

# ZION'S HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF THE ORIGINAL

## FREE-WILL BAPTIST CHURCH

OF NORTH CAROLINA,

AND FOR

### THE SAINTS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS

RUFUS K. HEARN, JOSEPH S.

JESSE RANDOLPH

AND JAMES MOORE.

"Sing praises to the rig  
Who dwells on Zion"

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Publish  
FREE BAPTIST  
Kenil,

To Whom Address All Orders.

*Song 85*

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## RECOMMENDATION.

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HAVING examined the collection of Hymns  
and Songs compiled by brethren RUFUS K.  
HEARN, JOSEPH S. BELL, and JESSE RAN-  
DOLPH, I earnestly recommend it to our  
connection as the Book we have so long  
needed.

JAMES MOORE.

## PREFACE.

THE Hymn-Book in use among the Original Free-Will Baptists of North Carolina being defective in many respects, at the solicitations of many of our Ministers and brethren the undersigned have made the following compilation. We present this work to the Church and the Public, hoping it may supply the deficiency which has so long existed.

We have many regrets that the necessarily contracted limits of this volume prevented the insertion of so many valuable Hymns and Songs, and we must request our brethren not to feel disappointed if they do not find their favorite. We selected such as we thought most suitable for public, private, and social worship.

We hope the blessings of God will accompany it, and that it may be a means of promoting the Redeemer's kingdom.

RUFUS K. HEARN,  
JOSEPH S. BELL,  
JESSE RANDOLPH,  
*Compilers*

## HYMNS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1

S. M.—C. Wesley.

- 1 Father, in whom we live,  
In whom we are and move,  
The glory, power, and praise receive,  
Of thy creating love.
- 2 Let all the angel throng  
Give thanks to God on high,  
While earth repeats the joyful song,  
And echoes through the sky.
- 3 Incarnate Deity,  
Let all the ransomed race  
Render, in thanks, their lives to thee,  
For thy redeeming grace :
- 4 The grace to sinners show'd  
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,  
And cry, " Salvation to our God,  
Salvation to the Lamb !"
- 5 Spirit of holiness,  
Let all thy saints adore  
Thy sacred energy, and bless  
Thy heart-renewing power.
- 6 Not angel tongues can tell  
Thy love's ecstatic height,  
The glorious joy unspeakable,  
The beatific sight !

- 7 Eternal, Triune Lord,  
Let all the hosts above,  
Let all the sons of men, record,  
And dwell upon thy love.
- 8 When heaven and earth are fled  
Before thy glorious face,  
Sing, all the saints thy love hath made.  
Thine everlasting praise!

2

C. M.—C. Wesley.

## Divine Excellence.

- 1 Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
One God in persons three;  
Of thee we make our joyful boast,  
Our songs we make of thee!
- 2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen,  
Thou art a spirit pure;  
Thou from eternity hast been,  
And always shalt endure.
- 3 Present alike in every place,  
Thy Godhead we adore:  
Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Thou dwellest for evermore.
- 4 In wisdom infinite thou art,  
Thine eye doth all things see;  
And every thought of every heart  
Is fully known to thee.
- 5 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below,  
Thou dost in heaven above;  
But chiefly we rejoice to know  
Th' almighty God of love.

- 6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,  
Thy goodness we rehearse,  
In shining characters display'd  
Throughout our universe.
- 7 Mercy, with love and endless grace,  
O'er all thy works doth reign:  
But mostly thou delight'st to bless  
Thy favorite creature, man.
- 8 Wherefore let every creature give  
To thee the praise design'd;  
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,  
The hearts, of all mankind.

3

L. M.—J. Chandler.

## The Cross.

- 1 While in the agonies of death  
The Saviour yields his latest breath,  
We, too, will mount on Calv'ry's height,  
And contemplate the wondrous sight!
- 2 O Lamb of God, by faith we see  
How all our hopes are fixed on thee:  
Thy cross we see ordain'd by Heaven,  
For man to look, and be forgiven!
- 3 By this thy saints to glory come,  
By this they brave the martyr's doom;  
In this the surest proof we find  
Of God's vast love to lost mankind.
- 4 On this, O Lord, enthroned on high,  
With more than royal majesty  
Thou spreadest forth thine arms abroad,  
And callest all mankind to God.



- 5 O grant us then to find a place  
Around the footstool of thy grace,  
And there in humble faith to stay  
Till all our sins are wash'd away!
- 6 O banner of the cross, unfurl'd  
To shine with glory through the world,  
O may we ever cleave to thee,  
And thou shalt our salvation be!

4

L. M.—Watts.

- 1 When 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 his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

5

L. M.—C. Wesley.

**"It is Finished."**

- 1 'Tis finished! The Messiah dies,  
Cut off for sins, but not his own!  
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,  
The great redeeming work is done.

- 2 'Tis finished! All the debt is paid;  
Justice divine is satisfied;  
The grand and full atonement made;  
God for a guilty world hath died.
- 3 The veil is rent in Christ alone;  
The living way to heaven is seen;  
The middle wall is broken down,  
And all mankind may enter in.
- 4 The types and figures are fulfill'd,  
Exacted is the legal pain,  
The precious promises are seal'd;  
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.
- 5 Saved from the legal curse I am,  
My Saviour hangs on yonder tree;  
See there the meek, expiring Lamb!  
'Tis finished! He expires for me.
- 6 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued;  
All grace is now to sinners given;  
And, lo! I plead th' atoning blood,  
And in thy right I claim thy heaven.

6

C. M.—Cowper.

**The Fountain.**

- 1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

7

L. M.—C. Wesley.

**Great Antitype.**

- 1 O thou great off'ring on the tree  
Thine in thy offerings all foreshow'd,  
Born to redeem their whole effect from thee,  
And show their virtue from thy blood:
- 2 Thy sorrow of goats and bullocks slain  
Ever for one sin atone;  
Thy blood the guilty off'rer's stain  
Thine was the work, and thine alone.
- 3 Vain in themselves their duties were,  
Their services could never please,  
Till join'd with thine, and made to share  
The merits of thy righteousness.
- 4 Forward they cast a faithful look  
On thy approaching sacrifice;  
And thence their pleasing savour took,  
And rose accepted in the skies.

- 5 Those feeble types and shadows old,  
Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfill'd;  
We in thy sacrifice behold  
The substance of those rites reveal'd.
- 6 Thy meritorious suff'rings past,  
We see, by faith, to us brought back;  
And on thy grand oblation cast,  
Its saving benefits partake.

8

S. M.—Kelly.

**Resurrection.**

- 1 "The Lord is risen indeed;"  
He lives, to die no more;  
He lives, the sinner's cause to lead,  
Whose curse and shame are more.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed;"  
Then hell has lost his power;  
With him is risen the ransom sum paid,  
To reign in endless day.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed;"  
Attending angels, hear;  
Up to the courts of heaven, where  
The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then wake your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord;  
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,  
To sing our risen Lord.

9

7s—C. Wesley.

**The Ascension.**

- 1 Hail, the day that sees Him rise,  
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!  
Christ, awhile to mortals given.  
Re-ascends his native heaven.

- 2 There the pompous triumph waits;  
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;"  
Wide unfold the radiant scene;  
Take the King of glory in!
- 3 Circled round with angel powers,  
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,  
Conqu'ror over death and sin;  
Take the King of Glory in!
- 4 Him though highest heaven receives,  
Still he loves the earth he leaves;  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 5 See, he lifts his hands above!  
See, he shows the prints of love!  
Hark, his gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on his church below!
- 6 Ever upward let us move,  
Wafted on the wings of love;  
Looking, when thou, Lord, shalt come;  
Looking, gasping after home.
- 7 There we shall with thee remain  
Partners of thy endless reign;  
There thy face unclouded see,  
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

10

S. M.—C. Wesley.

**Jacob's Ladder.**

- 1 What doth the Ladder mean  
Sent down from the Most High?  
Fasten'd to earth its foot is seen,  
Its summit to the sky.

- 2 Lo! up and down the scale  
The angels swiftly move;  
And God, the great Invisible,  
Himself, appears above.
- 3 Jesus that Ladder is,  
The Incarnate Deity,  
Partaker of celestial bliss  
And human misery.
- 4 Sent from his high abode,  
To sleeping mortals given,  
He stands, and man unites to God,  
And earth connects with heaven.

11

C. M.—Watts.

**Stupendous Love.**

- 1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and (O amazing love!)  
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break!  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.



- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told!

## 12

L. M.—C. Wesley.

**“God blessed for ever.”**

- 1 The day of Christ, the day of God,  
We humbly hope with joy to see,  
Wash'd in the sanctifying blood  
Of an expiring Deity,
- 2 Who did for us his life resign:  
There is no other God but one;  
For all the plenitude divine  
Resides in the Eternal Son.
- 3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,  
O may we to his day remain!  
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse  
Our souls from every sinful stain.
- 4 Lord, we believe the promise sure!  
The purchased Comforter impart!  
Apply thy blood to make us pure,  
To keep us pure in life and heart!
- 5 Then let us see the day supreme,  
When none thy Godhead shall den  
Thy sov'reign majesty blaspheme,  
Or count thee less than the Most High.
- 6 When all who on their God believe,  
Who here thy last appearing love,  
Shall thy consummate joy receive,  
And see thy glorious face above.

## 13

S. M.—Montgomery.

**Pentecost.**

- 1 Lord God the Holy Ghost,  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all thy power!
- 2 We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind,  
One soul, one feeling breathe
- 4 The young, the old, inspire  
With wisdom from above;  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire  
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light, explore,  
And chase our gloom away,  
With lustre shining more and more  
Unto the perfect day.
- 6 Spirit of truth, be thou  
In life and death our guide;  
O spirit of adoption, now  
May we be sanctified!

## 14

C. M.—Watts.

**Psalm xxvii.**

- 1 The Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too;  
God is my strength; nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.



- 2 One privilege my heart desires,  
O grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God!
- 3 There shall I offer my request,  
And see thy beauty still;  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may his children hide;  
God has a strong pavilion where  
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high,  
Above my foes around;  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound.

15

S. M.—Watts.

Psalm xlviii.

- 1 Far as thy name is known,  
The world declares thy praise;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne  
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand  
On Zion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell;  
Compass and view the holy ground,  
And mark the building well:

- 4 The order of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;  
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise!  
How glorious to behold!  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die:  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

16

C. M.—Watts.

Psalm cxxii.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear,  
My friends devoutly say,  
"In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day!"
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road!  
The church adorn'd with grace  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,  
The holy tribes repair,  
The Son of David holds his throne,  
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints,  
And, while his awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble, and rejoice!

- 5 Peace be within this sacred place  
And joy a constant guest !  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains ;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

17

*L. M.—Watts.***The Great Commission.**

- 1 "Go preach my gospel," saith the Lord :  
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;  
He shall be saved who trusts my word ;  
He shall be damn'd who won't believe.
- 2 "I'll make your great commission known ;  
And ye shall prove my gospel true  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Teach all the nations my commands ;  
I'm with you till the world shall end  
All power is trusted in my hands ;  
I can destroy and I defend."
- 4 He spake, and light shone round his head ;  
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode :  
They to the furthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.

18

*C. M.—Doddridge.***The Treasure in Earthen Vessels.**

- 1 How rich thy bounty, King of kings !  
Thy favors, how divine !  
The blessings which thy gospel brings,  
How splendidly they shine !

- 2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys,  
Should gold and gems compare ;  
How mean, when set against those joys  
Thy poorest servants share !
- 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace  
Are lodged in urns of clay ;  
And the weak sons of mortal race  
Th' immortal gifts convey.
- 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,  
Yet grace the victory gives ;  
Quickly they moulder back to earth,  
Yet still thy gospel lives.
- 5 Such wonders power divine effects ;  
Such trophies God can raise  
His hand, from crumbling dust, erects  
His monument of praise.

19

*S. M.—Wesley.***Opening Conference.**

- 1 And are we yet alive  
And see each other's face ?  
Glory and praise to Jesus give  
For his redeeming grace !  
Preserved by power divine  
To full salvation here,  
Again in Jesus' praise we join  
And in his sight appear.
- 2 What troubles have we seen,  
What conflicts have we past,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last ;

But out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by his love;  
And still he doth his help afford  
And hides our life above.

- 3 Then let us make our boast  
Of his redeeming power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we can sin no more:  
Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

## 20

S. M.—C. Wesley.

## Closing Conference.

- 1 And let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair  
Inseparably join'd in heart,  
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 Jesus, the corner-stone,  
Did first our hearts unite,  
And still he keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with him in white.
- 3 O let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below;  
And following our triumphant Head  
To further conquest go.
- 4 The vineyard of the Lord  
Before his lab'ers lies;  
And lo! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies.

- 5 O let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend,  
That haven of repose to find,  
Where all our labors end!
- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,  
Our suff'ring and our pain;  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again.
- 7 O happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet!  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet.
- 8 The church of the first-born,  
We shall with them be blest,  
And, crown'd with endless joy, return  
To our eternal rest.
- 9 With joy we shall behold,  
In yonder bless'd abode,  
The patriarchs and prophets old,  
And all the saints of God.
- 10 Abr'am and Isaac, there,  
And Jacob, shall receive  
The foll'wers of their faith and prayer,  
Who now in bodies live.
- 11 We shall our time beneath  
Live out in cheerful hope,  
And fearless pass the vale of death,  
And gain the mountain top.



- 12 To gather home his own  
 God shall his angels send,  
 And bid our bliss, on earth begun,  
 In deathless triumph end.

## 21

6s and 8s. — *C. Wesley.*

**The Year of Jubilee.**

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
 The gladly solemn sound;  
 All the nations know,  
 Earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 And ye, our great High Priest,  
 To full atonement made:  
 In us, O spirits, rest;  
 Mourning souls, be glad;  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
 The all-atoning Lamb;  
 Redemption, through his blood,  
 Throughout the world proclaim;  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive,  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And bless'd in Jesus live;  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 5 Ye who have sold for naught  
 Your heritage above,  
 Receive it back unbought,  
 The gift of Jesus' love;  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of heavenly grace;  
 And, saved from earth, appear  
 Before your Saviour's face;  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

## 22

*L. M. — C. Wesley.*

**The Hearty Welcome**

- 1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,  
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest,  
 Joy, rest, and love, and peace,  
 Ye need not one be left behind,  
 For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
 The invitation is to all:  
 Come, all the world! come, sinners, thou!  
 All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,  
 Ye restless wand'ers after rest,  
 Ye poor and maim'd and halt and blind,  
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message, as from God receive:  
 Ye all may come to Christ and live:  
 O let his love your hearts constrain,  
 Nor suffer him to die in vain!



- 5 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious bleeding sacrifice!  
His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

## 23

(11s.)

- 1 How happy, how joyful, how loving I feel,  
I want to feel more love, yea, more love and zeal,  
I want my love perfect, I want my love pure,  
That all things with patience I well may endure.
- 2 I want to be little, more simple, more mild,  
More like my bless'd Master, and more like a child,  
More watchful, more prayerful, more lowly in mind,  
More thankful, more gentle, more loving and kind
- 3 I want to have wisdom that comes from above;  
I want my heart fill'd with the purest of love;  
I want my faith stronger, my anchor, hope, sure,  
And, like a good soldier, a faith to endure.
- 4 I want to be stripp'd of all vain human pride;  
All malice and anger I would lay aside;  
From sin and from bondage I want to be free,  
And live, my dear Saviour, live only like thee.
- 5 My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,  
Where nothing will enter to rust or corrupt;  
Where no thief or robber will venture or dare,  
My heart and my treasure I want to be there.
- 6 My union I want with the Father and Son,  
I want that completed which grace hath begun,  
With love and sweet union, that soothes every care,  
And with my dear brethren all burdens to bear.

- 7 When time is no more, then from earth we'll remove,  
To dwell in the region of pure light and love,  
With Jesus, our Saviour, and all holy men,  
We'll sing hallelujahs forever, amen.

## 24

11s and 10s.—*Moore.***Come, ye Disconsolate.**

- 1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come, to God's altar fervently kneel, [languish,  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an  
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name, saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,  
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,  
Sweet as the heavenly promise Hope brings us,  
Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal.

## 25

C. M.—*C. Wesley.***Before Evening Sermon.**

- 1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes  
Our inmost thoughts perceive,  
Accept the ev'ning sacrifice  
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,  
And think ourselves sincere:  
But show us, Lord, is every one  
Thy real worshipper?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,  
Nor feels his want of thee;  
A stranger to the blood which bought  
His pardon on the tree?

26

## HYMNS FOR

- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,  
His desp'rate state explain;  
And fill his heart with sacred grief,  
And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,  
And bid the sleeper rise;  
And bid his guilty conscience dread  
The death that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, "What must be done  
To save a wretch like me?"  
How shall a trembling sinner shun  
That endless misery?
- 7 "I must this instant now begin  
Out of my sleep to wake,  
And turn to God, and every sin  
Continually forsake:
- 8 "I must for faith incessant cry,  
And wrestle, Lord, with thee;  
I must be born again, or die  
To all eternity!"

26

C. M.—Noel.

## Hope in Trouble.

- 1 When musing sorrow weeps the past  
And mourns the present pain,  
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise  
And dread a Father's will;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still:—

- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagles' plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight:—
- 4 It is that hope with ardor glows,  
To see Him face to face;  
Whose dying love no language knows  
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 O let me wing my hallow'd flight  
From earth-born woe and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share!

27

C. M.—C. Wesley.

## Pleadings.

- 1 Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
The weary sinner's friend,  
Come to my help, pronounce the word,  
And bid my troubles end.
- 2 Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,  
And life and liberty;  
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,  
And Jesus prove to me!
- 3 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have,  
For thou that hast given,  
Thou canst, thou wilt, the sinner save,  
And make me meet for heaven.
- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine:  
Thou wilt victorious prove:  
For everlasting strength is thine,  
And everlasting love.

- 5 Thy powerful spirit shall subdue  
Unconquerable sin ;  
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,  
And write thy law within.
- 6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,  
Yet let me hear thy call,  
My soul in confidence shall rise,  
Shall rise and break through all.
- 7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice ;  
The blind his sight receive :  
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice ;  
The heart of stone believe.
- 8 The Ethiop then shall change his skin ;  
The dead shall feel thy power !  
The loathsome leper shall be clean,  
And I shall sin no more.

## 28

C. M.—*Williams.***“My meditation of Him shall be sweet.”**

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting Power !  
Be my vain wishes still'd ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,  
To thee my thoughts would soar :  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see ;  
Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
Because conferr'd by thee.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings the favor'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gath'ring storm shall see,  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—  
That heart will rest on thee.

## 29

C. M.—*Watts.***Surrendering at the Cross.**

- 1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groan'd upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin !
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears ;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.



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

30

C. M.—*Newton.***The Effort.**

- 1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
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, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely prest,  
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 his gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-toss'd soul, be still,  
My promis'd grace receive!"  
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,  
I can, I do believe.

31

L. M.—*Cennick.***"I am the Way."**

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not sav'd from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more,  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, bless'd Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am;  
Nothing but sin have I to give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell, to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to GOD!"

32

7s—*C. Wesley.*

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge I have none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me!  
All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
All my help from thee I bring,  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False, and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

33

Six 8s.—*C. Wesley.***Wrestling Jacob.**

1 Come, O thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see.

My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee.  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;  
My sin and misery declare;  
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,  
Look on thy hands and read it there:  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold,  
Art thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go  
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name?  
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;  
To know it now resolved I am:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go  
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long?  
I rise superior to my pain:  
When I am weak, then am I strong!  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with thee, God-man, prevail!

6 My strength is gone, my nature dies,  
I sink beneath thy weighty hand;  
Faint, to revive, and fall, to rise;  
I fall, and yet by faith I stand;  
I stand, and will not let thee go  
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

34

C. M.—*Cowper.***The Backslider's Prayer.**

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

35

7s.—*Cowper.***Love to the Saviour.**

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

- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;  
Sought thee, wand'ring, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a mother's fender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be:  
Yet I will remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of faith 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 still so faint;  
Yet I love thee and adore:  
O for grace to love thee more!

36

C. M.—*C. Wesley.***Perfect Purification.**

- 1 For ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin:  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own  
Wash me, and mine thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve,  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

37

*C. M.—C. Wesley.*

- 1 Lord, I believe a rest remains,  
To all thy people known;  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art loved alone;
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above,  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in!  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin!
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
This unbelief remove;  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The sabbath of thy love.

38

*7s—C. Wesley.***“Christ Liveth in Me.”**

- 1 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
In thy gracious hands I am;  
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,  
Live thyself within my heart.

- 2 I shall then show forth thy praise,  
Serve thee all my happy days,  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

39

*C. M.—C. Wesley.***Praying for a Holy Heart.**

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

40

*10s, 5s and 11s.—C. Wesley.***The Pilgrimage.**

- 1 Come let us anew our journey pursue,  
With vigor arise,  
And press to our permanent place in the skies.  
Of heavenly birth, though wand'ring on earth,  
This is not our place,  
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.



- 2 At Jesus' call we gave up all;  
And still we forego,  
For Jesus' sake, our enjoyments below;  
No longing we find for the country behind;  
But onward we move,  
And still we are seeking a country above—
- 3 A country of joy, without any alloy,  
We thither repair:  
Our hearts and our treasures already are there.  
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;  
No matter what cheer  
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near!  
The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;  
The tempests that rise  
Gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.  
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;  
The troubles that come  
Come to our rescue, and hasten us home

41

7s.—Cennick.

**The Pilgrim's Song.**

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,  
As we journey let us sing;  
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God  
In the way our fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad!  
Christ our Advocate is made;  
Us to save our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.

- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of our land;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
Bids us, undismay'd, go on.
- 5 Lord! obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below:  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

42

7s, 6s and 8s.—C. Wesley.

**Only Jesus.**

- 1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature good!  
Only Jesus I pursue,  
Who bought me with his blood!  
All thy pleasures I forego,  
I trample on thy wealth and pride:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,  
'Tis all but vanity:  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
He tasted death for me!  
Me to save from endless woe  
The sin-atonement Victim died!  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!
- 3 Here will I set up my rest;  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast  
Shall never more depart;



Whither should a sinner go?  
His wounds for me stand open wide:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!

- 4 Him to know is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end;  
This is all my happiness,  
On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in his grace to grow,  
And ever in his faith abide:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!
- 5 O that I could all invite,  
This saving truth to prove,  
Show the length, the breadth, the height  
And depth of Jesus' love!  
Fain I would to sinners show  
The blood by faith alone applied!  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!

43

L. M.—Hart.

**Prayer.**

- 1 Prayer is appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give:  
Long as they live should Christians pray;  
They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;  
If cares distract, or fears dismay;  
If guilt dejects, if sin distress:  
In every case, still watch and pray.

- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:  
Though thought be broken, language lame,  
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak:  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known;  
Fear not; his merits must prevail:  
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

44

S. M.—C. Wesley.

**"Praying always, with all Prayer."**

- 1 To God your every want  
In instant prayer display:  
Pray always; pray, and never faint;  
Pray, without ceasing, pray.
- 2 In fellowship—alone—  
To God, with faith, draw near:  
Approach his courts, besiege his throne  
With all the power of prayer:
- 3 Go to his temple, go,  
Nor from his altar move:  
Let every house his worship know,  
And every heart his love.
- 4 To God your spirits dart;  
Your souls in words declare;  
Or groan to him who reads the heart  
Th' unutterable prayer.
- 5 His mercy now implore;  
And now show forth his praise,  
In shouts, or silently, adore  
His miracles of grace.

- 6 Pour out your souls to God,  
And bow them, with your knees;  
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,  
And pray for Zion's peace.
- 7 Your guides and brethren bear  
Forever on your mind;  
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,  
In grasping all mankind.

45

S. M.—C. Wesley.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky;
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil;  
O may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

46

S. M.—Watts.

## Rejoicing in God.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known:  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround his throne.

- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from the place!  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas.
- 5 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love:  
He will send down his heav'nly powers  
To carry us above.
- 6 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in;
- 7 Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow:
- 9 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

- 10 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

47

8s and 7s.—*R. Robinson.***Gratitude.**

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

48

L. M.

**Discipline.**

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

49

C. M.—*Watts.***Psalm xc.**

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Still may we dwell secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.



- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or Earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The brave tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are called down by the flood,  
And lost in forgotten years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home.

C. M.—C. Wesley.

### The Day of Judgment.

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

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

51

L. M.—C. Wesley.

### The Last Day.

- 1 The great archangel's trump shall sound,  
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar)  
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,  
And make the greedy sea to roar.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,  
The earth no more her slain conceal;  
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,  
And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,  
And faithful to the end endure,  
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness—  
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,  
And mountains are on mountains hur'd,  
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,  
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,  
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd ;  
While we survey the awful scene,  
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,  
And on that ruined world look down :  
By love, above all height we rise,  
And share the everlasting throne.

52

C. M.—*Watts.***The Heavenly Canaan.**

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

53

C. M.—*S. Stennett.***The Heavenly Canaan.**

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail  
On trees immortal grow :  
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest ?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay !  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8 Adieu ! adieu ! all earthly things !—  
I come, my Lord, I come !  
Angels, extend your golden wings,  
And bear my spirit home.

## 54

11s. — *Muhlenberg.***"I would not live alway."**

- 1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for it cheer
- 2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb:  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;  
There, sweet be my rest till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode? [plains,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

## 55

7s. — *Bowring.*

- 1 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Trav'ler o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory-beaming star.  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Trav'ler, ages are its own,  
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease,  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come.

## 56

C. M. — *C. Wesley.***New Year's Day.**

- 1 Let me alone another year,  
In honor of thy Son,  
Who doth my Advocate appear  
Before thy gracious throne.
- 2 Thou hast vouchsafed a longer space,  
And spared the barren tree,  
Because for me my Saviour prays,  
And pleads his death for me.
- 3 Time to repent thou dost bestow;  
But O the power impart!  
And let my eyes with tears o'erflow,  
And break my stubborn heart.
- 4 I'd nail my passions to the cross,  
Where my Redeemer died;  
And all things count but shame and loss  
For Jesus crucified.



- 5 Giver of penitential pain,  
Before that cross I lie,  
In grief determined to remain  
Till thou thy blood apply.
- 6 Forgiveness on my conscience sea,  
Bestow thy promised rest ;  
With purest love thy servant fill,  
And number with the blest.

57

C. M.—Watts.

**Inspiring Hope.**

- 1 When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall;  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

58

C. M.—Watts.

**Courage.**

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross—  
A foll'wer of the Lamb—  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize  
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

59

S. M.—Beddome.

**Praying for Rain.**

- 1 O Lord, in mercy spare  
The herbage of the field;  
And, under thy paternal care,  
May it abundance yield.
- 2 Restrain the burning ray,  
And grant refreshing rains;  
Restore the verdure from decay,  
And drench the parchèd plains.

- 3 Then we our praise will show  
To our preserver, God ;  
Our songs of melody shall flow,  
And spread his name abroad.

60

C. M.—Watts.

**Thanksgiving for Rain.—Psalm lxxv.**

- 1 Good is the Lord, the heavenly King,  
Who makes the earth his car,  
Visits the pastures every spring,  
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,  
Pour out, at his command,  
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,  
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field  
Permit the corn to spring ;  
The valleys rich provision yield,  
And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on every side  
Rejoice at falling showers ;  
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,  
Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The various months thy goodness crowns,  
How bounteous are thy ways !  
The bleating flock spread o'er the downs,  
And shepherds shout thy praise.

61

C. M.—Montgomery.

**What is Prayer ?**

- 1 Prayer 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 infant 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 watchword at the gates 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 cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 6 O 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.

62

S. M.—Montgomery.

**Lord's Prayer.**

- 1 Our heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now :  
Thy name be hallow'd far and near ;  
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above.

- 3 Our daily bread supply  
While by the Word we live;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,  
From Satan's wiles defend;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine shall forever be  
Glory and power divine;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are thine.
- 6 Thus humbly taught to pray  
By thy beloved Son,  
Through him we come to thee and say,  
"All for his sake be done."

63

*Is.—Newton.***Wrestling.**

- 1 Lord, 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 days have pass'd since then,  
Many changes I have seen,  
Yet have been upheld till now:  
Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in 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,  
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;  
I can no denial take,  
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

64

*L. M.—Stowell.***The Mercy-Seat.**

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads—  
A place of ail on earth most sweet;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.



- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more ;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

65

L. M.—*Watts*.**Praise to our Creator.**

- 1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign King  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God ; 't is he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;  
We are his work, and not our own,  
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy ;  
With praises to his courts repair ;  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;  
And all the race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

66

C. M.—*Watts*.**Delight in Worship.**

- 1 I love to see the Lord below ;  
His church displays his grace ;  
But upper worlds his glory know,  
And view him face to face.
- 2 I love to worship at his feet,  
Though sin annoy me there ;  
But saints, exalted near his seat,  
Have no assaults to fear.

- 3 I love to meet him in his court,  
And taste his heavenly love ;  
But still his visits seem too short,  
Or I too soon remove.
- 4 He shines, and I am all delight ;  
He hides, and all is pain :  
When will he fix me in his sight,  
And ne'er depart again ?
- 5 O Lord, I love thy service now ;  
Thy church displays thy power ;  
But soon in heaven I hope to bow,  
And praise thee evermore.

67

C. M.—*Jerris*.**Homage and Devotion.**

- 1 With sacred joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above,  
That glorious temple in the skies,  
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the gracious throne we bow  
Of heaven's almighty King ;  
Here we present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel,  
With trust and holy fear,  
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,  
And lend a gracious ear.
- 4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,  
And tune our lips to sing ;  
Nor from thy presence cast away  
The sacrifice we bring.

68

C. M.—*Montgomery.***Invocation for a Blessing in Worship.**

- 1 Lord, teach thy servants how to pray  
With rev'rence and with fear ;  
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,  
We must, to thee draw near.
- 2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee ;  
Give broken, contrite hearts ;  
Give—what thine eye delights to see—  
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility ; the sense  
Of godly sorrow give ;  
A strong, desiring confidence  
To see thy face and live.
- 4 Give faith in that one sacrifice  
Which can for sin atone ;  
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes  
On Christ, and Christ alone.
- 5 Give patience, still to wait and weep,  
Though mercy long delay ;  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 6 Give these, and then thy will be done :  
Thus strengthened with all might,  
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

69

C. M.

**A Blessing Sought.**

- 1 Again our earthly cares we leave,  
And to thy courts repair ;  
Again, with joyful feet we come  
To meet our Saviour here.

- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind bestow ;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow.
- 4 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our prayers,  
And in the presence of our Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.
- 5 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise,  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.

70

7s.—*Montgomery.***Prayer for a Blessing on Public Worship.**

- 1 To thy temple we repair ;  
Lord, we love to worship there ;  
There, within the veil, we meet  
Christ upon the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,  
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue ;  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Christ the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,  
Let thine ear in love attend ;  
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads ;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

- 4 While thy word is heard with awe,  
While we tremble at thy law,  
Let thy gospel's wondrous love  
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 From thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn;  
Then at ev'ning we may say,  
"We have walked with God to-day."

71

C. M.

**Prayer for Special Favor.**

- 1 Within thy house, O Lord our God,  
In glory now appear;  
Make this a place of thine abode,  
And shed thy blessings here.
- 2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,  
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;  
And let thy gospel's joyful sound  
With power reach every heart.
- 3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;  
Here give the mourners rest;  
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,  
Enthroned in every breast.
- 4 Here let the voice of sacred joy  
And humble prayer arise,  
Till higher strains our tongues employ  
In realms beyond the skies.

72

S. M.—C. Wesley.

**Claiming the Promise.**

- 1 Jesus, we look to thee,  
Thy promised presence claim;  
Thou in the midst of us wilt be,  
Assembled in thy name.

- 2 Thy name salvation is,  
Which here we come to prove,  
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,  
And everlasting love.
- 3 We meet, the grace to take  
Which thou hast freely given;  
We meet on earth, for thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.
- 4 O may thy quickening voice  
The death of sin remove,  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice  
In hope of perfect love.

73

L. M.—J. E. Smith.

**Devout Worship of God.**

- 1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;  
Thy saints adore thy holy name,  
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,  
And humbly thy protection claim.
- 2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust;  
The breath of life thy Spirit gave;  
Where, but in thee, can mortals trust?  
Who, but our God, has power to save?
- 3 Eternal source of truth and light,  
To thee we look, on thee we call:  
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,  
But thou to us art all in all.
- 4 Still may thy children in thy word  
Their common trust and refuge see;  
Oh, bind us to each other, Lord,  
By one great tie—the love of thee.



- 5 Here, at the portal of thy house,  
We leave our mortal hopes and fears;  
Accept our prayer, and bless our vows,  
And dry our penitential tears.
- 6 So shall our sun of hope arise,  
With brighter and still brighter ray,  
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes  
With beams of everlasting day.

74

L. M.—Watts.

**Praise for Divine Protection.**

- 1 With all my powers of heart and tongue  
I'll praise my Maker in my song;  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 To God I cried when troubles rose;  
He heard me, and subdued my foes;  
He did my rising fears control,  
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by his hand;  
His words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;  
Not all the works and names below,  
So much thy power and glory show.

75

C. M.

**Goodness of God Seen in his Works.**

- 1 Hail, great Creator, wise and good;  
To thee our songs we raise,  
Nature, through all her various scenes,  
Invites us to thy praise.

- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,  
Fresh wonders strike our view:  
And while we gaze, our hearts exult  
With transport ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star  
Which gilds the gloom of night,  
And decks the smiling face of morn  
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,  
With countless beauties shine:  
The silent groves, the solemn shade,  
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God, still may these scenes  
Our serious hours engage;  
Still may our grateful hearts consult  
Thy works' instructive page.
- 6 And, while in all thy wondrous ways  
Thy varied love we see,  
O may our hearts, great God, be led  
Through all thy works to thee.

76

L. M.—Watts.

**All Praise Due to God.**

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue  
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine ;  
Let every realm with joy proclaim  
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant climes and nations raise  
The long succe-sion of thy praise,  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

77

C. M.—*Hegibotham.***Praise at all Times.**

- 1 My soul shall praise thee, O my God,  
Through all my mortal days,  
And in eternity prolong  
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling, happy hour,  
Be this my sweet employ ;  
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,  
And heightens all my joy.
- 3 When anxious grief and gloomy cares  
Afflict my throbbing breast,  
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise :  
And lull each pain to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
The honors of my God ;  
My life, with all its active powers,  
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 And when these lips shall cease to move  
When death shall close these eyes,  
My soul shall then to nobler heights  
Of joy and transport rise.

6 My powers shall then, in lofty strains,  
Their grateful tribute pay ;  
The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
An everlasting day.

78

C. M.—*Wallace.***God Seen in His Works.**

- 1 There's not a star whose twinkling light  
Illumes the distant earth.  
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,  
But goodness gave it birth.
- 2 There's not a cloud whose dew's distill  
Upon the parching clod,  
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,  
That is not sent by God.
- 3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,  
In ocean deep or air,  
Where skill and wisdom are not found ;  
For God is everywhere.
- 4 Around, beneath, below, above,  
Wherever space extends,  
There Heaven displays its boundless love,  
And power with goodness blends.

79

C. M.—*H. K. White.***God over All.**

- 1 The Lord our God is Lord of all :  
His station who can find ?  
I hear him in the waterfall,  
I hear him in the wind.
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,  
His face I cannot fly ;  
I see him in the evening cloud,  
And in the morning sky.

- 3 He lives, he reigns in every land,  
From winter's polar snows  
To where, across the burning sand,  
The blasting meteor glows.
- 4 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;  
We hang upon his word.  
He rears his mighty arm on high,  
We fall before his sword.
- 5 He bids his gales the fields deform:  
Then, when his thunders cease,  
He paints his rainbow on the storm,  
And lulls the winds to peace.

## 80

L. M.—Watts.

- 1 Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me  
through,  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand,  
On every side I find thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge! vast and great;  
What large extent! what lofty height!  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

## 81

C. M.—H. K. White.

**Almighty Power and Majesty of God.**

- 1 The Lord our God is clothed with might,  
The winds obey his will;  
He speaks, and in the heavenly height  
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land  
With threatening aspect roar;  
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;  
Without his high behest  
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar;  
In distant peals it dies.  
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,  
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend—  
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate our God.

## 82

C. M.—Watts.

**Condescension of God.**

- 1 O Lord, our God, how wondrous great  
Is thine exalted name!  
The glories of thy heavenly state  
Let every tongue proclaim.



- 2 Lord, what is man, or all his race,  
Who dwells so far below.  
That thou should'st visit him with grace  
And love his nature so?—
- 3 That thine eternal Son should bear  
To take a mortal form—  
Made lower than his angels are,  
To save a dying worm?
- 4 Let him be crowned with majesty  
Who bowed his head to death,  
And be his honors sounded high  
By all things that have breath.
- 5 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great  
Is thine exalted name!  
The glories of thy heavenly state  
Let all the earth proclaim.

83

C. M.—Watts.

**God our Keeper.**

- 1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes;  
There all my hopes are laid.  
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,  
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,  
Whom he designs to keep;  
His ear attends their humble call,  
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure.  
Thy keeper is the Lord;  
His wakeful eyes employ his power  
For thine eternal guard.

*Christian, in one who believes in  
Christ one whose life*

- 4 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,  
Where thickest dangers come;  
Go and return, secure from death,  
Till God shall call thee home.

84

C. M.—Pitt.

**God our Guardian.**

- 1 On God we build our sure defence;  
In God our hopes repose;  
His hand protects our varying life,  
And guards us from our foes.
- 2 Our minds shall be serene and calm  
Like Siloam's peaceful flood,  
Whose soft and silver streams refresh  
The city of our God.
- 3 We to the mighty Lord of Hosts  
Securely will resort;  
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,  
Our succor and support.

85

C. M.

**God our Defence.**

- 1 No change of time shall ever shock  
My trust, O Lord, in thee;  
For thou hast always been my rock,  
A sure defence to me.
- 2 Thou our deliverer art, O God;  
Our trust is in thy power;  
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,  
Our safeguard and our tower.
- 3 To thee will we address our prayer,  
To whom all praise we owe;  
O may we, by thy watchful care,  
Be saved from every foe.

- 4 Then let Jehovah be adored,  
On whom our hopes depend;  
For who, except the mighty Lord,  
His people can defend?

86

*C. M.—E. H. Sears.***A Joyous Event.**

- 1 Calm on the listening ear of night  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,  
Shed sacred glories there,  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.
- 3 The joyous hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The dayspring from on high.
- O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.
- "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Aloud with anthems ring;  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King!"

87

*8s and 7s.***Christ Welcomed as a Saviour.**

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

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the saints thou art;  
Long desired of every nation,  
Joy of every waiting heart.

- 3 Born thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, yet God our King,  
Born to reign in us forever,  
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.

88

*C. M.—Steele.***Humiliation of Christ.**

- 1 And did the Holy and the Just,  
The Sovereign of the skies,  
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,  
That guilty man might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,  
His radiant throne on high—  
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—  
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffered in his stead!  
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!—  
For sinful man he bled.
- 4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
In thine atoning blood!  
By this are sinners saved from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.

89

C. M.—Watts.

**Christ the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.**

- 1 The true Messiah now appears ;  
The types are all withdrawn ;  
So fly the shadows and the stars  
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 The smoking, sweet and bleeding lamb,  
Which kid and bullock slain,  
Her spicy spice of every name,  
Celestial all be burnt in vain.  
Shed sack lay his robes away,  
And angels, and his vest,  
Make music, Lord, comes down to be  
The joying and the priest.  
See our mortal flesh to show  
Ar wonders of his love ;  
As he paid his life below,  
And prays for us above.  
"Forgive," he cries, "forgive their sins,  
For I myself have died ;"  
And then he shows his opened veins,  
And pleads his wounded side.

90

L. M.—W. B. Tappan.

**Christ in Gethsemane.**

- 1 'Tis midnight ; and on Olive's brow  
The star is dimmed that lately shone.  
'Tis midnight ; in the garden now  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight ; and, from all removed,  
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears ;  
E'en that disciple whom he loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

- 3 'Tis midnight ; and, for others' guilt,  
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood ;  
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt  
Is not forsaken by his God.

- 4 'Tis midnight ; and from ether plains  
Is borne the song that angels know ;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour

91

S. M.—Watts.

**Holiness and Vengeance of**

- 1 Exalt the Lord our God, one,  
And worship at his feet ;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,  
When Aaron was his priest,  
When Moses cried, when Samuel pr<sup>st</sup>,  
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race ;  
And oft he made his vengeance known  
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same ;  
Still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

92

S. M.—Watts.

**Mercy of God.**

- 1 O bless the Lord, my soul !  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name  
Whose favors are divine.



- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'T is he forgives thy sins ;  
'T is he relieves thy pain ;  
'T is he who heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave ;  
He who redeemed my soul from hell,  
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good,  
He gives the sufferer rest ;  
The Lord his judgment for the proud,  
And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wonders, works and ways  
He makes manifest known ;  
But sermons his truth and grace  
By his living and Son.

93

C. M.

- 1 The eternal God is everywhere,  
To witness the sinner's ways ;  
He sees who join in humble prayer,  
And who in solemn praise.
- 2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,  
Can pierce and search us through ;  
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford  
A shelter from thy view !

- 3 The universe, in every part,  
At once before thee lies ;  
And every thought of every heart  
Is open to thine eyes.
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise  
With fervent, holy love ;  
And fit us, by thy word of grace,  
To worship thee above.

94

C. M.—Watts.

**Obedience better than Sacrifice.**

- 1 Thus saith the Lord : " The spacious fields  
And flocks and herds are mine ;  
O'er all the cattle of the hills  
I claim a right divine.
- 2 " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,  
Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;  
To hope and love, to praise and praise,  
Is all that I require.
- 3 " Call upon me when thou art in need,  
My hand shall set thee free ;  
Then shall thy thankful praises  
The honor's due to me.
- 4 " The man who offers holocausts,  
He glorifies me best ;  
And those who tread my paths  
Shall my salvation taste.

95

L. M.—Watts.

**Power of the Word.**

- 1 This is the word of truth and love,  
Sent to the nations from above :  
Jehovah here resolves to show  
What his almighty grace can do.

- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,  
To heal diseases of the mind ;  
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can  
Restore the ruined creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive ;  
Sinners obey the voice and live ;  
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh  
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
- 4 May but this grace my soul renew,  
Let sinners gaze and hate me too ;  
The word that saves me does engage  
A sure defence from all their rage.

96

H. M.—C. Wesley.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears ;  
Before the throne my surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede ;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead ;  
His blood shed for all our race,  
And seated now the throne of grace
- 3 Five blood wounds he bears,  
Received at Calvary ;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me .  
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One .  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son ;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me, I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear ;  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear ;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

97

C. M.—Newton.

- 1 Amazing 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 that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease ;  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

- 5 The world shall soon to ruin go,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Shall be forever mine.

98

S. M.—*Doddridge*.**Salvation by Grace.**

- 1 Grace! 't is a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear!  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

99

C. M.—*Watts*.**A State of Nature and of God.**

- 1 Not the malicious nor profane,  
The wanton, nor the proud,  
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers, shall obtain  
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace! and such were we  
By nature and by sin,  
Heirs of immortal misery,  
Unholy and unclean.

- 3 But we are washed in Jesus' blood,  
We're pardoned through his name:  
And the good Spirit of our God  
Has sanctified our frame.

- 4 O for a persevering power  
To keep thy just commands!  
We would defile our hearts no more,  
No more pollute our hands.

100

L. M.

**To-Day.—Heb. iv. 7.**

- 1 Hasten, O sinners, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 Oh hasten mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy season should be o'er  
Before this evening's course be run.
- 3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn  
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear the curse should thee arrest  
Before the morrow is begun.

101

C. M.—*Newton*.**The Rich Worldling.—Luke xii. 16-21.**

- 1 "My barns are full, my stores increase;  
And now, for many years,  
Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,  
Secure from wants and fears."



- 2 Thus while a worldling boasted once,  
As many now presume,  
He heard the Lord himself pronounce  
His sudden, awful doom :
- 3 " This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass  
Into a world unknown,  
And who shall then the stores possess  
Which thou hast called thine own ?"
- 4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme  
For happiness below ;  
Till death destroys the pleasing dream,  
And they awake to woe.

## 102

S. M.—*Dobell.***The Accepted Time.—2 Cor. vi. 2.**

- 1 Now is the accepted time.  
Now is the day of grace ;  
Now, sinners, come without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time ;  
The Saviour calls to-day ;  
To-morrow it may be too late—  
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is the accepted time ;  
The gospel bids you come ;  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love ;  
Then will the angels clap their wings,  
And bear the news above.

## 103

C. M.—*Hyde.*

- 1 Ah, what can I, a sinner, do,  
With all my guilt oppressed ?  
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 grief 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 listened to his word,  
Or prayed 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.

## 104

C. M.—*Village Col.***What must I do ?**

- 1 My conscious guilt is now so great,  
If I attempt to pray  
The tempter tells me yet to wait.  
Or frights my soul away.
- 2 In painful doubts what course to try,  
I fear this long delay ;  
And must I linger here and die,  
Ashamed to ask the way ?

- 3 Ye Christian pilgrims, can ye tell  
A stranger to the road,  
The way that leads to Zion's hill?  
To find a pardoning God?

## 105

L. M.—*Hart.***Hardness of Heart Lamented.**

- 1 O for a glance of heavenly day,  
To take the stubborn stone away,  
And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake;  
The sea can roar, the mountains shake;  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 But something yet can do the deed,  
And that dear something much I need  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And move and melt this heart of mine.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord: "My voice obey.  
I'll take thy heart of stone away;  
Thy mourning soul with grace refresh,  
And give thee a new heart of flesh."

## 106

C. M.—*Alline.***An Aged Sinner Awakened.**

- 1 O what a wretched sinner, Lord!  
I now begin to know  
The danger of the downward road  
But know not where to go.

- 2 Too long, O Lord, I've slighted thee,  
Too long refused thy grace;  
Yet pity, Lord, O pity me,  
Nor longer hide thy face.
- 3 O, should I now expire in death,  
I must go down to hell,  
To suffer thine eternal wrath,  
Among the fiends to dwell.
- 4 Lord, change my heart, or I am gone,  
O give me life divine;  
Though I am old, may I be born  
A heavenly child of thine.

## 107

C. M.—*Watts.***The Repenting Prodigal.—Luke xv.  
13, &c.**

- 1 Behold the wretch, whose lust and wine  
Has 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 hastened 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 kissed his son;  
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,  
For follies he had done.
- 6 "Take off thy 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 mirth and joy abound!  
My son was dead—and lives again;  
Was lost—and now is found."

## 108

L. M.—Watts.

**A Penitent Pleading for Pardon.**

- Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;  
So let thy pardoning grace be found.
- O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace.  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned; but thou art clear.

- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just, in death;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there  
Some sure support against despair.

## 109

C. M.—Newton.

- 1 Anxious, I strove to find the way  
Which to salvation led;  
I listened long, I tried to pray,  
And heard what many said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,  
I feared that I was wrong;  
For I was stupid, dead and cold  
Had neither joys nor song.
- 3 The Lord my laboring heart relieved,  
And made my burden light;  
Then for a moment I believed,  
And thought that all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talked,  
Of anguish and dismay;  
Through what distresses they had walked  
Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,  
For I had lived at ease;  
I wished for all my fears again,  
To make me more like these.



6 I had my wish ; the Lord disclosed  
The evils of my heart,  
And left my naked soul exposed  
To Satan's fiery dart.

110

L. M.—Watts.

**The Beatitudes.**

- 1 Blest are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty ;  
Treasures of grace to them are given,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness ;  
They shall be well supplied and fed  
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move  
And melt with sympathy and love ;  
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling power of sin ;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;  
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the sufferers who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;  
Glory and joy are their reward.

111

S. M.—St. Thomas, Concord.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard ;  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray ;  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly, day by day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thy armor down ;  
Thy arduous work will ne'er be done  
Till thou obtain'st thy crown.

112

C. P. M.

**Longing for a Place at God's Right Hand.**

- 1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,  
To fetch thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand ?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand ?

2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
Though vilest of them all;  
But can I bear the piercing thought?—  
What if my name should be left out,  
When thou for me shalt call?

3 Dear Lord, prevent it by thy grace,  
Be thou my only hiding-place,  
In this the accepted day;  
Thy pardoning voice oh let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,  
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see thy smiling face;  
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,  
With shouts of sovereign grace.

113

L. M.—Watts.

**The Pharisee and the Publican.**—*Luke*  
*xviii. 10, &c.*

1 Behold how sinners disagree—  
The Publican and Pharisee!  
One doth his righteousness proclaim,  
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,  
And cries for grace with lifted hands;  
That boldly rises near the throne,  
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their different language knows  
And different answers he bestows;

The humble soul with grace he crowns,  
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be  
Joined with the boasting Pharisee;  
I have no merits of my own,  
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

114

C. M.

**Self-Denial.**—*Mark viii. 34.*

1 And must I part with all I have,  
My dearest Lord, for thee?  
It is but right, since thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee  
Will more than make amends  
For all the losses I sustain,  
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,  
How worthless they appear,  
Compared with thee, supremely good,  
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee  
A single smile obtain.  
Though destitute of all things else,  
I'd glory in my gain.

115

C. M.

**Redemption by Price and Power.**

1 Jesus, with all thy saints above,  
My tongue would bear her part,  
Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.

- 2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quenched his Father's flaming sword  
In his own vital flood ;—
3. The Lamb that freed my captive soul  
From Satan's heavy chains,  
And sent the lion down to howl  
Where hell and horror reigns.
4. All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise.  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints to feel his grace.

## 116

C. M.

- 1 Another six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun ;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest—  
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense to the skies ;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
4. This heavenly calm, within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 5 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures pass away ;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend ;  
In hopes of one that ne'er shall end !

## 117

C. M.—Watts.

**Exhortations to Faith and Holiness.**

- 1 Come, children, learn to fear the Lord ;  
And, that your days be long,  
Let not a false or spiteful word  
Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love,  
Pursue the work of peace ;  
So shall the Lord your ways approve  
And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,  
His ears attend their cry ;  
When broken spirits dwell in dust,  
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What though the sorrows here they taste  
Are sharp and tedious too ?  
The Lord, who saves them all at last,  
Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead ;  
But God secures his own ;  
Prevents the mischief when they slide,  
Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation, like a flood,  
O'er the proud sinner rolls,  
Saints find a refuge in their God,  
For he redeemed their souls.



118

C. M.—*Doddridge.***Young Persons Invited to Seek and Love Christ.**

- 1 Ye hearts with joyful vigor warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near;  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your welfare to pursue.
- 3 "The soul who longs to see my face,  
Is sure my love to gain;  
And those who early seek my grace,  
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move  
If once compared with thee?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind!  
'T is here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

119

C. M.—*C. Wesley.***Middle Age.—John ix. 4.**

- 1 And have I measured half my days,  
And half my journey run,  
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,  
Nor yet my work begun?
- 2 The morning of my life is past,  
The noon is almost o'er;  
The night of death approaches fast,  
When I can work no more.

- 3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief—  
Thyself unseen, unknown—  
In mercy help my unbelief,  
And melt my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,  
The long-sought blessing give;  
And bid me, at the point to die,  
Behold thy face and live.

120

C. M.—*Devizes.***Farewell.**

- 1 Ye fleeting charms of earth, farewell!  
Your springs of joy are dry;  
My soul now seeks another home—  
A brighter world on high.
- 2 Cheerful I leave this vale of tears,  
Where pains and sorrows grow;  
Welcome the day that ends my toil,  
And every scene of woe.
- 3 No more shall sin disturb my breast—  
My God shall frown no more;  
The streams of love divine shall yield  
Transports unknown before.
- 4 Fly then, ye interposing days—  
Lord, send thy summons down;  
The hand that strikes me to the dust  
Shall raise me to a crown.

121

L. M.

**Eternity.**

- 1 Eternity is just at hand—  
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,  
And careless view departing day,  
And throw my inch of time away?

- 2 But an eternity there is,  
Of endless woe or endless bliss ;  
And, swift as time fulfils its round,  
We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind  
Have left this fleeting world behind !  
They're gone ! but where ? ah, pause and  
Gone to a long eternity. [see:
- 4 Sinner, canst thou forever dwell  
In all the fiery depths of hell ?  
And is death nothing then to thee—  
Death, and a dread eternity ?

## 122

C. M.

**Warning to Prepare for Death.**

- 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear—  
Repent ! thy end is nigh !  
Death, at the farthest, can't be far :  
O think, before thou die !
- 2 Reflect !—thou hast a soul to save :  
Thy sins—how high they mount !  
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?  
How stands that dread account ?
- 3 Death enters—and there's no defence ;  
His time there's none can tell :  
He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven—or to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,  
Shall crawling worms consume ;  
But ah ! destruction stops not there !  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

- 5 To-day the gospel calls—to-day,  
Sinners, it speaks to you :  
Let every one forsake his way,  
And mercy will ensue.

## 123

7s.

**The Last Judgment.**

- 1 In the sun, and moon, and stars,  
Signs and wonders there shall be ;  
Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise :  
Darker storms the mountain sweep,  
Redder lightning rend the skies.
- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,  
Racking doubt and restless fear ;  
And, amid the thunder-cloud,  
Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But, though from that awful face  
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly  
Fear not ye, his chosen race ;  
Your redemption draweth nigh.

## 124

8s, 7s and 4s.

**Luke xiii. 28.**

- 1 See the eternal Judge descending—  
View him seated on his throne ;  
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,  
Stand and hear thy awful doom ;  
Trumpets call thee ;  
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,  
 Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;  
 While in anguish thus lamenting  
 That he ne'er was born again;  
 Greatly mourning,  
 That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
 With the marks of dying love;  
 O that I had sought his favor  
 When I felt his Spirit move!  
 Golden moments,  
 When I felt his Spirit move.
- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder;  
 Hope and sinners here must part:  
 Louder than a peal of thunder,  
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"  
 Lost forever,  
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

## 125

C. M.

**Death Dreadful or Delightful.**

- 1 Death! 'tis a melancholy day  
 To those that have no God,  
 When the poor soul is forced away  
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;  
 But guilt, a heavy chain,  
 Still drags her downward from the skies  
 To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell;  
 Let stubborn sinners fear;  
 You must be driven from earth, and dwell  
 A long forever there.

- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,  
 And flashes in your face,  
 And thou, my soul, look downward too,  
 And sing recovering grace.
- 5 He is a God of sovereign love  
 Who promised heaven to me,  
 And taught my thoughts to soar above  
 Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,  
 Then come the joyful day;  
 Come death, and some celestial band,  
 To bear my soul away.

## 126

8s, 7s and 4s. — *Tamworth, Gospel Call.*

- 1 Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Wanderers on the mighty deep;  
 From the storm and raging tempest,  
 Deign our floating bark to keep:  
 Lord of Heaven,  
 Bid the breeze propitious blow.
- 2 Be our safeguard through the night watch,  
 And our guardian all the day;  
 To our destined port in safety  
 Give us swift and joyful way:  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 And, when life's short voyage is over,  
 In the haven of the blest,  
 May we, guided by thy Spirit,  
 Find an everlasting rest:  
 Father, hear us,  
 For the great Redeemer's sake.



## 127

11s and 12s.—*Seaman's Hymn.*

- 1 In lands strange and distant, how sweetly the sound  
Of the tongue of a countryman falls on the ear!  
The strangeness of all that is passing around  
Makes the words seem more sweet, and the accent more dear.
- 2 It reminds us of home, of the land of our birth;  
Of the friends we have left, and the kin that we  
Of all that is dearest to man upon earth— [love;  
All his comfort below, and his solace above.
- 3 It is thus to the Christian when passing along  
This world to the home of the Father on high;  
Some brother he finds in the midst of the throng,  
With the accent of heaven, the tongue of the sky.
- 4 The communion of saints brightens many a day,  
Enlivens the faith that was drooping and low,  
Stirs up the remembrance of God on our way,  
And bids all the sweetest affections to glow.

## 128

11s.—*Portuguese Hymn.*

- 1 I've sailed over the ocean, I've roamed round the  
And left far behind me the land of my birth: [earth,  
Arabia's deserts I've trod in despair,  
But never forgot that "my Maker was there."
- 2 When on the wild shore my vessel was cast  
I counted each hour, and believed it the last:  
I thought on that power who had kept me with care,  
Remembering with pleasure "my Maker was there."
- 3 When the storm and the tempest have clouded the  
sky,  
And the flash of the lightning has reached from on  
high,  
I've heard in the thunder a voice loud declare  
"T was wicked to fear, for "my Maker was there."
- 4 Now my dangers are past, and my wanderings are  
o'er,  
I've returned once again to my own native shore:  
To the altar of mercy I'll ever repair,  
And offer my vows to "my Maker, who's there."

## 129

C. M.

**Perseverance in the Christian Race.**

- 1 As Lot bid his city adieu,  
And fled from a terrible storm,  
So we have professèd to do—  
To flee from the wrath that's to come.
- 2 Our race is the best ever known;  
It leads from a world full of woe;  
Then come, O ye Christians, and run  
For the joys that no mortal can know.
- 3 We will not run beating the air,  
Nor strive for the things that are vain;  
But, casting on Jesus our care,  
The prize we are sure to obtain.
- 4 The prospects of earth will all fail,  
Its riches with wings fly away;  
But the gospel will surely prevail,  
Its treasures will never decay.
- 5 Before are the gems that outvie  
The sun that with beauty hath shone:  
Then, oh! let us press to the sky,  
And wear the bright crown as our own.

## 130

11s.—*Expostulation.***O Turn Ye.**

- 1 O turn ye, poor sinners, for why will you die,  
When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?  
Now Jesus invites, and the Spirit says "Come,"  
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay  
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!  
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,  
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,  
O how can you question, if you will believe?  
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.
- 4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain  
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?  
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,  
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?
- 5 Why *will* you be starving or feeding on air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.
- 6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart  
And, trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;  
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?  
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

## 131

11s

**The Great Harvest; or the End of the  
World.—Matt. xiii. 17.**

- 1 The fields are all white and the harvest is near,  
The reapers now with their sharp sickles appear,  
To reap down the fields and the wheat to secure;  
But the tares must forever the fire endure. ♣
- 2 Come, then, O my soul, meditate on that day  
When all things in nature shall melt and decay,  
When the trumpet shall sound, and the angels appear,  
To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tares.
- 3 But hear the great Judge, in that dread day's alarm,  
Say, "Gather my saints, bring them all to my arms;  
That terrible plagues may be poured out on those  
Who dared to blaspheme, and my saints to oppose.
- 4 "Assemble, ye nations, your sentence receive;  
No more shall my word you invite to believe;  
My judgment is right; my great sentence is just:  
Come hither, ye bless'd, but depart, all ye curs'd!"
- 5 O sinners, take warning, and seek now the Lord:  
This truth is most certain—'t is Jesus' own word—  
That all true believers in glory shall dwell,  
But all unbelievers must sink down to hell.

## 132

L. M.

**Loving Kindness.—Isa. lxiii. 7.**

- 1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,  
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me:  
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate:  
His loving kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along:  
His loving kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood:  
His loving kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death.

## 133

4s, 8s, 2s, 6s.

**Here I Will Dwell.**

- 1 Ah me, I'm never well but when  
I on my best beloved lean;



- And then I'm never ill ;  
 Crosses and trials all are slight,  
 And pain is sweet, and trouble a flight,  
 Come whatsoever will.
- 2 Here I could wish my greatest foe  
 Might rest like me, and happy, know  
 The riches of the Lamb ;  
 The streets then would be full of praise  
 Of Jesus' blood, his gracious ways,  
 His mercy and his name.
- 3 If Jesus will permit me, I  
 Will leaning on him live and die,  
 And great the blessing count ;  
 O life, dear Lord, I'd live to thee,  
 O death should also glorious be,  
 As Moses in the mount.
- 3 The wound experience I'd proclaim  
 The healing flowers of the Lamb.  
 The healing, my friends, I say,  
 That brings me happy, I am well,  
 And of God, unchangeable,
- 4 Widened with him night and day.

L. M.



### Not Ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal worm ashamed of thee?  
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus? Just as soon  
 Might midnight be ashamed of noon ;  
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,  
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus? Sooner far  
 Might evening blush to own a star ;  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 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 tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No foe to fight, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then I'll boast a Saviour's name,  
 Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain,  
 Till then, and shall my boasting be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

## 135

8s, 7s.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, come to flight,  
 Think upon your glorious light.  
 He has pitied your condition,  
 He has sent his gospel word.  
 Mercy calls you ; mercy calls you,  
 Mercy flows on Jesus' blood.
- 2 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant  
 To proclaim thy wondrous love ;  
 Pour thy grace upon this people,  
 That thy truth they may approve.  
 Bless, O bless them ; bless, O bless them,  
 From thy shining courts above.
- 3 Now thy gracious word invites them  
 To partake the gospel feast,



Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,  
Every soul be Jesus' guest.  
O receive us; O receive us,  
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

136

C. M.

**The Power of Faith.**

- 1 Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves me from its snares;  
Its aid in every duty brings,  
And softens all my cares:
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heavenly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power  
The healing balm to give;  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign,  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain;
- 5 Shows me the precious promise seal'd  
With the Redeemer's blood,  
And helps my feeble hopes to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there, unshaken, would I rest,  
Till this vile body dies;  
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,  
At once to glory rise.

137

L. M.—*Dr. Doddridge.***The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.—Mark ix. 24.**

- 1 Jesus, our souls' delightful choice,  
In thee believing, we rejoice;  
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,  
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,  
And keep our fainting hopes alive;  
But guilt, and fears, and sorrow rise,  
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,  
While saints lie mourning in the dust,  
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,  
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame,  
Reveal the glories of thy name,  
And put all anxious doubts to flight,  
As shades dispers'd by opening light.

138

L. M.

- 1 Behold the sons, the heirs of God,  
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood;  
Are they not born to heavenly joys,  
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?
- 2 Can laughter feed the immortal mind?  
Were spirits of celestial kind  
Made for a jest, for sport, and play—  
To wear out time, and waste the day?
- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,  
Well suit the honors of their birth?  
Shall they be fond of gay attire,  
Which children love and fools admire?

- 4 What if we wear the richest vest?  
Peacocks and flies are better drest.  
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,  
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
- 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher  
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;  
Then, with a heaven-directed eye,  
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below  
With such disdain as angels do;  
And wait the call that bids us rise  
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

## 139

L. M.

**Shortness of Time.**

- 1 Almighty Maker of my frame,  
Teach me the measure of my days;  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span;  
A little point my life appears;  
How frail, at best, is dying man!  
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise and show!  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;  
He heaps up treasures, mix'd with woe,  
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 Oh be a nobler portion mine,  
My God! I bow before thy throne;  
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
And fix my hope on thee alone.

## 140

L. M.

**Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature.—Isaiah xxiv. 16-20.**

- 1 How great, how terrible that God,  
Who shakes creation with his nod:  
He frowns, earth, sea, all Nature's frame  
Sinks in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek  
For shelter in the general wreck?  
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown  
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;  
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;  
There on the flaming billows tost,  
Forever—O! forever lost.
- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,  
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;  
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,  
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless creatures' friend,  
To thee my all I dare commend;  
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,  
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

## 141

S. M.

**The Final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.—Matt. xxv. 41.**

- 1 And will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise,  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?

- 2 And from his righteous lips,  
Shall this dread sentence sound,  
And through the numerous guilty throng  
Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,  
To everlasting flame,  
For rebel angels first prepar'd,  
Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day;  
When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonish'd shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,  
What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross  
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove  
By which the Saviour bled;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

142

7s and 6s.

**The Good Physician.**

- 1 How 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 wondrous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases  
Is light, compared with sin;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within.  
'T is palsy, plague and fever,  
And madness, all combin'd;  
And none but a believer  
The least relief can find.
  - 3 From men, great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain;  
But this prov'd more distressing,  
And added to my pain.  
Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
Some gave me up for lost;  
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,  
And all my hopes were cross'd.
  - 4 At length this great Physician—  
How matchless is his grace!—  
Accepted my petition,  
And undertook my case:  
First gave me sight to view him—  
For sin my eyes had seal'd—  
Then bid me look unto him;  
I look'd, and I was heal'd.
  - 5 A dying, risen Jesus,  
Seen by the eye of faith,  
At once from danger frees us,  
And saves the soul from death:



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

## 143

C. M.

**Prayer for a Blessing.**

- 1 Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth  
The gift of saving grace,  
And let the seed of sacred truth  
Fall in fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is precious, where'er it grows,  
Of purer essence heavenly root :  
But fairest where the youngest shows,  
And yieldful to the sweetest fruit.
- sinners, seek his grace, for he betimes  
Whose wrath ye cannot win love ;  
To the shelter of his arms with many crimes,  
And find salvation's signs above.
- 4 Tell that cruel young, but there's a stone  
Which the youngest breast,  
For last avenges crimes which you have done  
And sings you of your rest.
- 5 For when public prayer is made,  
And secret prayer is shed,  
For our sinners a tear !
- 6 We pray that you may early prove  
The Spirit's power to teach ;  
You cannot be too young to love  
That Jesus whom we preach.

## 144

C. M.

**The Light and Glory of the World.**

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight ;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun ;  
It gives a light to ev'ry age,  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and grace ;  
His truths upon the nations shine,  
They rise, but never cease to gain.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be paid,  
For such a bright and glorious day,  
As makes a world of sinners glad,  
With beams of glory and of grace.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love and adore,  
Till glory breaks upon me here,  
In brighter worlds above.

## 145

S. M.

**The Shining Lig'** seal'd of O

- 1 My former hopes are dead ;  
My terror now begins ;  
I feel, alas ! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly !  
I hear the thunder roar ;

The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways  
I dread impending doom ;  
But sure a friendly whisper says,  
" Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,  
A glimm'ring from afar ;  
A beam of day that shines for me,  
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,  
It makes the pilgrim's way ;  
I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
And watch the rising day.

## 146

L. M.

**Afflictions Sanctified by the Word.**

- 1 O how I love the holy word,  
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !  
It guides me in the peaceful way,  
I think upon it all the day.
- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth,  
The strength of youth, the bloom of health ?  
What are all joys, compar'd with those  
Thine everlasting word bestows ?
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,  
In pleasure's path, secure, I stray'd ;  
Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,  
And straight I turn'd unto my God.
- 4 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart,  
I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart ;

It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
But sav'd me from eternal woe.

5 Oh, had'st thou left me unchastised,  
Thy precepts I had still despis'd ;  
And still the snare, in secret laid,  
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,  
And breathe towards thy dear abode ;  
Where, in thy presence fully blest,  
Thy chosen saints forever rest.

## 147

L. M.

**Temptation.**

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

## 148

L. M.

**Why Art Thou Cast Down?**

- 1 Be still, my heart ! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns and snares ;  
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ;  
How canst thou want, if he provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?
- 3 When first before his mercy-seat  
Thou didst to him thy all commit,  
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,  
To trust his wisdom, love and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And he refuse to hear thy call ?  
And has he not his promise past,  
That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 5 Like David, thou may'st comfort draw.  
Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw,  
Goliath's rage I may defy,  
For God, my Saviour, still is nigh.
- 6 He who has help'd me hitherto  
Will help me all my journey through,  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 7 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home, apace, to God :  
Then count thy present trials small,  
For heaven will make amends for all.

## 149

S. M.

**Dependence.**

- 1 To keep the lamp alive,  
With oil we fill the bowl ;  
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,  
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand  
Supplies the living stream ;  
It is not at our own command,  
But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Beware of Peter's word,  
Nor confidently say,  
"I never will deny thee, Lord,"  
But grant I never may.
- 4 Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone ;  
And e'en an angel would be weak  
Who trusted in his own.
- 5 Retreat beneath his wings,  
And in his grace confide ;  
This more exalts the King of kings,  
Than all your works beside.
- 6 In Jesus is our store,  
Grace issues from his throne ;  
Whoever says, "I want no more,"  
Confesses he has none.

## 150

L. M.

**A New Year's Hymn.**

- 1 Indulgent Lord ! my heart would raise  
Its loud hosannahs to thy praise ;  
Thou, my protector, ever near,  
Hast blest me with another year.



- 2 *Lord!* hadst thou mark'd my follies past,  
The year that's gone had been my last;  
So oft thy precepts I forgot,  
And did what thou hadst told me not.
- 3 Assist me, on this New Year's day,  
To lift my heart and hands to pray;  
Hear thou in heav'n, thou pard'ning God  
And save me, through Immanuel's blood
- 4 What thousands, Lord, this year will die  
If thou should'st bid my spirit fly,  
O may it mount on wings of love,  
To dwell with saints and thee above.
- 5 But should I still on earth appear,  
I'd love and serve thee all the year,  
And hope thy goodness to adore  
In heav'n, where years are known no more

## 151

L. M.

- 1 Know, then, that every one is free  
To choose his life, and what he'll be;  
For this eternal truth is given,  
That God will force no man to heaven.
- 2 He'll draw, persuade, direct him right,  
Bless him with wisdom, love and light;  
In nameless ways be good and kind,  
But never force the human mind.
- 3 Freedom and reason make us men;  
Take these away, what are we then?  
Mere animals, and just as well  
The beast might think of heaven and hell
- 4 May we no more our powers abuse,  
But ways of truth and goodness choose

- Our God is pleased when we improve  
His grace, and seek the world above.
- 5 From God's free grace salvation flows,  
And man is free the gift to choose;  
Only consenting sinners feel  
Rejected grace and stubborn will.
- 6 They who despise, grow harder still,  
They that adhere, He turns their will;  
And thus despisers sink to hell,  
While those that hear in glory dwell.
- 7 But if we take the downward road,  
And make in hell our last abode,  
Our God is clear, and we shall know  
We've plunged our souls in endless woe.

## 152

8s and

## Rejoicing and Conflicts.

- 1 And let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint or die,  
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high;  
Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long sought rest,  
That only joy for which it pants,  
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain;  
I suffer on my three-score years,  
Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.

- 3 O what has Jesus done for me !  
 Before my ravish'd eyes,  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
 And trees of paradise ;  
 I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the blessings there ;  
 They all are robed in spotless white,  
 And conquering palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my sufferings here,  
 If, Lord, thou count me meet  
 With that enraptured host to appear,  
 And worship at thy feet !  
 Give joy or grief—give care or pain—  
 Take life or friends away—  
 But let me find them all again,  
 In that eternal day.

## 153

C. M.

**Majesty of God.**

- 1 Awake, my drowsy friends, awake,  
 And sing the works of God ;  
 He makes the world with terror quake,  
 And its foundations nod.
- 2 Behold the heavens, his handiwork,  
 And while on them you gaze,  
 Let the bright stars your mind instruct,  
 Jehovah's name to praise.
- 3 Behold the sun, whose cheering beams  
 Give radiance to the day,  
 Behold the mountains and the streams,  
 What grandeur they display.
- 4 Behold the boundless ocean roll  
 Its strong insurgent waves ;

- What admiration fills the soul,  
 As the rough shore it laves !
- 5 Behold the black'ning tempest rise ;  
 What awful scenes are there !  
 Loud peals of thunder rend the skies,  
 And vivid lightnings glare !
- 6 In these behold the power of God,  
 His majesty divine :  
 He shakes creation with a nod,  
 And says, " The world is mine !"
- 7 This Being let our hearts adore,  
 While on his works we gaze ;  
 And " take his name in vain " no more,  
 But bow, his name to praise.

## 154

S. M.

**The Dismal Road.**

- 1 Destruction's dismal road,  
 What multitudes pursue,  
 Yet that which leads the soul to God  
 Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers enter in,  
 By Christ, the living gate ;  
 While they who will not leave their sin,  
 Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,  
 And sin forsaken quite ;  
 They'd rather choose the way that's wide,  
 And strive to think it right.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,  
 On numbers they depend ;



- So many surely can't be wrong,  
And miss a happy end.
- 5 But numbers are no mark  
That men will right be found;  
But few were saved in Noah's ark,  
And many millions drown'd.
- 6 Obey the gospel call,  
And enter while you may;  
The flock of Christ was always small,  
And none are saved but they.
- 7 They always were despised  
By men who do oppose;  
And sinners never think them wise  
When they with mercy close.

## 155

C. M.

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

- 5 But why keep they that hidden road,  
That rugged, thorny maze?  
Why, that's the way their Leader trod,  
They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why do they shun the pleasing path  
That worldlings love so well?  
Because that is the road to death,  
The open road to hell.
- 7 What! is there then no other road  
To Salem's happy ground?  
Christ is the only way to God,  
No other can be found.

## 156

8s and 6s.

**Bold Soldiers.**

- 1 Bold soldiers all, on you I call,  
Although you are but few,  
When you've done all, stand fast and keep  
The glorious prize in view!  
The time draws nigh when you and I  
Must cross bold Jordan's flood;  
On wings of love we'll soar above,  
And scale the mount of God.
- 2 The city hath foundations twelve,  
And golden gates the same,  
All paved, and set with diamonds bright,  
On each engraved a name.  
All round this glorious city shine  
The walls of dazzling gold;  
Nor mortal eye can reach so high,  
Those glories to behold.



- 3 I long to see that heavenly place,  
And to return no more ;  
I long to sing redeeming grace  
On Canaan's blissful shore :  
I long to see my blessed God,  
Who saved my soul from hell,  
I long to see my brethren there,  
Whom I do love so well.
- 4 Bright shining armies there to join,  
Adoring round the throne,  
And everlasting praises sing  
To the great Three in One.  
There parents, and their children too,  
May join the heavenly throng—  
I hope to meet my brethren there,  
And then renew my song.
- 5 My soul is rising, while I sing,  
Towards the blissful goal ;  
I feel the love of Christ, my King,  
Now running through my soul :  
My soul is struggling to be gone  
To those bright worlds above,  
To shout and sing redeeming grace  
In strains of perfect love.

157

L. M.

**Oh who will Rise ?**

- 1 Oh who will rise and go with me ?  
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see :  
I'll join with those who've gone before,  
To realms where sorrows are no more.
- 2 A few more rolling years at most  
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast ;

- There, on the mount of sweet repose,  
I'll bid adieu to all my woes.
- 3 O may my soul march boldly on,  
And never end the blessed song ;  
O may I always persevere,  
And never stop till I get there.
- 4 O what a happy time 't will be,  
When I my friends in heaven shall see ;  
When we shall reach that happy shore,  
There we may tell our suffering o'er.
- 5 O what a happy company !  
May I be there that sight to see,  
And join in praise to Jesus' name,  
All glorious to Jerusalem.
- 6 I little thought he was so nigh ;  
His presence makes me leap with joy.  
He said, " I'll come for thee, my love,  
I have a place for thee above."
- 7 Now here's my heart and here's my hand,  
To meet you in that heavenly land :  
My hand again I give to thee,  
Hoping thy face in heaven to see.

158

C. M.

**The Nativity of Christ.**

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



- "Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind!
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,  
To human view display'd.  
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God on high,  
And thus address'd their song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,  
Begin, and never cease."

## 159

C. M.

**Invitation to the Gospel Feast.**

- 1 Come to the glorious gospel feast,  
Ho! every one that will;  
O come, ye starving souls, and taste  
Those joys that none can tell.
- 2 Arise, ye mortals that are sad,  
And bord'ring on despair;  
Lo! there is balm in Gilead,  
And a Physician there.
- 3 Look to the Saviour's bleeding side,  
Behold the purple gore!

- It was for wounded souls he died,  
The sin-sick to restore.
- 4 Behold him on the shameful tree,  
With arms extended wide;  
For wretched sinners, such as we,  
The bleeding Saviour died.
- 5 "'T is finish'd," said his dying breath,  
Conquer'd are death and hell,  
That rebels, doom'd to endless death,  
May in his bosom dwell.
- 6 Come then, receive his grace, and tell  
The wonders of his love;  
Till we arrive with him to dwell  
In the bright world above.
- 7 No sin nor foe shall enter there,  
To wound our peaceful breast;  
But boundless love, unmingled joy,  
And everlasting rest.

## 160

C. M.

- 1 Jesus, 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,  
Dear Lord, remember me.



- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation's free:  
Then in thy all abounding grace,  
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,  
Howe'er oppressed 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 dear Redeemer, God,  
I pray remember me.

## 161

C. M.

**Preaching the Gospel Free.**

- 1 I hear the gospel's joyful sound,  
An organ I shall be  
To sound aloud redeeming love  
And sinners' misery.
- 2 My honor'd parents, fare you well,  
My Jesus doth me call;  
I leave you here with God, until  
I meet you once for all.
- 3 My dear connections I'll forsake,  
My parents and their house,  
And to the wilderness betake,  
To pay the Lord my vows.
- 4 I'll leave the joy that art can yield,  
Or nature can afford,  
And wear the shield into the field,  
To wait upon the Lord.
- 5 Then through the wilderness I'll run,  
Preaching the gospel free;

- O be not anxious for your son,  
The Lord will comfort me.
- 6 And if through preaching I should gain  
True subjects to my Lord,  
'T will more than recompense my pain,  
To see them love his word.
- 7 My soul doth wish Mount Zion well,  
Whate'er becomes of me;  
There my best friends and kindred dwell.  
And there I long to be.

## 162

C. M.

**The Day of the Lord will Come as a Thief in the Night.—Peter iii. 10.**

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



And fix my doleful station where  
I cannot taste his love!

163

C. M.

**To Die as Moses did.**

- 1 Death cannot make my soul afraid,  
If God be with me there;  
Soft is the passage through the shade,  
And all the prospect fair.
- 2 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,  
And view the promised land,  
My soul would long her flesh to drop  
And pray for the command.
- 3 I would renounce my all below,  
If my Creator bid,  
And run, if I were called to go,  
And die as Moses did.
- 4 Swift to the place of pure delight,  
Where saints triumphant reign,  
My soul shall wing her joyful flight,  
From sorrow, sin and pain.
- 5 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flowers:  
Death, like a narrow stream, divides  
That heavenly land from ours.
- 6 Could I but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not death's dark vale or icy flood  
Should fright me from the shore.
- 7 Clapsed in my heavenly Father's arms,  
I would forget to breathe,  
And lose my life amidst the charms  
Of so divine a death.

164

8s and 7s.—*Grant.***Taking up the Cross.**

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought or hoped or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me—  
They have left my Saviour too:  
Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
Thou art not like them untrue.  
And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love and might,  
Foes may hate and friends disown me—  
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go then earthly fame and treasure!  
Come disaster, scorn and pain!  
In thy service pain is pleasure;  
With thy favor loss is gain.  
Man may trouble and distress me—  
'T will but drive me to thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me—  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
- 4 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 sight, and prayer to praise.



## 165

C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
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 every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

## 166

S. M.

- 1 Jesus, we love thy name,  
And thee we will adore;  
And when we feel this heav'nly flame  
We long to love thee more.

- 2 Thy name is all our trust;  
Thy name is solid peace;  
Thy name is everlasting rest,  
When other names shall cease.
- 3 There, ravish'd with thy name,  
We never more shall rove;  
There sound thine everlasting fame,  
And solace in thy love.
- 4 Thy name shall be our praise  
Thy name shall be our joy;  
Thy name, through everlasting days,  
Shall countless tongues employ.

## 167

C. M.

- 1 Lord, at thy temple we appear  
As happy Simeon came;  
And hope to meet the Saviour here.  
O make our joys the same!
- 2 With what divine and vast delight  
The good old man was fill'd,  
When fondly in his wither'd arms  
He clasp'd the holy child!
- 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried:  
"Behold, thy servant dies!  
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,  
And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 "This is the light prepar'd to shine  
Upon the Gentile lands!  
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,  
To break their slavish bands."
- 5 Jesus, the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms!



Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms.

- 6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll ;  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
And glory in my soul.

168

C. M.

- 1 Come, 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 sin  
Hath like a mountain rose ;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess,  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives,  
Perhaps he may command my touch.  
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will 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 forever die.

- 7 But if I die with mercy sought,  
When I the King have tried,  
This were to die, delightful thought !  
As sinner never died.

169

C. M.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice,  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 " Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
Who feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toils  
To fill an empty mind :
- 3 " Eternal wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 " Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 " Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join,  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [ " Ye perishing and naked poor,  
Who work with mighty pain,  
To weave a garment of your own,  
That will not hide your sin :
- 7 " Come naked, and adorn your souls  
In robes prepared by God,



Wrought by the labors of his Son,  
And dyed in his own blood."]

8 Dear God, the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless miseries are,  
And boundless as our sins.

9 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away

## 170

L. M.

- 1 Sinners, exposed to dreadful woe,  
Arise, and to King Jesus go;  
Your guilt confess, his favor seek,  
And wait to hear what God will speak.
- 2 Fear not the law; 't is grace that reigns;  
Jesus the sinner's cause maintains;  
He ransomed rebels with his blood,  
And now he intercedes with God.
- 3 To him approach with fervent prayer,  
And if you perish, perish there,  
Resolved at Jesus' feet to lie,  
Sueing for mercy till you die.
- 4 Like Esther, venture near the throne  
And make your supplication known,  
Tell him the cause of all your grief,  
And he will grant you quick relief.
- 5 Thrice happy souls, who thus address  
The God of love and boundless grace!  
Jesus will such completely save,  
And life eternal they shall have.

## 171

S. M.

- 1 My sorrows, like a flood,  
Impatient of restraint,  
Into thy bosom, O my God,  
Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 This impious heart of mine  
Could once deny the Lord,  
Could rush with violence on to sin  
In presence of his sword.
- 3 But now, o'ercome by love,  
Here at thy cross I lie,  
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,  
And weep, and love, and die.
- 4 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise,  
Behold my wounded veins,  
Here flows a crimson flood  
To wash away thy stains.
- 5 "See, God is reconciled,  
Behold his smiling face!"  
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,  
And sound aloud his grace.

## 172

C. M.

- 1 Why should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend, and bring  
The tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,  
And seal them heirs of heaven?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints  
And shew my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood,  
And bear thy witness with my heart  
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love  
The pledge of joys to come ;  
May thy bless'd wings, celestial Dove,  
Safely convey me home.

173

C. M.

1 Arise, my soul, my joyful powers,  
And triumph in my God ;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deep of sin,  
The gates of gaping hell,  
And fixed my standing more secure  
Than 't was before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul he plac'd ;  
And on the Rock of Ages set  
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode,  
Is wall'd around with grace ;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands,  
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,  
And all his legions roar ;  
Almighty mercy guards my life,  
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,  
And tunes of pleasure sing ;

Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

174

C. M.

1 My soul forsakes her vain delight,  
And bids the world farewell ;  
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,  
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,  
Nor seek your friendship more ;  
The happiness that I approve,  
Is not within your power.

3 There's nothing round the spacious earth  
That suits my large desire ;  
To boundless joy and solid mirth,  
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd climb the heav'nly road ;  
There sits my Saviour dressed in love,  
And there my smiling God.

175

C. M.

1 How vain are all things here below ;  
How false, and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky  
Shine with deceitful light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,



How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half to God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense!  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food,  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

## 176

L. M.

- 1 I send the joys of earth away;  
Away, ye tempters of the mind!  
False as the smooth deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,  
Down to the gulf of black despair;  
And whilst I listen'd to your song,  
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;  
That drew me from those treach'rous sea  
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above,  
I stretch my hands and glance my eye;  
O for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,  
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;  
There would I fix my last abode,  
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

## 177

C. M.

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,  
No other help I know;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah, whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure  
Before I drew my breath!  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus! could I this believe,  
I now should feel thy power;  
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,  
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes;  
O let me now receive that gift!  
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die!  
O speak, and I shall live;  
And here I will unwearied lie  
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,  
Could they but see thy face;  
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,  
And taste thy pardoning grace!

## 178

C. M.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace!  
The promise calls me near;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.



- 2 That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to God,  
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold;  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What else will he withhold?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants  
His love and power can bless;  
To praying souls he always grants  
More than they can express.
- 5 Since 't is the Lord's command,  
My mouth I open wide;  
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,  
That I may be supplied.
- 6 Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

179

C. M.

- 1 Since I have placed my trust in God—  
A refuge always nigh—  
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,  
To distant mountains fly?
- 2 Since I have faith in Christ, my Head—  
A refuge for my soul—  
Why should my tim'rous spirit dread,  
Though threat'ning billows roll.
- 3 Let sinners dread, who have no God,  
The wrath that is to come,

- But those who trust th' Eternal Word  
May force their passage home.
- 4 The ground of all my joys be this:  
A conscience pure within,  
That in sincere and godly bliss,  
My Christian life hath been.
  - 5 The Lord Jehovah is my friend,  
My shepherd and my guide,  
He loves the faithful to the end,  
Whose feet do never slide.

180

S. M.

- 1 Not with our mortal eyes  
Have we beheld the Lord,  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name  
And love to read his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face,  
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow,  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heaven begins below.

181

L. M.

- 1 While others their salvation rest  
On outward forms or distant heaven,  
I want God's kingdom in my breast,  
And there to feel my sins forgiven.
- 2 Some make their boast of cancelled sin  
Before the world or they were made,



- And while they have a hell within,  
Imagine God their heaven decreed.
- 3 Or others think the law fulfilled  
By Jesus, when he bled and died,  
Has freed their souls from endless guilt,  
Although his blood be not applied.
- 4 But I can trust to no decree,  
Or law fulfilled by Jesus Christ,  
But that which works a change in me,  
And brings me to the gospel feast.
- 5 I am by nature dead in sin,  
My soul bound down with heavy chains,  
Then Christ must be my life within,  
Or else my soul in death remains.
- 6 Then in my heart, O Jesus, reign  
With thy blest kingdom, all divine!  
Remove my death, break every chain,  
And make my spirit pure as thine.
- 7 Then shall I be forever blest,  
From all my sins and sorrows free,  
A peaceful kingdom in my breast,  
And I forever reign with thee.

## 182

S. M.

- 1 If God so loved our race,  
To give his only Son,  
Lord, let me feel thy heavenly grace,  
And know the gift my own.
- 2 It's not a heaven to come  
My soul can satisfy,  
Nor can I feel myself at home  
But with my Saviour nigh.

- 3 O God, thy heavens bow,  
These parting walls remove!  
Let me begin my glory now,  
And here enjoy thy love.
- 4 Shine, O thou Morning Star,  
And bring celestial day!  
Far from my soul, O Jesus, far  
Expel these clouds away.
- 5 Scenes of immortal joy  
Are my supreme desire:  
To live and die in thy employ,  
Then join the heavenly choir.

## 183

L. M.

- 1 O for a taste of life divine,  
To feed this hungry soul of mine!  
I want the Son of God to know,  
And taste of heaven while here below.
- 2 If I were sure that I should have  
A crown of joy beyond the grave,  
Yet that alone won't do for me,  
I want while here with God to be.
- 3 Whate'er I do, where'er I go,  
I want those joys of heaven to know;  
I want the power of sin subdued,  
And feel my precious soul renewed.
- 4 I do not want a Christian's name,  
Without the nature of the Lamb;  
I want to bid all loves adieu  
But Christ, my Lord, and him pursue.
- 5 Dear Saviour, thou my all must be;  
O give me strength to walk with thee!



Without a rival rule my heart,  
And never let me from thee part.

184

S. M.

- 1 I want a change to feel—  
A change that God will own—  
A change that saves from sin and hell,  
In Jesus found alone.
- 2 O change this heart of stone,  
Almighty Power divine!  
For none but God's free grace alone  
Can such a heart refine.
- 3 And when this change takes place,  
Before thy feet I'll wait,  
That I by thy unchanging grace  
All changing schemes may hate.
- 4 This change will show the love  
That Jesus bears for me;  
This change will lead to joys above,  
Where no more change will be.

185

S. M.

- 1 Let strife forever cease,  
And envy quit the field;  
Come, join and live in love and peace,  
And to the gospel yield.
- 2 Let bitter words no more  
Among the saints remain;  
Let every member, every hour,  
Submit to Jesus' reign.
- 3 One Lord we have to fear,  
One faith we all confess,

- And all to one baptism adhere,  
And magnify free grace.
- 4 Then why should we contend  
For meat and drink and dress,  
And crucify the Lord again,  
And pierce his wounds afresh?
  - 5 When bitter words arise,  
Then Satan has his ends;  
We wound the heart and hands of Christ  
Amidst his chosen friends.
  - 6 No more we'll feed the flame,  
Nor judge ourselves too wise;  
But search with care to find the beam  
That lurks within our eyes.
  - 7 Then to the world we'll prove  
That we disciples are;  
When they behold us walk in love,  
They'll say, "The Lord is there."

186

C. M.

- 1 Religion is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below;  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,  
Or aught the world bestows;  
Nor reputation, food, or health,  
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,  
Amidst our youthful bloom;  
'T will fit us for declining age,  
And for the awful tomb.



- 4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,  
Be my Redeemer's throne;  
And be my stubborn will subdued,  
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,  
Be joined with godly fear;  
And all my conversation prove  
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin  
Through my remaining days,  
And in me let each virtue shine  
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,  
Let warm affections rise;  
And may I wait with strong desire  
To mount above the skies.

187

C. M.

- 1 My heart, how dreadful hard it is,  
How heavy here it lies—  
Heavy and cold within my breast,  
Just like a rock of ice.
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits  
Upon this flinty throne,  
And every grace lies buried deep  
Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,  
Or taste the joys above!  
This mountain presses down my faith  
And chills my flaming love.
- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul  
With all its heavenly charms,

This stubborn, this relentless thing,  
Would thrust it from mine arms.

- 5 Against the thunders of thy word  
Rebellious I have stood;  
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath  
And terrors of a God.
- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine  
In thine own crimson sea!  
Naught but a bath of blood divine  
Can melt the flint away.

188

C. M.

### The Joyful Sound of Salvation.

- 1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!  
'T is pleasure to our ears;  
A healing balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise, by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! Let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,  
To thee the praise belongs.  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

## 189

C. M.

- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways,  
My journey I'll pursue;  
"Hinder me not," ye much lov'd saints,  
For I must go with you.
- 2 In vain the world and Satan try  
My journey to delay;  
"Hinder me not," to both I cry,  
For God hath crowned my way.
- 3 Since Christ, my dear exalted Lord,  
My soul to him hath wed,  
"Hinder me not," nor friends nor foes,  
I'll follow him, my Head.
- 4 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes;  
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 5 Through duty, and through trials too,  
I'll go at his command;  
"Hinder me not," for I am bound  
To my Immanuel'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.

## 190

S. M.

- 1 Down to the water side,  
Behold thy children, Lord;  
With freedom come to follow thee,  
And make thy word their guide.

- 2 The glorious Son of God  
To John the Baptist came,  
Went meekly down bold Jordan's banks,  
And was baptized by him.
- 3 This by the Saviour done,  
Fulfill'd all righteousness,  
And God the Father own'd his Son,  
In whom he is well pleas'd.
- 4 Let each believer view  
This blest example given,  
And prove their love to his commands,  
And follow him to heaven.

## 191

C. M.

- 1 How great, how solemn is the work  
Which we attend to-day!  
Now for a holy, solemn frame,  
O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel, as once we felt,  
When pain'd and griev'd at heart,  
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,  
Reliev'd our every smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise,  
Be exercis'd again;  
And nurtur'd by celestial power,  
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope!  
Wake, fortitude and joy;  
Vain world, begone! let things above  
Our happy thoughts employ.



- 5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,  
To all around we own ;  
Drive each rebellious rival lust,  
Each traitor from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,  
To heaven our passions raise,  
That hence our lives, our all, may be  
Devoted to thy praise.

## 192

L. M.

- 1 Hither we come, our dearest Lord,  
Obedient to thy sacred word ;  
'T is thou hast called our hearts to flee  
From sense and sin, and follow thee.
- 2 Here, ranged along the water's side,  
Where gently rolls the silent tide,  
O what on earth can sweeter be  
Than thus to come and follow thee !
- 3 When wanderers in the vale of tears,  
Enslaved by sin, and doubts, and fears,  
Then didst thou come our souls to free,  
And gav'st us grace to follow thee.
- 4 When darkness did our souls enshroud,  
And o'er our heads the storm was loud,  
We saw no way from wrath to flee,  
But to obey and follow thee.
- 5 While others walk the downward road,  
That onward leads to death's abode,  
Adorèd be thy grace, that we  
May take our cross and follow thee.
- 6 Thou wast baptized beneath the wave,  
The emblem of thy future grave ;

O, while the way so plain we see,  
What can we do but follow thee ?

- 7 Though others, by tradition led,  
Refuse the path which thou didst tread—  
To be baptized our joy shall be ;  
Thus we will follow none but thee.

## 193

C. M.

- 1 Dear Lord, and has thy pardoning blood  
Redeem'd a wretch so vile !  
Then kindly bid each cloud remove,  
And bless me with thy smile.
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,  
And all its shame despised ?  
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,  
With thee to be baptized ?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead  
In Jordan's swelling flood ?  
And shall my pride disdain the deed  
That's worthy of my God ?
- 4 Dear Lord, the ardor of thy love  
Reproves my cold delays,  
And now my willing footsteps move  
In thy delightful ways.

## 194

S. M.

- 1 In such a grave as this  
The dear Redeemer lay,  
When he, our souls to seek and save,  
Learn'd humbly to obey.
- 2 See how the spotless Lamb  
Descends into the stream,

And teaches us to imitate  
What him so well became.

- 3 Let sinners wash away  
Their sins of crimson dye ;  
Buried with him, their vilest sins  
Shall in oblivion lie.
- 4 Rise and ascend with him,  
A heavenly life to live,  
Who came to ransom guilty men,  
And raise them from the dead.
- 5 Lord, see the sinner's tears !  
Hear his repenting cry !  
Speak, and his contrite heart shall live ;  
Speak, and his sins shall die.
- 6 Send down the heavenly Dove  
Which lit upon the Lamb,  
In witness of a Saviour's love,  
And all our souls inflame.

## 195

L. M.

- 1 What lovely band is this I see,  
All singing in sweet harmony ;  
Uniting round the water side,  
And praising Jesus crucified ?
- 2 These are the followers of the Lamb ;  
Here they are come to own his name ;  
Their humble strains ascend the skies ;  
In faith they're come to be baptized.
- 3 This brings to view the ancient days,  
When first the gospel church was rais'd,  
No other mode was then devis'd—  
Believing souls were thus baptized.

Baptized into the Saviour's death,  
Arising, lived the life of faith ;  
Giving to Christ, the Lord, the praise,  
By walking in his humble ways.

## 196

C. M.

- 1 In pleasure sweet here we do meet,  
Down by the water side ;  
And here we stand, by Christ's command,  
To wait upon his bride.
- 2 Here we will bid the world "farewell,"  
To practice his command ;  
'This is the road that leads to God,  
The way to Canaan's land.
- 3 Now we will sing to Christ our King,  
Our souls shall give him thanks,  
Who came to Jordan unto John,  
And went down Jordan's banks.
- 4 Come, sinners all, obey the call,  
"Repent and be baptized ;"  
Forsake your sins and follow him,  
Till you in glory rise.
- 5 We've found the road that leads to God,  
The way of holiness ;  
We'll follow him where'er he goes,  
For all his paths are peace.

## 197

C. M.

- 1 Gaze on, spectators, while we show  
Obedience to the Lamb,  
And wonder, while you gaze, that you  
Forbear to do the same.



- 2 "Come, see the place where Jesus lay,"  
An angel said of old ;  
We say the same ; his grave, you may  
In water here behold.
- 3 Buried in Jordan was our Lord,  
As well as in the tomb,  
And in obedience to his word  
We imitate the Lamb.
- 4 This ord'nance is plainly given  
In God's eternal Word ;  
Though not to save or take to heaven,  
But show we love the Lord.

## 198

S. M.

**The Lord's Supper.**

- 1 Jesus invites his saints  
To meet around his board ;  
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold  
Communion with their God.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh ;  
He bids us drink his blood ;  
Amazing favor, matchless grace  
Of our redeeming God.
- 3 This holy bread and wine  
Maintain our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord  
And interest in his death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls  
Christ and his members one !  
We the young children of his love,  
And he the first-born Son.

- 5 We are but several parts  
Of the same broken bread ;  
The body, with its several limbs,  
But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our powers be joined  
His glorious name to raise ;  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

## 199

L. M.

- 1 'T was on that dark and doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes ;
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake ;  
What love through all his actions ran,  
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin :  
Receive and eat the living food ;"  
Then took the cup and blessed the wine,  
"'T is the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he cried : "till time shall end,  
Meet at my table and record,  
In memory of your dying Friend,  
The love of your ascended Lord."

## 200

C. M.

- 1 That doleful night before his death,  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Did almost with his latest breath  
This solemn feast ordain.

- 2 To keep the feast, Lord, we are met,  
And to remember thee :  
Help each poor trembler to repeat,  
"The Saviour died for me."
- 3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sainted sign  
To our remembrance brings ;  
We eat the bread and drink the wine,  
But think on nobler things.
- 4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame  
Each heart that pants for thee,  
To sing hosanna to the Lamb,  
The Lamb that died for me.

## 201

L. M.

- 1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
(Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd),  
Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
A cheerful song of sacred praise,
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know  
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;  
Far, far above our humble songs,  
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around his board we meet,  
And humbly worship at his feet,  
O let our warm affections move  
In glad return of grateful love !
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,  
To see thy wondrous love display'd,  
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
Thy dreadful, agonizing pains.

- 5 Let humble, penitential woe,  
With painful, pleasing anguish flow,  
And thy forgiving smiles impart  
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

## 202

C. M.

- 1 Here at thy table, Lord, we meet,  
To worship and adore ;  
Present our Saviour crucified,  
And tell his suff'rings o'er.
- 2 By faith we view thee crucified,  
While we partake this bread :  
And look upon thy wounded side,  
Thy feet, thy hands and head.
- 3 We view thy streaming blood, dear Lord,  
While we partake this wine ;  
Can all in heaven or earth afford  
Such dying love as thine ?

## 203

C. M.

**Welcome to the Table.**

- 1 This is the feast of heavenly wine,  
And God invites to sup ;  
The juices of the living vine  
Were press'd to fill the cup.
- 2 O, bless the Saviour, ye that eat,  
With royal dainties fed ;  
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,  
For Jesus is the bread !
- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,  
Ye trembling souls appear !  
The righteous in their own esteem  
Have no acceptance here.



- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
The banquet spread for you ;  
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news !  
Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,  
And may obtain a place ;  
Surely the Lord will welcome me,  
And I shall see his face.

## 204

L. M.

- 1 At thy command, our dearest Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying feast :  
Thy blood, like wine, adorns the board,  
And thine own flesh feeds every guest
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one that died ;  
We hope for heavenly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And fling their scandals on the cause !  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumph in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He who was dead has left the tomb,  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

## 205

L. M.

- 1 " This do in memory of your Friend,  
Was the Redeemer's last request,  
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,  
That we might live forever blest.

- 2 Thus we'll record thy matchless grace,  
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of Friends !  
Thy dying love the noblest praise  
Of vast eternity transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give  
Thy goodness through these veils to see !  
Thy table food celestial yields,  
And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But oh, what vast transporting joys  
Shall all our breasts and tongues inspire,  
When join'd with the celestial train,  
Thy love and goodness to admire.
- 5 When these vile bodies, all refin'd,  
Shall rise in likeness to thine own,  
Then we shall in sweet chorus join,  
And bow around thy sapphire throne.

## 206

C. M.

- 1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast ;  
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms,  
He calls, he bids you come ;  
O stay not back, though fear alarms,  
For yet there still is room.
- 3 O come, and with his children taste  
The blessing of his love ;  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above !
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,  
Before the eternal throne,

Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice  
In ecstasies unknown.

- 5 And yet, ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come:  
Yet happy souls the grace adore;  
Approach, there yet is room.

## 207

C. M.

- 1 The King of heaven his table spreads,  
And dainties crown the board,  
Not paradise, with all its joys,  
Could such delights afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men  
And endless life are given!  
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,  
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd  
In sin's dark mazes, come,  
Come from the hedges and highway,  
And grace will find you room.
- 4 Thousands of souls in glory now  
Were fed and feasted here,  
And thousands more, still on the way,  
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large  
That millions more may come;  
Nor could the wide assembled world  
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready, enter in,  
Nor weak excuses frame;  
Come, take your places at the feast,  
And bless the donor's name.

## 208

C. M.

- 1 That doleful night before his death,  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Did, almost with his latest breath,  
This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,  
"The feast was made for you;  
For you I groan'd, and bled and died  
And rose, and triumph'd, too."
- 3 With humble faith and thankful hearts,  
Lord, we accept thy love;  
'Tis a rich banquet we have had!  
What will it be above?
- 4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven  
Join all your praising powers;  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours.
- 5 O tune our tongues, and set in frame  
Each heart that pants for thee,  
To sing hosanna to the Lamb—  
The Lamb that died for me.

## 209

C. M.

- 1 The blest memorials of thy grief,  
Thy sufferings and thy death,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with faith.
- 2 The tokens sent us to relieve  
Our spirits when they droop,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with hope.



- 3 The pledges thou wast pleased to leave  
Our slothful minds to move,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with love.
- 4 Here, in obedience to thy word,  
We take the bread and wine;  
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,  
For all beyond is thine.
- 5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love.  
Lord, give us all that's good;  
We would thy full salvation prove,  
And share thy flesh and blood.

## 210

C. M.

- 1 Disrobed of all his heavenly dress,  
The Saviour came to earth;  
Clothed in a veil of mortal flesh,  
And bowed his head in death.
- 2 That awful night in which betray'd,  
He introduced the feast,  
Which we, my friends, have seen display'd,  
Where each has been a guest.
- 3 The solemn scene about to close,  
To make the whole complete,  
He meekly from communion rose  
And washed his servants' feet.
- 4 "To each" he said, "let others do  
As I, your Lord, have done;  
The heavenly pattern still pursue,  
In form as I have shown."
- 5 Since Christ has the example set,  
And left it on record;

We'll humbly wash each other's feet,  
Obedient to his word.

## 211

L. M.

- 1 Jesus, the Lord, who groan'd and died,  
Arising from communion sweet,  
Disrobed, his garments laid aside,  
And washed the dear disciples' feet.
- 2 "Know you," he said, "what I have done?  
Ye call me Lord, and Master, too—  
I have you an example shown,  
And as I've done, ye ought to do."
- 3 See, through this robe, that glorious dress,  
Which Christ in love laid humbly by:  
Clothed in a veil of mortal flesh,  
For man to suffer, bleed and die.
- 4 Was he begirt with napkin round?  
Learn hence that Christ the Lord would  
While here below, a pattern found— [be,  
Servant of all, of you, of me!
- 5 His washing the disciples' feet  
Proclaims his cleansing, healing power;  
His reassuming all complete,  
The great, the grand, triumphant hour.
- 6 With Christ our pattern thus in view,  
While here we hold communion sweet,  
As he commands we'll joyful do,  
And meekly wash each other's feet.

## 212

L. M.

- 1 When Jesus Christ was here below,  
He taught his people what to do;

And if we would his precepts keep,  
We must attend to washing feet.

- 2 For on that night he was betray'd,  
He for us all a pattern laid ;  
Soon as his supper he did eat,  
He rose and wash'd his followers' feet.
- 3 The Lord who made the earth and sky,  
Arose and laid his garments by,  
And wash'd their feet, to show that we.  
Like Christ, should always humble be.
- 4 He wash'd them all, though all were clean,  
Save Judas, who was full of sin ;  
May none of us, like Judas, sell  
Our Lord for gold, and go to hell.
- 5 Peter said, " Lord, it shall not be ;  
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me."  
O that no Christian now may say,  
" I cannot Jesus' word obey."
- 6 Ye call me " Lord, and Master," too,  
Then " do as I have done to you.  
All my commands and sayings keep,  
And show your love by washing feet."
- 7 Ye shall be happy if ye know  
And do these things by faith below ;  
And I'll protect you till you die,  
And then remove you far on high.

213

L. M.

### The Desire of Washing Feet.

- 1 'T is my desire with God to walk,  
And with his children pray and talk ;

Though I should persecuted be,  
Jesus did suffer so for me.

- 2 'T is my desire baptized to be,  
As a command, O Lord, from thee ;  
To be baptized like Christ, my God,  
Who was immersed in Jordan's flood.
- 3 'T is my desire around thy board  
To meet the saints, my dearest Lord ;  
In union with thy church to be,  
And oft commune with them and thee.
- 4 'T is my desire with saints to meet,  
And wash the dear disciples' feet ;  
To do as Jesus Christ, my Lord,  
Hath bid me in his holy Word.
- 5 'T is my desire to bear the cross,  
And yield to all my Saviour's laws,  
To follow where my Jesus leads,  
In all his words, in all his deeds.
- 6 'T is my desire to flee from sin,  
And ever keep my conscience clean ;  
For Christ to count all things but loss,  
And glory in my Saviour's cross.
- 7 'T is my desire to watch and pray,  
And serve the Lord from day to day ;  
To own that Jesus is my king,  
And yield to him in every thing.
- 8 'T is my desire, above the rest,  
To lean upon my Saviour's breast ,  
To live as I would wish to die,  
And then to dwell with God on high.



## 214

C. M.

- 1 Did Christ the great example leave,  
For all his humble train,  
In washing his disciples' feet,  
And wiping them again?
- 2 "If I," the humble Jesus said,  
"Your feet have washed, 't is meet  
That ye do likewise." We obey,  
And wash each other's feet.
- 3 O blessed Jesus, at thy board  
I have thy children met;  
The bread I've broke, the wine I've pour'd  
And now would wash their feet.
- 4 In imitation of my Lord,  
Who blood for me did sweat;  
I yield unto his sacred word,  
And wash his children's feet.
- 5 Yes, blessed Jesus, I like thee,  
Would Christians often meet;  
The least of all the flock would be,  
And wash the pilgrims' feet.
- 6 For this let men reproach, defame,  
And call me what they will;  
I still would follow Christ, the Lamb,  
And be his servant still.

## 215

L. M.

Job iii. 17.

- 1 The grave is now a favor'd spot  
To saints who sleep, in Jesus blessed,  
For there the wicked trouble not,  
And there the weary are at rest.

- 2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;  
At rest as in a peaceful bed;  
Secure from all the dreadful storms  
Which round this sinful world are spread.
- 8 Thrice happy souls, who're gone before  
To that inheritance divine!  
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,  
But bright in endless glory shine.
- 4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,  
Or in a gentle measure flow;  
We hail them happy in the sky,  
And joyful wait our call to go.

## 216

C. M.

- 1 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
"Return, ye sons of men;"  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
- 2 A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- 3 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downwards by the flood,  
And lost in following years.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 Like flow'ry fields, the nations stand,  
Pleased with the morning light;

The flowers, beneath the mower's hand,  
Lie with'ring ere 't is night.]

- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

217

S. M.

- 1 Lord, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame !  
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,  
That scarce deserves a name.
- 2 Alas ! 't was brittle clay  
That built our body first ;  
And every month and every day  
'T is mould'ring back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay ;  
Just like a flood, our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight ;  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea !  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

218

C. M.

- 1 Thee we adore, Eternal name,  
And humbly own to thee

- How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As months and days increase,  
And every beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath which first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground  
To push us to the tomb ;  
And fierce diseases wait around  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God ! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things ;  
The eternal state of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe  
Attend on every breath,  
And yet how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death.
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense  
To walk this dang'rous road ;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

219

S. M.

- 1 And am I born to die ?  
To lay this body down ?  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown ?



- 2 A land of deepest shade,  
Unpierc'd by human thought;  
The dreary regions of the dead,  
Where all things are forgot!
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,  
What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or woe  
Must then my portion be!
- 4 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,  
I from my grave shall rise,  
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,  
And see the flaming skies!
- How shall I leave my tomb?  
With triumph or regret?  
A fearful or a joyful doom,  
A curse or blessing meet?
- Will angel bands convey  
Their brother to the bar?  
Or devils drag my soul away  
To meet its sentence there?
- 7 Who can resolve the doubt  
That tears my anxious breast?  
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,  
Or number'd with the blest?
- 8 I must from God be driven,  
Or with my Saviour dwell;  
Must come at his command to heaven,  
Or else depart to hell.

## 220

C. M.

- 1 Our days, alas! Our mortal days  
Are short and wretched, too;

- "Evil and few," the patriarch says,  
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'T is but, at best, a narrow bound  
That Heaven allows to men;  
And pains and sins run through the round  
Of threescore years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,  
Run on, my days, in haste;  
Moments of sin, and months of woe,  
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,  
And call her to the skies,  
Where years of long salvation roll,  
And glory never dies.

## 221

C. M.

- 1 When blooming youth is snatched awa  
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 breast obey;  
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.



- 5 O may we 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 sov'reign grace impart.  
With cleansing, healing power;  
This only can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour.

## 222

S. M.

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

Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

## 223

C. M.

- 1 Naked as from the earth we came,  
And crept to life at first,  
We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favors, borrowed now,  
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'T is God who lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave;  
He gives, and blessed be his name!  
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his righteous will,  
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread;  
And we'll adore the justice too  
That strikes our comforts dead.

## 224

C. M.

- 1 Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?



Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,  
And soften'd every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest  
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly  
At the great rising day.

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

## 225

C. M.

1 Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
Mine ears attend the cry,  
"Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your tow'rs;  
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?  
And are we still secure?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepar'd no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,  
To fit our souls to fly;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh  
We'll rise above the sky.

## 226

C. M.

1 Stoop down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,  
Converse a while with death;  
Think how a gasping mortal lies,  
And pants away his breath.

2 His quivering lips hang feebly down,  
His pulse is faint and few,  
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,  
He bids the world "adieu."

3 But oh! the soul, that never dies,  
When once it leaves the clay!  
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell  
It mounts, triumphing there;  
Or devils plunge it down to hell  
In infinite despair!

5 And must this body faint and die?  
And must this soul remove?  
O for some guardian angel nigh,  
To bear my soul above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand  
My naked soul I trust;  
And my flesh waits for thy command  
To drop into the dust.



## 227

L. M.

- 1 Remember, Lord, our mortal state,  
How frail our life, how short our date ;  
Where is the man that draws his breath,  
Safe from disease, secure from death ?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,  
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,  
" Must death forever rage and reign ?  
Or hast thou made mankind in vain ?
- 3 " Where is thy promise to the just ?  
Are not thy servants turned to dust ?"  
But faith forbids those mournful sighs,  
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that heavenly day,  
Wipes the reproach of saints away,  
And clears the honors of thy word ;  
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

## 228

L. M.

- 1 Father, we bow before thy throne ;  
Our pastor's dead ! we're left alone.  
With hearts of sorrow almost broke,  
We mourn and grieve beneath the stroke.
- 2 We oft with joy have viewed his face,  
And heard thy messages of grace  
In faithfulness and love proclaim'd,  
Regardless whether prais'd or blam'd.
- 3 Thy word his guide—from thence he drew  
His doctrines, and his precepts too,—  
From thence he learnt the heavenly road,  
By which he walk'd, and rests with God.

- 4 In this he powerful motives found,  
In acts of mercy to abound ;  
Nor did he merely others teach,  
But practis'd daily what he preach'd.
- 5 We feel the loss of such a guide ;  
And if his place is e'er supplied,  
From thee the messenger must come—  
We look, O Lord, to thee alone !
- 6 Father forgive our flowing tears !  
Silence and quell our rising fears !  
Send us a pastor in his room,  
And guard and guide us safely home.

## 229

L. M.

- 1 His death we mourn, who lately stood  
A herald of the mighty God ;  
Proclaim'd the Saviour of our race,  
And bore the message of his grace.
- 2 Laborious in his Master's cause,  
His view nor lucre nor applause ;  
To spend and to be spent, resign'd  
If souls, through Christ, salvation find.
- 3 With pointed language, flaming zeal,  
He to the conscience did appeal ;  
With terror sought the soul to move,  
Or draw it with the cords of love.
- 4 But all his labors now are o'er,  
And we shall hear his voice no more ;  
His dust lies silent in the tomb,  
He's gone to heaven, his final home.



5 Jesus! though earthly shepherds die,  
Do thou thy churches still supply  
With gifts, instruction to impart—  
Pastors according to thy heart.

6 May we the means of grace improve,  
Lest thou our candlestick remove,  
Deprive us of the gospel light,  
And leave us in the shades of night.

## 230

C. M.

1 Wake up, my muse, condole the loss  
Of those that mourn this day;  
Let tears distil on ev'ry face,  
And ev'ry mourner pray.

2 The tyrant, Death, came rushing in,  
Last night his pow'r did show,  
Out of the world this child he took,  
And laid its visage low.

3 No more the pleasant child is seen,  
To please its parent's eye;  
The tender plant, so fresh and green,  
Is in eternity.

4 The golden bowl by death is broke,  
The pitcher burst in twain;  
The cistern-wheel has felt the stroke,  
The lovely child is slain.

5 The winding sheet doth bind its limbs  
The coffin holds it fast;  
To-day it's seen by all its friends,  
But this must be the last.

## 231

C. M.

1 Thy life I read, my dearest Lord,  
With transport all divine:  
Thine image trace in every word,  
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms  
Spread o'er thy lovely face,  
While infants, in thy tender arms,  
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these lambs," said he,  
"And lay them in my breast;  
Protection they shall find in me,  
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose  
But can't dissolve my love;  
Millions of infant souls compose  
The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,  
And mould with heavenly skill;  
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,  
And hands to do my will."

6 His words the happy parents hear,  
And shout with joy divine,  
"Dear Saviour, all we have and are,  
Shall be forever thine."

## MORNING HYMNS.

232

7s.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;  
Now the morning light is come ;  
Lord, may we be thine to-day !  
Drive the shades of sin away. :
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light ;  
Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight ;  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
Help us labor, help us pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;  
Save us from our foes around ;  
Going out, and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,  
O receive us then at last !  
Night of sin will be no more,  
When we reach the heavenly shore.

233

C. M.

## Sabbath Morning Hymn.

- 1 This is the day when Christ arose  
So early from the dead ;  
Why should I keep my eyelids closed  
And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke  
The powers of death and hell ;  
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well ?

- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,  
To pray and read thy word,  
And I would go, with cheerful feet,  
To learn thy will, O Lord.
- 4 I'll quit the world to read and pray,  
And so prepare for heaven ;  
O may I love this blessed day  
The best of all the seven !

234

S. M.

- 1 Behold the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way !  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.
- 2 But when the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light ;  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word,  
And all thy judgments just !  
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions given !  
O may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heaven.

235

C. M.

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high ;  
Thou art my Father, lend an ear  
Unto my feeble cry.



- 2 O lead me, keep me all this day  
Near thee in perfect peace !  
Help me to watch—to watch and pray—  
To pray and never cease.
- 3 I know my roving feet will err,  
Unless thou be my guide ;  
Warn me of every foe and snare,  
And keep me near thy side.
- 4 [O guide my heart in truth and love,  
While here on earth I stay ;  
O fix my mind on things above,  
And keep me in the way.]
- 5 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,  
And tread the tempter down ;  
My trust, my hope, and my relief  
Is in thine only Son.
- 6 Then let my moments smoothly run  
And all my hours be gay ;  
And let my evening setting sun  
Launch me in endless day.

236

L. M.

- 1 O ! could my soul this morning rise,  
And feel that life which never dies,  
I'd praise that hand with all my powers  
That guarded my unguarded hours.
- 2 'T is he who gives me life divine ;  
In him eternal joys are mine ;  
Then rise, my soul, bid sloth adieu,  
Thy Jesus love, and him pursue.

- 3 Haste on to that immortal shore  
Where night and sleep are known no more,  
There shall I soon in glory rise,  
With seraphs, in a sweet surprise.
- 4 There shall I raise a morning song,  
With all the vast angelic throng ;  
There sing in everlasting peace.  
My morning song shall never cease.

237

C. M.

- 1 Once more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound ;  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'T is he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand ;  
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,  
But mercy held thy hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun ;  
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.]



- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,  
 Whilst I enjoy the light;  
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
 And bring a pleasant night.

## 238

S. M.

- 1 See how the morning sun  
 Pursues his shining way,  
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise  
 With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
 Its heavenly Parent sing,  
 And to its great Original  
 The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down  
 Beneath his guardian care;  
 I slept, and I awoke and found  
 My kind Preserver near.
- 4 My life I would anew  
 Devote, O Lord, to thee;  
 And in thy service I would spend  
 A long eternity.

## 239

C. M.

- 1 With thee, great God, the stores of light  
 And stores of darkness lie;  
 Thou formed the sable robe of night,  
 And spread'st it round the sky.
- 2 And when with welcome slumbers press'd,  
 We close our weary eyes,  
 Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,  
 And makes us joyous rise.

- 3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met  
 Their long, eternal doom,  
 And lost their joys of morning light  
 In death's tremendous gloom.
- 4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,  
 And still their woes bewail;  
 While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,  
 A thousand pleasures feel.
- 5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs  
 Our morning thoughts arise;  
 Propitious, in thy Son, accept  
 The willing sacrifice.

## 240

L. M.

- 1 This morning let my praise arise,  
 To him who all my need supplies;  
 To him who watched me through the night,  
 And brought me to the morning light.
- 2 May I this day, through grace, pursue  
 The work assign'd for me to do;  
 And when my work on earth is done,  
 May angels bear my spirit home.

## 241

C. M.

- 1 My gracious God has brought me through  
 Another darksome night;  
 Again mine eyes his work can view  
 In open morning light.
- 2 Through all the night, while I have slept,  
 Insensible of pain,  
 The gracious hand of God has kept,  
 And raised me up again.



- 3 Thus brought to view, the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way ;  
May I set out afresh to run,  
And my kind God obey.
- 4 Let me this day, with anxious zeal,  
Devote my time to God ;  
And freely may I do his will,  
And rest upon his word.
- 5 And when my life's short day shall close  
In death's tremendous night,  
Then may I have a sweet repose  
In an immortal light.

## EVENING HYMNS.

242

C. M.

- 1 Indulgent Father, by whose care  
I've passed another day,  
Let me this night thy mercies share,  
And teach me how to pray.
- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn  
My guilt before thy face ;  
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,  
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare  
The tokens of thy love ;  
And every hour thy grace prepare  
My soul for joys above.
- 4 And when on earth I close mine eyes  
To sleep in death's embrace,  
Let me to heaven and glory rise,  
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

243

C. M.

- 1 O Saviour, hear me when I pray !  
Remember I am thine !  
I walk before thee all the day,  
And fear and love thy name.
- 2 Now let me rest my weary head,  
From earthly troubles free ;  
And when I'm slumb'ring on my bed,  
May I be still with thee.
- 3 This be my evening sacrifice,  
As my day's work is done,  
Nor let a gloomy cloud arise  
On this day's setting sun.
- 4 Protect me through this lonely night  
Till day appears again ;  
Then early, with the morning light,  
I'll praise thy glorious name.
- 5 I thank thee for my daily food—  
A gracious gift is this.  
I look to thee for every good,  
And hope for future bliss.

244

C. M.

- 1 Dread Sov'reign, let my evening song  
Like holy incense rise !  
Assist the offerings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,  
Thy hand was still my guard ;  
And still to drive my wants away  
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around ;  
But O ! how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found.
- 4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,  
To thy dear cross I flee ;  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renewed by thee.
- 5 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
I lay me down to rest,  
As in th' embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast.

## 245

C. M.

- 1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes  
Our inmost thoughts perceive,  
Accept the evening sacrifice  
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,  
And think ourselves sincere ;  
But show us, Lord, is every one  
Thy real worshipper ?
- 3 Is there a soul that knows thee not,  
Nor feels his want of thee ?  
A stranger to the blood which bought  
His pardon on the tree ?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,  
His desp'rate state explain,  
And fill his heart with sacred grief,  
And penitential pain.

- 5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,  
And bid the sleeper rise,  
And bid his guilty conscience dread  
The death that never dies.

## 246

C. M.

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts  
Let flames of love arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favor, and new joys,  
Do a new song require ;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our heart's desire.
- 4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set  
New time upon our score ;  
Thee may we praise for all our time,  
When time shall be no more.

## 247

L. M.

- 1 O Jesus, may we praise thy name !  
Thy love, thy goodness is the same :  
Through all this day thy hand was nigh ;  
Let loudest praise ascend the sky.
- 2 Our evening praises, Lord, receive ;  
Ourselves, our all, to thee we'd give :  
Let peace surround us all this night,  
And keep us safe till morning light.



- 3 And when the night of death shall come,  
Take us, thy weary pilgrims, home ;  
Take us to heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
Where we may sing redeeming grace.

248

C. M.

- 1 Indulgent God, whose bounteous care  
O'er all thy works is shown,  
O let my grateful praise and prayer  
Arise before thy throne.
- 2 What mercies has this day bestow'd !  
How largely hast thou blest !  
My cup with plenty overflow'd,  
With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may soft slumbers close my eyes,  
From pain and sickness free,  
And let my waking thoughts arise  
To meditate on thee.
- 4 Thus bless each future day and night  
Till life's vain scene is o'er,  
And then to realms of endless light  
O let my spirit soar !

249

S. M.

- 1 Another day is past,  
The hours forever fled ;  
And time is bearing me in haste  
To mingle with the dead.
- 2 Perhaps my closing eyes  
No more may hail the light,  
Seal'd up before the morning rise,  
In everlasting night.

- 3 This mortal frame must lie  
Unconscious in the tomb ;  
But O ! where will my spirit fly,  
And what will be her doom ?
- 4 Jesus, if thou art mine,  
O let thy heavenly voice  
Confirm my hope with love divine  
And make my soul rejoice.
- 5 Then shall my closing eyes,  
Contented, sink to rest ;  
Then, if to-night this body dies,  
My spirit shall be blest.

250

S. M.

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

5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O may we in thy bosom rest!  
The bosom of thy love.

## 251

L. M.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far his power prolongs my days,  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
Peace be the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful station round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth and hell  
Tell me a thousand frightful things;  
My God in safety makes me dwell  
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait His voice t' unlock my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

## ORDINATION OF MINISTERS.

## 252

C. M.

- 1 Chief Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,  
From death and sin set free,  
May all thy under shepherds keep  
Their eye intent on thee.
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare  
To execute thy will—  
Compassion, patience, love and care,  
And faithfulness and skill.
- 3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal  
Their flocks to feed and teach;  
And let them live and let them feel  
The sacred truths they preach.

## 253

C. M.

- 1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take th' alarm they give;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'T is not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands,  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heav'nly bliss forego;  
For souls which must forever live  
In raptures or in woe.



- 4 May they that Jesus whom they preach  
 Their own Redeemer see ;  
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
 That they may watch for thee.

## 254

L. M.

- 1 If you would win a soul to God,  
 Then tell him of the Saviour's blood—  
 Tell him how Jesus' bowels moved  
 Towards him with redeeming love.
- 2 And tell him how the streams did glide  
 From Jesus' hands, and feet, and side ;  
 And how his head with thorns was crown'd,  
 And how his soul with grief was drown'd.
- 3 Ah ! tell him how he suffer'd death,  
 And freely yielded up his breath,  
 And died, and rose, with God to plead,  
 That rebels might from sin be freed.
- 4 Tell him 't is free and saving grace  
 Which teaches men to seek his face,  
 And help them choose the better part,  
 And brings salvation to the heart.
- 5 Explain to him that liberty  
 Wherewith Christ Jesus makes us free ;  
 And the sweet joys of sins forgiven,  
 An earnest of the joys of heaven.
- 6 Then tell him he that does believe  
 And is baptizèd shall be saved ;  
 But he that slights the Lord's command  
 And disbelieveth, shall be damn'd.

## 255

S. M.

- 1 Ye messengers of Christ,  
 His sovereign voice obey ;  
 Arise ! and follow where he leads,  
 And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve  
 Will needful strength bestow ;  
 Depending on his sovereign aid,  
 With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
 And hell in vain oppose ;  
 The cause is God's, and must prevail  
 In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,  
 And tell his matchless grace  
 To the most guilty and deprav'd  
 Of Adam's num'rous race.

## SONGS.

## 256

L. M.—*John Colby.***A Travelling Preacher.**

- 1 O ! if poor sinners could but know  
 How much for them I undergo,  
 They would not treat me with contempt,  
 Nor curse me when I say "Repent."
- 2 Give credit now to what I say,  
 And mind it till the judgment day ;  
 Of God I'm sent, constrained to go,  
 To call upon both high and low.

- 3 And woe is me if I refrain  
From going forth in God's great name ;  
A dispensation I've received,  
And my kind friends I now must leave.
- 4 My parents' house I bid adieu,  
My toilsome journey to pursue ;  
To distant climes I now repair,  
To call poor sinners far and near.
- 5 But O, the trials of my heart,  
To think I must with parents part ;  
In tears I left them, fill'd with grief,  
I could not give their hearts relief.
- 6 They brought me up with tender care,  
And for my health no pains did spare ;  
Exposed themselves both night and day,  
While fevers wore my flesh away.
- 7 My loving brethren think it strange  
That I should leave my nearest friends ;  
My sisters wonder where I am,  
That I do not return to them.
- 8 Ye list'ning nations, pray give ear,  
While I to you the truth declare ;  
May wisdom now inspire my heart,  
My joys and sorrows to impart.
- 9 Through winds, and storms of rain and  
Both day and night, I have to go, [snow,  
To attend th' appointments I have made,  
Or find a place to lay my head.

## 257

L. M.—*John Colby.*

- 1 Through sultry climes and deserts wide  
I am directed by my guide ;  
No cooling streams to quench my thirst,  
If I for want should turn to dust.
- 2 I draw no pension here below,  
To pay my charges as I go ;  
I go forth on my own expense,  
And trust in God for my defence.
- 3 Ofttimes with hunger I grow faint ;  
I travel on till almost spent ;  
I find no friend or helper nigh,  
But Him who hears the raven's cry.
- 4 Through streams and rivers deep and wide,  
Both high and swift, I have to ride :  
The rolling current beats with force,  
And often drives me from my course.
- 5 The thunder roars, when clouds arise,  
Tempest and darkness veil the skies ;  
All nature trembles at the sound,  
And wet and cold I'm often found.
- 6 But greater perils wait me yet,  
When I with my false brethren meet ;  
Their clothing is much like the saints,  
But God abhors their false pretence.
- 7 I do not limit conflicts here,  
The foes within I have to fear ;  
I'm often into bondage brought,  
In ways that I but little thought.



- 8 But yet I hear a heavenly voice  
Saying, " Arise, in me rejoice ;  
Go to the world's remotest bound,  
I'll be thy Friend when foes surround."

## 258

8s, 7s, and 4.—*S. F. Smith.*

**The Missionary's Farewell.**

- 1 Yes, my native land, I love thee ;  
All thy scenes I love them well :  
Friends, connections, 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, indeed 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,  
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,  
Can I say a 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 labor ;  
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 heart with warm emotion,  
While I go far hence to dwell.  
Glad I bid thee,  
Native land, farewell, farewell.

## 259

*C. M.*

- 1 Come on, my brethren in the Lord,  
Whose hearts are joined 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.
- 2 Go see a pilgrim as he dies,  
With glory in his view ;  
To heav'n he lifts his longing eyes,  
And bids the world adieu ;  
While friends are weeping all around,  
And loath to let him go,  
He shouts with his expiring breath,  
And leaves them all below.
- 3 O Christians, are you ready now  
To cross the swelling flood ;  
On Canaan's happy shore to stand,  
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.

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,  
 The land appears in view ;

I hope to gain fair Canaan's shore,  
 And there to meet with you.

## 260

8s and 7s.

1 Dark 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 vigor to decay ?  
 Jesus, Jesus will go with you,  
 He will lead you to his throne ;  
 He who dy'd 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 heav'nly land.

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

5 Millions there of flaming seraphs  
 Fly across the heav'nly plain,  
 Where they sing immortal praises ;  
 Glory, glory, is their strain.  
 But methinks a sweeter concert  
 Makes the heavenly arches ring,  
 And a song is heard in Zion  
 Which the angels cannot sing.

6 O the crowns ! how bright they sparkle,  
 Which to saints will then be given,  
 And the mansions, how celestial,  
 Jesus hath for them in heaven :  
 Hail ! ye happy, happy spirits,  
 Death no more shall make you fear ;  
 Grief or sorrow, pain or anguish,  
 Shall no more distress you there.

## 261

11s.

*Tunes.*—**Redemption, Imandra.**

1 Come, friends and relations, let's join heart and hand,  
 The voice of the turtle is heard in the land ;



Let's all walk together and follow the sound,  
And march to the place where redemption is found.

- 2 The place it is hidden by reason of sin,  
Alas! you don't see the sad state you are in;  
You are blinded, polluted, in prison and pain,  
O how can such rebels redemption obtain?
- 3 The place is in Jesus; to him if you'll go,  
You'll there find redemption from sorrow and woe:  
And though you are wounded and bruised by the fall,  
Rise up and press forward, for you he doth call.
- 4 And you, my dear brethren, who love my dear Lord.  
Whose sins have been pardon'd through faith in his  
Let patience attend you, wherever you be, [word  
And sing for redemption, so full and so free.
- 5 And when th' archangel's trumpet shall sound,  
And wake all the nations that sleep under ground,  
The sound of that trumpet will bid us arise  
And meet our Redeemer with joy in the skies.
- 6 Then freed from all sin, and redeem'd from death,  
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the earth,  
Redeem'd from sorrow, redeem'd from pain,  
We'll shout free redemption through heaven's bright  
[plain.

## 262

11s.

- 1 How painfully pleasing the fond recollection  
Of youthful connection and innocent joy,  
When, blest with parental advice and affection,  
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high,  
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,  
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,  
And that richest of books, which excels every other,  
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

## CHORUS.

- The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
The family Bible that lay on the stand.
- 2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,  
At morning and evening could yield us delight,  
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation  
For mercy by day and for safety by night:  
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,  
All warm from the heart of the family band,  
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling  
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.
  - 3 Ye scenes of enjoyment, long have we been parted,  
My hope almost gone, and my parents no more,  
In sorrow and sadness I live, broken-hearted,  
And wander alone on a far distant shore.  
Yet why should 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.

## 263

C. M.—7s and 6s.

- 1 Drooping saints, no longer grieve,  
Heaven is propitious;  
If on Christ you do believe,  
You will find him precious.
- 2 Jesus now is passing by,  
Call the mourner to him:  
He has died for you and I,  
Now look up and view him.
- 3 From his hands, his feet, his side,  
Runs a healing fountain;  
See the consolation tide,  
Boundless as the ocean.

- 4 See the living waters move  
For the sick and dying;  
Now resolve to gain his love,  
Or to perish trying.
- 5 Grace's store is always free,  
Drooping souls to gladden :  
Jesus calls, "Come unto me!  
Weary, heavy laden."
- 6 Though your sins like mountains high  
Rise and reach to heaven,  
Soon as you on him rely,  
"All shall be forgiven."
- 7 Now, methinks, I hear one say,  
"I will go unto him ;  
If he takes my sins away,  
Surely I shall love him."
- 8 Streaming mercy, how it flows !  
Now I know, I feel it ;  
Half has never yet been told,  
Yet I want to tell it.
- 9 Jesus' blood has heal'd my wounds,  
Oh ! the wondrous story ;  
I was lost, but now I'm found—  
Glory ! glory ! glory !
- 10 Glory to my Saviour's name,  
Saints are bound to love him ;  
Mourners, you may do the same,  
Only come and prove him.
- 11 Heaven's here and heaven's there,  
Glory's here and yonder ;  
Brightest seraphs shout amen,  
While all the angels wonder.

## 264

L. M.

- 1 "We've found the Rock," the trav'lers  
cried,  
"The Stone that all the prophets tried ;  
Come, children, drink the balmy dew,  
'T was Christ that shed it new for you."
- 2 This costly mixture cures the soul,  
Which sin and guilt has made so foul :  
It makes me happy while I sing,  
And shout salvation to my King.
- 3 Here's glory, glory in my soul,  
Come, mourners, see the current roll ;  
O that you would believe in God,  
And wash in Christ's most precious blood :
- 4 O Christians, we have heav'n to-night ;  
It shines around with dazzling light,  
And in this light we'll soar away  
Where there's no night, but endless day.
- 5 O children, children, bear the cross,  
And count the world below as dross ;  
We'll bear the cross, and wear the crown,  
And by our Father's side sit down.
- 6 O hearken, children, Christ is come,  
The bride is ready, let us run !  
His grace will feed our hungry souls,  
While love divine eternal rolls.
- 7 His fiery chariot makes its way,  
To welcome us to endless day ;  
There glitt'ring millions we shall join  
To praise the Prince of David's line.



## 265

11s.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !  
What more can he say than to you he hath said ?  
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in 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.
- When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;  
I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- Though fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
O God, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
Swords shall not hurt thee—I only design  
Loss to consume and thy gold to refine.
- 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 hath lean'd for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to its foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

## 266

8, 6.

- 1 Afflictions, though they seem severe,  
Are oft in mercy sent ;  
They stopt the prodigal's career,  
And caus'd him to repent.  
Although he no relenting felt  
Till he had spent his store,  
His stubborn heart began to melt  
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 2 "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.  
I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
Fall down before his face ;  
Unworthy to be called a son,  
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 3 His father saw him coming back ;  
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,  
And threw his arms around the neck  
Of his rebellious child.  
"Father, I've sinn'd, but oh forgive me !"  
"Enough," the father said ;  
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,  
For whom I mourn'd as dead."
- 4 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
And spread the news around ;  
My son was dead, but lives again,  
Was lost, but now is found."  
'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.

- 5 Come, then, poor sinners, come away,  
 We call you all around ;  
 'T is the accepted, promis'd day,  
 When gospel grace abounds.  
 Come, mourning souls, to Jesus come,  
 Whose blood for you aton'd ;  
 His heart, his hands and church have  
 We therefore bid you come. [room,

## 267

8, 8, 6.

- 1 Salem's bright King, Jesus by name,  
 In ancient time to Jordan came,  
 All righteousness to fill ;  
 'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,  
 Whose name was John, a man of God,  
 To do his Master's will.  
 2 The holy Jesus did demand  
 His right to be baptized then  
 The Baptist gave consent.  
 On Jordan's banks they did appear,  
 The Baptist and his Master dear,  
 Then down the bank they went.  
 3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,  
 The Baptist led the holy Lamb,  
 And there did him baptize ;  
 Jehovah saw his darling Son,  
 And was well pleased in what he'd done,  
 And own'd him from the skies.  
 4 The opening heaven now complies,  
 The Holy Ghost like lightning flies  
 Down from the courts above,  
 And on the holy heavenly Lamb  
 The Spirit lights and does remain,  
 In shape like a fair dove.

- 5 "This is my Son," Jehovah cries,  
 The echoing voice from glory flies,  
 "O children ! hear ye him."  
 Hark ! 't is his voice, behold, he cries,  
 "Repent, believe, and be baptiz'd,  
 And wash away your sins."  
 6 Come, children, come, his voice obey,  
 Salem's bright King has marked the way,  
 And has a crown prepar'd ;  
 O then arise and give consent,  
 Walk in the way that Jesus went,  
 And have the great reward.  
 7 Believing children, gather round,  
 And let your joyful songs abound,  
 With cheerful hearts arise ;  
 See, here is water, here is room,  
 A loving Saviour calling, "Come,  
 O children, be baptized."  
 8 Behold, his servant waiting stands,  
 With willing heart and ready hands  
 To wait upon the Bride ;  
 Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,  
 And let us join in solemn prayer,  
 Down by the water-side.

## 268

L. M.

- 1 Ye brethren who profess the Lord,  
 I pray draw near and hear a word ;  
 Lift up your eyes, behold and see  
 What a good God has done for me !  
 2 O'erwhelm'd with guilt, in deep distress,  
 I day or night could take no rest ;  
 But when in sad extremity,  
 The Lord reveal'd his love to me.



- 3 When I by faith was brought to see  
My Jesus bleeding on the tree,  
My soul with joy and sorrow flow'd,  
That he should bear my guilty load.
- 4 My heart, that was so dreadful hard,  
Was melted down in love to God !  
My soul was humbled to the ground  
When I the blessed Jesus found.
- 5 Then on my bended knees did fall—  
O Jesus ! he was all in all !  
Yea, where to go I did not know,  
For I did love my Jesus so.
- 6 And now, my friends who love the Lord,  
I pray live nearer to his word ;  
And don't you hurt that wounded side  
Of my dear Jesus crucified.

## 269

11, 10.

- 1 Hail, thou blest morn when the great Mediator  
Down from the regions of glory descends !  
Shepherds ! go worship the babe in the manger ;  
Lo ! for his guide the bright angels attend.

## CHORUS.

- Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !  
Shine on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.  
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are 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 a costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and off'rings 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 favor secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Low at his feet we in humble prostration  
Lose all our sorrow and trouble and strife :  
There we receive his divine consolation,  
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.
- 6 He is our Friend in the midst of temptation,  
Faithful Supporter, whose love can not fail,  
Rock of our refuge, and Hope of Salvation,  
Light to direct us through death's gloomy vale.
- 7 Star of the morning, thy brightness, declining,  
Shortly must fade when the Sun doth arise,  
Beaming refulgent, his glory eternal  
Shines on the children of love in the skies.

## 270

11s.

- 1 With gladness, dear brethren, we meet at this place  
To speak and to hear of God's rich and free grace :  
For all that are needy, afflicted and poor,  
The Saviour has balsam and riches in store.
- 2 If hungry and thirsty and burdened with guilt,  
For you the dear Saviour his blood freely spilt ;  
If naked and wounded, just ready to die,  
He waits from his fulness your wants to supply.

- 3 You 're welcome, poor sinners, no longer delay,  
The gospel invites you to Jesus to-day ;  
If you are but willing, you need not to doubt,  
For those that come to him he will not cast out.
- 4 On parting, my brethren, I give you my hand,  
In token of friendship, that uniting band :  
Since we here together no longer can stay,  
Be sure you continue devoutly to pray.
- 5 Farewell, my dear brethren, belov'd of the Lord,  
The footsteps of Jesus you'll find in his word :  
Then follow your Leader wherever he goes,  
Stand fast and unshaken whatever oppose.
- 6 The time 't is approaching when Christ shall appear  
In glory, and then all his saints shall be there ;  
No fear then of parting, no grief nor complaint  
Shall ever be heard from the tongue of a saint,
- 7 But praise and thanksgiving shall be our employ,  
Our souls always feasting, yet never shall cloy ;  
New scenes then unfolding new joys will afford :  
All glory and honor and praise to the Lord !

## 271

L. M.

- 1 When converts first begin to sing,  
Their happy souls are on the wing ;  
Their theme is all-redeeming love ;  
Fain would they be with Christ above.
- 2 With admiration they behold  
The love of Christ, which can't be told ;  
They view themselves on Canaan's shore,  
And think the conflict now is o'er.

- 3 They now rejoice as free from pain,  
And think their enemies are slain ;  
They make no doubt but all is well,  
And Satan hurl'd quite down to hell.
- 4 They wonder why old saints don't sing  
And make the heavenly arches ring  
With joyful hallelujahs round,  
Because a prodigal is found.
- 5 But 't is not long before they feel  
Their feeble souls begin to reel ;  
They think their former hopes are vain,  
They're filled with sorrow, grief and pain.
- 6 Where, feeble child, is now thy song ?  
And where's the music of thy tongue ?  
" Alas ! I fear that I'm undone,  
And have from first to last been wrong."
- 7 Come, take up arms, and face the field ;  
Gird on your harness, sword and shield ,  
Stand fast in faith, and never yield,  
And soon the conquest will be gain'd.
- 8 If Satan comes to tempt again,  
And tells you that your King was slain,  
Be bold to say he rose again,  
And promises that saints shall reign.

## 272

8, 7.

- 1 Dearest Lord, thou hast commanded  
All thy family to pray ;  
Promised good thou hast appointed  
Through this medium to convey.



- 2 Yes, to all thy praying people  
Thou hast promised to appear ;  
And thy wondrous condescension  
Honors much the path of prayer.
- 3 Jesus, thou exalted Saviour,  
On thy promise we rely ;  
Comfort every mourning spirit,  
Answer every feeble cry.
- 4 From thy glorious throne of mercy,  
Heav'nly cordials now impart,  
Exercise thy tender pity  
O'er the sinner's broken heart.
- 5 May we all who love the Saviour  
Often to his throne repair :  
Feel the sweets of his compassion  
While engaged in solemn prayer.
- 6 Lord, attend our supplications,  
Let thy mercy on us roll ;  
Come, O come, thou kind Redeemer,  
Comfort every praying soul.

273

C. M.

- 1 Brethren, I bid you all farewell,  
And from my very heart  
Affectionately I do tell  
That you and I must part.
- 2 And if I see you not again,  
I trust that I can say,  
My labor shall not be in vain  
That I have spent this day.

- 3 I trust I can to record call,  
All you that hear me now ;  
I have declar'd God's counsel all,  
As he did me endow.
- 4 I now depart, I leave you here,  
I leave you with the Lord,  
And may we all henceforth appear  
To be of one accord.
- 5 And if we part to meet no more,  
While we on earth remain,  
O may we meet on Canaan's shore,  
And never part again.
- 6 There we shall meet to sing God's praise,  
And all his wonders tell,  
And triumph in his holy ways ;  
So, brethren, fare you well.

274

7 6.

- 1 Come, all ye weary travellers,  
Now let us join and sing  
The everlasting praises  
Of Jesus Christ, our King.  
We've had a tedious journey,  
And tiresome, 't is true,  
But see how many dangers  
The Lord has brought us through !
- 2 At first, when Jesus found us,  
He called us unto him,  
And pointed out the danger  
Of falling into sin.  
The world, the flesh and Satan  
Would prove a fatal snare,  
Unless we did reject them  
By faith and humble prayer.

- 3 But by our disobedience,  
With sorrow we confess,  
We have had long to wander  
In a dark wilderness,  
Wherein we might have fainted  
In that enchanted ground,  
But now and then a cluster  
Of pleasant grapes we found.
- 4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan  
Give life and joy and peace,  
Revive our drooping spirits,  
And love and strength increase,  
To confess our Lord and Master,  
And run at his command,  
And hasten on our journey  
Unto the promised land.
- 5 With faith and hope and patience  
We're made for to rejoice,  
And Jesus and his people  
Forever are our choice.  
In grace and consolation  
We now are going on  
The pleasing way to Canaan,  
Where Jesus Christ is gone.
- 6 Sinners, why stand you idle,  
While we do march along?  
Has conscience never told you  
That you are going wrong,  
Down the broad road to darkness,  
To bear an endless curse?  
Forsake your ways of sinning  
And come and go with us.

- 7 But if you will refuse it,  
We bid you all farewell;  
We're on the road to Canaan,  
And you the road to hell.  
We're sorry for to leave you;  
We'd rather you would go;  
Come, try a bleeding Saviour,  
And see the waters flow.
- 8 Now to the King Immortal  
Be everlasting praise;  
For in his holy service  
We long to spend our days,  
Till we arrive at Canaan,  
The celestial world above,  
With everlasting wonder,  
To praise redeeming love.

## 275

118.

- 1 The Lord is the fountain of goodness and love!  
In Eden once flowing in streams from above;  
Refresh'd, every moment, the first happy pair,  
Till sin stopp'd the current, and brought in despair.
- 2 O wretched condition! what anguish and pain!  
They thirst for a fountain, but seek it in vain!  
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief;  
They drink, and the draught but increases their grief.
- 3 Glad tidings, glad tidings, no more we complain,  
Our Jesus has opened the fountain again!  
Now, mingled with mercy, enrich'd with free grace,  
In Zion 't is flowing; come, sinners, and taste.
- 4 How happy the prospect, how pleasant the road,  
When led down the stream by the angel of God!  
Though narrow at first, yet we find it at last  
A river so boundless it cannot be pass'd.



- 5 Come, sinners, poor sinners, 't is boundless and free;  
In Zion 't is flowing, 't is open'd for thee.  
This water has virtue to heal all complaints,  
Come drink, ye diseas'd, 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 Ho! all ye poor sinners, ye halt and ye blind,  
Ye penitent mourners, here life you may find;  
The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you come,  
O call all your neighbors, for yet there is room.

## 276

12, 11.

- 1 Farewell, my dear kindred, whose love needs no  
token,  
To think I must leave you, grief pains my poor  
heart;  
With parents the tenderest of ties must be broken,  
And, brothers and sisters, with you I must part.  
Though you I must leave, yet in hope of salvation,  
I freely can part with each friend and relation,  
And patiently wander throughout wide creation,  
To point dying sinners to Jesus' blood.
- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren in Jesus, my Saviour,  
With whom I so often sweet counsel have took;  
Still press on your journey, watch well your be-  
havior,  
Obey Christ's commands and for strength to him  
look.  
My Saviour commands me, and I must now leave  
you:  
But hush, sad emotions! let parting not grieve you,  
Rejoice in that day when I hope to receive you.  
When parting and sorrow shall pain us no more.
- 3 Farewell, young companions, who long have been  
sporting  
In sin's giddy maze, where I once careless trod;  
There happiness long you have vainly been seeking  
Where you ne'er can find it; O turn to my God!

For you I still mourn while I view your condition,  
I tremble lest you may sink into perdition!  
O turn to the Saviour, the soul's grand Physician,  
Who now stands inviting and bidding you come.

- 5 Farewell, old and young, sinners, brethren and kin-  
Once more with affection I bid you adieu! [dred,  
My Saviour commands me, I must not be hindered,  
The way lies before me, and I must pursue.  
O Jesus, be with me, my friend and my Saviour,  
Protect and defend me from all harm and danger,  
To heaven at last bring this exile and stranger,  
To sing hallelujahs forever above.

## 277

8s.

## Jesus Reigns.

- 1 Hear the royal proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation,  
Published to every creature  
Of the ruin'd sons of nature.  
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 favor  
Now is offer'd by the Saviour.  
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 3 Here, ye sons of wrath and ruin,  
Ye who've wrought your own undoing,  
Here are life and free salvation  
Offer'd to the whole creation.  
Jesus reigns, &c.



- 4 'T was for you that Jesus died,  
For you a God was crucified,  
He conquer'd death and rose to heaven.  
Eternal life through him is given.  
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 5 Turn unto the Lord most holy,  
Shun the paths of vice and folly;  
Turn, or you are lost forever,  
Turn, O sinner, to the Saviour.  
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 6 For this love let rocks and mountains,  
Purling streams and crystal fountains,  
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes  
Shout the great Messiah's praises.  
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 7 Here are wine, and milk, and honey,  
Come and purchase without money,  
Mercy's flowing like a fountain  
Streaming from the holy mountain.  
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 8 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,  
Christ has died for your salvation;  
Shout with joyful acclamation,  
Sound aloud the proclamation!  
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 9 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,  
Christ has wrought out your redemption,  
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,  
The Almighty King of Zion.  
Jesus reigns, &c.

- 10 Now our souls have caught new fire,  
Brethren, raise your voices higher;  
Angels shout the joyful story,  
Through the brightest realms of glory.  
Jesus reigns, &c.

## 278

C. M.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
O how I long for thee!  
When will my sorrows have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,  
My study long have been;  
Such sparkling light by human sight  
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 Is heaven thus glorious, O my Lord?  
Why should I stay from thence?  
What folly 't is that I should dread  
To die and go from hence!
- 5 Reach down, O Lord, thy arm of peace  
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  
Bright shining as the sun, [years  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.
- 9 Millions of years around may run,  
Our songs will still go on,  
To praise the Father and the Son  
And Spirit, three in one.

## 279

7s.

- 1 When shall we all meet again?  
When shall we all meet again?  
Oft may glowing hope expire;  
Oft may wearied love retire;  
Oft may death and sorrow reign,  
Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parched beneath a burning sky;  
Though the deep between us rolls,  
Friendship shall unite our souls,  
And in fancy's wide domain,  
Oft may we all meet again.
- 3 When these burnished locks are gray,  
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day;  
When around this youthful pine  
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,  
May this long-loved bower remain,  
Here may we all meet again!

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

## 280

C. M.

- 1 Ye saints, attend the Saviour's voice,  
Spoke in his word of grace;  
He says—and in it oh rejoice!—  
“In me ye shall have peace.”
- 2 Though storms and tempests round you  
And foes and fears increase; [roar,  
He says—and what could he say more?—  
“In me ye shall have peace.”
- 3 What though afflictions still abound,  
Your troubles still increase.  
He says—and oh how sweet the sound!—  
“In me ye shall have peace.”
- 4 What though your hearts with sorrow  
And sighs and tears increase; [bleed,  
He says—and it is true indeed—  
“In me ye shall have peace.”
- 5 Though you shall pass through death's cold  
To gain your wish'd release, [flood,  
He says—and sure he'll make it good—  
“In me ye shall have peace.”
- 6 When you his face in glory view,  
Where joy can ne'er decrease,  
Eternity shall prove it true,  
“In him ye shall have peace.”

## 281

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.

- 1 Lamb of God, for sinners stain,  
To thee I humbly pray ;  
Heal me of my grief and pain ;  
O take my sins away !  
From this bondage, Lord, release ;  
No longer let me be oppress'd.  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to thy breast.
- 2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out  
Who humbly comes to thee ?  
No, my God, I cannot doubt  
Thy mercy is for me.  
Let me then obtain the grace,  
And be of paradise possess'd.  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to thy breast.
- 3 Worldly good I do not want,  
But that to others given ;  
Only for thy love I pant,  
My all in earth or heaven ;  
This the crown I fain would seize,  
The good wherewith I would be bless'd  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to thy breast.
- 4 This delight I fain would prove,  
And then resign my breath,  
Join the happy few whose love  
Was mightier than death !  
Let it not, my Lord, displease  
That I would die to be thy guest !  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to thy breast.

## 282

8, 6.

- 1 How happy every child of grace  
Who knows his sins forgiven !  
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,  
I seek my place in heaven ;  
A country far from mortal sight,  
Yet O ! by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me."
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours !  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day ;  
We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ conceal'd,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessel 's fill'd.
- 3 O would he more of heaven bestow,  
And let the vessel break,  
And let our ransom'd spirit go  
To grasp the God we seek !  
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,  
Who bought the sight for me,  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
To all eternity.

## 283

7, 6.

- 1 O when shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above,  
And from the flowing fountain  
Drink everlasting love ?



- When shall I be deliver'd  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus  
Drink endless pleasure in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before ;  
He's given me my orders  
And bids me not give o'er.  
His promises are faithful,  
A crown of life he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternally shall live.
- 3 Through grace I am determin'd  
To conquer, though I die ;  
And then away to Jesus,  
On wings of love I'll fly.  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid you all adieu ;  
And, O my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles  
And trials on the way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray.  
Gird on the gospel armor  
Of faith and truth and love,  
And when the combat's ended  
You 'll rise to God above.
- 5 O do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your friend ;  
And if you lack for knowledge,  
He'll not refuse to lend ;

- Neither will he upbraid you,  
Though often you request,  
But give you grace to conquer,  
And take you home to rest.
- 6 Our race will soon be ended,  
And we'll ascend to God,  
To dwell with precious Jesus,  
Who bought us with his blood ;  
With saints we'll join to praise him  
For grace divinely free,  
And rise in glorious raptures  
To all eternity.
- 7 And when the last loud trumpet  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
And bid the entomb'd millions  
From their cold beds arise,  
Our ransom'd dust revived  
New beauties shall put on,  
And soar to the bless'd mansion  
Where our Redeemer's gone.
- 8 Our eyes shall then with rapture  
The Saviour's face behold ;  
Our feet, no more diverted,  
Shall walk the streets of gold ;  
Our ears shall hear with transport  
The hosts celestial sing ;  
Our tongue shall chant the praises  
Of our immortal King.

284

L. M.

- 1 There is a school, on earth begun,  
Halle, hallelujah,  
Supported by the Holy One ;  
Glory, O Hallelujah.

He calls his pupils for to prove,  
     Halle, hallelujah,  
 The greatness of redeeming love,  
     Sing glory, O hallelujah.

- 2 Then come, my friends, where'er you be,  
 Say, will you go to school with me?  
 Christ Jesus is my Master's name,  
 Come, deaf and dumb, come, blind and lame
- 3 Our school-books are the Scriptures true,  
 Our lessons are forever new;  
 The scholars too are all agreed  
 It is a blessed school indeed.
- 4 My Master learns the blind to see;  
 Then come, ye blind—the school is free  
 My Master learns the lame to walk,  
 He also learns the dumb to talk.
- 5 My Master learns the deaf to hear;  
 Then come, ye deaf, and lend an ear  
 Unto my Master's pleasant voice;  
 He'll make your mourning souls rejoice
- 6 He learns the swearing man to pray;  
 Then come, profane, without delay;  
 He'll change your tongues to speak his name  
 And spread abroad a Saviour's fame

## 285

L. M.

- 1 "I know that my Redeemer lives,"  
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives!  
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead,  
 He lives, my everlasting Head.

- 2 He lives, triumphant from the grave,  
 He lives, eternally to save;  
 He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,  
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.
- 3 He lives to heal and make me whole,  
 He lives to guard my feeble soul,  
 He lives to bless me with his love,  
 He lives to plead for me above.
- 4 He lives and grants me rich supply,  
 He lives to guide me with his eye,  
 He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
 He lives all blessings to impart.
- 5 He lives, my kind, my heav'nly Friend,  
 He lives and loves me to the end;  
 He lives my mansion to prepare,  
 He lives to bring me safely there.
- 6 He lives, all glory to his name!  
 He lives, my Jesus still the same.  
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
 "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

## 286

8s.

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



- 2 O hope of glory, Jesus, come  
And make my heart thy constant home !  
For the small remnant of my days  
I want to sing and shout thy praise.  
O give me, Lord, a heart to pray,  
And live rejoicing every day ;  
To give thee thanks in everything,  
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.
- 3 When on my dying-bed I lie,  
Lord, give me strength to shout and cry,  
And praise thee with my latest breath,  
Until my voice is lost in death.  
Then, brethren, sisters, shouting come,  
My body follow to the tomb,  
And as you march the solemn road,  
Loud sing and shout the praise of God.
- 4 Then you below, and I above,  
We'll shout and praise the God we love,  
Until the great tremendous day,  
When Gabriel's trump shall wake our clay.  
Then from our dusty bed we'll spring,  
And shout—"O Death! where is thy sting?  
O Grave! where is thy victory?"  
We'll shout to all eternity.
- 5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,  
Then shall the Sovereign 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 sufferings o'er ;  
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring.

## 287

8, 6.

- 1 Sweet 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 bold Jordan's stormy main,  
And leave the world behind.
- 2 In darkest shadows of the night,  
Faith mounts the upper sky,  
I then behold my heart's delight,  
And would rejoice to die !  
I view the monster Death, and smile,  
Now he has lost his sting ;  
Though Satan rages all the while,  
I still in triumph sing.
- 3 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 :  
O come, my Saviour, come away,  
And bear me through the sky,  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,  
Make haste and bring it nigh.
- 4 I long to see thy glorious face,  
And in thine image shine ;  
To triumph in victorious grace,  
And be forever thine.  
Then I will tune my harp of gold  
To my eternal King ;  
Through ages that can ne'er be told,  
I'll make his praises ring.

288

C. M.

- 1 Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice :  
In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'T was he adorn'd my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine ;  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear !  
These ornaments, how bright they shine,  
How white the garments are !
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love  
And hope, and ev'ry grace ;  
But Jesus spent his life to work  
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd  
By the great sacred Three :  
In sweetest harmony of praise  
Let all thy powers agree.

289

8. 6.

- 1 Hark, listen to the trumpeters !  
They sound for volunteers !  
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount  
Behold the officers ;

- Their horses white, their garments bright,  
With crown and bow they stand,  
Enlisting soldiers for their King,  
To march for Canaan's land.
- 2 He 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  
That will their colors fly,  
But call for valiant-hearted men,  
Who're not afraid to die.
- 3 The armies now are in parade,  
How martial they appear !  
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,  
They look like men of war ;  
They follow their great General,  
The great Eternal Lamb,  
His garments stain'd with his own blood,  
King Jesus is his name.
- 4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,  
And drive the hosts of hell ;  
How dreadful is our God in arms,  
The great Immanuel !  
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,  
The eternal Son of God,  
And march with us to Canaan's land,  
Beyond the swelling flood.
- 5 There is a green and flowing 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 shall soon 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 the immortal lyre.

## 290

8s.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
 When Jesus no longer I see ! [flowers  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
 Have all lost their sweetness to me :  
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
 But when I am happy in Him,  
 December 's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music his voice ;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice :  
 I should, were he always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;  
 No mortal so happy as I,  
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resign'd ;  
 No changes of season or place  
 Could make any change in my mind.

While blest with a sense of his love,  
 A palace a toy would appear ;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.  
 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
 If thou art my sun and my song,  
 Say, why do I languish and pine ;  
 And why are my winters so long ?  
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
 Or take me unto thee on high,  
 Where winters and clouds are no more

## 291

8, 7.

- 1 Oh ! 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 filled with trouble.  
 And 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.

## 292

11s.

- 1 Farewell, 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 while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,  
We'll pray for each other, and trust in the Lord.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharg'd,  
The war will be ended, your bounty enlarg'd;  
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,  
You'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.
- 4 Farewell, younger brethren, just 'listed for war,  
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;  
Although you must travel this dark wilderness,  
Your Captain's before you; he'll lead you to peace.

- 5 The world and the devil and sin all unite,  
And bold persecution, your souls to affright;  
But Jesus, your Leader, is stronger than they,  
Let this animate you to march on your way.
- 6 Farewell, trembling 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, careless sinners! for you I must mourn,  
To think of your danger, if still unconcern'd.  
I read of the Judgment, where all must appear—  
How will you stand trembling with torturing fear!
- 8 Those frolics and pastimes in which you delight  
Will serve to torment you with dreadful affright;  
You'll think of the sermons which you've heard in  
All hopes gone forever of hearing again. [vain,
- 9 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell all around,  
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trumpet shall  
To meet you in glory, I give you my hand, [sound;  
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

## 293

7s and 6s.

- 1 The glorious light of Zion  
Is spreading far and wide,  
And sinners now are coming  
Unto the gospel tide;  
The standard of King Jesus  
Triumphant doth arise,  
And sinners crowd around it,  
With bitter groans and cries.



- 2 The suffering of our Saviour  
Upon Mount Calvary  
Is sounded out to sinners,  
And sets the prisoners free ;  
For whilst this glorious message  
Was circulating round,  
Some souls exposed to ruin  
Redeeming love have found.
- 3 And of this happy number  
I hope that I am one,  
And Jesus Christ will finish  
The work he has begun ;  
He'll cut it short in righteousness,  
And I'll forever be  
A monument of mercy,  
To all eternity.
- 4 I am but a young convert,  
Who lately did enlist  
A soldier under Jesus,  
My Prophet, King and Priest ;  
I have received my bounty,  
Likewise my martial dress,  
A ring of love and favor,  
A robe of righteousness.
- 5 Down, down into the water,  
Where we young converts go,  
Following our Lord and Master,  
In righteousness below,  
We lay our sinful bodies  
Beneath the yielding wave,  
An emblem of our Saviour  
When he lay in the grave.

- 6 Poor sinners, think what Jesus  
Has done for you and me ;  
Behold his mangled body  
Hang tortur'd on the tree !  
His head, his hands, his bleeding side  
To you he doth display ;  
O tell me, brother sinner,  
How can you stay away ?
- 7 Come, all ye elder brethren,  
Old soldiers of the cross,  
Who, for the sake of Jesus,  
Have counted all things loss ;  
Come, pray for us young converts,  
That we may travel on,  
And meet you all in glory,  
Where our Redeemer's gone.

## 294

8, 8, 6.

- 1 When life's tempestuous storms are o'er,  
He calmly greets the heavenly shore  
Who liv'd averse to sin !  
Such peace on virtue's path attends,  
That where the sinner's pleasure ends  
The good man's joys begin.
- 2 See smiling patience smooth his brow,  
See the kind angels waiting now  
To lift his soul on high !  
While, eager for the blest abode,  
He joins with them to praise the God  
Who taught him how to die.
- 3 The horrors of the grave and hell,  
Those sorrows which the wicked feel,  
In vain their gloom display ;

For he who bids yon comets burn,  
Or makes the night descend, can turn  
Their darkness into day.

- 4 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,  
Nor horrors wrest the struggling sighs,  
As from the sinner's breast ;  
His God, the God of peace and love,  
Pours sweetest comforts from above,  
And soothes his heart to rest.

## 295

8, 6.

- 1 Young people all, attention give,  
And hear what I do say ;  
I want your souls with Christ to live  
In everlasting day.  
Remember you are hast'ning on  
To death's dark, gloomy shade ;  
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,  
Your flesh in dust be laid.
- 2 Death's iron gate you must pass through  
Ere long, my dear young friends ;  
Where then do you expect to go ?  
Where will your souls then land ?  
Pray meditate, before too late,  
While in a gospel land ;  
Behold King Jesus at the gate  
Most lovingly doth stand !
- 3 Young men, how can you turn your face  
From such a glorious Friend ?  
Will you pursue the dang'rous race ?  
Or don't you fear the end ?

Will you pursue the dang'rous road  
That leads to death and hell ?  
Will you refuse all peace with God,  
With devils for to dwell ?

- 4 Young ladies, too, what will you do,  
If out of Christ you die ?  
From all God's people you must go,  
To weep, lament, and cry,  
Where none the least relief can bring  
To mitigate your pain,  
And you no more with Christians sing,  
Nor ever with them reign.
- 5 Come young, come old, I pray then view  
The fountain open'd wide,  
The spring of life open for you,  
That flows from Jesus' side ;  
There you may drink in endless joy,  
And reign with Christ, our King ;  
For his glad notes our souls employ,  
Loud hallelujahs sing.

## 296

8s.

- 1 From whence doth this union arise,  
That hatred is conquered by love ?  
It fastens our souls in such ties  
As nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.



- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts all united in love ;  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansion above.
- 4 Then why so reluctant to part,  
Since we shall ere long meet again ;  
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,  
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,  
And join with the angels above,  
No longer confined to our clay,  
O'erwhelm'd in the ocean of love !
- 6 O then with our Jesus we'll reign,  
And all his bright glory shall see,  
And sing hallelujah, amen,  
Amen, even so let it be !

## 297

11s.

- 1 O Jesus, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,  
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign.  
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best ;  
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.
- 2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,  
Then taught me the way of salvation to find ;  
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,  
Thy mercy reliev'd me, and bade me not fear.
- 3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel.  
All language of mortals forever would fail ;  
My Jesus is precious, my soul 's in a flame,  
I'm rais'd into rapture while praising his name.
- 4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer ;  
In blest meditation, he always is near ;  
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part !  
All glory to Jesus ! he dwells in my heart.

- 5 My Saviour, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord ;  
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word.  
With tender emotion, I love sinners too,  
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.
- 6 I'm happy in Jesus, and cannot forbear,  
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare ;  
For death will soon call me, and then I shall fly,  
And praise him in mansions preparèd on high.
- 7 Then millions of ages my soul shall employ  
In praising my Jesus, my God and my joy,  
Without interruption, when all the glad throng,  
With pleasure unceasing, unite in the song.

## 298

L. M.

- 1 Afflicted saints, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;  
His faithful word declares to thee  
That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,  
"How shall I stand the trying day?"  
He has engaged by firm decree  
That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,  
And, if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;  
For as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see  
That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross  
Of sore affliction, pain or loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty,  
Still, as thy days thy strength shall be.

- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;  
He comes to set thy spirit free,  
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

## 299

S. M.

- 1 Come, ye that fear the Lord,  
And listen while I tell  
How narrowly my feet escap'd  
The snares of death and hell.
- 2 Darkness, and shame, and grief  
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;  
I look'd around me for relief,  
But no relief could find.
- 3 At length to God I cried,  
He heard my plaintive sigh;  
He heard, and instantly he sent  
Salvation from on high.
- 4 My drooping head he rais'd.  
My bleeding wounds he heal'd;  
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile  
The gracious pardon seal'd.
- 5 O may I ne'er forget  
The mercy of my God!  
Nor ever want a tongue to spread  
His loudest praise abroad.

## 300

L. M.

- 1 To-day, if you will hear his voice,  
Now is the time to make your choice;  
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

- 2 Say, will you be forever blest,  
And with this glorious Jesus rest?  
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?  
Will you with Christ forever reign?
- 3 Make now your choice, and halt no more,  
For now he's waiting for the poor;  
Say now, poor souls, what will you do?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 4 Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,  
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,  
Come, go with us, and seek to prove  
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 5 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,  
Compared with our celestial joys  
Like momentary dreams appear;  
Come, go with us, your souls are dear.
- 6 Or must we leave you bound to hell,  
Resolv'd with devils for to dwell?  
Still we will weep, lament and cry,  
That God may change you ere you die.
- 7 Young women, now we look to you;  
Are you resolv'd to perish too?  
To rush in carnal pleasures on,  
And sink in flaming ruin down?
- 8 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell  
We're bound to heaven, and you to hell;  
Still God may hear us while we pray,  
And change you ere the burning day.
- 9 Once more I ask you in his name—  
I know his love remains the same—  
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no?



- 10 Come, you that love the incarnate God,  
And feel redemption in his blood,  
Let's watch and pray, and travel on,  
Till Jesus comes to call us home.
- 11 A few more days, and we shall go  
From all our cares and foes below ;  
In shouts of triumph we shall fly  
And dwell with Christ eternally.

## 301

C. M.

- 1 Dear friends, farewell ! I do you tell  
That you and I must part ;  
I go away, and here you stay,  
But still we join in heart.
- 2 Your love to me has been so free,  
Your conversation sweet,  
How can I bear to journey where  
With you I cannot meet ?
- 3 Yet I do find my heart inclin'd  
To do my work below ;  
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall  
Be ready for to go.
- 4 I leave you all, both great and small,  
In Christ's encircling arm,  
Who can you save from hell's dark grave,  
And shield you from all harm.
- 5 I trust you'll pray both night and day,  
And keep your garments white,  
That you and me and all may be  
The children of the light.

- 6 If I'm call'd home while I am gone,  
Indulge no grief for me ;  
My soul shall go where pleasures flow,  
And happy I shall be.
- 7 Millions of years over the spheres  
Shall pass in sweet repose,  
While beauties bright unto my sight  
Their sacred sweets disclose.
- 8 I long to go—then farewell woe ;  
My soul will be at rest,  
No more complain or sigh again,  
But taste the heavenly feast.
- 9 Then we shall meet and be complete,  
And long together dwell,  
And love the Lord with one accord,  
So, brethren all, farewell.

## 302

11s, 6s.

- 1 To leave my dear friends and with neighbors to part,  
And go from my home, affects not my heart  
Like th' thought of abstaining myself for a day  
From that blest retreat where I've chosen to pray—  
I have chosen to pray.
- 2 Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar leaves  
spread,  
And weave 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 The early shrill notes of a lov'd nightingale  
That dwelt in the bower I observ'd as my bell ;  
It called me to duty, while birds in the air  
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer—  
As I went to prayer.

- 4 How sweet were the zephyrs, perfum'd by the pine  
The ivy, the balsam and the wild eglantine !  
But sweeter, O sweeter superlative were  
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer—  
In answer to prayer.
- 5 For Jesus my Saviour oft deign'd me to meet,  
And bless with his presence my humble retreat ;  
Oft fill'd me with raptures and blessedness there,  
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer—  
Own language my prayer.
- 6 Dear bower ! I must leave you and bid you adieu,  
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,  
Well knowing my Saviour resides everywhere,  
And can in all places give answer to prayer—  
Give answer to prayer.

## 303

P. M.

- 1 O how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above !  
Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;  
When my heart first believed,  
What a joy I receiv'd !  
What a heaven in Jesus's name !
- 3 'T was a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,

- And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song—  
O that all his salvation might see !  
“ He hath lov'd me,” I cried,  
“ He hath suffer'd and died  
To redeem such a rebel as me.”
- 5 On the wings of his love  
I was carried above  
All my sins and temptations and pain ;  
And I could not believe  
That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I then rode on the sky,  
Freely justified I,  
Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;  
My soul mounted higher  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the world it was under my feet.
- 7 O ! the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !  
Of my Saviour possess'd,  
I was perfectly bless'd,  
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

## 304

L. M.

- 1 Ye blooming youth, I pray give ear,  
A death-bed lamentation hear !



- Ere death shall blast the opening flower,  
O make your peace and calling sure.
- 2 In pride and wealth and pleasure's maze  
I've spent the morning of my days,  
Did oft in gayest circles shine,  
Nor thought my sun would e'er decline.
- 3 But death has aim'd the fatal blow ;  
Down to the grave I soon must go.  
Distressing pains my vitals tear,  
My soul is rack'd with keen despair.
- 4 My beauty, once my greatest pride,  
The cold and silent grave will hide ;  
The rose, so late in sweetest bloom,  
Is now just rip'ning for the tomb.
- 5 In sinful pleasures I have spent  
The golden moments God has lent ;  
And now, beneath his awful frown,  
I soon shall sink in anguish down.
- 6 Oft I have felt the inward smart,  
And anguish keen has seized my heart ;  
And oft alone resolv'd in tears  
To seek the Lord in riper years.
- 7 But with convictions still I strove,  
Despis'd a Saviour's offer'd love,  
Refus'd with sinful joys to part,  
And griev'd his Spirit from my heart.
- 8 Ye blooming youth, a long farewell !  
O shun the path that leads to hell !  
Seek now your slighted Saviour's face,  
No more refuse his offer'd grace.

- 9 No more his loving Spirit grieve,  
Lest he your precious souls should leave ;  
O think that ere to-morrow's sun  
You may forever be undone !
- 10 O Christian friends, a long adieu,  
I've been reprov'd and warn'd by you ;  
Oft I have heard you weeping cry,  
" Turn, sinner, turn ! why will you die ? "
- 11 But mercy has forever fled,  
I sink among the silent dead ;  
My life is o'er, my glass is run,  
Farewell to all below the sun !

## 305

8s. 6s.

- 1 Ye pilgrims that are wand'ring home,  
Ye followers of the Lamb,  
Sweeter to me than honeycomb  
Is Christ's despis'd name.  
Let us, with undissembled love,  
Like children, hand in hand,  
March to our Father's house above,  
And to the promis'd land.
- 2 You've heard the gospel trumpet sound,  
Take the alarm and fly ;  
Arise, and now to Christ be gone,  
For there is danger nigh.  
Ye little flock, I bid adieu,  
Our parting is to-day ;  
O let us all to Christ prove true,  
And always watch and pray.





- 4 When I am to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,  
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why;  
But this I do find, we two are so join'd,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.
- 5 This blessing is mine, through favor divine,  
And, O my dear Jesus, the praise shall be thine !  
In heav'n we'll meet in harmony sweet,  
And, glory to Jesus! we'll then be complete.

## 309

P. M.

**On the Passion of Christ.**

- 1 Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,  
Saw ye my Saviour and God?  
Oh! he died on Calvary  
To atone for you and me,  
And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended! he was extended!  
Shamefully nail'd to the cross;  
Oh! he bow'd his head and died;  
Thus my Lord was crucified,  
To atone for all world that was lost.
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleeding!  
Three dreadful hours in pain:  
Oh! the sun refused to shine,  
When the Majesty divine  
Was derided, insulted and slain.
- 4 Darkness prevailed! darkness prevailed!  
Darkness prevailed 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 embalmed in spices sweet,  
And in a new sepulchre was laid.
- 6 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!  
Prince and the Author of peace!  
Oh! he burst the bands of death,  
Turn'd aside Jehovah's wrath,  
And 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 reconciled to thee,  
And salvation they all shall receive.

## 310

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love and power;  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you,  
'T is the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies  
On the bloody tree behold him!  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
"It is finish'd!"  
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending  
Pleads the merits of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name:  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may do the same.

## 311

12s.

**The Trumpet.**

- 1 The chariot! the chariot! Its wheels roll in fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire!  
Lo! self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are  
bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! Around him are pour'd  
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord,  
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,  
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory  
wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all  
heard,  
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are  
stirr'd:  
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from  
the north,  
All the vast generations of man are come forth.
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! The thrones are all  
set  
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are  
met;  
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 O mercy! O mercy! Look down from above,  
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love:  
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are  
driven,  
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n!

## 312

L. M.

**Parting Hand.**

- 1 My Christian friends in bonds of love,  
Whose hearts in sweetest union join,  
Your friendship's like a drawing band,  
Yet we must take the parting hand.
- 2 Your company's sweet, your union dear,  
Your words delightful to my ear;  
Yet when I see that we must part,  
You draw like cords around my heart



- 3 How sweet the hours have passed away  
Since we have met to sing and pray !  
How loath 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 drooping mind !  
But duty makes me understand  
That we must take the parting hand.
- 5 And since it is God's holy will  
We must be parted for a while,  
In sweet submission, all as one,  
We'll say, "Our Father's will be done."
- 6 My youthful friends in Christian ties,  
Who seek for mansions in the skies,  
Fight on ! we'll gain that happy shore  
Where parting will be known no more.
- 7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,  
And heard you tell your hopes and fears !  
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,  
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
- 8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes  
To glorious mansions in the skies ;  
O trust his grace ! in Canaan's land  
We'll no more take the parting hand.
- 9 And now, my friends, both old and young  
I hope in Christ you'll still go on ;  
And if on earth we meet no more,  
O may we meet on Canaan's shore !
- 10 I hope you'll all remember me,  
If you on earth no more I see ;  
An int'rest in your prayers I crave,  
That we may meet beyond the grave.

- 11 O glorious day ! O blessed hope ;  
My soul leaps forward at the thought,  
When, on that happy, happy land,  
We'll no more take the parting hand,
- 12 But with our blessed, holy Lord,  
We'll shout and sing with one accord ;  
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell :  
So, loving Christians, fare you well !

## 313

10, 12.

- 1 My brethren, farewell ! we part for a while ;  
I am sorry to leave you, I love you so well.  
I shortly must go, and where I don't know,  
But wherever I'm station'd the trumpet I'll blow.
- 2 Strange people I'll find, I hope they'll prove kind,  
Strange places nor faces can't alter my mind ;  
Wherever I be, I'll still pray for thee,  
And you, my dear brethren, pray likewise for me.
- 3 In this world I toil and labor a while,  
But labor seems sweet when my Saviour doth smile  
And when I have done, I hope to get home,  
Where my Saviour sits smiling, and bids me to come.
- 4 Poor sinners, adieu ! I am sorry for you ;  
If you're unprepared, O what will you do ?  
What horror will seize, what dreadful amaze,  
When the earth and the heavens are wrapt in a blaze !
- 5 Poor mourners, adieu ! I am sorry for you—  
My heart 's full of sorrow—O what will you do ?  
If I see you no more till the trumpet shall roar,  
I hope I shall meet you on Canaan's bright shore

6 When my Saviour doth come, and take us all home  
 We'll sing in bright mansions where griefs never  
 I'm anxious to go from sorrow and woe, [come.  
 For the hopes of bright glory I'll leave all below.

314

C. M.

### A Travelling Preacher's Farewell.

- 1 I hear the gospel's joyful sound ;  
 An organ I shall be,  
 To sound aloud redeeming love  
 And sinners' misery.
- 2 Loving brethren, fare you well ;  
 My Jesus doth me call ;  
 I leave you here with God until  
 I meet you once for all.
- 3 My dear connections I forsake,  
 My family and house.  
 And to the wilderness betake,  
 To pay the Lord my vows.
- 4 Here I forsake the choicest gifts  
 That nature can afford,  
 And wear the shield into the field,  
 To wait upon the Lord.
- 5 Now through the wilderness I'll run,  
 Preaching the gospel free ;  
 Until my work is fully done  
 The Lord will comfort me.
- 6 And if through preaching I should gain  
 True subjects to my Lord,  
 'T will more than recompense my pain  
 To see them love his word.

7 Farewell, my friends, I must be gone,  
 My Saviour's love to tell ;  
 O, dwell in love, like those above,  
 And then you'll all fare well.

315

8s, 6s.

- 1 O happy time long waited for,  
 The comfort of my heart ;  
 Since I have met the saints once more,  
 O may we never part.  
 Temptations cease to break my peace,  
 And all my sorrows die ;  
 When I with you my love renew,  
 O what a heaven have I !
- 2 My sorrow 's past, and I at last  
 Have heavenly comfort found ;  
 My heart to Jesus I have given,  
 And I'm for heaven bound.  
 If fellowship with saints below  
 Is to our souls so sweet,  
 What heavenly raptures shall we know  
 When round his throne we meet !
- 3 While here we sit and sing his love,  
 With raptures so divine,  
 With patience more like those above,  
 While in those songs we join,  
 Our hearts are fill'd with holy zeal,  
 We long to see the King,  
 We long to reach the heavenly hill  
 Where saints and angels sing.



- 4 Sinners, come try, you that stand by,  
 You may be happy too;  
 Christ died for all that on him call:  
 Sinners, he died for you!  
 If I could know which of you'd go,  
 I'd take you by the hand,  
 And lead you on the way Christ went,  
 Toward the heavenly land.
- 5 On the other hand, if you will stand  
 Just on the brink of hell,  
 I first you warn, then my back turn,  
 And bid you all farewell;  
 For I must go to Christ, I know,  
 I long with him to dwell;  
 The saints also will bid adieu—  
 Poor sinners, all farewell.

## 316

8s, 7s, 4s.

**Day of Wonders.**

- 1 Day 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,  
 Clothed 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 then surprise your trembling heart,  
 When you hear your condemnation—  
 "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!  
 Thou with Satan  
 And his angels have their part!"
- 5 But to those who have confessed,  
 Loved and served our Lord below,  
 He will say, "Come in, ye blessed,  
 See the kingdom I bestow;  
 You forever  
 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.

## 317

13s.

**The Wicked Kingdom Falling.**

- 1 See how the wicked kingdom is falling every day,  
 And still our blessed Jesus is winning souls away,  
 But O! how I am tempted, no mortal tongue can  
 tell,  
 So often I'm surrounded with enemies from hell.
- 2 With weeping and with wailing my Jesus I have  
 found,  
 To crucify old nature, and break its kingdom down;

Dear children, do not weary, but march on in the way,  
For Jesus will stand by you, and be your guard and stay.

- 3 If sinners will serve Satan, and join with one accord,  
Dear brethren, I must leave them, I'm bound to serve the Lord;  
And if you will go with me, pray give to me your hand,  
And we'll march on together unto the promised land.
- 4 Through troubles and distresses we'll make our way to God,  
Though oftentimes persecuted for serving Christ the Lord;  
Our Jesus went before us, and many sorrows bore,  
O brethren, let us follow, and never grieve him more.
- 5 Though dear to me, my brethren, each one of you I feel,  
My duty to my Jesus compels me now to yield;  
But, while the parting grieves us, I'll humbly ask your prayers  
To bear me up in trouble, and ease me of my fears.
- 6 And you, my loving brothers, I bid you all farewell,  
With you, my loving sisters, I can no longer dwell;  
Farewell to all who're mourning, I hope the Lord you'll find,  
To ease you of your troubles, and give you peace of mind.
- 7 Farewell, poor careless sinners I love dearly well.  
I've labor'd much to bring you with Jesus Christ to dwell.  
I now am bound to leave you, O! tell me, will you go?  
If you won't be persuaded, I'll bid you all adieu.
- 8 We'll bid farewell to sorrow, to sickness, care, and pain,  
And mount aloft with Jesus, forever there to reign;  
We'll join to sing his praises above the ethereal blue,  
And then, poor careless sinners, what will become of you?

## 318

8, 8, 6.

## Time's Fleeting Moments.

- 1 My 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 thro' boundless 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 thou 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 point 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! one 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.  
Since then, my soul, thou canst not 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 there 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 O do not pass this as a dream!  
Vast is the change, whate'er it seem  
To poor, unthinking man;  
Lord, at thy feet I humbly 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  
Such as I dare not die.

## 319

12s and 11s.

## The Lovers of Pleasure.

- 1 Ye lovers of pleasures, that slighted salvation,  
Who bow not the knee to your Father to pray,  
Attend for a moment to my lamentation,  
Attend, and take warning, and turn while you may.  
While Christ stands without, his free mercy extending,  
Arise from your slumber, your Saviour to see:  
Perfumes from his garments around are descending,  
Arise, lest too late you repent it, like me.
- 2 I long made excuses of cares and vain pleasure—  
Too young or too wise, too rich or too poor—  
So fond of my dreaming I ne'er could find leisure  
To rise from my slumber and open the door.  
But when I awoke and arose to receive him,  
And found that my Saviour had left me and gone,  
I thought of his patience, and how I had grieved him,  
Now in deepest affliction his absence I mourn.
- 3 Now Sinai's deep thunder sounds louder and louder,  
The lightnings flash bright, and the elements roar;  
Ye angels, stand forward and plead in my favor,  
To Christ I'm ashamed to look up any more.  
But if through his mercy at last he'll receive me,  
Like Mary, I'll weep out my life at his feet;  
No hardship or poverty ever shall grieve me,  
I'll die with my Saviour, and death shall be sweet.
- 4 With my face to the ground, still my heart cries for mercy—  
As long as I've breath, for his mercy I'll cry—  
But I know I despair that he ever will hear me,  
For long did he call, and long did I deny.  
Come, seek your salvation while Jesus is waiting!  
If ever his pardoning mercy I prove,  
My tongue shall be ever his goodness relating,  
Till I meet you in glory with Jesus above.

## 320

11s.

**Christ's Blood Efficacious.**

- 1 In the house of King David a fountain does spring,  
For sin and uncleanness, from Jesus our King;  
This fountain flows sweetly whenever applied—  
It sprang from the body of Christ when he died.
- 2 This fount was unclosed by the rude soldier's spear;  
The blood and the water that flow'd for us there  
Are balm for the wounded and health for the sick,  
Are sight for the blinded and strength for the weak.
- 3 If you are distress'd and o'erburden'd with sin,  
Come, wash in this fountain, and you shall be clean;  
All things are provided for sinners undone,  
And you are invited and welcome to come.
- 4 Though Satan encompass your souls as a wall,  
This well of salvation stands open for all;  
Come, draw when you're weary, and drink when  
you're dry,  
It was for the needy that Jesus did die.
- 5 If you are distressed with mountains of guilt,  
O wash in this fountain that Jesus hath spilt!  
You need not go mourning for sin very long—  
Believe in your Saviour, and sing the new song—
- 6 The song of salvation, it is so divine,  
Music and melody mark every line—  
It was sung by the Hebrews, when freedom they  
found;  
When old Simeon finds Jesus, sweet praises abound.
- 7 There is a day coming in which saints shall 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.

8 O sinners, we're trav'ling to yonder bright world,  
From which, by transgression, the angels were  
We bid you a final, eternal farewell: [hurl'd;  
Unless you're converted you will sink to hell.

9 Awake, then, O sinners! awake from your sin!  
We're sorry to leave you; we ask you again;  
But if you will slight us again and again,  
When God speaks your sentence, we must say  
Amen.

## 321

11, 8.

- 1 Ye objects of sense and enjoyments of time,  
Which oft have delighted my heart,  
I soon shall exchange you for joys more sub-  
For joys that will never depart. [lime,
- 2 Thou, lord of the day, and thou, queen of  
the night,  
To me shall no longer be known;  
I soon shall behold, with increasing delight,  
A sun that will never go down.
- 3 Ye wonderful orbs that astonish mine eyes,  
Your glories recede from my sight;  
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful  
skies,  
And stars more transcendently bright.
- 4 Ye mountains and valleys, ye rivers and  
plains,  
Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu!  
More permanent regions, where righteous-  
ness reigns,  
Present their bright scenes to my view.
- 5 My weeping relations, my brethren and  
friends,  
Whose souls are entwined with my own,  
Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends  
Where friendship-immortal is known.



- 6 The ills of transgression shall grieve me no  
 'Midst foes I no longer reside, [more,  
 My conflict with sin and with sinners is o'er,  
 With saints I shall ever abide.
- 7 No lurking temptation, defilement or fear  
 Again shall disquiet my breast,  
 In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,  
 Forever ineffably blest.
- 8 Ye Sabbaths of peace, which have been my  
 delight,  
 And thou, sacred volume divine,  
 Have guided my footsteps like stars during  
 night ;  
 Adieu, my conductors benign !
- 9 Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,  
 Adieu, my dissolving abode,  
 I soon shall behold and possess thee again,  
 A beautiful building of God.
- 10 Come, come, my dear Jesus, O come and  
 release  
 The soul thou hast bought with thy blood !  
 Oh ! quicken my flight to the regions of  
 To feast on the smiles of my God. [peace,

322

8, 6.

- 1 Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear,  
 Who're bound for Canaan's land,  
 Take courage and fight manfully,  
 Stand fast with sword in hand ;  
 Your Captain he has gone before,  
 The Father's only Son,  
 Then, pilgrims dear, don't let us fear,  
 But let us follow on.

- 2 " Good morning, brother traveller,  
 Pray tell to me your name,  
 And whither you are travelling,  
 Likewise from whence you came ?"  
 " My name it is Bold Pilgrim,  
 To Canaan I am bound,  
 I'm from the howling wilderness,  
 From the enchanted ground."
- 3 " Pray what is that upon your head  
 Which shines so wondrous bright ?  
 Likewise the cov'ring of your breast,  
 So dazzling to my sight ?  
 What kind of shoes are these you wear,  
 On which you boldly stand ?  
 What is the shining instrument  
 You hold in your right hand ?"
- 4 " 'T is a glorious hope upon my head,  
 Upon my breast a shield,  
 With this bright sword I mean to fight  
 Until I win the field.  
 My feet are shod with gospel grace,  
 On which I boldly stand ;  
 I mean to fight until I die,  
 And gain fair Canaan's land."
- 5 " You'd better stay with me, young man,  
 And give your journey o'er ;  
 Your Captain is far out of sight,  
 You'll see his face no more.  
 My name is old Apollyon,  
 These lands belong to me,  
 And for your arms and pilgrim's dress  
 I'll give them all to thee."

- 6 "O no," says the bold pilgrim,  
 "Your offers I disdain;  
 A glittering crown of glory  
 I shortly shall obtain;  
 If I shall hold out faithful  
 Unto my Lord's commands,  
 I shortly shall be heir with him,  
 To Canaan's fruitful lands."
- 7 Behold, the mantled towers shine  
 Around with glitt'ring gold,  
 My fair inheritance above  
 I now by faith behold;  
 I smell the fruit, I see the trees,  
 Behold how thick they stand!  
 Fly up, my soul, improve the gale  
 That blows to Canaan's land.
- 8 Sweet rivers of salvation  
 From Canaan's land do roll,  
 Bright beams of dazzling glory  
 Illuminate my soul;  
 These pond'rous crowns of glory,  
 All set with diamonds bright,  
 And there my loving Saviour stands  
 Who is my heart's delight.
- 9 Come, then, ye mourning pilgrims dear,  
 Fresh courage take from me,  
 And hearken, while I tell you how  
 I came this land to see:  
 Through Christ, the glorious telescope,  
 I view those worlds above,  
 And God, my Father, dress'd in smiles  
 Which fill my soul with love.

## 323

7, 6.

## Canaan's Happy Land.

- 1 The people call'd Christians,  
 How many tales they tell  
 About the land of Canaan,  
 Where saints and angels dwell;  
 But sin, that dreadful ocean,  
 Encompasses them round;  
 Its surges still divide them  
 From Canaan's happy ground.
- 2 Thousands are all impatient  
 To find their passage through,  
 And with united vigor  
 Have tried what they could do:  
 But human-built vessels  
 Have never sailed so far,  
 They all have quickly founder'd,  
 Upon some sandy bar.
- 3 The Everlasting Gospel  
 Has launch'd the deep at last;  
 Behold the sails suspended  
 Around her tow'ring mast!  
 Around her decks, in order,  
 The joyful sailors stand  
 Singing, because they're going  
 To Canaan's happy land.
- 4 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 welfare  
There need be no debate,  
While we ride in the vessel,  
With our Captain and his Mate.

- 5 We're passengers united  
In harmony and love ;  
The wind all in our favor,  
How joyfully we move !  
Though troubles may surround us,  
And raging billows roar,  
We'll safely cross the ocean,  
And land on Canaan's shore.

## 324

L. M.

**The Good Old Way.**

- 1 Lift up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,  
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends ;  
Let nothing cause you to delay  
But hasten on the good old way,  
And I'll sing hallelujah.
- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,  
Shall not prevent our victory,  
If we but watch and strive and pray,  
Like soldiers, in the good old way,  
O halle, O hallelujah.
- 3 O good old way, how sweet thou art !  
May none of us from thee depart ;  
But may our actions always say,  
" We're marching in the good old way,"  
O halle, O hallelujah.

- 4 Though Satan may his powers employ,  
Our happy prospects to destroy,  
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,  
And shout and sing the good old way,  
O halle, O hallelujah.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand  
And view, by faith, the promis'd land,  
Then we may sing and shout and pray,  
And march along the good old way,  
O halle, O hallelujah.
- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend ;  
Remember glory 's at the end ;  
Our God will wipe all tears away  
When we have run the good old way,  
O halle, O hallelujah.
- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,  
We'll meet with those who've gone before,  
And shout to think we've gain'd the day  
By marching in the good old way,  
O halle, O hallelujah.

## 325

8, 7.

- 1 Rejoice, 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 O may the saints of every name  
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb ;  
May jars and discords cease to flame,  
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,  
And give to Jesus glory.

- 3 I long to see the Christians join  
In union sweet and peace divine,  
When every church with grace shall shine,  
And grow in Christ, the living Vine,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 4 O may the desert lands rejoice,  
And mourners hear the Bridegroom's voice.  
While songs of praise each tongue employ,  
And all obtain immortal joy,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 5 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?
- 6 Come, who will march to win the prize  
And take the kingdom in the skies,  
Where love and union never dies,  
But always flows through Paradise?  
And there we'll give him glory.
- 7 My soul grows 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.
- 8 Those beauteous fields of living green  
Through faith, the telescope, are seen;  
Though Jordan's billows roll between,  
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,  
And there we'll give him glory.

- 9 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.

- 10 The rose and lily there shall stand,  
In holy bloom, at God's right hand:  
O how I long for Canaan's land,  
And there to join the shouting band,  
And give to Jesus glory!

## 326

8, 8, 6.

- 1 O glorious hope of perfect love!  
It lifts me up to things above;  
It bears on eagle's wings;  
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,  
And makes me, for some moments, feast  
With Jesus—Priest and King.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope  
I stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the land below:  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn and wine and oil,  
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing bless'd;  
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace  
And everlasting rest.



4 O that I might at once go up,  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess!  
This moment end may legal years,  
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,  
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Jesus, bring me in,  
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,  
The carnal mind remove—  
The purchase of thy death divine;  
And O! with all the sanctified,  
Give me a lot of love!

## 327

L. M.

**Watch and Pray.**

- 1 Dear people, we have met to-day  
To hear, to preach, to sing and pray;  
It is the Father's great command,  
The way that leads to his right hand.
- 2 Then let our hearts to him incline,  
For we must die in a short time,  
And then forever we must dwell  
With him or in the flames of hell.
- 3 Arise, arise, I'm going home,  
Away to New Jerusalem,  
Saying "Gabriel, go, pronounce the sound,  
Awake, ye nations underground."
- 4 The blooming youth, all in their prime,  
Are counting on the length of time;  
They'll often say 't is their intent,  
When they get older, to repent.

5 The aged sinners will not turn,  
Their hearts are hard, they will not mourn;  
Much harder than the flinty rock,  
They will not break, though Jesus knock.

6 Good God! what groans, what solemn cries,  
While thunder's roaring thro' the skies—  
Methinks I heard some children say,  
"I never heard my parents pray."

7 See sinners sinking to despair;  
Hear Christians shouting through the air;  
How happy will they be that day  
Who in this world did watch and pray!

## 328

P. M.

- 1 Ye happy children, who follow Jesus  
Into the house of prayer and praise,  
Who are join'd in union, while love increases,  
Resolved this way to spend your days:  
Although we're hated by the world and Satan,  
And flesh, such as know not God,  
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons  
We oftentimes find on Canaan's road.
- 2 Though oft assaulted by sore temptations,  
We'll keep our great High Priest in view.  
Our Jesus travelled through tribulations,  
And he will bring his people through:  
Though hell, with all its frightful legions,  
Oppose our way, and round us roar,  
Fear not, we'll gain those peaceful regions,  
And shout on Canaan's happy shore.

3 While we've been waiting on loving Jesus,  
We've felt some streams coming from above ;  
Our hearts have burned with holy rapture,  
We long to be absolved in love :  
Then let us hold fast what is given,  
And trust in God for time to come :  
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,  
So farewell, brethren, I'm going home.

4 On Zion's holy celestial mountain,  
I hope again to meet you all ;  
To bathe in love's eternal fountain,  
And around the throne divine to fall ;  
Sweetly united to one another,  
When to our Father's house we come ;  
There's loving Jesus, our elder Brother ;  
So come, my brother, let's hasten home.

5 But, as we go, let us praise our Jesus,  
And pray for those that spurn his grace,  
That they may taste love's richest treasures,  
And live to see God's smiling 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, we'll meet above.

## 329

11s.

**The Dying Christian in a Happy Frame.**

1 My soul 's full of glory, inspiring my tongue ;  
Could I meet with bright angels, I'd sing them a  
song ;  
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,  
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 O Jesus ! sweet Jesus ! thou balm of my soul,  
'T was thou, my dear Saviour, that made my heart  
whole :  
O bring me to view thee, thou precious, sweet  
King !  
In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

3 O heaven, sweet heaven, how charming the word !  
I long to be rising to meet my dear Lord :  
Descend, blessed Spirit, and lend me your wings,  
I fly to my Jesus, the King of all kings.

4 A glimpse of bright glory o'erpowers my soul,  
I sink in sweet vision to view the bright goal :  
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go—  
This moment for heaven I'd leave all below.

5 Farewell, my dear brethren ; my Lord bids me  
come ;  
Farewell to all sorrow, I'm now going home ;  
Though worms my poor body may claim as their  
prey,  
'T will outshine, when rising, the sun at noonday.

6 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turned to  
blood,  
The mountains all melt at the presence of God ;  
Amid vivid lightning and thunder's loud roar,  
We'll ascend to sweet Jesus, to praise and adore.

7 My friends, I am going, but what do I see ?  
'T is Jesus, in glory, appears unto me—  
To heaven, to heaven, I'm going—I'm gone—  
O glory ! O glory ! 't is done—it is done !

## 330

9, 8.

1 There is a place where my hopes are stay'd,  
My heart and my treasure are there,  
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,  
And fields are eternally fair.



## CHORUS.

That blissful place is my Father's land,  
By faith its delights I explore,  
Come favor my flight, angelic band,  
And waft me in peace to the shore.

- 2 There is a place where the angels dwell,  
A pure and a peaceful abode,  
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,  
For there is the palace of God.
- 3 There is a place where my friends are gone,  
Who suffered and worship'd with me,  
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,  
The King, in his beauty, they see.
- 4 There is a place where I hope to live  
When life and its labors are o'er,  
A place which the Lord to me will give,  
And then I shall sorrow no more.

## 331

7, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 Where are the Hebrew children?  
Safe in the promised land.  
Though the furnace flam'd around them,  
God, while in their troubles, found them,  
He with love and mercy bound them—  
Safe in the promised land.
- 2 Where are the twelve apostles?  
Safe in the promised land.  
They went up through pain and sighing,  
Scoffing, scourging, crucifying,  
Nobly for their Master dying—  
Safe in the promised land.

- 3 Where are the holy martyrs?  
Safe in the promised land.  
They went up through flaming fire,  
Trusting in their great Messiah,  
Who by grace will raise them higher,  
Safe in the promised land.
- 4 Where are the holy Christians?  
Safe in the promised land.  
Those who've wash'd their robes, and made  
them  
White and spotless pure, and laid them  
Where no earthly stains can fade them,  
Safe in the promised land.

## 332

9, 8.

## Beautiful River.

- 1 Way down in the beautiful valley,  
Where love crowns the meek and lowly,  
Where loud streams of envy and folly,  
Shall roll on their billows in vain.

## CHORUS.

- Oh! there, there the Lord will deliver,  
And souls drink of this beautiful river,  
Which flows free forever and ever,  
And lov'd ones shall ever remain.
- 2 The low soul in humble subjection  
Shall here find unshaken protection,  
The soft gales of cheering reflection,  
The mind soothed from sorrow and pain
  - 3 This low vale is far from contention,  
Where no souls can dream of dissension,  
Nor dark wilds of evil invention  
Can find out this region of peace.

- 4 Come drop, drop the tear of contrition,  
And yield to the Spirit's direction,  
Come make this noble confession,  
And die with your Saviour also.

## 333

P. M.

## Pure Testimony.

- 1 The pure testimony put forth in the Spirit,  
Cuts like a keen two-edged sword,  
And hypocrites now are surely tormented  
Because they're condemned by the Word.  
The pure testimony discovers the dross,  
While wicked professors make light of the cross,  
And Babylon trembles for fear of the loss.
- 2 Is not the time come for the church to be gather'd  
Into the one Spirit of God ?  
Baptized in one spirit into the one body,  
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood,  
They drink in one spirit which makes them all see  
They're one in Christ Jesus wherever they be,  
The Jew and the Gentile—the bond and the free.
- 3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,  
And let the world hear it again ;  
O come ye from Babylon, Egypt, and Sodom,  
And make your way over the plain.  
Then gird on your armor, ye saints of the Lord,  
And he will direct you by his loving word—  
The pure testimony will cut like a sword.
- 4 The world will not persecute those who are like to  
them,  
But hold the same as their own.  
The pure testimony and vile persecution  
Will call you your life to lay down—  
Come out from the spirit and practices too,  
The track of the Saviour O keep in full view—  
The pure testimony will cut its way through.

- 5 The battle is coming between the two kingdoms,  
The army will gather around,  
The pure testimony cries up separation,  
And calls you your lives to lay down.  
Then wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb  
And walk in the Spirit, as Jesus has done—  
In the pure testimony you will overcome.

## 334

9, 9, 12, 9.

- 1 What a mercy, a mercy is this !  
What a mercy, a mercy is this !  
What a mercy is this, what a heaven of bliss—  
Jesus died to redeem a lost race !
- 2 What will, O what will become of me ?  
What will, O what will become of me ?  
What will become of me, if death approaches me,  
If my Saviour 's not found in my heart.
- 3 'T is awful, 't is awful to relate ;  
'T is awful, 't is awful to relate ;  
'T is awful to relate, if death should be my fate,  
If my Saviour 's not found in my heart.
- 4 But we hope, and we hope to meet again ;  
But we hope, and we hope to meet again ;  
But we hope to meet again, for dying is but gain,  
If my Saviour is found in my heart.
- 5 How cheering, how cheering to the mind ;  
How cheering, how cheering to the mind ;  
How cheering to the minds of the friends I leave  
behind,  
If my Saviour is found in my heart.
- 6 There is peace, there is sweet peace within ;  
There is peace, there is sweet peace within ;  
There is sweet peace within, 't is the pardon of my  
sins,  
If my Saviour is found in my heart.



- 7 Adieu, and adieu unto you all ;  
 Adieu, and adieu unto you all ;  
 Adieu unto you all, for my Saviour doth me call,  
 And has promised to meet me anew.

## 335

P. M.

- 1 The Jews crucified him, the Jews crucified him,  
 The Jews crucified him and they nail'd to the cross.  
 He arose—Jesus rose.  
 He arose and went to heaven through the clouds.
- 2 Joseph begged the body, O Joseph begged the  
 body,  
 O Joseph begged the body, and he laid it in the  
 tomb,  
 He arose—Jesus rose.  
 He arose and went to heaven through the clouds.
- 3 Mary came a-weeping, O Mary came a-weeping,  
 O Mary came a-weeping to seek her Lord.  
 He arose—Jesus rose.  
 He arose and went to heaven through the clouds.
- 4 The grave could not hold him, the grave could not  
 hold him,  
 The grave could not hold him, for he burst the bands  
 of death.  
 He arose—Jesus rose.  
 He arose and went to heaven through the clouds.
- 5 Go tell my disciples, go tell my disciples,  
 Go tell my disciples that I've risen from the tomb.  
 He arose—Jesus rose.  
 He arose and went to heaven through the clouds.
- 6 He gave them their commission, he gave them their  
 commission,  
 He gave them their commission to let his work be  
 known.  
 He arose—Jesus rose.  
 He arose and went to heaven through the clouds.

## 336

11, 8.

## The White Pilgrim.

- 1 I came to the place where the white pilgrim  
 And pensively stood by his tomb, [lay,  
 When in a low whisper I heard something  
 say,  
 "How sweetly I sleep here alone!
- 2 "The tempest may roar and the loud  
 thunder roll,  
 And gath'ring storms may arise,  
 Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,  
 The tears are all wip'd from my eyes.
- 3 "The cares of my Master propell'd me from  
 I bid my companions farewell, [home,  
 I left my sweet children who for me do  
 In far distant regions to dwell. [mourn,
- 4 "I wander'd an exile, a stranger below,  
 To publish salvation abroad,  
 The trump of the gospel endeav'ring to  
 Inviting poor sinners to God. [blow,
- 5 "And when among strangers, and far from  
 my home,  
 No kindred or relative nigh,  
 I met the contagion and sank to the tomb,  
 My spirit ascended on high.
- 6 "Go tell my companions and relatives dear,  
 To weep not for me, though I'm gone,  
 The same hand that led me through scenes  
 dark and drear  
 Has kindly assisted me home."

337

L. M.

Hope of Heaven Drowns Cares on  
Earth.—Heb. xiii. 14.

- 1 "We've no abiding city here."  
This may distress the worldling's mind,  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.

CHORUS.

Our span of life will soon be o'er,  
And time with us will be no more,  
Since, flown to Christ our souls to save,  
We have a hope beyond the grave.

- 2 "We've no abiding city here."  
Sad truth, were this to be our home;  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
"We seek a city yet to come."

*Chorus.*

- 3 "We've no abiding city here."  
Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.

*Chorus.*

- 4 "We've no abiding city here."  
We seek a city out of sight—  
Zion its name—we'll soon be there;  
It shines with everlasting light.

*Chorus.*

- 5 Zion! Jehovah is her strength;  
Secure she smiles at all her foes;  
And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose.

*Chorus.*

- 6 O sweet abode of peace and love!  
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are  
blest;  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly away and be at rest.

*Chorus.*

- 7 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here, to do his will be mine,  
And his to fix my time of rest.

*Chorus.*



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