those who sow in sadness, wait  
 Till the fair harvest come;  
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
 And shout the blessing home.

## HYMN 222. C. M.

**W**HEN languor and disease invade  
 This trembling house of clay,  
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,  
 And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
 The whispers of 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 223. C. M.

**W**ITH joy let each afflicted saint  
 This cheering truth behold;  
 That when he's tried he shall not faint,  
 But shall come forth as gold.

2 This privilege, oh Lord! I claim,  
 Nor am I here too bold,  
 That from the trying, fiery flame,  
 I may come forth as gold.

3 What though the furnace burns on high,  
 Still to this truth I'll hold,  
 'Tis but design'd my soul to try,  
 I shall come forth as gold.

4 Herein his wisdom and his love  
 Will God to me unfold;  
 And from the furnace I shall prove,  
 He'll bring me forth as gold.

5 He'll kindly thus consume my dross,  
 So in this world I'm told;  
 Nor can I suffer real loss,  
 But shall come forth as gold.

6 Thus he'll conform me to his word,  
 And cast me in that mould;  
 And through the goodness of my Lord  
 I shall come forth as gold.

7 Thus will I sing his praises here,  
 Whose mercies are of old ;  
 And when in glory I appear,  
 I shall come forth as gold.

## HYMN 224. L. M.

**I**N God let all his saints rejoice,  
 With thankful heart, and cheerful voice,  
 Thus saith his word, so kind, so true,  
 "I, even I, will comfort you."

2 Sweet words ! oh let us bless his name,  
 And joyful all his praise proclaim ;  
 These words shall foes and fears subdue,  
 "I, even I, will comfort you."

3 Are you in darkness and distress ?  
 Does Satan roar and break your peace ?  
 Fear not, but still the truth review,  
 "I, even I, will comfort you."

4 Do sore afflictions on you lay,  
 And pungent sorrow, day by day ?  
 Look to this word, 't will bear you through,  
 "I, even I, will comfort you."

5 If death in gloomy form appear,  
 And overwhelm your souls with fear,  
 Let this sweet word your faith renew,  
 "I, even I, will comfort you."

6 Thus while you sojourn here below,  
 As pilgrims in this world of woe,  
 Make this your song, your journey through,  
 "I, even I, will comfort you."

7 And when each happy soul attains  
 That blissful state where glory reigns,  
 This song shall all his powers employ,  
 "God is my comfort and my joy."

## HYMN 225. L. M.

**C**HILDREN of God, renounce your fears;  
 Lo! Jesus for your help appears,  
 And loudly speaks, as he draws nigh,  
 "Be not afraid, for *it is I.*"

2 When in the awful tempest tost,  
 You feel your strength and courage lost,  
 And mighty waves roll o'er your head,  
 Your Lord is near, *be not afraid.*

3 When mournful tidings come from far,  
 Or nations raise tumultuous war,  
 And wide their devastations spread,  
 Yet he is near, *be not afraid.*

4 The famine, pestilence, and sword,  
 Are all obedient to his word;  
 He, riding on the stormy sky,  
 Says, "Fear ye not, for *it is I.*"

5 When earthly joys are from you torn,  
 Or when with heart-felt grief you mourn,  
 To see your dear relations dead;  
 Yet Jesus lives, *be not afraid.*

6 When fierce disease attacks your frame,  
 Your Saviour's love is still the same;  
 In death's dark shade you need not fear,  
 For Jesus will be with you there.

7 When stars are from their orbits hurl'd,  
 And flames consume the guilty world,  
 E'en then your Judge will smiling cry,  
 "Be not afraid, for *it is I.*"

## HYMN 226. C. M.

**"I** LOVE the Lord," is still the strain  
 My heart delights to sing;  
 Though oft my heart suggests again,  
 "Perhaps 't is no such thing."

2 Before the power of love divine,  
 Creation fades away ;  
 Till only God is seen to shine,  
 In all that we survey.

3 Nor exile I, nor prison fear,  
 Love makes my courage great ;  
 I find a Saviour every where,  
 His grace in every state.

4 Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,  
 Exclude his quick'ning beams ;  
 There I can sit, and sing, and weep,  
 And dwell on heavenly themes.

5 A Saviour kindles all my joys,  
 And sweetens all my pains,  
 His strength in my defence employs,  
 Consoles me, and sustains.

6 I fear no ill, resent no wrong,  
 Nor feel a passion move,  
 When malice whets her sland'rous tongue ;  
 Such patience is in love.

HYMN 227. P. M.

**O**H! that I had some humble place,  
 Where I might hide from sorrow ;  
 Where I might see my Saviour's face,  
 And there be freed from terror.  
 Oh! had I wings like Noah's dove,  
 I'd leave this world and Satan,  
 And fly away to realms above,  
 Where Jesus stands inviting.

2 My heart is often made to mourn,  
 Because I'm faint and feeble ;  
 And when my Saviour seems to frown,  
 My soul is fill'd with trouble.

But when he doth again return,  
 And I repent my folly ;  
 'T is then I after glory run,  
 And still my Jesus follow.

3 I have my bitter and my sweet,  
 While through this world I travel ;  
 Sometimes I shout, and often weep ;  
 Which makes my foes to marvel.  
 But let them think, and think again,  
 I feel I'm bound for heaven ;  
 I hope I shall with Jesus reign,  
 I therefore still will praise him.

4 I want to live a Christian here ;  
 I want to die while shouting ;  
 I want to feel my Saviour near,  
 When soul and body's parting,  
 I want to see bright angels stand,  
 And waiting to receive me ;  
 To bear my soul to Canaan's land,  
 Where Christ is gone before me.

## HYMN 228. P. M.

**S**WEET 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 229. C. M.

**S**WEET muse descend, and bless the shade,  
 And bless the evening grove !  
 Business, and noise, and day are fled,  
 And every care but love.

2 'T is no mean beauty of the grove,  
 That hath enslaved my eyes ;  
 I faint beneath a nobler wound  
 Than love below the skies.

3 Jesus has all my powers possess'd,  
 My hopes, my fears, my joys :  
 He, the dear sov'reign of my breast,  
 Shall still command my voice.

4 Some of the fairest choirs above,  
 Shall flock around my song,  
 With joy to hear the name they love  
 Sound from a mortal's tongue.

5 His charms shall make my numbers flow ;  
 And hold the falling flood,  
 While silence sits on every bough,  
 And bends the list'ning wood.

6 I'll carve his passion on the bark,  
 And every wounded tree  
 Shall droop, and bear some mystic mark,  
 That Jesus died for me.

7 The swains shall wonder when they read,  
 Inscrib'd on all the grove,  
 That heaven itself came down and bled,  
 To win a mortal's love.

## HYMN 230. C. M.

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

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—'t is almost o'er,  
 We're joining those who're gone before,  
 We then shall meet to part no more.

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

3 The little cloud increases still,  
 The heavens are big with rain ;  
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,  
 And all its moisture drain :  
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows ;  
 Oh pour the mighty flood ;  
 And sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
 Till all proclaim thee God.

4 When thou shalt make thy jewels up,  
 And set thy starry crown ;  
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
 By thee proclaim'd thine own ;  
 May we, a little band of love,  
 Be sinners saved by grace :  
 From glory into glory changed,  
 Behold thee face to face.

## HYMN 231. P. M.

**B**RIGIT scenes of glory strike my sense,  
 And all my passions capture,  
 Eternal beauties round me shine,  
 Infusing warmest rapture.  
 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 show my joys,  
 Nor can an angel tell them ;  
 Ten thousand times surpassing all  
 Terrestria! worlds or emblems.

3 The blis 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.

4 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 heav'n's radiant glory,  
 And tell through one eternal day,  
 Love's all immortal story.

· HYMN 232. P. M.

**T**HERE shall we reign with Jesus, on that de-  
 lightful shore,  
 And shout with the redeemed our trials being o'er ;  
 The wicked cease from troubling, the weary are  
 at rest,  
 And we shall reign with Jesus, eternal ages blest.

2 We shall be like the angels in that immortal  
 throng,  
 And shouting his salvation will be our lasting song ;  
 They sing creating-goodness, and we redeeming  
 love,  
 And this shall be our business, in the bright worlds  
 above.

3 This love so freely flowing, it animates our heart,  
 This love is still abounding, in every place and  
 part ;  
 This love can ne'er be ended, though faith and  
 hope should cease,  
 This love can ne'er be bounded, but ever will  
 increase.

4 This love through endless ages, it ever is the same ;  
 'Tis this our heart engages, to love and serve the Lamb ;  
 Unites us all together, and makes us of one soul :  
 It is the balm of Gilead, it makes the wounded whole.

## HYMN 233. P. M.

**T**HERE 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 gain'd 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  
Inclin'd me long to stay :  
I sought her dreams and shadows,  
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 :  
In 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 of the bright temple,  
 And crowns above the sky.

## HYMN 234. P. M.

**V**ITAL 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 quite ?  
 Steals my senses ? shuts my sight ?  
 Drowns my spirit ? draws my breath ?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

3 The world recedes, it disappears !  
 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 235. L. M.

**O** MAY I worthy prove to see,  
 The saints in full prosperity ;  
 To see the bright, the glittering bride,  
 Close seated by her Saviour's side.

2 I'm glad that I am born to die,  
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;  
Bright angels shall convey me home,  
Away to New Jerusalem.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
I hope to praise him after death;  
I hope to praise him when I die,  
And shout salvation as I fly.

4 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,  
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;  
Kind angels beckon me away:  
To sing his praise in endless day.

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

6 There I shall see my blessed God,  
And praise him in his bright abode;  
My theme through all eternity,  
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

## HYMN 236. C. M.

**I**N vain my fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death,  
The glories that surround the saints,  
When yielding up their breath.

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks—  
We scarce can say, "They're gone!"  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,  
To trace her in her flight;  
No eye can pierce without the veil  
Which hides the world of light.

- 4 Thus much, and this is all we know,  
They are completely blèst ;  
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,  
His face they always view :  
Then let us follow'rs be of them,  
That we may praise him too.
- 6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,  
Should make their mem'ry dear ;  
And, Lord, do thou their prayers fulfil,  
They offered for us here.
- 7 While they have gain'd, we losers are,  
We miss them day by day ;  
But thou canst every breach repair,  
And wipe our tears away.
- 8 We pray as in Elisha's case,  
When great Elijah went—  
May double portions of thy grace  
To us who stay be sent.

## HYMN 237. C. M.

**D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,  
If God be with us there ;  
We may walk through its darkest shade,  
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,  
If my Creator bid ;  
And run if I were call'd to go,  
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,  
And view the promised land,  
My flesh itself would long to drop,  
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,  
 I would forget my breath,  
 And lose my life among the charms  
 Of so divine a death.

## HYMN 238. P. M.

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

2 Come then, O my soul, meditate on that day,  
 When all things in nature shall cease and decay;  
 When the trumpet shall sound, the angels appear,  
 To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tare.

3 Then hear the sad wailing ascend to the sky,  
 Of those in distress that have no where to fly;  
 On the rocks and the mountains they anxiously call,  
 Their souls and their sins to o'erwhelm by their fall.

4 But 't will all be in vain, the mountains will flee,  
 The rocks fly like hailstones, and shall no more be;  
 The earth it shall shake—the seas shall retire,  
 And the works of creation shall all be on fire.

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

6 Then, O, wretched sinners, look up and espy  
 The glorious Redeemer descend from the sky,  
 In a chariot of fire to the earth he is bound,  
 With a guard of bright angels attending around.

7 Come hither, ye nations, your sentence receive,  
 No longer my spirit shall strive and be grieved ;  
 My sentence is right, my judgment is just,  
 Come hither, ye blest, but depart all ye curst.

8 O sinners, take warning, and seek ye the Lord,  
 I have not been jesting, 't is Jesus' own word,  
 That those who believe, in glory shall stand,  
 While all unbelievers are sure to be damn'd.

9 Now farewell, I leave you to ponder your way,  
 May the Lord seal instruction from what I now  
     say ;  
 That our souls to God's throne may be pour'd out  
     in pray'r,  
 And we be prepared to meet Christ in the air.

HYMN 239. P. M.

**H**ARK ! the heralds of salvation !  
 Joyful news the angels bring :  
 God himself in earth hath enter'd,  
 Jesus is the new-born King.  
     Hail, all glory, hail, all glory,  
     Let the whole creation sing.

2 Shepherds start from midnight slumber,  
 See the glory shining round,  
 Gazing on the blaze they wonder,  
 Till they're prostrate on the ground :  
     Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
     By the shepherds, doth resound.

3 Fear not, shepherds, saith the angel,  
 Banish sorrow from your eyes ;

For in Bethlehem's coarse manger,  
 God, a spotless infant, lies :  
 See Jehovah ! see Jehovah !  
 Veil'd in clay below the skies.

4 Haste away, ye eastern sages,  
 See ! the star proclaims your God ;  
 Fear not Herod, though he rages,  
 Sending peals of death abroad :  
 Rachel mourning, Rachel mourning,  
 For her children he destroy'd.

5 Sinners rage, each saint rejoices,  
 At the great Redeemer's birth,  
 Angels join their cheerful voices,  
 "Good will to men, and peace on earth!"  
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
 Glory in the Saviour's birth.

6 Let all people have salvation,  
 Saith the heralds from above ;  
 Sound his name through every nation,  
 Teach the world redeeming love ;  
 Go, ye heralds ! go, ye heralds !  
 Spread his name where'er ye rove.

7 Jesus, spread thy gospel glory,  
 Save poor dying souls from hell ;  
 Let all nations bow before thee,  
 Love thy name, and with thee dwell :  
 Haste, ye heralds ! haste, ye heralds !  
 Your Redeemer's name to tell.

## HYMN 240. P. M.

**F**AITH is the Christian's prop,  
 Whereon his sorrows lean,  
 It is "the substance of his hope,  
 His proof of things unseen."  
 It is the anchor of his soul,  
 When tempests rage and billows roll.

2 Faith is the polar star,  
 That guides the Christian's bark;  
 Directs his wand'ring when afar,  
 To reach the holy ark;  
 It points the course where'er he roam,  
 And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form,  
 Hung on the brow of heaven;  
 The glory of the passing storm,  
 The pledge of mercy given.  
 It is the bright triumphal arch  
 Through which the saints to glory march.

4 Faith is the mountain rock,  
 Whose summit towers on high;  
 Secure above the tempest's shock,  
 An inmate of the sky.  
 Fix'd on a prize of greater worth,  
 It views with scorn the things of earth.

5 The faith that works by love,  
 And purifies the heart,  
 A foretaste of the joys above  
 To mortals can impart.  
 The Christian's faith is simply this:  
 A passport to immortal bliss.

### HYMN 241. P. M.

#### DEDICATION HYMN.

**S**ING to the Lord above,  
 Who deigns on earth to raise  
 Temples, where boundless love  
 Demands our songs of praise.  
 Upon this floor, by every tongue,  
 While saints adore, his name be sung.

2 We labour'd not in vain,  
With God our prayers prevail'd,  
Mountains were made a plain,  
And opposition fail'd.  
The head-stone's laid, now let the place  
Resound with shoutings unto grace.

3 This sacred dome, O Lord,  
To thee we dedicate,  
Thy name we here record,  
And at thine altar wait.  
O, may thy love our hearts inspire,  
Celestial love impart the fire.

4 May heaven's high arch be bow'd,  
O glory shine around,  
As when the sacred cloud  
The Jewish temple crown'd.  
With saints of old we'll bless the Lord,  
His truth unfold, his love record.

5 Here may the Spirit's sword  
The sinner's conscience wound,  
And here the cheering word  
Of God's rich grace abound:  
To soothe the pensive mourner's grief,  
And grant the burden'd mind relief.

6 May saints with joy report,  
Who in his temple wait,  
This is Jehovah's court,  
'Tis heaven's expanding gate.  
May bliss divine from Zion roll,  
And love benign fill every soul.

7 Then when the Judge commands,  
Our souls shall soar away  
From temples made with hands  
To that in endless day.  
We'll join our lays with angels bright,  
To sing his praise in worlds of light.

## HYMN 242. P. M.

**D**ANIEL'S wisdom may I know,  
Stephen's faith and spirit show,  
John's divine communion feel,  
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal,  
Run like the unwearied Paul,  
Win the day, and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess,  
Lydia's tender-heartedness,  
Peter's ardent spirit feel,  
James's faith by works reveal ;  
Like young Timothy may I  
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission may I show,  
David's true devotion know,  
Samuel's call, O may I hear,  
Lazarus' happy portion share ;  
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire  
All my new-born soul inspire.

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,  
Gideon's valiant steadfast care,  
Joseph's purity impart,  
Isaac's meditating heart,  
Abraham's friendship may I prove,  
Faithful to the God of love.

5 Most of all, may I pursue,  
That example Jesus drew ;  
By my life and conduct show  
How he lived and walk'd below,  
Day by day, through grace restored,  
Imitate my blessed Lord.

6 When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasting lamps are dead,

When in cold oblivion's shade,  
 Youth and fame and power are laid,  
 Where immortal spirits reign,  
 'There may we all meet again.

## HYMN 243. C. M.

**O** THAT I had a faithful friend,  
 To tell my secrets to,  
 On whose advice I might depend,  
 In every thing I do.

2 How do I wander up and down,  
 And no one pities me !  
 I seem a stranger quite unknown,  
 A son of misery !

3 None lends an ear to my complaint,  
 Nor minds my cries nor tears ;  
 None comes to cheer me though I faint,  
 Nor my vast burden bears.

4 Whilst others live in mirth and ease,  
 And feel no want or woe,  
 Through this waste howling wilderness,  
 I full of sorrows go.

5 O faithless soul, to reason thus,  
 And murmur without end !  
 Did Christ expire upon the cross ?  
 And is he not thy friend ?

6 Why dost thou envy carnal men,  
 And think their state so blest ?  
 How great salvation hast thou seen,  
 And Jesus is thy rest !

7 What can this lower world afford,  
 Compared with gospel grace ?  
 Thy happiness is in the Lord,  
 And thou shalt see his face !

- 8 Can present grief be counted great,  
 Compared with future woes?  
 Will transient pleasure seem so sweet,  
 Compared with endless joys?
- 9 How soon will God withdraw the scene,  
 And burn the world he made!  
 Then woe to sinful carnal men!  
 My soul, lift up thy head.
- 10 Thy Saviour is thy real friend,  
 Constant and true and good;  
 He will be with thee to the end,  
 And bring thee safe to God.
- 11 Then why, my soul, art thou so sad?  
 When will thy sighs be o'er?  
 Rejoice in Jesus, and be glad,  
 Rejoice for evermore.

## HYMN 244. P. M.

- I**N 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 given;  
 Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,  
 Singing as I wade to heaven,  
 Sweet affliction,  
 And my sins are all forgiven.
- 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 power:  
 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,  
 Every word my love demands.
- 6 All I meet I find assists me  
 In my path to heavenly joy,  
 Where, though trials now attend me,  
 Trials never more annoy;  
 Sweet affliction,  
 Every 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 245. P. M.

**D**EAREST Jesus, though unseen,  
 My believing heart will love thee,  
 Poor despised Nazarene;  
 A kind and constant friend I prove thee:  
 Sinking in thy balmy blood,  
 O how I love my Saviour God!

2 Day and night I vent my sighs,  
 Languishing to see my Saviour,  
 With warm heart and streaming eyes,  
 I view my dying Lord forever:

Here I always would abide :  
O nothing may I know beside.

3 Like the widow'd turtle-dove,  
I, most lovely Lamb, adore thee :  
Pants my soul quite fill'd with love,  
Sinking, O my God, restore me  
To thy presence sweet and free—  
O how I long to be with thee !

4 Every mountain seems an age,  
Till thy presence shall relieve me,  
And thy grace my woes assuage,  
And thy absence no more grieve me :  
Quickly, quickly, Jesus come,  
O make my heart thy constant home.

5 O'er the hills I see him come—  
Quick as darts the piercing lightning,  
Scatters all my guilt and gloom ;  
All my powers are quick and brightening :  
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb,  
O how thy presence feeds my flame.

HYMN 246. P. M.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints !

To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,  
And their precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free ;  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee :  
Though now my temptations like billows may  
foam,

All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at  
home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my day,  
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace !  
The spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face :  
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
And find even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,  
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee, at Home.

## HYMN 247. P. M.

**T**HE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of  
his ire ;

Self-moving, it drives on its path-way of cloud,  
And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead  
are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,  
The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord ;  
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,  
And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all  
heard ;

Lo, the depths of the stone-cóver'd monuments  
stirr'd !

From ocean and earth, from the south pole and  
north,

Lo, the vast generations of ages come forth !

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are  
 all set,  
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are  
 met:  
 All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,  
 Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with love;  
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are  
 driven,  
 May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

## HYMN 248. P. M.

**F**OR what shall I praise thee, my God and my  
 King?  
 For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?  
 Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health and for  
 ease,  
 For the spring of delight and the sunshine of  
 peace?

2 Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloom'd on  
 my breast,  
 For joys in perspective, and pleasures possess'd?  
 For the spirits that heighten'd my days of delight,  
 And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

3 For this should I praise thee! but, if only for this,  
 I should leave half untold the donation of bliss:  
 I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,  
 For the thorns I have gather'd, the anguish I bear:

4 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,  
 A present of pain, a perspective of fears;  
 I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,  
 For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestow'd.

5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is  
 flown,  
 They yielded no fruits, they are wither'd and gone,  
 The thorn it was poignant but precious to me,  
 'T was the message of mercy,—it led me to thee.

. HYMN 249. P. M.

**L** ORD, our ransom'd souls adore thee,  
 Thou our joy and portion art :  
 Day and night we plead before thee—  
 Answer, Lord—thy grace impart,  
 Send thy Spirit,  
 Pierce, O pierce the stubborn heart.

2 Ah ! dear Lord, they 're bound for ruin,  
 Hast'ning down to endless woe :  
 While their danger we are viewing,  
 Streams of briny sorrow flow,  
 Lord, alarm them,  
 Or to ruin they must go !

3 See, dear Lord, our near connexions,  
 Dear companions all around,  
 Brothers, sisters, children, parents,  
 Down to desperation bound.  
 Jesus, save them.  
 Let the lost again be found.

4 Prayers and tears, alas ! we 've vented :  
 Shall we weep and pray in vain ?  
 Yet, alas ! they seem contented !  
 Nought but scoffs and frowns we gain.  
 Jesus, save them,  
 Save them, Lord, from endless pain.

5 Death, it may be, now is near them,  
 Soon they 'll feel his cold embrace :  
 Gracious Heaven, shall we hear them  
 Mourn thy long rejected grace ?  
 Lord, constrain them  
 Now to seek a Saviour's face.

6 Lord, we view the separation,  
 At thy great tremendous bar;  
 Mourning, weeping, lamentation,  
 Must be their employment there.  
 Must we see them  
 Stand their awful doom to hear?

7 Must we there be separated,  
 Never, never more to meet?  
 Mournful scene, long contemplated!  
 Lord, and is there mercy yet?  
 Lay them prostrate,  
 Precious Jesus, at thy feet.

8 Lord, display thy matchless power,  
 Pierce their stubborn hearts of stone;  
 Make them dread that awful hour—  
 Bow them, Lord, before thy throne.  
 Save them Jesus,  
 Save them, save them for thine own.

HYMN 250. P. M.

**W**HEN weeping Mary came to seek  
 Her loving Lord and Saviour,  
 'T was early as the morning broke,  
 With tears to gain his favour;  
 The guardian soldiers wait around,  
 The tomb that held the body;  
 Of him whom she thought under ground,  
 With wicked hands all bloody.

2 But how her mournful heart was torn,  
 To find the grave was empty!  
 In solemn silence she did mourn,  
 While onward she did venture:  
 Two Angels in bright raiment shone,  
 To anticipate her sorrow;  
 And say why does this creature moan,  
 And why this gloomy horror?

3 Why weep ye Mary, they did say,  
 Why are you thus in mourning?  
 Because they've ta'en my Lord away,  
 Whom I thought to've seen this morning.  
 I'll sigh and weep, poor Mary said,  
 Till I know where they've laid him!  
 Then quickly turning round her head,  
 Began for to upbraid them.

4 As Jesus by her stood unknown,  
 She thought he was the gard'ner:  
 In flowing tears she made her moan,  
 Not knowing 't was her pard'ner:  
 Come tell me where you've laid my Lord,  
 Exclaim'd poor weeping Mary;  
 Some comfort to my mind afford,  
 So much oppress'd and wearied.

5 O weeping Mary! said the man;—  
 She then perceived her Saviour;  
 And to his feet she weeping ran,  
 Not fearing harm or danger.  
 And now like Mary let us go,  
 And kiss the feet of Jesus,  
 He'll banish all our grief and woe,  
 From sorrow he'll relieve us.

## HYMN 251. P. M.

**W**HEN toss'd on error's stormy tide,  
 From doubt to darkness driven,  
 'T was thine my wandering thoughts to guide,  
 And bid the world no more divide  
 My erring heart from heaven.

2 As more to fancy's wildering song,  
 That heart's applause was given;  
 To charm it from the joyless throng,  
 Thy warning seem'd to breathe along,  
 The holy lyre of heaven.

3 But though the warning voice was sweet,  
 As the last sigh of even,  
 My soul within its dark retreat  
 Reluctant shrunk, and fear'd to meet  
 A messenger from heaven.

4 Yet soon the chain that bound my soul,  
 By mercy's hand was riven ;  
 I saw the clouds asunder roll,  
 And truth, unerring as the pole,  
 Allured me back to heaven.

5 My grateful heart must ever glow,  
 While life and strength are given,  
 With feelings those alone can know.  
 Whom thou hast led to seek below,  
 The blissful hope of heaven.

HYMN 252. P. M.

**W**HEN pulse beats low, and cheeks grow pale.  
 And storms of life are fiercely driven ;  
 When fairest prospects quickly fail,  
 How sweet to have *a hope in heaven !*

2 When friends that seem'd most near and dear  
 Are from our bosoms swiftly riven,  
 And life's bright joys in gloom appear,  
 How sweet to have *a hope in heaven !*

3 When lone and wand'ring far from home,  
 No kind relief to us is given,  
 O, what would then of us become,  
 If we had not *a hope in heaven ?*

4 And when the end is drawing nigh,  
 Of life, through which we long have striven,  
 And we at last must droop and die,  
 How sweet to have *a hope in heaven !*

## HYMN 253. P. M.

**M**Y heart and my tongue shall unite in the  
 praise  
 Of Jesus my Saviour for mercy and grace ;  
 He purchased my pardon by shedding his blood,  
 And bids me inherit the peace of my God.

2 My lot may be lowly, my parentage mean,  
 Yet born of my God there are glories unseen,  
 Surpassing all joys among sinners on earth,  
 Prepared for souls of a heavenly birth.

3 Redeem'd from a thousand allurements to sin,  
 I find in my cottage my heaven begin ;  
 And soon shall I lay all my poverty by,  
 Then mansions of glory for ever enjoy.

4 By the sweat of my brow now I labour for bread,  
 Yet guarded by him, not an evil I dread ;  
 And while I 'm possess'd of all riches in thee,  
 My poverty comes with a blessing to me.

5 My labouring dress I shall soon lay aside  
 For a robe bright and splendid, a dress for a bride—  
 A bride that is married to Jesus the Lamb,  
 Shall be clad in the robes which are ever the same.

6 If my fare should be scant while I travel below,  
 Yet a feast that 's eternal shall Jesus bestow ;  
 No sorrow, no sighing, shall ever annoy  
 The heavenly banquet I there shall enjoy.

7 If my labouring body goes weary to rest,  
 Yet saved by the mercy of Jesus I 'm blest :  
 Fresh strength for my labour on earth he bestows.  
 And above I shall bask in eternal repose.

## HYMN 254. P. M.

**O** LORD, how great's the favour,  
 That we, such sinners poor,  
 Can, through thy death's sweet savour,  
 Approach thy mercy's door,  
 And find an open passage  
 Unto the throne of grace,  
 There wait the welcome message,  
 Which bids us go in peace!

2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,  
 Full of the deepest need,  
 Throughout defiled by nature,  
 Stupid and inly dead;  
 Our strength is perfect weakness,  
 And all we have is sin;  
 Our hearts are all uncleanness,  
 A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,  
 Who shall afford us aid?  
 Where shall we find compassion,  
 But in the church's head?  
 Jesus, thou art all pity,  
 Oh! take us to thine arms,  
 And exercise thy mercy,  
 To save us from all harms.

4 We'll never cease repeating  
 Our numberless complaints,  
 But ever be entreating  
 The glorious King of saints;  
 Till we attain the image  
 Of him we inly love,  
 And pay our grateful homage  
 With all the saints above.

5 Then we, with all in glory,  
 Shall thankfully relate  
 Th' amazing, pleasing story,  
 Of Jesu's love so great:  
 In this blest contemplation,  
 We shall for ever dwell,  
 And prove such consolation  
 As none below can tell.

## HYMN 255. P. M.

**D**AUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness,  
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;  
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Day-star of gladness;  
 Arise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,  
 And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far:  
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them:  
 How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee,  
 Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel shall be:  
 Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,  
 The oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

## HYMN 256. P. M.

**I**F 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 ne'er o'erflow  
The Rock of thy salvation.

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

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

5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his  
blow,  
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow,  
For death shall bring to thee no sting,  
The grave no desolation :  
'Tis gain to die with Jesus nigh,  
The Rock of thy salvation.

HYMN 257. 'C. M. D.

**T**O see a pilgrim as he dies,  
With glory in his view,  
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,  
And bids the world adieu ;

While friends are weeping all around,  
 And loth to let him go;  
 He shouts with his expiring breath,  
 And leaves them all below!

2 Oh Christians! are you ready now  
 To cross the swelling flood?  
 On Canaan's happy shore behold,  
 And see your smiling God:  
 The dazzling charms of that bright world  
 Attract my soul above;  
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,  
 When perfected in love.

3 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,  
 I'm bound to meet you there;  
 Although we tread enchanted ground  
 Be bold, and never fear:  
 Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,  
 (Your Captain is in view:)  
 And when I gain fair Canaan's land,  
 I hope to meet with you.

4 Salvation through our conqu'ring King,  
 Now let the echo fly;  
 While they repeat the song above,  
 Through armies in the sky.  
 Oh Christians! help me praise the Lamb,  
 Who died for you and me!  
 We'll sing his praises as we go,  
 And shout eternally.

5 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,  
 Until we meet again,  
 Perhaps in time, or as we rise  
 Above the fiery main;  
 We'll join the heavenly armies bright,  
 In presence of the Lamb,  
 And tune our harps and sing free grace,  
 In love's eternal flame,

## HYMN 258. P. M.

**H**OW sweet to reflect on those joys that await  
me,

In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,  
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet  
me,

And lead me to mansions prepar'd for the blest ;  
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,  
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,  
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,  
And range with delight thro' the *Eden of Love*.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tun'd celestial,  
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,  
The saints, as they flock from the regions terres-  
trial,

In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise :  
The song of redemption shall echo thro' heaven,  
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given  
All glory, all honour, all might and dominion,  
Who brought us thro' grace, to the *Eden of Love*.

3 Hail ! blessed estate ! Hail ye songsters of glory !

Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above !  
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,  
" Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love."  
Though prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation,  
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation  
Of joys that await me when freed from probation :  
My heart's now in heaven, the *Eden of Love*.

## HYMN 259. P. M.

**I** LOVE my blessed Saviour,  
I feel I'm in his favour,  
And I am his forever,  
If I but faithful prove ;

And now I'm bound for Canaan,  
I feel my sins forgiv'n,  
And soon shall get to heaven,  
To sing of his love.

2 Poor sinners may deride me,  
And unbelievers chide me,  
But nothing shall divide me  
From Jesus my friend:  
Supported by his power,  
I long to see the hour,  
That bids my spirit tower,  
And all my troubles end.

3 The pleasing time is hast'ning,  
My tott'ring frame is wasting,  
While I'm engaged in praising,  
Impelled by his love.  
When yonder shining orders,  
Who sing on Canaan's borders,  
Shall bear me to their Lord, there  
To praise him above.

4 My thirsty soul is panting,  
My body almost fainting,  
While praise and pray'r are venting,  
From my feeble tongue.  
How ardent my desire!  
Lord Jesus, raise me higher,  
To join the holy choir,  
In that immortal song.

5 Farewell, I'm bound for glory,  
How pleasing is the story!  
Those shining worlds before me,  
Invite me to be gone.  
Had I angels' pinions,  
I'd range the bright dominions,  
And join the shining millions,  
Who're shouting round the throne.

6 The pleasing smile of Jesus,  
 The rapturous sound increases,  
 And tunes the heavenly voices,  
 Throughout the ethereal plains.  
 My flesh and spirit failing,  
 My soul in transports hailing,  
 Bright seraphs in their dwelling,  
 I sing immortal strains.

HYMN 260. P. M.

**J**ESUS, while he dwelt below,  
 As divine historians say,  
 To a place would often go;  
 Near to Kedron's brook it lay;  
 In this place he loved to be,  
 And 't was named *Gethsemane*.

2 Full of love to man's lost race,  
 On this conflict much he thought;  
 This he knew, the destined place,  
 And he loved the sacred spot.  
 Therefore 't was he liked to be  
 Often in *Gethsemane*.

3 Came at length the dreadful night;  
 Vengeance with its iron rod  
 Stood, and with collected might  
 Bruised the harmless Lamb of God.  
 See, my soul, thy Saviour see,  
 Grovelling in *Gethsemane*.

4 There my Saviour bore my guilt;  
 This through grace can be believed;  
 But the horrors which he felt,  
 Are too vast to be conceived:  
 None can penetrate through thee,  
 Doleful, dark *Gethsemane*.

5 Sins against a holy God,  
 Sins against his righteous laws—  
 Sins against his love, his blood—  
 Sins against his name and cause—  
 Sins immense as is the sea,  
 Hide me, O *Gethsemane*.

6 Saviour, all the stone remove  
 From my flinty, frozen heart;  
 Thaw it with the beams of love—  
 Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart:  
 Wound the heart that wounded thee;  
 Melt me in *Gethsemane*.

## HYMN 261. P. M.

**S**EE how the Scriptures are fulfilling;  
 Poor sinners are returning home:  
 The time that prophets were foretelling,  
 With signs and wonders now is come:  
 The gospel trumpets now are blowing  
 From sea to sea, from land to land;  
 God's Holy Spirit is down pouring,  
 And Christians joining heart and hand.

2 Ten thousand fall before Jehovah,  
 For mercy—mercy!—loud they cry;  
 They rise, all shouting "hallelujah!"  
 And "glory be to God on high:"  
 But many cry, "It's all disorder,"  
 And disbelieve God's holy word;  
 Yet Christians sing and shout the louder,  
 "All glory, glory to the Lord."

3 Oh, sinners! hear our invitation!  
 You are but feeble, dying worms;  
 Oh, fly to Jesus for salvation,  
 Or you must meet God's awful storms:

We warn you in the name of Jesus,  
 The awful Judge of quick and dead ;  
 But if you still refuse to hear us,  
 Your blood shall be upon your head.

4 Now God is calling every nation,  
 The bond and free, the rich and poor ;  
 These are the days of visitation ;  
 Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er :  
 The Lord shall come, all clothed in thunder,  
 And lightning streaming from his eye ;  
 Oh ! then he 'll cut his foes asunder,  
 And cast them where the damned lie.

5 The sun affrighted from his centre,  
 Sinks into everlasting night ;  
 The stars to shine now dare not venture,  
 The moon in crimson veils her light :  
 The sea and land together burning,  
 The flames ascend the melting skies ;  
 All nature now to nought 's returning !  
 " Time is no more ! " the angel cries.

6 Now Zion, clothed in brilliant glory,  
 Marches towards the dazzling throne ;  
 Oh, hearken to the pleasant story ;—  
 When Christ his charming bride shall own ;  
 With smiling looks of approbation,  
 He takes her to his loving arms,  
 And she is fill'd with transportation,  
 Dissolved in his heavenly charms.

HYMN 262. P. M.

**A**N alien from God, and a stranger to grace,  
 I wander'd through earth, its gay pleasures to  
 trace ;

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

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

O Saviour ! direct me to heaven my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,  
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay:  
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,  
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!  
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;  
At the banquet of Mercy, I hear there is room,  
O, there may I feast with his children at home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

O Jesus, conduct me to heaven my home!

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,  
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;  
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,  
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

O when shall I share the fruition of home!

5 The days of my exile are passing away,  
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,  
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,  
And dwell in my presence for ever at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.

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

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.

HYMN 263. P. M.

**W**HEN by sin overwhelm'd, shame covers  
our face,  
We look unto Jesus, who saves us by grace;

We call on his name from the gulf of despair,  
And he plucks us from hell in answer to prayer :

Prayer, sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so feeble, there 's nothing like prayer.

2 When trials afflict us, and sorrows o'erflow,  
When patience 'is weary, or sunk into woe,  
If to him we look, on him cast our care,  
We find certain relief, in answer to prayer :

Prayer, sweet prayer,  
In all our distresses, there 's nothing like prayer.

3 When God we approach through the Son of his  
love,

Both his mercy and truth we know we shall prove ;  
For our comfort and peace his arm is made bare,  
And his grace we receive in answer to prayer :

Prayer, sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so humble, there 's nothing like prayer.

4 Holy Spirit of truth,—'t is thine to inspire  
The faith that enkindles the spark of desire !  
Which cleanses the heart, and perfumes all the air,  
With the odour of incense, ascending from prayer :

Prayer, sweet prayer,  
In all acts of devotion, there 's nothing like prayer !

5 When sickness assails, and to death we draw  
near,

We 'll face the grim monster divested of fear,  
In Jesus's love, we shall have a full share,  
While the flame is kept bright in answer to  
prayer ;

Prayer, sweet prayer,  
Both in life and in death there 's nothing like  
prayer !

## HYMN 264. P. M.

**H**OW sad are the moments when wandering  
 from God,  
 And thorny and dark is the dangerous road!  
 But light is the pathway which leads to the tomb,  
 When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus my home.  
 Home! home! sweet, sweet, home,  
 When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus my  
 home.

2 Though fading are joys which earth can bestow,  
 And false is the light which illumines us below,  
 Though sorrows, like clouds, hang around us in  
 gloom,  
 The beams of his love light me on my way home.  
 Home! home! sweet, sweet, home,  
 The beams of his love light me on my way  
 home.

3 When the tempest of life has sunk into repose,  
 And death shall the beauties of heaven disclose,  
 With all the redeem'd, I o'er it will roam,  
 And sing hallelujah to Jesus my home.  
 Home! home! sweet, sweet, home,  
 And sing hallelujah to Jesus my home.

## HYMN 265. P. M.

## FAREWELL HYMN.

**F**ARE ye well, ye favourite few,  
 I must bid you all adieu;  
 But the Lord is with you still,  
 Fear you not, but fare you well.

2 Fare ye well, ye little flock,  
 Whom the world revile and mock;  
 Keep the way to endless bliss,  
 Then you cannot fare amiss.

3 Fare ye well, my Lord's elect,  
Trials you must all expect;  
From the world, the flesh, and hell,  
But the faithful shall fare well.

4 Fare ye well, ye saints of God,  
Wash'd and cleansed in Jesus' blood:  
Strive in goodness to excel.  
Live to God, and you'll fare well.

5 Fare ye well, ye pious band,  
March ye on for Canaan's land,  
Tread on all the powers of hell,  
March in faith, and you'll fare well.

6 Fare ye well, brave soldiers dear,  
Crowns of life you all may wear:  
Christ will all your foes repel,  
Fight in faith, and you'll fare well.

7 Ye who taste a Saviour's love,  
Feel his drawings from above,  
Still endeavour to excel,  
And you'll finally fare well.

8 Fare ye well, poor sinners, too,  
Jesus Christ still waits for you;  
Now repent, and 'scape from hell,  
Flee to Christ, and you'll fare well.

9 Feeble souls, with fears opprest,  
Jesus bears you on his breast;  
He will all your foes dispel,  
Fear ye not, but fare ye well.

10 When a few more storms are o'er,  
We shall meet to part no more;  
Meet, with Jesus Christ, to dwell  
In a world where all fare well.

## HYMN 266. C. M.

'T IS sweet to rest in lively hope,  
That, when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disembodied soul  
Behold him and adore;  
Be with his likeness satisfied,  
And grieve and sin no more.

3 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.

4 If such the views which grace unfolds,  
Weak as it is below,  
What raptures must the church above,  
In Jesus' presence, know!

5 O may the unction of these truths  
For ever with me stay,  
Till, from her sinful cage dismiss'd,  
My spirit flies away!

## HYMN 267. P. M.

O JOYFUL thought! O rapturous words!  
His praises let us sing,  
Whose true and faithful word declares,  
That Jesus *shall* be king.

2 What though the enemies should rise,  
And hosts of agents bring!  
Thy word our fainting thought renews,  
Our Saviour *shall* be king.

3 The heathen *shall* destroy their gods,  
And Jesus' praise *shall* ring,  
Throughout a world which one despised,  
But then *shall* hail him king.

4 And He who once on Calvary groan'd,  
Of death once felt the sting,  
Now reigns throughout the hosts of heaven,  
And o'er his saints a king.

5 Soon will he come, and all *shall* bow,  
And all *shall* tribute bring—  
Soon the redeem'd on earth *shall* soar  
To heaven, where Christ is king.

## HYMN 268. P. M.

**C**HILD of prosperity,  
Nursling of vanity,  
Slave of preferment, of wealth and renown,  
Does love smooth thy pillow,  
Is hush'd each rude billow  
Of care in thy breast? is thy wretchedness flown?

2 Is smiling contentment  
Thy constant attendant,  
Does happiness place her green wreaths on thy  
brow?  
And joy raise thy bosom,  
With heart-felt emotion,  
And chase from thy vision each prospect of woe?

3 Ah, no! wealth and grandeur,  
And titles of honour,  
Can never impart a sweet calm to the mind;  
All, all is commotion,  
Their pleasure a notion,  
They leave no enjoyment or comfort behind.

4 Then haste to the mountain,  
Where flow from its fountain,  
The streams of enjoyment, unmingled with care;  
The Eden of pleasure,  
A permanent treasure,  
The harbour of rest, for no billows are there.

5 Your peace, like a river,  
 For ever and ever,  
 Shall glide undisturb'd in its channel along,  
 To that blissful region,  
 Where dove-eyed religion  
 Invites you—O haste ! for she beckons you on.

## HYMN 269. P. M.

**T**HE Christians of old, united in one,  
 As sheep in a fold were never alone ;  
 As birds of a feather all flock'd to their nest,  
 And shelter'd together in Jesus's breast.

2 However employ'd, their joy was the same ;  
 They never were cloy'd in hymning the Lamb ;  
 Their sole recreation to sing of his praise,  
 And publish salvation by Jesus's grace.

3 Small learning they had, and wanted no more,  
 Not many could read, but all could adore ;  
 No help from the college or school they received,  
 Content with his knowledge in whom they believed.

4 No riches had they, but riches of grace ;  
 No fondness for play, or passion for praise ;  
 No moments of leisure for trifling employ's,  
 Possess'd of the treasure in God to rejoice.

5 Men in their own eyes were children again,  
 And children were wise and solid as men ;  
 The women were fearful of nothing but sin,  
 Their hearts were all cheerful, their consciences  
 clean.

6 Wrapt up in their Lord, his service and love,  
 They lived and adored, like angels above ;  
 To keep in his favour their lives they laid down,  
 And now with their Saviour inherit the crown.

## HYMN 270. C. M.

**B**EHOLD the man, threescore and ten,  
Upon a dying bed ;  
He's run his race, and got no grace,  
An awful sight indeed.

2 Poor man ! he lies in sore surprise,  
And thus he doth complain ;  
No grace I've got, and I cannot  
Recall my time again.

3 This is the truth, I've spent my youth,  
In sinful sports and mirth ;  
Put far away the evil day,  
And scarcely thought on death.

4 My conscience then, could not refrain,  
But gave me many a check ;  
But wilfully I put him by,  
His voice I did reject.

5 God's spirit came, once and again,  
To me from realms above ;  
Alas ! but I would not comply ;  
I grieved the heavenly dove.

6 In middle age, I did engage  
In the affairs of life ;  
Some wealth to gain, that might sustain  
My children and my wife.

7 This worldly care, did prove a snare,  
The devil led me on ;  
And now, alas, this is the case,  
My day of grace is gone.

8 My sins are all, both great and small,  
 Before my fixed eye ;  
 And I must go to endless woe,  
 To burn eternally.

9 O dreadful hell, where I must dwell,  
 God's vengeance reigneth there ;  
 I yield my breath to cruel death,  
 In horror and despair.

10 My glass is run, and I'm undone,  
 No mercy can I find :  
 And instantly the man doth die,  
 And leave no hope behind.

11 An awful sight, God grant it might,  
 A warning be to all,  
 To seek God's face for saving grace,  
 And hearken to his call.

HYMN 271. P. M.

**G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God !  
 He whose words cannot be broken,  
 Form'd thee for his own abode :  
 On the rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove.  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?  
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age ?

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear !  
 For a glory and a cov'ring,  
 Showing that the Lord is near ;  
 Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night, and shade by day ;  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God :  
 'T is his love his people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings ;  
 And as priests, his solemn praises,  
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I, through grace, a member am,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name :  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show ;  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure  
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 272. P. M.

**S**OMETIMES a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings ;  
 It is the Lord who rises,  
 With healing in his wings ;  
 When comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining,  
 To cheer it after rain.

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

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

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

## HYMN 273. S. M.

**T**HE Lord my shepherd is,  
 I shall be well supplied ;  
 Since he is mine, and I am his,  
 What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place  
 Where heavenly pasture grows,  
 Where living waters gently pass,  
 And full salvation flows.

- 3 While he affords his aid,  
I'm free from every fear ;  
Though I should walk through death's dark shade  
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 4 In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 5 The bounties of thy love,  
Shall crown my following days ;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

## HYMN 274. S. M.

**S**ERVANT of God, well done !  
Rest from thy loved employ ;  
The battle's fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came,  
He started up to hear ;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame—  
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amidst alarms,  
It found him on the field,  
A veteran slumb'ring on his arms,  
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 His sword was in his hand,  
Still warm with recent fight,  
Ready that moment, at command,  
Through rock and steel to smite.

5 It was a two-edged blade,  
Of heavenly temper keen ;  
And double were the wounds it made,  
Where'er it glanced between.

- 6 'T was death to sin—'t was life  
 To all who mourn'd for sin ;  
 It kindled and it silenced strife,  
 Made war and peace within.
- 7 Oft with its fiery force  
 His arm hath quell'd the foe,  
 And laid, resistless in his course,  
 The alien armies low.
- 8 Bent on such glorious toils,  
 The world to him was loss,  
 Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,  
 He hung upon the cross.
- 9 At midnight came the cry,  
 " To meet thy God prepare !"  
 He woke—and caught his Captain's eye,  
 Then, strong in faith and prayer—
- 10 His spirit, with a bound,  
 Left its encumbering clay ;  
 His tent, at sun-rise, on the ground,  
 A darken'd ruin lay.
- 11 The pains of death are past,  
 Labour and sorrow cease ;  
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,  
 His soul is found in peace.
- 12 Soldier of Christ, well done !  
 Praise be thy new employ ;  
 And while eternal ages run,  
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

## HYMN 275. P. M.

**W**HAT are these in bright array,  
 This innumerable throng,  
 Round the altar night and day,  
 Hymning one triumphant song—

“ Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain—  
 New dominion every hour ?

2 These through fiery trials trod,  
 These from great afflictions came ;  
 Now, before the throne of God,  
 Seal'd with his almighty name,  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor palms in every hand,  
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed ;  
 Whom the Lamb, amidst the throne,  
 Shall to living fountains lead :  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
 Perfect love dispels all fears,  
 And for ever from their eyes,  
 God shall wipe away the tears.

HYMN 276. C. M. D.

COME; let us join our friends above,  
 That have obtain'd the prize,  
 And on the eagle wings of love,  
 To joy celestial rise :  
 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
 With those to glory gone :  
 For all the servants of our King  
 In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him,  
 One church above, beneath,  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream of death :  
 One army of the living God,  
 To his command we bow ;

Part of his host have cross'd the flood,  
And part is crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die:  
His militant, embodied host,  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,  
Like theirs, with glory crown'd;  
And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
And hear his trumpet sound:  
O that we now might grasp our Guide!  
O that the word were given!  
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven!

## HYMN 277. C. M.

**O** HOW extensive is thy grace,  
How rich, how full, how free!  
The needy thou delight'st to raise;  
I'll tell my wants to thee.

2 I want to fear thy sacred name,  
I want to love thee more,  
I want to feel that heavenly flame,  
Which I have felt before.

3 I want to know myself aright,  
To hear what Jesus saith;  
I want repentance in thy sight,  
I want a stronger faith.

4 I want to have my soul resign'd,  
Submissive to thy will;

I want a meek, an humble mind,  
I want my wants to feel.

5 I want a chaste and single eye :  
Thy gracious ear incline ;  
From fulness infinite supply  
This empty soul of mine.

6 Through Jesus let these blessings flow ;  
He bought them with his blood :  
Now let a worthless sinner know,  
Thy promises made good.

HYMN 278. C. M.

**L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me ;  
Once I admir'd its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more content afford ;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day,  
The stars are all conceal'd ;  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
I bid them all depart :  
His name, and love, and gracious voice  
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee ;  
But may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me !

## HYMN 279. P. M.

**S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,  
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
 When Jehovah's work begun,  
 When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise 'awoke the morn,  
 When the Prince of Peace was born,  
 Songs of praise arose, when he  
 Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,  
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
 God will make new heavens and earth,  
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb,  
 Till that glorious kingdom come?  
 No;—the church delights to raise  
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
 Learning here, by faith and love,  
 Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,  
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
 Then amidst eternal joy  
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

## HYMN 280. C. M.

**W**HEN on the margin of the grave,  
 Why did I doubt my Saviour's art?  
 Ah! why mistrust his will to save?  
 What meant that faltering of my heart?

2 'T was not the searching pain within,  
 That fill'd my coward flesh with fear;  
 Nor consciousness of outward sin,  
 Nor sense of dissolution near.

- 3 Of hope I felt no joyful ground,  
The fruit of righteousness alone;  
Naked of Christ my soul I found,  
And started from a God unknown.
- 4 Corrupt my will, nor half subdued,  
Could I his purer presence bear?  
Unchanged, unhallow'd, unrenow'd,  
Could I before his face appear?
- 5 Father of mercies, hear my call!  
Ere yet returns the fatal hour,  
Repair my loss, retrieve my fall,  
And raise me by thy quick'ning power.
- 6 My nature re-exchange for thine;  
Be thou my life, my hope, my gain;  
Arm me in panoply divine.  
And death shall shake his dart in vain.
- 7 When I thy promise Christ have seen,  
And clasped Him in my soul's embrace,  
Possessed of my salvation, then—  
Then let me, Lord, depart in peace.

## HYMN 281. L. M.

- C**AN we believe thy precious word,  
And not assemble in thy name?  
Sure, if we meet, to meet our Lord,  
And catch thy whisper "Here I am!"
- 2 Where two or three, with faithful heart,  
Unite to plead the promise given,  
As truly in the midst thou art  
As in the countless hosts of heaven.

## HYMN 282. C. M.

- H**OW peaceful is the closing scene  
When virtue yields its breath!  
How sweetly beams the smile serene,  
Upon the cheek of death!

2 The Christian's heart no fear can blight,  
 No pain his peace destroy :  
 He views, beyond the realms of light,  
 A pure and boundless joy.

3 Oh, who can gaze, with heedless sight,  
 On scenes so fair as this ?  
 Who but exclaims—" thus let *me* die,  
 And be my end like his ?"

## HYMN 283. L. M.

**A** FEW more days preserve me here ;  
 And when from earth my spirit flies,  
 O, let a child of mine be near—  
 A child of God to close mine eyes.

2 Before its strong arrest I feel,  
 Give me my death's approach to see ;  
 And having lived to serve thy will,  
 Lord, let me then depart in Thee.

## HYMN 284. P. M.

*For Children.*

**A** LMIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies,  
 Thou only good, Thou only wise ;  
 Our youthful hymns to thee we bring,  
 And hail thee UNIVERSAL KING !

2 The heavenly choirs around thy throne  
 Attune their harps to thee alone ;  
 And shall we, children, here below,  
 No praises on thy name bestow ?

3 Send down, O Lord, thy power and grace,  
 And fill our hearts with prayer and praise ;  
 Then, ceaseless, shall our songs ascend  
 In anthems to the children's Friend.

4 And while our youthful voices rise,  
 In hallelujahs to the skies,  
 Our weak endeavours, Lord, approve,  
 And every sinful thought remove.

5 And when our singing here is o'er,  
 When up to heaven our spirits soar,  
 May golden harps to us be given,  
 To sing thy endless praise in heaven.

HYMN 285. P. M.

**F**OR that bright and glorious day,  
 When truth enthron'd on Mercy's brow,  
 Shall bear a universal sway,  
 Where Error reigns in triumph now ;  
 When Jesus' name shall spread abroad,  
 And every nation own their God !

2 When man, the slave of sin and shame,  
 For freedom shall no longer sigh,  
 But catch the rapture-giving strain,  
 And raise the shout of Liberty !  
 And songs which earth has never told,  
 Shall vibrate from each harp of gold.

3 That midnight gloom which hovers o'er,  
 Where superstition rears her head,  
 Shall screen the blood-stain'd rites no more,  
 Nor bide where vice her victims led ;  
 But chasing darkness as it flies,  
 The sun of righteousness arise !

4 Earth, fill'd with radiancy divine,  
 As Eden smiled shall smile again,  
 While peace and happiness shall join,  
 To spread the Saviour's glorious reign.  
 No sigh shall heave the troubled breast,  
 No tears disturb the pilgrim's rest.

5 Blest Jesus! haste the glorious day,  
 When truth, enthron'd on Mercy's brow,  
 Shall bear a universal sway,  
 Where Error reigns and triumphs now;  
 Till guilt and misery be driven—  
 And earth again resembles heaven.

## HYMN 285. L. M.

**S**WEET were the sounds that reach'd our ears,  
 When mercy rais'd her heavenly voice;  
 'T was mercy that dispell'd our fears,  
 And bade our souls in hope rejoice.

2 All other sounds discordant seem,  
 Compar'd with mercy's heavenly song;  
 So sweet and joyful is the theme,  
 It bears our willing souls along.

3 O may we never cease to hear  
 The voice that gives our conscience rest,  
 That dissipates our guilty fear,  
 And tells us we are truly blest!

4 May mercy still remove our fear,  
 And bind our souls with cords of love!  
 Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,  
 And gives us hope of joys above.

## HYMN 287. L. M.

**W**HEN on the cross my Lord I see,  
 Bleeding to death for wretched me,  
 Satan and sin no more can move,  
 For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and náils pierce through my heart;  
 In every groan I hear a part;  
 I view his wounds with streaming eyes;  
 But see! he bows his head and dies!

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,  
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood!  
Behold his side, and venture near;  
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;  
I drink, yet still my thirst remains:  
Only the Fountain Head above  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh that I thus could always feel!  
Lord, more and more thy love reveal;  
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim  
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,  
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;  
Affords a balm for every wound,  
And Satan trembles at the sound.

HYMN 288. P. M.

**P**EACE be to this habitation;  
Peace to all that dwell therein;  
Peace, the earnest of salvation;  
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;  
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,  
Peace to worldly minds unknown;  
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,  
Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us,  
Fix in all our hearts thy home;  
With thy gracious spirit cheer us,  
Let thy sacred kingdom come;  
Raise to heaven our expectation,  
Give our favour'd souls to prove  
Glorious and complete salvation,  
In the realms of bliss above.

## HYMN 289. P. M.

**G**IVE me the faith which can remove  
 And sink the mountain to a plain ;  
 Give me the child-like praying love,  
 Which longs to build thy house again.  
 Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,  
 And all my simple soul devour !

2 I would the precious time redeem,  
 And longer live for this alone,  
 To spend and to be spent, for them  
 Who have not yet my Saviour known ;  
 Fully on these my mission prove,  
 And only breathe, to breathe thy love.

3 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,  
 Into thy blessed hands receive,  
 And let me live to preach thy word,  
 And let me to thy glory live ;  
 My every sacred moment spend,  
 In publishing the sinner's friend.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart,  
 With boundless charity divine :  
 So shall I all my strength exert,  
 And love them with a zeal like thine ;  
 And lead them to thy open side,  
 The sheep for whom the shepherd died.

## HYMN 290. L. M.

**C**OME, Christian brethren, ere we part,  
 Join every voice and every heart ;  
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,  
 One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more ;  
 But there is yet a happier shore ;  
 And there, releas'd from toil and pain,  
 Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

## HYMN 291. L. M.

**G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light:  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
 The ills that I this day have done ;  
 That with the world, myself and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed :  
 Teach me to die, that so I may  
 Rise glorious at the judgment day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose !  
 And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close ;  
 Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,  
 To serve my God when I awake.

5 O when shall I, in endless day,  
 For ever chase dark sleep away,  
 And hymns divine with angels sing,  
 Glory to thee, eternal King !

## HYMN 292. P. M.

**T**HE Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake ;  
 The mountains to their centre shake ;  
 And, withering from the vault of night,  
 The stars shed pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come ! but not the same  
 As once in lowliness He came ;  
 A silent Lamb before his foes,  
 A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come, a dreadful form !  
 With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm ;  
 On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,  
 Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, who wont to stray  
As pilgrim on the world's highway,  
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,  
The Nazarene,—the crucified ?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,  
"Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!"  
The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

## HYMN 293. P. M.

**T**HE long expected morn  
Has dawn'd upon the earth;  
The Saviour, Christ, is born,  
And angels sing his birth:  
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,  
And share their joys, and swell their song.

2 "Good will and peace divine  
To highly favoured man:"  
No wisdom, Lord, but thine  
Could form the gracious plan,  
To save the guilty and the lost,  
Thyself remaining true and just.

3 Praise then the Lord most high,  
On earth he deigns to dwell;  
Incarnate to destroy  
The works of death and hell:  
Hosanna in the highest strain,—  
"Great peace on earth—Good will to men."

## HYMN 294. P. M.

**H**OW beautiful the sight  
Of brethren who agree,  
In friendship to unite,  
And bond of charity;  
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed  
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill  
 The cups of Hermon's flowers;  
 Or Zion's fruitful hill,  
 Bright with the drops of showers,  
 When mingling odours breathe around,  
 And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands  
 Blessings, a boundless store,  
 From his unsparing hands,  
 Yea, life for evermore:  
 Thrice happy they who meet above  
 To spend eternity in love!

## HYMN 295. C. M.

**R**ETURNING to his throne above,  
 The friend of sinners cried  
 Do this in memory of my love:  
 He spoke the word, and died.

2 He tasted death for every one;  
 The Saviour of mankind  
 Out of our sight to heaven is gone,  
 But left his pledge behind.

3 His sacramental pledge we take,  
 Nor will we let it go;  
 Till in the clouds our Lord comes back,  
 We thus his death will show.

4 Come quickly, Lord, for whom we mourn,  
 And comfort all that grieve,  
 Prepare the bride, and then return,  
 And to thyself receive.

5 Now to thy gracious kingdom come,  
 (Thou hast a token given)  
 And when thy arms receive us home,  
 Recall thy pledge in heaven.

## HYMN 296. C. M.

*On clearing the ground for a camp-meeting.*

**T**HIS sacred spot, O Lord, to thee,  
We consecrate by prayer;  
Thy power and goodness may we see,  
Display'd in mercy here.

2 While we prepare and clear the ground,  
O Lord, our hearts prepare;  
And while we pitch our tents around,  
Lord, spread thy glory there.

3 Erect thy banners, heavenly King,  
As we the Stand erect;  
May preachers thy salvation bring,  
And souls to thee direct.

4 Didst thou of old thine Israel's camp  
With clouds of glory crown?  
By day a cloud, by night a lamp!  
Thus here, O Lord, come down.

5 Now, Lord, before our longing eyes,  
Thy glory here reveal,  
And let us from the lofty skies,  
Thy sacred influence feel.

6 May angels, round this chosen spot,  
Encamp by night and day;  
May each in order fill his lot,  
To preach, and praise, and pray.

## HYMN 293. L. M.

**C**AMP-MEETINGS with thy presence crown,  
And shower, O Lord, thy blessings down;  
Fill every heart with holy zeal,  
And all thy righteousness reveal.

2 O'er all our hosts do thou preside,  
And all our various movements guide :  
The praying companies attend,  
And show thyself the sinner's friend.

3 Pour out thy Spirit on thy sons,  
And visit thy anointed ones ;  
May every virgin trim her lamp,  
And glory rest upon our camp.

4 May prayer and praise united rise  
Like holy incense to the skies ;  
In all our hosts display thy power !  
May souls be born again this hour !

## HYMN 297. P. M.

**M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above !  
Thus may we abide in union  
With each other, and the Lord ;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

## HYMN 298. P. M.

**B**RETHREN, this is sweet employment,  
While we meet to pray and sing,  
This indeed is sweet enjoyment,  
In the presence of our King.  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
Make the place with praises ring.

2 Who can tell the heavenly pleasure,  
In this pious sweet employ !  
Here's a vast, unfading treasure,  
Which our social souls enjoy.  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
Shout, and sing aloud for joy !

## HYMN 299. C. M.

**N**OW, brethren, to your homes repair,  
 And as you pass along,  
 Employ your hearts in humble prayer,  
 And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God, whose mercies brought you here,  
 Whose goodness keeps you still ;  
 Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer,  
 Whose power subdues your will.

3 Praise him for what your ears have heard,  
 For what your eyes have seen ;  
 Praise him for what has here occur'd,  
 For all you feel within.

4 Improve the strength you here have gain'd,  
 To do his holy will :  
 Improve the knowledge here attain'd,  
 To love and serve him still.

5 Let not the world have cause to say,  
 You serv'd your God for nought ;  
 But grow in grace from day to day,  
 As you have here been taught.

6 To friends and neighbours all around,  
 O let your graces shine :  
 In ways of holiness abound,  
 And live a life divine.

7 And now, my Christian friends, adieu,  
 May Jesus with you dwell ;  
 May grace and peace abide with you :  
 "So now, dear friends, farewell."

8 Farewell, and to your homes repair,  
 And as you pass along ;  
 Employ your hearts in humble prayer,  
 And raise the cheerful song.

## HYMN 300. L. M.

**D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;  
 Help us to feed upon thy word;  
 All that has been amiss, forgive,  
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;  
 Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;  
 Give every fetter'd soul release,  
 And bid us all—Depart in peace.

## HYMN 301. P. M.

**L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each, thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace.

O refresh us,  
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

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

3 So whene'er the signal's given,  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Call'd the summons to obey,  
 May we ever  
 Reign with thee in endless day.

## INDEX.

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	Page
ADIEU, my dear brethren, adieu . . . . .	225
A few more days on earth to spend . . . . .	159
A few more days preserve me here . . . . .	301
Afflictions, though they seem severe . . . . .	94
Ah, what can I, a sinner, do . . . . .	214
All hail the power of Jesu's name . . . . .	205
Almighty sov'reign of the skies . . . . .	301
Although the vine its fruit deny . . . . .	230
Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound) . . . . .	193
An alien from God, and a stranger from grace . . . . .	282
And are our joys so quickly fled . . . . .	213
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat . . . . .	114
Arise and shine, oh, Zion fair . . . . .	135
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep . . . . .	171
As much have I of worldly goods . . . . .	217
As near to Calvary I pass . . . . .	113
A soldier, Lord, thou hast me made . . . . .	46
Author of mercies, God of love . . . . .	48
A voice from the savage, a voice from the slave . . . . .	169
Awake, and sing the song . . . . .	223
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound . . . . .	97
Awake, my heart! my soul, arise . . . . .	59
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays . . . . .	201
Awake thy song, O earth . . . . .	173
Begone! unbelief, my Saviour is near . . . . .	61
Behold that great and awful day . . . . .	165
Behold the man, threescore and ten . . . . .	290
Behold the Saviour at the door . . . . .	179
Behold the tears that mourners shed . . . . .	162
Behold the wretch whose lust and wine . . . . .	198
Brethren, this is sweet employment . . . . .	310
Brethren, we have met to worship . . . . .	58
Bright scenes of glory strike my sense . . . . .	250

Brother soldier, still fight on . . . . .	69
Burst, ye everlasting gates, and bring . . . . .	137
Camp-meetings with thy presence crown . . . . .	309
Can we believe thy precious word . . . . .	300
Cast thy burden on the Lord . . . . .	24
Child of prosperity . . . . .	288
Children of God, renounce your fears . . . . .	245
Come, and taste along with me . . . . .	239
Come, and taste along with me . . . . .	91
Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord . . . . .	174
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast . . . . .	107
Come, let us join our friends above . . . . .	296
Come, my brethren, let us try . . . . .	231
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare . . . . .	115
Come, O my heart, and let us take . . . . .	163
Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell . . . . .	127
Come tell me, wandering sinner . . . . .	68
Come, thou long expected Jesus . . . . .	71
Come, weary souls, with sin distressed . . . . .	82
Come, ye poor and thirsty sinners . . . . .	101
Come, ye that love the Lord indeed . . . . .	81
Daniel's wisdom may I know . . . . .	262
Dash the drunkard cup in pieces . . . . .	27
Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness . . . . .	275
Day of Judgment, day of wonders . . . . .	166
Dearest Jesus, though unseen . . . . .	265
Death cannot make our souls afraid . . . . .	256
Death, he is the king of terrors . . . . .	137
Death shall not destroy my comfort . . . . .	177
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord . . . . .	312
Drooping saints, no longer grieve . . . . .	63
Encompassed with clouds of distress . . . . .	119
Encouraged by thy word . . . . .	214
Everlasting praise to Jesus . . . . .	208
Faith is the Christian's prop . . . . .	259
Farewell, my dear brethren, beloved of the . . . . .	174

Farewell, my dear brethren, I bid you farewell	106
Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand	43
Farewell to thee, brother! we meet but to part	36
Father of mercies, God of love . . . . .	134
For what shall I praise thee, my God . . . . .	268
From all that's mortal, all that's vain . . . . .	38
From Greenland's icy mountains . . . . .	205
From the regions of love . . . . .	210
From Salem's gates advancing slow . . . . .	167
From whence does this union arise . . . . .	25
Glorious things of thee are spoken . . . . .	291
Glory to thee, my God, this night . . . . .	304
God counts the sorrows of his saints . . . . .	242
God of my life, to thee I call . . . . .	121
Go forth to distant lands . . . . .	25
Go, my brother, God doth call thee . . . . .	37
Great Redeemer, friend of sinners . . . . .	162
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah . . . . .	60
Hail, God the Father, glorious light . . . . .	131
Hail the blest morn, see the great Mediator . .	21
Hail, thou everlasting Saviour . . . . .	77
Hail, sovereign love, that first began . . . . .	202
Hail, ye hosts of seraphs bright . . . . .	10
Hail, ye sighing sons of sorrow . . . . .	144
Hark! hark! what sounds are these so pleasing	31
Hark! listen to the trumpeters . . . . .	155
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord . . . . .	132
Hark, the heralds of salvation . . . . .	258
Hark! the jubilee is sounding . . . . .	108
Hark! the song of jubilee . . . . .	180
Hear, gracious God, a sinner's cry . . . . .	49
Hear the gospel trumpet sounding . . . . .	75
Hear the royal proclamation . . . . .	67
Hear what God the Lord hath spoken . . . . .	135
His vestment of righteousness . . . . .	90
Holy Bible! book divine . . . . .	56
Holy book, thy sacred pages . . . . .	28

Hosanna to Jesus! I'm filled with his praises	72
How beautiful the sight.....	305
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.	62
How happy every child of grace.....	240
How lost was my condition.....	98
How painfully pleasing the fond recollection.	40
How peaceful is the closing scene.....	303
How sweet is the cordial of love.....	105
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	130
How sweet to reflect on those joys that await	278
If life's pleasures charm thee.....	275
If 't is sweet to mingle where... ..	191
I long to see the season come.....	102
I love my blessed Saviour.....	278
I love the Lord, is still the strain.....	245
I'm glad that I am born to die.....	221
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....	230
I'm on my way to Canaan.....	175
I'm tired with visits, modes, and forms.....	141
In all my Lord's appointed ways.....	32
In de dark wood, no Indian nigh.....	143
In evil long I took delight.....	110
In God let all his saints rejoice.....	244
Inquiring souls, who long to find.....	61
In the floods of tribulation.....	264
In the house of king David a fountain did... ..	222
In vain my fancy strives to paint.....	255
I've listed in the holy war.....	151
Jerusalem, my happy home.....	52
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	201
Jesus, at thy command.....	178
Jesus, dear name, how sweet it sounds.....	100
Jesus, engrave it on my heart.....	97
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	170
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend.....	234
Jesus, to every willing mind.....	216
Jesus, while he dwelt below.....	280

Let others, wrapt in self-conceit.....	33
Let saints on earth their anthems raise.....	207
Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour.....	116
Let worldly minds the world pursue.....	298
Lift up your hearts, Emanuel's friends.....	152
Like a ship, see the Church! through the ...	57
Listed in the cause of sin.....	195
Look not upon the wine, when it.....	26
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.....	312
Lord, our ransom'd souls adore thee.....	269
Lord! when together here we meet.....	158
Lukewarm souls, the foe grows stronger.....	44
May the grace of Christ our Saviour.....	310
Mercy, oh, thou Son of David.....	122
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature.....	266
Morn is the time to wake.....	78
My brethren all, on you I call.....	19
My days, my weeks, my months, my years...	95
My dearest friends, in bonds of love.....	161
My God was with me all the night.....	210
My gracious Redeemer I love.....	223
My heart and my tongue shall unite ..	273
My soul is full of glory ..	218
My thoughts on awful subjects roll.....	80
Native land!—in summer smiling.....	23
Nay, I cannot let thee go.....	116
Now, brethren, to your homes repair.....	311
Of all religions that are found.....	22
O for that bright and glorious day.....	302
Oh! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn.....	182
O how extensive is thy grace.....	297
Oh God! my heart with love inflame.....	183
Oh how I have longed for the coming of God	195
Oh Jesus, my Saviour, I know thou art mine	197
Oh Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit.....	196
Oh! that I had some humble place.....	246

O, Lord, how great the favour . . . . .	274
O may I worthy prove to see . . . . .	254
Once more, dear brethren, join to sing . . . . .	56
Our souls by love together knit . . . . .	249
O that I had a faithful friend . . . . .	263
O Thou, in whose presence . . . . .	88
O Thou, whose tender mercy hears . . . . .	198
Poor trembling sinner, tell me why . . . . .	48
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire . . . . .	182
Rejoice, my friends, the Lord is king . . . . .	186
Returning to his throne above . . . . .	306
Rise, my soul, shake off thy fears . . . . .	228
Saviour, I do feel thy merit . . . . .	84
Saviour, slain, and slain for me . . . . .	29
Saviour, visit thy plantation . . . . .	118
Saw ye my Saviour! saw ye my Saviour . . . . .	111
See the eternal Judge descending . . . . .	145
See the Lord of glory dying . . . . .	44
See how the Scriptures are fulfilling . . . . .	281
Servant of God, well done . . . . .	294
Since man by sin has lost his God . . . . .	19
Sing to the Lord above . . . . .	260
Sometimes a light surprises . . . . .	292
Songs of praise the angels sang . . . . .	299
Spare, mighty God, in mercy spare . . . . .	229
Sweet muse, descend and bless the shade . . . . .	248
Sweet rivers of redeeming love . . . . .	148
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing . . . . .	247
Sweet were the sounds that reached our ears . . . . .	303
Tell me no more of earthly toys . . . . .	172
Tempted, tossed, troubled spirit . . . . .	146
The chariot! the chariot! its wheels . . . . .	267
The Christians of old, united in one . . . . .	289
The fields are all white, the harvest . . . . .	257
The great tremendous day's approaching . . . . .	125

The Lord my shepherd is .....	293
The Lord shall come, the earth shall quake..	305
The Lord's into his garden come .....	53
The Lord is the fountain of goodness and love	199
The people called Christians, how many ....	188
There fell from God's favour two exiles of...	123
There is a book, I've heard them say .....	34
There is a heaven above the skies .....	153
There is a holy city .....	252
There is a land of pleasure .....	139
There is a school on earth begun .....	18
There shall we reign with Jesus .....	252
The song of salvation, it is so divine .....	30
The Son of Man they did betray .....	12
The specious world promiscuous flows .....	189
The trump of the gospel resounds through..	73
The voice of free grace .....	203
They have gone to the land where the .....	206
This sacred spot, O Lord, to thee ....., .....	307
This world is all a fleeting show .....	14
This world's not all a fleeting show .....	15
Thou changing, terrestrial state .....	35
Though in the outward church below .....	64
Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver ...	148
Throughout the Saviour's life we trace .....	83
Through tribulations deep .....	156
'T is a point I long to know .....	181
'T is my happiness below .....	17
To leave my dear friends, and with neighbours	16
To see a pilgrim as he dies .....	276
Trust thou not in worldly pleasures .....	29
Vital spark of heavenly flame .....	254
Wandering pilgrims, mourning Christians ....	150
We are but young—yet we may sing .....	33
We soon shall break all nature's ties .....	129
What are these in bright array .....	295
What could your Redeemer do .....	209

Whatever disasters of nature .....	101
What happy children wait on Jesus.....	15
What's this that rises in my soul .....	217
What poor despised company .....	39
What think you of Christ? is the test.....	45
What various hindrances we meet.....	120
When blooming youth is snatch'd away .....	103
When by sin overwhelm'd, shame covers....	283
When I set out for glory.....	232
When I survey the wondrous cross.....	113
When languor and disease invade.....	244
When marshall'd on the nightly plain.....	212
When on the cross my Lord I see.....	303
When on the margin of the grave.....	299
When pulse beats low, and cheeks grow pale	272
When secret sins before us rise.....	142
When the fierce north wind, with his airy...	168
When toss'd on error's stormy tide.....	271
When weeping Mary came to seek.....	270
While others at ease on their pillows are....	190
While angels strike their tuneful strings.....	104
Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger.....	74
Who will go to rear the standard.....	76
Why should I be affrighted at pestilence.....	185
Why stand you here idle, my friends.....	11
With joy let each afflicted saint.....	243
Ye angels who mortals attend.....	70
Ye children of Zion, who're aiming for glory	65
Ye happy souls, whose peaceful minds .....	87
Ye jewels of my Master .....	108
Yes, my native land, I love thee.....	192
Ye sons of the main, ye that sail o'er the flood	226
Ye sons of war, I pray, draw near.....	50
Ye weary, heavy laden souls.....	85
Yonder—amazing sight!—I see.....	133
Young people all, attention give.....	42

