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THE

SWEET SONGSTER,

A COLLECTION OF THE

MOST POPULAR AND APPROVED

SONGS, HYMNS AND BALLADS.

BY

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PREFACE.

The work which is now presented to the public, contains a large variety of the most approved Hymns and Spiritual Songs, together with a large number of the most popular Ballads and Songs, by the most celebrated modern Authors, and it is hoped that these and the Original Songs and Hymns will render THE SWEET SONGSTER acceptable to the public.

It was deemed advisable to exclude *particular* Metre from this work, it having no regularity, and when the Metre is neither long, short or common, it is determined by the number of syllables in each line. The number of syllables in it is designated by figures at the commencement of the tune; a little practice will enable the reader to count the number of syllables in any piece of music, and adapt it to a suitable tune.

Those Hymns marked with the author's name, Billups, were composed entirely or in part by him.

THE

SWEET SONGSTER.

HYMN 1. 8's.

A TWELVEMONTH more has roll'd around,
Since we attended on this ground;
Ten thousand scenes have marked the year
Since we met last to worship here.

Full many a friend and many a foe
Have left this weeping world below,
And many a homeless wanderer's tear
Has fallen since we worship'd here.

Relentless death has hurl'd his dart,
And lodged it deep in many a heart;
Both small and great, of every sphere,
Have fall'n since we worship'd here.

Full many a father 's lost his son,
And many a mother's daughter 's gone;
The orphan's cry and widow's tear
Have mingled since we worship'd here.

5 But we are spar'd, to heaven be praise,
Our God has lengthened out our days;
We've left our homes with hearts sincere,
And met once more to worship here.

6 My father's children, heirs of heaven,
Let all your hearts to prayer be given;
That you may lend a list'ning ear,
And bless us while we worship here.

7 Come, sinners, come, your pard'ning God
Waits to impart his precious blood;
Forsake your sins, to Christ draw near,
And seek him while we worship here.

8 You must repent this side the tomb,
Or judgment's fire must be your doom;
All heaven invites and hell draws near—
O! will you join our worship here.

9 Ye mourners, raise your languid eyes,
Give Christ your hearts, ascend the skies;
Remove your fears, to Christ draw near,
And seek him while we worship here.

10 Gird all the Christian armor on,
And nobly fight till vict'ry 's won;
Our God will form the front and rear
Of all who humbly worship here.

11 The din of woe will soon be o'er,
When we shall sigh and weep no more;
In heaven, with shouts, we'll all appear;
And meet no more to worship here.

12 The sinner's friend we'll then adore,
There tents are pitch'd to strike no more;
The glorious crown with angels share,
And live, and love, and worship there.

HYMN 2. C. M. [BILLUPS.

AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands,
And knocks at every door;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.

2 Behold, he saith, I bleed and die,
To bring you to my rest;
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell:
Or in the glorious realms above
With me forever dwell?

4 Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven;
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven!

5 Sinner, the voice of God regard,
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

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

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

8 But if these means should prove in vain,
And still no fruit is found;
Then mercy shall no longer plead,
But justice cut it down.

HYMN 3. C. M. [WATTS

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sovereign die;
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

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

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

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

HYMN 4. S. M. [BILLUPS

AH! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God!
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed, and though condemned,
Must own thy judgment's right.

3 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight,
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

4 The joy thy favor gives,
Let me again obtain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

5 Once more we meet to pray—
Once more our guilt confess;
Turn not, O Lord, thine ear away
From creatures in distress.

6 Our sins to heaven ascend,
And there for vengeance cry;
O God! behold the sinner's friend,
Who intercedes on high.

7 Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who lived and died for us.

8 Now let thy bosom yearn,
As it hath done before,
Return to us, O God, return
And ne'er forsake us more.

HYMN 5. C. M. [COLBIN.

A THRONE of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show,
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! O at that throne
Our knees have often bent;
And God has shower'd his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints,
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need,
Long as we draw our breath;
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are chang'd by death.

5 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face,
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.

HYMN 6. C. M. [DR. WATTS.

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?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

7 O! faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before His throne:
The race must come, before the prize,
The cross, before the crown.

8 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run;
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

HYMN 7. L. M. [BILLUPS

ALL ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light,
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

2 And as we rise, with thee to live,
O! let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above—
The breath of life, the fire of love.

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood,
O! bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee beneath the yielding wave.

4 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross—the shame—the pain—
O! Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

5 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven own'd the deed—approv'd the way;
And bless'd the place where Jesus lay.

6 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come tread his steps and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

HYMN 8. L. [ANON.

AWAKE, all-conquering a , awake,
And Satan's mighty empire shake;
Assert the honors of thy throne,
And make this ruined world thine own.

2 Thine all-successful power display,
Convert a nation in a day;
Until the universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee!

3 Send forth thy messengers of peace—
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.

4 Let Zion's time of favor come,
O! bring the tribes of Israel home;
Soon may our wondering eyes behold,
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

5 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim
Through ev'ry clime, of ev ry name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

6 Sovereign of worlds! display thy power—
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
O! bid the morning star arise—
O! point the heathen to the skies.

7 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns—
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the Gospel's sound be known—
Make thou the universe thine own.

8 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Dispel the gloom of heathen night,
Bid ev'ry nation hail the light.

HYMN 9. C. M. [BILLINGS.

AROUND, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heav'n displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

2 God is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground—
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his councils shine—
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke
Fulfill some deep design.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O! may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

6 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

7 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

HYMN 10. S. M. [ANON.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
What is thy great concern.

4 Behold! another year begins,
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

6 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more—
And sinners now may learn to love
Who never loved before.

7 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal powers decay—
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day!

HYMN 11. S. M. [BILLUPS.

ALAS! 't was brittle clay
That form'd our body first,
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day
'Tis moldering back to dust!

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

3 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.

4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
We soon shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity!

5 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares,
Their wealth and honor gone!

6 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought—
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

7 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung.
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

HYMN 12. S. M. [COLLINS.

AND am I born to die—
To lay this body down—
And must my trembling spirit fly,
Unto a world unknown!

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb—
With triumph or regret—
A fearful or a joyful doom—
A curse or blessing meet?

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

5 O! thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die—
Who died thyself, my soul to save,
From endless misery—

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe—
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear!

HYMN 13. S. M.

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

2 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread.

3 Come, sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath you cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal terrors hang
Around the second death.

5 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years—
And all that life is love!

6 O! then my spirit faints,
To reach that land of love—
The bright inheritance of saints—
My glorious home above!

HYMN 14. C. M. [STENNETT.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd—
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood!

4 Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise—
Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies:

5 Amidst the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a sharer be!"

6 His pray'r the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies:
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise!"

HYMN 15. C. M. [NEWTON.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent—
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caus'd him to repent.

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

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

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face—
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll seek a servant's place.

5 His Father saw him coming back—
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 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:—

7 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!

8 '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.

HYMN 16. L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me—
His loving-kindness O! how free!

2 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!

3 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!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood--
His loving-kindness O! how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 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.

HYMN 17. C. M. [NEWTON.

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.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved!
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far—
And grace will lead me home.

4 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.

5 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.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

HYMN 18. C. M. [WESLEY.

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:

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest—
That only bliss for which it pants—
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

5 O! what has Jesus done for me!
Before my raptured eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.

6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there,
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

7 O! what are all my sufferings here—
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd haste appear,
And worship at thy feet.

8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

HYMN 19. 8's.

A TRAV'LING pilgrim, here I am,
And aiming for bright glory;
I seek a country out of sight—
A rest that's for the weary.

2 I cast this world behind my back
No more to seek its pleasures—
Set out to trace a narrow track,
And gain a better treasure.

3 At me the wicked laugh and scorn
And sinners do deride me;
They count me lost, and quite forlorn,
But Jesus he will guide me.

4 Sometimes I weep, sometimes I mourn,
Sometimes I sing sweet glory;
Sometimes I'm sad, sometimes I'm glad—
I long to tell my story.

5 Amazed, this world in wonder stands,
And cannot tell the meaning,
While I rejoice, and lift my hands,
And then I'm heard complaining.

6 They 're strangers to the pilgrims' joys,
And strangers to their sorrows—
I have a home above the skies,
Where Jesus saves from terrors.

7 I want to live a Christian here—
I want to die a-shouting—
I want to feel my Saviour near,
When soul and body 's parting.

8 I want to see bright angels stand,
All ready to receive me,
And bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ is gone before me.

9 I want to meet my brethren there,
And all my faithful sisters;
Where Jesus smiles, our souls will cheer,
All ready now, he whispers.

10 Come up and dwell with saints above,
And sing sweet grace redeeming,
And reign in fields of endless love
Where glory 's ever beaming.

HYMN 20. S. M. [N. I. VEDDER.

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

2 To serve the present age—
My calling to fulfill—
O! may it all my powers engage,
To do my master's will.

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

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

HYMN 21. C. M.

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

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

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

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead!
Thy watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed—
To all I speak or do.

5 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 22. 8's & 6's. [DOVER SEL.

A FEW more days on earth to spend,
And all my toils and cares shall end,
And I shall see my God and friend,
And praise his name on high;
No more to sigh or shed a tear;
No more to suffer pain or fear,
But God, and Christ, and heaven appear
Unto my raptur'd eye.

2 Then O! my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall see the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest.
O happy day!—O joyful hour!
When freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r
Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r,
To be forever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day—
I'll joyfully the call obey,
Which comes to summons me away,
To seats prepar'd above.

There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his belov'd embrace,
And taste the fullness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still, by faith, I see the shore,
Beyond the rolling flood:
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my raptur'd eyes appear;
It makes me think I'm almost there,
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I bid farewell,
And triumph over earth and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three.
I'll join with those who're gone before,
Who sing and shout, their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

6 Adieu! ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow—
A better world 's in view;
My Saviour calls, I haste away—
I would not here forever stay;
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day,
Vain world, once more adieu!

HYMN 23. C. M.

ATTEND, young friends, while I relate
The dangers you are in—

The evils that around you wait
While subject unto sin.

2 Although you flourish like the rose,
While in its branches green,
Your sparkling eyes in death must close—
No more will they be seen.

3 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.

4 How small this world will then appear,
At that tremendous hour,
When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
And feel his mighty power!

5 In vain you'll mourn—your days are past—
Alas! those days are gone—
Your golden hours are spent at last,
And never will return.

6 O! come this moment, and begin
While life's sweet moments last;
Turn to the Lord, forsake all sin,
And he'll forgive the past.

HYMN 24. 8's.

A STORY most pleasing I'll tell,
Concerning the Lord from the skies—
He suffered, 'tis known very well,
For sinners, that sinners might rise;

He left his exalted abode,
When man was by transgression lost;
He suffered and died on the cross,
Consented to lie in the dust.

2 O! was it for crimes that I've done
The Saviour was hailed with a kiss,
By Judas, the traitor of old?—
Was ever there mercy like this?
The rebels all joined in a band,
Confin'd Him and led Him away;
The cords wrapped round his sweet hands,
O sinners! look on Him, I pray!

3 They loaded the Lamb with the cross,
He bore it up Calvary's hill;
Come, mourners, a moment, and view
All nature look solemn and still.
They pierced his hands with the nails,
White blood it flow'd out of his feet;
O brethren! how passive he stands—
O! look at the sight, it is great!

4 He cried, My father and God,
I am left in sorrow and pain;
The cross was all cover'd with blood—
And the temple was rent in twain.
He bowed his sweet head—when he died
The sun it refused to shine;
They rushed the spear in his side—
This lowly Redeemer is mine.

5 Sweet, lovely and pleasant to view,
Those scenes with joy and delight—
The scene is eternally new,
My soul it is cheered by the sight.

I long to mount up in the sky,
In Paradise make my abode,
And dwell with my Jesus on high,
With angels shout glory to God.

HYMN 25. C. M.

ALMIGHTY God! thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie,
All open to thy sight.

2 There 's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy awful book 'tis writ,
Against the Judgment day.

3 And must the crimes which we have done,
Be read and published there?
Be all exposed before the Son,
While men and angels hear!

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins, before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains,
Which my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6 O! may I now forever fear,
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And punish every fault?

Hymn 26. C. M. [GRAVES.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted soul,
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot,
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe, the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear—
Their ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace—
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

Hymn 27. L. M.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth, for which the martyrs bled;

2 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise—
The voice that marshaled ev'ry star,
Has called thy people from afar.

3 Along the line, to either pole,
The anthem of thy praise to roll.
Our councils aid—to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart

HYMN 28. 11's. [HARRIS.

AND now, my dear brethren, I bid you farewell,
I'm going to travel, glad tidings to tell—
I'm going to travel the wilderness through,
Therefore, my dear brethren, I bid you adieu!

2 May heaven protect you—be Jesus your guide—
On the walls of dear Zion, may we still abide;
Though we live at a distance, and you I ne'er see,
On the banks of old Jordan acquainted we'll be.

3 There all things are plenty, like Eden in bloom,
To those blissful mansions no sorrow can come;
No sin or temptation can enter that place
And there we shall join in the song of free grace.

4 Adieu to affliction, to trial, and pain,
I'm going to Jesus forever to reign—
I'm going to Jesus, 'tis him I adore,
With saints and bright angels to dwell ever more.

5 Live near to the Saviour, be fervent in prayer,
And while I am absent remember me there
That Jesus his gospel would crown with success,
And my poor exertions to numbers would bless.

6 And when we meet Jesus in the mansions above,
Where saints and bright seraphs are fill'd with his love—
O! then may I see these dear mourners appear—
How glad we shall be to meet each other there!

HYMN 29. C. M.

BEHOLD that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be hurl'd away,
And Christians gather'd home.

2 Perhaps the parents see the child
Sink down to endless flames,
With cries, and shrieks, and bitter groans,
Never to rise again:

3 And while with Dives, for water cry,
They gnaw their tongue for pain,
Must gnash their teeth, and parch, and cry,
And wring their hands in vain.

4 All hail! all hail! ye frighted ghosts,
With whom I once did dwell,
And spent my days in frantic mirth,
And doom'd my soul to hell!

5 O Father! see my blazing hands;
Mother! behold your child;
Against you now a witness stands,
Amidst the flames confined.

6 In yonder world, 'gainst God we sinn'd,—
Would no instruction take,
But O! it's now we must be damn'd
In hell's devouring lake.

7 Yea, children do their parents view,
Go headlong down to hell,
Confin'd with all the wicked crew,
Forever there to dwell.

8 The sister must her sister see,
For whom she cried and pray'd,
Sink down to endless misery,
To dwell among the dead.

9 The husband sees his loving wife,
With whom he once did dwell,
Depart with bitter groans and cries—
Dear husband, fare-you-well!

10 And Oh! perhaps the wife may see
The man she once did love,
Sink down to endless misery,
While she is crown'd above.

11 Then shall the saints, thro' grace divine,
Drink in eternal love,
In Jesus' image there to shine
And reign with him above.

12 Oh! how it melts my soul, to think
Of meeting round the throne--
Eternal joys we there shall drink,
Where sorrows never come.

13 All tears will then be wip'd away—
Full glory will be given—
The Lamb of God will smiling say:
Come in, my friends, come in!

14 Here is a crown laid up for you,
Come, wear it for your own—
It's brighter than the brilliant day—
Outshines the burning sun!

HYMN 30. L. M. [BILLUPS.

BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whom eternal praise we owe—
Rivers of endless joys above,
And streams of comfort here below!

2 All praise to the great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls,
A precious stream of vital blood—
The fount of life for dying souls.

3 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where naught impure shall enter in!

4 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs—
His power is sov'reign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

5 Yet, Lord! thy kindness deigns to show,
All that we mortals need to know,
While wisdom, goodness, power divine
Through all thy works and conduct shine

6 O! may our souls with rapture trace,
Thy works of nature and of grace—
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will!

7 Thou great and good, thou just and wise!
Thou art my Father and my God—
And I am thine by sacred ties—
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

HYMN 31. C. M. [BILLUPS

BEHOLD! what pity touch'd the heart
Of God's eternal Son—
Descending from the heavenly court
He left his father's throne;

2 His living power and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

4 Lord! we confess our numerous faults—
How great our guilt has been—
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

5 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin,
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

6 So strange, so boundless was the love,
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

7 But all was mercy—all was mild—
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on mercy's errand came,
And brought salvation down.

HYMN 32. S. M.

BEHOLD the living bread!
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live!

2 The Lord delights to give—
He knows you've naught to buy—
To Jesus haste—this bread receive—
And you shall never die!

3 I freely feed them now,
With tokens of my love—
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams, above.

4 While my Redeemer 's near—
My shepherd and my guide—
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear—
My wants are all supplied!

5 Dear shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore,
And guide me with thy watchful eye
And let me rove no more.

6 We see its smiling beams,
Forth shining at his birth—
And trace its luster day by day,
While he sojourns on earth!

7 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love!
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above!

8 Death may our souls divide,
From these abodes of clay—
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Thro' all the gloomy way.

HYMN 33. C. M.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know,
The Gospel's joyful sound—
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 O! what amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

3 This spring with living waters flows,
And heavenly joys imparts—
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless!

5 There Jesus stands with open arms—
He calls—he bids you come—
Though guilt restrains and fear alarms,
Behold! there yet is room.

6 There with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand, thousand souls rejoice
In songs on earth unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand, thousand more,
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room!

HYMN 34. C. M. [BILLUPS.

BEHOLD him, as the race you run,
Your never failing friend—
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

2 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
Within the bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

3 Jesus, the herald of his love,
Displays the glorious prize,
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes!

4 O Lord! if in the book of life
My worthless name should stand,
In fairest characters inscrib'd,
By thine unerring hand:

5 Then I to thee in sweetest strains
Will grateful anthems raise—
But life 's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.

6 Had I ten thousand, thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand, thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

7 O Father! good or evil send,
As seemeth best to thee,
And teach my stubborn soul to bend
In love, O Lord! to thee.

HYMN 35. C. M. [BILLUPS

BUT one alone, who reigns above,
Our woe to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of joy and love
That long has ceased to burn.

2 'Tis with a mournful pleasure, now,
I think on ancient days—
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply;
The good we ask not, Father, grant—
The ill we ask, deny.

4 Thy word, O! hide within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

5 My God! I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still—
Thy holy law is my delight—
May I obey thy will!

6 Soon as I heard my father say—
Ye children, seek my grace,
My heart repli'd, without delay
I'll seek my father's face.

HYMN 36. L. M.

BEHOLD the way! ye heralds cry,
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
Glad tidings to the captive soul.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth, for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Forthwith thy chosen heralds come—
Recall the wandering spirits home—
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

4 Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day;
Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

5 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.

6 Soon may the last glad song arise,
Through all the myriads of the skies—
That song of triumph which records,
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

HYMN 37. C. M. [BILLUPS.

BE merciful to us, O Lord!
Upon thy people shine—
And spread thy saving truth abroad
Till all that live be thine!

2 O! when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around—
Till ev'ry tribe and ev'ry soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

3 Smile, Lord! on each divine attempt
To spread the Gospel's rays,
And build, on Sin's demolish'd throne,
The temple of thy praise.

4 Send to the East the valiant band--
Send to each distant pole--
Send to the West—o'er ev'ry land
Salvation's current roll.

5 Send forth thy word! and let it fly
This spacious world around—
Till ev'ry soul beneath the sun,
Shall hear the joyful sound.

6 O! let the great Redeemer's name,
Through ev'ry clime be known—
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

7 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored—
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord!

HYMN 38. 11's & 10's.

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

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

3 His standard's unfurl'd—see it wave through the air—
And volunteers coming from far-off and near;
Now's the time, brother soldier, no longer delay,
Enlist now with Jesus—good wages he'll pay.

4 The bounty he'll give, when the warfare begins,
Is justification and freedom from sin;
Good usage he'll give, while you sail on the way,
And shortly you'll anchor in heaven's broad bay!

5 Your tarpaulin jacket no longer you'll wear,
But robes of bright glory, all shining and fair—
A crown on your head that would dazzle the sun—
And from glory to glory eternally run

6 I long, dearest Lord! in thy beauties to shine—
No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine—
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home!

7 O! who is like Jesus—he's Salem's bright king—
He smiles and he loves me—he taught me to sing—

I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to
his will,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth
fill!

HYMN 39. 8's & 7's.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship,
And adore the Lord our God—
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word!

2 All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One come down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around!

3 Brethren, see poor sinners round you—
Slumbering on the brink of woe;
Death is coming—hell is moving—
Can you bear to let them go!

4 See our Fathers, and our Mothers,
And our children sinking down—
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around!

5 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door—
But they have betray'd their Saviour,
And are worse than e'er before!

6 Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
If they will lament their wounds;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around!

7 Sisters, will you join and help us?—
Moses' sisters aided him—
While you see the trembling sinners
Who are struggling hard with sin!

8 Tell them all about the Saviour—
Tell them that He will be found—
Pray on, sisters, and the manna
Will be shower'd all around!

9 Let us love our God supremely—
Let us love each other too—
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new!

10 Then he'll call us home to heaven—
At his table we'll sit down—
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

HYMN 40. C. M.

BEHOLD! the pilgrim, as he dies,
With glory in his view,
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu.

While friends are weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

3 Oh! Christians, are you ready now,
To cross the swelling flood!—
On Canaan's happy shore, behold
Your Saviour and your God!

4 The dazzling charms of that bright world
Attract my soul above—
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
And feast on Jesus' love.

5 Go on! my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there;
Although you tread enchanted ground,
Behold, and never fear.

6 Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
Your captain is in view,
And when I gain fair Canaan's land,
I hope to meet with you.

HYMN 41. 6's & 8's.

BRETHREN and sisters, we must part,
And to our callings go—
But let us all keep one in heart,
Whilst we remain below:

CHORUS. And when we meet in heaven above,
Where saints and angels dwell,
We'll sing of his redeeming love,
And never say, farewell!

2 We may but meet a few times more,
Till we shall meet above—
Where pain and parting are no more,
In that bright world of love!

CHO. And when we meet in heaven, etc.

3 We shall with Christ, in Paradise,
To endless ages dwell—
Then let us pray, both night and day—
So now, dear friends, farewell!

CHO. And when we meet in heaven, etc.

4 It 's there with Christ, in paradise,
We shall forever dwell—
Till then, let's pray, both night and day—
And so, dear friends, farewell!

CHO. And when we meet in heaven, etc.

HYMN 42. 11's.

BEGIN, ye admirers of Jesus' love,
Who died to redeem us and raise us above;
But glory remains when the life fades away,
The sun sets at night and the stars shun the day.

2 Remember the night when his sorrows began—
The horrors of darkness that fell on the man;
Why so faint and so slow does your gratitude move,
To the Lamb that was wounded, that sinners might live?

3 Remember the place where in anguish he lay—
The sins which he bore from his people away—
Now faith rises high, we exult in his love
Who died to redeem us, but now is above.

4 We'll go to the land where our Saviour is gone,
And saints shall rejoice in the fruits of the Son,
And the angels shall sing, Hallelujah! amen,
All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain!

Hymn 43. C. M.

BEHOLD the man! threescore years and ten,
Upon a dying bed—
Has run his race, and got no grace—
An awful sight indeed!

2 Poor man, he lies, in sore surprise,
And thus he doth complain:
No grace I've got, and I cannot,
Recall my time again.

3 This is the truth, I've spent my youth,
In sinful sports and mirth—
Put far away, the evil day,
And scarcely thought on death.

4 My conscience then, could not refrain,
But gave me many a check—
But willfully, I put it by—
Its voice I did reject.

5 In middle age, I did engage,
In the affairs of life,
Some wealth to gain, that might sustain,
My children and my wife.

6 This worldly care, did prove a snare—
The devil led me on—
And now alas! this is the care—
My day of grace is gone.

7 My glass is run, and I'm undone,
No mercy can I find—
And instantly, the man doth die,
And leave no hope behind.

8 An awful sight, God grant it might,
A warning be to all—
To seek God's face, for saving grace,
And hearken to his call.

HYMN 44. L. M.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty—
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns for them laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart—
The blood of Christ divinely flows—
A healing balm for all our woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause and desp'rate case.

4 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the Heirs of Bliss,
The Sons of God, the God of peace.

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

HYMN 45. 7's. [BILLUPS.

BLEEDING hearts! defil'd by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls! with guilt oppress'd,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn your follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste,
Turn to God—O! turn and live—
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wandered far,
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace,
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Griev'd, afflicted, tempest worn—
Now in Israel's track confide—
Jesus Christ for man has died!

5 Fainting souls! in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely—
Jesus Christ now reigns on high!

6 Let me but thyself possess—
Total sum of happiness—
Real bliss I then shall prove—
Heaven below and heaven above!

HYMN 46. 8's & 7's.

COME, poor sinners, Christ invites you
To partake his gospel grace,
Let his mercies now constrain you,
To leave your sins and seek his face.

2 While the gospel trump is sounding
Ev'ry land and nation hear—
All that sin, the tyrant, wounded,
Now's the time for to prepare.

3 Much you did reject the offers—
Jesus call'd, you would not hear;
Glorious mercies—life he promis'd—
But you would not lend an ear.

4 Soon you'll hear the trumpet sounding,
Saying, Time shall be no more:
Then you'll hear and be confounded,
And in vain God's help implore.

5 Earth a-reeling, quaking, trembling—
The moon will then be turn'd to blood,
Stars a-falling, mountains tumbling—
Vengeance pouring like a flood.

6 There the blazing comets darting,
On this frighted world below—
O! my friends, it will be shocking
To all who do not Jesus know.

7 Arise, arise! and come to judgment,
All ye nations under-ground;
Sinners, you must hear the trumpet,
And from your graves re-bound.

8 All the dead, both dead and living,
Must come and hear their doom;
Some a-shouting, some a-howling,
As they do to judgment come.

9 Then they'll call to mind the offers,
They have had to turn and live;
Yes! you gospel-slighting scoffers,
This will them fresh torment give.

10 Hear poor sinners' teeth a-gnashing!
See their faces turning dark—
Vengeance in their eyes flashing—
All their sins upon their hearts.

11 Hear the sentence, Go, ye cursed,
You would not my counsel take—
When I called, you refused—
Away to yonder fiery lake.

12 Wives and husbands then be parted—
Some to heaven and some to hell;
Parents, children, masters, servants,
Come and take your last farewell.

13 But come, my saints of ev'ry nation,
Joyfully my cross you've bore;
You have come thro' tribulation,
All your sufferings now are o'er.

14 Come and bathe in seas of pleasure—
Crowns of glory I will give;
You have here laid up your treasure,
While a pilgrim you did live.

HYMN 47. C. M. [DOVER SEL.

COME, ye mourning pilgrims dear,
Who are bound for Canaan's land—
Take courage and fight valiantly—
Stand fast with sword in hand.

2 Our captain 's gone before you,
The father's only son;
Then pilgrims dear, don't let us fear,
But boldly travel on.

3 "Good morning, brother traveler,
Pray, tell me what's your name—
And where it is you're going to,
Likewise from whence you came."

4 "My name it is bold pilgrim now,
To Canaan I am bound;
I'm from the howling wilderness—
From that enchanted ground."

5 "Pray, what is that upon your head,
Which shines so clear and bright?
Likewise the covering on your breast,
So dazzling to my sight:

6 "What kind of shoes are those you wear,
On which you boldly stand?
Likewise that shining instrument,
You hold in your right hand?"

7 "'Tis glorious Hope upon my head,
And on my breast a shield,
And with this bright I mean to fight,
Until I win the field:

8 "My feet are shod with gospel grace,
On which I boldly stand;
I mean to fight until I die,
And gain fair Canaan's land."

9 "You'd better stay with me, young man,
And give your journey o'er—
Your captain now is out of sight,
His face you'll see no more.

10 "Tho' my name it is Apollyon,
This land belongs to me;
And for your arms and pilgrim's dress,
I'll give it all to thee."

11 "O! no," says the bold pilgrim then,
"Your offers I disdain—
A glittering crown of glory bright,
I shortly shall obtain:

12 "And if I hold out faithful,
Unto my Lord's command,
I shall be an heir of glory,
In Canaan's happy land:

13 "Sweet rivers of salvation there,
From Canaan's land do roll,
Bright beams of dazzling glory shall
Illuminate my soul!"

HYMN 48. C. M. [BILLUPS.

COME let us turn, with holy fear,
To him who now invites us near—
Accept the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessings by delay.

2 Come seize the promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest—
Obey, and be forever blest.

3 Come, O! my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But O! what tongue can speak his fame—
What verse can reach the lofty theme!

4 Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment, wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

5 In all our maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

6 Then shall I learn th' exalted strains,
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

HYMN 49. C. M. [BILLUPS.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love!

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove—
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears
To show that God is love.

3 Behold! his loving-kindness waits,
For those who from him rove—
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

And O! that you, whose harden'd hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice,
That tells you, God is love.

5 O! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove,
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love.

6 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free—
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

7 The praise of God, delightful theme,
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

8 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given—
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

HYMN 50. C. M. [BILLUPS.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers—
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire—
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

3 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint—so cold to thee—
And thine to us so great!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With thy celestial fire—
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

5 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals—
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

6 Subdue the power of ev'ry sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee!

7 Then, with our spirits, witness bear
That we are sons of God—
Redeem'd from sin, from death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

8 Blest earnest of eternal joy!
Declare our sins forgiven,
And bear with energy divine,
Our rapturous thoughts to heaven!

HYMN 51. C. M. [BILLUPS.

COME, sinner, to the gospel feast—
O! come without delay,
For there is room, in Jesus' breast,
For all who will obey.

1 There's room in God's eternal love,
To save the precious soul—
Room, in the Spirit's grace above,
To heal and make thee whole!

3 There's room within the church, redeem'd,
With blood of Christ divine—
Room, in the white-robed throng conven'd,
For that dear soul of thine!

4 There's room around thy father's board,
For thee and thousands more—
O! come, and welcome, to the Lord—
Yea, come this very hour!

5 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice—
That gracious voice obey—
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

6 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts
To thee, let sinners fly
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die!

7 The King of Heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board—
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

8 Ye hungry poor! that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come—
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

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

HYMN 52. C. M. [E. JONES.

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

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

3 I'll prostrate lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess—
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace:

4 I'll the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

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

6 I can but perish, if I go,
I am resolv'd to try—
For if I stay away, I know
I shall forever die.

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

HYMN 53. 7's & 6's. [VEDER.

COME, think on death and judgment,
Your time is almost spent—
You've been a wretched sinner,
'Tis time that you repent.

I know I've been a sinner,
And wicked all my days,
But when I'm old and feeble,
I'll think upon my ways.

3 O! is there not a bounty,
For all who do obey!
I'm sure you'll not be sorry,
If you repent to-day.

4 I know there is a bounty—
But still, I do disdain,
To leave a world of honor,
And wear a Christian's name.

5 As yet, I am determined
My youthful days to spend,
In sporting and in pleasure,
Till I draw near my end.

6 But what if God arrest you,
By his almighty power,
And send you to eternity
Before another hour?

7 I might be thus arrested,
But it is seldom known,
And others risk their souls, like me,
So I will still go on.

8 But if you should lie down, this night,
Supposing all is well,
And should your eyes be clos'd in death—
Your soul awake in hell!

9 Would not your conscience tell you,
When in that dreadful place,
You've liv'd a life of honor
And lost the day of grace!

10 That time is now no longer—
Your days in sin you've spent---
Your body laid in the cold grave—
Your soul to hell is sent!

11 There you must be tormented,
In awful pain extreme—
The Saviour you've offended—
How dreadful must it seem!

12 My case would then be awful,
I now begin to see,
I pray the Lord have mercy,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

13 Begin the life of wisdom—
In Jesus' steps move on;
March to the heavenly Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone.

14 We'll praise him here together,
Our Jesus we'll adore,
And when we go to glory,
We'll praise him evermore.

HYMN 54. 11's.

COME, all you mourning Christians, that feel your need of Christ,
Surrounded by temptations, and by the world despis'd—
Long time I liv'd in darkness, nor saw my dangerous state,
And when I was awaken'd, I thought it was too late.

2 A lost and helpless sinner, myself I plainly saw,
Expos'd to God's displeasure—condemned by his law—
When first I was deliver'd, I scarcely could believe,
To think so vile a sinner, a pardon could receive.

3 But when the solemn praises, were flowing from my tongue,
Yet fears were often rising, that still I might be wrong,
I thought my trials over, and all my troubles gone—
That peace, and joy, and pleasure should be my lot alone:

4 But soon I found a warfare, which often brings me low,
The world, the flesh, and Satan, they do beset me so;
But when I see young converts, how swift they travel on,
How shining their experience, they witness like the sun:

5 How bold they speak for Jesus, how dear
they love his name,
Tho' they are my delight, they put my soul
to shame—
For I was the chief of sinners, I freely own,
like Paul,
And if I am a Christian, I am the least of
all.

HYMN 55. S. M. [VEDER.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song, with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

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

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly king,
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The righteous God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He will send down his heav'nly powers
To carry us above.

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

6 Yes! and before we rise,
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

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

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

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

HYMN 56. L. M. [VEDER.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
There need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind!

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

3 Come, all ye souls, by sin oppressed—
Ye restless wanderers after rest—
Ye poor and maim'd, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

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

5 See him set forth, before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice—
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

6 This is the time, no more delay-
This is the right accepted day;
Come in this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all!

HYMN 57. 8's & 7's.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace.
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above,
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer—
Hither, by thy help, I come—
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God—
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be,
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O! take and seal it—
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 58. 10's & 5's.

COME, let us anew,
Our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year—
And never stand still till the master appear.
His adorable will,
Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love!

2 Our life, as a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glide swiftly away—
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The matutinal year,
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O! that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
I have fought my way thro'—
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!

O! that each, from his Lord,
May receive the glad word—
Well and faithfully done—
Enter into my joy and sit down at my
throne!

Hymn 59. C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial,
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our king,
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death!
One army of the living God—
To his command we bow;
Part of his hosts have cross'd the flood—
And part is crossing now!

3 Ten thousand, to their endless home
This solemn moment fly!
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heav'nly land!

4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join—
Like theirs, with glory crowned—
And shout to see our captain's sign,
And hear his trumpet sound!
O! that we now might grasp our guide,
O! that the word were given—
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And lead us all in heaven!

HYMN 60. 11's. [DUPUY.

COME now, my dear brethren, I bid you farewell,
I'm going to travel to preach the gospel—
I'm going to travel the wilderness through;
Therefore, my dear brethren, I bid you adieu!

2 To think of our parting, doth cause me to grieve,
Though well I do love you, yet you I must leave—
My Jesus commands me, and I must obey,
Therefore, my dear brethren, don't grieve after me!

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

4 There all things are plenty, the leaves growing green,
And the parting, of Christians, no more will be seen—
No troubles nor trials, shall enter that place;
But there we shall join, in a song of free grace!

5 Farewell to all sorrow, temptation and pain!
I'm going where Jesus, forever doth reign;
I'm going to Jesus, 'tis him I adore—
With saints and bright angels, to dwell evermore!

6 And when we meet Jesus, in the mansions above,
Where angels in glory, are fill'd with his love—
O! then I shall look, for the mourners now here—
How glad we shall be, to meet each other there!

HYMN 61. L. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Tho' hell may rage and vent its spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

3 That happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
Sound thro' the earth, yea down to hell!
To call the nations great and small.

4 Behold! the earth in burning flames—
The trumpet, louder still, proclaims
The earth must hear and know her doom
The separation day is come!

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

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

7 In grandeur, see the regal line,
In glittering robes, the sun outshine!
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne!

8 They stand in wonder and look on—
They join in one eternal song—
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their soul on fire!

HYMN 62. L. M.

COME, now, poor sinner, share a part,
And give the blessed Christ your heart:
Come, we will take you by the hand—
Come, go with us to Canaan's land.

2 Leave all your sins and earthly toys.
And seek with us those solid joys;
For soon, in glory we shall rise,
And there enjoy the lasting prize.

3 Poor sinner, now, pray contemplate,
Before eternally too late;
Thy soul is precious, and must dwell,
With saints above or sink to hell.

4 But if with us you will not go,
And seek this Jesus for to know,
Then we must bid you all adieu,
For by his grace we'll him pursue.

5 O! write upon my memory, Lord!
The text and doctrine of thy word;
And let me break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

6 Six thousand years are nearly past,
Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
And ever since, his fallen race
From age to age are void of grace.

HYMN 63. C. M. [BELLUPS.

DIDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me,
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold:

3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain,
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 Lord! make us to those joys aspire
That spring from love to thee—
That pass the carnal heart's desire,
And faith alone can see.

5 The awful register goes on,
The account will surely come,
And opening day or closing night,
Will bear me to my doom.

6 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come,
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home!

HYMN 64. 7's.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know—
Stephen's faith and spirit show—
John's divine communion feel—
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal:

2 Run, like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day, and conquer all—
Mary's love may I possess—
Lydia's tender-heartedness:

3 Peter's ardent spirit feel—
James' faith, by works, reveal—
Like young Timothy, may I
Ev'ry sinful passion fly.

4 Jacob's submission may I show—
Daniel's true devotion know—
Samuel's God, O! may I fear—
Lazarus' happy portion share:

5 Let Isaiah's hallowed fire,
All my new-born soul inspire—
Mine be Jacob's wrestling pray'r—
Gideon's gallant, steadfast care:

6 Joseph's purity impart—
Isaac's meditating heart—
Abraham's friendship may I prove—
Faithful to the God of love!

7 More than all, may I pursue,
That example Jesus drew—
By my life and conduct, show
How he liv'd and walk'd below!

HYMN 65. 8's & 7's. [DOVER SEL.

DARK and thorny is the desert,
Thro' which pilgrims make their way
Yet, beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day!
Fiends, loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan,
Often bring their courage low!

2 O! young soldiers, are you weary,
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?

Jesus, Jesus will go with you—
He will lead you to his throne—
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the winepress trod alone!

3 He whose thunder shakes creation—
He who bids the planets roll—
He who rides upon the tempest—
And whose scepter sways the whole!
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command—
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land!

4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest—
Love, and joy, and peace forever,
Reign and triumph in your breast!
Who can paint these scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
There, on golden harps, forever
Sounds redemption through the sky!

5 There's a million flaming seraphs,
Who fly across the heavenly plain—
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory! glory! is their strain.
But, methinks, a sweeter concert
Make's the heavenly arches ring,
And the song is heard in Zion—
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 O! their crowns, how bright they sparkle—
Such as monarchs never wore—
They are gone to richer pastures—
Jesus is their shepherd there.

Hail! ye happy, happy spirits!
Death no more shall make you fear—
Grief or sorrow, pain or anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

Hymn 66. L. M.

DEATH! what a solemn call to all—
A sudden judgment to us all;
Death takes the young as well as old,
And in the winding-sheet doth fold.

2 I spied a youth, the other day,
Just in his prime, he looked so gay;
His time is come, his days are past,
And he must go to the grave at last.

3 His father and mother standing round,
With tears a-falling to the ground;
Saying, father, father! pray for me,
For I must go to eternity.

4 His faithful sisters standing by,
Saying, brother, brother! you're going to die;
You've trifled all your days away,
And now must go to eternity.

5 And when the corpse was brought to the ground,
His friends and relations standing round,
With sorrowful hearts and troubled mind,
To think his soul's in hell confin'd.

6 A story, late, has just been told—
A warning for both young and old,
For to prepare to meet the Lord,
That we may hear his happy word.

HYMN 67. 11's.

DELAY not, delay not, O! sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee—
No price is demanded—the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased — salvation is free!

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord?
A fountain is open'd—how canst thou refuse,
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O! sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee; to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb—
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away!

4 Delay not, delay not, the spirit of grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, entreats thee to come;
Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
And sink to the vail of eternity's gloom.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade—
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
What power, then, O! sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

HYMN 68. C. M.

FAR from affliction, toil and care,
The happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Among the silent dead.

2 The gospel was his joy and song,
Ev'n to his latest breath,
The truth, he had proclaim'd so long,
Was his support in death.

3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusty sphere;
His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,
While yet he sojourn'd here.

4 The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear:
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.

5 But we are hast'ning to the tomb,
Oh! may we ready stand;
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand!

HYMN 69. C. M. [WATTS.

FATHER of Glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bids us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son!
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy Almighty spirit, be
Immortal glory given;
Whose influence brings us near to thee
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore the eternal God,
And spread his honors and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 'Twas He, and we'll adore his name,
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame,—
Salvation to the Lord!

6 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay;
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

7 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power,
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

HYMN 70. C. M. [BILLUPS.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines;
Forever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 The power that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truth upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

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

4 A glory in the world we find,
When grace restores our sight,
But sin has darken'd all the mind,
And vailed the heavenly light.

5 When God the Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine;
Their holy fruits and sweetness, show
The Author is divine.

6 O! may these heavenly pages be,
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

7 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

HYMN 71. C. M. [BILLUPS.

FROM highest heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

2 Attending angels shout for joy,
And heavenly armies sing,
Ye saints! behold, the sacred seat,
Of your descending King!

3 How long, dear Saviour, O! how long
Shall this bright hour delay;
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

4 The beam that shines on Zion's hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The king who reigns in Zion's towers,
Shall all the world command.

5 To heal her wounds—her night dispel,
The heralds cross the main;
On Calvary's mournful brow they tell,
That Jesus lives again.

6 When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and ev'ry tear
Be wiped from ev'ry eye.

Hymn 72. C. M. [BILLUPS.

FAITH is the brightest evidence,
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the vail of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past, in present view—
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 Abra'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promis'd land,
But found his rest in heaven.

4 Faith shows the promise, fully seal'd
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest,
Upon a faithful God.

5 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None, but a living power, unites
To Christ, the living head.

6 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear—
In darkness feels no doubt:

7 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

8 Lord! give us such a faith as this,
And then, what'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home!

HYMN 73. 7's & 6's.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand:

2 From many an ancient river—
From many a palmy plain—
They call us to deliver,
Their land from error's chain.

3 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:

4 In vain, with lavish'd kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn—
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

5 Shall we, whose souls are 'light'ned
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

6 Salvation, O! salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation,
Has learnt Messiah's name.

7 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story—
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.

8 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 74. 6 lines 8's.

FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds a jubilee;
My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea;
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell! in bonds and union dear,
Like strings, you twine about my heart,
I only ask your earnest prayer,
Till we shall meet, no more to part;
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
Though all so kind and dear to me;
My Jesus calls, and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee;
To sound the joys and bear the news
To Gentile worlds and royal Jews.

4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
While God shall grant me breath to breathe,
I'll pray to the Eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live;
That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
To reign in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell, to all below the sun—
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is strait my feet shall run,
And God will keep me as I go—
And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell, farewell! I look above,
Jesus, my guide, to thee I call—
My joy, my crown, and only love—
My safeguard here—my heavenly all—
My theme to preach—my song to sing—
My only joy in death, Amen.

HYMN 75. 11's.

FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand
That we must be parted from this social band—
Our several engagements now calls us away—
Our parting is needful and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for awhile,
We'll soon meet again, if kind providence smile;
And when we are parted, and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and trust in the Lord.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharg'd—
The war will be ended—your bounty en larg'd—
With shouting and singing, the devils may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, just listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Altho' you must travel, the dark wilderness,
Your captain 's before you, he'll lead you to peace.

5 The world, and the devil, and sin, all unite,
With bold persecutors, your souls to affright,
But Jesus, your leader, is stronger than they—
Let this animate you, to march on your way.

6 Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad broken heart,
O! hasten to Jesus and choose the good part—
He 's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you I must grieve,
To think of your danger, while careless you live—
The judgment approaches, O! think of your doom,
And turn to the Saviour, while yet there is room.

8 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound—
To meet you in glory, I give you my hand,
The Saviour to praise, in a pure social band.

HYMN 76. S. M.

FROM Egypt lately fled—
By the Redeemer's grace—
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to see his face.

The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well—
This only leads to endless day—
And others lead to hell.

3 The promis'd land of peace,
Faith keeps in constant view—
How different from the wilderness
We now are passing thro'.

4 Here, often, from our eyes,
Clouds hide the light divine—
There we shall have unclouded skies—
Our sun will always shine!

5 Here, griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears distress us sore—
But there, eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more!

HYMN 77. C. M.

FAITH is the brightest evidence,
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light!

CHORUS. Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on Sin's demolish'd throne,
The temple of thy praise.

2 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Or they'll destroy our souls.

CHORUS. Smile, Lord, etc.

3 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.

CHORUS. Smile, Lord, etc.

4 Lord! can a feeble, helpless one,
Fulfill a task so hard;
Through grace I will the work perform,
And gain the great reward.

CHORUS. Smile, Lord, etc.

HYMN 78. S. M.

GLORY to God on high
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy—
At our Redeemer's birth.

2 Behold! the Prince of Peace—
The chosen of the Lord;
God's well beloved Son—through grace
The sure prophetic word.

3 No royal pomp adorns,
This king of righteousness;
And meekness, patience, truth and love
Compose His princely dress.

4 He is the light of men—
His doctrine life imparts;
O! may we feel its quick'ning power,
To warm and cheer our hearts!

5 For us He hung and bled—
For us in torture died;
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And ope'd his gushing side.

6 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong attracting power,
To lift my soul above.

7 The Lord is risen indeed—
He lives to die no more;
He lives, a sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

HYMN 79. C. M. [BILLUPS.

GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye favor'd men of God;
Go publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 Go, with determined courage, go,
And, arm'd with power divine,
Your God will needful strength bestow,
And on your labors shine.

3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love,
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with joyful voice—
Let ev'ry tongue exalt his praise,
And ev'ry heart rejoice.

5 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array—
The day of freedom dawns at length—
The Lord's delightful day.

6 He frees the soul condemn'd to death,
Nor when his saints complain,
Shall it be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

7 This shall be known, when we are dead,
And left on long record—
That ages yet unborn, may read,
And praise, and trust the Lord.

HYMN 80. 7's.

GO to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep—
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppress'd forever weep.

2 O'er the pagan's night of care,
Pour the living light of heaven—
Chase away his wild despair—
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

3 Where the golden gates of day,
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display—
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

4 Hasten, Lord, thy promis'd hour—
Come in glory and in power,
While thy foes are now subdued,
Nature sighs to be renew'd.

5 Time has nearly reach'd its sum—
All things, with thy Bride, say come,
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come and reign forevermore!

6 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice—
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings!

HYMN 81. C. M. [BILLUPS.

GREAT God! forbid and bind this heart—
This roving heart of mine—
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine!

2 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms—
Be dead to every sin—
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within!

3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest!

4 Dear portion of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine—
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And let me call thee mine!

5 Near to His mercy-seat,
Where grace triumphant reigns,
I'd come and worship at thy feet,
And tell him all my pains.

6 The arguments I'd use,
My troubles shall suggest—
Nor can my blessed Lord refuse,
The cause of my distress.

HYMN 82. C. M. [L. DOW.

GOD will have mercy on whom he will,
Come think you who they be—
'Tis ev'ry one obeys his Son,
And from their sins do flee.

2 'Tis ev'ry one that doth repent,
And truly hates his sin—
'Tis ev'ry one that is content
To turn to God again.

3 And whom he will he hardeneth,
Come think you who they be—
'Tis ev'ry one that hates his Son,
Likewise his liberty.

4 'Tis ev'ry one in sin persists,
And do outstand their day—
Then God, in justice, leaves them to
Their own heart's lust, a prey.

Hymn 83. 11's.

GLAD tidings, glad tidings! no more we complain,
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.

2 And you, poor dear mourners, who see your lost state,
With hearts almost broken, lament your sad fate,
Look up to the Saviour, and in him believe,
He is able and willing your souls to receive.

3 Hosanna to Jesus! he frees us below,
I'll love Him and serve Him wherever I go—
He is now gone to rest—his Spirit in heaven,
To quicken and comfort His grace was given

4 The tokens of mercy at length do appear,
According to promise, he answered my prayer—
The prospect now open'd now gladdens my soul—
Salvation from Zion 's beginning to roll.

5 You are on a state of trial, and that will shortly end,
And you'll ascend to glory, to see your dearest friend—
Not transiently to visit, and then from Him remove,
But dwell forever, in the kingdom of His love.

6 And you, my dear brethren, that love my dear Lord,
Who 've witness'd free pardon, by faith in his word,
Let patience attend you, wherever you be,
Thy Saviour has purchas'd redemption for thee.

7 With singing, to Zion we then will repair,
With hearts full of joy, good news to declare—
The saints will delight, to hear the glad sound,
That poor guilty sinners their Saviour have found.

8 A band of bright Angels, descends from above,
To bring the glad tidings of Jesus' love—
Then gladness and praise, and joy will attend,
While millions their voices in harmony blend.

HYMN 84. L. M.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O! Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are-
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode—
My panting heart cries out for God—
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who dwell on high,
Around thy throne above the sky—
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

5 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O! God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey;
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

HYMN 85. C. M. [BILLUP

HOW sweet upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven.

2 How sweet to be allowed to pray,
Our sins may be forgiven;
With filial confidence to say,
Father, who art in heaven.

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear,
From him to whom 'tis given.
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven.

4 Then hail! thou sacred, blessed day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to heaven.

5 Great God! we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

6 Praise ye his name, to whom alone
All honor should be given;
Whose glory, from the eternal throne,
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

Hymn 86. 7's.

HARK, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King—
Peace on earth, and mercy mild—
God and sinners reconciled.

2 'Tis the Saviour, seraphs raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise,
Let the earth's remotest bounds
Hear the joy-inspiring sounds.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise,
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your songs of triumph high—
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply.

5 Let us then with angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King—
Peace on earth and mercy mild—
God and sinners reconciled.

Hymn 87. C. M.

HOW rich the depths of love divine—
Of bliss a boundless store—
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

2 On thee alone my hope relies—
Beneath thy cross I fall—
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart, with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me!

4 O! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

5 How great the wisdom, power and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly hosts with joy confess,
The work is all divine!

6 Before his face they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave,
And with ten thousand, thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

7 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join to advance his praise.

8 O! may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Hymn 88. 7's.

HASTE, O! sinner, now return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

2 Sinner, what has earth to show,
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet as ours?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O! can thy dying breath,
Summon one more strong than death?

4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way?
Plead a glorious ransom given?
Burst from earth and soar to heaven?

5 Sinner, turn, why will you die?
Christ, your Saviour, asks you why!
Will you not in him believe?
He has died that you might live.

6 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord through shame?
Why, unpardon'd sinners, why
Will you slight his grace and die?

7 Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
O! ye dying sinners, why—
Why will you forever die?

HYMN 89. C. M. [BILLUPS

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load;
The heart unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 O! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine,
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

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

5 Lord, we approach thy mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

6 O! Lord, 'tis thine to spare and save,
With mercy, souls to win;
For mercy binds the grateful heart,
And makes it fear to sin.

HYMN 90. C. M. [BILLUPS.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part—
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide
And show a brother's love.

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he 's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

5 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promis'd grace descend,
Till universal peace and love,
O'er all the earth extend.

6 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy father's will;
O! may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfill.

HYMN 91. C. M. [BILLUPS.

HOW vain are all things here below—
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky,
Shine with deceiving light—
We should suspect some danger nigh,
When we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 Long have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
And still, how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word

5 Great God! thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success,
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

6 Show our forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love will never die.

HYMN 92. C. M. [BILLUPS.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin;
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise.
We hate the sinner's road—
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O! God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth—
How pure is ev'ry page—
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

5 Eternal Saviour! God of love!
Abused, insulted friend!
O! from thy lofty throne above,
Thy saving mercy send.

6 Lord! thou canst clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night—
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise,
To rivers of delight.

7 Love is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root—
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

HYMN 93. C. M. [BILLUPS

HAST thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised,
And shall I be ashamed, O! Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

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

3 O! Lord, the ardor of thy love,
Reproves my cold delays—
And now my willing footsteps move,
In thy delightful ways.

In thine assembly now I stand—
My vows to thee I bring—
Obedient to thy great command,
My Saviour and my King.

5 Thine ordinance, great Saviour, bless—
Support me all my days—
May I each gospel truth confess,
And walk in all thy ways.

6 Thus do thy willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express—
And in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

7 To thee we gladly now resign,
Our life, and all our powers—
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these souls of ours.

HYMN 94. C. M. [BILLUPS.

HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine—
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow—
O! what delightful food;
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good!

3 Deep was the suffering he endured,
Upon th' accursed tree;
For me each welcome guest may say,
'Twas all endured for me.

4 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine;
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

5 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice—
And as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
The Saviour died for me!

6 And while we join to celebrate,
The sufferings of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and power,
To obey his holy word!

HYMN 95. L. M. [BILLUPS.

HEAR, when the people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live—
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

2 Hear, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son—
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

3 Where shall we go, to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for the Eternal Mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

4 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest—
And Zion is his dwelling still—
His church is with his presence blest.

5 The perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built of God—
His fiat laid the corner-stone—
He spoke, and lo! the work was done.

6 He hung his starry roof on high—
The broad expanse of azure sky—
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

7 The mountains in their places stood—
The sea, the sky, and all was good—
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

HYMN 96. C. M. [BILLUPS.

HOW short and hasty is our life—
How vast our soul's affairs—
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive,
To lavish out their years.

2 Draw us, O! God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high—
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

3 Great God, on what a slender thread,
Hang everlasting things—
The final state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Eternal joy or endless woe,
Attend on ev'ry breath—
And yet, how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 A span is all that we can boast—
How short the fleeting time—
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime!

5 Now I forbid my carnal hope—
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all!

HYMN 97. C. M. [BILLUPS.

HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just?
How long the blood of martyrs slain,
Lie mingled with the dust?

4 I hear the voice, Ye dead arise,
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.

5 There 's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

6 Saints, by thy power, O! Lord, are kept
Till thy salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

5 Through sorrow's night, and danger's path.
Amid the deep'ning gloom—
We soldiers of a heavenly king,
Are marching to the tomb.

6 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

7 Then love's soft dew, o'er ev'ry heart,
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And our long-silent dust shall part,
With shouts of endless praise.

HYMN 98. C. M. [NEWTON.

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

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

3 By thee, my prayers acceptance gain,
Altho' with sin defiled,
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

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

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

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

HYMN 99. 5's, 6's, 9's.

HOW happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey
And whose treasures are laid up above—
Tongue cannot express,
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb—
When my heart first believed,
O! what joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more—
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore!

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song—
O! that all his salvation might see—
He has loved me, I cried,
He has suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me!

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above,
From sin, and temptation, and pain,
And I could not believe,
That I ever should grieve—
That I ever should suffer again!

6 O! the rapturous height,
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood—
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God!

7 What a mercy is this—
What a heaven of bliss—
How unspeakably favored am I—
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enroll'd—
With believers to live and to die!

8 Now, my remnant of days,
Would I spend in his praise,
Who has died my poor soul to redeem—
Whether many or few,
All my days are his due—
May they all be devoted to him.

HYMN 100. 11's. [KIRKHAM.

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 has said?
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

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

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

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

5 When through 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.

6 Even 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.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes—
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

HYMN 101. C. M. [VEDER.

HARK! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers.
On Zion's bright and flowery mount,
Behold the officers.

2 Their horses white, their garments bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their king,
To march for Canaan's land.

3 It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier for to be—
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.

4 We want no cowards in our band,
That will their colors fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who 're not afraid to die.

5 O! see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear,
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.

6 They follow their great general,
The great Eternal Lamb;
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

7 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

8 We'll shout and sing forevermore,
In that eternal world,
While Satan and his armies, too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

9 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh—
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes both earth and sky.

10 In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire;
And all surround the throne of love,
Obtaining our desire.

HYMN 102. 8's & 3's. [VEDER.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation;
Publishing to ev'ry creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS. Jesus reigns, He reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious.
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying!
Hear the heralds loudly crying!
Rebel sinner, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour.

CHORUS. Jesus reigns, etc.

Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation
Offered to the whole creation.

CHORUS. Jesus reigns, etc.

4 'Twas for you that Jesus died—
For you He was crucified—
Conquered death and rose to heaven—
Life eternal through Him 's given.

CHORUS. Jesus reigns, etc.

5 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the path of vice and folly,
Turn, ere you are lost forever,
O! now turn to Christ your Saviour

CHORUS. Jesus reigns, etc.

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

CHORUS. Jesus reigns, etc.

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

CHORUS. Jesus reigns, etc.

8 Shout, ye tongues of ev'ry nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's lion,
The almighty King of Zion.

CHORUS. Jesus reigns, etc.

9 Now our souls have caught new fire,
Brethren, raise your voices higher—
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the prince of our salvation.

CHORUS. Jesus reigns, etc.

10 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention!
Christ has purchased our redemption!
Angels, shout the joyful story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
CHORUS. Jesus reigns, etc.

HYMN 103. C. M. [BILLUPS

HOW firm the saint's foundation stands,
His hopes can ne'er remove;
Sustain'd by God's Almighty hand,
And shelter'd in his love.

2 God is the treasure of his soul—
A source of sacred joy—
Which no afflictions can control,
Nor death, itself, destroy.

3 In ev'ry want, in ev'ry strait,
To thee alone I fly;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art forever nigh.

4 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good, and just, and wise;
O! bend my will to thine.

5 Behold the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.

6 Unmingled joys 'tis thine to give,
And undecaying peace,
For thou canst teach us so to live,
That life shall never cease.

HYMN 104. 8's & 7's. [DUPUY.

HARK! the jubilee is sounding,
O! the joyful news is come,
Free salvation is proclaimed,
In and thro' God's only Son.
Now we have an invitation,
To the meek and lowly Lamb—
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign!

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

Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ, the way—
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray;
Golden moments we've neglected,
O! the time we've spent in vain—
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

4 Shout, all ye people of the sky,
And all the saints of the most high!
Our God, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns—
Forever and eternally,
Forever and forever reigns—
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign!

5 The Father bless, the Son adore,
The Spirit praise forevermore—
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome the great Three in one;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome—
We welcome the great Three in one—
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign!

HYMN 105. 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 to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice,
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear—
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face—
My all to his pleasure resign'd—
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind.

While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear—
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine—
If thou art my sun and my song—
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O! drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore—
Or take me up to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more!

HYMN 106. 6's.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one physician,
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death, He found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

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

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

4 At length, this great physician—
How matchless is His grace—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd—
Then bade me look upon Him—
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus—
Seen by an eye of faith—
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death;
Come then, to this physician,
His help he'll freely give—
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look, and live!

HYMN 107. 7's.

HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine—
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am:

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

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

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

HYMN 108. 8's.

HAIL! Sovereign Lord, who first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man—
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,
Which gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high—
Despis'd the mercies of His grace—
Refus'd to seek a hiding-place.

3 I rolled in thick Egyptian night—
Fonder of darkness than of light—
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place.

4 At length a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd—
Which led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

5 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which might have sunk the world to hell—
He bore it for the sinful race,
And thus became my hiding-place.

6 A few more rolling scenes, at most,
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast,
When I shall sing my song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

HYMN 109. 8's & 7's.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound aloud their Saviour's praise—
Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, thy God of love,
See, He sits on yonder throne
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Jesus hails, whose glory brightens,
All above and gives it worth—
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Happy to behold thy face.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

3 King of glory freigns orever—
Thine own everlasting throne—
Nothing from thy love can sever,
Those who have become thine own.
When we think of love like thine,
Lord! we own it love divine.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, O! bring thy joyful day,
When thy awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
Glory, glory, to our King.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

HYMN 110. 8's & 7's.

HAIL! the day so long expected;
Hail! the year of full release;
Zion's walls are now erected,
And the watchmen publish peace;
From the distant coasts of Zion,
Hear the trumpet loudly roar.

CHO. Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!
Babylon is fallen! to rise no more.

2 Hear the people sadly crying,
While their city disappears—
Trade and traffic all are dying,
Every eye is bathed in tears;
Merchants raise their lamentations,
Crying from a distant land.

CHORUS.

3 Where is now her former glory?
Where is now her pride and show?
One brief day relates the story,
Of her final overthrow.
Raise your wailings, kings and nobles,
Priest and people, rich and poor.

CHORUS.

4 Shout, ye saints, in exultation!
Now your enemies are slain;
Raise the anthem of salvation,
Sing the grand millenial reign—
Let the universal chorus,
Be repeated o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.

5 Glory! honor, and salvation,
Cry the enraptured throngs again,
While each elder from his station
Shouts the long and loud amen.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Sound still like thunder's roar.

CHORUS.

HYMN 111. 8's.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessings of God's chosen race,
Happy beyond description he,
Who knows the Saviour died for me.

2 Wisdom divine, who tells the price
Of wisdom's cost by merchandise?
The wisdom coming from above—
The faith that sweetly works by love.

3 The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains—
Wisdom, to silver, we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

HYMN 112.

I'M happy, I'm happy, O! wondrous account,
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there
With Jesus, my Saviour—the kingdom to share!

CHO. The kingdom to share—O! the kingdom to share—
Prepare me, dear Saviour, that kingdom to share.

2 O! Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest,
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest;
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my song—
Thy love doth inspire, my heart and my tongue.

CHO. My heart and my tongue—O! my heart and my tongue—
O! Lord, now inspire, my heart and my tongue.

3 Oh who is like Jesus, he's Salem's bright king—
He smiles and he loves me—he taught me to sing;

I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to
his will,
While rivers of pleasure, my spirit do fill.

CHO. My spirit do fill—O! my spirit do fill—
While rivers of pleasure, my spirit do fill.

4 Thou world of delusion, forever adieu!
Thy phantoms, unhallowed, recede from my
view;
New worlds and new wonders, my passions
invite,
And glorified millions, appear in my sight.

CHO. Appear in my sight—O! appear in my
sight.
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for that world of
delight.

5 O! cease then, fond nature, O! cease from
thy strife,
And let me now languish, and die into life;
Glorious powers! receive me, I mount on
your wing—
O! grave, where's thy vict'ry—O! death,
where's thy sting.

CHO. O! death, where's thy sting—O! death,
where's thy sting
O! grave, where's thy victory—O! death,
where's thy sting.

Hymn 113. C. M. [BILLUPS.

INCREASE my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
O! bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my fainting soul will fail.

2 Whene'er temptations lure my heart,
Or draw my feet aside,
My God! thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide!

3 O! keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee—
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and thee!

4 Rise, O! my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod—
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who liv'd and walk'd with God!

5 Lord, may I ever keep in view,
The patterns thou hast given—
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That leads us safe to heaven.

6 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within thy vale and see,
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

7 The land of silence and of death,
Attends my next remove—
O! may these poor remains of breath,
Teach all the world thy love!

HYMN 114. C. M. [WATTS.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause—
Maintain the honor of his word—
The glory of his cross!

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name—
His name is all my trust—
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost!

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands—
And he can well secure,
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour!

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his father's face—
And in the New Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 115. 11's & 8's.

I CAME to the spot, where the white Pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb—
When in a low whisper, I heard something say—
How sweetly I sleep here alone!

The tempest may howl, and the loud thunders roar,
And gathering storms may arise—
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
And the tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3 The call of my Master, propels me from
home,
I bid my companion farewell—
I've left my dear children, who now for me
mourn,
In a far distant region to dwell.

4 I wandered an exile, and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad—
The trump of the gospel, endeav'ring to
blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

5 But when among strangers, and far from
my home,
No kindred nor relatives nigh—
I met the contagion, and sunk in the tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high.

6 Go tell my companion, and children most
dear,
To weep not for Joseph that's gone—
The same hand that led me, thro' scenes
dark and drear,
Will kindly conduct me safe home.

7 I called at the house of a mourner below—
I entered the mansion of grief—
And tears of deep sorrow, most freely did
flow,
I tried, but could give no relief.

8 There sat a lone widow, dejected and sad,
By affliction and sorrow oppress'd—
And there were her children, in mourning
arrayed,
And sighs were escaping each breast.

9 I spoke to the widow, concerning her grief,
I asked her the cause of her woe—
And why there was nothing, to give her
relief,
Or soothe her deep sorrow below.

10 She looked at her children, then looked
upon me—
That look I can never forget—
More eloquent far, than a seraph's can be,
It spoke of the trials she met.

11 The hand of affliction falls heavily now,
I am left with my children to mourn—
The friend of my youth, is silent and low,
In yonder cold graveyard alone.

12 But why should I mourn, or seek to com-
plain,
Or think that my fortune is hard—
Have I met with affliction, 'tis truly his gain,
He enters the joy of his Lord!

13 His work is completed, and finished below,
His last tear is fallen, I trust—
He has preached his last sermon, and met
his last foe,
Has conquered—and now is at rest!

HYMN 116. 7's. [BILLUPS.

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where,
Christians meet for social prayer—
If 'tis sweet with them to raise,
Songs of holy joy and praise:

O. how sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally—
Saviour, may these meetings prove,
Preparations for above.

While we worship in this place,
May we grow from grace to grace—
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

'Tis religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live—
'Tis religion must supply,
Solid comforts when we die.

After death its joys will be,
Lasting as eternity—
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end!

HYMN 117. 11's.

I DREAM'D I was out to the east—cast mine eye—
The atmosphere calm, and serene was the sky,
So calm, still, and awful—tremendous the sight—
I thought the last judgment was drawing to light!

2 With awe and with trembling, in the east I
did spy,
An opening above, and a voice saying, Fly!
It was of an Angel—I saw him come out—
His call, Come to judgment, like thunder did
shout.

3 Receiving the echo, the firmament rung,
The dreadful commanding voice sounded
along—
This awful impression, my soul did possess,
Now judgment is come, there's no altering
the case.

4 The dead all arose immediately, then,
And covered the earth with both women and
men—
All standing together—'tis hard to indite—
The aspect most shocking—surprising the
sight.

5 A pillar of cloud in the east did appear,
A throne in the midst, on which Jesus sat
fair,
A-coming along the ethereal bright plain—
A-soaring aloft till the midst he did gain.

6 I thought of the prophets foretelling us how,
We all should see Jesus—it's come to pass
now—
The lovers—the mourners—the children of
spite—
And they who have feared him, shall not
shun the sight.

7 A p[illegible]ement of blue from the cloud did go
forth,
Extensively reaching from south to the
north,
On which holy angels stood almost com-
plete,
And glorified spirits in harmony sweet.

8 The next I heard Jesus say, Come you up
here!
When all the bless'd nations up gently did
steer—
And quitting the globe, with sweet pleasure
did sing,
A song that had never before tun'd a string.

9 Then in the sweet transport my feet left the
ground,
Without any motion of body, or sound—
My joys were unspeakably full of delight—
So loud was the music it wakened me quite.

HYMN 118. 8's & 6's.

I SET myself against the Lord—
Despis'd his spirit and his word,
And wish'd to take his place—
It vex'd me so, that I must die,
And perish too, eternally,
Or else be sav'd by grace.

2 Of every preacher I'd complain—
One spoke through pride, and one for gain:
Another's learning small—
One spoke too fast, and one too slow—
One prayed too loud, and one too low—
Another had no call.

3 Some walk too straight—to make a show,
While others far too crooked go—
And both of these I scorn;
Some, odd, fantastic motions make—
Some stoop too low, some stand too straight,
No one is faultless born.

4 With no professor could I join—
Some dress'd too mean, and some too fine—
And some would talk too long—
Some had no tone—some had no gift—
Some talk'd too slow, and some too swift—
And all of them were wrong.

5 I thought they'd better keep at home,
Than to exhort where'er they come,
And tell us of their joys—
They'd better keep their garden free,
From weeds, than to examine me—
And vex me with their noise.

6 But I, at length, was brought to see
The faults did mostly lie in me—
And had done all the while—
The horrid load of guilt and shame—
Being conscious, too, I was to blame,
Did wound my frighted soul.

7 My heart did melt, my soul o'errun
With love, to see what God had done--
For souls so vile as mine—
Now I can hear a child proclaim,
The joyful news, and praise the name
Of Jesus Christ, my King!

HYMN 119. 13's, 12's, & 10's.

I HAVE sought around the verdant earth
for unfading joy—
I have tried ev'ry source of mirth, but all, all
will cloy—
Lord! bestow on me grace, to set my spirit
free—
Thine, thine the praise shall be—mine, mine
the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark, of doubts and
distress—
I have had not a kindling spark, my spirit to
bless,
Cheerless unbelief filled my laboring soul
with grief—
What, what shall give relief—what shall give
peace.

3 I then turn'd to thy gospel, Lord, from folly
away—
I then trusted thy holy word, that taught me
to pray,
Here I found release—weary spirit here
found rest—
Hope, hope of endless bliss, eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly king, I'll
praise and adore—
The heart's richest tribute, bring to the God
of power—
And in heaven above, saved by thy redeeming
love,
Loud, loud the strains shall move for ever-
more.

HYMN 120. 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.

2 He lives triumphant from the grave—
He lives eternally to save—
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing—
He lives, my prophet, priest and king.

3 He lives, to bless me with his love—
He lives, to plead for me above—
He lives, my hungry soul to feed—
He lives, to help in time of need.

4 He lives, to grant me rich supply—
He lives, to guide me with his eye—
He lives, to comfort me when faint—
He lives, to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives, and grants me daily breath—
He lives, and I shall conquer death—
He lives, my mansion to prepare—
He lives to keep me safely there.

6 He lives—all glory to his name—
He lives, my Jesus, still the same—
O! the sweet joy that sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

HYMN 121. 11's.

IN vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals forever must fail—
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm raised into raptures while praising his name.

2 My laboring dress I shall soon lay aside,
For a robe bright and splendid—a dress for a bride—
A bride that is married to Jesus, the Lamb,
Shall be clad in the robes which are ever the same.

3 Though weak and despised, by faith now I stand,
Preserved and defended by a royal band—
By Jesus supported, I'll praise his holy name—
Regardles of danger, of charge or of blame.

4 But praise and thanksgiving shall be my employ,
My soul always feasting, yet never shall cloy,
New scenes still unfolding—new joys shall afford—
All glory, and honor, and praise to the Lord.

5 If my fare should be scant, while I travel
below,
Yet a feast that's eternal will Jesus bestow,
No sorrow, no sighing shall ever annoy—
The heavenly banquet I there shall enjoy.

6 If my laboring body goes weary to rest,
Yet, saved by the mercy of Jesus, I'm
blest.—
Fresh strength for my labor on earth he
bestows,
And above I shall bask in eternal repose.

7 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation He always is near;
My constant companion, O! may we not
part,
All glory to Jesus who dwells in my heart.

8 Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloom
on my breast?
For joys in perspective and pleasures pos-
sessed?
For the spirit that heighten'd my days of
delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by
night?

HYMN 122. L. M. [DUPUY.

I AM a stranger here below,
And what I am 'tis hard to know;
I am so vile, so prone to sin,
I fear that I'm not born again?

When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind,
All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me fear that I am wrong.

I find myself out of the way—
My thoughts are often gone astray--
Like one alone I seem to be—
O! is there any one like me?

It's seldom I can ever see,
Myself as I would wish to be—
What I desire, I can't attain,
And what I hate I can't refrain.

So far from God I seem to lie,
Which makes me often weep and cry,
I fear, at last, that I shall fall,
For if a saint, the least of all.

6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in my way,
Thus filled with doubts, I ask to know,
Come, tell me, is it thus with you?

7 So, by experience, I do know
There are some good things I can do—
I can comply with the Saviour's law,
And hope and comfort from it draw.

8 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my conscience so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost,
If sav'd by grace I'll not be lost.

Hymn 123. [DUPUY.

IN the house of king David a fountain did spring,
For sin and uncleanness, from Jesus our king—
This fountain proves healing, whenever applied—
It sprang from the bowels of Christ when he died.

2 If you are polluted, this water makes clean,
This blood it will pardon, and free from all sin,
And Christ, the physician, hath balm to apply—
A balsam for healing—come, venture and try.

3 If you are o'erwhelm'd with mountains of guilt,
Come bathe in this fountain, for sinners 'twas spilt—
Here's peace for your conscience, your guilt to remove,
And rivers of love your afflictions to soothe.

4 If you are distressed, and weary of sin,
This fountain stands open—come now, venture in,
Here's everlasting glory, for sinners undone,
And you are invited and welcome to come.

5 If you are bemoaning your weakness in grace,
This fountain stands ready, 'twill answer your case,
Come draw when you're weary, and drink when you're dry—
It was for the needy that Jesus did die.

6 Come, you who have bath'd in this fountain of love,
And felt all the burden of guilt to remove,
Let's join to praise Jesus, as long as we've breath,
And after we're laid in the dust of the earth.

7 Then there we shall sleep, but not always remain—
We look for the coming of Jesus again,
And when we behold Him, we'll lay by our shrouds,
And rise to meet Jesus, our Lord, in the clouds.

8 How we shall be fashion'd, it doth not appear,
But we shall be like Him, approved and clear,
And that blessed hour we're longing to see,
When we shall be perfectly holy as He.

9 O! then He'll receive us with joy and great
mirth,
Saying, Welcome, my jewels, redeem'd from
the earth—
He'll not be asham'd to call us his bride,
More precious to him than the silver that's
tried.

HYMN 124. 11's.

I AM weary of staying—O! fain would I
rest,
In that far distant land of the pure and the
blest—
Where sin can no longer her blandishments
spread—
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

2 I am weary of hoping, where hope is un-
true,
As fair, but as fleeting as morning's bright
dew—
I long for that land, whose blest promise
alone
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of
earth—
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their
birth—
O'er the pangs of the lov'd, which we cannot
assuage—
O'er the blightings of youth and the weak-
ness of age.

4 I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not stay—
I long for that land where those partings are o'er—
And death and the tomb can divide us no more.

5 I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love—
O! when shall I rest in thy presence above?
I am weary, but O! never let me repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine.

HYMN 125. 7's.

IF I perish, I will go,
Trembling to the Saviour's feet—
Perhaps his favor He'll bestow—
Perhaps I may forgiveness meet.

2 If I perish, I will go—
He, perhaps, may pity me—
Unbelief still answers, no—
He will not, a wretch like thee!

3 If I perish, I will go—
Though I'm lost, I can but try
Should He never mercy show—
Begging, I will live and die.

4 If I perish, I must own
God is just, to banish me—
But I'll venture near His throne,
For His pardons are all free.

5 If I perish, stay my fears—
Can I perish at His feet—
Who, to pay my great arrears—
Dies and lives my advocate?

6 Dearest Saviour! let me live—
Stretch thy scepter out to me—
All my sins, though great, forgive—
Speak the word and set me free.

7 Shall I perish, Satan, no—
There's a new and living way—
Fly then, tempting, subtile foe,
Jesus will not tell me nay.

HYMN 126. L. M.

IN vain the sons of wealth and pride,
Despise your lot—your hopes deride-
In vain they boast their little stores—
Trifles are theirs—a kingdom yours!

2 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy un
Where undeclining pleasures rise—
And ev'ry wish has full supplies.

3 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away—
The State which power and truth sustain,
Unmov'd, forever must remain.

4 There shall your eyes with rapture view,
The glorious friend that died for you—
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.

5 O! let me hear that voice divine,
Pronounce the glorious blessings mine--
Enrolled among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes I ask no more.

Hymn 127. L. M.

I LONG to see the seasons come,
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To taste the sweets of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.

2 Hark! how the glorious gospel sounds,
Inviting sinners all around—
Behold! your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Attend poor sinners to his word,
Trust him, yea, own him for your Lord
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs, and sons of God.

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

5 Come then, dear sinners, consel take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
The world give o'er, leave friends behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.

6 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.

7 Thus when the day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his children home,
On Zion's mount you then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

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

HYMN 128. 8's & 7's.

I'LL sing a song which doth belong
To all the people round me—
I'll spread the fame of Jesus' name,
And tell how Jesus found me.

2 'T was in distress and wickedness,
He spoke these words unto me—
O! sinner come, in me there's room—
O! how these words went through me.

3 I was like Paul, who was called Saul,
In bitter persecution,
I did disdain being born again,
And call'd it all delusion.

4 I thought each saint without constraint,
Too proud to cry for mercy;
Conviction strong, did come along,
O! how these things did pierce me.

5 I did not know which way to go,
My sins seemed like a mountain—
All filled with woe, the tears did flow,
My head was like a fountain.

6 I thought I'd been so long in sin,
I could not be forgiven—
When Jesus came, O! bless his name,
And filled my soul with heaven.

7 I raised my voice, and did rejoice,
O! glory! glory! glory!
When I did learn Jesus was mine—
O! what a pleasant story.

8 I love the Lord, I love his word,
I love all those around me—
Now brethren dear, don't it appear,
That Jesus Christ has found me?

HYMN 129. C. M. [BILLUPS.

JESUS! delightful, charming name,
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice, and mercy, truth, and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength—
In him all glories meet,
He is a strength above our heads—
A light to guide our feet.

3 'T is by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'T is by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

4 O! when Immanuel's face appears,
Then hope and joy begin,
His name forbids my slavish fears—
His grace removes my sin.

5 Dearest of all the names above—
My Saviour and my God!
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trample on thy blood?

6 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last fleeting breath,
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
When I lie cold in death.

HYMN 130. C. M. [BILLUPS.

JESUS, our priest, forever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our king, forever gives,
The blessings of his love.

2 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood—
Hast set the prisoner free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

3 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name,
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free—
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood availed for me.

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

6 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrow cease—
'T is music in the sinner's ears—
'T is life, and joy, and peace.

HYMN 131. L. M. [KENNI K.

JESUS my all to glory's gone,
He whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment—
The King's high-way of holiness—
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more—
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 So, glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Wilt take me to thee as I am—
My sinful self to thee I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found—
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, behold the way to God.

HYMN 132. C. M. [BILLUPS.

JESUS, the Lord, will guard me safe,
From every ill design,
And to his heavenly kingdom take,
This feeble soul of mine.

2 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend;
To Him be highest glory paid,
Through ages without end.

3 That voice aloud, from Calvary's hight,
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revelation's light—
That hope, the hope of heaven.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies,
And in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 How blest the children of the Lord
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word,
Their study and delight.

6 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ, their Lord,
Forever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

7 The love that makes our cheerful feet,
In swift obedience move—
The devils know, and tremble too,
But they can never love.

Hymn 133. C. M.

JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend—
As such I look to thee,
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O! Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary—
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee—
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O! Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty—own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free—
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
O! Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
O! Lord, remember me,

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then O! my great Redeemer, God,
I pray, remember me.

Hymn 134. 11's.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above
Angelic choristers sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

2 Soon as my warfare is ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go—
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

3 Friends I have there who have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore,
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom—
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear,
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear;
Ring with the harmony heaven's high dome
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow,
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished—his scepter be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

HYMN 135. C. M.

I WANT to fear thy sacred name—
I want to love thee more—
I want to feel that heavenly flame,
Which I have felt before.

CHOR. 'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope—
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 May angels, round this chosen spot,
Encamp by night and day—
May each, in order, fill his lot,
To praise, and watch, and pray.
CHORUS. 'Tis sweet to rest, etc.

3 Let not the world have cause to say,
We've served our God for naught—
But grow in grace, from day to day,
As we have here been taught.
CHORUS. 'Tis sweet to rest, etc.

4 To friends and neighbors, all around,
O! let your graces shine—
In ways of holiness abound—
And live a life divine.
CHORUS. 'Tis sweet to rest, etc.

5 There shall my disembodied soul,
Behold Him, and adore—
With the Lord's likeness satisfied—
And grieve and sin no more.
CHORUS. 'Tis sweet to rest, etc.

6 Now, Lord, before our longing eyes,
Thy glory here reveal—
And let us, from the lofty skies,
Thy sacred love to feel.
CHORUS. 'Tis sweet to rest, etc.

Hymn 136. C. M.

JESUS, the God, invites us here,
To this triumphant feast—
And brings immortal blessings down,
For each redeemed guest.

2 Lord! how divine thy comforts are—
How heavenly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of His redeeming grace.

3 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine—
There Jesus says that I am his
And my beloved mine.

4 Here says the kind, redeeming Lord,
And shows His wounded side—
See here the spring of all your joys,
That opened when I died.

5 Let glories such as these,
Be sounded all abroad—
Such favors are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God!

6 For you, the children of my love—
It was for you I died—
Behold my hands—behold my feet—
And look into my side.

7 These are the wounds for you I bore—
The tokens of my pains—
When I came down to free your souls,
From misery and chains.

5 When hell, and all its spiteful powers,
Stood dreadful in my way—
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.

HYMN 137. L. M. [DUPUY.

JESUS, and shall it ever be—
A mortal man 's asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Where glories shine through endless days?

2 Asham'd of Jesus, sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star—
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus—just as soon,
Let midnight be asham'd of noon—
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus—that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere His name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave—
No fears to quell—no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain—
And O! may this my glory be—
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

7 His institutions would I praise—
Take up the cross, despise the shame—
Dare to defend His noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 138. L. M. [VIDER.

KNOW then, that every soul is free,
To choose his life, and what he'll be-
For this eternal truth has given—
That God will force no man to heaven.

2 He'll draw, persuade, direct him right—
Praise Him in wisdom, love and light—
In nameless ways, be good and kind,
But never force the human mind.

3 Freedom and reason make us men—
Take these away, what are we then—
Mere animals, and just as well,
The beast may think of heaven or hell.

4 May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose—
Our God is pleas'd, when we improve
His grace, and seek the world above.

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

6 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.

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

HYMN 139. C. M.

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.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just—
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who make His name their trust.

3 O! make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide—
How blest are they—and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

4 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay—
A word of thy supporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.

5 Through all the changing scenes of life—
In trouble and in joy—
The praises of my God shall still,
My heart and tongue employ.

6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come—
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

Hymn 140. C. M.

LO! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command—
Nor I forsake the happy road,
Which leads to thy right-hand.

2 O! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze—
And bid the wondering world admire
The glories of thy grace.

3 Laden with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a gleam of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows—
No danger dwells therein,

5 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

6 Thy counsels of redeeming grace,
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face,
Our raptured eyes behold.

7 Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask, to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

8 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love,
Our ardent wishes meet.

HYMN 141. C. M.

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

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd,
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids our longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.

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

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

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame—
Come taste the dainties of the feast,
And bless the Master's name.

7 Come, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

8 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

HYMN 142. C. M. [BILLUPS.

LORD, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin—
Our aching hearts now bleed to see,
What rebels we have been.

2 A soul oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise,
A broken and a contrite heart,
Is our best sacrifice,

3 We live estranged, afar from God,
And love the distance well,
Vith haste we run the dangerous road,
That leads to death and hell.

4 And can such rebels be restored—
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

5 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends,
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

6 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
True peace within my breast—
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

HYMN 143. C. M. [BILLUPS.

LORD, I desire with thee to live,
Anew, from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

2 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart
Nor grieve thy love divine.

3 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

4 O! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,
So freely shed for me.

5 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above—
O! write thy name upon my heart,
Thy name, O! God, is love.

6 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend—
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

7 Remember me, my Saviour, God,
While here on earth I stay—
Give strength to bear affliction's rod,
And faith to watch and pray.

8 While sin and Satan join their art,
To keep me from my Lord,
O! Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

9 Till thou, the Father's love impart,
Till thou, thyself, bestow,
Be this, the cry of ev'ry heart—
I will not let thee go.

HYMN 144. C. M. [BILLUPS.

LET saints below, in concert sing,
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth are one.

2 Behold the great and glorious host
Of angels clothed in light—
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

3 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are white in heaven,
And God, the Judge, who doth declare,
Their vilest sins forgiven.

4 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore thy name—
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

5 The foolish builders, scribe, and priest,
Reject it with disdain,
Yet on the Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

6 What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise—
'T is thine own work, Almighty God,
And wisdom in our eyes.

7 From different regions of the globe,
These happy spirits came,
In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,
And triumphed in his name.

HYMN 145. C. M. [BILLUPS.

LORD, meet us in this path of thine,
We come, thy right to seal—
Move o'er the waters, love divine,
And all thy grace reveal.

2 We seek the consecrated grave,
Along the path He trod—
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God.

3 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue,
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

4 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, trusting in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared,
That Jesus is their Lord.

5 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

6 O! let us ne'er forget thy death,
That we thy life may love—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

HYMN 146. C. M. [BILLUPS.

LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn—
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

2 Almighty Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend,
'T is on thy pardoning grace alone,
Our dying hopes depend.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame—
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.

4 O! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord—
Convert us by thy grace,
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 O! sinner, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known,
That penitence is there.

6 O! righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need;
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn in deed.

7 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times,
Or does this sinful land exceed,
Gomorrah in her crimes!

8 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode—
Long has thy presence blessed our land—
Forsake us not, O God!

HYMN 147. C. M. [BILLUPS.

LAY thy supporting, gentle hand,
Beneath my sinking head,
And let a beam of life divine,
Illume my dying-bed.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid,
And run, if I were called to go—
And die as Moses did.

3 O! for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours—
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful powers.

4 If I must die, and die I must,
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing,
To my eternal home.

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

6 Thy passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O! may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

7 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy wondrous grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 148. L. M.

LORD' shed a beam of heavenly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away—
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.

2 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.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt
What but an adamant would melt!
Goodness and mercy in vain combine,
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But One can yet perform the deed—
That One, in all his grace, I need—
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 O! breath of life, breathe on my soul—
On me let streams of mercy roll—
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

6 Be this my chief, my only care—
My high pursuit—my ardent prayer—
An interest in the Saviour's blood—
My pardon sealed—my peace with God!

7 Search, Lord, search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

HYMN 149. 12's & 11's.

LIKE a ship, see the church, through the ocean she rolls,
Her ballast is grace, and mann'd with live souls,
Midst whirlwinds and tempests, she sails thro' the world,
While storms and temptations against her are hurl'd.

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

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

4 While hell and its legions around her do
roar,
Like the waves of the ocean, which break
on the shore.
She steers her course onward, nor heeds
the alarm—
With Christ in the vessel, she smiles at the
storm.

5 The ebbtide of nature, which feeds the
dead sea,
And the gulf of confusion, together agree,
To hinder her progress, her march to op-
pose—
She spreads forth more canvas, and out-
sails her foes.

6 She is hated by the world, despised by
fools,
Who sail the black sea, till they shipwreck
their souls—
She kindly invites them their course to be-
wail,
Yet tarries not for them, but spreads the
more sail.

7 She is rapidly sailing, with the strong gales of love,
And soon will strike shore on the fair coast above—
Make the highlands of Zion, and enter the road,
And anchor forever in the kingdom of God.

HYMN 150. C. M. [BILLUPS.

LOVE is the sweetest bud that blows—
Its beauty never dies—
On earth, among the saints, it grows,
And ripens in the skies.

2 Pure glowing red, and spotless white,
Its perfect colors are—
In Jesus all its sweets unite,
And look divinely fair.

3 Love is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root,
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

5 The finest flower that ever blow'd,
Opened on Calvary's tree—
When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd
For love of worthless me.

6 Its deepest hue, its richest smell,
No mortal sense can bear;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell,
How bright the colors are.

7 Earth could not hold so rich a flower,
Nor half its beauties show,
Nor could the world and Satan's power,
Confine its sweets below.

8 On Canaan's banks, supremely fair,
This flower of wonder blooms—
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shores perfumes.

9 But not to Canaan's shores confin'd—
The seeds which from it blow—
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the church below.

10 With sacred joy, we lift our eyes,
To those bright realms above;
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

11 And soon, on yonder banks above,
Shall every blossom here,
Appear a full ripe flower of love,
Like Him transplanted there.

HYMN 151. L. M. [DUPUY

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.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven—
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

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

4 Their hatred and their love is lost—
Their envy buried in the dust—
They have no share in all that's done,
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 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.

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

HYMN 152. 8's & 7's.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come, and bid our jarring cease.
Come, O! come, and reign forever,
God of love, and Prince of Peace.
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good shepherd, feed thy sheep.

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

3 Lord! give us of thy good merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord! by thy good spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
Love our Lord, and Christ, our Saviour;
Oh! good shepherd, feed thy sheep.

Hymn 153. C. M.

LORD! at thy temple we appear,
As good old Simeon came—
And hope to meet our Saviour here—
O! make our joys the same.

2 With what divine and vast delight,
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy Child!

3 I now can leave this world, he cried—
Behold thy servant dies;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

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

5 Jesus! the vision of thy face
Has overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

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

HYMN 154. 7's.

LO! another year has fled—
All its hours are past and gone—
And the record they have made,
Is before the eternal throne.

2 In that awful book it lies,
From within whose opening leaves,
Fraught with human destinies,
Each his final doom receives.

3 Pause and ponder, O! my soul,
For thy name is written there—
And from that unerring scroll,
Thou thy last award must hear.

4 Wilt it be for weal, or woe—
Solemn secret! who can tell?
Tell me whither I shall go,
Rise to heaven or sink to hell:

5 For no middle state remains—
No alternative beside;
Endless joys or endless pains,
Each his sentence must abide!

6 Joy unspeakable and vast,
Or the pangs that never die—
Ever present—never past—
Boundless as eternity!

7 But a glorious rest remains,
In that world which is to come—
There the goal the racer gains—
There the pilgrim finds his home!

8 Then afresh thine armor take—
Gird thee for the race anew—
With the new-born year awake—
Rise, my soul, thy course pursue!

9 What should tempt thee to delay?
What should lure thee from the road?
Rise, and urge thy onward way,
To the paradise of God!

HYMN 155. C. M.

LET saints below, in concert sing,
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow—
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Some to their everlasting home,
This solemn moment fly,
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

5 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide,
And when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

HYMN 156. 8's.

LO! round the throne, a glorious band—
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Through tribulation great they came,
Endured the cross, despised the shame.

2 They see the Saviour, face to face,
They sing the triumphs of his grace—
Of ev'ry tongue, redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

3 But now, they from their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest,
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud hosannas raise.

HYMN 157. C. M. [BILLUPS.

MY great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart,
O! let thy kind, thy gracious word,
Sustain my trembling heart.

2 O! never let my soul remove,
From this divine retreat—
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

3 How can I die, while Jesus lives,
Who rose, and left the dead—
Pardon and grace my soul receives,
From my exalted Head.

4 All that I am, and all that I have,
Shall be forever thine—
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
Will I, with joy, resign.

5 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God, with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

6 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,
Within the gates of paradise,
Where our Redeemer's gone.

HYMN 158. 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:

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun—
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I break through ev'ry foe,
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqueror through.

6 How oft, alas! this wretched heart,
Has wandered from the Lord—
How oft my roving thoughts depart
Forgetful of his word.

7 Straight is the way, the door is straight,
That leads to joys on high,
'Tis but a few who find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

8 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

HYMN 159. C. M. [DUPUY.

MY head and stay is called away,
And I am left alone;
My husband dear, who was so near,
Is fled away and gone.

2 It breaks my heart, 'tis hard to part
With one who was so kind:
Where shall I go to vent my smart,
Or ease my troubled mind?

3 In wisdom's ways we spent our days,
Much comfort we did find;
But he is gone, in dust he lays,
And I am left behind.

4 Naught can I find, to ease my mind,
In things which are below.
For earthly toys, but vex my joys,
And aggravate my woe.

5 But I'll repair to Jesus, where
I'll ease my troubled breast,
To Christ above, who is my love,
And my eternal rest.

6 And O! that he would send for me
And call my spirit home,
To worlds of rest, among the blest,
Where troubles never come.

HYMN 160. 11's. [FARRIS

MY brethren and sisters, I bid you farewell,
I'm sorry to leave you, I love you so well.

All you that love Jesus, the cross you must
bear,
And when you cross Jordan, the crown you
must wear.

2 My brethren and sisters, all joined in a
band,
Who feel love and friendship, come give
me your hand,
The time is fast coming when we must all
part—
In the name of my Jesus, here's my hand
and my heart.

3 Once more, my dear brethren, I bid you
farewell,
Come follow the Saviour, who redeemed us
from hell.
On the top of Mount Calvary, he was nail'd
to the wood,
From the spear and nail-heads, came water
and blood.

4 The work is now finished, that he came
to do—
The way of salvation is opened for you—
The way is now opened that leads unto
good,
And you may walk in it, 'tis marked out
with blood.

5 Perhaps there are mourners that come here
to-day,
Who feel great desire that Christians should
pray—

We'll pray for you mourners, that make
yourselves known,
Relying that Jesus will answer his own.

6 If you shall prove faithful to your blessed
Lord,
Then honor and favor shall be your reward.
The song of salvation, we'll then sing
aloud,
When Jesus and angels shall come in the
cloud.

7 He will call you his ransomed—the price
of his blood—
Joint heirs of salvation, and heirs of your
God;
When we all meet together, on Canaan's
bright shore,
Where are weeping, and sorrow, and part-
ings, no more.

8 Poor mourners, desponding, with hearts
almost broke,
Who feel a desire, to Jesus now look;
Your Saviour stands ready, with arms open'd
free,
Poor, shelterless doves there for refuge
may flee.

9 After warning poor sinners, away we must
ride—
We trust in all dangers, the Lord will pro
vide;
If I see you no more, while life doth remain,
At the great resurrection, I'll meet you
again.

HYMN 161. L. M.

MY dearest friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand;
Your company's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to mine ear,
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loth we are to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face:
O! could I stay with friends so kind,
How it would cheer my drooping mind,
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

3 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love have seemed to flame,
Which makes me think we'll meet again.
A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll clasp anew th' immortal hand

4 I hope you will remember me,
If you no more my face should see,
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

O! blessed day, O! glorious hope,
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

HYMN 162. 8's & 7's.

MERCY, O! thou Son of David;
Thus blind Bartimeus, once pray'd,
Others by thy grace are saved,
O! vouchsafe to me thine aid.

CHO. Arise, mourners, and rejoice in the Lord,
And you will not want to stay
Forever here.

2 Many, for his crying, chide him,
But he cried the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
Come and ask me what you will.

CHORUS. Arise, mourners, etc.

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms that none but He could give.

CHORUS. Arise, mourners, etc.

4 Lord! remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day;
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

CHORUS. Arise, mourners, etc.

5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
Friends is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

CHORUS. Arise, mourners, etc.

6 O! that all the blind but knew Him,
Or would be advised by me,
Surely they would hasten to Him—
He would cause them all to see.

CHORUS. Arise, mourners, etc.

HYMN 163. 6's.

MIXTURES of joy and sorrow,
I daily do pass through;
Sometimes I'm in the valley,
And sinking down with woe.
Sometimes my hopes are little,
I almost lay them by;
Sometimes they are sufficient,
If I were called to die.

2 Sometimes I am in doubting,
And think I have no grace;
Sometimes I am a-shouting,
And Bethel is the place;
Sometimes I shun the Christian,
For fear he'll talk to me;
Sometimes he is my neighbor,
I long the most to see:

3 Sometimes we meet together,
In seasons dry and dull;
Sometimes I find a blessing,
Of joy that fills my soul;

Sometimes when I am praying,
It almost seems a task;
Sometimes I find a blessing,
The greatest I can ask:

4 Sometimes I read my Bible,
It seems a sealed book;
Sometimes I find a blessing
Wherever I do look;
Sometimes I go to meeting,
And wish I'd staid at home;
Sometimes I find my Jesus,
And then I gladly come.

5 O! how am I thus tossed,
Thus tossed to and fro?
How are my hopes thus crossed,
Wherever I do go?
O! Lord, thou never changest,
It is because I stray:
Lord! guide me by thy spirit,
And keep me in the way.

HYMN 164. C. M.

MY God! the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire;
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servant doth aspire.

3 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart;
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

4 With raptures shall I then survey,
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day,
In wonder, love, and praise.

5 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And while we sing, admire;
Breathe in our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

6 O! may my humble soul be found,
Among that favor'd band;
And I, with them, thy praise will sound,
Throughout Immanuel's land.

7 The Sun of Righteousness shall there,
His brightest beams display;
And not a hovering cloud obscure,
That never-ending day!

HYMN 165. L. M. [BILLUPS.

NATURE, with open volume, stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labor of his hands,
Shows something worthy of a God.

8 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and grace divine.

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where truth and mercy strangely join;
To pierce his Son with keenest smart,
And make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5 Jesus the Lord appears, at last,
And makes his father's counsels known;
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

6 Pardon and peace through Him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found—
He bids the dying sinner live.

7 The balm of life—the cure of woe—
The measure and the pledge of love:
The sinner's refuge here below—
The angel's theme in heaven above.

HYMN 166. S. M. [BILLUPS.

NOW is the accepted time—
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time—
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay.

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly,
To bear the news above.

5 To-day the prize is won,
The promise is to save;
Then O! be wise, to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

6 Then while 'tis call'd to-day,
O! hear the gospel's sound;
Come, sinners, haste, O! haste away,
While pardon may be found.

7 And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness, invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

8 Wilt thou not cease to grieve,
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppress'd?

HYMN 167. C. M. [BILLUPS.

NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

2 Be thou, O! Lord, my treasure here—
And fix my thoughts above;
Unvail thy glories to my view,
And bid me taste thy love.

3 Ye vain and glittering toys, begone—
Ye false delights, adieu!
My glorious Lord fills all the space,
And leaves no room for you!

4 And when the welcome message comes,
To call my soul away,
My soul, in raptures, will ascend
To everlasting day!

5 I cannot call affliction sweet—
And yet, 'tis good to bear;
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

6 Lord! grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say
My God is all to me!

HYMN 168. 12's, 8's, 5's, 6's.

O COME, come away, from sin, that dreadful monster,
Let Christ awhile, upon you smile—
O! come, come away:
O! come and taste redeeming love,
And then his truth and friendship prove,
And onward sweetly move—
O! come, come away:

2 From death and the curse, in which you now are sinking,
Redeeming love, you will remove—
O! come, come away:

O! come along, and join our throng,
And with us sing this charming song,
And heaven shall be your home—
O! come, come away.

3 While watchmen are standing, on the walls of
Zion,
Inviting you, to join in too—
O! come, come away:
O! will you still refuse the call
And into misery blindly fall,
And drink that burning gall—
O! come, come away.

4 The bright morn of youth, will soon be gone
forever,
Its morning light may set in night—
O! come, come away:
O! come while youth is in its prime,
And seek redeeming love divine,
And in Christ's army shine—
O! come, come away.

5 When free from this world, of sorrow and
temptation,
We'll sail above, on wings of love,
O! come, come away:
And while angelic armies sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
We'll praise our eternal King—
O! come, come away.

HYMN 169. 7's. [BILLUPS

O I tremble still, to think,
How secure I liv'd in sin,
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.

2 Here I lay me at thy feet,
Clinging to the mercy-seat,
Thine I am, and thine alone—
Lord! with me thy will be done.

3 Am I call'd, what shall I bring,
As an offering to my King!
Poor, and blind, and naked, I
Trembling at thy footsteps lie.

4 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joys of sin forgiven—
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

5 All my guilt to thee is known,
Thou art righteous—thou alone—
All my help is from thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.

6 Lord! in thee I now believe,
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie,
Saviour, leave me not to die.

HYMN 170. S. M. [BILLUPS

ONE day, amid the place
Where Christ my Lord has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
Of pleasure and of sin.

2 To songs of praise and joy,
Be ev'ry Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

3 Sweet at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

4 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

5 Glory to the Sabbath day!
That day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

6 Lord! in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our friend!

HYMN 171. 8's. [L. DOW.

O IF poor sinners did but know,
What I for them do undergo,
They would not treat me with contempt,
Nor curse me when I say, Repent.

2 Give credit now, to what I say,
And mind it till the judgment day—
Of God I'm sent—constrained to go,
To call poor sinners here below.

3 My loving brethren think it strange,
Why I should leave my dearest friends,
My children oft ask where I am,
And when I will come home again.

4 From dearest friends I'm come away,
Sinners to call, in this their day;
But O! how many do I find,
Who scoff and treat me so unkind!

5 Through wind and storm, and rain and snow,
Both night and day I have to go,
To fill the appointment I have made,
Or find a place to lay my head.

6 The rolling current beats with force,
And ofttimes drives me from my course—
But he who is the sparrow's care,
Protects and drives away my fear.

7 Sometimes, with hunger, I grow faint,
And toil on till I'm almost spent,
Without a friend or helper nigh,
But Him who hears the raven's cry:

8 But still I hear a glorious voice,
Saying, Arise, in me rejoice!
Go to the earth's remotest bound,
I'll be thy friend when foes surround.

9 And when my work is done below,
I hope, to glory I shall go,
And take my lofty, distant flight,
To dwell with Him in endless light:

Meet all my loving brethren there,
And in God's kingdom have a share,
And shout and sing forevermore,
Where pain and toil are felt no more!

HYMN 172. L. M. [BILLUPS.

O FOR a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne;
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed with a body like our own.

How vain is all beneath the skies,
When we view a world of bliss;
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this!

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

4 Released from sorrow, toil and strife,
And welcom'd to an endless life,
Their souls have now begun to prove,
The height and depth of Jesus' love.

5 They, gazing on his immortal face,
Repeat the wonders of his grace,
And while they sing with rapture sweet,
They bow adoring at Jesus' feet.

6 Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, despised the shame,
From all their labors now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

HYMN 173. C. M. [BILLUPS.

O LORD! our God, how wondrous great
Is thine exalting name!
The glories of thy heavenly state,
Let ev'ry tongue proclaim.

2 Lord! what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To him so wondrous kind?

3 His presence is diffused abroad,
Through realms and worlds unknown—
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

4 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
Where all my hopes are laid—
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

5 No change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O! Lord, in thee;
For thou hast always been my rock—
A sure defense to me.

6 To thee, will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe—
O! may we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from ev'ry foe.

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

HYMN 174. S. M. [BILLUPS.

O THOU! incarnate work,
Let all the ransomed race,
Unite in thanks, with one accord,
For thy redeeming grace.

2 Spirit of holiness!
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred gift, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

3 Lord! what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

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

5 He crowns my life with love,
When ransomed from the grave—
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Has sov'reign power to save.

6 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

7 If in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To dwell within my heart.

8 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly graces grow,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

HYMN 175. S. M. [BILLUPS

O LORD! thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright,
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit and delight.

2 Celestial light it spreads,
To cheer our hearts below—
To distant lands, it glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

3 Ye Christian lands, rejoice,
While he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

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

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

6 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just—
Forever sure thy promise, Lord—
In it we firmly trust.

7 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given?
O! may I never read in vain,
But find the way to heaven.

HYMN 176. 9's, 11's, 10's & 8's.

O HAVE you heard of that sun-bright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time?
Where age has no power o'er the fadeless frame?
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame?
Have you heard of that sun-bright-clime?

2 A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers eternal and strangely fair;
And thousands of wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave, and the golden shore,
That are seen in the sun-bright clime.

3 Millions of forms all clothed in light,
In garments of beauty, clean and white,
There dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
All blooming in that sun-bright clime.

4 Ear has not heard, nor eye has seen,
Their swelling notes, or changeless sheen;
Their ensigns are wavering, their banners unfurled,
On jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are reared in that sun-bright clime.

5 But far away is that radiant clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where amid all things that there are given,
Is the home of the just—and its name is
Heaven—
The name of that sun-bright clime.

HYMN 177. C. M.

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

2 O! the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight—
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow—
There rock and hill, and brook and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day—
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore—
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless, I'd launch away.

8 There, on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

HYMN 178. 13's. [VEDER.

ONE night, as I lay musing, the spirit said to me,
Go blow the Gospel trumpet, and sound the Jubilee;
Go tell them I am risen, and death they need not fear,
I've returned the awful summons to a sweet messenger.

2 The harvest fields are ripening, and lab'rers they are few,
And Zion now doth languish, O! shepherds, where are you?
Their blood will cry against you, if idle you should be;
You see the sword is coming, go sound the Jubilee.

3 Come, O! my Father's children, whom
Christ has taught the way;
Why stand you here so idle, and wasting all
the day?
Remember some are teaching, while others
preach the word;
Go labor in the vineyard, you'll have a sure
reward.

4 Come brethren and sisters, though but a little
band,
Your victory I'll insure, if you stand with
sword in hand.
Let us wield the sword with pleasure, the
battle goes aright,
Thus Israel gained the victory. when he
fought the Amalekite.

5 Come all you sons of vanity, who lie exposed
to death,
Who've listed under Satan, for eternal
death,
Altho' you serve with vigor, he will not set
you free,
Then hearken to the gospel, the sound of
jubilee.

6 Come you who're bound for glory, and give
me your right-hand,
Who've turned your backs on Satan, and
join'd this little band,
I pray you, hold out faithful, and then the
crown is sure,
You'll reign with Christ your Saviour, in bliss
forevermore.

7 We'll bid farewell to sorrow, to sickness, care, and pain,
And mount aloft with Jesus, forever there to reign;
We'll join to sing his praises, above th' ethereal blue,
And then, poor careless sinners, what will become of you!

HYMN 179. C. M.

O THAT I had a bosom friend,
To tell my secrets to,
On whose advice I might depend,
In ev'ry thing I do.

2 How do I wander up and down,
And no one pities me,
I seem a stranger quite unknown,
A son of misery.

3 None lends an ear to my complaint,
Nor minds my cries or tears;
None comes to cheer me, tho' I faint,
Nor my vast burden bears.

4 While others live in mirth and ease,
And feel no want or woe,
Through this vast howling wilderness,
I full of sorrow go.

5 O! faithless soul, to reason thu
And murmur without end,
Did Christ expire upon the cross,
And is He not thy friend?

6 Why dost thou envy carnal men,
And think their state so blest?
How great salvation hast thou seen,
And Jesus is thy rest.

7 What can this lower world afford,
Compar'd with gospel grace?
Thy happiness is in the Lord,
And thou shalt see his face.

8 Can present grief be counted great,
Compar'd with future woes?
Will transient pleasures seem so sweet
Compar'd with endless joys?

9 Thy Saviour is thy real friend,
Constant, and true, and good;
He will be with thee to the end,
And bring thee safe to God.

HYMN 180. 8's & 6's.

O HAPPY time, long waited for,
The comfort of my heart,
Since I have met the saints once more,
O! may we never part.

2 Temptations cease to break my peace,
And all my sorrows die;
When I with you, my love renew,
O! what a heaven have I!

3 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.

4 If fellowship with saints below,
Is so our souls so sweet,
What heavenly comforts shall we know,
When round his throne we meet ?

5 While here we sit and sing his love,
With raptures so divine,
With patience more like those above,
While in these songs we join :

6 Our hearts are fill'd with holy zeal—
We long to see thee King ;
We long to reach those heavenly hills,
Where saints and angels sing.

7 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.

8 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.

9 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 !

10 For I must go, to Christ I know,
I long with him to dwell ;
The saints also, will bid you adieu,
Poor sinners, all farewell !

HYMN 181. S. M. [PSALMIST.

O GOD! to earth incline,
With mercies from above,
And let thy presence round us shine,
With beams of heavenly love.

2 Through all the earth below,
Thy ways of grace proclaim,
Till distant nations hear and know,
The Saviour's blessed name.

3 Now let the world agree,
One general voice to raise,
Till all mankind present to thee
Their songs of grateful praise

4 O! let the nations round,
Their cheerful powers employ,
And earth's far distant coasts resound
With shouts of sacred joy.

5 Then earth, thy grace confess'd,
Shall pour its fruits abroad,
By thy numerous church be blest,
O Lord! our gracious God!

6 Thy blessing shall extend—
Thy saving grace appear,
And all, to earth's remotest end,
The Lord, our Saviour, fear.

HYMN 182. S. M. [BILLUPS.

O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead for all the human race,
The merit of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth O! Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways,
And let all lands with joy, record
The great Redeemer's praise.

3 O Lord! our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blessed reign.

4 Thou prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease,
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

5 O! Holy Spirit, rise,
Expand thy heavenly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

6 O! all ye nations, rise,
To God the Saviour, sing,
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

HYMN 183. C. M. [BILLUPS.

O LORD! behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band,
As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 We ask not for them wealth or fame
Amid the worldly strife,
But in the all-prevailing name,
We ask eternal life.

3 How can we see them tread the path,
That leads to endless death?
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
With ev'ry moment's breath.

4 For countless mercies, love unknown,
Lord! what can we impart,
Thou dost require one gift alone—
The offering of the heart.

5 Delightful work! your souls to win,
And turn the rising race,
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 How are thy servants blest, O! Lord—
How sure is their defense—
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence!

7 In midst of danger, fears and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore—
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

HYMN 184. C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God—
A calm and heavenly frame—
A light to shine about the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I knew the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view,
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed—
How sweet their memory still—
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O! heavenly dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest!—
I hate the sin that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be—
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God—
Calm and serene my frame—
So pure a light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

7 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

8 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue—
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

9 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise!

HYMN 185. S. M. [BILLUPS

O FILL thou every heart,
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

2 Blest Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love,
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, come
With energy divine—
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

4 Melt, melt this frozen heart—
This stubborn will subdue—
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

5 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise—
And unto thee will I devote,
The remnart of my days.

HYMN 186. C. M. [BILLUPS.

O HOW I love the holy law,
'Tis daily my delight,
And thence, my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

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

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

4 Great God! with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look—
But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brightest in thy Book.

5 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight—
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

6 A glory in thy word we find,
When grace restores our sight,
But sin has darkened all the mind,
And vailed the heavenly light.

7 O! teach us, as we look to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know,
Thy glorious face above.

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

HYMN 187. L. M. [BILLUPS.

O GREAT Physician! see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief;
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And mourning o'er my guilt and shame.

2 Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day—
All thy delight and mine shall be,
To see poor sinners all set free.

3 As ev'ry day the mercy spares,
Relieves our trials and our cares:
Then Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

4 Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy great example mine—
O! Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counselor and friend.

5 And as each morning sun shall rise,
O! lead me onward to the skies—
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest.

6 And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise—
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 Jesus, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed,
And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done.

HYMN 188. L. M.

O HAPPY day, when saints shall meet,
To part no more, the thought is sweet,
No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below when Christians part.

2 O! happy place, I still must say,
Where all but love is done away,
All cause of parting there is past,
Their social feasts will ever last.

3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there in ev'ry heart will reign—
There separation can't compel
The saints to bid the sad farewell.

4 On earth, when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet,
Time's rapid moments soon compel,
With grief to say, dear friends, farewell.

5 The shepherd feels the smarting shock,
Of parting from his weeping flock;
His feelings for them none can tell,
When forced to say, my friends, farewell.

6 The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall meet in heaven, their home,
Eternally with Christ to dwell,
Nor ever hear the sad farewell.

Hymn 189. 7's.

O YE young, ye gay, ye proud!
You must die and wear the shroud—
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to your tomb;
Then you'll cry, I want to be
Happy in eternity.

2 Will you go to heaven or hell?
One you must, and there to dwell—
Christ will come, and quickly too,
I must meet him, so must you;
Then you'll cry, I want to be
Happy in eternity

3 The judgment throne will soon appear,—
All this world shall then draw near,
Sinners will be driven down,
Saints will wear a starry crown;
Then you'll cry, I want to be
Happy in eternity.

Hymn 190. 11's.

O TURN ye, O! turn ye, for why will ye die?
When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh—
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
And angels are waiting, to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying
away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as
you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free

3 Now Jesus is ready your souls to receive,
And grant you a pardon, if you will believe.
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome, he bids you come
home.

4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your afflictions or banish your
pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to
die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy, in Jesus, enough and to
spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see;
And prove that his mercy is boundless and
free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour
your heart,
And, trusting in heaven, we never shall part;

O! how can we leave you? why will you not
come?
We'll journey together and soon be at home.

HYMN 191. 11's.

O FOUNTAIN of Goodness! we render
thee praise,
For all the rich blessings that gladden our
days;
For peace and enjoyment—for vigor and
health—
For freedom's sweet sunshine and wisdom's
true wealth.

2 But chiefly we thank thee for gales of free
grace,
So full and so glorious—so fresh from thy
face;
For sending, in mercy, thy Son, to make
known,
The way of salvation—the way to thy
throne.

3 O! Lord, we will praise thee in anthems
divine,
At morning and evening, till life shall de-
cline;
And then, in the regions of infinite joy,
A chorus immortal our tongues shall em-
ploy.

4 O! garden of mercy, thou dear honored
spot,
The fame of thy glory shall ne'er be for-
got—
The theme most transporting to seraphs
above,
The triumph o'er sorrow—the triumph of
love!

5 Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at
his feet—
O! give him the glory, the praise that is
meet;
Let joyful hosannas, unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

HYMN 193. 8's, 7's, 9's.

O THAT I had some secret place,
Where I might hide from sorrow—
Where I might see my Saviour's face,
And thus be saved from terror.
O! had I wings, like Noah's dove,
I'd leave this world and Satan,
I'd fly to heaven on wings of love,
Where Jesus stands inviting.

2 I have my bitter and my sweet,
While through this world I travel;
I sometimes shout, and sometimes weep,
Which makes my foes to marvel.

Yet let them think and think again,
I feel I'm bound for heaven—
I hope I shall, with Jesus reign,
And therefore I will serve Him.

3 I'm often made to weep and mourn,
Because I'm faint and feeble;
And when my Saviour hides his face,
My soul is filled with trouble
But when he doth again return,
And I lament my folly,
Then I do after glory run,
And still my Jesus follow.

4 I want to live a Christian here—
I want to die a-shouting—
I want to feel my Saviour near,
When soul and body 's parting.
I want to see bright angels stand,
And ready to receive me,
To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ is gone before me.

HYMN 193. C. M.

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

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

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try—
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach,
The majesty on high.

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

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

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship we find.

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

8 O! thou by whom we came to God—
The life, the truth, the way—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord! teach us how to pray.

HYMN 194. C. M.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came—
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame!

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast,
Yields comfort to the mourner's ear,
And to the weary rest.

3 The humble suppliant cannot fail,
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

4 Faith grasps the blessing she desires—
Hope points the upward gaze—
And love, celestial love, inspires,
The eloquence of praise.

5 O! let thy own celestial fire,
The incense still inflame,
While fervent vows to thee aspire
Through my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 195. C. M. [BILLUPS.

RECORDED by eternal love,
Each promise clearly shines,
Nor can the powers of hell remove
Those everlasting lines.

2 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

3 The city of thy blest abode,
Is walled around with grace—
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the solemn shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

6 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim,
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

7 And when these lips shall cease to move—
When death shall close these eyes—
My soul shall then to nobler heights,
Of joy and transport rise.

HYMN 196. L. M. [BILLUPS.

REPEATED crimes awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears,
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

2 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure,
His word a firm foundation gives—
Here I may build and rest secure.

3 Great Shepherd of thy royal few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

5 His saints He loves, and never leaves,
The contrite sinner He receives;
Abundant grace will He afford,
Till all are pleasant with the Lord.

6 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ the Lord is yet alive.

HYMN 197. C. M. [PSALMIST

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

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

3 O! may our hearts, by grace renew'd,
Be our Redeemer's throne;
And be our stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all our conversation prove,
Our hearts to be sincere.

5 Let lively hopes our souls inspire,
Let warm affections rise,
And may we wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

6 Into thy hands, my Saviour, God,
Did I my soul resign;
In firm dependence on that truth,
Which made salvation mine.

7 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight,
To my eternal home.

HYMN 198. 8's.

RELIGION is a glorious treasure—
Diffusion of the Saviour's love—
The spirit's comfort without measure,
It joins our souls to those above.
It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,
It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

2 While journeying here through tribulation,
In phalanx firm we'll march along,
Contentions may divide the nations,
But Christ shall be our common song:
For pure religion knits together—
It binds in love and makes us free,
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

3 How vain, how frail, how transitory
This world, with all its pomp and show!
Its mighty names, renown'd in story,
We'll gladly leave them all below.
A brighter object now enraptures,
In Christ alone we beauties see;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

4 Our earthly house is now dissolving,
And mortal life will soon be o'er;
The cares within us, now revolving,
Will soon afflict our hearts no more.
But pure religion lasts forever,
In death our souls shall strengthen'd be;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

HYMN 199. 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 will my spirit be there:
O! when will the messenger come?

2 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 in thy breast,
Appear, to my rescue appear,
And gather me in to thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display,
And cause me to cease from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above;
A heaven of seeing thy face,
A heaven of feeling thy love.

4 When all the ship's company meet,
Who enlist with their Saviour beneath,
With singing and shouting they'll greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death—
The voyage of life's at an end,
This mortal affliction is past,
The ages in heaven we'll spend,
Forever and ever will last.

HYMN 200. 11's.

SHOUT all the creation below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love—
Break forth into singing, ye sons of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.

2 My heart is enraptured, and love tunes my tongue,
Unite, my dear brethren, to swell the sweet song,

It burst forth in glory and rolled down the sky.
To raise helpless sinners to mansions on high.

3 Then with him in glory we shortly shall reign,
Delivered from sorrow, temptation and pain,
To join with the angels and spirits divine,
And in Jesus's image eternally shine.

4 And when the archangel the trumpet shall sound,
And wake all the dead that sleep under the ground,
The sound of that trumpet will bid you arise,
To meet your redemption with love and surprise.

5 O! then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption, our bodies relieve;
Then we shall be perfect, and we shall be free,
We'll sing of redemption, wherever we be.

6 Redeemed from sin, redeemed from distress,
The fruits of redemption no tongue can express—
Redemption be ascribed to Jesus's love,
We'll sing of redemption in the heavens above.

7 O! Jesus, O! Jesus, thou balm of my
soul,
'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my
case whole—
O! bring me to view thee, thou precious
sweet king,
In oceans of glory, thy praises to sing.

8 O! heaven, sweet heaven, I long to be
there,
To meet all my brethren, and Jesus my
dear—
Come angels, come angels, I'm ready to fly,
Come quickly, convey me to God in the
sky.

9 My soul, while I'm singing, is longing
to go—
This moment, for heaven, I'd leave all
below—
Farewell, my dear brethren, my Lord bids
me come,
Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now going
home.

HYMN 201. L. M. [WATTS.

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 truths by night.

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

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And praise his works, and bless his word—
His works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep his counsels, how divine.

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 202. L. M. [BILLUPS.

SUCH was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

2 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,
Unmoved by either love or pain?

3 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

4 'Tis finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died—
'Tis finished, yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

5 'Tis finished, this his dying groan,
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death,
By Jesus' last expiring breath!

6 'Tis finished, heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled—
Peace, love and happiness again,
Return and dwell with sinful men.

HYMN 203. C. M. [BILLUPS.

SPIRIT of Grace! to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

2 Thou art the truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart,
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us to know that way—
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love,
Ten thousand, thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

5 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppress'd,
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

6 Well might the heavens with wonder view,
A love so strange as thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

7 And didst thou, Saviour, leave the sky,
To sink beneath our woes?
Didst thou descend to bleed and die
For thy rebellious foes?

8 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power,
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In each distressing hour.

HYMN 204. L. M. [BILLINGS.

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?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace—
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O! wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean—
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy laws, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death,
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

7 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh,
'Tis there we find a sure relief,
A soothing balm for inward grief.

8 Be this the pillar of my hope,
This bears the fainting spirit up—
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

9 Then let his name, who shed his blood,
To bring the guilty nigh to God,
Be great in all the earth, and sung
In ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

HYMN 205. C. M. [BILLUPS.

SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue,
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine,
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Before them set an open door,
Their various efforts bless,
On them thy holy spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

5 Endow them with a heavenly mind,
Supply their ev'ry need;
Make them in spirit meek resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

6 In ev'ry tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by thy grace,
And guard them by thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.

7 Then followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may they obtain,
From their Redeemer's hands.

HYMN 206. C. M. [BILLUPS

SINCE man, by sin, has lost his God,
He seeks creation through,
And vainly hopes for solid bliss,
In trying something new.

2 The new possessed, like fading flowers,
Soon lose their gayest hue—
The bubble now no longer takes—
The soul wants something new.

3 When true believers come together,
To take an interview,
They strive to serve the Lord of glory,
And care for nothing new.

4 But when religion begins to fail,
And evil begins to brew,
They crowd a vain and haughty mind,
In studying something new.

5 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru,
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

6 But when we feel a Saviour's love,
All good in Him we view,
The soul forsakes its vain delights—
In Christ finds all things new.

7 The joys the dear Redeemer brings,
Will bear a strict review,
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

8 Come, sinners, then, and seek the joys
Which Christ bids you pursue,
And keep in view the glorious theme—
In Christ seek something new.

9 And soon a change awaits us all,
Before the great review,
And at his feet, with raptures fall,
While heaven brings something new.

HYMN 207. 7's, 6's, 12's, 9's, 11's.

SEE the Christian, in that day,
Take wings and fly away—
Glad to hear the trumpet sounding, in that morning,
Crying, O Lord! how I want to go
To join a league of angels in that morning!

2 See the stars begin to fall,
And to hear our Saviour call—
Arise! and come to judgment in that morning,
Crying, O Lord! how I want to go
To join the holy angels in that morning!

3 See the moon turn to blood,
And the saints a-praising God—
See the world all on fire, and the saints arising higher,
Crying, O Lord! how I want to go
To join the holy angels in that morning!

4 See our parents, in that day,
Take wings and fly away—
Glad to hear the trumpet sounding, in that morning,
Crying, O Lord! how I want to go
To join the holy angels in that morning!

4 See our children, in that day,
Take wings and fly away—
Glad to hear the trumpet sounding, in that morning,
Crying, O Lord! how I want to go
To join the holy angels in that morning!

5 See the earth melt away,
In that great and awful day—
And you'll hear the trumpet sound, in that morning,
Crying, O Lord! how I want to go
To join a league of angels in that morning!

6 See poor sinners, in that day,
Quite willing now to pray—
But alas! it is too late in that morning,
Crying, O Lord! how I want to go
To join all the righteous in that morning!

HYMN 208. 13's.

SOMETIMES my hopes are little, I almost lay them by—
Sometimes they are sufficient, if I were called to die—
Sometimes I am in doubting, and think I have no grace—
Sometimes I am a-shouting, and Bethel is the place.

2 Sometimes I shun the Christian, for fear he'll talk to me—
Sometimes he is the neighbor, I long the most to see—

Sometimes we meet together, in seasons dry and dull—
Sometimes I find a blessing of joy that fills my soul.

3 Sometimes I am oppress'd, by Pharaoh's cruel hand—
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan, and view the promised land—
Sometimes I am in darkness, and sometimes in the light—
Sometimes my soul, on wings of faith, ascends in lofty flight.

4 Sometimes I go in mourning, down Babylon's cold stream—
Sometimes my Lord's religion, appears to be my theme—
Sometimes when I am praying, it almost seems a task—
Sometimes I find a blessing, the greatest I can ask.

5 Sometimes I read my Bible—it seems a sealed book—
Sometimes I find a blessing whatever I do look—
Sometimes I go to meeting, and wish I'd stayed at home—
Sometimes I find my Jesus, and then I'm glad I come.

6 O! how am I thus tossed, thus tossed to and fro—
How are my hopes thus crossed, wherever I do go—

O Lord! thou never changest, it is because
I stray—
Lord! aid me by thy Spirit, to keep me in
the way.

HYMN 209. C. M.

SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes—
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies.

CHO. How long, dear Saviour, O! how long
Have I on earth to stay?
Roll on, roll on the wheels of time,
And bring the joyful day.

2 All hail! ye fair, celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day;
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my grief away.

CHO. How long, dear Saviour, etc.

3 There's a delightful clearness now,
My clouds of doubts are gone,
Fled is my former darkness too,
My fears are all withdrawn.

CHO. How long, dear Saviour, etc.

4 Short is the passage, short the space,
Between my home and me;
There, there, behold the radiant place,
How near the mansions be.

CHO. How long, dear Saviour, etc.

5 Immortal wonders, boundless things,
In those dear worlds appear—
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

CHO. How long, dear Saviour, etc.

HYMN 210. 10's, 7's, 14's & 9's.

SAW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
O! He died on Calvary, to atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, He was extended,
Shamefully nailed to the cross—
O! He bowed his head and died—thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the sun refused to shine, when its majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land—
O! the solid rocks were rent, through Creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-Man.

5 When it was finished, when it was finished,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great, and embalmed in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulcher laid.

6 Hail! mighty Saviour—hail! mighty Saviour,
Prince, and Author of peace—
O! He burst the bonds of death, and triumphant through the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 Now interceding, now interceding,
And pleading that sinners might live—
Crying, Father, I've died—now behold my hands and my side—
To redeem them, I pray thee, forgive.

8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them
If they will repent and believe—
Now let them return to me, and be reconciled to thee,
And salvation they all may receive.

HYMN 211. L. M. [BILLUP

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

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind—
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature man.

3 Here sinners of a humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name—
May read in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power and grace of God.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies—
Here shines the light which guides our way,
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O! grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truth, with meekness, to receive
And by its holy precepts live.

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

7 Dear Saviour! let thy wondrous love,
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
O! sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

HYMN 212. C. M. [L. DOW.

THERE is a reprobated plan;
Come, how did it arise?
By the predestinated clan
Of horrid cruelties.

2 The plan is this—they hold a few,
Who are ordained for heaven;
They hold the rest a cursed crew,
That cannot be forgiven.

3 They do believe, God has decreed
Whatsoever comes to pass,
Some to be damned—some to be freed—
And this they call free grace!

4 This iron bedstead they do fetch,
To try our hopes upon;
And if too short, we must be stretched;
And cut off, if too long.

5 This is a bold serpentine scheme;
It suits the Serpent well,
If he can make the sinner dream,
That he is doomed for hell:

6 Or if he can persuade a man,
Decree is on his side,
Then he will say, without delay,
This cannot be untied.

7 He tells one sinner, he's decreed
To eternal bliss;
He tells another he can't be freed,
For he is doomed to miss.

8 The first he bindeth fast in pride,
The second in despair;
If he can only keep them tied,
Which way he does not care.

9 If all things were foreordained,
Or finally decreed,
I would like to know, why mortal man's
Responsible for his deeds.

10 For, if the wicked here comply
With God's divine decree,
They've done as well as you or I,
Tho' righteous we may be.

11 They do believe Esau was decreed,
To go to hell to mourn and weep,
While Jacob was foreordain'd
To be a holy sheep.

12 They do believe God harden'd Pharaoh's heart,
To send him down to hell;
But He harden'd Pharaoh's heart,
Because he did rebel.

13 If Calvinism thus be true,
And all things fore-decreed,
The Lord has been very kind
Unto the devil, indeed.

14 When He created mortal man,
He was his own, to give or sell;
He gave the devil the largest half,
To drag them down to hell.

15 But we do say God's holy word,
Doth no such doctrine teach,
For if it do, then why do you
Attempt his word to preach?

16 For, if God has foreordain'd
All things to be just so;
Then we do say, all cease to pray
And to a-fishing go!

17 For how can we, change God's decree,
By any work or deed,
Since all his love He has bestow'd,
Upon the holy seed?

18 But, my friends all, on you I call,
To mind this doctrine well:
It has its birth, not on this earth,
But in the pit of hell!

HYMN 213. 10's 11's, 9's.

THE Christians of old, united in one,
As sheep in a fold, were never alone,
As birds of a feather, all flocked to their nest,
And sheltered together in Jesus' breast.

2 However employ'd, their joy was the same,
They never were cold in hymning his name,
Their soul's recreation, to sing of his praise,
And publish salvation by Jesus' grace.

3 Small learning they had, and wanted no more,
Not many could read, but all could adore;
No help from the college or school they receiv'd,
Content with his knowledge in whom they believ'd.

4 No riches had they, but riches of grace,
No fondness for play, but passions for praise;
No moments of leisure for trifling employs,
Possess'd of the treasure in God to rejoice.

5 Men, in their own eyes, were children again,
And children were wise, and solid as men;
The women were fearful of nothing but sin,
Their hearts were all cheerful—their consciences clean.

6 Wrapp'd up in their Lord, his service and love,
They liv'd and ador'd like angels above;
To keep in his favor, their lives they laid down,
And now, with their Saviour, inherit the crown!

HYMN 214. C. M. [BILLUPS.

THOU art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right-hand.

2 Before the gracious throne we bow,
Of heaven's Almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O! Lord, while in this house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
O! make us creatures of thy power—
The children of thy grace.

5 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee!

6 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand—
And they must drink or die!

7 Give deep humility the sense
Of godly sorrow—give
A strong desiring confidence,
To see thy face and live.

HYMN 215. C. M. [BILLUPS

THIS is the day the Lord has made—
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice—let earth be glad—
And saints surround the throne.

2 When will my pilgrimage be done?
The world's long wreck be o'er?
That Sabbath dawn, that needs no sun—
That day that fades no more?

3 Hail! mighty Saviour, thee we hail,
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

4 Hosanna! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise—
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

5 Eternal Sun of Righteousness!
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face,
On all our hearts to shine.

6 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart—
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And ne'er with it depart.

HYMN 216. C. M. [BILLUPS

TO us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
And Him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

2 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

3 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us He paid his life below,
And pleads for us above.

4 Then at the garden, sinner, see
Those precious drops that flow—
The heavy load He bore for thee—
For thee He lies so low.

5 Alone the dreadful race He ran—
Alone the wine-press trod;
He died and suffered as a man—
He rises like a God!

6 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing—
O'er all the earth He reigns.

7 In all his toils and conflicts here,
Their sovereign they attend,
And pause, and wonder how, at last,
This scene of love will end.

8 As on the torturing cross He hung,
And darkness vail'd the sky,
Amaz'd, they saw that awful sight,
The Lord of glory die!

HYMN 217. C. M. [BILLUPS.

THE sovereign will of God alone,
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son—
A new, peculiar race.

2 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh—
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the mind afresh.

3 He molds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone afresh,
And plants his grace within.

4 He shed abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fears remove,
And brings us home to God!

5 If noisy war or strife abound,
We grieve the peaceful dove—
His gracious aid is ever found,
In paths of truth and love.

6 Should we indulge one secret sin,
Or disregard his laws,
His succors and support within—
The spirit, vex'd, withdraws.

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

8 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light,
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

HYMN 218. 7's. [BILLUPS.

TEACH us with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our wounded spirits heal.

2 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Train'd in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

3 Gracious Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine,
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

4 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free,
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

5 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart,
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Pureness of immortal rest.

6 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

7 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine,
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

8 Holy Spirit! life divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast out every idol throne,
Reign supreme and reign alone.

HYMN 219. S. M. [BILLUPS.

THE Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, sinner, Come,
The Bride, the church of Christ proclaims,
To all his children, Come.

2 Let him that heareth say,
To all around him, Come;
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life—
'Tis Jesus bids you come.

4 Lo! Jesus who invites,
Declares I quickly come—
Lord! we ever so do wait thy hour,
O! blest Redeemer, come.

5 The Lord Jehovah calls,
Be ev'ry ear inclined;
May such a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind.

6 The year of gospel grace,
With us rejoice to see,
And thankfully embrace it now
Your proffered liberty.

7 Far, far to distant lands,
The saving news shall spread,
And Jesus all his willing bands,
In glorious triumph lead.

HYMN 220. S. M. [BILLUPS.

TO-DAY, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray—
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

2 O! hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart,
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word, Depart.

3 Sinner, the voice of God regard,
His mercy speaks to-day,
He calls you, by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

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

5 Call while he may be found,
O! seek him while he's near,
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

6 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry,
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

7 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

HYMN 221. L. M. [WATTS.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose,
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest and broke;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spoke!

3 This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive, and eat the living food—
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine,
'Tis the new covenant, in my blood.

4 Do this, He cried, till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend,
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

5 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

6 O! warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire—
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill our souls with heavenly love

7 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare—
How sweet thy entertainments are;
Ne'er did the angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, undying love.

HYMN 222. S. M. [BILLUPS.

THY name, almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands—
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth forever stands.

2 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face,
On all thy saints to shine.

3 Let different nations join,
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O! Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
And washed with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.

5 Go spread the Saviour's name,
Go tell his matchless grace,
Proclaim salvation, full and free,
To Adam's guilty race.

6 We wish you in his name,
The most divine success;
Assured that He, who sends you forth,
Will your endeavors bless.

HYMN 223. C. M. [BILLUPS.

THROUGH all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

2 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around,
But O! how few returns of love,
Hath my Redeemer found!

3 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

4 On us thy Providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays—
O! may our lips and lives make known,
Thy goodness and thy praise.

5 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad Nature's cheerful song;
And love, and gratitude divine,
Shall tune my joyful tongue.

6 No winter there—no shades of night—
Secure those mansions bless'd,
Where in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

HYMN 224. C. M. [BILLUPS.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense and reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared,
For those that love his Son.

3 But the good Spirit of the Lord,
Reveals a heaven to come,
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

4 Bright glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes;
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies.

5 Short is the passage, short the space,
Between my home and me;
O! there behold the radiant place,
How near the mansions be.

6 Immortal wonders, boundless things,
In those dear worlds appear;
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

HYMN 225. C. M. [BILLUPS.

THERE is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.

2 No clouds those blissful regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

3 To that bright world my soul aspires,
With rapturous delight;
O! for the Spirit's quick'ning powers,
To speed me in my flight!

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every lip to sing;
By day, by night the sacred courts,
With glad hosannas ring.

6 With wondering joy their lips recount,
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, power and love,
Which brought them home at last.

7 Lord! let the merit of thy death,
To me, like them, be given—
And I like them, will shout thy praise,
Through all the courts of heaven.

HYMN 226. 11's. [RIPPON

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song—
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy, I could not live
here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But through thy free-goodness, my spirits
revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me
alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my
heart,
Which wonders, to feel its own hardness
depart—
Dissolved by thy sunshine, I fall to the
ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I
found.

4 The door of thy mercy, stands open all
day,
To the poor and the needy, that knock by
the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy, for Jesus' sake.

5 Thy mercy, in Jesus, exempts me from
hell,
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll
tell;
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the
tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I
own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son:

All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine,
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

HYMN 227. C. M. [BILLUPS

THE gloomy time is rolling on,
The awful scene draws near;
O! may we all remember well,
That time will soon be here.

2 And there's a death, whose bitter pangs
Outlast the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal horror hangs,
Around the second death!

3 And must this feeble body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And this mortal body of mine,
Lie moldering in the clay?

4 Lord God of truth, and love, and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

5 Our life is never at a stand,
'Tis like a fading flower;
Death, which is always near at hand
Comes nearer ev'ry hour.

HYMN 228. 8's. [HARRIS.

THERE is a school on earth begun,
Supported by the Holy one;
He sends his students there to prove
The principles of perfect love.

2 O! come, my friends, where'er you be,
Say, will you go to school with me?
Christ Jesus is my Master's name,
To-day, as yesterday, the same.

3 His laws command attention bright,
He teaches well, both day and night,
His government, both meek and mild,
Toward the aged and the child.

4 My Master learns the blind to see—
Come then, ye blind, this school is free—
My Master learns the lame to walk,
He likewise learns the dumb to talk.

5 The swearing man he learns to pray—
Come then, profane, without delay,
He'll charge your tongue to praise his name,
And spread abroad your Master's fame.

6 My Master learns the deaf to hear—
Come then, ye deaf, pray lend an ear,
Unto my Master's pleasant voice,
He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

7 The Scriptures are our school-book true,
Its lessons are forever new;
The scholars all may learn to read,
This is a glorious school indeed.

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

9 When this frail tenement shall die,
When we shall lay our school-books by,
With our Master, Jesus, to reign,
All glory be to Christ, the Lamb.

10 Where angels bow before the throne,
And sing in a renewed tone,
All glory be to God, alone,
For Christ is Saviour, King, and Son.

HYMN 229. C. M. [DOVER SELEC.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stam'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Millions of years around may roll,
Our songs shall still go on,
To praise the Father and the Son—
One in three, and three in one.

HYMN 230. 8's & 7's. [SAC. MEL.

THE Gospel-Ship has long been sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore,
All who would set out for glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

CHORUS. Glory, glory, hallelujah,
All the sailors loudly cry,
See the blissful port of Glory,
Open to each faithful eye.

2 Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this earthly shore;
Thousands now are sailing thither,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

CHORUS. Glory, etc.

3 Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of gospel grace,
Carrying every faithful traveler,
To his glorious landing-place.

CHORUS. Glory, etc.

4 Her sails well filled with heaveniy breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along,
All her company rejoicing,
Glory bursts from ev'ry tongue.

CHORUS. Glory, etc.

5 Come, poor sinners, get converted,
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea,
And with us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.

CHORUS. Glory, etc.

HYMN 231. 11's. [BILLUPS

THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.

CHORUS. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Who sweetly all agree,
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

2 And when that bright morning,
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears shall be ended,
Our sorrows all gone.

CHORUS. To Father, Son, etc.

3 The Bridegroom from glory,
To earth shall descend;
Ten thousand bright angels,
Around him attend.

CHORUS. To Father, Son, etc.

4 The graves will be opened
The dead will arise,
And with the Redeemer,
Mount up to the skies.

CHORUS. To Father, Son, etc.

5 The saints then immortal,
In glory shall reign;
The Bride, with the Bridegroom,
Forever remain.

CHORUS. To Father, Son, etc.

HYMN 232. 8's.

TIME speeds away, away, away;
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drop from our life like leaflets sere,
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts;
The rose-bloom from our cheek departs,
The tresses from our temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

2 Time speeds away, away, away;
Like torrents in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;
He sweeps from our distracted breast,
The friends that loved, the friends that blest,
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which we can return no more.

3 Time speeds away, away, away;
No eagle through the sky of day,
No wind along the hills can flee,
So swiftly, or so smooth as he.

4 Like fiery steed, from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age,
Then plunges in the fearful sea,
Of fathomless eternity.

HYMN 233. 7's & 6's. [SAC. MEL.

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of Love—
An everlasting temple,
And saints arrayed in white,
There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

2 That is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care,
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new,
They praise th' Eternal Father,
The Son, and Spirit too.

3 The humblest child of glory,
Outshines the radiant sun,
But who can speak the splendor,
Of that eternal throne:

Where Jesus sits exalted,
In God-like majesty?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

4 Long time I was invited
To gain that heavenly rest,
Grace made no hard condition,
'Twas only to be blest;
But earth's bewitching pleasures,
Inclined me long to stay,
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

MEL.

5 But now it is my purpose,
The better way to find,
To serve my great Creator,
And leave my sins behind;
In guilt's seducing mazes,
I will no longer roam,
I'll give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransomed home.

HYMN 234. 8's. [DUPUY.

THE great, tremendous day's approaching,
That awful day is drawing nigh,
'Twas long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.
But O! my soul, reflect and wonder,
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see that great transaction,
When Christ in judgment shall appear.

2 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound;
Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment,
Ye nations of the world around.
Loud thunders rumbling through the concave,
And forked lightnings part the skies;
The heavens a-shaking, the earth a-quaking,
The gloomy sight attracts my eyes.

3 The orbit-lamps all vailed in sackcloth,
No more their shining circuits run;
The wheels of time stopped in a moment,
Eternal things are now begun—
Huge massy rocks, and towering mountains,
Over their tumbling bases roar;
The raging ocean, all in commotion,
Is hovering round her frighted shore.

4 Green, turfy graveyards, and tombs of marble,
Give up their death, both small and great;
See the whole world, both saints and sinners,
Are coming to the Judgment seat:
See Jesus, on the throne of Justice,
Comes rushing down the parted skies,
While countless armies of shining angels,
With hallelujahs shout for joy.

5 Bright shining streams from his awful presence,
His face ten thousand suns outshines.
Behold him coming in power and glory,
To meet him all his saints combine:

Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like lightning,
Call all my saints from distant lands,
Those that my blood from sin has ransomed,
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

5 O! come, ye blessed of my Father,
The purchase of my dying love,
Receive the crown of life and glory,
Which is laid up for you above;
For your dear souls, which have continued,
With me, and my temptations bore,
I have provided you a kingdom,
To reign with me forevermore.

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

8 See Justice now, with indignation,
Crying aloud for sinners' blood,
Those that have slighted offered mercy,
And crucified the Son of God—
Depart from me, ye cursed sinners,
My face you never more shall see,
Be banished from my peaceful presence,
To endless woe and misery.

9 Each guilty soul's then struck with horror,
And anguish throbs within each breast;
Behold them doomed to endless sorrow,
And never more to hope for rest:
Come, sinners, here's a faithful warning,
Return to Jesus while you may,
For He is ready to receive you,
Or else you must depart away.

HYMN 235. 13's & 12's.

THE people called Christians have many things to tell,
About the land of Canaan, where saints and angels dwell,
But sin, that dreadful ocean, encompasses them around,
While its tide still divides them from Canaan's happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient, to find their passage through,
And with united wisdom, have tried what they could do,
But vessels built by human skill have never sailed far,
Till they are found, run aground, on some sandy bar.

3 The everlasting Gospel, hath launched the deep at last,
Behold the sails expanded around the towering mast:

Along the deck, in order, the joyful sailors
stand,
Crying, Ho! here we go, to Immanuel's
happy land.

4 We are now on the wide ocean, we bid the
world farewell,
And though where we shall anchor, no
human tongue can tell,
About our future destiny, there need be no
debate,
While we ride on the tide, with our Captain
and his Mate.

5 To those who are spectators, what anguish
must ensue,
To hear their old companions, bid them a
last adieu?
The pleasures of your Paradise no more our
hearts invite,
We will sail, you may rail, we shall soon be
out of sight.

6 The passengers united, in order, peace, and
love;
The wind is in our favor, how swiftly do we
move!
Though tempests do assail us, and raging
billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep, till we
reach fair Canaan's shore.

HYMN 236. C. M. [HARRIS.

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

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

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

4 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.

5 Ten thousand baits, the foe prepares,
To catch the wandering heart;
And seldom do we see the snare,
Before we feel the smart.

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

7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong,
His promises are true;
We shall be conquerors all along,
And more than conquerors too.

Hymn 237. L. M. [Dupuy.

THE tree of life, my soul has seen,
Laden with fruit, and always green—
The tree of Nature fruitless be,
Compared with Christ, the Apple-tree.

2 This beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell,
The glory which I now can see,
In Jesus Christ, the Apple-tree.

3 For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasures dearly have I bought—
I missed of all, but now I see,
'Tis found in Christ, the Apple-tree.

4 I'm wearied with my former toil,
Here I will sit and rest awhile,
Under the shadow I will be,
Of Jesus Christ, the Apple-tree.

5 With great delight I'll make my stay,
There's none can fright my soul away;
Among the Sons of Men I see,
There's none like Christ, the Apple-tree.

6 I sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart like precious wine;
O! how divinely sweet to me,
Is Christ, the lovely Apple-tree.

7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive
It keeps my dying faith alive,
Which makes my soul in haste to be,
With Jesus Christ, the Apple-tree.

HYMN 238. 13's & 12's. [BIGGS' C.

THIS is a world of trouble and grief I plainly see,
But in my depth of sorrow, O! Lord, I look to thee,
Thou didst deliver Daniel, when in the lion's den,
If him thou didst deliver, O! why not other men?

2 Thou didst protect thy children, when in the furnace cast,
And Jesus did walk with them, while in the fiery blast—
Thy saints thou wilt deliver, tho' in boiling caldrons thrown—
All glory to the Father, and his eternal Son.

3 I feel compelled to serve him, while here on earth I live,
My life, my strength, my all, I'll to my Saviour give—
This world, and all its pleasures, through grace I'll lay aside,
And try to live for Jesus, since he for me has died.

4 The flame is now increasing, the saints are join'd in one—
The time is fast approaching, when we shall all get home—

The day of general judgment, is now a-
drawing nigh,
When Gabriel with his trumpet, shall thun-
der through the sky.

5 Arise and come to judgment, ye nations
under ground—
The children of the kingdom, shall from
their graves abound—
Behold them rising, shining far brighter
than the sun—
They'll sing in endless union—their notes
will all be one.

6 Altho' we meet with trials, and troubles
here below—
We'll there drink living waters, which
from the fountain flow—
There we shall join the angels, be filled
with love divine,
And say, my God I love thee, for thou art
ever mine!

HYMN 239. S. M. [DUPUY.

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

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

3 Lord! keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.

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

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

HYMN 240. 11's. [HILLUPS.

THE prince of salvation is coming, prepare,
Away in the desert his blessings to share—
He comes to release us from sin and from woes,
And make this rude wilderness bloom like the rose.

2 A council on high, has been held to inquire—
For the help of mankind, peace kindled the fire—
Provision was made, for the nations distress'd,
And with the rich treasures, all hands shall be blest.

The chain of salvation, let down from above,
Cemented by Justice, and strengthened by love;
The safety of hope, and the channel of grace,
Holds heaven and earth in its mighty embrace.

His reign shall extent from the east to the west—
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest—
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.

The brute-hearted temper of man, shall grow tame—
The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb—
The bear with the kine, shall contentedly feed,
And children their young ones in harmony lead.

No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard—
The ambush and slaughter no longer be feared—
The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground,
And peace and good-will, to the nations abound.

All spirit of war, to the gospel shall bow—
The bow lie unstrung, at the foot of the plow—

To prune the young orchard, the spear
shall be bent,
And love greet the world, with a smile of
content.

8 Roll forward, dear Saviour, roll forward the
day,
When all shall submit and rejoice in thy
sway;
When white men and Indians, united in
praise,
One vast hallelujah! triumphant shall
raise.

HYMN 241. C. M. [DUPUY.

THE time is swiftly rolling on,
When I must faint and die;
My body to the dust return,
And there forgotten lie.

2 Let persecution rage around,
And anti-Christ appear;
My silent dust, beneath the ground,
Will no disturbance hear.

3 Through heat and cold I've often went—
Through sorrow and distress,
To call on sinners to repent,
And seek the Saviour's face.

4 My brother preachers boldly speak,
Who stand on Zion's walls;
Confirm the strong, revive the weak,
And after sinners call.

5 May Zion's sons in peace be bound,
And put their foes to flight;
While I am sleeping under ground,
May you in love unite.

6 My brethren all, I bid adieu,
Your fellowship I love;
In time I'll never more see you,
But soon we'll meet above.

7 My little babes be near my heart,
For nature seems to bind
So strong, it grieves me to depart,
And leave them all behind.

8 Dear Lord! a father to them be,
And shield them from all harm;
That they may know and worship thee,
And dwell upon thy arm.

9 My loving wife, my bosom friend—
The object of my love—
The time's been sweet on earth with you,
My sweet and harmless dove!

10 My dear, you've often looked for me,
And often seen me come,
But now I must depart from thee,
And never more return.

11 My dearest love, don't weep for me,
Neither lament nor mourn;
I trust I shall with Jesus be,
While you are left alone.

12 I never shall return to thee—
Don't let this grieve thy heart:
But you can quickly come to me,
Where we shall never part.

HYMN 242. 7's & 8's.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to land my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me,
A light has shone along my way.

2 I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand
O! come along, dear sinner,
And see Immanuel's happy land.
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a last farewell;
O! come, or you'll repent it,
When you shall reach the gates of hell.

3 Then come, thou king of terrors,
And with thy weapons lay me low;
I soon shall reach that region,
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
Now, Christians, I must leave you,
A few more days to suffer here;
Through grace I soon shall meet you,
My soul exults, I'm almost there.

4 Soon the archangel's trumpet,
Shall shake the ground from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature,
Shall in a moment cease to roll.
Then I shall see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransomed people home.

HYMN 243. 8's. [SAC. MEL.

THERE is a heaven above the skies—
A heaven where pleasure never dies;
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
Yet often fear it's not for me.

2 The way is difficult and strait,
And narrow is the gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein—
Ten thousand snares to take us in.

3 I travel through a world of foes—
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The Tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

4 Through glimmering hopes and gloomy fears,
Dimly the heavenly way appears;
But in this way, methinks, I see
The track of Him who died for me.

5 I trace the footsteps of my God,
Who on the cross sustained my load;
'Twas on that dark and doleful day,
In streaming blood He pass'd this way.

6 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in Jesus' arms!

7 Then, O! my soul, arise and sing,
Behold thy Saviour, friend and king;
With pleasing smiles He now looks down,
And cries, Press on and take the crown!

8 Prove faithful then, a few more days—
Fight the good fight and win the race;
And then thy soul with me shall reign—
Thy head a crown of glory gain!

9 My flesh shall slumber in the ground.
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the tomb, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!

HYMN 244. 7's.

'TIS a point I long to know—
Oft it causes anxious thought.
Do I love the Lord or no—
Am I His, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?—
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name

3 Could my heart so hard remain—
Prayer a task and burden prove—
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,
Oh! how dark, and vain, and wild,
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Faith is weak in all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will—
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grief for what I feel,
If I did not love at all!

7 Could I joy with saints to meet?
Choose the ways I once abhorred?
Find at times the promise sweet—
If I did not love the Lord!

8 Lord! decide the doubtful case—
Thou who art the people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day!

Hymn 245. 11's.

THE sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when the life fades away;
Begin, ye admirers of Jesus' love,
Who died to redeem us and raise us above.

2 Remember the night when his sorrows began,
The horrors of darkness that fell on the man;
Why so faint and so slow does your gratitude move,
To the Lamb that was wounded, that sinners might live?

3 Remember the spot where in anguish He lay—
The sins which He bore from his people away;
Now faith rises high, we exult in his love,
Who died to redeem us, but now is above.

4 We'll go to the land where our Saviour is gone,
And saints shall rejoice in the fruits of the Son;
And the angels shall sing, Hallelujah, Amen,
All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain!

5 O! who would live always away from his
God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?
Where rivers of pleasure roll o'er the bright
plains,
And a noontide of glory eternally reigns.

6 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported they
greet;
While the raptures of pleasure unceasingly
roll,
And the smiles of the Lord are the feast of
the soul.

HYMN 246. C. M.

THERE is a hope, a precious hope,
The world can never give—
And when all earthly hopes are fled,
This blessed hope shall live.

2 This world is not its native place,
'Tis not by mortals given;
It enters that within the vail,
'Tis anchor'd fast in heaven.

3 'Tis built upon the Saviour's blood,
And on his dying love;
It points the lonely wanderer here,
Up to a home above!

4 It whispers in the sinner's ear,
Of crimes and sins forgiven;
And promises his weary soul,
A peace and rest in heaven.

5 Nor time, nor space, nor life, nor death,
Shall e'er this hope remove;
Eternity's unceasing years,
Its endless life shall prove.

6 Long as the Saviour's name is known,
This hope shall still endure;
Long as Jehovah's throne shall stand,
This hope shall be secure.

HYMN 247. C. M. [BILLUPS,

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

4 Bright glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes;
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies!

5 Short is the passage, short the space
Between my home and me;
There, there behold the radiant place,
How near the mansions be.

6 Immortal wonders, boundless things
In those dear worlds appear;
Prepare me, Lord! to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

7 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known;
What joys the Father has prepar'd,
For those that love his Son.

8 But the good Spirit of the Lord,
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home!

HYMN 248. 8's & 7's.

THERE was a man in ancient times,
The Scripture doth inform us,
Whose pomp, and grandeur, and whose crimes
Were great and very num'rous.
This man fared sumptuously each day,
In purple and fine linen;
He ate and drank, but scorn'd to pray—
Spent all his days in sinning.

2 Poor Lazarus, lying at his gate,
To help himself unable,
Did for the fragments humbly wait,
That fell from his rich table;

But not one mite would he bestow—
Would the rich worldling give him;
The dogs took pity—licked his sores—
More ready to relieve him.

3 At length death came—this poor man died—
By angel bands attended,
Away to Abra'ms bosom hied,
Where his sorrows all are ended—
The rich man died—was buried too—
But O! his dreadful station,
With heaven and Lazarus in view,
He landed in damnation.

4 He cries, O! Father Abraham,
Send Lazarus with cold water,
For I'm tormented in these flames,
With a tormenting torture!
Old Abra'm said, Remember well,
You once did wealth inherit,
But now you're doom'd to death and hell,
Because you would not share it.

5 This Lazarus, whom you now behold
All clothed in dazzling glory,
Did once lay hungry, wet and cold,
Naked, and sick, before you;
But not one crumb would you bestow,
Or pity his condition,
Therefore to glory he must go,
And you sink in perdition.

6 Beside, here is a dreadful gulf,
Cuts off communication:

And heaven you never can enjoy,
Which augments your damnation.
O! father Abra'm, deign to hear,
O! hear my last desire,
And then I'll yield to black despair,
And everlasting fire.

7 Five brethren in my father's house,
Are going fast to ruin,
Send Lazarus, that he may arouse,
And hinder their undoing.
Your brethren have the means of grace,
The prophets too, and Moses,
Sufficient, if they choose good ways,
To o'ercome whate'er opposes.

8 But O! if Lazarus would arise,
Replied the poor tormented,
Perhaps he might open their eyes;
Their fall might be prevented:
If they refuse, old Abra'm said,
The means that are provided,
Although one rises from the dead,
They will not be persuaded.

HYMN 249. C. M.

TO see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view,
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu.

HORUS. 'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover around my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 While friends are weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

CHORUS. 'Tis sweet to rest, etc.

3 The dazzling charms of that bright world,
Attract my soul above,
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When in that world of love.

CHORUS. 'Tis sweet to rest, etc.

4 Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
Our captain is in view,
And when we gain fair Canaan's land,
I hope to meet with you.

CHORUS. 'Tis sweet to rest, etc.

5 Salvation through our conquering king
Now let the echo fly,
While they repeat the song above,
Through armies in the sky.

CHORUS. 'Tis sweet to rest, etc.

6 We'll join the heavenly armies bright,
In presence of the Lamb,
And tune our harps, and sing free-grace,
In love's eternal flame.

CHORUS. 'Tis sweet to rest, etc.

Hymn 250. 6's & 4's.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
O! how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King—
Loud let his praises ring,
Forevermore.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O! we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free—
Lord! we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a father's hand,
Love cannot die:
O! then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
Reign evermore.

Hymn 251. 8's & 7's.

THE Gospel-Ship has long been sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore.
All who would set out for glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

CHORUS. Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Hark! the sailors loudly cry;
See the blissful port of Glory,
Open to each sailor's eye.

2 Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this earthly shore,
Thousands more are sailing thither,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

CHORUS. Glory, etc.

3 Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of Gospel grace,
Carrying many faithful sailors,
To the glorious landing-place.

CHORUS. Glory, etc.

4 Her sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along,
All her company rejoicing,
Glory bursts from ev'ry tongue.

CHORUS. Glory, etc.

5 Come, poor sinners, and go with me,
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea,
And with us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.

CHORUS. Glory, etc.

HYMN 252. 7's.

THERE'S a glorious land on high,
Far beyond the starlit sky;
All things there are fair and bright—
Land of beauty, land of light!

2 Living splendor beameth there—
Holy fragrance fills the air;
All is rich with spotless white—
Land of beauty, land of light!

3 There no angry tempest blows—
No red bolt the thunder throws—
No dread gloom is spread by night—
Land of beauty, land of light!

4 There the holy mountains are,
And sweet valleys stretched afar;
There are rivers pure and bright—
Land of beauty, land of light!

5 Radiant verdure decks the ground—
Lovely angels joy around;
All is glorious to the sight,
Land of beauty, land of light!

HYMN 253. 11's.

WHILE passing a garden, I paused for to hear,
A voice, faint and plaintive, from one that was there;
The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,
While in agony pleading the poor sinner's part.

2 In offering to heaven, his pitying prayer,
He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life, as a ransom, he offered to give,
That sinners redeemed, in glory might live.

3 I listened a moment, then turned me to see,
What man of compassion, this stranger could be;
I saw him low kneeling upon the cold ground,
The loveliest being that ever was found.

4 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night;
His locks, by pale moonbeams, were glistening and bright;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were raised,
While angels, in wonder, stood round him amazed.

5 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom, ran sweat, blood, and tears;
I wept to behold him, I asked him his name;
He answered, 'tis Jesus, from heaven I came.

6 I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die,
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by,
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish, I suffer for thee.

7 I heard with deep sorrow, the tale of his woe,
While tears, like a fountain of waters, did flow—

The cause of his sorrows, to hear him
repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet—

8 Trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
Lord! save a poor sinner, O! save, or I
die!
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me,
Live,
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive.

9 How sweet were the moments, He bid me
rejoice;
His smiles, O! how pleasant, how cheering
his voice!
I flew from the garden, to spread it abroad,
I shouted salvation, and glory to God.

10 I am now on my journey to mansions
above,
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace, and
love;
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the
tears,
Of that loving stranger, who banished my
fears.

11 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall
sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory shall
rise,
To gaze on the stranger with unclouded
eyes.

Hymn 254. L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given,
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night,
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how bless'd the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners haste, O! haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar, your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

Hymn 255. 7's.

WHEN the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One with vile, blaspheming tongue,
Scoffed at Jesus, as he hung.

2 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perished, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

3 While the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
And by faith received his Lord,
Whom the Scribes and Priest abhorred.

4 Thus he prayed: Remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be.
Soon to him, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt be in Paradise.

5 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsafed in time of need—
Sinner, trust in Jesus' name,
And you'll find him still the same.

HYMN 256. C. M.

WE'RE met, dear friends, in Jesus' name,
Come let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice.

2 But, O! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly dove,
His graces to diffuse abroad,
And warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Thy face we do not see;
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,
Where'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shows a heavenly dawn,
When there, with thee, we dwell;
But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A palace proves a hell.

5 Then, O! dear Saviour, condescend
To meet us with a smile,
Thy Spirit's quickening influence send,
And purge our hearts from guile.

6 That at the close, each one may say,
We met not here in vain,
For we have tasted heaven to-day,
Nor could we more contain.

HYMN 257. 11's.

WITH joy, I remember, that one happy place,
Where Jesus revealed the light of his face;
That was the dear place where my soul was set free,
Where Jesus revealed salvation to me.

2 O! yes, I have found him, He visits my soul;
He's heaven's physician, to heal and make whole—
Though ofttimes I grieved him, he loves as before;
He's come, I have found him, I'll 'eave him no more.

3 He is my beloved, my shield, and my sun—
No more to be moved, my heart he hath won:

He loves me so freely, I love him again,
And in his bright glory, with Jesus we'll
reign.

4 My heart is all glowing with Jesus's love—
My spirit is going to meet him above—
And while I'm enduring affliction and
pain,
My soul is so happy, in Jesus we'll reign.

5 O! blessed enjoyment in Jesus's love—
O! glorious employment, with angels
above—
His glorious fruition my soul shall re-
tain,
Through endless duration, with Jesus we'll
reign.

6 Though absent in body, my wishes are
there,
He's Christ to my soul, among thousands
so fair,
And when I'm to die, and afflictions
are o'er,
My Jesus will waft me to that happy
shore.

7 O! come, my dear Saviour, one smile of
thy face,
Once more let me taste thy soul's cheering
grace;
With thee my whole life I would willingly
spend,
And haste to the harbor, where tempests
shall end.

Hymn 258. L. M.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song—
I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord!
I'll sing the wonders of thy word.

2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes—
The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great.

3 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise—
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

4 He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul;
But from his throne, descends to bless,
The humble souls that trust his grace.

Hymn 259. 11's.

WE'VE bid the vain pleasures of earth now adieu,
The glories of Zion stand full in our view;
With joy we press onward at Jesus' command,
And soon we'll go up, and possess the good land

2 The bondage of sin was hard, but we are
free,
And sweetly possessing our true liberty—
And now all may unite with us in our band,
And soon we'll go up and possess the good
land.

3 The tall sons of Anak may stand in our way,
But Jesus, our Captain, is stronger than
they—
The pow'r of his Gospel, they cannot with-
stand,
So, come, let us go, and possess the good
land.

4 By faith in his blood, we will trample on sin,
Arrayed in his strength, we the conquest
shall win:
The sword of his Spirit, we bear in our
hand,
With this we'll go up, and possess the good
land.

5 Tis now, to the bank of the river we're
come—
Our spirits are leaping with joy to get
home—
Lo! death rolleth back at the Saviour's com-
mand!
He bids us come on—we shall have the good
land.

6 When safely arrived on that happy ground,
With honor and glory, each victor is crowned;
The conqueror's palm-leaf, they bear in their hand,
And rest with the Saviour, in that happy land.

HYMN 260. 11's. [BILLUPS.

WHEN Mary had come, the Lord Jesus to seek,
At the dawn of the day, on the first of the week,
With spices and ointments of richest perfume,
To embalm our dear Lord, when he lay in the tomb:

2 And as she approached, the earth did then quake,
And likewise the keepers did tremble and shake—
An angel descended, and rolled back the stone,
From the door of the tomb, and he sat thereupon.

3 His face was like lightning, his raiment like snow;
He said to the woman, fear not, for I know—
I know you seek Jesus, who was crucified;
But lo! he has risen, as he prophesied.

4 The Lord now is risen, as to you he said;
Why seek ye the living, in tombs of the dead?
He rose and departed, O! be not afraid,
But come, now, and see, here's the place where he laid.

5 Go tell his disciples, He rose from the dead—
Now don't you remember the words that he said?
And now he is risen, the Lord you may see,
He goeth before you into Galilee.

6 They hastened to bring the Disciples word,
And as they departed, they met with the Lord:
With kind salutation, the Lord did them greet,
With humiliation they fell at his feet.

7 They fell down and worshiped, though some were dismayed;
Said Jesus unto them, O! be not afraid,
Go tell my dear brethren, that in Galilee,
They all may go there, and their Lord they may see.

8 And when the Disciples, this good news did hear,
To the place appointed, they all did repair,

Where Jesus met with them, and their fears relieved,
But some of them doubted, while others believed.

9 Said Jesus unto them, all power is mine,
'Twas given unto me by my Father divine—
Go teach all the nations, in every land,
Baptizing them freely, as I do command.

10 Teach them all the things, I command to observe,
And ne'er from the truth of the Gospel to swerve;
But to it with strictness of justice attend,
And lo! I am with you always to the end.

11 And when he had told them all things they should do,
He rose from the earth, and straight upward he flew—
A number beheld, the astonishing crowd
Lost sight of the Lord, as he entered the cloud.

12 And as they stood looking, in wonder, amaze,
Two men, in white raiment, said, Why do you gaze?
Behold! this same Jesus, thus taken away,
Will come in like manner, in the Judgment day.

Hymn 261. L. M.

WHEN Jesus was about to leave,
Unto his flock, He notice gave;
But the departure seemed severe,
The tidings filled their hearts with fear.

2 He told them plainly, He must die,
Then arise and ascend the sky—
Let patience have a little space,
And you again shall see my face.

3 But yet it pained them to the heart,
With their dear Lord, at all to part—
That mighty, kind, indulgent One,
How can I live, when He is gone?

4 The Lord, with pity in his eyes,
Beheld their grief, and heard their sighs,
But while they mourned for his sake,
What gracious words the Saviour spake!

5 Be not cast down, nor troubled so,
'Tis needful for you that I go;
Until I reach my heavenly home,
The Comforter will never come.

6 But being gone, I send him will,
Which shall your souls with gladness fill;
'Tis He shall teach you everything,
And all I've said, to memory bring.

7 Say where it is, or which the way;
You well do know, why do you stray?
Follow my word, and fear to miss,
The certain way to endless bliss.

HYMN 262. C. M. [WATTS.

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

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

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

4 The graves of all his saints He blessed,
And softened every bed—
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way—
Up to the Lord, our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

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

HYMN 263. 8's & 7's. [DOVER.

WEEPING pilgrims, mourning Christians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distressed;
Jesus sends me to invite you,
To a rich and costly feast;
Let not shame, or pride prevent you,
Come, the rich provision taste.

If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,
He will give you Gospel grace.
If you have a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him all your days,
Only come to Christ, and ask him,
He will guide you in his ways.

3 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,
Lay hard by Bethesda, waiting
Till the troubled waters move:
If no man appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk,
Jesus Christ himself will cleanse you,
Rise, take up your bed, and walk.

4 If, like Peter, you are sinking,
In the sea of unbelief,
Cry to Jesus Christ to save you,
He will give you sweet relief;

He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied—
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.

5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ will guard you through the gloom,
Down He'll send a heavenly convoy,
To conduct you to his home:
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from every want and care—
Come, O! come, my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.

HYMN 264. L. M. [BILLUPS.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
He taught his people what to do;
And if we would his precepts keep,
We must descend to washing feet,

2 For on that night he was betrayed,
He for us all, a pattern laid—
Soon as his supper He did eat,
He rose and washed his brethren's feet.

3 The Lord by whom all things were made,
Arose, and by his garments laid;
He washed them all, to let them see,
How equal all of them should be.

4 He washed them all, the Scriptures say,
Yet Judas did his Lord betray!
May none of us, like Judas sell
The Lord for gold, and go to hell.

5 Peter said, Lord, it shall not be,
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me—
O! that no Christian here may say,
I am unwilling to obey.

6 You call me Lord, and Master too,
Then do as I have done to you,
All my commands and counsels keep,
And show your love by washing feet.

7 Ye shall be happy if you know,
And do these things by faith below;
And I'll protect you till you die,
And then remove you up on high.

HYMN 265. C. M. [BILLUPS.

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes,
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 I love to see the Lord below—
His church displays his grace,
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him, face to face.

3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

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

5 Not all the blessings of a feast,
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

6 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

7 Dear Saviour! let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till hope, and life, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

HYMN 266. C. M. [BILL - PS.

WHEN we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy spirit, Lord! impart,
And let thy Gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.

2 Here let the blind their sight obtain,
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 Here let the voice of sacred joy,
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

6 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

HYMN 267. L. M. [BILLUPS.

WITH joy, great God! thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

2 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away—
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

3 O! bid this trifling world retire,
Let me not feel one vain desire—
O! drive each carnal thought away,
Nor let my heart to sin e'er stray.

4 Though we art guilty, thou art good—
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

5 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.

HYMN 268. C. M. [BILLUPS.

WHEN Thou, O! Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

2 Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest,
When absent from my Lord, I live,
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 O! give this true and living faith,
This soul-supporting view,
Till old things be forever past,
And all within be new.

5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet,
Rejoice to see thy face,
And grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Is thy forgiving grace.

6 Yet I remember thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
I feel that what my God demands,
Is his most rightful due.

7 Thy word I hear, thy counsels weigh,
And all thy works approve;
Still nature finds it hard t'obey,
And harder yet to love.

8 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel,
This warfare in my breast?
In mercy bow this stubborn will,
And give my spirit rest.

9 Break, Sov'reign grace, O! break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

HYMN 269. C. M. [PSALMIST.

WHEN languor and disease invade,
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place,
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look, and see my name,
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward and behold,
Eternal joys my own

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace,
For all things to depend.

5 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Directly, Lord, from thee?

6 On him I trust, and build my hope,
Nor murmur at his nod;
In vain the waves of trouble roll,
While He is still my God.

HYMN 270. C. M. [BI· LUPS.

WHEN age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume,
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Conduct us safely by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
And place us, when our journey's o'er,
At thy right-hand, O! God.

4 O! help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O! help us, Lord, the more.

5 O! help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe,
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

6 O! help us, Father, from on high,
We know no help but thee—
O! help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

7 Lord! by thy counsel, while I live,
O! guide my wand'ring feet;
And when my course on earth is run,
Conduct me to thy seat.

HYMN 271. S. M. [BILLINGS.

WITH willing hearts we tread,
The path the Saviour trod—
We love th' example of our head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 Here, Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way;
Obedient to thy high command,
Our solemn vows we pay.

3 Saviour! thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

4 Down to the sacred wave,
The Lord of life was led;
And He who came our souls to save,
In Jordan bowed his head.

5 He taught the solemn̄ way,
And fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

6 Blest Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way—
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

HYMN 272. C. M. [HILLUPS

WE long to see the churches full,
That all the chosen race,
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

2 Lord! at thy table we behold,
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire, that we
Should find a weleome place.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this
That we, so lost, have room?
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers;
No theme is like redeeming love!
No Saviour is like ours!

5 The promise of my Father's love,
Shall stand forever good,
He said; and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

6 His glory now, no tongue of man,
Or seraph bright can tell,
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys,
That souls are saved from hell:

7 For this he came and dwelt on earth,
For this his life was given—
For this he fought and vanquished death,
For this he pleads in heaven.

HYMN 273. C. M. [BILLUPS.

WHEN floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope, with her radiant finger, points
To brighter scenes in heaven:

2 She bids the storms of life to cease—
The troubled breast be calm—
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.

3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours,
Of sadness and of gloom;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.

4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unwearied wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.

5 She bids the anguish'd heart rejoice,
Though earthly ties are riven;
We still may hope to meet again,
In yonder peaceful heaven.

6 O! may the Spirit's quick'ning power,
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

7 Fast, fast our minutes fly away—
Soon shall our wanderings cease;
Then with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

HYMN 274. L. M. [BILLUPS

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are;
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 But man, weak man is born to die—
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just—
Return, ye sinners, to your dust.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

4 Asleep in Jesus, O! how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting

5 Asleep in Jesus—peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

6 Asleep in Jesus—O! for me,
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

HYMN 275. C. M. [STEEL.

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

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

3 Let this vain world engage no more—
Behold! the op'ning tomb;
It bids us seize the present hour—
To-morrow death may come.

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

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

HYMN 276. C. M. [BILLUPS.

WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home—
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

5 Farewell to earth and earthly things—
In vain they tempt my stay;
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.

6 We there shall ever sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace;
While heavenly raptures fire our heart
And smile in ev'ry face.

7 Forever his dear, sacred name,
Shall dwell upon our tongue;
And Jesus and salvation be
The theme of ev'ry song.

HYMN 277. L. M. [COWPER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud with-
draw—
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love—
Brings glorious blessings from above.

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

4 Have you no words? ah! think again—
Words flow apace when you complain;
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

HYMN 278. L. M. [VEDER.

YOUNG ladies all, I pray draw near,
Listen awhile, and you shall hear
How sin and Satan both did try,
To wind my soul in misery.

2 I, like the rest of human kind,
Was born in sin, both deaf and blind,
And as my days advanced, I grew
The more debas'd and form'd for woe—

3 The darling sin I did commit,
Was that which some delight in yet;
That heinous sin, call'd civil mirth,
God threatens with his dreadful wrath.

4 Full eighteen years around did roll,
Before I though on my poor soul;
Which makes me shudder, when I think
How near I was upon the brink!

5 I oftentimes to church did go,
My beauty and fine clothes to show;
But on my soul I took no thought,
Though Jesus had it dearly bought.

6 At length I heard a Baptist preach—
His words quite through my heart did reach—
He said, "I must be born again,
If ever heaven I'd obtain:

7 "In silent watches of the night—
In secret places, where I might
Upon my knees pour out my grief,
And pray to God for some relief."

8 My uncle said: "Don't be so dull;
Come, go with me to yonder ball;
I'll dress you up in silk so fine—
I'll make you heir of all that's mine!"

9 Dear uncle, that will never do—
That only will augment my woe;
For I'm resolved to seek the Lord—
Perhaps he may his help afford.

10 "Well, if you are resolv'd to turn,
And after silly babblers run,
None of my portion you shall have—
I will it to some others give!"

11 Well, I'm resolv'd to seek the Lord!
Perhaps he may his aid afford—
Come help me mourn my wretched case,
My soul is lost without free-grace!

HYMN 279. C. M. [HARRIS.

YE pilgrims that are wandering home—
Ye followers of the Lamb—
Sweeter to me than honeycomb,
Is Christ's despised name.

2 Let us, with undissembled love,
Like children, hand in hand
March to our Father's house above,
And to the promis'd land.

3 You've heard the gospel sounding,
Take the alarm and fly;
Arise, and now to Christ be gone,
For there is danger nigh.

4 You little flock, I bid adieu,
Our parting is to-day;
O! let us all to Christ prove true,
And always watch and pray.

5 Since I've been here, you've been dear;
I've always found you kind;
But now through grace, I quit this place,
And leave you all behind.

6 And if we never meet below,
Let us our lamps prepare,
To meet when the last trump shall blow,
And in his glory share.

7 There is one thing that wounds my heart,
And grieves my spirit sore,
To think we must in body part,
Perhaps, to meet no more.

8 So, fare you well, my dearest friends,
With melting hearts we part;
God make us faithful to the end,
Your souls are near my heart.

9 We need not wait but few days more,
And we shall meet above,
Where fear of parting ne'er can come,
In that sweet world of love.

10 And there with Christ, in Paradise,
We shall forever dwell;
Till then, let's pray, both night and day,
And so, dear friends, farewell.

HYMN 280. 8's & 7's. [BILLUPS

YE nations all, on you I call,
Come hear this declaration,
And don't refuse the glorious news,
Of Jesus and salvation.

2 To Royal Jews, came first the news
Of Christ, the great Messiah;
As was foretold by prophets old,
Isaiah and Jeremiah.

3 To Abraham the promise came,
And to his seed forever—
A light to shine in Isaac's line,
By Scripture we discover.

4 Hail! promised morn, the Saviour's born,
The glorious Mediator—
God's blessed word made flesh and blood,
Assumed the human nature.

5 His parents poor in earthly store,
To entertain the stranger,
They found no bed to lay his head,
But in the oxen's manger.

6 No royal things, as used by kings,
Were seen by those who found him;
But in the hay, the infant lay,
With swaddling-bands around him.

7 On the same night, a glorious sight,
To shepherds there appeared—
Bright angels came in shining flame,
They saw, and greatly feared.

8 The angel said, Be not afraid,
Although we much alarm you,
We do appear, good news to bear,
As now we will inform you.

9 The city's name is Bethlehem,
His birthplace God appointed—
This glorious morn, a Saviour's born,
An I him has God anointed.

10 By this you'll know, if you will go
To see this little stranger,
His lovely charms, in Mary's arms,
Both lying in a manger.

11 When this was said, straightway was made
A glorious sound from heaven;
Each flaming tongue an anthem sung,
To man a Saviour 's given.

12 In Jesus' name, the glorious theme,
We elevate our voices;
At Jesus' birth, be peace on earth,
While all the heaven rejoices.

13 Then with delight, they took their flight,
And went their way to glory;
The shepherds gazed, and were amazed
To hear the pleasant story.

14 To Bethlehem they quickly came,
The glorious news to carry;
And in the stall they found them all,
Joseph, the babe, and Mary.

15 The shepherds then returned again,
To their own habitation;
With joy of heart, they did part,
Now they have found salvation.

16 Glory they cry, to God on high,
Who sent his Son to save us—
This glorious morn, the Saviour 's born,
His name it is Christ Jesus.

HYMN 281. L. M. [BILLUPS.

YE christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

4 Go, to the hungry food impart,
To paths of peace the wand'rer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
Where streams of living water glide.

5 That light shall beam o'er distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of his love.

6 Lord! spread the greatness of thy grace,
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms display,
The glories of the latter day.

7 Let Zion's time of favor come—
O! bring the tribes of Israel home—
Soon may our wondering eyes behold,
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

8 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
Through every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

HYMN 282. L. M.

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

2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And ranged the luring scenes of vice,
But never known substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice,

3 He spoke, and by his word forgiven,
My sins and guilt were washed away—
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.

4 And now, with trembling sense, I view
The billows roll beneath your face,
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of Gospel grace.

Ye heedless ones, that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll,
In solemn darkness, round your head.

6 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh, move slow along,
Still gazing on the spears of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.

7 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns, and billows roar,
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.

8 Still sunk in shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in ceaseless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never, rise again.

9 Ye blooming youth! that is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse,
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose.

10 Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God,
But with the Gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 283. L. M. [VEDER.

YOUNG people all, in blooming days,
Hear what your Lord and Saviour says:
Now is the time to seek my face,
And to receive my Gospel-grace.

2 With Gospel banner now he stands,
With peace and pardon in his hands,
Offering to sinners in their prime;
Come, now is the accepted time.

3 Come you that mourn, lament, and weep,
Who long to be among my sheep,
'Tis my delight to set you free,
From sin, and death, and misery.

4 Poor, broken hearts, why do you mourn,
Like to some lonesome dove forlorn?
I am your Saviour, come, rejoice,
I bear your sins upon the cross.

5 Forsake this world and all its fame,
Take up your cross, despise the shame,
And now pursue the living way,
That leads to everlasting day.

HYMN 284. C. M.

YE weary, heavy-laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore,
Ye travelers in the wilderness,
To Canaan's happy shore,
Thro' chilling winds, and beating rains,
And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you,
Take courage, and be bold.

2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear
In that enchanted ground,

Dark nights and clouds, and gloomy fears,
And dragons often roar,
Yet in the great Redeemer's strength,
We'll press for Canaan's shore.

3 But Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet Spring is coming on,
A few more beating winds and rains,
And Winter will be gone.
Methinks, I now begin to see
The borders of that land;
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,
In beauteous order stand.

O! what a glorious sight appears
To my admiring eyes!
Methinks, I see Jerusalem—
A city in the skies!
Bright angels whisper me away;
O! come, to glory come!
And I am waiting to be gone
To my eternal home.

HYMN 285. 9's. [SAC. MEL.

YE happy children, who follow Jesus
Into the house of prayer and praise,
And join in union, while love increases,
Resolved this way to spend your days;
Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
The flesh, and such as know not God;
Yet happy moments, and joyful seasons,
We often find on Canaan's road

2 Since we've been waiting on lowly Jesus,
We've found some strength come from above;
Our hearts have burned with holy rapture,
We long to be absorbed in love.
Then let us hold fast what he's given,
And trust in God for time to come,
Sure we shall find our way to heaven;
So, farewell, brethren, we're going home.

3 But as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
And pray for those who spurn his grace,
Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,
And never enjoy God's saving grace.
Now here's my hand, and my best wishes,
In token of my christian love,
In hope with you to praise my Jesus;
So, farewell, brethren, we'll meet above

CHORUSES.

C. M.

1 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

C. M.

2 'Tis sweet to rest in holy hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

C. M.

3 See that you, in his holy name,
To glory do accord,
And let the heart of every one
Rejoice that seeks the Lord.

C. M.

4 Ye vain and glittering toys, begone;
Ye false delights, adieu;
My glorious Lord fills all the space,
And leaves no room for you.

FOR EIGHT-LINE VERSES.

5 When Gabriel with his trumpet,
The echo shall sound,
Awake, ye sleeping nations,
That slumber under ground.

HYMN.—11s. [THOMAS DRUMON.

AWAY from his home and the friend of his youth,
He hastened, the herald of mercy and truth,
For the love of his Lord and to seek for the lost,
Soon, Alas! was his fall, for he died at his post.

2 The strangers wept, that in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb,
For in order he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done,
The battle was fought and the victory won;
But he whispered of those that his heart clung to most,
Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post.

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse,
He asked not that Fame should his merits rehearse;
But asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious was his fall, for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6 And can we the words of his exit forget?
O no! they are fresh in our memory yet;
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

HYMN.—8's.

COME all around, I pray, draw near,
And something glorious you shall hear
Inviting sinners to return,
For judgment day is rolling on.

2 Although our enemies are bold,
Yet, Christians, we must fight for souls;
Take up the Cross, and go with us,
And if a Christian, pray you must.

3 To see how Christians love to join
To tell to all each other's mind;
I think there's something up above
That cause the saints so much to love.

4 I thank the Lord for what he's done,
That through the merits of his Son,
I hope my sins are all forgiven,
And I've a resting place in heaven.

5 I thought I'd pleasure in this world,
In many a thing I did adore;
Of all I ever did possess,
I know religion is the best.

6 And when my work is done below,
I hope to glory I shall go—
Meet all the saints who're gone before,
Where pain and parting are no more.

7 And while the ample ages roll,
We'll unite, both body and soul,
To be immortal and complete,
And worship at the Saviour's feet.

8 But, O alas! on the left hand
Will stand a cruel, wicked band,
Crying, alas! it's we are undone,
Our lamps are out—our race is run.

HYMN.—S. M. [G. W. BARTLETT.

O SING to me of heaven,
When I am called to die—
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my dying brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

3 When my last moments come,
O! smooth my dying days,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam
That on my features plays.

4 Assemble round my bed,
Let one loud song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold, icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Around my lifeless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven—delightful heaven
My glorious home above.

HYMN.—11's & 8's.

THE pure testimony put forth in the Spirit
Cuts like a sharp two-edged sword,
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented
Because they are condemned by the word.
The pure testimony discovers the dross,
While wicked professors make light of the cross,
And Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.

2 Then, blow ye the trumpets, in pure testimony,
And let the world hear it again.
O come, ye from Babylon, Egypt, and Sodom,
And make your way over the plain;
Come wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
And work in the Spirit as Jesus has done—
In the pure testimony you will overcome.

3 The world will not persecute those who are like them,
But hold them the same as their own;
The pure testimony cries out, Separation,
Which cause you your lives to lay down.
Come out from their spirits and practice,
The truth of the Saviour keep full in your view—
And the pure testimony will cut its way through.

4 A battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
The armies are gathering around,

The pure testimony and vile persecution
Will come to a close battle ere long.
Then gird on your armors, ye saints of the Lord,
And he will direct you by his loving word—
The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

5 The great prince of darkness is mustering his forces,
To make you his prisoners again,
By slanders, reproaches, and vile persecutions,
That you in his cause may remain;
But shun his temptations, whatever they be—
And fear not his servants, whatever they say.

HYMN.—8's & 7's. [G. W. BILLUPS.

ONCE upon the heaving ocean,
Rode a ship at evening tide,
While the waves, in wild commotion,
Dashed against the vessel's side.

2 Jesus, sleeping on a pillow,
While the wind was blowing hard,
Heeded not the raging billow,
Calmly slept the Son of God.

3 In that dark and stormy hour,
Fearful once, "awoke the Lord,"
Jesus by his sovereign power,
Calmed the tempest with a word.

4 On life's dark and stormy ocean,
Trembling souls, your Lord is there,
Amid the billows' wild commotion,
He will make you still his care.

5 Jesus knows your silent weeping,
When before his throne you bow;
Never, never, is he sleeping,
While he reigns in glory now.

HYMN.—10's & 5's.

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We 're homeward bound;
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We 're homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We 're homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We 're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores
We 're homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
O, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We 're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide
We 're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We 're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We 're home at last.

A FORM OF MATRIMONY.

DEARLY BELOVED:

We are gathered together in the presence of Almighty God, and before these witnesses, to solemnize the rites of Matrimony between A. B. and C. D. If any person, or persons can show any just cause, or lawful reason, why they may not be lawfully united in Matrimony, let them now make it known, or forever after hold their peace.

[The Bridegroom shall then with his right-hand take the Bride by her right-hand.]

Do you, Sir, take this woman, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful and married Wife? and do you solemnly promise and covenant, in the presence of Almighty God, and these witnesses, that you will be unto her a loving and faithful husband until you shall be separated by death?

[The man shall answer, I do.]

Do you, Madam, take this man, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful and married Husband? and do you solemnly promise and covenant, in the presence of Almighty God, and these witnesses, that you will be unto him a loving, faithful, and obedient wife, until you shall be separated by death?

[The woman shall answer, I do.]

I pronounce this couple, lawfully united, as Husband and Wife: 'what God has joined together, let not Man put asunder.' May the blessings of the Lord God rest upon them forever.

[Close by prayer.]

THE END.

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