

A. A. Smith's Book

Presented by her friend

J. M. Hill

# AA'S WITH.

he sleeps and many there are  
he loves that lone tomb and never is  
at one far off who like me & dewy stars  
roughly at distance in fancy

Will ever dwell near it

PSALMS, HYMNS,  
AND  
SPIRITUAL SONGS,  
SELECTED FOR THE USE OF THE  
UNITED CHURCHES OF CHRIST,  
COMMONLY CALLED  
**FREE WILL BAPTIST,**  
In North Carolina;  
AND FOR  
SAINTS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.  
BY JESSE HEATH AND ELIAS HUTCHINS,  
MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

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Second Edition.

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Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—COLOSSIANS iii: 16.

RICHMOND, VA:  
WM. H. CLEMMITT, PRINTER.  
1856.

## PREFACE.

Through the earnest and repeated solicitations of their friends and brethren, the Compilers have been induced to make and publish the following Selection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs; the former designed in part for the pulpit; the latter for private and social worship.

Circumstances beyond their control, made it impossible for them to devote that time and attention to the work that they at first intended; and for this reason they are compelled to present it to the public in its present state.

Many will doubtless be disappointed in not finding some particular Hymns and Songs included in this work; but a moment's reflection will convince them that ALL cannot expect to have every Hymn



and Song to which they are particularly partial, printed in a book of this kind.

The Compilers do not flatter themselves that all will be satisfied with this Selection; neither do they suppose that it is the most judicious that could be made; but they assure the reader that they have done as well as the circumstances under which the work was compiled, would admit.

That the blessing of God may attend their feeble efforts to promote the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, is the sincere desire and ardent prayer of the

COMPILERS.

N. CAROLINA, May, 1832.

## HYMNS.

### Public Worship.

#### HYMN 1. C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease:  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.

Look unto him ye nations; own  
 Your God, ye fallen race;  
 Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,  
 Be justified by grace.

## HYMN 2. C. M.

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

Wrapt in the silence of the night,  
 Lay all the eastern world,  
 When bursting, glorious, heavenly light,  
 The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
 And glory leads the song;  
 Good will and peace are heard throughout  
 The joyous, heavenly throng.

O for a glance of heavenly love,  
 Our hearts and songs to raise;  
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
 And mingle with their lays.

With joy the chorus we'd repeat,  
 Glory to God on high;  
 Good will and peace are now complete,  
 Jesus was born to die.

Hail, Prince of life, fovever hail!  
 Redeemer, brother friend!  
 Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,  
 Thy praise shall never end.

## HYMN 3. S. M.

RAISE your triumphant songs  
 To an immortal tune;  
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
 Celestial grace hath done.

Sing how eternal love  
 Its chief beloved chose,  
 And bade him raise our wretched race  
 From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,  
 Nor terror clothes his brow:  
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
 To fiercer flames below.

But mercy fill'd the throne,  
 And wrath stood silent by,  
 When Christ was sent with pardons down  
 To rebels doom'd to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
 Let hopeless sorrow cease;  
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
 And take the offer'd grace.

Lord, we obey thy call,  
And lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast wrought,  
And love and praise thy name.

## HYMN 4. C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place;  
My never failing treas'ry fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,  
My prophet, priest, and king;  
My lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.

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.

'Till then, I would thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name,  
Refresh my soul in death.

## HYMN 5. S. M.

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

Thy name is all our trust;  
Thy name is solid peace;  
Thy name is everlasting rest,  
When other names shall cease.

There, ravish'd with thy name,  
We never more shall rove;  
There sound thine everlasting fame,  
And solace in thy love.

Thy name shall be our praise;  
Thy name shall be our joy;  
Thy name, thro' everlasting days,  
Shall countless tongues employ.

## HYMN 6. C. M.

LORD, at thy temple we appear,  
As happy Simeon came,  
And hope to meet our Saviour here;  
O make our joys the same.

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!

"Now I can leave this world," he cried,  
"Behold thy servant dies!  
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,  
And close my peaceful eyes."

This is the light prepar'd to shine  
Upon the Gentile lands!  
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,  
To break their slavish bands."

Jesus, the vision of thy face  
Hath overpow'ring charms!  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms.

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

## HYMN 7. C. M.

HERE in thy presence, glorious Lord,  
We've met to seek thy face;  
O let us feel th' eternal word,  
And feast upon thy grace.

O may this be a happy hour,  
To all that's met to-day;  
Display thy love, make known thy pow'r,  
And take our sins away.

O may a spark of heav'nly fire,  
Each stupid soul inflame;  
And sacred love our tongues inspire  
To praise thy holy name.

Let every soul the Saviour feel,  
And taste his love divine;  
And every heart forever be  
United, Lord, with thine.

## HYMN 8. S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing,  
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound,  
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord,  
We are his works, and not our own,  
He form'd us by his word.



To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

But if your ears refuse  
The language of his grace,  
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,  
That unbelieving race;

The Lord, in vengeance drest,  
Will lift his hand and swear,  
"You that despise my promis'd rest,  
Shall have no portion there."

## HYMN 9. L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,  
By faith and love, in every breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
The joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,  
Of thine immeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose power can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honors done  
By all the church, through Christ his son.

## HYMN 10. S. M.

COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in the song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from this place;  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.

The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below,  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry,  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

## HYMN 11. C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God ;  
 Once more his blessings ask :  
 O may not duty seem a load !  
 Nor worship prove a task.  
 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send,  
 From heav'n, in Jesus' name,  
 To make our waiting minds attend,  
 And put our souls in frame.  
 May we receive the word we hear,  
 Each in an honest heart ;  
 And keep the precious treasure there,  
 And never with it part.  
 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose ;  
 To each thy blessings suit ;  
 And let the seed thy servant sows  
 Produce abundant fruit.

## HYMN 12. L. M.

How lovely, how divinely sweet,  
 O Lord, thy sacred courts appear !  
 Fain would my longing passions meet  
 The glories of thy presence there.  
 O blest the men, blest their employ,  
 Whom thy indulgent favors raise  
 To dwell in those abodes of joy,  
 And sing thy never ceasing praise.

Happy the men, whom strength divine  
 With ardent love and zeal inspires ;  
 Whose steps to thy blest ways incline,  
 With willing hearts, and warm desires.

One day within thy sacred gate,  
 Affords more real joy to me,  
 Than thousands in the tents of state—  
 The meanest place is bliss with thee.

God is a sun ; our brightest day  
 From his reviving presence flows ;  
 God is a shield, through all the way,  
 To guard us from surrounding foes.

He pours his kindest blessings down,  
 Profusely down, on souls sincere ;  
 And grace shall guide, and glory crown  
 The happy fav'rites of his care.

## HYMN 13. C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve,  
 Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,  
 And make this last resolve :

“ I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
 Hath like a mountain rose ;  
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
 Whatever may oppose.

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.

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

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

I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try,  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

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

#### HYMN 14. L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.

Sent by the Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all—  
Come all the world—come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.

My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor let him suffer death in vain,

Come all ye souls by sin oppress'd—  
Ye weary laborers after rest—  
Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

His love is mighty to compel;  
His saving grace consent to feel;  
Yield to his love's attracting power,  
And fight against your God no more.

See him set forth before your eyes,  
Behold the bleeding sacrifice,  
His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

This is the time, no more delay,  
This is the glorious gospel day,  
Come in this moment, at his call,  
And live to him, who died for all.

## HYMN 15. C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.

“Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
Who feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toils  
To fill an empty mind:

“Eternal wisdom has prepar’d  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

“Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows  
Like floods of milk and wine.

[“Ye perishing and naked poor,  
Who work with mighty pain,  
To weave a garment of your own,  
That will not hide your sin.

“Come naked and adorn your souls  
In robes prepared by God—  
Wrought by the labors of his Son,  
And dy’d in his own blood.”]

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

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

## HYMN 16. L. M.

SINNERS, expos’d to dreadful woe,  
Arise, and to King Jesus go;  
Your guilt confess, his favor seek,  
And wait to hear what God will speak.

Fear not the law, ’tis grace that reigns,  
Jesus the sinner’s cause maintains;  
He ransom’d rebels with his blood,  
And now he intercedes with God.

To him approach with fervent prayer,  
And if you perish, perish there;  
Resolv’d at Jesus’ feet to lie,  
Suing for mercy till you die.



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.

Thrice happy souls who thus address  
The God of love and boundless grace ;  
Jesus will such completely save,  
And life eternal they shall have.

### HYMN 17. L. M.

Know, then, that every soul 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.

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.

Freedom and reason make us men ;  
Take these away, what are we then ?  
Mere animals, and just as well  
The beasts might think of heaven or hell.

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.

'Tis God's free grace me to receive,  
It's my free will for to believe :  
To stubborn willers this I'll tell,  
It's all free grace, and all free will.

Those that despise grow harder still ;  
Those that adhere, he turns their will ;  
And thus despisers sink to hell,  
While those that hear in glory dwell.

But if we take the downward road,  
And make in hell our last abode,  
Our God is clear, and we shall know  
We've plung'd ourselves in endless woe.

### HYMN 18. C. M.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is thy gospel weak ;  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And heal the dying Greek.

Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,  
Does thy salvation flow ;  
It's not confin'd to sex or age,  
The lofty or the low.

While grace is offer'd to the prince,  
The poor may take a share ;  
No mortal has a just pretence  
To perish in despair.

Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,  
 He'll form your souls anew;  
 His gospel and his heart have room  
 For rebels such as you.

His doctrine is almighty love;  
 There's virtue in his name,  
 To turn a raven to a dove—  
 A lion to a lamb.

O could we raise a song of praise,  
 Half equal to his love, [sing,  
 The heav'ns would ring, while we should  
 Through all the courts above.

## HYMN 19. L. M.

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 don't surpass  
 The power and glory of thy grace;  
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
 So let thy pard'ning 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 mine eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess,  
 Against thy law, against thy grace;  
 Lord should thy judgments grow severe,  
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

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.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
 Would light on some sweet promise there—  
 Some sure support against despair.

## HYMN 20. C. M.

WHY should the children of a King  
 Go mourning all their days?  
 Great Comforter, descend and bring  
 The tokens of thy grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,  
 And seal the heirs of heaven?  
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
 And show my sins forgiven?

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

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

## HYMN 21. C. M.

"REPENT !" the voice celestial cries,  
 Nor longer dare delay ;  
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,  
 And meets a fiery day.

No more the sov'reign eye of God  
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;  
 His heralds are dispatched abroad,  
 To warn the world of sin.

The summons reach'd through all the earth ;  
 Let earth attend and fear ;  
 Listen, ye men of royal birth,  
 And let your vassals hear !

Together in his presence bow,  
 And all your guilt confess,  
 Embrace the blessed Saviour now,  
 Nor trifle with his grace.

Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,  
 And call you to his bar,  
 For mercy knows the appointed bound,  
 And turns to vengeance there.

Amazing love ? that yet will call,  
 And yet prolong our days ;  
 Our hearts, subdu'd by goodness, fall,  
 And weep, and love, and praise.

## HYMN 22. S. M.

O BLESSED souls are they  
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er !  
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
 Imputes their guilt no more.

They mourn their follies past,  
 And keep their hearts with care ;  
 Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
 Shall prove their faith sincere.

While I conceal'd my guilt,  
 I felt the festering wound,  
 Till I confess'd my sins to thee,  
 And ready pardon found.

Let sinners learn to pray,  
 Let saints keep near the throne ;  
 Our help, in times of deep distress,  
 Is found in God alone.

## HYMN 23. C. M.

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

He rais'd me from the depths of sin,  
The gates of gaping hell,  
And fix'd my standing more secure  
Than 'twas before I fell.

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

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

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

Arise, my soul, awake my voice,  
And tunes of pleasure sing;  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

## HYMN 24. C. M.

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

No longer will I ask its love,  
Nor seek your friendship more;  
The happiness that I approve,  
Is not within its pow'r.

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

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

## HYMN 25. C. M.

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.

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



Our dearest joys and dearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God!

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

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

## HYMN 26. L. M.

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.

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 convey'd me there.

Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;  
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,  
And bade me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above,  
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;  
O for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies!

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.

## HYMN 27. C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd;  
The motions of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is dear.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,  
That any lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
 Returning from his ways;  
 While angels in their songs rejoice,  
 And say, "Behold! he prays!"

The saints in prayer, appear as one,  
 In word, in deed, and mind,  
 When with the Father and the Son,  
 Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone—  
 The Holy Spirit pleads;  
 And Jesus on the eternal throne,  
 For sinners intercedes.

## HYMN 28. C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,  
 No other help I know;  
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
 Ah, whither shall I go?

What did thine only son endure,  
 Before I drew my breath;  
 What pain, what labor to secure  
 My soul from endless death!

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.

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

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

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!

## HYMN 29. C. M.

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

That rich atoning flood,  
 Which sprinkled round I see,  
 Provides for those who come to God,  
 An all prevailing plea.

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?



Beyond thy utmost wants,  
His love and power can bless;  
To praying souls he always grants  
More than they can express.

Since 'tis the Lord's command,  
My mouth I open wide;  
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,  
That I may be supplied.

Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

## HYMN 30. C. M.

SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,  
A refuge always nigh,  
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,  
To distant mountains fly?

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.

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.

The ground of all my joy be this,  
A conscience pure within,  
That in sincere and godly bliss,  
My christian life hath been.  
The Lord Jehovah is my friend,  
My shepherd and my guide,  
He loves the faithful to the end,  
Whose feet do never slide.

## HYMN 31. S. M.

NOT with our mortal eyes  
Have we beheld the Lord;  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
And love to read his word,

On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face;  
Yet Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.

And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heaven begins below.

## HYMN 32. L. M.

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.

Some make their boasts of cancell'd sin,  
 Before the world or they were made ;  
 And while they have a hell within,  
 Imagine God, their heaven decreed.

While others think, the law fulfill'd  
 By Jesus, when he bled and died,  
 Has free'd their souls from endless guilt,  
 Although his blood be not appli'd.

But I can trust to no decree,  
 Or law fulfill'd by Jesus Christ,  
 But that which works a change in me,  
 And brings me to the gospel feast.

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.

Then in my heart, O Jesus, reign,  
 With thy blessed kingdom all divine ;  
 Remove my death, break every chain,  
 And make my spirit pure as thine.

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.

## HYMN 33. S. M.

IF God so lov'd our race,  
 To give his only son,  
 Lord, let me feel thy heavenly grace,  
 And know the gift my own.

It's not a heav'n to come  
 My soul can satisfy ;  
 Nor can I feel myself at home  
 But with my Saviour nigh.

O God thy heav'ns bow,  
 These parting walls remove ;  
 Let me begin my glory now,  
 And here enjoy thy love.

Shine, O thou morning star,  
 And bring celestial day ;  
 Far from my soul, O Jesus, far  
 Expel these clouds away.

Scenes of immortal joy  
 Are my supreme desire ;  
 To live and die in thy employ,  
 Then join the heavenly choir.

## HYMN 34. L. M.

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.



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.

Whate'er I do, where'er I go,  
I want those joys of heaven to know;  
I want the power of sin subdu'd,  
And feel my precious soul renew'd.

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.

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.

## HYMN 35. S. M.

I WANT a change to feel,  
A change that God will own;  
A change that saves from sin and hell,  
In Jesus found alone.

Oh! change this heart of stone,  
Almighty power divine;  
For none but God's free grace alone,  
Can such a heart refine.

And when this change takes place,  
Before thy feet I'll wait,  
That I, by thy unchanging grace,  
All changing schemes may hate.

This change will show the love  
That Jesus bears for me;  
This change will lead to joys above,  
Where no more change will be.

## HYMN 36. C. M.

O COULD I find an humble place,  
But near the lowly Lamb;  
How would my soul extol his grace,  
And praise his precious name.

Lord, draw my heart so near to thee,  
While through this world I rove,  
That I may every moment be  
Transported with thy love.

O let me walk with thee, my God,  
And find thee always nigh;  
Give me to eat immortal food,  
That I may never die.

I want that grace that may be felt,  
That will my soul inflame;  
I want this harden'd heart to melt  
At my Redeemer's name.

I want all self to be subdu'd ;  
 O may my pride be slain,  
 And may my soul be *all* renew'd  
 Through Jesus' precious name.

I want my soul bound up in God,  
 And feel his nature mine,  
 To feast upon immortal food,  
 And drink of joys divine.

## HYMN 37. S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,  
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,  
 Whose kind designs to serve and please,  
 Through all their actions run.

Blest is the pious house,  
 Where zeal and friendship meet ;  
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
 Make their communion sweet.

Thus, when on Aaron's head  
 They pour'd the rich perfume,  
 The oil through all his raiments spread,  
 And pleasure fill'd the room.

Thus on the heavenly hills,  
 The saints are blest above,  
 Where joy like morning dew distils,  
 And all the air is love.

## HYMN 38. L. M.

And is the gospel peace and love ?  
 Such let our conversation be ;  
 The serpent blended with the dove,  
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er our angry passions rise, [strife,  
 And tempt our thoughts and tongues to  
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
 Bright pattern of the christian life,

O how benevolent and kind !  
 How mild and ready to forgive !  
 Be this the temper of our mind,  
 And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will,  
 Was his employment and delight ;  
 Humility and holy zeal  
 Shown through his life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er he came,  
 The labors of his life were love :  
 Then if we bear the Saviour's name,  
 By his example let us move.

But ah, how blind, how weak are we !  
 How frail, how apt to turn aside !  
 Lord, we depend upon thy care ;  
 We ask thy Spirit for our guide.



Thy fair example may we trace,  
 To teach us what we ought to be ;  
 Make us by thy transforming grace,  
 O Saviour, daily more like thee.

## HYMN 39. S. M.

LET strife forever cease,  
 And envy quit the field ;  
 Come, join and live in love and peace,  
 And to the gospel yield.

Let bitter words no more  
 Among the saints remain ;  
 Let every member, every hour,  
 Submit to Jesus' reign.

One Lord we have to fear,  
 One faith we all confess,  
 And all to one baptism adhere,  
 And magnify free grace.

Then why should we contend  
 For meat, and drink, and dress,  
 And crucify the Lord again,  
 And pierce his wounds afresh.

When bitter words arise,  
 Then Satan has his ends,  
 We wound the heart and hands of Christ,  
 Amidst his chosen friends.

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.

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."

## HYMN 40. C. M.

RELIGION is the chief concern  
 Of mortals here below ;  
 May I its great importance learn,  
 Its sovereign virtue know !

More needful this, than glittering wealth,  
 Or aught the world bestows ;  
 Not reputation, food or health,  
 Can give us such repose.

*Religion* should our thoughts engage,  
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
 'Twill fit us for declining age,  
 And for the awful tomb.

O may my heart, by grace renew'd,  
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;  
 And be my stubborn will subdu'd,  
 His government to own.

Let deep repentance, faith and love,  
 Be join'd with godly fear;  
 And all my conversation prove  
 My heart to be sincere.

Preserve me from the snares of sin,  
 Thro' my remaining days;  
 And in me let each virtue shine  
 To my Redeemer's praise.

Let lively hope my soul inspire;  
 Let warm affections rise;  
 And may I wait with strong desire  
 To mount above the skies!

## HYMN 41. C. M.

My heart, how dreadful hard it is!  
 How heavy here it lies;  
 Heavy and cold within my breast,  
 Just like a rock of ice.

Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits  
 Upon this flinty throne;  
 And ev'ry grace lies buried, deep  
 Beneath this heart of stone.

How seldom do I rise to God,  
 Or taste the joys above!  
 This mountain presses down my faith,  
 And chills my flaming love.

When smiling mercy courts my soul  
 With all its heavenly charms,  
 This stubborn, this relentless thing  
 Would thrust it from mine arms.

Against the thunders of thy word  
 Rebellious I have stood,  
 My heart it shakes not at the wrath  
 And terrors of a God.

Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine  
 In thine own crimson sea!  
 None but a bath of blood divine  
 Can melt the flint away.

## HYMN 42. C. M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
 And brings the truth to sight;  
 Precepts and promises afford  
 A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,  
 Majestic, like the sun  
 It gives a light to ev'ry age;  
 It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat;  
 His truths upon the nations rise;  
 They rise, but never set.



Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
 For such a bright display,  
 As makes a world of darkness shine  
 With beams of heav'nly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue  
 The steps of him I love;  
 Till glory breaks upon my view  
 In brighter worlds above.

## HYMN 43. L. M.

How precious is thy word, O God,  
 'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;  
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,  
 And points the path to bliss and heaven.

It fills the soul with sweet delight,  
 Then quickens its inactive powers;  
 It sets our wandering footsteps right,  
 Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

Its promises rejoice our hearts;  
 Its doctrine is divinely true;  
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;  
 It comforts and instructs us too.

Ye favor'd lands who have this word,  
 Ye saints, who feel its saving power,  
 Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,  
 And his abounding grace adore.

## HYMN 44. L. M.

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.

This remedy did wisdom find,  
 To heal diseases of the mind;  
 This heav'nly balm, whose virtues can  
 Restore the ruin'd creature man.

The gospel bids the dead revive;  
 Sinners obey the voice and live;  
 Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,  
 And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

Where satan reign'd in shades of night,  
 The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;  
 Our lusts its wond'rous power controls,  
 And calms the rage of angry souls.

Lions and beasts of savage name,  
 Put on the nature of the Lamb;  
 While the wide world esteems it strange,  
 Gaze and admire, and hate the change.

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.

## HYMN 45. L. M.

LET everlasting glories crown  
 Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;  
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
 And wrote the blessings in thy word.

What if we trace the globe around,  
 And search from Britain to Japan?  
 There shall be no religion found,  
 So just to God, so safe to man.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
 Some solid ground to rest upon!  
 With long despair the spirit breaks,  
 Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well thy blessed truths agree!  
 How wise and holy thy commands!  
 Thy promises, how firm they be!  
 How firm our hope and comforts stand!

Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss,  
 Could raise such pleasures in the mind;  
 Nor does the Turkish Paradise  
 Pretend to joys so much refin'd.

Should all the forms that men devise,  
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,  
 I'd call them vanity and lies,  
 And bind the gospel to my heart.

## HYMN 46. L. M.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,  
 When the divine disciples met;  
 Whilst on their heads the spirit came,  
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles he gave,  
 And power to give and power to save;  
 Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words  
 Instead of shields, and spears and swords.

Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,  
 From east to west, from south to north,  
 "Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;  
 Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross,"

These weapons of the holy war,  
 Of what almighty force they are,  
 To make our stubborn passions bow,  
 And lay the proudest rebel low.

Nations, the learned and the rude,  
 Are by these heavenly arms subdu'd;  
 While satan rages at his loss,  
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.

Great King of grace, my heart subdue;  
 I would be led in triumph too,  
 A willing captive to my Lord,  
 And sing the vict'ries of his word.



## HYMN 47. C. M.

How did my heart rejoice to hear  
 My friends devoutly say,  
 "In Zion let us all appear,  
 And keep the solemn day!"

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.

Up to her courts, with joy unknown,  
 The holy tribes repair;  
 The Son of David holds his throne,  
 And sits in judgment there.

He hears our praises and complaints;  
 And while his awful voice  
 Divides the sinners from the saints,  
 We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred place,  
 And joy a constant guest!  
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
 Be her attendants blest.

My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
 While life or breath remains:  
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
 There God my Saviour reigns.

## HYMN 48. S. M.

How charming is the place,  
 Where my Redeemer God  
 Unveils the beauties of his face,  
 And sheds his love abroad!

Not the fair palaces  
 To which the great resort,  
 Are once to be compared with this,  
 Where Jesus holds his court.

Here, on the mercy-seat,  
 With radiant glory crown'd,  
 Our joyful eyes behold him sit,  
 And smile on all around.

To him their prayers and cries  
 Each humble soul presents;  
 He listens to their broken sighs,  
 And grants them all their wants.

To them his sovereign will  
 He graciously imparts;  
 And in return accepts with smiles,  
 The tribute of their hearts.

Give me, O Lord, a place  
 Within thy blest abode,  
 Among the children of thy grace,  
 The servants of my God.

## HYMN 49. C. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!

The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place  
Where my dear Lord is seen,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

## HYMN 50. C. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works and bless his word;  
Thy works of grace how bright they shine,  
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

Fools never raise their thoughts so high;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Blast them in everlasting death.

But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joys are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sin, (my worst enemy before,)  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desir'd or wish'd below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

## HYMN 51. C. M.

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.



Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord—  
 Where is that soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus and his word!

What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!  
 How sweet their memory still!  
 But now I find an aching void  
 The world can never fill.

Return, O heavenly Dove! return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest!  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship none but thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame;  
 And purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

### HYMN 52. C. M.

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.

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
 My great Redeemer's throne;  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean,  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renew'd,  
 And full of love divine;  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy tender heart is still the same,  
 And melts at human woe;  
 Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,  
 I want thy love to know.

My heart, thou know'st, can never rest  
 Till thou create my peace;  
 Till of my Eden repossess'd—  
 From ev'ry sin I cease.

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

## HYMN 53. C. M.

YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near;  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
The Saviour's voice to hear.

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you,  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue.

"The soul that longs to see my face  
Is sure my love to gain;  
And those that early seek my grace,  
Shall never seek in vain."

What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared to thee?  
What beauty should command my love?  
Like what is Christ I see?

Away, ye false delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind!  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

## HYMN 54. L. M.

YE lovely tribes of smiling youth,  
Attend the voice of sacred truth;  
Your parents' hope, and joy, and boast,  
Let not the word on you be lost.

As plants you flourish, thrive, and grow;  
But do you God the Saviour know?  
In age and stature you increase,  
But do you know the God of grace?

Ah! let not sin consume the prime  
Of youthful, healthful, precious time!  
Do not these golden hours employ  
In pride, and fleeting carnal joy.

As plants of piety and grace,  
The strength and glory of our race,  
O may you grow, and thrive, and shine,  
In beauties heavenly and divine.

Dear Lord! bow down thy gracious ear,  
Regard each pious parent's prayer;  
Bless our beloved rising race,  
And crown their souls with saving grace.

## HYMN 55. C. M.

HAPPY is he whose early years  
Receive instruction well;  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.

Our youth devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in his eyes,  
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.



'Tis easier work, if we begin  
To serve the Lord betimes ;  
While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
Are harden'd in their crimes.

It saves us from a thousand fears,  
To mind religion young ;  
With joy it crowns succeeding years.  
And renders virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,  
Our hearts we now resign ;  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy praise,  
Whilst we have life and breath ;  
Thus, we're prepar'd for longer days.  
Or fit for earlier death.

## HYMN 56. L. M.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their heavenly Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise—

“There,” saith the Saviour, “I will be  
Amidst the little company ;  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place.”

We've met at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word ;  
Now send thy spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

## HYMN 57. C. M.

How precious is the book divine.  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears ;  
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way ;  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

## HYMN 58. C. M.

JESUS, with all the bless'd above,  
I beg to bear some part ;  
To praise the God of truth and love,  
And sing his bleeding heart.

Eternal thanks to God on high,  
 Who bought me with his blood;  
 I was the wretch condemn'd to die,  
 But in the gap he stood.

That heavenly friend who rescu'd me  
 From satan's grievous chains,  
 To him eternal glory be,  
 While God himself remains.

Hosanna to the exalted Lamb,  
 Honor and thanks and praise:  
 My Lord, how precious is thy name,  
 How glorious is thy grace.

From earthly joys call off my love,  
 And fix my heart aright;  
 Inspire my soul to sing above—  
 No more to walk by sight.

Vain world, I say, your suit forbear,  
 Through grace I you defy;  
 I rate my precious soul too dear  
 For all your wealth to buy.

Whisper no more within mine ear.  
 Nor tempt my soul anew;  
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
 Nor part with Christ for you.

## HYMN 59. L. M.

THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,  
 Where grace and truth do always meet,  
 Where righteousness doth peace embrace,  
 And opens wide a store of grace.

A meeting place it is indeed,  
 Where mercy meets a sinner's need,  
 And opens wide a gracious store,  
 Sufficient to relieve the poor.

Hark! don't you hear the heavenly call?  
 It soundeth loud; it is to all;  
 To high and low, to bond and free,  
 That none may say, 'tis not for me.

"Ho! every one that thirsts," he cries,  
 "Here's wine and milk, and large supplies,  
 Come now to me, and drink your fill,  
 'Tis free for whosoever will."

"Come now, receive, I ask no pay,  
 But freely give it all away,  
 To all that do my word believe,  
 And freely now my grace receive."

## HYMN 60. C. M.

YONDER, amazing sight! I see  
 Th' incarnate son of God,  
 Expiring on th' accursed tree,  
 And weltering in his blood.



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

The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,  
Proclaim the truth aloud;  
And, with th' amaz'd centurion, cry,  
"This is the Son of God!"

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

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

## HYMN 61. L. M.

'Tis my desire with God to walk,  
And with his children pray and talk;  
Tho' I should persecuted be,  
Jesus did suffer so for me.

'Tis my desire baptiz'd to be,  
As a command, O Lord, from thee;  
To be baptiz'd like Christ my God,  
Who was immersed in Jordan's flood.

'Tis 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.

'Tis my desire with saints to meet,  
And wash thy dear disciples' feet;  
To do as Jesus Christ, my Lord,  
Has bid me in his holy word.

'Tis 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.

'Tis 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.

'Tis 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.

'Tis my desire, above the rest,  
Like John, to lean on Jesus' breast;  
To live as I would wish to die,  
And then to dwell with God on high.

## HYMN 62. C. M.

My God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting all!  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball.

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

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

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

To thee I owe my wealth and friends,  
And health and safe abode;  
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.

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

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

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

## HYMN 63. S. M.

My God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call;  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.

Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell;  
'Tis paradise if thou art here,  
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are!  
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.



Not all the harps above,  
 Could make a heavenly place,  
 If God his residence remove,  
 Or but conceal his face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
 Can one delight afford;  
 No, not a drop of real joy,  
 Without thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love,  
 Where all my pleasures roll,  
 The circle where my passions move,  
 And centre of my soul.

To thee I daily fly  
 By prayer, with warm desire,  
 And yet how far from thee I lie,  
 Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

## HYMN 64. C. M.

My God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades, if he appear,  
 My dawning is begun;  
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
 And he my rising sun.

The op'ning heavens around me shine,  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
 And whispers—I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word;  
 Run up with joy the shining way  
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe;  
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
 Should bear me, conqueror, through.

## HYMN 65. C. M.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed!  
 Did my Redeemer die?  
 Would he devote that sacred head,  
 For such a worm as I?

[Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,  
 And bath'd in its own blood,  
 While, all expos'd to wrath divine,  
 The glorious suff'rer stood!]

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

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the mighty maker died,  
For man, the creature's sin.

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

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

## HYMN 66. L. M.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord;  
The time to insure the great reward;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.

[Life is the hour that God has given  
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.]

The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie;  
Their memory and their sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.

[Their hatred and their love are lost,  
Their envy buried in the dust;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon pass'd  
In the cold grave, to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there.

## HYMN 67. L. M.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away,  
And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine,

The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,  
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;  
Of feeling all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.



Thy judgments too, unmov'd I hear,  
Amazing thought! which devils fear—  
Goodness, and wrath, in vain combine,  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

But something, Lord, 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.

## HYMN 68. S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in heavenly love;  
This fellowship in kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But yet we still are join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives  
Our courage on the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day,

When from our toil and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And in pure love and friendship reign  
To all eternity.

## HYMN 69. C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart;  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve,  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

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

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

## HYMN 70. S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify,  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfil;  
 O may it all my power engage  
 To do my Master's will.

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

Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on thyself rely;  
 Assur'd if I my trust betray,  
 I shall forever die.

## HYMN 71. C. M.

THE soul that would to Jesus press,  
 Must fix this firm and sure—  
 That tribulation, more or less,  
 They must and shall endure.

From this there can be none exempt;  
 'Tis God's most wise decree;  
 Satan the weakest saint will tempt,  
 Nor is the strongest free.

The world opposes from without,  
 And unbelief within;  
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,  
 And feel the load of sin.

Glad frames too often lift us up,  
 And then how proud we grow!  
 Till sad desertion makes us droop,  
 And down we sink as low.

Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,  
 To catch the wand'ring heart;  
 And seldom do we see the snares,  
 Before we feel the smart.

But let not all this terrify;  
 Pursue the narrow path;  
 Look to the Lord with steadfast eye  
 And fight with hell by faith.



Though we are feeble, Christ is strong,  
 His promises are true ;  
 We shall be conq'rors all, ere long,  
 And more than conq'rors too.

## HYMN 72. C. M.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard,  
 'Tis mercy speaks to-day,  
 He calls you by the gospel word,  
 From sin's destructive way.

Why will you, in the crooked ways  
 Of sin and folly go ?  
 In pain you travel all your days,  
 To reap eternal woe.

But he that turns to God shall live,  
 Through his abounding grace ;  
 His mercy will the guilt forgive  
 Of those that seek his face.

Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
 Renouncing every sin ;  
 Submit to him, your gracious Lord,  
 And learn his will divine.

His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;  
 He pardons like a God ;  
 He will forgive your num'rous faults,  
 Through a Redeemer's blood.

## HYMN 73. C. M.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,  
 Display thy saving power ;  
 Thy mercy let these outcasts find,  
 And know their gracious hour.

Ah ! give them, Lord, a longer space,  
 Nor suddenly consume ;  
 But let them take the proffer'd grace,  
 And flee the wrath to come.

O wouldst thou cast a pitying look,  
 All goodness as thou art,  
 Like that which faithless Peter's broke,  
 On each obdurate heart !

Who thee beneath their feet have trod,  
 And crucified afresh,  
 Touch with thine all victorious blood,  
 And turn the stone to flesh.

Open their eyes thy cross to see,  
 Their ears to hear thy cries :  
 Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,  
 For thee he weeps and dies.

All the day long he meekly stands,  
 His rebels to receive,  
 And shows his wounds, and spreads his  
 And bids you turn and live. [hands.

## HYMN 74. S. M.

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

How charming is their voice,  
 How sweet the tidings are :  
 Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
 He reigns and triumphs here!

How happy are our ears,  
 That hear this joyful sound !  
 Which kings and prophets waited for,  
 And sought, but never found.

How blessed are our eyes,  
 That see this heavenly light ;  
 Prophets and kings desired it long,  
 But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,  
 And tuneful notes employ ;  
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
 And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm  
 Through all the earth abroad ;  
 Let every nation now behold  
 Their Saviour and their God !

## HYMN 75. C. M.

SALVATION, Oh ! the joyful sound !  
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;  
 A healing balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay ;  
 But we arise by grace divine,  
 To see a heavenly day.

Salvation ! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.

## HYMN 76. S. M.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,  
 Behold us, Lord, again,  
 Assembled at thy mercy's door,  
 Thy bounty to obtain.

Thy word invites us nigh,  
 Or we must starve indeed ;  
 For we no money have to buy,  
 No righteousness to plead.

The food our spirits want,  
 Thy hand alone can give ;  
 O hear the prayer of faith, and grant,  
 That we may eat and live.



## HYMN 77. C. M.

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

## HYMN 78. C. M.

WHY should this earth delight us so?  
 Why should we fix our eyes  
 On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,  
 And ev'ry pleasure dies?

While time his sharpest teeth prepares,  
 Our comforts to devour,  
 There is a land above the stars,  
 And joys above his pow'r.

Nature shall be dissolv'd, and die,  
 The sun must end his race;  
 The earth and sea forever fly  
 Before my Saviour's face.

When will that glorious morning rise,  
 When the last trumpet's sound  
 Shall call the nations to the skies,  
 From underneath the ground?

## HYMN 79. C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love and praise.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redress'd,  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 Or hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
 Thy mercy lent an ear,  
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
 To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
 Thy tender care bestow'd,  
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

While in the slippery paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
 It gently clear'd my way;  
 Preserv'd my life, maintain'd my breath,  
 To see this glorious day!

Now, Lord, to thee I offer up  
 This sacrifice of praise,  
 And in thy service mean to spend  
 The remnant of my days.

## HYMN 80. C. M.

Blest with the joys of innocence,  
 Adam, our father, stood,  
 Till he debas'd his soul to sense,  
 And ate th' unlawful food.

Now we are born a sensual race,  
 To sinful joys inclin'd;  
 Reason has lost its native place,  
 And flesh enslaves the mind.

While flesh, and sense, and passion reign,  
 Sin is the sweetest good;  
 We fancy music in our chains,  
 And so forget the load.

Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,  
 Our broken powers restore;  
 Inspire us with a heavenly flame,  
 And flesh shall reign no more!

Eternal Spirit, write thy law  
 Upon our inward parts,  
 And let the second Adam draw  
 His image on our hearts.

## HYMN 81. S. M.

DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road  
 What multitudes pursue!  
 While that which leads the soul to God,  
 Is known or sought by few.

Believers enter in  
 By Christ the living gate,  
 But those who will not leave their sin,  
 Complain it is too strait.

If self must be denied,  
 And sin forsaken quite,  
 They rather choose the way that's wide,  
 And strive to think it right.

Encompass'd by a throng,  
On numbers they depend;  
So many, surely, can't be wrong,  
And miss a happy end.

But numbers are no mark  
That men will right be found;  
A few were sav'd in Noah's ark,  
For many millions drown'd.

Obey the gospel call,  
And enter while you may;  
The flock of Christ is always small,  
And none are safe but they.

Lord, open sinners' eyes,  
Their awful state to see;  
And cause them, ere the storm arise,  
To thee for safety flee.

## HYMN 82. C. M.

JESUS, Great Shepherd of thy sheep,  
To thee, for help we fly;  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
Whene'er the wolf is nigh.

He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear and slay;  
And seizes every straggling soul  
As his own lawful prey.

Us, into thy protection take,  
And gather with thine arm;  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can do no harm.

We laugh to scorn his rav'ning pow'r,  
While by our Shepherd's side;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.

O, do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree;  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us near to thee.

Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die;  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

## HYMN 83. C. M.

Down headlong from the native skies,  
The rebel-angels fell,  
And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath  
Pursu'd them down to hell.

Down from the top of earthly bliss,  
Rebellious man was hurl'd;  
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,  
To reach a sinking world.



Oh, love of infinite degree !  
 Unmeasurable grace !  
 Must heaven's eternal darling die,  
 To save our sinful race ?

Must angels sink forever down,  
 And burn in quenchless fire,  
 While God forsakes his shining throne,  
 To raise us wretches higher ?

Oh, for this love, let earth and skies  
 With hallelujahs ring,  
 And the full choir of human tongues  
 Loud hallelujahs sing.

## HYMN 84. C. M.

DID Christ, the holy and the just,  
 The Lord of earth and skies,  
 Stoop down to men who dwell in dust,  
 That dying souls might rise ?

The glorious Lord did leave his throne,  
 His radiant seat on high,  
 Amazing mercy, love unknown,  
 To suffer, bleed and die.

Just as the flaming sword awoke,  
 To smite the rebel race,  
 Christ stood between, and took the stroke,  
 And suffer'd in their place.

What wonders of redemption dwell  
 In the atoning blood ;  
 Like brands we're pluck'd from death and  
 And reconcil'd to God. [hell,

While we our humble homage pay  
 Ten thousand thanks to thee,  
 May every heart with rapture say,  
 The Saviour died for me.

Had I ten thousand hearts, my King,  
 I'd give them all to thee ;  
 Had I ten thousand tongues to sing,  
 I'd join the harmony.

## HYMN 85. C. M.

THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,  
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh,  
 The nations near the rising sun,  
 And near the western sky.

No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
 "Judgment will ne'er begin,"  
 No more abuse his long delay,  
 To impudence and sin.

Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come,  
 Bright flames prepare his way ;  
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
 Lead on the dreadful day.

Heaven from above his call shall hear,  
 Attending angels come,  
 And earth and hell shall know and fear,  
 His justice and their doom.

"But gather first 'my saints,' he cries,  
 "Whose peace was made with God,  
 "By the Redeemer's sacrifice,  
 "Who seal'd it with his blood.  
 "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,  
 "Shall make the world confess  
 "My sentence of reward is right,  
 "And heaven adore the grace."

## HYMN 86. S. M.

BEHOLD! with awful pomp,  
 The Judge prepares to come,  
 Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump;  
 And wakes the gen'ral doom.

Nature, in wild amaze,  
 Her dissolution mourns,  
 Blushes of blood the moon deface;  
 The sun to darkness turns.

The living look with dread;  
 The frightened dead arise:  
 Start from the monumental bed.  
 And lift their ghastly eyes.

Horror all hearts appal,  
 They quake; they shriek; they cry;  
 Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;  
 But rocks and mountains fly.

Ye willful, wanton fools,  
 Let dangers make you wise;  
 Carnal professors, careless souls.  
 Unclose your sleeping eyes.

'Tis time we all awake;  
 The dreadful day draws near;  
 Sinners, your proud presumption check,  
 And stop your wild career.

Now is th' accepted time,  
 To Christ for mercy fly;  
 O turn, repent, and trust in him;  
 And you shall never die.

Great God, in whom we live,  
 Prepare us for that day,  
 Help us in Jesus to believe,  
 To watch, and wait, and pray.

## HYMN 87. C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,  
 And answer in that day,  
 For every vain and idle thought,  
 And every word I say?



Yes, every secret of my heart  
 Shall shortly be made known,  
 And I receive my just desert  
 For all that I have done.

How careful then ought I to live!  
 With what religious fear,  
 Who such a strict account must give  
 For my behavior here!

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.

If now thou standest at the door,  
 O let me feel thee near!  
 And make my peace with God, before  
 I at thy bar appear.

## HYMN 88. C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,  
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
 When I must stand before my Judge,  
 And pass the solemn test.

Jesus, thou source of all my joys,  
 Thou ruler of my heart,  
 How could I bear to hear thy voice,  
 Pronounce the sound "depart!"

The thunder of that awful word,  
 Would so torment my ear,  
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,  
 With most tormenting fear.

What! to be banish'd from my Lord,  
 And yet forbid to die!  
 To linger in eternal pain,  
 And death forever fly!

O wretched state of deep despair,  
 To see my God remove,  
 And fix my doleful station where  
 I must not taste his love!

## HYMN 89. S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,  
 We'll bless the Saviour's name;  
 Record his mercies, every heart,  
 Sing every tongue the same.

Hoard up the sacred word,  
 And feed thereon and grow,  
 Go on to seek, to know the Lord,  
 And practice what you know.

## HYMN 90. L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
 Help us to feed upon thy word;  
 All that has been amiss forgive,  
 And let thy truth within us live.



Though we are guilty, thou art good,  
Wash all our souls in Jesus' blood;  
From sin, and guilt, and wo release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

## HYMN 91. L. M.

THE peace which God alone reveals,  
And by his word of grace imparts,  
Which only the believer feels,  
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.  
And may the Holy Three in One,  
The Father, Word, and Comforter,  
Pour an abundant blessing down  
On ev'ry soul assembled here.

## HYMN 92. C. M.

Now pilgrims, let us go in peace,  
While through this world we rove,  
'Till all these parting moments cease,  
And we shall meet above.  
Though trials here our souls annoy,  
And foes beset the road,  
We're hast'ning to eternal joy,  
Where we shall rest with God.  
Let us rejoice in God our King,  
While pilgrims here we rove,  
And join with heart and voice to sing  
The wonders of his love.

Soon we shall reach the heavenly land,  
And tread the peaceful shore,  
Where we shall join the glorious band,  
Our Jesus to adore.

Oh, the transporting scenes of bliss,  
Our souls shall then enjoy!  
For if we be where Jesus is,  
There's nothing can annoy.

## HYMN 93. L. M.

PILGRIMS, with pleasure let us part,  
Since we are all bound up in heart,  
No length of days, nor distant space,  
Shall ever break these bands of grace.

Parting, with joy we'll join to sing  
The wonders of our heavenly King;  
Our bodies, distant may remove,  
But nothing shall divide our love.

In vain may earth and hell combine,  
To quench that love which is divine;  
It will not cease with dying breath,  
Nor cool, when we are cold in death.

And now, in love with Jesus' name,  
Let bodies part to spread his fame,  
That other souls may leave their woe,  
And share with us in glory too.

A few more days, or months, or years,  
 Shall bring a period to our tears;  
 And we shall reach the blissful shore,  
 Where parting hours are known no more.

There shall our souls adore the hand  
 That led us through this desert land;  
 Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,  
 And join in everlasting strains.

## HYMN 94. C. M.

WHAT poor despised company  
 Of travelers are these,  
 That walk in yonder narrow way,  
 Along the rugged maze?

Ah, these are of a royal line,  
 All children of a King;  
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,  
 And lo! for joy they sing.

Why then do they appear so mean,  
 And why so much despis'd?  
 Because of their rich robes, unseen,  
 The world is not apprised.

But some of them seem poor, distress'd,  
 And lacking daily bread—  
 Ah, they're of boundless wealth possess'd,  
 With hidden manna fed.

But why keep they that narrow road,  
 That rugged, thorny maze?  
 Why that's the way their Leader trod,  
 They love and keep his ways.

Why do they shun the pleasing path,  
 That worldlings love so well?  
 Because that is the road to death,  
 The open road to hell.

What? is there then no other road,  
 To Salem's happy ground?—  
 Christ is the only way to God,  
 No other can be found.

## HYMN 95. 8s &amp; 6s.

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.

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;  
No mortal eye can reach so high,  
Those glories to behold.

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.

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.

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.

## HYMN 96. C. M.

O who will rise and go with me?  
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see:  
I'll join with those who're gone before,  
To realms where sorrows are no more.

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.

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.

O what a happy time 'twill be,  
When I my friends in heaven shall see,  
When we shall reach that happy shore;  
There we may tell our sufferings o'er

O what a happy company!  
May I be there that sight to see,  
And join in praise to Jesus' name,  
All glorious in Jerusalem.

I little thought he was so nigh;  
His presence makes me leap with joy,  
He said, "I'm come for thee my love,  
I have a place for thee above."

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.

## HYMN 97. C. M.

LORD, when together here we meet,  
And taste thy heav'nly grace,  
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet  
We're loth to leave the place.

Yet, Father since it is thy will  
That we must part again,  
O let thy precious presence still  
With ev'ry one remain.

Thus let us all in Christ be one,  
Bound with the chords of love,  
Till we around thy glorious throne,  
Shall joyous meet above.

Where sin and sorrow from each heart,  
Shall then forever fly,  
And not one thought that we shall part,  
Once intercept our joy.

Where, free from all distracting pains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;  
But in seraphic, heav'nly strains,  
Redeeming love admire.

And thus, through all eternity,  
Upon the heav'nly shore,  
The great, mysterious One in Three,  
Jehovah, we'll adore.

## MYMN 98. C. M.

THROUGH thee, we now together came  
In singleness of heart;  
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,  
And in thy name we part.

We part in body, not in mind;  
Our minds continue one;  
And each to each in Jesus join'd,  
We hand in hand go on.

Subsist as in us all, one soul:  
No power can make us twain;  
Though mountains rise, and oceans roll,  
They sever us in vain.

Present we still in spirit are,  
And intimately nigh;  
While on the wings of faith and prayer  
We to each other fly.

Our life is hid in Christ with God;  
Our life shall soon appear;  
And spread his glory all abroad  
In all his members here.



Our bodies then like his shall shine;  
 Immortal we shall rise;  
 And in his image, all divine,  
 As one, we'll take the prize.

## Baptism.

### HYMN 99. C. M.

DEAR Lord, and has thy pard'ning blood  
 Redeem'd a wretch so vile!  
 Then kindly bid each cloud remove,  
 And bless me with thy smile.

Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,  
 And all its shame despis'd?  
 And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,  
 With thee to be baptiz'd?

Didst thou the great example lead,  
 In Jordan's swelling flood?  
 And shall my pride disdain the deed,  
 That's worthy of my God?

Dear Lord, the ardor of thy love  
 Reproves my cold delays;  
 And now my willing footsteps move  
 In thy delightful ways.

### HYMN 100. S. M.

IN such a grave as this,  
 The dear Redeemer lay,  
 When he our souls to seek and save,  
 Learn'd humbly to obey.

See how the spotless Lamb  
 Descends into the stream,  
 And teaches us to imitate  
 What him so well became.

Let sinners wash away  
 Their sins of crimson die;  
 Buried with him, their vilest sins  
 Shall in oblivion lie.

Rise, and ascend with him,  
 A heavenly life to lead,  
 Who came to ransom guilty men,  
 And raise them from the dead.

Lord, see the sinner's tears!  
 Hear his repenting cry!  
 Speak, and his contrite heart shall live,  
 Speak, and sins shall die.

Send down the heavenly Dove  
 Which lit upon the Lamb,  
 In witness of a Saviour's love,  
 And all our souls inflame.



## HYMN 101. C. M.

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.  
 Here we do bid the world "farewell,"  
 To practice his command,  
 It is the road that leads to God,  
 The way to Canaan's land.  
 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.  
 Come sinners, all, obey the call,  
 "Repent and be baptiz'd;"  
 Forsake your sins, and follow him,  
 Till you in glory rise.  
 We've found the road that leads to God,  
 The way of holiness;  
 We'll follow him, where he has been,  
 For all his paths are peace.

## HYMN 102. C. M.

GAZE on, spectators, and behold  
 This blest command of God;  
 And wonder how you can forbear  
 To tread this path of love.

"Come, see the place where Jesus lay;"  
 An angel said of old;  
 We say the same, his grave you may,  
 In water, here behold.

Buried in Jordan was our Lord,  
 As well as in the tomb,  
 And, in obedience to his word,  
 We imitate the Lamb.

This ordinance is plainly given,  
 'Tis left upon record;  
 Though not to save, or take to heaven,  
 But show we love the Lord.

## HYMN 103. C. M.

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.

In vain the world and satan, try  
 My journey to delay;  
 "Hinder me not," to both I cry,  
 "For God hath crown'd my way."

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.

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.

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

And when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be;  
 "Hinder me not," come welcome death,  
 I'll gladly go with thee.

## HYMN 104. C. M.

How great, how solemn is the work  
 Which we attend to-day!  
 Now for a holy, solemn frame,  
 O God, to thee we pray.

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.

Let graces then in exercise,  
 Be exercis'd again;  
 And nurtur'd by celestial power,  
 In exercise remain.

Awake our love, our fear, our hope!  
 Wake, fortitude and joy;  
 Vain world, be gone! let things above  
 Our happy thoughts employ.

Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,  
 To all around we own;  
 Drive each rebellious, rival lust,  
 Each traitor, from the throne.

Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,  
 To heaven our passions raise,  
 That hence our lives, our all, may be  
 Devoted to thy praise.

## HYMN 105. S. M.

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

The glorious Son of God,  
 To John the Baptist came,  
 Went meekly down bold Jordan's banks,  
 And was baptiz'd by him.

This by the Saviour done,  
 Fulfill'd all righteousness,  
 And God the Father own'd his Son,  
 In whom he is well pleas'd.



Let each believer view  
 This blest example given,  
 And prove their love to his commands,  
 And follow him to heaven.

## HYMN 106. L. M.

Do we not know that solemn word,  
 That we are buried with the Lord;  
 Baptiz'd into his death, and then  
 Put off the body of our sin.  
 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death,  
 So from the grave did Christ arise,  
 And lives to God above the skies.  
 No more let sin and satan reign  
 Over our mortal flesh again,  
 The various lusts we serv'd before,  
 Shall have dominion now no more.

## HYMN 107. C. M.

ATTEND, ye children of your God;  
 Ye heirs of glory hear;  
 For accents so divine as these,  
 Might charm the dumbest ear.  
 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,  
 Your souls in sin must die;  
 With Christ your Lord, ye live anew;  
 With Christ ascend on high.

There, by his Father's side, he sits,  
 Enthron'd divinely fair;  
 Yet owns himself your brother still,  
 And your forerunner there.  
 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise  
 On wings of faith and love;  
 Above your choicest treasure lies,  
 And be your hearts above.  
 But earth and sin will drag us down,  
 When we attempt to fly;  
 Lord, send thy strong attractive power  
 To raise and fix us high.

## HYMN 108. C. M.

ETERNAL God, now smile on those,  
 Who, hoping in thy word,  
 This day have publicly declar'd  
 That Jesus is their Lord;  
 With cheerful feet may they advance  
 And run the Christian race!  
 And through the troubles of the way,  
 Find all-sufficient grace.

## HYMN 109. L. M.

WHAT lovely band is this I see,  
 All singing in sweet harmony;  
 Uniting round the water side,  
 And praising Jesus crucified?



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 baptiz'd.

This brings to view the ancient days,  
When first the gospel church was raised;  
No other mode was then devis'd—  
Believing souls were thus baptiz'd.

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

### HYMN 110. 7's.

*For Baptism, when administered in the Winter.*

CHRISTIANS, if your hearts be warm,  
Ice and snow can do no harm;  
If your Lord by you is prized,  
Now arise and be baptized.

Jesus drank the gall for you;  
Bore the curse to mortals due;  
Children, prove your love to him;  
Never fear the frozen stream.

Never shun the Saviour's cross;  
All on earth is worthless dross;  
If the Saviour's love you feel,  
Let the world behold your zeal.

Fire is good to warm the soul;  
Water purifies the soul;  
Fire and water thus agree;  
Winter soldiers, never flee.

Let your worship be sincere,  
Ev'ry season of the year;  
If the storm prevent your roam,  
Serve your gracious God at home.

Read his sacred word by day;  
Ever watching, always pray;  
Meditate his truth by night,  
This will give you sweet delight.

When the storm of life is o'er,  
Then you'll meet to part no more;  
There with pleasure you will see  
God, in spotless purity.

### The Lord's Supper.

### HYMN 111. C. M.

THE blest memorials of thy grief,  
Thy suff'rings and thy death;  
We come dear Saviour to receive,  
But would receive with faith.

The tokens sent us to relieve  
Our spirits when they droop,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive  
But would receive with hope.

The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave  
Our slothful minds to move.  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;  
But would receive with love.

Here in obedience to thy word,  
We take the bread and wine;  
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,  
For all beyond is thine.

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.

## HYMN 112. C. M.

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

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.

With humble faith and thankful hearts,  
Lord, we accept thy love;  
'Tis a rich banquet we have had  
What will it be above!

Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,  
Join all your praising powers;  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours.

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.

## HYMN 113. L. M.

'Twas on that dark, and doleful night,  
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!

"This is my body, broke for sin;  
"Receive and eat the living food;"  
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;  
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."



[For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
He bore the scourge and felt the thorn;  
And justice pour'd upon his head  
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

For us his vital blood was spilt,  
To buy the pardon of our guilt;  
When for black crimes of biggest size,  
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

"Do this," he cried, till time shall end,  
In mem'ry of your dying friend;  
Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your ascended Lord.

## HYMN 114. S. M.

JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board;  
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold  
Communion with their Lord.

For food he gives his flesh;  
He bids us drink his blood:  
Amazing favor! matchless grace  
Of our descending God!

This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And interest in his death.

Our heavenly father calls  
Christ and his members one!  
We, the young children of his love,  
And he, the first-born son.

We are but sev'ral parts  
Of the same broken bread,  
The body with its several limbs,  
But Jesus is the head.

Let all our pow'rs be join'd  
His glorious name to raise;  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

## HYMN 115. L. M.

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.

Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one that died;  
We hope for heavenly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucified.

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.



110 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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.

HYMN 116. C. M.

SITTING around our father's board,  
We raise our tuneful breath  
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,  
And dooms our sins to death.  
We see the blood of Jesus shed,  
Whence all our pardons rise;  
The sinner views the atonement made,  
And loves the sacrifice.  
Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,  
Procure us heav'nly crowns;  
Our highest gain springs from thy loss;  
Our healing, from thy wounds.  
Oh! 'tis impossible that we,  
Who dwell in feeble clay,  
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,  
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN 117. L. M.

"THIS do in mem'ry of your friend!"  
Was the Redeemer's last request,  
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,  
That we might live forever blest.

THE LORD'S SUPPER. 111

Thus, we'll record thy matchless grace,  
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends!  
Thy dying love, the noblest praise  
Of vast eternity transcends.

'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.

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!

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.

HYMN 118. C. M.

THE memory of our dying Lord  
Awakes a thankful tongue;  
How rich he spread his royal board,  
And blest the food and sung.

Happy the men that eat this bread,  
But doubly blest was he  
That gently bow'd his loving head,  
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.



112 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

By faith the same delights we taste,  
As that great favorite did,  
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,  
And take the heavenly bread.

Down from the palace of the skies  
Hither the King descends,  
"Come, my beloved, eat," he cries,  
"And drink salvation, friends."

Hosanna to his bounteous love,  
For such a taste below!  
And yet he feeds his saints above  
With nobler blessings too.

HYMN 119. C. M.

How are thy glories here display'd,  
Great God, how bright they shine,  
While at thy word we break the bread,  
And pour the flowing wine.

Here thy revenging justice stands,  
And pleads its dreadful cause;  
Here, saving mercy spreads her hands,  
Like Jesus on the cross.

Thy saints attend with every grace,  
On this great sacrifice;  
And love appears with cheerful face,  
And faith with fixed eyes.

THE LORD'S SUPPER. 113

Our hope in waiting posture sits,  
To heaven directs her sight;  
Here every warmer passion meets,  
And warmer powers unite.

Zeal and revenge perform their part,  
And rising sin destroy;  
Repentance comes with aching heart,  
Yet not forbids the joy.

Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,  
Let sin forever die;  
Then shall our souls be all delight,  
And every tear be dry.

HYMN 120. C. M.

HERE, at thy table, Lord, we meet,  
To worship and adore;  
Present our Saviour crucified,  
And tell his sufferings o'er.

By faith we view thee crucified,  
While we partake this bread;  
And look upon thy wounded side,  
Thy feet, thy hands, and head.

We view thy streaming blood, dear Lord  
While we partake this wine;  
Can all in heaven, or earth afford,  
Such dying love as thine?



We feast around thy board on earth,  
And hope to feast above;  
May Jesus feed our hungry souls,  
And still increase our love.

## HYMN 121. S. M.

JESUS, we thus obey,  
Thy last and kindest word;  
Here, in thine own appointed way,  
We come to meet our Lord.  
The way thou hast enjoin'd,  
Thou wilt therein appear;  
We come with confidence to find  
Thy special presence here.  
Whate'er the Almighty can  
To pardon'd sinners give,  
The fullness of our God made man,  
We here with Christ receive.

## HYMN 122. C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast!  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,  
For ev'ry humble guest.  
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.

O come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love;  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above!

There, with united heart and voice,  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice  
In ecstasies unknown.

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

## HYMN 123. L. M.

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.

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.

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?



His dying crimson, like a robe,  
 Spread o'er his body on the tree;  
 Then am I dead to all the globe,  
 And all the globe is dead to me.

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

## HYMN 124. S. M.

LORD hast thou suffer'd me  
 To set around thy board,  
 And in these emblems here to view  
 The sufferings of my Lord.

My soul, the broken bread  
 Shows thee thy Saviour's wound;  
 The wine, an emblem of his blood,  
 That trickled to the ground.

Thou canst not love enough,  
 So great, so good a God;  
 That groan'd away his life and died,  
 To ransom thee with blood.

Well may I bow my head,  
 And mourn, lament and cry;  
 When I reflect that for my sins,  
 The Lord of life should die.

I'll praise his holy name,  
 To him for refuge fly;  
 He died, was buried, rose again,  
 My soul to justify.

## HYMN 125. L. M.

WASH'D in the dying Saviour's blood;  
 Buried beneath the yielding flood;  
 I would approach his sacred board,  
 And dedicate myself to God.

Here, Lord, I would recount thy pains,  
 And here would recollect my sins,  
 Till mingled joys and sorrows rise,  
 And gush like riv'lets from mine eyes.

How kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
 What mercy runs through every word!  
 "Oft as you taste this sacred food,  
 "Remember me, your dying God."

And can we, then, forget that love,  
 Which brought thee from the realms above!  
 Ah! Lord, with shame and grief I tell,  
 I oft forget—thou know'st it well!

But while I thus my crimes confess,  
 I would adore thy wondrous grace;  
 That grace which shields my trembling soul,  
 When Sinai's thunders o'er me roll!

118 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 126. C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,  
And dainties crown the board,  
Not paradise with all its joys,  
Could such delights afford.

Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life are given;  
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,  
To raise the soul to heaven.

Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd  
In sins dark mazes, come;  
Come from the hedges and highways,  
And grace will find you room.

Thousands of souls in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here,  
And thousands more still on the way,  
Around the board appear.

Yet is his house and heart so large,  
That millions more may come;  
Nor could the wide assembled world  
O'er fill the spacious room.

All things are ready, enter in,  
Nor weak excuses frame:  
Come, take your places at the feast,  
And bless the donor's name.

WASHING THE SAINT'S FEET. 119

Washing the Saints' Feet.

HYMN 127. C. M.

DISROB'D of all his heavenly dress,  
The Sa·iour came to earth;  
Cloth'd in a veil of mortal flesh,  
And bow'd his head in death.

That awful night in which, betray'd,  
He introduc'd the feast,  
Which we, my friends, have seen display'd,  
Where each has been a guest.

The solemn scene, about to close,  
To make the whole complete,  
He meekly from communion rose,  
And washed his servants' feet.

"To each," he said, "let others do,  
"As I, your Lord, have done;  
"The heavenly pattern still pursue,  
"In form as I have shown."

Since Christ has the example set,  
And left it on record;  
We'll humbly wash each other's feet,  
Obedient to his word.



## HYMN 128. L. M.

JESUS, the Lord, who groan'd and died,  
 Arising from communion sweet,  
 Disrob'd, his garment laid aside,  
 And washed the dear disciples' feet.

"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!"

See through this robe, that glorious dress  
 Which Christ in love laid humbly by;  
 Cloth'd in a veil of mortal flesh,  
 For man to suffer, bleed, and die.

Was he begirt with napkin round? [be,  
 Learn hence that Christ the Lord would  
 While here below a pattern found—  
 Servant of all, of you, of me.

His washing the disciples' feet,  
 Proclaims his cleansing, healing power;  
 His reassuming all complete,  
 The great, the grand triumphant hour.

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.

## HYMN 129. L. M.

JESUS, thou great exalted King,  
 Thy love, thy matchless love, I sing;  
 Descending from thy lofty seat,  
 I see thee wash thy servants' feet!

Here I behold at once display'd,  
 The God in mortal flesh array'd;  
 And an example set for me,  
 Set Christian, by thy Lord, for thee.

Let us attend our sovereign Lord,  
 And all his words and acts record;—  
 I have you an example set,  
 That you should wash each other's feet.

My Saviour, I obey thy voice,  
 And in thy word and ways rejoice;  
 Would humbly wash thy followers' feet,—  
 O, let me here thy presence meet.

## HYMN 130. C. M.

WHAT Christ the Lord would have us do,  
 He gives us plain command,  
 And where he adds example too,  
 How can we lingering stand?

To wash the feet of those he loves,  
 Is what the Saviour *bid*;  
 And that he of this work approves,  
 Is plain from what he *did*.

O Saviour, take my pride and shame,  
 And unbelief away;  
 Then shall I learn to trust thy name,  
 And thy commands obey.  
 Then shall I lay me humbly down,  
 Beneath thy mercy-seat;  
 Nor court the smile, nor dread the frown  
 Of men, while washing feet.

## HYMN 131. L. M.

WASH me, O Lord, from every sin,  
 Then shall I every evil flee;  
 Wash me, and keep me pure within,  
 Then shall I live alone to thee.  
 "Wash me, and seal me thus thine own!  
 "Wash me, O Lord, and mine thou art;  
 "Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
 "My head, my hands, my soul, my heart."  
 Then shall I all thy word obey,  
 Then shall I wash my brethren's feet;  
 Then shall I rise to endless day,  
 My glorious Saviour's face to meet.

## HYMN 132. C. M.

JESUS! by heaven's host ador'd,  
 The church's glorious head,  
 With humble joy I call thee, Lord,  
 And in thy footsteps tread.

Emptied of all thy greatness here,  
 While in the body seen,  
 Thou wouldst the least of all appear,  
 And minister to men.  
 A servant to thy servants, thou  
 In thy debas'd estate,  
 How meekly did thy goodness bow,  
 To wash thy follower's feet.  
 I come, O God, to do thy will,  
 With Jesus in my view;  
 A servant to thy servants still,  
 My pattern I pursue,  
 The loving labor I repeat,  
 Obedient to his word;  
 And wash his dear disciples' feet,  
 And wait upon my lord.  
 Shall I, a worm, refuse to stoop?  
 My fellow worm disdain?  
 I give my vain distinctions up,  
 Since Christ did wait on man.

## HYMN 133. L. M.

*Single verses, to be sung while washing feet.*

O! that the Lord would count me meet  
 To wash his dear disciples' feet;  
 Greater than Christ I would not be,  
 But learn from him humility.



ANOTHER. C. M.

Wash me, and seal me thus thine own;  
 Wash me, and mine thou art;  
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
 My head, my hands, my heart.

ANOTHER. C. M.

For this, we have our Lord's *command*,  
 And do as Jesus *bid*;  
 For this we his *example* have,  
 And do as Jesus *did*.

## Funeral Hymns.

HYMN 134. C. M.

THY word commands our flesh to dust,  
 "Return, ye sons of men;"  
 All nations rose from earth at first.  
 And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight,  
 Are like an ev'ning gone:  
 Short as the watch that ends the night,  
 Before the rising sun.

[The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
 With all their lives and cares,  
 Are carried downwards by the flood,  
 And lost in foll'wing years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the op'ning day.

Like flow'ry fields, the nations stand,  
 Pleas'd with the morning light;  
 The flow'rs, beneath the mower's hand  
 Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]

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

HYMN 135. S. M.

LORD, what a feeble piece,  
 Is this our mortal frame?  
 Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,  
 That scarce deserves a name!

Alas! 'twas brittle clay  
 That built our body first!  
 And every month and every day,  
 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

126. FUNERAL HYMNS.

Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay;  
Just like a flood, our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.

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.

They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea!  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

HYMN 136. C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal name,  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be!

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As months and days increase,  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath which first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.

FUNERAL HYMNS. 127

Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.

Good God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things;  
The eternal state of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings!

Infinite joy, or endless woe  
Attend on every breath;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense  
To walk this dangerous road;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

HYMN 137. S. M.

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

A land of deepest shade,  
Unpierc'd by human thought;  
The dreary regions of the dead,  
Where all things are forgot!



Soon as from earth I go,  
 What will become of me ?  
 Eternal happiness or wo  
 Must then my portion be !

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 ?

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 ?

I must from God be driven,  
 Or with my Saviour dwell ;  
 Must come at his command to heaven,  
 Or else depart to hell.

## HYMN 138. C. M.

OUR days, alas ! our mortal days,  
 Are short and wretched too ;  
 " Evil and few," the patriarch says,  
 And well the patriarch knew.

'Tis but, at best, a narrow bound  
 That heav'n allows to men ;  
 And pains and sins run through the round  
 Of threescore years and ten.

Well, if ye must be sad and few,  
 Run on, my days, in haste ;  
 Moments of sin, and months of wo,  
 Ye cannot fly too fast.

Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,  
 And call her to the skies,  
 Where years of long salvation roll,  
 And glory never dies.

## HYMN 139. C. M.

I SING a song which doth belong  
 To all the human race,  
 Concerning death, which steals the breath,  
 And blasts the comely face.

Come, listen all, unto my call,  
 Which I do make to-day,  
 For you must die, as well as I,  
 And pass from hence away.

No human power can stop the hour  
Wherein a mortal dies ;  
A Cæsar may be great to-day,  
Yet death may close his eyes.

Though some do strive and do arrive  
To riches and renown,  
Enjoying health, and swim in wealth,  
Yet death will bring them down.

Though beauty grace your comely face  
With roses white and red,  
A dying fall will spoil it all,  
For Absalom is dead.

Though you acquire the best attire,  
Appearing fine and fair,  
Yet death will come into the room,  
And strip you of them there.

For princes high, and beggars die,  
And mingle with the dust ;  
The rich, the brave, the poorest slave,  
The wicked and the just.

## HYMN 140. C. M.

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

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

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

The voice of this alarming scene,  
May every breast obey ;  
Nor be th' heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.

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.

Great God ! thy sov'reign grace impart,  
With cleansing, healing power ;  
This only, can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour.

## HYMN 141. S. M.

AND must this body die,  
This well-wrought frame decay ?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?



Corruption, earth, and worms,  
 Shall but refine this flesh,  
 Till my triumphant spirit comes  
 To put it on afresh.

God, my Redeemer, lives,  
 And ever from the skies  
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,  
 Till he shall bid it rise.

Array'd in glorious grace,  
 Shall these vile bodies shine,  
 And every shape, and every face,  
 Be heavenly and divine.

These lively hopes we owe,  
 Lord, to thy dying love;  
 O may we bless thy grace below,  
 And sing thy grace above!

Saviour, accept the praise,  
 Of these our humble songs,  
 Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise  
 With our immortal tongues.

## HYMN 142. C. M.

**N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
 And crept to life at first,  
 We to the earth return again,  
 And mingle with our dust.

The dear delights we here enjoy,  
 And fondly call our own,  
 Are but short favors borrowed now,  
 To be repaid anon.

'Tis 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.

Peace, all our angry passions then,  
 Let each rebellious sigh  
 Be silent at his righteous will;  
 And every murmur die.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
 Its praises shall be spread;  
 And we'll adore the justice too  
 That strikes our comforts dead.

## HYMN 143. C. M.

**W**HY do we mourn departing friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms?  
 'Tis but a voice that Jesus sends,  
 To call them to his arms.

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.

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

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?

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

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

## HYMN 144. C. M.

HARK! from the tombs, a doleful sound,  
 Mine ears attend the cry,  
 "Ye living men, come view the ground  
 "Where you must shortly lie.  
 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
 "In spite of all your towers;  
 "The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head  
 "Must lie as low as ours."

Great God, is this our certain doom?  
 And are we still secure!  
 Still walking downward to the tomb,  
 And yet prepared no more.

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.

## HYMN 145. C. M.

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.

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

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.

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



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

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

## HYMN 146. L. M.

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?

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?

"Where is thy promise to the just?  
 "Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"  
 But faith forbids those mournful sighs,  
 And sees the sleeping dust arise.

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.

## HYMN 147. L. M.

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.

We oft, with joy have view'd his face,  
 And heard thy messages of grace,  
 In faithfulness and love proclaim'd,  
 Regardless whether praised or blam'd.

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.

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.

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!

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.

## HYMN 148. L. M.

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,

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

## HYMN 149. C. M.

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.

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.

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

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

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.

## HYMN 150. C. M.

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



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

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

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

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

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

## Family Worship.

### MORNING HYMNS.

#### HYMN 151. S. M.

BEHOLD, the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way!  
 His beams through all the nations run,  
 And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes,  
 It spreads diviner light;  
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
 And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word!  
 And all thy judgments just;  
 Forever sure, thy promise, Lord,  
 And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain  
 Are thy directions giv'n!  
 O may I never read in vain,  
 But find the path to heav'n.

#### HYMN 152. C. M.

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

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.

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.

[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 thy way.]

Then shall I pass all dangers safe,  
And tread the tempter down;  
My trust, my hope, and my relief,  
Is in thine only Son.

Then let my moments smoothly run,  
And all my hours be gay,  
And let my evening setting sun  
Launch me in endless day.

## HYMN 153. L. M.

O COULD my soul this morning rise,  
And feel that life which never dies,  
I'd praise that hand with all my pow'rs  
That guarded my unguarded hours.

'Tis he who gives me life divine,  
In Him eternal joys are mine;  
Then rouse, my soul, bid sloth adieu,  
Thy Jesus love, and him pursue.

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.

There shall I raise a morning song,  
With all the vast angelic throng;  
There, sing in everlasting peace—  
My morning song shall never cease.

## HYMN 154. C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him who rules the skies.

Night unto night, his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound;  
Wide as the heaven on which he sets,  
To turn the seasons round.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.



[On a poor worm, thy pow'r might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand;  
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,  
But mercy held thy hand.

A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun;  
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.]

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.

## HYMN 155. S. M.

SEE how the morning sun  
Pursues his shining way;  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

Thus would my rising soul,  
Its heav'nly Parent sing,  
And to its great Original,  
The humble tribute bring.

Serene I laid me down,  
Beneath his guardian care;  
I slept, and I awoke and found,  
My kind Preserver near.

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

## HYMN 156. C. M.

WITH thee, great God, the stores of light  
And stores of darkness lie;  
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,  
And spread'st it round the sky.

And when with welcome slumbers press'd,  
We close our weary eyes,  
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,  
And makes us joyous rise.

Numbers, this night, great God, have met  
Their long, eternal doom,  
And lost their joys of morning light  
In death's tremendous gloom.

Numbers on restless beds still lie,  
And still their woes bewail;  
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,  
A thousand pleasures feel.

To thee, great God, in thankful songs,  
Our morning thoughts arise;  
Propitious, in thy Son, accept  
The willing sacrifice.

## HYMN 157. L. M.

THIS morning let my praise arise,  
To him who all my need supplies;  
To him who watch'd me through the night,  
And brought me to the morning light.

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.

## HYMN 158. C. M.

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

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

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

When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,  
And I unconscious lay,  
Thy watchful care was round my bed,  
To guard my feeble clay.

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

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

## HYMN 159. C. M.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise  
Employ my noblest powers;  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
And fills the circling hours.

Preserv'd by thine almighty arm,  
I pass'd the shades of night,  
Serene and safe from every harm,  
And see returning light.

O let the same almighty care  
My waking hours attend?  
From every danger, every snare,  
My heedless steps defend.

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



## HYMN 160. C. M.

My gracious God has brought me through  
 Another darksome night;  
 Again mine eyes his works can view  
 In open morning light.

Thro' all the night, whilst I have slept,  
 Insensible of pain,  
 The gracious hand of God has kept  
 And rais'd me up again.

Thus brought to view, the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way;  
 May I set out afresh to run,  
 And my kind God obey.

Let me this day, with anxious zeal,  
 Devote my time to God,  
 And freely may I do his will,  
 And rest upon his word.

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.

## HYMN 161. L. M.

HAIL, happy morn, I gladly rise  
 With thee, to soar above the skies!  
 With Jesus, I'll begin my race,  
 Run on, and sing redeeming grace!

All hail! a brighter morning near,  
 When heav'n's bright sun shall once appear!  
 All suns and stars shall cease to shine,  
 But this eternal sun of mine.

Far, far from interposing night,  
 Awake in uncreated light,  
 My raptur'd soul, with all the throng  
 Shall join in heav'n's eternal song.

## EVENING HYMNS.

## HYMN 162. C. M.

O SAVIOUR, hear me when I pray,  
 Remember I am thine;  
 I walk before thee all the day,  
 And fear and love thy name.

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.

This be my evening sacrifice,  
 As my day's work is done,  
 Nor let a gloomy cloud arise  
 On this day's setting sun.

Protect me through this lonely night,  
 Till day appears again;  
 Then early, with the morning light,  
 I'll praise thy glorious name.

I thank thee for my daily food,  
 A gracious gift is this;  
 I look to thee for every good,  
 And hope for future bliss.

## HYMN 163. S. M.

ANOTHER day is past,  
 The hours forever fled,  
 And time is bearing me in haste,  
 To mingle with the dead.

Perhaps my closing eyes,  
 No more may hail the light;  
 Seal'd up, before the morning rise  
 In everlasting night.

This mortal frame must lie  
 Unconscious in the tomb;  
 But O, where will my spirit fly,  
 And what will be her doom?

Jesus, if thou art mine,  
 O let thy heavenly voice  
 Confirm my hope with love divine,  
 And wake my soul rejoice.

Then shall my closing eyes  
 Contented sink to rest;  
 Then, if to-night, this body dies,  
 My spirit shall be blest.

## HYMN 164. L. M.

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.

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.

I lay my body down to sleep;  
 Peace be the pillow for my head;  
 While well appointed angels keep  
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

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.

Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait his voice to rend my tomb,  
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

## HYMN 165. C. M.

DREAD Sov'reign! let my evening song,  
 Like holy incense rise;  
 Assist the offerings of my tongue,  
 To reach the lofty skies.



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.

Perpetual blessings from above,  
 Encompass me around;  
 But, O! how few returns of love,  
 Hath my Creator found.

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,  
 To thy dear cross I flee;  
 And to thy grace my soul resign,  
 To be renew'd by thee.

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.

## HYMN 166. S. M.

THE day is past and gone,  
 The evening shades appear,  
 O may we all remember well  
 The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by  
 Upon our beds to rest;  
 So death will soon disrobe us all,  
 Of what we here possess.

Lord, keep us safe this night,  
 Secure from all our fears;  
 May angels guard us while we sleep,  
 Till morning light appears.

And when we early rise,  
 And view th' unwearied sun,  
 May we set out to win the prize,  
 And after glory run.

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

## HYMN 167. C. M.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes  
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,  
 Accept the evening sacrifice  
 Which now to thee we give.

We bow before thy gracious throne,  
 And think ourselves sincere;  
 But show us, Lord, is every one  
 Thy real worshiper?

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?

Convince him, now, of unbelief,  
His desp'rate state explain,  
And fill his heart with sacred grief,  
And penitential pain.

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

## HYMN 168. C. M.

Now from the altar of our hearts  
Let flames of love arise;  
Assist us Lord to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiplied,  
Have made up all this day;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.

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.

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.

## HYMN 169. C. M.

My God! my only help and hope,  
My strong and sure defence,  
For all the mercies of the day,  
I bless thy providence.

Give me, this night to rest my head,  
From cares and business free,  
And hold communion on my bed,  
With my own heart and thee.

Fain would I dedicate to thee  
The remnant of my days:  
Grant me assisting grace, O Lord,  
To speak and live thy praise.

## HYMN 170. L. M.

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.

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.



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.

## HYMN 171. C. M.

INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care,  
O'er all thy works is shown,  
O let my grateful praise and prayer  
Arise before thy throne.

What mercies has this day bestow'd!  
How largely hast thou blest!  
My cup with plenty overflow'd,  
With cheerfulness, my breast.

Now may soft slumbers close my eyes,  
From pain and sickness free,  
And let my waking thoughts arise  
To meditate on thee.

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!

## Ordination of Ministers.

## HYMN 172. C. M.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,  
From death and sin set free,  
May all thy under shepherds keep  
Their eye intent on thee.

With plenteous grace their hearts prepare  
To execute thy will,  
Compassion, patience, love and care,  
And faithfulness and skill.

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.

## HYMN 173. C. M.

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

'Tis 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.

They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
 Did heav'nly bliss forego ;  
 For souls, which must forever live  
 In raptures or in woe.

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

## HYMN 174. L. M.

If you would win a soul to God,  
 Then tell him of the Saviour's blood—  
 Tell him how Jesus' bowels move,  
 Toward him, with redeeming love.

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 in grief was drown'd.

Ah ! tell him, how he suffered death,  
 And freely yielded up his breath,  
 And died, and rose, with God to plead,  
 That rebels might from sin be freed.

Tell him 'tis free and saving grace,  
 Which teaches men to seek his face,  
 And helps them choose the better part,  
 And brings salvation to the heart.

Explain to him that liberty  
 Wherewith Christ Jesus makes us free ;  
 And the sweet joys of sins forgiv'n,  
 As earnest of the joys of heav'n.

Then tell him, he that does believe  
 And is baptized, shall be saved ;  
 But he that slights the Lord's command,  
 And disbelieveth, shall be damn'd.

## HYMN 175. L. M.

Our God ascends his lofty throne,  
 Array'd in majesty unknown ;  
 His lustre all the temple fills,  
 And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills.

The holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 By all the seraphim ador'd,  
 And while they stand beneath his seat,  
 They veil their faces and their feet.

Lord, how can sinful lips proclaim  
 The honors of so great a name ?  
 O for thine altar's glowing coal  
 To touch his lips, to fire his soul !

Then, if a messenger thou ask,  
 A laborer for the hardest task,  
 Thro' all his weakness and his fear,  
 Love shall reply—"Thy servant's here."



Nor let his willing soul complain,  
 Tho' every effort seem in vain;  
 Its ample recompense shall be,  
 But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

## HYMN 176. S. M.

YE messengers of Christ,  
 His sov'reign voice obey;  
 Arise, and follow where he leads,  
 And peace attend your way.

The Master whom you serve,  
 Will needful strength bestow;  
 Depending on his sovereign aid,  
 With sacred courage go.

Mountains shall sink to plains,  
 And hell in vain oppose;  
 The cause is God's, and must prevail,  
 In spite of all his foes.

Go, spread a Saviour's fame,  
 And tell his matchless grace,  
 To the most guilty and deprav'd  
 Of Adam's num'rous race.

We wish you in his name,  
 The most divine success;  
 Assur'd, that "He who sends you forth,"  
 Will your endeavors bless.

## HYMN 177. L. M.

WITH heavn'ly power, O Lord, defend  
 Him whom we now to thee commend;  
 His person bless, his soul secure,  
 And make him to the end endure.

Gird him with all-sufficient grace;  
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;  
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,  
 And help him to obey thy will.

Before him, thy protection send,  
 O love him, save him to the end!  
 Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove  
 Without the convoy of thy love.

Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;  
 In him, thy mighty power exert;  
 That thousands, yet unborn, may praise,  
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

## Public Fast.

## HYMN 178. C. M.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,  
 Thy mourning people bend!  
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone  
 Our humble hopes depend.

Tremendous judgments from thy hand,  
 Thy dreadful pow'r display;  
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
 And still we live to pray,

How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,  
 For error, guilt, and shame!  
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
 Disgrace the Christian name!

O turn us, turn us mighty Lord,  
 By thy resistless grace,  
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
 And humbly seek thy face.

Then should insulting foes invade,  
 We shall not sink in fear;  
 Secure of never-failing aid,  
 When God, our God is near.

## HYMN 179. C. M.

O THOU, whose grace and justice reign  
 Enthron'd above the skies,  
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,  
 To thee, we lift our eyes.

As servants watch their master's hand,  
 And fear the angry stroke,  
 Or maids before their mistress stand,  
 And wait a peaceful look—

So for our sins, we justly feel  
 Thy discipline, O God;  
 Yet wait the gracious moments still,  
 Till thou remove thy rod.

Those who in wealth and pleasure live,  
 Our daily groans deride,  
 And thy delays of mercy give  
 Fresh courage to their pride.

Our foes insult us, but our hope  
 In thy compassion lies;  
 This thought shall bear our spirits up,  
 That God will not despise.

## HYMN 180. C. M.

HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,  
 Religion loses ground!  
 The sons of violence prevail,  
 And treacheries abound.

Their oaths and promises they break,  
 Yet act the flatterer's part;  
 With fair, deceitful lips, they speak,  
 And with a double heart.

If we reprove some hateful lie,  
 How is their fury stirr'd!  
*Are not our lips our own? they cry,  
 And who shall be our Lord?*



Scoffers appear on ev'ry side,  
While a vile race of men  
Is rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,  
And bear the sword in vain.

## Visiting the Sick.

HYMN 181. C. M.

God of my life, look gently down,  
Behold the pains I feel;  
But I am dumb before thy throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy will.

Diseases are thy servants, Lord,  
They come at thy command;  
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,  
Against thy chastening hand.

Yet I may plead, with humble cries,  
"Remove thy sharp rebukes;"  
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,  
Through thy repeated strokes.

Crush'd, as a moth, beneath thy hand,  
We moulder to the dust,  
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,  
And all our beauty's lost.

I'm but a pilgrim here below,  
As all my fathers were;  
May I be well prepar'd to go,  
When I the summons hear.

But if my life be spared awhile,  
Before my last remove,  
Thy praise shall be my business still,  
And I'll declare thy love.

HYMN 182. C. M.

LORD, I am pain'd, but would resign  
My body to thy will;  
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,  
Appoints the pains I feel.

Dark are the ways of Providence;  
While they who love thee groan,  
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,  
Mysterious and unknown.

Yet nature may have leave to speak,  
And plead before her God,  
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break  
Beneath thine heavy rod.

Is not some smiling hour at hand,  
With peace upon its wings?  
Give it, O God, thy swift command,  
With all the joys it brings.

## HYMN 183. L. M.

WHAT pleasure can friendship impart,  
 What balm in its virtues we find!  
 What transport it yields to the heart,  
 What joy and content to the mind!

When sickness or trouble appears,  
 And sorrows in showers descend,  
 How soothing the pitying tears  
 That flow from a kind, loving friend!

No mis'ry so sharp and severe,  
 But friendship's sweet soothing can calm;  
 Nor pleasure so great or so rare,  
 But friendship can heighten its charm.

Ye comfortless mourners, attend,  
 Your sorrows and weeping give o'er,  
 Look up to your heavenly friend,  
 Be happy in him evermore.

His friendship is firm as a rock,  
 Which nothing is able to remove;  
 His mercy can suffer no shock,  
 No bounds have his goodness and love.

The wretched and poor, he befriends;  
 The sick and distress'd are his care;  
 He pities your grief, and descends  
 Himself your afflictions to bear.

"Come, lean on your Jesus," he cries,  
 "My life for your sakes I have giv'n,  
 "That you into glory may rise,  
 "And taste the enjoyments of heav'n."

## HYMN 184. S. M.

Dost thou my profit seek,  
 And chasten as a friend?  
 O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,  
 There's honey at the end.

Dost thou through death's dark vale  
 Conduct to heaven at last?  
 The future good will make amends,  
 For all the evils past.

Lord, I would not repine  
 At strokes in mercy sent;  
 If the chastisement comes in love,  
 My soul shall be content.



## Spiritual Songs.

## SONG 1. 8. 6.

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 relentings felt,  
Till he had spent his store,  
His stubborn heart began to melt,  
When famine pinch'd him sore.

"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 call'd a son,  
I'll seek a servant's place."

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 O, forgive!"  
"Enough," the father said:  
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,  
For whom I mourn'd as dead."

"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."

'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,  
To call poor sinners home;  
More than a father's love he feels,  
And welcomes all that come.

Come, then, poor sinners, come away;  
We call you all around;

'Tis 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 room,  
We therefore bid you come.

### SONG 2. 8. 8. 6.

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.

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.

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 pleas'd in what he'd done,  
And owned him from the skies.

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.

This is my Son, Jehovah cries,  
The echoing voice from glory flies,  
O, children, hear ye him;  
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,  
Repent, believe, and be baptiz'd,  
And wash away your sin.

Come children, come, his voice obey,  
Salem's bright King has mark'd 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.



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 baptiz'd.

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.

### SONG 3. L. M.

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!

O'erwhelm'd with guilt, in deep distress,  
 I day nor night could take no rest;  
 But when in sad extremity,  
 The Lord reveal'd his love to me.

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.

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.

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.

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!

### SONG 4. 8's.

STILL out of the deepest abyss  
 Of trouble, I mournfully cry,  
 And pine to recover my peace,  
 And see my Redeemer, and die.  
 I cannot, I cannot forbear  
 These passionate longings for home;  
 O! when shall my spirit be there,  
 O! when will the messenger come.

Thy nature I long to put on,  
 Thine image on earth to regain;  
 And then in the grave to lay down  
 This burden of body and pain.

O Jesus, in pity draw near,  
And lull me to sleep on thy breast;  
Appear, to my rescue appear,  
And gather me into thy rest!

To take a poor fugitive in.  
The arms of thy mercy display,  
And give me to rest from all sin,  
And bear me triumphant away;  
Away from a world of distress,  
Away to the mansions above;  
The heaven of seeing thy face—  
The heaven of feeling thy love.

SONG 5. 7. 7. 8. 7.

HEAD of the church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore thee;  
Till thou appear, thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory:  
We lift our hearts and voices  
With blest anticipation,  
And cry aloud, and give to God  
The praise of our salvation.  
While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
Thy love we praise, which knows no day,  
And ever brings us nigher:  
We clap our hands, exulting  
In thine almighty favor!

The love divine, which made us thine,  
Can keep us thine forever.  
Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation;  
Nor will we fear while thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation.  
The world, with sin and satan,  
In vain our march opposes;  
By thee, we shall break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.  
By faith, we see the glory  
To which thou shalt restore us,  
The cross despise for that high prize,  
Which thou hast set before us:  
And if thou count us worthy,  
We each, as dying Stephen,  
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,  
To take us up to heaven.

SONG 6. L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,  
He justly claims a song from thee,  
His loving kindness, O how free!  
He saw me ruin'd by the fall,  
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;  
He sav'd me from my lost estate,  
His loving kindness, O how great!



Though numerous hosts of mighty foes;  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along—  
 His loving kindness, O how strong!

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!

Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;  
 But though I oft have him forgot,  
 His loving kindness changes not.

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,

Then let me mount and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day;  
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
 His loving kindness in the skies.

SONG 7. C. M.

I HEAR the gospel's joyful sound,  
 An organ I shall be,  
 To sound aloud redeeming love,  
 To souls in misery.

Loving brethren, fare you well;  
 My Jesus doth me call;  
 I leave you here with God, until  
 I meet you once for all.

My dear connexions I forsake,  
 My family and my house;  
 And to the wilderness betake,  
 To pay the Lord my vows.

Now through the wilderness I'll run,  
 Preaching the gospel free;  
 Until my work is fully done  
 The Lord will comfort me.

And if through preaching, I should gain  
 True subjects to my Lord,  
 'Twill more than recompense my pain  
 To see them love his word.

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 farewell.

SONG 8. 4. 8. 2. 6.

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



The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of heavenly grace;  
 Ye happy souls draw near,  
 Behold your Saviour's face:  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return to your eternal home!

Extol the Lamb of God,  
 The sin-atonement Lamb;  
 Redemption in his blood,  
 Throughout the world proclaim;  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home!

## SONG 9. 7. 6.

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

Ye lambs of my Redeemer,  
 The purchase of his blood,  
 Who feed among the lilies,  
 Beside the purple flood!  
 Go on, ye happy pilgrims,  
 Your journey still pursue,

And at an humble distance  
 I'll sing and follow too.

When I beheld your order,  
 And harmony of soul,  
 And heard divinest numbers  
 In pure devotion roll.  
 And gems immortal glowing  
 With such enlivening grace,  
 I view'd the Saviour's image  
 Impress'd on every face.

Speak often to each other,  
 To cheer the fainting mind,  
 And often be your voices  
 In pure devotion join'd:  
 Though trials may await you,  
 The crown before you lies;  
 Take courage, brother pilgrims,  
 And soon you'll win the prize.

Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,  
 In that auspicious day  
 When I make up my jewels,  
 Releas'd from cum'brous clay.  
 He'll polish and refine you  
 From worthless dross and sin,  
 And to his heavenly kingdom  
 Will bid you enter in.

On that important morning,  
 When bursting thunders sound,



And nimble lightnings waving,  
 Shall wing the gloom profound,  
 Lift up your heads rejoicing,  
 And clap your joyful hands;  
 Lo! you're redeem'd forever  
 From death's corrupted bands.  
 As Aaron, with his girdle  
 In shining jewels drest,  
 Bore all the tribes of Israel  
 Inscribed upon his breast,  
 So will the priests of Zion,  
 Before the Father's throne,  
 Present the heirs of glory,  
 And God their kindred own.  
 The golden bells will echo  
 Around the sacred hill,  
 And sweet immortal anthems  
 The vocal regions fill;  
 In everlasting beauty  
 The shining millions stand,  
 Safe on the rock of ages,  
 Amid the promised land.  
 We'll range the wide dominion  
 Of our Redeemer round,  
 And in dissolving raptures  
 Be lost in love profound;  
 While all the flaming harpers  
 Begin the lasting song,  
 With hallelujahs rolling  
 From the unnumber'd throng.

## SONG 10. L. M.

I WALK'D abroad one morning fair,  
 When odors sweetly balm'd the air;  
 And birds their artless notes did sing,  
 To welcome in the cheerful spring.  
 Surveying nature all around,  
 The scene with wonder did abound;  
 But while my ravish'd eyes were charm'd,  
 An inward voice my soul alarm'd.  
 "Could you all nature comprehend,  
 "You'd better learn to know your end:  
 "These beauties, which you now survey,  
 "Will, like yourself, soon fade away.  
 "But death is not alone your doom,  
 "To judgment you must shortly come,  
 "When hills and valleys all are fled,  
 "Where will you hide your guilty head?"  
 Black horrors seiz'd my frightened soul,  
 Billows of woe did o'er me roll;  
 I fell, and almost lost my breath,  
 I thought I soon should sink in death.  
 The little birds, from spray to spray,  
 Where hymning praises all the day,  
 In artless anthems to their God.  
 While I lay weltering in my blood.



Thus trembling, o'er the gulf I lay,  
But dar'd not move my lips to pray;  
I had provok'd the dreadful God,  
And trampled on the Saviour's blood.

To my amazement and surprise,  
I saw a cloud descend the skies,  
And in the midst a fairer one  
Than any of the sons of men.

His curled locks were snowy white,  
His garments far exceeded light,  
The sun grew pale before his face,  
His feet were like to burnish'd brass.

He spake, and brightness shone around,  
He said, "I have a ransom found;  
"I bought your pardon on the tree,  
"And come to set the pris'ner free."

My heart rebounded like a roe,  
And glory in my soul did flow;  
My sins were gone and I was free—  
My Saviour liv'd and died for me.

I leap'd, and shouted out aloud,  
And long'd for wings to reach the cloud,  
T' embrace my Saviour in my arms,  
And gaze forever on his charms.

## SONG 11. 11. 10.

HAIL thou blest morn when the great Media-  
tor  
Down from the regions of glory descends!  
Shepherds! go worship the babe in the man-  
ger:

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.*

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.

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?

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,



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.

He is our friend in the midst of temptation,  
 Faithful supporter, whose love cannot fail,  
 Rock of our refuge and Hope of Salvation,  
 Light to direct us thro' death's gloomy vale.

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.

### SONG 12. 8. 6.

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.

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.

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 blessing there;  
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,  
 And conquering palms they bear.

O, what are all my sufferings here,  
 If, Lord, thou count me meet,  
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear  
 And worship at thy feet!  
 Give joy or grief—give ease or pain—  
 Take life or friends away,  
 But life and friends O give again,  
 In that eternal day.

### SONG 13. 11's.

WITH gladness, dear brethren, we met 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.

If hungry and thirsty, and burden'd 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.

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.

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.

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.

The time 'tis 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.

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.

## SONG 14. L. M.

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.  
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.  
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.  
They wonder why old saints don't sing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring  
With joyful hallelujahs round,  
Because a prodigal is found.  
But 'tis not long before they feel  
Their feeble souls begin to reel;  
They think their former hopes are vain,  
They're fill'd with sorrow, grief and pain.



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."

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.

If Satan comes to tempt again,  
 And tells you that our King was slain;  
 Be bold to say, he rose again,  
 And promises that saints shall reign.

## SONG 15. 8. 7.

DEAREST Lord, thou has commanded  
 All thy family to pray;  
 Promis'd good thou hast appointed  
 Through this medium to convey.

Yes, to all thy praying people,  
 Thou hast promis'd to appear;  
 And thy wondrous condescension  
 Honors much the path of pray'r.

Jesus, thou exalted Saviour,  
 On thy promise we rely?  
 Comfort every mourning spirit,  
 Answer ev'ry feeble cry.

From thy glorious throne of mercy,  
 Heav'nly cordials now impart;  
 Exercise thy tender pity  
 O'er the sinner's broken heart.

May we all who love the Saviour,  
 Often to his throne repair;  
 Feel the sweets of his compassion  
 While engag'd in solemn pray'r.

Lord, attend our supplications,  
 Let thy mercies on us roll;  
 Come, O come, thou kind Redeemer,  
 Comfort ev'ry praying soul.

## SONG 16. L. M.

I LONG to see the season come,  
 When sinners shall come flocking home,  
 To taste the sweets of Jesus' love,  
 And seek the joys that are above.

Hark! how the glorious gospel sounds,  
 Inviting sinners all around;  
 Behold your loving Saviour stands.  
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Attend, poor sinners, to his word,  
 Kiss him, yea, own him as your Lord  
 He'll wash you in atoning blood,  
 And seal you heirs and sons of God.

A few more days, and you must go  
 To realms of joy or endless wo ;  
 In worlds of light, with Christ to dwell,  
 Or sink beneath his frowns, to hell.  
 Come, then, dear sinners, counsel take,  
 And all your sinful ways forsake ;  
 The world give o'er, leave friends behind ;  
 In Christ you shall redemption find.  
 Take your companion by the hand,  
 And all your children in a band,  
 And give them up, at Jesus' call,  
 To pardon, bless, and save them all.  
 Thus, when the day of Christ shall come,  
 And he collect his children home,  
 On Zion's mount you then shall stand,  
 And join the bright angelic band.  
 O, what a glorious company !  
 May I be there, that sight to see,  
 And join in praise to Jesus' name,  
 All glorious in Jerusalem.

## SONG 17. 10. 11.

DEAR Jesus, here comes, and knocks at thy  
 door,  
 A beggar for crumbs, distressed and poor,  
 Blind, lame, and forsaken ; all rolled in blood,  
 At length overtaken, while running from  
 God.

To ask children's bread, I dare not presume,  
 But. Lord to be fed with fragments, I come ;  
 Some crumbs from thy table O let me obtain,  
 For sure thou art able my soul to sustain.

I own I deserve no favor to see ;  
 I hated thy cause, and wandered from thee,  
 'Till brought by thy spirit my folly to mourn ;  
 Now stripp'd of all merit, to thee I do come.

Great God, my desert is nothing but death,  
 From thee to depart forever in wrath ;  
 Yet, Lord, to the city of refuge I flee ;  
 O let thine eye pity a sinner like me !

For since thou hast said, thou wilt cast out  
 none  
 Who flee to thine aid, as sinners undone ;  
 I come, precious Jesus, condemned to die,  
 And on thy sweet promise would humbly rely.

Nor can I depart, dear Jesus, nor yield,  
 'Till feels my poor heart thy promise fulfill'd  
 That I may forever a monument be,  
 To praise the dear Saviour of sinners like me.

## SONG 18. 8. 6.

EARTH has engross'd my love too long !  
 'Tis time to lift mine eyes  
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,  
 And to my native skies :



There the blest man, my Saviour, sits,  
The God ! how bright he shines !  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs, with elevated strains,  
Circle the throne around ;  
And move and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound :  
Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;  
Jesus, my love, they sing !  
Jesus, the life of both our joys,  
Sounds sweet from every string.

Hark ! how, beyond the narrow bounds  
Of time and space they run ;  
And echo, in majestic sounds,  
The Godhead of the Son !  
And now they sink the lofty tune,  
And gentler notes they play ;  
And bring the Father's equal down  
To dwell in humble clay.

O sacred beauties of the man !  
The God resides within ;  
His flesh all pure, without a stain,  
His soul without a sin.  
But when to Calvary they turn,  
Silent their harps abide ;  
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn  
The God that lov'd and died.

Then, all at once, to living strains  
They summon every chord,  
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,  
And chant the rising Lord.  
Now let me mount and join their song,  
And be an angel too :  
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,  
Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here,  
And so my soul should rise ;  
O for some heavenly notes to bear  
My passions to the skies !  
There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,  
There I would fain have place,  
Among your thrones, or at your feet,  
So I might see his face.

### SONG 19. C. M.

BRETHREN, I bid you all farewell,  
And from my very heart,  
Affectionately I do tell,  
That you and I must part,

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.



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.

I now depart, I leave you here,  
 I leave you with the Lord,  
 And may we all henceforth appear  
 To be of one accord.

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.

There we shall join to sing God's praise,  
 And all his wonders tell;  
 And triumph in his holy ways,  
 So brethren, fare you well.

SONG 20. 8. 4.

HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds!  
 Through all the world the echo bounds;  
 And Jesus by redeeming blood  
 Is bringing sinners home to God,  
 And guides them safely by his word,  
 To endless day.

Hail! all-victorious conquering King,  
 By all the heavenly hosts ador'd;  
 Who undertook for fallen man,

And brought salvation through thy name,  
 That we with thee might live and reign  
 In endless day.

Fight on, ye conquering saints, fight on,  
 And when the conquest ye have won,  
 Then palms of victory you shall bear,  
 And in his kingdom have a share,  
 And crowns of glory you shall wear  
 In endless day.

Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,  
 To save the lost from sin and guilt;  
 Poor sinners now may come to God,  
 And find salvation through thy blood,  
 And sail, by faith, upon that flood,  
 To endless day.

Through storms and calms by faith we steer,  
 By feeble hope and gloomy fear,  
 'Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,  
 Where sin and sorrow are no more,  
 And then we'll shout, all trial's o'er,  
 To endless day.

There we shall in sweet chorus join  
 With saints and angels—all combine  
 To sing of his redeeming love;  
 Where rolling years shall cease to move,  
 For this shall be our theme above,  
 In endless day.



## SONG 21. 8. 7.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

## SONG 22. 8. 7.

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, &c.  
He is willing, doubt no more.

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.

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

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruis'd 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.

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

On the bloody tree behold him!  
Hear him cry, before he dies,  
"It is finished!"  
Sinners, will not this suffice?

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

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.

## SONG 23. 7. 6.

COME, my friend, and let us try  
For a little season,  
Every burden to lay by,  
Come and let us reason:  
What is this that casts thee down?  
Who are those that grieve thee?  
Speak, and let the worst be known,  
Speaking may relieve thee.



"O! I sink beneath the load  
 "Of my nature's evil;  
 "Fill'd with enmity to God,  
 "Tempted by the devil:  
 "Restless as the troubled sea;  
 "Feeble, faint, and fearful,  
 "Plagued, with every sore disease—  
 "How can I be cheerful?"

Think on what thy Saviour bore  
 In the gloomy garden,  
 Sweating blood through every pore,  
 To procure thy pardon:  
 View him stretch'd upon the tree,  
 All thy load sustaining;  
 See, he suffers this for thee!  
 Therefore cease complaining.

Joseph took the body down,  
 Shrouded it in linen;  
 Laid it in the silent tomb,  
 And return'd in mourning.  
 Soon he rises from the dead,  
 Wipes the tears of Mary,  
 Raises Peter's drooping head—  
 Comforts all the weary.

"Once I had this pleasing view,  
 "And my guilt was banish'd;  
 "But my sins, return'd anew,  
 "Fill my soul with anguish;

"Then I thought nor ease, nor pain,  
 "The world, nor sin, nor satan,  
 "E'er could make me doubt again—  
 "Jesus was my portion."

Jesus! O transporting name!  
 Those he's once forgiven,  
 He will keep, protect, sustain,  
 Bear them safe to heaven.  
 Look to Calvary's scenes again,  
 Seek renew'd forgiveness,  
 See the cleansing, healing stream  
 Pours a mighty fulness!

Peter once denied his Lord,  
 Sunk in deep dejection,  
 Mourn'd beneath a guilty load—  
 Christ extends compassion!  
 Other souls, as vile as thine,  
 Have obtain'd his favor,  
 All that hate and leave their sins  
 Love the blessed Saviour.

"Now, with joy and grief, I see  
 "That I should not murmur;  
 "Come, my friends, and join with me,  
 "Help me praise the Saviour!  
 "Now I feel his cheering grace,  
 "All my sins forgiven;  
 "Now I view his smiling face—  
 "Hallelujah! praise him.

## SONG 24. 11's.

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,  
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?  
In every condition—in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;  
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
'As thy days may demand, shall thy strength  
ever be.'

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

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

'E'en down to old age, all my people shall  
prove,  
'My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;

'And when hoary hairs shall their temples  
adorn,  
'Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be  
borne.

'The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,  
'I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;  
'That soul, though all hell should endeavor  
to shake,  
'I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

## SONG 25. 7. 6.

COME all ye weary travellers,  
Now let us join and sing  
The everlasting praises  
Of Jesus, our great King  
We've had a tedious journey,  
And tiresome, 'tis true,  
But see how many dangers  
The Lord has brought us through.

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.



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

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 promis'd land.

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.

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.

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.

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.

# SONG 26. 9. 8.

COME all ye people, of my nation,  
 Come listen awhile, and I'll relate  
 The wonders of my sad condition,  
 And how I travel'd from that state.



I was born blind, to sin inclin'd,  
As all the race of Adam were;  
Full sixteen years I was delighted,  
In civil mirth, and void of fear.

One time, unthoughted, I went to meeting,  
And heard a woman relating there,  
Her travel from her dreadful station,  
And how she came the Lord to fear.

I saw while she was thus relating,  
The awful state that I was in;  
I saw my soul was unconverted,  
And always had been dead in sin.

Then I began to think of praying,  
And trying for to seek the Lord;  
But still my soul was much distressed;  
Before I unto Jesus cried.

Then I began to seek for pardon,  
And cry to God my soul to save,  
I left my ways of light diversion,  
And then God's mercy I did crave.

My sins began like pointed mountains,  
To stand against me every day;  
My sins I often was recounting,  
But all in vain, my grief to allay.

One night, while thinking on the Saviour,  
And what he'd done for sinful man,  
I thought myself was out of favor,  
And ne'er his goodness should obtain.

Mount Sinai's thunder roar'd against me,  
Not only for my outward sin,  
But in my heart I saw a fountain,  
Which made my actions all unclean.

I saw myself justly condemn'd,  
And thought my soul to hell must go;  
But still I cried thy mercy extended,  
Would make my soul thy goodness know.

While I was thus desiring a fountain,  
Those words with pow'r did run through me  
Well Christ remembers Calvary's mountain,  
Nor lets his saints forgetful be.

Oh, then by faith I thought I view'd him;  
As hanging on the accursed tree:  
O then my soul was much uplifted;  
I then believ'd he died for me.

Come, Christians, join with me in praising  
The blessed Lamb of Calvary;  
I hope to praise him while I'm living,  
And after death eternally.

# SONG 27. 8. 7.

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



I dive in pleasures deep and full,  
In swelling waves of glory,  
And feel my Saviour in my soul,  
And groan to tell my story.

I feast on honey, milk and wine;  
I drink perpetual sweetness;  
Mount Zion's glories through me shine,  
While Christ unfolds his greatness:  
No mortal tongue can show my joys,  
Nor can an angel tell them;  
Ten thousand times surpassing all  
Terrestrial worlds or emblems,

My captivated spirits fly  
Thro' shining worlds of beauty;  
Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry,  
In praises loud and mighty:  
And here I'll sing and swell the strains,  
Of harmony, delighted,  
And with the millions learn the notes  
Of saints, in Christ united.

The bliss that rolls through those above,  
Through those in glory seated,  
Which causes them loud songs to sing,  
Ten thousand times repeated;  
Darts through my soul with radiant beams,  
Constraining loudest praises;  
O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,  
While all within me blazes.

When earth and seas shall be no more,  
And all their glories perish;  
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,  
And stars at midnight languish,  
My joys, refin'd, shall brighter shine,  
Mount heaven's radiant glory,  
And tell, through one eternal day,  
Love's all-immortal story.

## SONG 28. 6. 8.

WHAT contradictions meet  
In ministers' employ!  
It is a bitter sweet,  
A sorrow full of joy;  
No other post affords a place  
For equal honor and disgrace!

Who can describe the pain,  
Which faithful preachers feel,  
Constrain'd to speak in vain,  
To hearts as hard as steel?  
But who can tell the pleasures felt,  
When stubborn hearts begin to melt!

The Saviour's dying love,  
The soul's amazing worth,  
Their utmost efforts move,  
And draw their bowels forth;  
They pray and strive, their rest departs,  
Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.



If some small hope appear,  
 They still are not content;  
 But with a jealous fear,  
 They watch for the event;  
 Too oft they find their hope deceiv'd,  
 Then how their inmost souls are griev'd!  
 But when their pains succeed,  
 And from the tender blade,  
 The ripening ears proceed,  
 Their toils are overpaid!  
 No harvest joys can equal theirs,  
 To find the fruit of all their cares.

## HYMN 29. 8's.

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

To view, with eternal delight,  
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

In Meshech, as yet, I reside,  
 A darksome and restless abode!  
 Molested with foes on each side,  
 And longing to dwell with my God:  
 Oh, when shall my spirit exchange  
 This cell of corruptible clay  
 For mansions celestial, and range  
 Through realms of ineffable day!

My glorious Redeemer! I long  
 To see thee descend on the cloud,  
 Amidst the bright numberless throng,  
 And mix with the triumphing crowd!  
 Oh, when wilt thou bid me ascend,  
 To join in thy praises above,  
 To gaze on thee, world without end,  
 And feast on thy ravishing love?

Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,  
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,  
 Shall ever molest me again,  
 Perfection of glory reigns there:  
 This soul and this body shall shine  
 In robes of salvation and praise,  
 And banquet on pleasures divine,  
 Where God his full beauty displays.

Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
 Your pride with disdain I survey;



Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
 And pass in a moment away :  
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;  
 My joy everlastingly flows,—  
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

## SONG 30. 8. 6.

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!

My sorrow's past, and I at last  
 Have heavenly comforts found;  
 My heart to Jesus I have given,  
 And I'm for Canaan bound.  
 If fellowship with saints below,  
 Is to our souls so sweet,  
 What heavenly comforts shall we know,  
 When round his throne we meet!

While here we sit and sing his love,  
 With rapture so divine,  
 With patience more like those above,  
 While in these songs we join,

Our hearts are fill'd with holy zeal,  
 We long to see the King;  
 We long to reach those heavenly hills,  
 Where saints and angels sing.

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's gone,  
 Toward the heavenly land.

On the other hand, if you will stand  
 Just on the brink of hell,  
 I'll 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.

## SONG 31. 7's.

HARK! my soul, it is the Lord,  
 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word;  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—  
 "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"



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

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

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

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 "When the work of grace is done—  
 "Partner of my throne shall be—  
 "Say, poor sinners, lovest thou me!"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is cold and faint;  
 Yet I love thee, I adore—  
 O for grace to love thee more!

SONG· 32. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's probation given;  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
 There's nothing true but heaven.

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,  
 From wave to wave we're driven,  
 And fancy's flash, and reasons ray,  
 Serve but to light us on the way—  
 There's nothing calm but heaven.

And false the light on glory's plume,  
 As fading hues at even,  
 And genius' bud, and beauty's bloom,  
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—  
 There's nothing bright but heaven.

And where's the hand held out to cheer,  
 The heart with anguish riven?  
 For sorrow's sigh and troubles tear  
 Have never found a refuge here—  
 There's nothing kind but heaven.

In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,  
 Without their sins forgiven;  
 True pleasure, everlasting peace,  
 Are only found in God's free grace—  
 There's nothing good but heaven.

From such as walk in wisdom's road,  
 Corroding fears are driven;  
 They're washed in Christ's atoning blood,  
 Enjoy communion with their God,  
 And find their way to heaven.

THE CONTRAST.

"This world's not all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion given;"



He that hath sooth'd a widow's wo,  
Or wip'd an orphan's tear, doth know  
There's something here of heaven.

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

He that the Christian course has run,  
And all his foes forgiven;  
Who measures out life's little span,  
In love to God, in love to man,  
On earth has tasted heaven.

## SONG 33. 11's

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.

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 increases their  
grief.

Glad tidings, glad tidings, no more we com-  
plain,  
Our Jesus has open'd the fountain again!  
Now, mingled with mercy, enrich'd with  
free grace,  
In Zion 'tis flowing, come sinners and taste.

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.

Come sinners, poor sinners, 'tis boundless  
and free;  
In Zion 'tis flowing, 'tis open'd for thee;  
This water has virtue to heal all complaints,  
Come drink, ye diseas'd, and rejoice with  
the saints.

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.

Ho! all ye 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.

## SONG 34. 8's.

My dearest friends, in bonds of love,  
 Our hearts in sweetest union prove,  
 Your friendship like a drawing band,  
 Yet we must take the parting hand.  
 Your presence sweet, your union dear,  
 Your words delightful to my ear;  
 And when I see that we must part,  
 You draw like cords around my heart.

How sweet the hours have passed away,  
 When we have met to sing and pray;  
 How loath I have been to leave the place,  
 Where Jesus shows his smiling face.  
 O could I stay with friends so kind,  
 How it would cheer my struggling mind!  
 But duty makes me understand,  
 That we must take the parting hand.

How oft I've seen the flowing tears,  
 And heard you tell your hopes and fears,  
 Your hearts with love have seemed to flame,  
 Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

Ye mourning souls in sad surprise,  
 Jesus remembers all your cries;  
 O taste his grace in all that land,  
 We'll no more take the parting hand.

## SONG 35. 12. 11.

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.  
 Tho' you I must leave, yet in hope of sal-  
 vation,  
 I freely can part with each friend and rela-  
 tion,  
 And patiently wander throughout wide crea-  
 tion,  
 To point dying sinners to Jesus' blood.

Farewell my dear brethren, in Jesus my Sa-  
 viour,  
 With whom I so often sweet counsel have  
 took;  
 Still press on your journey, watch well your  
 behavior,



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.

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 phy-  
sician,  
Who now stands inviting and bidding you  
come.

Farewell old and young, sinners, brethren and  
kindred,  
Once more with affection I bid you adieu!  
My Saviour commands me, I must not be  
hindered,

The way lies before me, and I must pur-  
sue.  
O Jesus, be with me, my friend and my Sa-  
viour,  
Protect and defend me from all harm and  
danger,  
To heaven at last bring this exile and stran-  
ger,  
To sing hallelujah forever above.

## SONG 36. C. M.

DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,  
And bear the cross for me!  
And shall I fear to own thy name,  
Or thy disciple be?

Forbid, my Lord, that I should dread  
To suffer pain or loss;  
But in thy footsteps let me tread,  
And glory in thy cross.

Inspire my soul with life divine,  
And holy courage bold,  
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,  
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

Say to my soul, why dost thou fear,  
"The face of feeble man?"  
"Behold thy heavenly Captain here,  
"Before thee in the van."



O, how my soul would up and run,  
At that transporting word!  
Nor any painful suffering shun,  
To follow thee, my Lord.

To thee I cheerfully submit,  
And all my powers resign;—  
Let wisdom point out what is fit,  
And I'll no more repine.

### SONG 37. 8's.

HEAR the royal proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation,  
Published to every creature,  
Of the ruined sons of nature—

*Jesus reigns!  
He reigns victorious,  
Over Heaven and earth most glorious.  
Jesus reigns!*

See the royal banner flying;  
Hear the heralds loudly crying,  
Rebel sinners, royal favor,  
Now is offered by the Saviour.

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

'Twas for you that Jesus died,  
And for you was crucified,  
Conquer'd death and rose to heaven,  
Life eternal through him given!

Turn unto the Lord most holy;  
Shun the paths of vice and folly;  
Turn, or you are lost forever!  
Oh, now fly unto the Saviour.

Here is wine, and mik, and honey,  
Come and purchase without money;  
Mercies flowing like a fountain,  
Streaming from the holy mountain.

Shout ye tongues of every nation,  
Christ has died for your salvation!  
Shout with joyful acclamation,  
Shout aloud the proclamation.

Shout, ye saints, and joyful mention,  
Him who wrought out your redemption,  
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,  
The Almighty King of Zion.

Now our souls have caught new fire;  
Brethren, raise your voices higher;  
Angels shout the joyful story,  
Through all the bright world of glory.



## SONG 38. C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
 O how I long for thee;  
 When will my sorrows have an end,  
 Thy joys when shall I see?  
 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
 Most glorious to behold;  
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
 Thy streets are pav'd with gold.  
 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,  
 My study long have been;  
 Such sparkling light by human sight,  
 Has never yet been seen.  
 Is heaven thus glorious, O my Lord!  
 Why should I stay from thence?  
 What folly 'tis that I should dread  
 To die and go from hence.  
 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,  
 And cause me to ascend,  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And sabbaths never end.  
 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,  
 Him will I go and see;  
 And all my brethren here below  
 Will soon come after me.

My friends, I bid you all adieu,  
 I leave you in God's care;  
 And should I here no more see you  
 Go on, I'll meet you there.

There we shall meet and part no more,  
 And heaven shall ring with praise;  
 While Jesus' love in every heart,  
 Shall tune the song free grace.

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

Millions of years around may run,  
 Our songs will still go on,  
 To praise the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit, three in one.

## SONG 39. 8. 7. 4. 8.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!  
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
 Louder than a thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round!  
 How the summons will the sinner's heart  
 confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,  
 Cloth'd in majesty divine!



You who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for  
thine!

At his call, the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;  
All the pow'rs of nature shaken  
By his looks, prepare to flee:  
Careless sinner, what will then become of  
thee?

Horrors past imagination,  
Will surprise your trembling heart,  
When you hear your condemnation,  
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!  
Thou with satan and his angels have thy  
part!"

Satan, who now tries to please you,  
Lest you timely warning take,  
When that word is past, will seize you,  
Plunge you in the burning lake:  
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake!

But to those who have confessed,  
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,  
He will say, "Come near ye blessed,  
"See the kingdom I bestow;  
"You, forever shall my love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May this thought your courage raise;

Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:  
We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze.

## SONG 40. 7.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed be glad!  
Christ our advocate is made;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout, ye little flock and blest,  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepar'd,  
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.



Lord, submissive make us go.  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

## SONG 41. 8. 6.

ARISE and shine, O Zion, fair,  
Behold thy light is come;  
Thy glorious, conqu'ring king is near;  
To take his exiles home:  
The trumpet's thundering through the skies,  
To set poor captives free:  
The day of wonder now is come,  
The year of jubilee.

Ye heralds, blow the trumpet loud,  
Throughout the earth and sky;  
Go spread the news from pole to pole,  
Behold the judgment's nigh!  
Enthron'd on clouds, the Judge descends,  
Inviting saints to come,  
And angels whisper us away  
To their eternal home.

"Arise! ye nations, from the tomb,  
Before the Judge appear!"  
All tongues and languages must come,  
Their final doom to hear.

Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,  
Consume the rolling flood;  
Let nature groan in pangs of death—  
The moon be turn'd to blood!

The joyful news of gospel grace,  
To sinners now is o'er;  
The trump in Zion now is still,  
And to be heard no more;  
The watchmen all have left their walls,  
And with their flocks above,  
They join with all the heavenly hosts  
To sing redeeming love.

Behold a pilgrim as he dies,  
With glory in his view;  
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,  
And bids the world adieu!  
While friends are weeping all around,  
And loath to let him go,  
He shouts with his expiring breath,  
And leaves them all below.

Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,  
I hope to meet you there;  
Although you tread enchanted ground,  
Be bold, and never fear;  
Fight on, fight on, ye conquering souls,  
The heavenly land's in view;  
I soon shall gain fair Canaan's shore,  
And hope to meet with you.



## SONG 42. 8. 8. 8. 8. 7.

WHILE angels strike their tuneful strings,  
And veil their faces with their wings,  
Each saint on earth his Jesus sings,  
And joins to praise the King of kings,  
That sav'd his soul from ruin.

But sinners, fond of earthly toys,  
Mock and deride, while saints rejoice ;  
They close their ears at Jesus' voice ;  
They make the world and sin their choice,  
And force their way to ruin.

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

Sometimes by preaching, sinners see  
They're doom'd to hell and misery;  
To turn to God they then agree,  
But O! 'tis wicked company  
That leads them on to ruin.

Sometimes, when nothing else will do,  
Affliction will his danger show,  
And bring the haughty sinner low ;  
Then he'll repent, and pray, and vow  
To leave the road to ruin.

In dreadful visions of the night,  
The Lord doth guilty souls affright,  
They tremble at the awful sight,  
But often, with the morning light,  
Pursue the road to ruin.

When every way is tried in vain,  
No more the Spirit strives with man ;  
The blow is struck—the sinner's slain—  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, and fear and pain,  
He sinks in endless ruin !

O sinners, turn—long time you've stood  
Oppos'd to God and all that's good ;  
Lay down your arms, submit to God,  
And thus he sav'd through Jesus' blood,  
From sin and endless ruin.

## SONG 43. 8. 6.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.  
O, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow ;



There rocks, and brooks, and hills, and vales  
 With milk and honey flow.  
 O'er all those wide extended plains  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There God, the Son forever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.  
 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.  
 When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be forever bless'd?  
 When shall I see my Fa'ther's face,  
 And in his bosom rest?  
 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul  
 Can here no longer stay;  
 Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away:  
 With joy exchange all earthly things,  
 For God's eternal love;  
 Ye angel bands expand your wings,  
 And bear my soul above.

## SONG 44. 8. 7.

Now the Saviour stands a pleading,  
 At the sinner's bolted heart;  
 Now in heav'n he's interceding,  
 Undertaking sinner's part.

## CHORUS.

*Sinners can you slight this Saviour?  
 Will you thrust him from your arms?  
 Once he died for your behaviour,  
 Now he calls you to his charms.*

Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,  
 Shows his wounded hands and feet;  
 Father, save them, though they're bloodred,  
 Raise them to a heavenly seat.  
 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,  
 Hear his gracious voice to-day;  
 Turn from all your vain behaviour,  
 O repent! return and pray.  
 O be wise before you languish  
 On the bed of dying strife?  
 Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,  
 Turn upon th' events of life.  
 Now he's waiting to be gracious,  
 Now he stands and looks on thee;  
 See, what kindness, love and pity,  
 Shine around on you and me.  
 Open now your hearts before him;  
 Bid the Saviour welcome in;  
 Now receive, and O, adore him!  
 Take a full discharge from sin.  
 Come, for all things now are ready,  
 Yet there's room for many more;  
 O ye blind, ye lame and needy,  
 Come to wisdom's boundless store.



## SONG 45. 7.

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.

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.

When these burnish'd 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-lov'd bow'r remain,  
 Here may we all meet again!

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.

\* Composed, with a little variation, by three Indians, who were educated at Dartmouth College, at their last interview beneath a favorite bower.

## SONG 46. 8. 6.

ATTEND, young friends, while I relate  
 The dangers you are in,  
 The evils that around you wait,  
 While subject unto sin.  
 Although you flourish like the rose,  
 While in its branches green,  
 Your sparkling eye in death must close,  
 No more will you be seen.

In silent shades you must lie down,  
 Long in your graves to dwell,  
 Your friends will then stand weeping round,  
 And bid a long farewell.  
 How small this world will then appear,  
 At that tremendous hour,  
 When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,  
 And feel his mighty power.

In vain you'll mourn, your days are past,  
 Alas, those days are gone,  
 Your golden hours are spent at last,  
 And never to return.  
 O come this moment and begin,  
 While life's sweet moments last;  
 Turn to the Lord, forsake all sin,  
 And he'll forgive what's past.



## SONG 47. C. M.

Ye saints attend the Saviour's voice,  
Spoke in his word of grace;  
He says, and in it, O rejoice,  
"In me ye shall have peace."

Though storms and tempests round you roar  
And foes and fears increase;  
He says, and what could he say more,  
"In me ye shall have peace."

What though afflictions still abound,  
Your troubles still increase;  
He says, and O how sweet the sound!  
"In me ye shall have peace."

What though your hearts with sorrow bleed,  
And sighs and tears increase;  
He says, and it is true indeed,  
"In me ye shall have peace."

Tho' you shall pass thro' death's cold flood,  
To gain your wish'd release,  
He says, and sure he'll make it good,  
"In me ye shall have peace."

When you his face in glory view,  
Where joy can ne'er decrease,  
Eternity shall prove it true,  
"In him ye shall have peace."

## SONG 48. C. M.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend,  
As such I look to thee;  
Now in the bowels of thy love,  
Oh Lord! remember me.

Remember thy pure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary;  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.

Thou wondrous Advocate with God!  
I yield myself to thee;  
While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
Oh Lord! remember me.

I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation's free:  
Then in thy all abounding grace,  
Oh Lord! remember me.

Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,  
Howe'er oppress'd I be;  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do thou remember me.

And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creature helps all flee,  
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God!  
I pray remember me.



## SONG 49. 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6

LAMB of God for sinners slain,  
 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 opprest,  
 Jesus, master seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast!

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;  
 Jesus, master, seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast!

Worldly good I do not want,  
 Be 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 blest;  
 Jesus, master, seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast!

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!

## SONG 50. 12. 11.

YE children of Zion, now bound to the  
 kingdom,  
 Attune all your voices, and help me to sing,  
 Sweet anthems of praises to my blessed Jesus  
 For he is my prophet, my priest and my king.  
 When Jesus first found me to hell I was  
 going;  
 His love did surround me, and save me from  
 ruin,  
 He kindly received me, and from guilt  
 releiv'd me,  
 And taught me aloud, his sweet praises to  
 sing.

Why should you go wand'ring from such a  
 Physician  
 Who's able and willing your sickness to cure?  
 Come to him believing, tho' bad your con-  
 dition,  
 His Father has promis'd your case to ensure;



My soul he has healed, my heart it rejoices,  
 He's brought me to Zion to hear the glad  
     voices,  
 I'll serve him, and praise him, and always  
     adore him,  
 Till we meet in glory, where parting's no  
     more.  
 My heart's now in heaven to Jesus ascended  
 I'm bound to press forward to the mark of  
     the prize,  
 And when my temptations and trials are  
     ended,  
 On th' wings of bright seraphs I hope to  
     arise;  
 O Christians! I'm happy in this contempla-  
     tion,  
 My soul is refresh'd with the streams of  
     salvation,  
 I long to be flying, that I may be vying,  
 With saints and bright angels that shout  
     in the skies.  
 Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, fair Canaan's  
     before you;  
 Ascend the bright mountain, still shouting  
     free grace!  
 On Salem's strong tower we'll sing hallelujah  
 Reviv'd with the smiles of sweet Jesus'  
     face;  
 No sorrow, no sighing, no weeping, no  
     mourning,

To those who there enter, there is no re-  
     turning,  
 But loving, and feasting, and shouting and  
     singing,  
     All glory to Jesus the source of free grace.  
 My soul's full of glory, I can't stay much  
     longer,  
 The angels in glory now call me away;  
 My spirit in Jesus grows stronger and  
     stronger,  
 O how it exults to behold the bright day!  
 O Christians, O Christians, O had you not  
     rather,  
 Be shouting in glory with Jesus your Saviour  
 Where clouds, and temptations, and sins and  
     vexations,  
     Are all lost forever in perfect bright day?  
 This moment, the angels are hov'ring around  
     us,  
 And joining with mortals to praise Zion's  
     King,  
 And waiting for Jesus to call us and crown  
     us,  
 And make heaven's arches with praises to  
     ring!  
 Come, fathers and mothers, let us all go  
     together,  
 The wife and the husband, the sister and  
     brother,



And rise to the ocean of love, with emotion  
Of praise unto Jesus forever to sing.

## SONG 51. 6. 6.

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

## SONG 52. 7. 6.

OH 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 praises in!

But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before;  
He's given me my orders,  
And bid me not give o'er—  
His promises are faithful,  
A crown of life he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers,  
Eternally shall live.

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.  
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.

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.

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.

And when the last loud trumpet,  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
And bid the entombed millions,  
From their cold beds arise;  
Our ransom'd dust revived,  
New beauties shall put on,

And soar to the blest mansion,  
Where our Redeemer's gone.

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 tongues shall chant the praises  
Of our immortal King.

### SONG 53. L. M.

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.

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.

Our school books are the scriptures true,  
Our lessons are forever new;  
The scholars too are all agreed,  
It is a blessed school indeed.



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.

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.

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.

SONG 54. L. M.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

SONG 55. 7. 6.

MIXTURES of joys and sorrow,  
I daily do pass through;  
Sometimes I'm in a valley,  
And sinking down with woe;  
Sometimes I am exalted—  
On eagles' wings I fly—  
I rise above my troubles,  
And hope to reach the sky.

Sometimes I'm full of doubting,  
And think I have no grace;  
Sometimes I'm full of praising,  
When Christ reveals his face;



Sometimes my hope's so little,  
 I think I'll throw it by;  
 Sometimes it seems sufficient,  
 If I were call'd to die.

Sometimes I shun the Christian,  
 Lest he should talk to me;  
 Sometimes he is the neighbor  
 I long the most to see;  
 Sometimes we meet together,  
 The season's dry and dull;  
 Sometimes we find a blessing—  
 With joy it fills my soul.

Sometimes I am oppressed,  
 By Pharaoh's cruel hand;  
 Sometimes I look o'er Jordan,  
 And view the promis'd land;  
 Sometimes I am in darkness;  
 Sometimes I'm in the light,  
 And then my soul is winged—  
 Upward it speeds its flight.

Sometimes I travel, mourning,  
 Down Babel's ancient stream;  
 Sometimes my Lord's religion  
 Appears my only theme;  
 Sometimes when I am praying,  
 It seems almost a task;  
 Sometimes I find a blessing,  
 The greatest I can ask.

Sometimes I read my Bible,  
 And 'tis a sealed book;  
 Sometimes I find a blessing  
 Whene'er therein I look;  
 Sometimes I go to meeting,  
 And wish myself at home;  
 Sometimes I find my Saviour,  
 And then I'm glad I come.

Lord, why am I thus tossed—  
 Thus tossed to and fro?  
 Why are my hopes thus crossed  
 Where'er I'm call'd to go?  
 O Lord, thou never changest,  
 And 'tis because I stray;  
 O! grant me thine assistance,  
 And keep me in thy way.

O! may thy counsels guide me,  
 And keep me while I live;  
 In death be thou my portion,  
 And then my soul receive,  
 To praise my blessed Saviour,  
 And magnify his grace,  
 Bestow'd on such a sinner—  
 The chief of all the race.

There, with the holy angels,  
 That stand around the throne,  
 And saints of every nation,  
 Our voices join'd in one,



We'll sound aloud the praises  
Of our Redeemer, God,  
Who sav'd us by his sorrows,  
And wash'd us in his blood.

## SONG 56. L. M.

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.

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.

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

The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,  
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;  
My sinful self to thee I give—  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

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!"

## SONG 57. 8's.

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 forevermore,  
On that eternal, happy shore.

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

When on my dying bed I lay,  
Lord give me strength to shout and pray;  
And praise thee with my latest breath,  
Until my voice is lost in death.  
Then, brethren, sisters, shouting come,  
My body follow to the tomb;



And as you march the solemn road,  
Loud sing and shout the praise of God.

Then you below, and I above,  
We'll shout and praise the God we love,  
Until the great tremendous day,  
When Gabriel's trump shall wake our clay;  
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,  
And shout, O Death where is thy sting!—  
O Grave, where is thy victory!  
We'll shout to all eternity.

Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,  
Then shall the Sov'reign of the skies,  
With smiles unto his children say,  
Come reign with me in endless day;  
Then on that happy, happy shore,  
We'll shout and sing our suff'rings o'er,  
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring.

SONG 58. 8. 8. 6.

COME, brethren, let us join and sing  
The growing empire of our King,  
Who spilt his precious blood;  
His life a ransom gave for all,  
That he might save our souls from thrall,  
And bring us home to God.

He rides victorious through the land,  
His saints rejoice, his heralds stand,

And they aloud do call,  
"Sinners, repent, to Jesus fly,  
"While he in mercy passes by,  
"And offers grace to all!"

The work of God is going on;  
Souls daily flee from Babylon,  
And on the Lord do call:  
Old formalists do madly gaze,  
And Babel's merchants stand amaz'd,  
To see their mother fall.

The wilderness doth sweetly ring,  
With prayers and praises to the King,  
Who sits on Zion's hill;  
The towns and cities hear the voice,  
The sinners mourn, the saints rejoice,  
With praise the streets are fill'd.

Ride on all-conquering King, ride on,  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done;  
Let heaven and earth agree,  
To sound aloud thy worthy fame,  
Till all our souls shall be on flame  
To rise and reign with thee.

SONG 59. 3. 6.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love,  
Lie just before mine eye,  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd to those rivers fly:



I'd rise superior to my pain,  
 With joy outstrip the wind :  
 I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,  
 And leave the world behind.

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.

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.

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.

## SONG 60. C. M.

AM I a soldier of the Cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb ?  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name ?

Must I be carried to the skies,  
 On flow'ry beds of ease,  
 While others fight to win the prize,  
 And sail through bloody seas ?

Are there no foes for me to face ?  
 Must I not stem the flood ?  
 Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
 To help me home to God ?

Sure I must fight if I would reign ;  
 Increase my courage, Lord ;  
 To bear the cross, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.

Thy saints all in this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer though they die :  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 By faith's interior eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thy armies shine,  
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.



## SONG 61. 11's.

O How I have long'd for the coming of God,  
 And sought him by praying and searching  
     his word,  
 With watching and fasting my soul was  
     imprest,  
 Nor could I give over till Jesus had blest.  
 The tokens of mercy begin to appear,  
 And Jesus my Saviour, has answer'd my  
     prayer,  
 And rich consolations descend to my soul,  
 Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.  
 The streams of his mercy are spreading  
     abroad,  
 And sinners are crying, and coming to God,  
 The tears of contrition now pour like a flood,  
 And some have found pardon through Jesus'  
     blood.  
 Here's more my dear Saviour, who fall at thy  
     feet,  
 Oppress'd with a burden enormously great;  
 O raise them, dear Jesus, to tell of thy love,  
 And shout hallelujah, like th' angels above.  
 We wait for thy chariot to roll down the  
     skies,  
 To bear us to glory with joy and surprise;

We long to be singing and shouting above,  
 With angels o'erwhelm'd in the ocean of  
     love.

Shout all the creation, below and above,  
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus' love,—  
 Break forth into singing, ye trees of the  
     wood.

For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.

Let all that have being unite in the song,  
 And ages on ages the theme still prolong,  
 And when they are lost in an unmeasur'd  
     time,

Sweet Jesus! the glory and praise shall be  
     thine.

## SONG 27. 8. 7.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,  
 Prepare a tuneful voice;  
 In God, the life of all my joys,  
 Aloud will I rejoice.

'Twas he adorn'd my naked soul,  
 And made salvation mine;  
 Upon a poor polluted worm,  
 He makes his graces shine.

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.



How far the heav'nly robe exceeds  
 What earthly princes wear!  
 These ornaments, how bright they shine,  
 How white the garments are!

The spirit wrought my faith and love,  
 And hope, and ev'ry grace;  
 But Jesus spent his life to work  
 The robe of righteousness.

Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd,  
 By the great sacred THREE;  
 In sweetest harmony of praise,  
 Let all thy powers agree.

### SONG 63. 8. 6.

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.

It sets my heart all in a flame;  
 A soldier I will be;  
 I will enlist, gird on my arms,  
 And fight for liberty.

They want no cowards in their band,  
 That will their colors fly,  
 But call for valiant hearted men,  
 Who're not afraid to die.

The armies now are in parade,  
 How martial they appear!  
 All arm'd, and dressed 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.

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,  
 Th' eternal Son of God,  
 And march with us to Canaan's land,  
 Beyond the swelling flood.

There is a green and flow'ry field,  
 Where fruits immortal grow;  
 There, clothed 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.



Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,  
 Redemption's drawing nigh,  
 We shall soon hear the trumpet sound,  
 'Twill shake both earth and sky;  
 In fiery chariots then we'll fly,  
 And leave the world on fire,  
 And meet around the starry throne,  
 To tune th' immortal lyre.

## SONG 64. 8's.

HARK! don't you hear the turtle dove!  
 The token of redeeming love;  
 From hill to hill we hear the sound,  
 The neighboring vallies echo round;  
 O Zion, hear the turtle dove,  
 The token of your Saviour's love!  
 He comes the barren land to cheer,  
 And welcome in the jub'lee year,

"The winter's past, the rain is o'er;"  
 We feel the chilling winds no more;  
 The spring is come and summer too,  
 All things appear divinely new.  
 On Zion's mount, the watchmen cry,  
 "The resurrection's drawing nigh,  
 Behold! the nations from abroad,  
 Are flocking to the mount of God!

The trumpet sounds both far and nigh,  
 "O sinners, turn, why will you die?"

"How can you slight the gospel's charms?  
 "Enlist with Christ—gird on your arms!  
 "These are the days that were foretold,  
 "In ancient times, by prophets old—  
 "They long'd to see this glorious light,  
 "But all have died without the sight.

"The latter day is verging on,  
 "And fugitives are flocking home;  
 "Behold them crowd the gospel road,  
 "All pressing to the mount of God!  
 "O yes, and I will join that band:  
 "Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
 "With Satan's band no more to be,  
 "But fight for Christ and liberty."

His banner soon will be unfurl'd,  
 And he will come to judge the world—  
 On Zion's mount we then shall stand,  
 Surrounded by fair Canaan's land—  
 The sun and moon shall darken'd be,  
 And flames consume the land and sea!  
 And world on world together blaze,—  
 We'll shout the great Redeemer's praise.

## SONG 65. 8's.

How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
 When Jesus no longer I see!  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet  
 flowers,



Have all lost their sweetness with me :  
 The midsummer's 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.

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.

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.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
 If thou art my son 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 winter and clouds are no more.

## SONG 66. 8. 7.

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.

My heart is often made to mourn,  
 Because I'm faint and feeble ;  
 And when my Saviour seems to frown,  
 My soul is fill'd with trouble.  
 And when he doth again return,  
 And I repent my folly,  
 'Tis then I after glory run,  
 And still my Jesus follow.

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.

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.

## SONG 67. L. M.

I LOVE my Lord, I love his laws,  
 I love religion's blessed cause;  
 I love his faithful children too,  
 I love his precious will to do.

I love this narrow, happy way,  
 I love to watch, I love to pray;  
 I love the crown, I love the cross,  
 I love the gold without the dross.

I love to shout, I love to sing,  
 I love to praise my heavenly King;  
 I love my Lord, I know I do,  
 I love the souls that he loves too.

I love his saints that are below,  
 I love the precious sinners too;  
 I love those who have gone before,  
 I love my Jesus more and more.

## SONG 68. 8's.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise,  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
 Through every land, by every tongue.  
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
 Eternal truth attends thy word;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,  
 In songs of praise divinely sing:  
 The great salvation loud proclaim,  
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.  
 In every land begin the song,  
 To every land the strains belong;  
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

## SONG 69. 11's

FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is  
 at hand,  
 That we must be parted from this social band;  
 Our sev'ral engagements now call us away,  
 Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

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.

Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be dis-  
charg'd,

The war will be ended, your bounty enlarg'd,  
With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may  
roar,

You'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the  
shore.

Farewell, younger brethren, just listed for  
war,

Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;  
Altho' you must travel this dark wilderness,  
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to  
peace.

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.

Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad bro-  
ken 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.

Farewell, careless sinner, for you I must  
mourn,

To think of your danger, if still unconcern'd,  
I read of the judgment, where all must ap-  
pear,  
How will you stand trembling with torturing  
fear!

Those frolics and pastimes in which you de-  
light.

Will serve to torment you with dreadful af-  
fright,

You'll think of the sermons which you've  
heard in vain—

All hope's gone forever of hearing again.

Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell all  
around,

Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump  
shall sound;

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

### SONG 70. C. M.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)

That sav'd a wretch like me;

I once was lost, but now am found,

Was blind, but now I see!

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd;

How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd!



Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come,  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me;  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the vail,  
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who call'd me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

## SONG 71. 7. 6.

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.

The sufferings 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 expos'd to ruin,  
Redeeming love have found.

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.

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.

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.

Poor sinners, think what Jesus  
Has done for you and me;  
Behold, his mangled body  
Hung 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?

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.

## SONG 72. 8. 8. 6.

WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,  
How calm he meets the friendly 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.

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.

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.

No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes;  
Nor horror wrests 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.

## SONG 73. 8. 6.

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 hastening on  
To death's dark, gloomy shade;  
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,  
Your flesh in dust be laid.



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!

Young men, how can you turn your face  
 From such a glorious Friend?  
 Will you pursue the dang'rous race?  
 O, 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?

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.

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.

## SONG 74. 8's.

FROM whence doth this union arise,  
 That hatred is conquered by love?  
 It fastens our souls in such ties,  
 That nature and time can't remove.

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.

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.

O why, then so loath for to part,  
 Since we shall ere long meet again;  
 Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,  
 At distance we cannot remain.

And when we shall see that bright day,  
 And join with the angels above,  
 No longer confin'd to our clay,  
 O'erwhelm'd in the ocean of love!



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.

## SONG 75. 11's.

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.

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 bid me not fear.

In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,  
All language of mortals for ever would fail;  
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,  
I'm rais'd into rapture while praising his  
name.

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.

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  
wo.

I'm happy in Jesus, and cannot forbear,  
Tho' sinners despise me, his love to declare,  
For death will soon call me, and then I shall  
fly,  
And praise him in mansions prepared on  
high.

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.

## SONG 76. 6. 6. 8. 6.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy, or guilty dread  
We all shall soon appear;  
Our caution'd souls prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.



To pray and wait the hour,  
 That awful hour unknown,  
 When rob'd in majesty and power,  
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,  
 Th' immortal Son of man,  
 To judge the human race,  
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
 With all thy glorious grace.

To damp our earthly joys,  
 T' increase our gracious fears,  
 For ever let th' archangel's voice,  
 Be sounding in our ears;  
 The solemn midnight cry,  
 "Ye dead the Judge is come,  
 Arise and meet him in the sky,  
 And meet your instant doom?"

O may we thus be found  
 Obedient to thy word,  
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
 And looking for our Lord!

O may we all ensure  
 A lot among the blest;  
 And watch a moment to secure,  
 An everlasting rest.

## SONG 77. L. M.

Thus saith the high and lofty One,  
 "I sit upon my lofty throne:  
 "My name is God, I dwell on high,  
 "Dwell in my own eternity.

"But I descend to worlds below,  
 "On earth I have a mansion too;  
 "The humble spirit and contrite,  
 "Is an abode of my delight.

"The humble soul my words revive;  
 "I bid the mourning sinner live;  
 "Heal all the broken hearts I find;  
 "And ease the sorrows of the mind.

"When I contend against their sin,  
 "I make them know how vile they've been;  
 "But should my wrath forever smoke,  
 "Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."

O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,  
 Lest we should faint, despair, and die;  
 Thus shall our better thoughts approve,  
 The methods of thy chast'ning love.

## SONG 78. C. M.

SHEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,  
 And send your fears away,  
 News from the regions of the skies—  
 A Saviour's born to-day.

Jesus, the God whom angels fear,  
 Comes down to dwell with you;  
 To-day he makes his entrance here,  
 But not as monarchs do.



No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,  
Nor royal shining things;  
A manger for his cradle stands;  
And holds the King of kings.

Go shepherds where the infant lies,  
And see his humble throne;  
With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
Go shepherds, kiss the Son.

Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around,  
The heav'nly armies throng;  
They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude the song.

Glory to God that reigns above,  
Let peace surround the earth;  
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,  
At their Redeemer's birth.

Lord! and shall angels have their songs,  
And men no tune to raise?  
O may we lose these useless tongues  
When we forget to praise!

Glory to God that reigns above,  
That pitied us forlorn;  
We join to sing our Maker's love,  
For there's a Saviour born.

## SONG 79. L. M.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Let not thy heart despond and say,  
"How shall I stand the trying day?"  
He has engag'd by firm decree,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

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.

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.

When call'd to bear the weighty cross,  
Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty,  
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

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.



## SONG 80. C. M.

SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour,  
Her choicest gifts on me.  
Still, O my God! I should be poor,  
If void of love to thee.

Not shining wit, nor manly sense,  
Could make me truly good;  
Not zeal itself could recompense  
The want of love to God.

Did I possess the gift of tongues,  
But were denied thy grace;  
My loudest words, my loudest songs,  
Would be but sounding brass.

Though thou should'st give me heav'nly skill  
Each mystery to explain;  
If I'd no heart to do thy will,  
My knowledge would be vain.

Had I so strong a faith, my God!  
As mountains to remove;  
No faith could do me real good,  
That did not work by love.

Oh, grant me, then, this one request,  
And I'll be satisfied,—  
That love divine may rule my breast,  
And all my actions guide.

## SONG 81. S. M.

COME, ye that fear the Lord,  
And listen, while I tell,  
How narrowly my feet escap'd  
The snares of death and hell.

Darkness, and shame, and grief,  
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;  
I looked around me for relief,  
But no relief could find.

At length to God I cried;  
He heard my plaintive sigh;  
He heard, and instantly he sent  
Salvation from on high.

My drooping head he raised;  
My bleeding wounds he heal'd;  
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile,  
The gracious pardon seal'd.

O, may I ne'er forget  
The mercy of my God!  
Nor ever want a tongue to spread,  
His loudest praise abroad.

## SONG 82. L. M.

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?



Say, will you be forever blest,  
And with this glorious Jesus rest?  
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain?  
Will you with Christ forever reign?

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?

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.

Your sports, and all your glittering toys,  
Compared with our celestial joys,  
Like momentary dreams appear;  
Come, go with us your souls are dear.

Or must we leave you bound to hell,  
Resolved with devils for to dwell?  
Still we will weep, lament, and cry,  
That God may change you ere you die.

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?

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.

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?

Come, you that love th' incarnate God,  
And feel redemption in his blood,  
Let's watch and pray, and travel on,  
Till Jesus comes to call us home!

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.

## SONG 83. C. M.

WHAT shall I render to my God,  
For all his kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.

Among the saints that fill thine house,  
My offering shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessed God!  
How dear thy servants in thy sight,  
How precious is their blood!



How happy all thy servants are!  
 How great thy grace to me;  
 My life which thou hast made my care,  
 Lord I devote to thee.

Now I am thine, forever thine,  
 Nor shall my purpose move:  
 Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,  
 And bound me with thy love.

Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
 And thy rich grace record:  
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
 If I forsake the Lord.

SONG 84. L. M.

He dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,  
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood:

Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for men!  
 But, lo! what sudden joys we see!  
 Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb!  
 Up to his Father's court he flies;  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,  
 How high our great deliverer reigns,  
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster, death, in chains!

Say, "Live forever, wondrous King,  
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?  
 "And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

SONG 85. 11's.

HOSANNA to Jesus, my soul rise and sing,  
 He's worthy of praises, let all the earth ring;  
 To rescue lost sinners, he left his bright  
 throne,  
 And lifts us to glory by free grace alone.

My heart is enraptur'd, and love tunes my  
 tongue,  
 Unite my dear brethren to swell the sweet  
 song;

It burst forth in glory, and roll'd down the sky  
 To raise helpless sinners to mansions on high.

A band of bright angels descends from above,  
 To bear the glad tidings of Jesus' love;



The swains highly favor'd, to Bethlehem  
 went,  
 And witness'd the truth of this joyful event.  
 My soul stand and wonder, then bow and  
 adore,  
 The owner of all things is turn'd out of door!  
 The sovereign of angels commands no es-  
 teem  
 From sinners, the objects he came to redeem.  
 Pray why is this darkness prevailing at noon?  
 Or why doth all nature seem strangely to  
 mourn?  
 While rocks cleave asunder, and earthquakes  
 aloud?  
 My Jesus is dying!—he surely is God.  
 Methinks as he languish'd and died on the  
 tree,  
 His eye roll'd in pity, and fix'd upon me;  
 The look overwhelm'd me, and conquer'd  
 my heart,  
 And bound me unto him—O! never to part.  
 The tears of contrition in torrents did flow,  
 Will this bleeding Jesus such favors bestow?  
 Unworthy such kindness, O Lord, to receive;  
 Arise said the Saviour, I freely forgive.  
 By love I am conquer'd, in tears I rejoice,  
 O may I but praise him in action and voice;  
 And if up to heaven I'm finally borne,  
 The praise of salvation is to him alone.

## SONG 86. C. M.

DID Christ the great example lead,  
 For all his humble train,  
 In washing his disciples' feet,  
 And wiping them again?  
 O! glory hallelujah! praise ye my God.  
 O! glory hallelujah! love and serve the Lord.  
 And did my Lord and Master say  
 "If I have wash'd your feet,  
 "Ye also, ought to watch and pray,  
 "And wash each other's feet?"  
 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.  
 In imitation of my Lord,  
 Who blood for me did sweat;  
 I yield unto his sacred word.  
 And wash his children's feet.  
 Yes, blessed Jesus! I like thee  
 Would Christians often meet:  
 The least of all the flock would be,  
 And wash the pilgrim's feet.  
 "For this, let men reproach—defame  
 "And call me what they will;  
 "I still would follow Christ the Lamb,  
 "And be his servant still."



## SONG 87. P. M.

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

When the world and flesh would rise,  
 And strive to draw me from my Saviour,  
 Strangers slight, or friends despise,  
 I then more highly prize his favor.  
 Friends, believe me when I tell,  
 If Christ be present all is well:  
 The world and flesh in vain may rise,  
 In all their efforts do despise.  
 In the world I've tribulation,  
 But in Christ sweet consolation.

The worldings hold me in disdain,  
 Because I shun their carnal pleasure;  
 All in this which gives me pain  
 Is, that they slight a noble treasure.  
 But still among them, bless the Lord!  
 There's some who tremble at his word;

And this doth joy to me impart,  
 To think the Lord hath reach'd their heart.  
 Oh the grace to sinners given,  
 Peace on earth, and crowns in heaven.

When I'm in the house of prayer,  
 I find him with the congregation:  
 Music sweet unto my ear,  
 Is the glad sound of free salvation.  
 When I join to sing his praise,  
 My heart in holy raptures raise;  
 I join and sing and shout aloud,  
 And disregard the gazing crowd:  
 Glorious theme of exultation,  
 What I feel is past expression.

When I hear the pleasing sound  
 Of weeping mourners just converted,  
 The dead's alive, the lost is found;  
 The Lord hath heal'd the broken hearted.  
 My heart exults, my spirits glow,  
 I love my Lord, and brethren so:  
 Oh, had I wings like Noah's dove,  
 I soon would sing with those above.  
 Glory, honor, and salvation,  
 What I feel is past expression.

Why should I regard the frowns  
 Of those who mock, deride, or slight me,  
 Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,  
 Beyond the reach of those that hate me;  
 Sorrows, toils, and sufferings o'er,

When once we meet that happy shore ;  
There, with the shining hosts above,  
I'll sing and shout redeeming love.

Blessings there, beyond expression,  
Ever roll in sweet succession.

Sinners, you may laugh and scorn ;

Your moments lost will be lamented ;  
The awful day is hastening on

When you will wish you had repented ;  
Death in its embraces cold,  
Will soon your mortal bodies hold ;  
Then all your pleasures take their flight,  
And down you'll sink to endless night ;  
While you're of that guilty number,  
Your destruction doth not slumber.

Come, poor sinner, go with me ;

My heart's enlarged to receive you ;  
Slight not mercy offer'd free,

Come to Jesus, he'll relieve you.

But if you offer'd grace refuse,

And will destruction ever choose,

Unhappy soul, your guilt and blood

Will rest on your defenceless head :

Darkness, torment, pain, and sorrow,

May be yours before to-morrow.

Mourner, see your Saviour stand,

With arms expanded to receive you ;

He spreads for you his bleeding hands,

Venture on him, he'll relieve you :

Cast all your doubts and fears aside,  
The door of mercy's open wide ;  
The fountain flows which saves from sin,  
Come now, believe, and enter in.

Don't distrust your blessed Saviour ;  
Come believe, and live forever.

### SONG 88. 8. 8. 8. 6.

THE judgment day is rolling on,  
The course of time will soon be run,  
Creation waits its fiery doom,  
The Lord will soon appear.

O there'll be glory, glory hallelujah ;  
O ther'll be glory,

When saints shall view him near.

The trump of God shall rend the skies,  
The slumb'ring millions wake and rise ;  
What joy, what terror, and surprise,  
The last great day will bring.

O ther'll be glory, &c.

The rising saints will sing.

The nations throng his awful bar,  
Whose call remotest regions hear ;  
All tribes and kindred now draw near  
To hear their final doom.

O ther'll be glory.

Around the judgment throne.



See husbands and their wives now part,  
 See parents and their children part;  
 All sinners from the saints must part,  
 To meet again no more.

O ther'll be mourning,  
 The day of mercy's o'er.

In shining ranks, on the right hand,  
 Behold the Christian armies stand;  
 The victory at length is gain'd,  
 The sons of God are free.

O ther'll be glory,  
 When they his face shall see.

Then dreadful to the left doth turn,  
 Where all with rage and malice burn,  
 He looks on those who once could spurn  
 The purchase of his blood.

O ther'll be mourning,  
 To see an angry God.

To these, the righteous King will say,  
 I've call'd, but you've refus'd to obey;  
 Depart, ye cursed, haste away,  
 And reap the fruits of sin.

O ther'll be mourning,  
 While angels say amen.

See Jesus and his saints unite,  
 They move to happy realms of light,  
 Their bloodwash'd robes are pure and white,

Each heart inflam'd with love.  
 O ther'll be glory,  
 When they his glory prove.

See heav'n displays her pearly gates,  
 A kingdom for the righteous waits,—  
 Come, blessed children, take the seats  
 Of old prepar'd for you.

O ther'll be glory,  
 When they Mount Zion view.

### SONG 89.. 8. 7.

THE time draws nigh, when you and I  
 Are to be separated;  
 But it does grieve our hearts to leave  
 Each other and be parted:  
 But let us see eternity,

And meet the saints with joy,  
 Our sighings o'er, we'll part no more,  
 But reign with Christ in glory.

When Christians join, it is most fine,  
 For to adore their Saviour;

High they can raise their songs of praise,  
 And follow him forever.

But when they part, it grieves their heart,  
 They here are so united:

They fain would be in company  
 Always, they're so delighted.

Well, brethren dear, don't let us fear,  
 We soon shall live together;  
 When Christ descends to call his friends,  
 We then shall meet each other;  
 Then to set down around the throne,  
 With saints and lovely Jesus,  
 Eternal love we'll sing above,  
 And nothing then will grieve us.

The Lamb appears to wipe our tears,  
 And to complete our glory;  
 Then shall we rest with all the blest,  
 And tell the lovely story;  
 We'll set and tell, Christ lov'd us well,  
 And that while we were sinners,  
 Heaven will ring, while saints do sing,  
 "The glory's the Redeemer's."

## SONG 90. C. M.

WE to the silent, awful grave,  
 With every step make haste;  
 The tomb contains the prince and slave,  
 And that must be our place.

Our dearest friends now sleep in death,  
 And daily we are warn'd;  
 Why should we trust our fleeting breath,  
 When that so soon is gone.

Ye dying mortals seek the Lord,  
 The grave yet cries "prepare;"  
 O hear its awful solemn word  
 While you have time to hear.

This sleeping dust ere long shall rise,  
 And these dead bones awake,  
 When God in glory rends the skies,  
 And bids the mountains shake.

With joy the upright shall arise,  
 And upwards wing their way;  
 While sinners, fill'd with sad surprise,  
 Will mourn the awful day.

Ye humble souls, dismiss your fear,  
 That day with joy you'll see,  
 Bear then a few more trials here,  
 For blest eternity.

## SONG 91. C. M.

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.

Your love to me has been so free,  
 Your conversation sweet,  
 How can I bear to journey where  
 With you I cannot meet.



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.

I leave you all, both great and small,  
 In Christ's encircling arms,  
 Who can you save from hell's dark grave,  
 And shield you from all harm.

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.

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.

Millions of years over the spheres,  
 Shall pass in sweet repose,  
 While beauties bright, unto my sight  
 Their sacred sweets disclose.

I long to go—then farewell woe,  
 My soul will be at rest,  
 No more complain, or sigh again,  
 But taste the heavenly feast.

Then we shall meet and be complete,  
 And long together dwell,  
 And love the Lord with one accord,  
 So brethren, all farewell.

## SONG 92. 11. 6.

To leave my dear friends and with neigh-  
 bors to part,  
 And go from my home, affects not my heart  
 Like th' thought of abstaining myself for a  
 day  
 From that blest retreat I have chosen to pray:  
 I have chosen to pray.

Dear bower where the pine and the poplar  
 leaves spread,  
 And woven their branches a roof o'er my  
 head:  
 How oft have I knelt on the ever-green there,  
 And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in  
 prayer:  
 To my Saviour in prayer.

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.

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.

For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned to meet,  
 And blest 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.

Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,

And pay my devotions in parts that are new;  
 Well knowing my Saviour resides ev'rywhere,

And can in all places give answer to prayer.  
 Give answer to prayer.

### SONG 93. 8. 7.

WEEPING pilgrims, mourning Christians,  
 Weak and tempted Lambs of Christ,  
 Who endure great tribulation,

And by sorrows sorely pressed;  
 Christ has sent me to invite you

To a rich and costly feast,  
 Let not shame nor pride prevent you,  
 Come, the rich provision taste.

Come, poor sinners, don't reject it,

Don't reject the feast of grace;  
 Rather pray and now expect it,  
 Pray a visit of his face.

God is waiting to be gracious,  
 He is ready to be found;  
 Brethren pray, and holy manna  
 Will be shower'd all around.

Fathers, see your sons now sinking  
 In the depths of guilt and sin;  
 Travelling to the grave, not thinking  
 What a state their souls are in.  
 Mothers, see your tender daughters  
 Wading through a sea of blood,  
 Death will soon make awful slaughter,—  
 Oh! the rolling, dismal flood.

Without Christ they can't be saved,  
 None but God can do them good;  
 Can you see your children dragged  
 Down to ruin in their blood?  
 Neighbors, friends, and dear relations,  
 To the gulf of ruin bound,  
 Brethren, pray, that holy fire  
 May be scatter'd all around.

Here's poor souls that are half-hearted,  
 Trimming 'twixt the world and God;  
 Sometimes by the world diverted,  
 Then attracted by the word.  
 Don't you pity poor backsliders,  
 Hypocrites, and traitors too?  
 Brethren, pray that holy fire  
 May their guilty souls renew,



But, perhaps, here's weeping Mary,  
 Pouring forth a flood of tears;  
 Of her sins she now is weary,  
 While her heart is fill'd with fears.  
 Brethren, let your cries ascending,  
 Call for holy fire down;  
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna  
 Will be shower'd all around.

Brethren, see that trembling jailor,  
 What to do he does inquire,  
 To be freed from sin and sorrow,  
 To be fill'd with holy fire;  
 Brethren, raise your large desires,  
 Sisters, now unite your cries;  
 Let us pray that holy fire  
 May revive him ere he dies.

Come, dear pilgrims, let's be marching  
 Towards Canaan's happy land,  
 In our blessed Lord believing,  
 As a holy, loving band;  
 Let us run the race with patience,  
 Which in gospel truth is found;  
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna  
 Will be shower'd all around.

## SONG 94. 6. 4.

O CARELESS sinners come,  
 Pray now attend,  
 This world is not your home,  
 It will soon end.  
 Jehovah calls aloud,  
 Forsake the thoughtless crowd,  
 Pursue the road to God,  
 And happy be.

No happiness you'll find  
 While thus you go,  
 No peace unto your mind,  
 But pain and woe  
 Attend you every day,  
 While far from God you stray,  
 O sinner, come away,  
 And ever live.

How many calls you've had,  
 I call again;  
 How can you be so bad,  
 So full of sin—  
 As to refuse that voice  
 Which tells you to rejoice.  
 In making heaven your choice,  
 And shunning hell.

Nor do I call alone;  
 The Saviour too,  
 E'en with his dying groans,

Cries, bid adieu  
To all your follies now,  
And to his sceptre bow,  
And he will tell you how  
To live anew.

But if you will refuse,  
Down, down you'll go,  
And with the wicked choose  
The road to woe.

Alas, how can you slight  
The rays of gospel light,  
And sink in endless night,  
Where silence reigns?

I bid you all farewell,  
With aching heart,  
And in deep sorrow tell  
That we must part;  
While unto heaven we go,  
And you are bound to woe.  
Alas, it must be so  
If you rebel.

I look on you again,  
And hoping say  
Why wot you leave your sin,  
And come away  
From satan's cruel power,  
And live forever more?  
And bless the joyful hour  
That life began.

## SONG 95. 8's.

AWAY my doubts, begone my fears,  
The wonders of the Lord appears;  
The wonders that my Saviour wrought,  
O, how delightful is the thought!  
The wonders of redeeming love,  
When first my heart was drawn above,  
When first I saw my Saviour's face,  
And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.

Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing theme,  
'Twas not a fancy nor a dream;  
'Twas grace descending from the skies,  
And shall be marv'llous in mine eyes.  
Long had I mourn'd, like one forgot,  
Long had my soul for comfort sought;  
Jesus was witness to my tears,  
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.

He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,  
And cloth'd me with his righteousness;  
He spake, at once, my sins forgiven,  
And I rejoiced, as if in heaven;  
How was I struck with sweet surprise,  
While glory shone before mine eyes!  
How did I sing from day to day,  
And wish'd to sing my soul away!

The world, with all its pomp, withdrew,  
'Twas less than nothing in my view;



Redeeming love was all my theme,  
And life appear'd an idle dream;  
I gloried in my Saviour's grace,  
I sung my great Redeemer's praise;  
My soul then long'd to soar away,  
And leave her tenement of clay.

The powers of hell in vain combin'd  
To tempt or interrupt my mind;  
I saw, and sung in joyful strains,  
The monster satan held in chains.  
These are the wonders I record,  
The marv'llous goodness of the Lord!  
O for a tongue to speak his praise,  
And tell the triumphs of his grace!

## SONG 96. P. M.

WHEN thou my righteous Judge shall come,  
To call thy ransom'd 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?

I love to meet among them now—  
Before thy gracious throne to bow—  
Though weakest of them all.  
But can I bear the piercing thought,  
To have my worthless name left out,  
When thou for them shall call?

Prevent, prevent it by thy grace!  
Be thou dear Lord my hiding place,  
In that expected day.  
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,  
To still each unbelieving fear;  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Let me among thy saints be found,  
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see thy smiling face:  
Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing;  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of boundless grace.

## SONG 97. P. M.

O how happy are they,  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above!  
Tongue cannot express,  
The sweet comfort and peace,  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart first believ'd!  
What a joy I receiv'd!  
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

'Twas a heaven below,  
My Redeemer to know;

And the angel's can do nothing more  
 Than to fall at his feet,  
 And the story repeat,  
 And the lover of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long,  
 Was my joy and my song;  
 O that all his salvation might see!  
 He hath loved me I cried,  
 He hath suffer'd and died,  
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

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.

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.

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 fullness of God!

## SONG 98. P. M.

THE blessed Jesus, loving Saviour,  
 He has call'd on me to go;  
 In the vineyard I must labor,  
 Or on me must come the woe.

Farewell, dear friends and loving neighbors,  
 The gospel trumpet I must blow,  
 And sound salvation to poor sinners,  
 Or on me must come the woe.

Say not four months, then comes the harvest,  
 The fields are white, the harvest near;  
 He that reaps receiveth wages,  
 As from scripture doth appear.

Then for my Jesus I will travel  
 O'er mountains high and vallies low,  
 To warn the wicked for my Master,  
 For the word to me is go.

O hark poor sinners will you hear me?  
 Will you hear my Christ or no?  
 To you my errand is directed,  
 Will you with my Saviour go?

Say, poor sinners, will you hear me?  
 Will you have my Christ or no?  
 The blessed Jesus now invites you,  
 Now he calls on you to go.



O come poor mourners who feel wounded,  
 Tho' your sins like mountains rise,  
 Let your hopes on Christ be founded,  
 Prepare to meet him in the skies.

If your sins appear like crimson,  
 He'll wash your souls as white as snow,  
 O come dear mourner to the Saviour,  
 Come and feel the pardon flow.

O come backsliders who have wander'd,  
 Who so long have gone astray;  
 Come rebellious, wandering children,  
 Jesus meets you on the way.

For the fatted calf is kill'd,  
 All things are ready now, I know,  
 Wine on the lees, and well refin'd;  
 So, farewell wanderers, I must go.

Ye little lambs of my Redeemer,  
 Ye who feed in pastures green,  
 Follow, follow Christ your leader,  
 Ever let your light be seen.

Ever mind and love each other;  
 Shun the path that leads to woe,  
 And travel on the way together;  
 So, farewell brethren, I must go.

## SONG 99. 7. 6.

CALL'D to a sense of duty,  
 I would obey the call,  
 And for the sake of Jesus,  
 I freely give up all  
 My former vain enjoyments,  
 Of pleasure, pride and gain,  
 That I in Jesus' kingdom,  
 A mansion may obtain.

How often have I struggled  
 To hold some foolish sin,  
 Yet to the heavenly kingdom  
 I meant to enter in;  
 But now I am persuaded,  
 That nothing else will do,  
 But Jesus for my portion,  
 And holy joys pursue.

Let all the world's gay beauty,  
 With satan's flattering bait,  
 With all their pride and grandeur,  
 Around my soul await,  
 The far superior beauty,  
 Through faith I see ahead,  
 And I am bent upon it,  
 This holy way to tread.

Come, who will travel with me,  
 The way that leads to heaven.



And follow none but Jesus,  
 The way that he hath given,  
 And take his word for counsel,  
 His Spirit for a guide,  
 And make a full surrender  
 Of everything beside?

Come on, my precious brethren,  
 And travel on with me,  
 We'll seek for heavenly treasure,  
 Until we find the sea  
 Of sweet, unbounded riches,  
 Of life, and love, and peace,  
 Where beauty never withers,  
 And glory never cease.

What though the world reproaches,  
 And say we're mean and poor,  
 No matter what we suffer,  
 If we can reach the shore,  
 It will make the glory sweeter,  
 And raise thy praises higher,  
 And we shall be completer,  
 When purified by fire.

SONG 100. L. M.

YE blooming youth I pray give ear,  
 A death-bed lamentation hear!  
 Ere death shall blast the opening flow'r,  
 O make your peace and calling sure.

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 ere decline.

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.

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.

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.

Oft I have felt the inward smart,  
 And anguish keen has seiz'd my heart;  
 And oft alone resolved in tears,  
 To seek the Lord in riper years.

But with conviction still I strove,  
 Despis'd a Saviour's offer'd love,  
 Refus'd with sinful joys to part,  
 And grieved his Spirit from my heart.

Ye blooming youth, a long farewell,  
 O shun the paths that lead to hell:  
 Seek now your slighted Saviour's face,  
 No more refuse his offer'd grace.



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.

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!"

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?

### SONG 101. 8. 6.

My God and King has said to me,  
Go and proclaim abroad,  
To Jew and Gentile, bond and free,  
Behold the Lamb of God!  
My Saviour's orders I obey,  
With joy that's mix'd with pain;  
And go in tears both night and day,  
Salvation to proclaim.

I wander here and seldom find  
On earth a real friend;  
But Jesus calms my troubled mind,  
And still doth comforts send—

When with the piercing cold I'm chill'd,  
Or scorch'd by summer's day,  
With care for souls my mind is fill'd,  
My call I must obey.

No earthly cares or foes I meet,  
Nor persecutions flood,  
Shall make me from my post retreat;  
I'll blow the trump of God:  
Christ's standard, the white flag of peace,  
I hold, and still do call,  
And preach to all the world free grace,  
For Jesus died for all.

Jesus assist me to unite  
Thy sheep and lambs in one,  
That they may live like angels bright,  
And their Redeemer own;  
Then when I cease from trav'ling here,  
Salvation to proclaim,  
O may I meet my brethren, where  
We'll never part again.

### SONG 102. 8. 7.

Poor mourning souls in deep distress,  
Making sad lamentation,  
Find themselves lost in wickedness,  
And under condemnation;  
While thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,  
Do roar with loudest terror,

And they, as lost in their account,  
Are drown'd with grief and horror.

Ah, woe is me that I was born,  
Or ever had beginning;  
I fain would died when I was young  
Or have no future being;  
But here I am in deep distress,  
Most worn away with trouble;  
Day after day I seek for rest,  
But find my sorrows double.

Saith satan, fatal is your state,  
Time past you might repented;  
But now you see it is too late,  
So, make yourself contented:  
How can I live, how can I rest,  
Under this sore temptation:  
Fearing my day of grace is past,  
Lord hear my lamentation.

But who is he that looketh forth,  
Just like the vernal morning;  
Clear as the sun, fair as the moon,  
'Tis Jesus Christ adorning:  
Jesus can clothe my naked soul,  
Jesus for me has died;  
And now I can with pleasure sing,  
My wants are all supplied.

## SONG 103. 8. 6.

YE pilgrims that are wand'ring home,  
Ye followers of the Lamb;  
Sweeter to me than honeycomb,  
Is Christ's despised name;  
Let us with undissembled love,  
Like children hand in hand.  
March to our Father's house above,  
And to the promis'd land.

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.

Since I've been here you have been dear,  
I've always found you kind;  
But now I quit this happy place,  
And leave you all behind:  
And if we never meet below,  
Let us our lamps prepare,  
To meet the bridegroom when he comes,  
And in his glory share.

So, fare you well, my dearest friends;  
With flowing tears we part:



God make us faithful to the end;  
 Your souls are near my heart:  
 It will not be but few days more,  
 Before we meet above,  
 There fears of parting ne'er can come,  
 In that sweet world of love.

## SONG 104. 7. 6.

WHEN I set out for glory,  
 I left the world behind;  
 Determin'd for a city,  
 That's out of sight to find.  
 And to glory I will go, I'll go, I'll go,  
 And to glory I will go.

I left my worldly honor,  
 I left my worldly fame;  
 I left my gay companions,  
 And with them my good name.  
 And to glory, &c.

Some said I'd better tarry,  
 They thought I was too young,  
 For to prepare for dying,  
 But that was all my theme,  
 And to glory, &c.

Come all my loving brethren,  
 And listen to my cry;

All you that are backsliders,  
 Must shortly beg or die.  
 And to begging I will go, &c.

The Lord he loves the beggar,  
 Who truly begs indeed,  
 He always will relieve him,  
 When'er he stands in need.  
 And to begging I will go, &c.

I do not beg for riches,  
 Nor to be dressed fine,  
 The garments that he gives me,  
 The sun it will outshine.  
 And to begging I will go, &c.

I'm not ashamed to beg,  
 While here on earth I stay,  
 I'm not ashamed to watch,  
 I'm not ashamed to pray.  
 And to begging I will go, &c.

The richest man I ever saw,  
 Was one that begg'd the most,  
 His soul was fill'd with Jesus,  
 And with the Holy Ghost.  
 And to begging I will go, &c.

And now we are encourag'd,  
 Come let us travel on,  
 Until we join the angels,  
 And sing the holy song.  
 And to glory I will go, &c.



## SONG 105. 12. 11.

As pensive I ranged, my soul in devotion,  
 Withdrew from confession to gloomy retreat,  
 Where silence was reigning, and nature reposing  
 In deep solitude—slowly wand'ring my feet:  
 The sun had retired, and silence prevailing,  
 The pale waning moonlight the bowers regaling,  
 Excited emotions of youthful bewailing,  
 Which moved to weeping the trees of the wood.  
 O hard is my fate, cried a soul in deep anguish,  
 The drops of the ev'ning had chill'd on his brow  
 To heaven he lifted his eyes prone to languish,  
 That glow'd in rejecting all pleasure below:  
 Behold I retire from my native employment,  
 And bid final farewell to earthly enjoyment,  
 O Jesus protect, and prevent sad annoyance,  
 In thee, and thee only, I'll seek for repose.  
 Farewell, O my parents, the joy of my childhood,  
 My brothers and sisters, I bid you adieu,

To wander creation, the fields and the wild wood,  
 And call upon mortals their heav'n to secure.  
 When driven by raindrops, and night shades prevailing,  
 And keen piercing northwinds my thin robes assailing,  
 And stars of the twilight in lustre regaling,  
 I'll seek for repose in a cottage unknown.  
 Ye sons of the morning, with eyes full of pity  
 Behold one traversing a far foreign land,  
 No track that I once could behold to delight me,  
 But mournful I sigh for the once friendly land.  
 The beams of the morning, or daylight arising  
 On Flora's gay beauty with charms so surprising,  
 To my gloomy soul can afford no rejoicing,  
 For strange is the place, and the region unknown.  
 The beasts and the ravens their shelter discover,  
 And owls of the desert to covert away,  
 And in their wild echo at midnight resounding,  
 Appear to upbraid me more wretched than they.



The dove of its mate when bereaved and  
mourning,  
Unites with my sighing, lamenting and  
wand'ring;  
And hearts like the steel-darts, engage in  
their sland'ring,  
And scoffing, rejoice at the tale of my woe!  
But think not I'm lost, O ye sons of detrac-  
tion,  
Nor tread on a worm that is slain at your  
feet;  
The spark all immortal, that glows in my  
bosom,  
Will outshine the sun in its splendor com-  
plete.  
The day of bright glory is fast onward  
fleeting,  
O hail the blest morn, the last glorious  
meeting,  
My soul in new transport, exults in repeat-  
ing,  
We'll meet ne'er to part, when old time  
is no more.

SONG 106. L. M.

FRIENDS and physicians cannot save  
My mortal body from the grave;  
There I must lie o'erspread with turf,  
Encircled in the arms of death,

Till Christ shall call my sleeping dust  
To reign with him among the just;  
There to receive my great reward,  
And dwell forever with my Lord.

In heaven above, at God's right hand,  
Where I shall see the friend of man,  
And there with saints and angels join  
To celebrate his love divine.

There, on that peaceful, happy shore,  
We'll shout and sing forever more,  
In holy triumph round God's throne,  
Where pains and death no more are known.

SONG 107. 7's.

PARTED many a toil-spent year,  
Pledg'd in youth, in mem'ry dear,  
Still to friendship's magnet true,  
We our social joys renew;  
Drawn by love's unsever'd chain,  
Here on earth we meet again.

But our bow'r sunk by decay,  
Wasting time has swept away,  
And the youthful evergreen,  
Lopp'd by death no more is seen;  
Bleak the winds sweep o'er the plain  
Where on earth we meet again.



Many a friend we used to greet,  
Here on earth, no more we meet;  
Oft the fun'ral knell has rung;  
Many a heart has sorrow stung  
Since we parted on this plain,  
Fearful ne'er to meet again.

Worn by toil and sunk with years,  
Soon we'll quit this vale of tears,  
And these whiten'd locks be laid  
Low in cold oblivion's shade.  
But where saints and angels reign,  
There may we all meet again.

### SONG 108. 10. 11.

Dear people, farewell, I do you now tell,  
I'm sorry to leave you, I love you so well;  
Yet I shortly must go, to where I don't know,  
But where'er I travel the trumpet I'll blow.

Strange people I'll find, I hope they'll prove  
kind,  
But faces nor places shall alter my mind;  
Where'er I be, I will still pray for ye,  
And you, my dear brethren, do the same for  
me.

With you I have toil'd and labor'd awhile,  
But labor prov'd sweet when my Saviour did  
smile :

And when I am done, I hope to go home,  
And dwell with my Jesus where toils never  
come.

Poor sinners, adieu, I'm sorry for you,  
If out of the Saviour, O what will you do?  
What horror 'twill raise, what dread and  
amaze,  
To see vast creation all in a blaze !

Poor mourners, adieu, I'm loath to leave you,  
But duty calls me, and my work I must do;  
If I see you no more till the trump shall roar,  
I hope I shall meet you where parting's no  
more.

Dear brethren, adieu, I truly love you,  
Now here is my hand as a token I do;  
But now I must go the trumpet to blow,  
For the hope of glory I leave all below.

When above we meet, our joys shall be sweet,  
And rob'd in white, we will fall at Christ's  
feet;  
With the blood-wash'd throng, we will sing  
the song,  
Glory, hallelujah to God and the Lamb.



## SONG 109. 11's.

YE lovers of pleasure, that slight salvation,  
 As tormented Dives for his brethren did  
 pray,  
 Attend a moment to my lamentation,  
 O hear and take warning, and turn while  
 you may.  
 While Christ stands without, his mercy ex-  
 tended,  
 Arise from your slumber, your Saviour to  
 see;  
 While perfumes from his garments now are  
 descending,  
 Arise, lest too late you repent it like me.  
 I long made excuses of cares and vain  
 pleasure,  
 Too young or too wise, else too rich or too  
 poor;  
 So fond of my pastimes I never found leisure  
 To rise from my slumbers and open the door.  
 But when I awoke, and rose to receive him,  
 And found that my Saviour had fled and  
 was gone,  
 To think of his love, and how I had griev'd  
 him,  
 All my days in affliction his absence I'll  
 mourn.

Now Sinai's thunder roars louder and louder,  
 The lightnings do flash and the trumpet  
 does roar;  
 Now justice stands forth, but not in my favor,  
 And to Christ I'm ashamed to look up any  
 more.  
 But if, through mercy, at last he'll receive me,  
 Like Mary, I'll weep, and lie at his feet;  
 No hardships or poverty e'er should grieve  
 me,  
 I'd die with my Saviour, and death should  
 be sweet.  
 With my face to the ground, I'll cry for mercy,  
 As long as I've breath for a pardon I'll pray;  
 But I deserve that he should never hear me,  
 For when he called, I so long did delay.  
 Come seek your salvation while Jesus is  
 waiting,  
 If ever his pardoning mercy I prove,  
 My tongue shall be praising, his goodness  
 relating,  
 Till I meet you in glory with Jesus above.

## SONG 110. C. M.

With holy awe, and solemn dread,  
 Approach the silent tomb!  
 Your Shepherd lies beneath the shade,  
 Of death's tremendous gloom.

How gentle was the stroke divine,  
Which bow'd his head in death!  
How peaceful did his soul resign  
His friends, his life, his breath.

E'en death to him is endless gain;  
Though we are led to mourn:  
Shepherd divine! thy flock sustain,  
Nor leave thy fold forlorn.

Display thy pardoning, healing grace;  
Assuage our rising grief;  
Reveal thy smiling, cheering face,  
And grant us sweet relief.

Give us to kiss the painful rod,  
Nor at thy will repine,—  
"Be still, and know that thou art God,"  
To all thy will resign.

Furnish thy church from shore to shore,  
With gospel truth and grace;  
And while we thus our loss deplore,  
E'en here thy flock increase.

### SONG 111. C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
To crown him Lord of all.

Let high born seraphs tune the lyre;  
And as they tune it, fall  
Before his face who tunes their choir,  
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye morning stars of light,  
He fix'd this floating ball;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,—  
Ye ransom'd of the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord did call;  
The God incarnate, man divine,  
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.



## SONG 112. P. M.

YE happy children, who follow Jesus  
 Into the house of prayer and praise,  
 Who are join'd in union, while love increases,  
 Resolv'd this way to spend your days;  
 Although we're hated by the world and Satan,  
 And flesh, and such as know not God,  
 Yet happy moments, and joyful seasons  
 We oft times find on Canaan's road.

Though oft assaulted by sore temptations,  
 We'll keep our great High Priest in view;  
 Our Jesus trav'led 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.

While we've been waiting on loving Jesus,  
 We've felt some streams coming from above;  
 Our hearts have burn'd with holy rapture,  
 We long to be absolv'd 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.

On Zion's holy celestial mountain,  
 I hope again to meet you all;

To bathe in love's eternal fountain,  
 And round 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 brethren, let's hasten home!  
 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.

## SONG 113. C. M.

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

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

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

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

## THE FORM OF Solemnization of Matrimony.

---

DEARLY beloved, we are gathered together in the sight of God, to join together this Man and this Woman in holy Matrimony; therefore, if any can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

*If no impediment shall be alleged, then shall the Minister say to the Man:*

*A. WILT* thou have this Woman to thy wedded Wife, to live together after God's ordinance, in the honorable estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, till separated by death?

The man shall answer, *I WILL.*



*Then shall the Minister say unto the Woman:*

*B.* WILT thou have this Man to thy wedded Husband, to live together after God's ordinance, in the honorable estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love, honor, and keep him, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, till separated by death?

The Woman shall answer, I WILL.

Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

For as much as *A.* and *B.* have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and all present, and thereto have pledged their faith, one to the other, I pronounce, that they be Man and Wife together, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

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Alas! This year we  
though every one shall be

Whom this year  
Remembered was  
For our agavinal  
to us