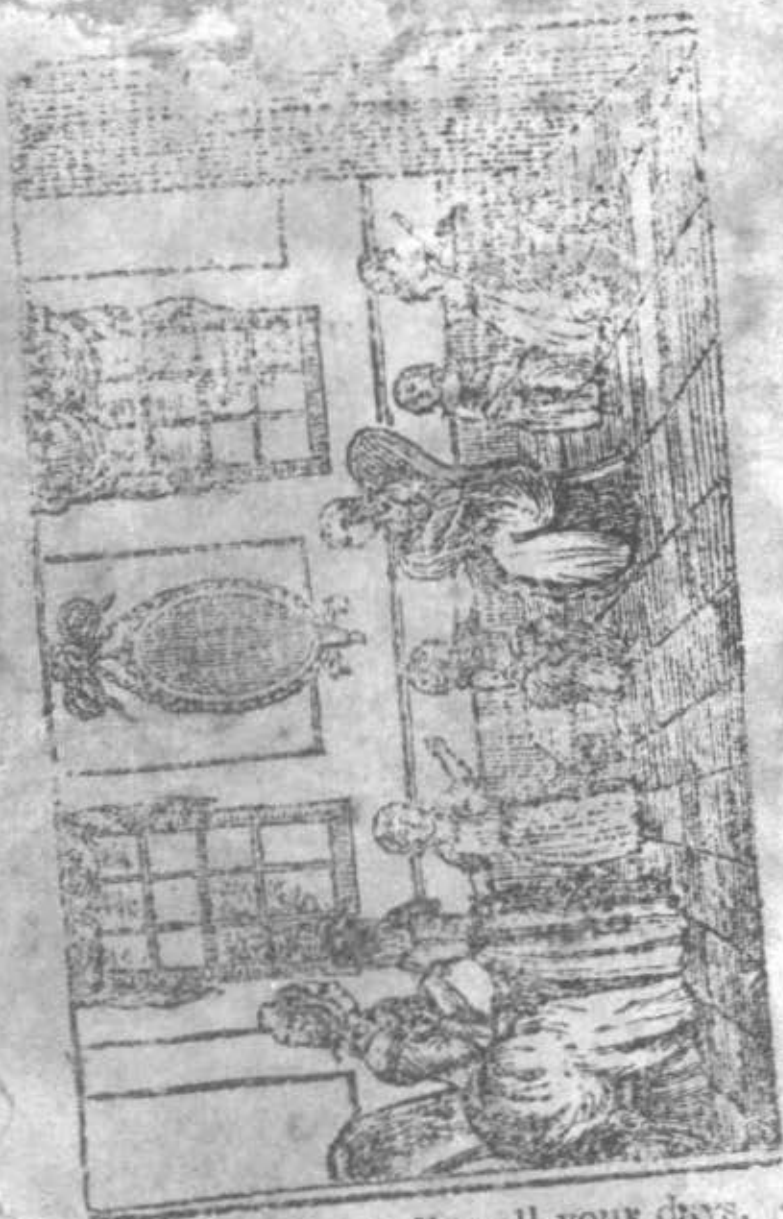


L-11-13



In virtue's ways, live all your days.

# DIVINE SONGS,

COMPOSED

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS AND SUBJECTS.

COLLECTED

BY EBENEZER CHASE,  
A BROTHER IN THE WILLOW CONNECTION.

EXETER:  
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## DIVINE SONGS.

### SONG I.

*On a Preacher meeting his brethren:*

1 **B**RETHREN, I am come again;  
Let us join to pray and sing!  
Joseph lives and Jesus reigns,  
Praise him in the highest strains!

2 Brethren, tell me how you do;  
Does your love continue true?  
Are you waiting for your King?  
Hence he will return again.

3 Many days and weeks are past  
Since we met before at last;  
Yet our lives do still remain—  
Here on earth we meet again.

4 Many of our friends are gone  
To their long eternal home;  
They have left us here below,  
Soon we after them must go.

If you want to know of me  
Who I am, or what I be;  
Here I am—behold who will—  
Poor unworthy servant still.



## SONG II.

*The Same.*

- 1 **O** WONDERFUL, my brethren,  
That God has brought me here  
To see your faces all again,  
And feel his love so dear!
- 2 Great tribulation I have known  
Since I was here last;  
Yet God has not left me alone,  
His arm has held me fast.
- 3 And now my time with you is short;  
I have not long to stay;  
O love divine fill every heart,  
And bless our souls to day.
- 4 I go away, but here you stay;  
I leave you in God's care,  
In hopes at the last trumpet's sound,  
I then shall meet you there.
- 5 And now, dear youth, do try to come,  
And meet me on that shore;  
When God's dear children all get home,  
There we shall part no more.
- 6 There we shall wonder for to see  
Our souls made clean and white;  
The blest will then cry out amen,  
And share in pure delight.
- 7 There we shall bathe our weary souls  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across our peaceful breast.

## SONG III.

*The Good Shepherd.*

- 1 **L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,  
Come and bid our jarring cease;  
Come, O come and reign forever,  
God of love and Prince of Peace!  
Visit now thy precious Zion,  
See thy people mourn and weep;  
Day and night thy lambs are crying,  
Come, good Shepherd feed thy sheep.
- 2 Many follow men's inventions  
And submit to human laws;  
Hence divisions and contentions  
Sully the Redeemer's cause—  
Hence we suffer persecution,  
While the foolish virgins sleep—  
All is uproar and confusion;  
Come, good Shepherd, lead thy sheep.
- 3 Some of Paul, some of Apollos,  
Some of Cephas; none agree  
Jesus, let us hear thee call us;  
Help us, Lord, to follow thee.  
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,  
Ev'ry hindrance overleap,  
Fear not their force or numbers  
Come, good shepherd, feed thy Sheep.
- 4 Lord, in us there is no merit;  
We've been sinners from our youth.  
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,  
That shall teach us all thy truth.  
The gospel word we'll venture,  
In death's cold arms we sleep.



Love's our bond and Christ our centre:  
Come, good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

5 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,  
Persecution we'll not fear;  
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us  
While our loving Shepherd's 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.

6 Hear the Prince of your salvation  
Saying, Fear not, little flock;  
I myself am your foundation,  
Ye are built upon this rock.  
Shun the paths of vice and folly,  
Lest you sink into the deep;  
Look to me and be ye holy,  
I delight to feed my sheep.

Christ alone our souls shall rest on,  
Taught by him we own his name;  
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,  
How it dath our hearts inflame!  
Glory, glory—give him glory!  
Strong is he, and he will keep—  
He will clear our way before us;  
6 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

When we've pass'd this earthly struggle,  
We shall meet with Christ above,  
Free from sorrow, care and trouble,  
Harping forth redeeming love.  
Then we'll be with him forever,  
Sounding forth these notes so sweet;  
When the flock will be together;  
The good Shepherd with his sheep

6 All in due season I shall reap,  
Though while I'm sowing here I weep;  
Great things shall say the Lord hath done,  
Through him the victor's crown I've won.

## SONG IX.

1 I HAVE 'listed in the army,  
I have 'listed in the army,  
I have 'listed in the army,  
With glory in my soul.

## CHORUS.

O give God the glory,  
O give him all the glory,  
O give God the glory,  
For glory is his own.

2 I will never leave the army,  
I will never leave the army,  
I will never leave the army,  
While glory's in my soul.  
O give God, &c.

3 Bless the Lord, we do feel happy,  
Bless the Lord, we do feel happy,  
Bless the Lord, we do feel happy,  
While glory's in our souls.  
O give God, &c.

4 Brethren, don't you now feel happy,  
Brethren, don't you now feel happy,  
Brethren, don't you now feel happy,  
With glory in your souls?  
O give God, &c.

5 O my Lord, send down the power,  
 O my Lord, send down the power,  
 O my Lord, send down the power,  
 With glory in our souls,  
 O give God, &c.

6 We are on the way to Zion,  
 We are on the way to Zion,  
 We are on the way to Zion,  
 With glory in our souls.  
 O give God, &c.

## SONG X.

*The Union.*

1 **F**ROM whence doth this love and this  
 union arise,  
 Which knits and so fastens our souls in such  
 ties,  
 That hatred and malice are conquer'd by love,  
 So that nature nor distance these ties can't re-  
 move.

2 In the garden of nature it cannot be found;  
 It grows and increases on Immanuel's ground;  
 6 From the veins of the Saviour it flows ever  
 sweet,  
 And we drink it most plenty at Jesus' feet.

3 When in heavenly places together we sit,  
 Where the elders and brethren all sit  
 met,  
 This love glows so sweetly in every heart,  
 We feel so united we're loth for to part.

4 The time so unnotic'd passeth away,  
 We scarcely can miss a whole night or a day;  
 The union we feel, and the love here enjoy'd,  
 Are such that our souls can never be cloy'd.

5 We preach and we pray, and we talk and  
 we sing,  
 And tell our experience again and again;  
 We talk about parting, and still we remain  
 In love so united we cannot contain.

6 Each brother and sister their tythes must  
 bring in,  
 Each one then doth tell of some wonderful  
 thing;  
 Our love then increases to a glorious flame,  
 And we give all the glory to God and the Lamb.

## SONG XI.

1 **O** JESUS my Saviour, I know thou art  
 mine,  
 For thee all the pleasures on 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,  
 No richer possess'd by the angels above;  
 For thee all the pleasures of sense I'll forego:  
 And wander a pilgrim despised below.



3 The Spirit first taught me to know I was  
blind;

Then taught me the way of salvation to find :  
For when I was sinking into black despair,  
My Jesus reliev'd me, and bade 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 all on flame ;  
I'm rais'd into rapture while praising his name.

5 Though weak and despised, by faith I now  
stand,  
Preserv'd and supported by Heaven's kind  
hand ;

In Jesus confirmed, I'll praise his dear name,  
Regardless of censure 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, O may we not part,  
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

7 If ever I lov'd, sure I lov'd thee my Lord ;  
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word ;  
I love all creation, I love sinners too ;  
Since Jesus has died to relieve them from woe.

8 When happy in Christ, I regard not the  
proud,  
Though sinners despise me for singing so loud,  
For death will soon call me, and then I shall  
fly

To praise my dear Jesus in mansions on high.

9 There millions of ages my soul shall employ  
In praising my Jesus, my hope and my joy ;  
The glorified saints, and angels around,  
Shall all be delighted to join the glad sound.

## SONG XII.

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

2 When the world and flesh would rise,  
And try to drive me from my Saviour,  
Strangers slight and friends despise,  
Then I more highly prize his favour ;  
Friends, believe me when I tell,  
When Christ is 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 When I'm in the house of prayer,  
I find him in the congregation,  
Music sweet into mine ear,  
Is the sweet sound of free salvation !

When I join to sing his praise,  
 My heart in holy raptures raise,  
 I see Emmanuel's land afar,  
 And shout and wish my spirit there;  
 Glory, honour and salvation,  
 What I feel is past expression.

4 Worldlings hold me in disdain,  
 Because I shun their carnal pleasure;  
 All in this that gives me pain,  
 They dispise a nobler treasure;  
 Yet among them, thank the Lord,  
 There's some that tremble at his word,  
 And this does joy and peace impart,  
 To think the Lord has reach'd their heart;  
 O! the grace to mortals given,  
 Peace on earth and crowns in heaven.

5 When I hear the pleasing sound  
 Of weeping mourners just converted,  
 The dead's alive, the lost is found,  
 The Lord has heal'd the broken hearted;  
 My heart exults, my spirits glow,  
 I love my God and brethren too;  
 I join and shout and cry aloud,  
 And disregard the gazing croud;  
 Glorious theme of exultation,  
 Jesus Christ is my salvation.

6 Why should I regard the frowns  
 Of those who please to mock and scorn me,  
 Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,  
 Where those that hate me cannot harm me.  
 Sorrows, toils and sufferings o'er,  
 I'll reach that peaceful, happy shore,

And there I'll sing and shout and tell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well;  
 Pleasures there beyond expression,  
 Ever roll in sweet succession.

7 Mourners, see your Saviour stand,  
 With arms extended to receive you,  
 See, he spreads his bleeding hands:  
 Come venture on him, he'll relieve you;  
 Cast your fears and doubts aside,  
 The door of mercy's open'd wide,  
 The fountain flows that saves from sin,  
 Come now believe and venture in.  
 Don't distrust your blessed Saviour,  
 Now believe and live forever.

8 Sinners, you may mock and scorn,  
 Your moments lost will be lamented,  
 Awful dangers hastening on,  
 When you'll wish you had repented.  
 Death in his embraces cold  
 Will soon your mortal bodies hold;  
 Your pleasures all will take their flight,  
 And down you'll sink to endless night;  
 While you're of the guilty number,  
 Your destruction does not slumber.

## SONG XIII.

1 THE wondrous love of Jesus,  
 From doubts and fears it frees us,  
 With pity now he sees us,  
 While toiling here below;



Through tribulation driven,  
We'll make our way toward heaven,  
By consolation given,  
Rejoicing on, we'll go.

2 Companions now distressed,  
By Satan sore oppressed,  
Bear up, you'll be released,  
Your Captain is at hand;  
In every trying hour,  
He'll shield you by his power,  
And bring you safe to shore,  
On Canaan's happy land.

3 See yonder is the glory,  
It is but just before you,  
And then you'll tell the story,  
Of Christ's redeeming love;  
And there you shall forever  
Drink of that flowing river,  
And ever and forever  
Surround the throne above.

4 There in that blooming garden,  
Of Eden gain'd by pardon,  
Upon the banks of Jordan,  
We'll worship the dear Lamb;  
And sing the song of Moses,  
While Jesus sweet composes  
A song that never closes,  
Of praises to his name.

## SONG XIV.

1 **A**MAZING grace (how sweet the sound)  
That sav'd a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind but now I see  
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believ'd.

2 Through many dangers, toils, and snares  
I have already come,  
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace shall lead me home,  
The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures,  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail;  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the veil  
A life of joy and peace,  
This earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God who call'd me here below  
Shall be forever mine.

## SONG XV.

1 **A**LL glory to God in the sky,  
And peace on earth be restor'd;  
O Jesus exalted on high,  
Appear our omnipotent Lord;  
B



Who meanly in Bethlehem born,  
Did stoop to redeem a lost race,  
Once more to thy servants return,  
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in thy flesh did'st appear,  
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth,  
Arose the acceptable year,  
And heaven was open'd on earth  
The shepherds were warn'd from above,  
A Saviour was born to our race,  
The giver of union and love,  
The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,  
Again in the spirit descend,  
And set up in each of thine own,  
A kingdom that never shall end.  
Thou only art able to bless,  
And make the glad nations obey;  
And bid the dire enmity cease,  
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,  
Who long thy appearing to know,  
Thy quiet and peaceable reign  
In mercy establish below.  
All sorrow before thee shall fly,  
And anger and hatred be o'er,  
And envy and malice shall die,  
And discord affect us no more.

## SONG XVI.

*Weeping Mary.*

WHEN weeping Mary came to see  
Her blessed Lord and Saviour,  
'Twas early in the morning she  
In tears to gain his favor.

2 Of guards and soldiers plac'd around  
The grave that held the body  
Of him whom she thought under ground  
By wicked hands all bloody.

3 But how her mournful heart was torn  
To see the grave was empty;  
In solemn silence she did mourn,  
As inward she did enter.

4 Two angels in bright raiment shone,  
Anticipate her sorrow,  
And said, why does the creature mourn  
And why this gloomy horror?

5 Whom seek ye, Mary they did say—  
Why are you so in mourning?  
Because they've took my Lord away  
I thought to see this morning.

6 O sigh and grieve poor Mary said,  
I know were they've laid him,  
Swiftly turning round her head  
For to upbraid him.



7 As he stood by her, though unknown,  
She thought it was the gardner ;  
In solemn silence she did mourn,  
Not knowing 'twas her partner.

8 Pray tell me where you've laid my Lord,  
Exclaim'd poor weeping Mary ;  
Some comfort to my mind afford,  
That's sore oppress'd and weary.

9 O weeping Mary, says the Son—  
She soon perceiv'd the stranger !  
And to his feet she weeping ran,  
Not fearing harm or danger.

10 And so like Mary let us go  
And kiss the feet of Jesus ;  
He'll pardon all our guilt and woe—  
From sorrow he will free us.

### SONG XVII.

#### *A Dialogue.*

1 **G**OOD morning brother pilgrim, what, march-  
ing to Zion !  
What doubts and what dangers have you met  
to-day ?  
Have you found a blessing—are your jo-  
creasing ?  
Press forward, my brother, and make  
hay.

2 Is your heart a glowing—are your comforts  
flowing,  
And have you an evidence now bright and  
clear ?

Have you a desire that burns like a fire.  
And have hope in the hour when Christ shall  
appear ?

3 I came out this morning, and now am re-  
turning,  
Perhaps little better than when I first came ;  
Such groaning and shouting—it sets me a doubt-  
ing ;  
I fear such religion is all but a dream.

4 The preachers were stamping, the people  
were jumping  
And screaming so loud that I neither could  
hear  
Either praying or preaching—such horrible  
screeching,  
Twas truly offensive to all that were there.

5 Perhaps, my dear brother, while they pray'd  
together,  
You sat and considered and pray'd not at a  
Would you find a blessing then pray with-  
ceasing,  
Obey the advice that was given by Paul.

For if you should reason at any such season,  
Wonder if Satan should tell in your ear—  
Preachers and people are all but a rabble,  
no place for reflection and prayer.



7 No place for reflection! I'm fill'd with distraction,

I wonder how people could bear for to stay;  
The men were a bawling, the women were squalling,

I wonder for my part how any could pray.

8 Such horrid confusion if this be religion,  
Sure it's something new that has never been seen;  
For the sacred pages which speaks of all ages,  
Has no where declar'd that such e'er was seen.

9 Don't be too soon shaken if I'm not mistaken  
Such things have been acted by Christians of old,  
When the ark it was coming King David came  
running,  
And danced before it, in Scripture we're told.

10 When the Jewish nation had laid the foundation,  
And rebuilt the temple by Ezra's command;  
Some wept and some prais'd such noise there was  
rais'd

'Twas heard afar off perhaps all through the land.

11 And as for the preacher, Ezekiel the teacher  
Fought for to stamp and to smite with his  
hand,  
What of the transgression of that wicked nation,  
What could them repent and obey the command.

12 For Scripture quotation in this dispensation  
Our gracious Redeemer has handed them down,  
If some ceas'd from praising we hear him  
claiming  
The stones to reprove them would quick

13 Then Scripture is wrested, for Paul has pro-  
tested

That order should be kept in the house of the Lord:  
Amidst such a clatter who knows what's the mat-  
ter?

Or who can attend unto what is declar'd?

14 To see them behaving like drunkards a raving  
And laying and rolling prostrate on the ground,  
I really felt awful, and sometimes was fearful  
That I'd be the next that would come tum-  
down.

15 You say you felt awful, you ought it depart;  
Lest you grieve the Spirit and some impression  
For by your expression you've tender'd you  
The sweet melting showers has tender'd you  
heart.

16 You fear persecution, and there's the delusion  
Brought in by the devil has turn'd you away;  
Be careful, my brother, for blest are none other  
Than persons who are not offended in me.

17 When Peter was preaching and was bold  
teaching  
The way of salvation in Jesus' name  
The Spirit descended and some were offended  
And said of the men they are fill'd with new wine

18 I never yet doubted but some of them shout  
Whilst others lay prostrate by powers strack down  
Some weeping, some praising, while others were  
saying,  
We're drunkards and fools, and in falsehood  
abound.

3 19 Our moments are flying, our time is expiring,  
 1 We're call'd to improve it and quickly prepare,  
 1 For that awful hour when Jesus in power,  
 1 Will come into judgment all states to declare.

20 Methinks there'll be shouting, and I'm not a  
 doubting

But crying and screaming for mercy in vain;  
 Therefore, my dear brother, let's now pray to-  
 gether,

That your precarious souls may be fill'd with the  
 flame.

21 I fear that living is needful, I really feel awful,  
 but I'll look time of repentance is past;  
 These storms of temptation, his mercy forever  
 will not always last.

2 I'll look for his blessing and pray without  
 ceasing,

His mercy is sure unto all that believe;  
 My heart is now glowing, I feel his love flowing,  
 Grace, comfort, and pardon I now do receive.

### SONG XVIII.

#### *Reformation.*

1 **W**HEN Christ pours out a heav'nly sound,  
 1 And reformation all around,  
 1 The saints begin to cry  
 1 Most fervently to God in pray'r,  
 1 And unto sinners far and near,  
 1 To turn to Christ or die.

2 The watchmen too lift up their voice,  
 Sinners begin to hear the noise,  
 And tremble at the sound;  
 They stop and think, repent, and mourn,  
 And unto Jesus Christ they turn,  
 And find his grace abound.

3 While saints praise God and give him thanks,  
 New soldiers fill the heav'nly ranks,  
 They all unite and say—  
 That they're determin'd for to stand  
 And fight for Christ with heart and hand,  
 Whilst on this earth we stay.

4 Whilst in the camp we hear the noise,  
 They take their bounty and rejoice,  
 And say they'll fight it through;  
 But by and by one King doth say,  
 Go forth without the camp and pray,  
 And bear reproaches too.

5 Then all the saints with sword and shield  
 March forth together to the field,  
 To face the enemy;  
 Lo! what a battle doth ensue,  
 While some do fight it stoutly through,  
 And shout in victory.

6 While others when they come to fight,  
 Do turn their backs, which is not right,  
 And from the battle run;  
 But soon they find there is a lack,  
 They have no armour for their back,  
 And they are overcome.

7 Some are by jesting turn'd aside,  
 And some are prisoners of pride,



And some of unbelief;  
Wounded and mangled thus they're laid,  
The havoc thus by Satan made,  
Doth fill our souls with grief.

Let all the soldiers who enlist,  
Be valiant here for Jesus Christ,  
And then they'll overcome,  
For there's such pow'r in Jesus' name,  
That not one soldier shall be slain,  
So long as they fight on.

## SONG XIX.

1 DEAR parents, you who have been call'd  
To part with a dear child,  
I trust you gave it up to God,  
And do feel reconcil'd.

2 The Lord has taken but his own,  
He lent him unto you;  
And call'd him home when he thought best  
He bid the world adieu.

3 A mournful scene it was to you,  
To see his breath depart;  
Consider soon your turn will come,  
And stamp it on your heart.

4 His flatt'ring voice no more you'll hear;  
He's number'd with the dead,  
His body in the grave doth sleep,  
He is from trouble free'd.

5 Unto the grave you'd repair,  
Where you must shortly lay;

I hope you all remember well,  
That you are born to die.

6 Your child is taken in his youth,  
And you are left behind,  
I hope you'll serve the Lord with care,  
And be to him resign'd.

7 So when that death to you is sent,  
That you may go in peace,  
To be in Christ who reigns above,  
And gain your wish'd release.

## SONG XX.

*Mount Calvary.*

1 COME, O my soul, and let us take  
An evening walk becoming thee;  
Whither do you suppose we shall take our  
course,  
To Calvary or Gethsemane?

2 O Calvary! 'tis a mountain high,  
'Tis too difficult a task for me;  
An evening sleep will suit my taste,  
Far better than Gethsemane.

3 It would not appear such a mountain high,  
Nor difficult a task for thee,  
If you only lov'd the man who first laid the pla  
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.

4 I'd rather abide in the pleasant plain,  
My gay companions for to see,

And to tarry a while in the joys of the world,  
Than to climb up the mountain Calvary.

5 Your gay companions ere long will not be,  
Poor blinded hearts would they but see,  
And if ever you stand on Canaan's happy land,  
You must climb up the mountain Calvary.

6 There is no pleasure which I can behold,  
'Tis a melancholy way to me ;  
And I have heard them say, there are lions in  
the way,  
And they lurk in the mountain Calvary.

7 There is a strait but a narrow way,  
Poor blinded souls would they but see,  
And you shall have a guard of the angel of the  
Lord  
To conduct you over Calvary.

8 I had rather have peace and live at my ease,  
Than be afflicted thus by thee ;  
When blooming youth is gone, and old age  
comes on,  
I will travel with you to Calvary.

9 There is no better time than youth,  
To travel the mountain as you see,  
When old age comes on with great loads of sin,  
Then how can you climb up Calvary ?

10 O go thy way for this time I pray,  
I cannot enjoy any peace for thee ;  
There is time enough yet, and the journey is  
not great,  
I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.

11 O hark ! I hear a dreadful sound,  
You greatly should alarmed be ;  
Your blooming youth is gone and is laid in  
the tomb,  
Who refused to climb up Calvary.

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

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

# SONG XXI.

## *The Author's experience.*

1 **N**EAR fifteen years I liv'd in sin,  
And ran the downward road ;  
At length my Saviour took me in,  
To praise the name of God.

2 And at the age of twenty-one,  
My Saviour did me call,  
For to sound forth redeeming love  
Upon this earthly ball.

Then I began for to refuse,  
And said I would not go ;  
But said, do, Lord, have me excus'd,  
And not call on me so.



- 4 I thus rejected his command  
And into darkness fell,  
And a whole year in painful night  
My soul did then remain.
- 5 Then at age of twenty-two  
My Saviour came again,  
And said, Arise, for you must go,  
And tell the world my fame.
- 6 But if you now refuse my call,  
In darkness you must stay;  
For you cannot enjoy my love;  
Whilst you do thus delay.
- 7 But if you now will rise and go,  
My face on you shall shine,  
And you shall have comfort in me,  
And joys which are sublime.
- 8 Behold my bleeding hands and feet;  
I on the cross was nail'd;  
Behold my side pierc'd with the spear,  
And blood gush from my veins.
- 9 A crown of thorns my head did wear  
To give you crowns of gold;  
I spill'd my blood for sinners dear,  
That I might save their souls.
- 10 Go tell the world of my rich grace,  
Invite them to partake,  
And save their souls from dreadful death,  
And constant joys create.
- 11 But still I thus did make excuse,  
And said my learning's small,  
I fear'd I should not be of use  
Here on this earthly ball.

- 12 Great grace I needed, I did say,  
And eloquence of speech;  
Then I would go and preach and pray,  
And tell the world their need.
- 13 Then Jesus Christ my heavenly King,  
Aloud to me did say,  
Fear not, poor soul, I'll be your friend,  
And lead you in the way.
- 14 I'll bless your mouth and loose your tongue,  
And give you grace also  
Your love I'll kindle to a flame,  
And teach you how to go.
- 15 Then I did go with care and speed.  
My Master's will to do,  
And in the gospel did engage  
Myself for to be true.
- 16 And now through grace I mean to run,  
Preaching the gospel free;  
If you, my friends, do think I'm wrong,  
I beg your prayers for me.
- 17 For sure I am that Satan can  
Himself transformed be;  
But, bless the Lord, he cannot span  
The lover's boundless sea.
- 18 'Tis love from Jesus sweetly flows,  
That makes me thus to speak:  
I find the Lord says to me, Woe!  
Save I the gospel preach.
- 19 Then fare you well, my loving friends,  
For Jesus bids me come:  
I in the gospel mean to stand  
Until am call'd home.

- 20 And then once more our souls shall meet  
There on that peaceful shore,  
And drink and drink the boundless sweet  
Of Jesus' blessed store.

## SONG XXII.

*An Exhortation to preachers.*

- 1 **B**EWARE of tradition, my brother,  
Preach truth as the Bible has given,  
Make Jesus your guide and no other,  
No other will lead you to heaven.
- 2 Pray God always to keep you humble,  
Preach not the traditions of men,  
Lest on the dark mountains you stumble,  
And fall where you'll ne'er rise again.
- 3 And now if you have the commission  
Christ did all his servants bequeathe,  
I beg you would not preach tradition,  
Instead of repentance and faith.
- 4 Add not to the Scripture that's finish'd,  
Lest God add the plagues unto you;  
And if from the same you diminish,  
In darkness you surely will go.
- 5 Therefore, I beseech you be careful,  
Preach nothing but what will stand fire,  
For surely your doom will be awful,  
If you preach for nothing but hire.

- 6 Ye who have been call'd by our Saviour  
To sound the glad tidings of peace,  
Make manifest by your behaviour  
That you are redeem'd by his grace.

## SONG XXIII.

*An Address to Young People.*

- 1 **Y**OUNG people, pray attention give,  
While I address you in God's name;  
You who in sin and folly live,  
Come hear the counsel of a friend.
- 2 I've sought for bliss and glitt'ring toys,  
And rang'd th'alluring scenes of life;  
But never knew substantial joys  
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 3 He spoke at once my sins forgiven,  
And swept my load of guilt away;  
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,  
And thus I found the good old way.
- 4 And now with trembling soul I view  
Where billows roll beneath my feet,  
For death eternal waits for you,  
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 5 Like the Spring will soon be gone  
Meeting time or conquering death,  
Morning sun may set at noon,  
Leave you ever in the dark.



6 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks  
Must wither like the blasted rose ;  
The coffin earth and winding sheet  
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

7 Ye heedless ones, that wildly strove,  
The grave will soon become your bed,  
Where sickness reigns and vapours move,  
And solemn darkness round your head.

8 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,  
And with a sigh move slow along,  
Still gazing at the spears of grass  
Which shall your bodies be o'er grown.

9 But O the soul when vengeance reigns—  
It sinks with groans and ceaseless cries—  
It rolls amidst the burning flames  
In boundless woe and agonies,

10 They're swallowed up in blackest night,  
Where devils dwell and thunders roar,  
To reign in keen despair and guilt,  
When thousand thousand years are o'er.

11 O fellow youth, this is the state  
Of all that do free grace refuse,  
And soon with you 'twill be too late  
The way of life in Christ to choose.

12 Come lay your carnal weapons by  
No longer fight against your C / v A  
And with my mission now con / ur  
And heaven will be your great and led

## SONG XXIV.

*The Preacher's Complaint.*

1 O THAT poor sinners did but know  
What we for them do undergo  
Whom God has call'd to bear the news,  
To heathens, Gentiles and the Jews.

2 Permit me one thing for to tell  
Which my poor heart does often feel—  
I've left behind a loving wife,  
Who is as dear to me as life.

3 O shall I stop with my complaints,  
And tell no more to God's dear saints,  
How oftentimes my heart is broke  
Because my children are forsook.

'Tis now and then I do them see,  
Which is a small comfort to me,  
But with them soon must part again,  
Which gives to my poor soul fresh pain.

It's often when I do them leave,  
They weep and sigh and sigh and grieve,  
But to their mama they will turn,  
Which causes her to weep and mourn.

their mama then does them embrace  
Tears ran trickling down her face  
at them, she says, Don't  
come again by-and-by.

- 7 Thus with them often I do part,  
With weeping eyes and aching heart;  
'Tis hard for me to leave them so,  
When reasons why they do not know.
- 8 But this a'nt all I undergo,  
I have to face cold winds and snow,  
And often through the desert ride  
To seek my Master's Son a bride.
- 9 Sometimes in sultry globes I pant,  
Smothers arise and make me faint:  
The scorching sun beats down so fair,  
I long for one sweet breath of air.
- 10 The clouds arise and thunders break,  
I feel the ground under me shake,  
The mountains tremble at the sound,  
And wet all through I'm often found.
- 11 Through creeks and rivers swift and wide  
Both high and low I have to ride,  
Perhaps beat down sometime before  
I can reach safe the other shore.
- 12 Sometimes in open chambers sleep,  
Or in some little bed I creep,  
I cannot rest for want of clothes,  
Smother'd in smoke and almost froze.
- 13 Often with hunger I grow faint,  
Riding a distance, almost spent;  
My money's out, I cannot buy,  
Were I to suffer now and die.

- 14 Sometimes with false brethren I meet,  
Whose hearts are full of vain deceit;  
They seem quite clever at the first,  
Yet of all men they are the worst.
- 15 For my poor soul they lay in wait,  
And in my paths they spread their net;  
And what is worse, is harsh to tell,  
They seem to wish my soul to hell.
- 16 Of these King David did complain,  
By these our Saviour once was slain;  
Ten of them once, as Scriptures tell,  
Conspir'd young Joseph for to sell.
- 17 In perils with these St. Paul did cry,  
And by them good men often die;  
The first man that was ever slain  
Fell by his wicked brother Cain.
- 18 The wicked world quite in a rage  
To persecute they do engage;  
Their hearts are hard, their eyes are blind,  
Their tongues are sharp and prove unkind.
- 19 Satan, with all the troops of hell,  
Tries to drive me from Zion's hill,  
Tempting me hard; it is no jest,  
I have my match for to resist.
- 20 My natural brethren do cry out,  
I wonder what he is about;  
Why does he thus fatigue his life;  
So not think he loves his wife.



21 But O, if they would consider,  
 They'd know why she is like a widow :  
 A view of souls expos'd to hell  
 Has caus'd me to bid her farewell.

22 The worth of souls lay near my heart,  
 Which causes me with all to part—  
 Both wife and children, friends and all  
 Upon poor sinners for to call.

23 O may the Lord be with my mouth  
 While I am travelling north and south,  
 With mighty power bless every word,  
 That sinners may turn to the Lord.

24 Then when I've done my work below,  
 I'll gladly quit this vale of wo ;  
 I hope to meet my friends above  
 To clasp them in the arms of love.

25 In that sweet world there'll be no pain,  
 Nor fears of parting there again,  
 Then while we live, be this our care,  
 To live so that we may meet there.

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