

THE
PILGRIM'S SONG,
A
COLLECTION OF
H Y M N S
FOR THE USE OF CHRISTIANS.

BY EBENEZER CHASE,
A BROTHER IN THE WILLOW CONNECTION.

PSALM CXIX. 54.—*Thy statutes have been my
songs in the house of my pilgrimage.*—DAVID.

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HYMNS.

HYMN I.

The good old way.

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

CHORUS.

2 For I have sweet hope of glory in my soul;
I have sweet hope of glory in my soul,
I feel, I feel, I feel I'm on my journey home.

3 Our conflicts here though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory:

4 If we but watch and strive and pray,
Like soldiers in the *good old way.*

5 Though satan may his pow'r employ,
Our happiness for to destroy;

6 Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the *good old way.*

7 O good old way how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;

8 But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the *good old way.*

9 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promis'd land;

10 Then we will shout, and sing and pray,
And march along the *good old way.*

11 Ye valiant souls, for heav'n contend,
Remember life is at the end;

12 Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the *good old way.*

13 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll join with those who're gone before,

14 And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By walking in the *good old way.*

* By Christ the new and living way.

HYMN II.

The soldiers of Jesus, called to arms.

1 **C**OME soldiers of Jesus your armour gird on;
Your Captain commands you, God's well
belov'd Son;

He's unfurl'd his banner in our happy land,
Come rally around it, ye cross bearing band.

2 Throw by men's inventions, abide by God's
word;

For Jesus is your Lawgiver, Master and Lord;
His laws are not grievous, but righteous, and
good,

And we are his servants, the price of his blood.

3 O how has he wearied you, Christians declare;
Don't think it presumption his name for to bear;
The disciples at Antioch flourished and grew,
Not fettered by human invention like you.

4 O love one another, your Jesus commands;
Unite with your voices, your hearts and your
hands,

Like an army with banners, you dreadful shall
The host of the aliens before you shall flee.

5 Bold *Atheists* and *Deists* shall then hide their
face,

When Christians unite as dear children of grace;
The scorner, blasphemer, before you shall fall;
And sinners confounded, for mercy shall call.

6 Yet thousands dear Christians converted shall
be;

The haughty gainsayers themselves bow the
Their weeping and crying shall reach to the
crowds.

Yet woe, there poor bleeding Zion be swarming with
The God's ancient people, the poor scatter'd
flee.

5 I he long have been exiles; no more shall re-
How own our dear Jesus, their promised king

- But fly and take shelter beneath his kind wing.
 8 O then the *Millennium*, the long wish'd for day,
 For which our great *Master* has taught us to
 7 pray,
 Shall come and bring with it a kingdom below,
 When every nation to Jesus shall bow.
 9 Come, children of God, you for whom Christ
 has dy'd, [side;
 8 Come show that indeed you are on the Lord's
 Throw by human *creeds*, *appellations* and *laws*,
 And live by the gospel and honour its cause.

HYMN III.

Baptism.

- 1 **C**ONSTRAIN'D by love we come,
 Down to this water side;
 2 To imitate God's holy Son,
 The Christians only guide.
 2 He has commanded us,
 To be baptized with him,
 And cheerfully take up the cross,
 Renouncing every sin.
 3 Here then we would begin,
 His blessed cross to bear,
 In token of our death to sin,
 We would be baptized here.
 4 Here we would shew his death,
 And resurrection clear;
 And him through grace while we have breath,
 We'll worship, love, and fear.
 5 O all who love his name,
 What now can hinder you?
 2 Here's water, you believe in Christ,
 Then be baptized too.
 6 Sinners, this is the way,
 Christ and the apostles saith,
 Believe and be baptized to day,
 We're sure you will be blest.

- 7 As servants here we sing,
 And that for joy of heart;
 We have believ'd and will obey,
 O God thy grace impart.

HYMN IV.

Converse with Christ.

- 1 **I**'M tir'd of visits, modes, and forms,*
 And flatteries 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 ev'ry vein my passions move,
 The captives of his tongue;
 In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
 I could attend the pleasing sound,
 Nor shall I feel December cold;
 Nor think the darkness long.
 3 There while I hear the Son of 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 not guilt nor grief his own,
 But bore it all for me.
 4 Next he describes the thorns he wore,
 And talks his bloody passions 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 suff'rer tell,
 How on his cross he vanquish'd hell,

* Which are not according to godliness.

And all the pow'rs beneath;
 Transported and inspir'd, my tongue,
 Attempts his triumphs in a song;
 How has the serpent lost his sting!
 And where's thy victory, death?
 But when he shews 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 intense desire.
 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 burden'd heart,
 In ev'ry woe he bears a part,
 His arms embrace me, and his hands
 My drooping head sustains.
 Fly from my thoughts all human thing,
 And sporting swains and fighting kings,
 With tales of earthly love;
 My soul disdains those worldly snares,
 Which always dwell with worldly cares,
 Thine arms, my God, are sweeter lands,
 Nor can my heart remove.

HYMN V.

Experimental.

1 COME, list'ning angels, assist me to sing,
 The wonders of Jesus, my heavenly king;
 Great things for my soul, yea he surely has
 done,
 All glory to God for the gift of his Son.
 2 I wandered in darkness, a stranger to God,
 Neglected his calls, and despised his word;
 In romance and novels I thought I should gain
 Some knowledge of pleasure, and honour obtain.

3 At length the gospel trumpet did sound in my
 ears,
 And thunderings from heaven awaken'd my
 fears;
 The tears of repentance then freely did run,
 For slighting the Saviour I cri'd I'm undone.
 4 My sins were arranged, and before me appear'd
 The justice of God I then awfully fear'd,
 I fell on my knees, and for mercy did cry,
 Dear Lord have compassion—appear or I die.
 5 One evening while musing, these words come
 with pow'r,
 O do not be troubled, nor doubt any more;
 Believe in your God, believe also in me;
 In my Father's house there's a mansion for thee.
 6 'Tis the voice of my Saviour, my soul then did
 cry:
 On Calv'ry he suffer'd, and for me did die;
 His five bleeding wounds are now pleading for
 me,
 He's given me pardon, who hung on the tree.
 7 Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the work he has
 done;
 What an heav'nly peace in my soul is begun:
 I'll give him the glory, while on earth I remain
 When I pass over Jordan I'll praise him again.
 8 My soul is now anchor'd in the fountain of love;
 My heart and my treasure's in heaven above;
 Through grace I'm determin'd to never give
 o'er,
 Till safely I'm landed on fair Canaan's shore.

HYMN VI.

A prospect of the resurrection.

1 HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
 And triumph o'er the just;
 While the rich blood of martyr's slain,
 Lies mingled with the dust?

- 2 When shall the tedious night be gone;
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.
- 3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry,
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.
- 4 Lo! I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears!
The sweet immortal morning spreads
It blushes round the spheres.
- I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpets shake the ground.
- I hear the voice,—“Ye dead arise;”
And, lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.
- May my humble spirit stand
Among them, cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.
- How shall our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

HYMN VII.

Farewell.

FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is
at hand,
That we must be parted from this social band,

- Our sev'ral engagements do call us away;
Separation is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, 'loving' Christians, farewell for a
while:
We'll soon meet again if kind heaven should
smile;
And while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with
God.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be dis-
charg'd;
The war is just ended, the treasure's enlarg'd;
With singing and shouting through Jordan may
soar!
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.
- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who've listed for
war;
Sore trials await you but Jesus is near;
And though you must walk through this dark
wilderness,
Your Captain's, before you, he'll lead you to
peace.
- 5 The world, flesh, and satan, and hell all unite,
And bold persecutors will strive to affright;
Yet Jesus stands for you, he's greater than they;
Let this animate you to march on the way.
- 6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken
heart;
O haste to know Jesus, and choose the good
part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to love;
His arms are extended your souls to receive.
- 7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you I do mourn,
To think on your danger, and you unconcern'd;
I've heard of a judgment, where all must ap-
pear;

O there you stand trembling with tormenting
fear.

7 8 Your frolicks and pastime, in which you delight,
Will serve to torment you in that dreadful
fright;

You'll think on those sermons which you've
had in vain,

When hope's gone forever of hearing again.

9 Farewell, faithful pilgrims, farewell all around;
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall
sound;

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

HYMN VIII.

"The Lord is good."

1 **G**OOD is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and
thunder;

Mercies and judgments both proceed from kind-
ness, Infinite kindness.

2 Infinite goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;
Never repining, but forever praising,

God our Creator.

Well may we praise him, all his ways are per-
fect,

Though a resplendence infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre.

4 Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious if I am prepared,

What shape he comes in.

5 Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master,
I will commit all that I have or wish for;
Sweetly as babes sleep, will I give my life up,
When called to yield it.

6 Then death I'll dare thee, clad in all thy hor-
rors;

Christ my Redeemer will be thy destruction;
I shall be raised from thy gloomy mansion,
Praising forever.

7 O then exult, that God forever reigneth; [tion,
Clouds which surround him hinder our percep-
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises.

HYMN IX.

The Pilgrim's Farewell to the World.

1 **F**AREWELL, vain world, I must be gone,
Thou hast no home nor rest for me;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can see.

2 Why art thou loth my heart? Ah why
Dost thou recoil within my breast?
Grieve not, but say, "Farewell," and fly,
Unto the Ark, thy heav'nly rest.

3 I come, my Lord, a pilgrim's pace,
Weary and weak I slowly move;
Longing, but cannot reach the place,
The welcome place of rest above.

4 I come, my Lord, the floods arise,
These troubled seas foam nought but mire;
My soul from sin and sorrow flies,
To heaven I languishing aspire.

5 "Stay, stay," said earth, Ah! whither haste?
Here's a fair world, what would'st thou have?
Fair world! Ah! no, thy beauty's past;
An heav'nly Canaan, Lord, I crave.

6 Thus pilgrims in time's elder day,
Weary of earth, sigh'd after home;
They're gone before, I must not stay,
Till I with them to Zion come.

7 Put on my soul, put on the speed;
Though long the way, the end is sweet,

Once more vain world, farewell indeed,
In leaving thee, my Lord I meet.

HYMN X.

Shouting.

- 1 **T**HIS day my soul has caught new fire,
Halle, hallelujah;
I feel that heaven is drawing near,
Glory, hallelujah;
I long to quit this cumb'rous clay,
Halle, hallelujah;
And shout with saints in endless day,
Glory, hallelujah.

CHORUS.

- Shout! shout! we're gaining ground—Halle, hal-
lelujah; [jah.
Satan's kingdom's falling down—Glory hallelu-
jah.
2 When Israel came to Jericho,
Began to pray, and shout, and blow,
The tow'ring walls came tumbling down,
The noise, like thunder, shook the ground.
Shout! shout, &c.
3 See Gideon marching to the fight,
He had no weapon but a light;
He took his pitcher, and his lamp,
And storm'd, with these, the Midian camp.
Shout! shout, &c.
4 The Philistines, in a dreadful flame,
Found Zion's King was still the same;
Young David's weapons seem'd but dull,
But broke Goliath's brazen skull.
Shout! shout, &c.
5 See Daniel in the lion's den:
When he comes out, he'll pray again;
And Paul and Silas, when in jail,
Would pray and sing in spite of hell.
Shout! shout, &c.
6 They made the prison loudly ring,

Although oppos'd by hell's dark king;
Thus all who trust the Lord may sing,
And make the earth with praises ring.
Shout! shout, &c.

HYMN XI.

*A warning to the gay and thoughtless youth;
or, death bed reflections of a young man who died
in despair, in the western part of Vermont.*

- 1 **H**EARKEN, ye sprightly! and attend ye vain
ones;
Pause in your mirth; adversity consider;
Learn from a friend's pen, sentimental, painful
Sick-bed reflections.
2 Healthful and gay, like you, I spent my moments;
Boldly my heart said, joy should last forever;
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyment,
But by permission.
3 Sudden and awful, from the height of pleasure,
By pain and sickness, thrown upon this down
bed:
Vain is its softness, to assuage the pain of
Raging disorder.
4 Kindest attention of my friends most humane,
With the profound skill of a kind physician,
All still are baffled, while distressing anguish
Tortures my whole frame.
5 Vain are my groanings, all complaints are
fruitless;
Changing my place cannot abate my fever,
Here like a reptile, on a bed of embers,
Turning, I languish.
Hopes of recovery, my fond heart indulged,
Till my physician, to my great amazement,
Kindly inform'd me, that my case was despe-
rate, Death swift approaching.
7 Wonders on wonders to my view now open,
Life is receding, to the grave I'm hast'ning;

Am I prepared? This dread moment must I
Meet my Creator?

8 Twenty-five years I've spent without consid-
'ring,

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

9 Oft have I listen'd, while death bells were
tolling,
Seen the graves open'd with spectators mourn-
But was myself, in spite of all these warnings,
Long life expecting.

10 Counsel I've slighted, warnings I've neglected,
In my gay moments thoughts of death I've
banish'd;

When grown gray headed, I have oft resolved,
Death to prepare for.

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

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

13 Oh! ghastly death! pray stop one single mo-
ment,
While I give warning to my gay companions;
No time is granted for expostulation,
Shun my example.

HYMN XII.

Ten thousand years.

1 **H**ASTE, Lord, the grand Sabatic year,
Of holiness and rest,
When sin and pain shall fly our sphere,
And never more molest.
2 Sweet peace shall spread her halcyon wing,

And love and joy return,
And every tongue enraptur'd sing,
And every bosom burn.

3 Subjected long, but not by choice,
To mis'ry's cruel bands,
Creation freed shall then rejoice,
Beneath thy fostering hand.
The savage wolf no longer fierce,
With infant lambs shall play;
And heav'n the pristine curse reverse,
In that millennial day.

The HYMN XIII. *Lobby Teller?*

1 **G**REAT God! thy name be bless'd,
Thy goodness be ador'd;
My soul has been distress'd,
But thou hast peace restor'd.

2 A thankful heart I feel,
In peace my mind is stay'd;
Balsamic ointments heal
The wound that sin has made.

3 Though elements contend,
Though wind and water rage,
I've an unshaken friend,
That doth my grief assuage.

4 Though storms without arise,
Emblems of those within;
On Christ my soul relies,
A sacrifice for sin.

5 Though inward storms prevail,
Afflicting to endure,
I've help that cannot fail,
In him that's ever sure.

6 Though outward wars and strife,
Prevail from sea to sea;
I've peace in inward life,
And that sufficeth me.

7 Though clamor rear its head,

- And reach from shore to shore,
My soul has angels bread;
What can I covet more?
7 8 Though ill reports abound,
Suspensions and surmise,
I find, and oft have found,
In death true comfort lies.
9 That death, I mean, whereby
Self-love and will are slain;
For that the more these die,
The more the Lamb doth reign.
10 And well assur'd I am,
True peace is only known,
Where he the harmless Lamb
Has made the heart his throne.
11 Then, then may tempests rage,
Cannons may roar in vain,
The rocks of every age,
The Lamb for me was slain.

HYMN XIV.

Mutual comfort, by mutual faith.

- 1 **S**INCE God has let us live to see,
And at this place to meet,
Now let us join and sing and pray,
And sit at Jesus' feet.
2 There's no where else that we can go,
Nor could we if we dare,
Join with a drunken swearing crew,
For they have no such fare.
3 Now let us hear what all will say,
Since we have pray'd and sung;
One rises, and he says, My soul
Doth in the Lord feel strong:
4 I pray that God would keep my soul
Forever feasting so;
That when I've done with this vain world,
I may to glory go.

- 5 Another says I'm very dark,
But yet I mean to go;
A third one says, I feel a spark
Of heavenly love below.
6 The fourth one says, I'm very weak,
But I intend to trust
In him that's able to supply
Each soul who is athirst.
7 Some speak quite loud, and some quite low,
And some speak very strong;
Upon the whole each one doth say,
I mean to keep along.
8 Keep on, keep on, ye fainting souls,
The Lord is on your side,
You need not fear what man can do,
For you're the Saviour's bride.
9 Unto the strong, just let me say,
Leave not the weak behind;
But in your bosoms take the lambs,
And to the weak be kind.
10 The weak shall be like Jesse's son,
The strong like angels bright,
When we no more shall walk by faith—
But all shall walk by sight.
11 Then to the strong, the weak, the faint
The sheep and lambs of God;
Sing, pray, give thanks, all you that are
Redeem'd by Jesus' blood.
12 I'll praise king Jesus while I live,
I'll praise him when above—
When all shall strike one heavenly note,
And that be bleeding love.

HYMN XV.

For Epiphany.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!

- 7 *Star of the East*, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is 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 slumber reclining;
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!
 3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine;
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?
 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!
 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

HYMN XVI.

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 **S**HEPHERDS rejoice lift up your eyes,
 And send your fears away;
 News from the region of the skies,
 Salvation's born to-day.
 2 Jesus the Lord, whom angels fear,
 Has come to dwell with you;
 To-day he makes his entrance here,
 But not as monarchs do.
 3 No gold, nor purple swadling bands,
 Nor royal shining things;
 A manger for his cradle stands,
 And holds the King of kings.
 4 Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 And see his humble throne;
 With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 Go, shepherds kiss the Son.
 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around

- The heavenly armies throng;
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song:
 6 Glory to God that reigns above,
 Let peace surround the earth;
 Mortals shall know their Maker's love
 At their Redeemer's birth.
 7 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise?
 O may we loose those useless tongues
 When they forget to praise!
 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
 That pitied us forlorn,
 We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN XVII.

*To Sinners
Preachers*

- 1 **S**EE how the nations rage together,
 Seeking of each others blood;
 See how the scriptures are fulfilling;
 Sinners awake and turn to God.
 2 We see the fig-tree's now a budding,
 You that in open ruin lie,
 Behold the leaves almost appearing;
 Arise! behold, your end is nigh.
 3 We read of wars and great commotion
 To come before that dreadful day;
 Sinners, awake, and find salvation,
 Now while he offers you free grace.
 4 Ye ministers who wait on preaching,
 Teachers and exhorters too,
 O don't you see your harvest wasting!
 Arise, there is no rest for you.
 5 O think upon the strict commandment,
 God has upon his teachers laid;
 The sinner's blood who dies unwarned,
 Shall fall upon his teacher's head.
 6 To see the land lay in confusion

Looks dreadful in a mortal eye;
 But, O dear sinner, that is nothing
 To when the day of doom draws nigh.
 7 To see the earth in flames a burning,
 Mountains and hills away must fly;
 The moon in blood, the stars a falling,
 And comets blazing through the sky.
 8 But, sinners, that's not all that's dreadful
 Before your Judge you must appear,
 To answer for your past transactions,
 However runs your courses here.
 9 The book of conscience will be open'd;
 Your characters be read therein;
 The sentence is, Depart, ye cursed;
 And every saint shall say, Amen.

HYMN XVIII.

The dying Marianne. (Mrs. Marianne Burr.)

1 **A**H! why this long and ling'ring pain?
 Why do I seek repose in vain?
 In vain I close my eyes;
 In vain I court thee, balmy sleep;
 Restless and pained I lie and weep,
 While gentle slumber flies.
 These tedious days and nights of grief,
 These months of wo, and no relief,
 When will they be gone?
 When will my tears and sighing cease?
 When shall I greet thee, smiling peace?
 And when will pleasure dawn?
 3 Alas! the choicest balm no more
 Can this my wasting flesh restore;
 I must resign my breath;
 No more the healing art can give
 This dying frame a power to live,
 Or stay the hand of death.
 4 Adieu, my friends, a long adieu
 To peace, to friendship, and to you;

Ah! cruel fate of mine!
 Must I be snatch'd from all that's dear,
 From ev'ry friend and comfort here?
 Yes; I must all resign.
 5 No more the sun, with pleasant ray,
 Looks down from heav'n, to cheer my day;
 To me in vain he smiles.
 Darkness and doubts my peace control;
 A dreary gloom o'erspreads my soul,
 And ev'ry pleasure spoils.
 6 But what! shall I, a worm, complain?
 Or charge my God with counsels vain?
 Or shall I dare repine?
 Afraid to die, too vile to live,
 My God, a trembling wretch forgive,
 And let thy mercy shine.
 7 O for a cheering voice from heav'n,
 "Daughter thy sins are all forgiv'n,
 Thy crimes are wash'd away;"
 Then could I close in peace my eyes,
 And soar triumphant to the skies,
 Where shines eternal day.
 8 But can so vile a sinner find
 A just and holy God so kind?
 And can I trust his grace?
 Yes, my Redeemer lives! he lives!
 Joy to my soul, my hope revives;
 I see his smiling face.
 9 Clear as the sun in sky serene,
 The parting clouds he looks between
 And bids my fears remove
 With treasure now I trust his grace,
 To end my mortal race,
 To taste his precious love.
 No more can death my soul surprise,
 My steady faith on God relies,
 And all is peace of mind:

I see no more in things below
To tempt my stay; with joy I go,
And leave them all behind.

11 Adieu, my friends, a long adieu,
I leave the joys of earth with you,
I seek a heav'nly prize.

May you in Jesus too be found;
And, when the trump of God shall sound,
In his blest image rise.

12 Farewell, my child and partner dear;
If aught on earth could keep me here,
'Twould be my love for you;

But Jesus calls my soul away;
Jesus forbids a longer stay;
My dearest friends, adieu.

13 Thus Marianne with rapture sung,
Thus flow'd the music from her tongue;
She clos'd her eyes in peace;

The spirit leaves her house of clay,
To realms of bliss she wings her way,
Where sighs and sorrows cease.

14 Surviving friends, her virtues claim
Some sweet memorial of her name;
And while she sleeps in death,

'Tis yours with pious care to tread
Her steps as far as Jesus led,
If heav'n demand your breath.

And may you all in peace resign
To him and its joys for bliss divine,
When I meet her soul above.

And warbling harps and songs proclaim
Alas! the Redeemer's glorious name.
Can this speak his boundless love.

I must **HYMN XIX.**
Contentment.

TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth, and carnal joys,

things I lov'd before
I but view my Saviour's face,
I feel his animating grace,
I desire no more.

I have no more of praise and wealth,
I have no more of ease and health,
For these have all their snares;

Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,
And see my name enroll'd in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
For these are trifling things;

The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.

Give me a Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand
The sure unerring word;

I'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone from day to day
Conversing with the Lord.

HYMN XX.

Human frailty

W EAK and irresolute is
The purpose of to

Woven with pains into

To-morrow rends a

The bow well bent, and

Vice seems ahead

But passion rude

- 4 'Tis here the folly of the wise,
 Through all his art, we view;
 And while his tongue the charge denies,
 His conscience owns it true.
- 5 Bound on a voyage of awful length,
 And dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.
 Oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast;
 The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

160 miles

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