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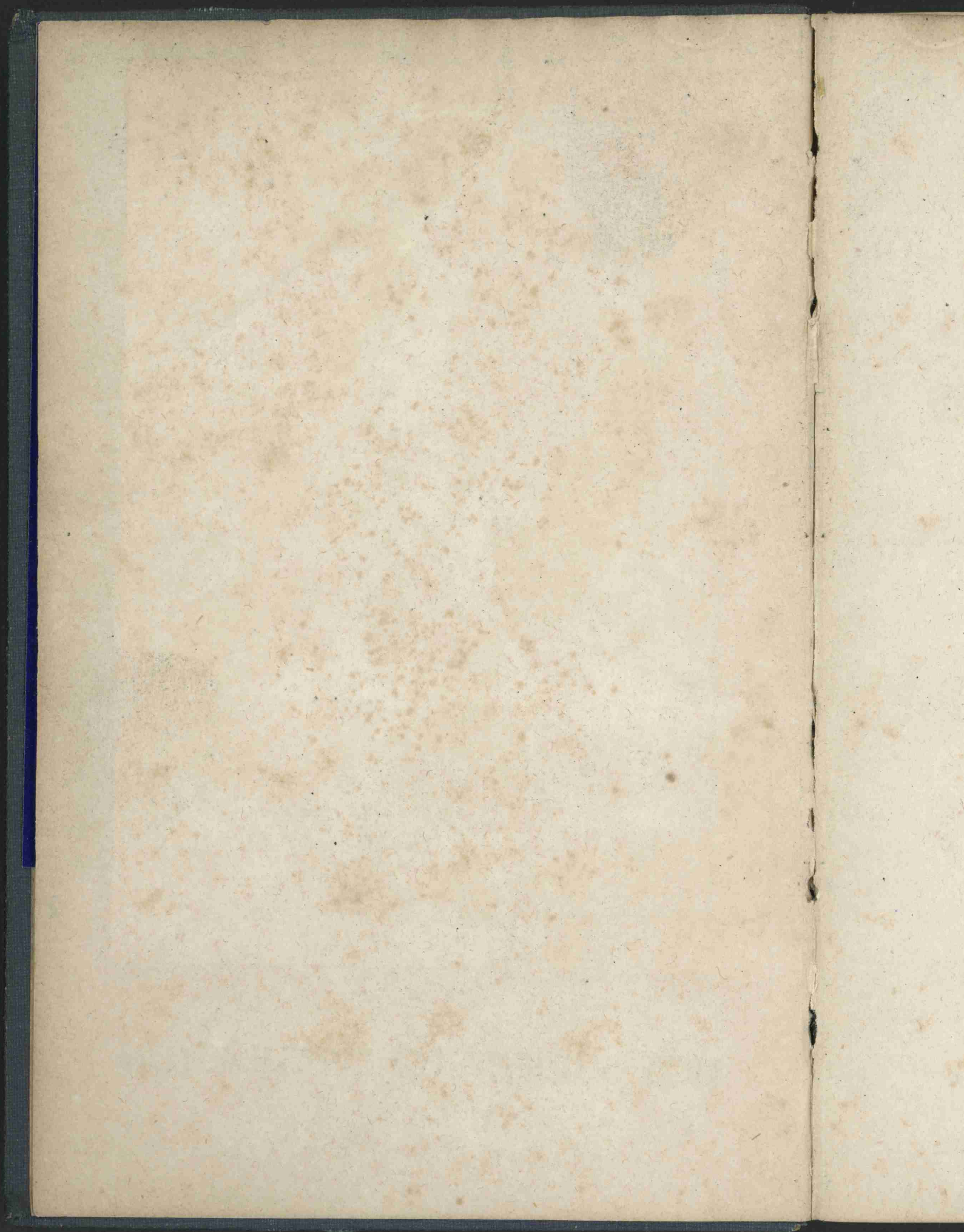
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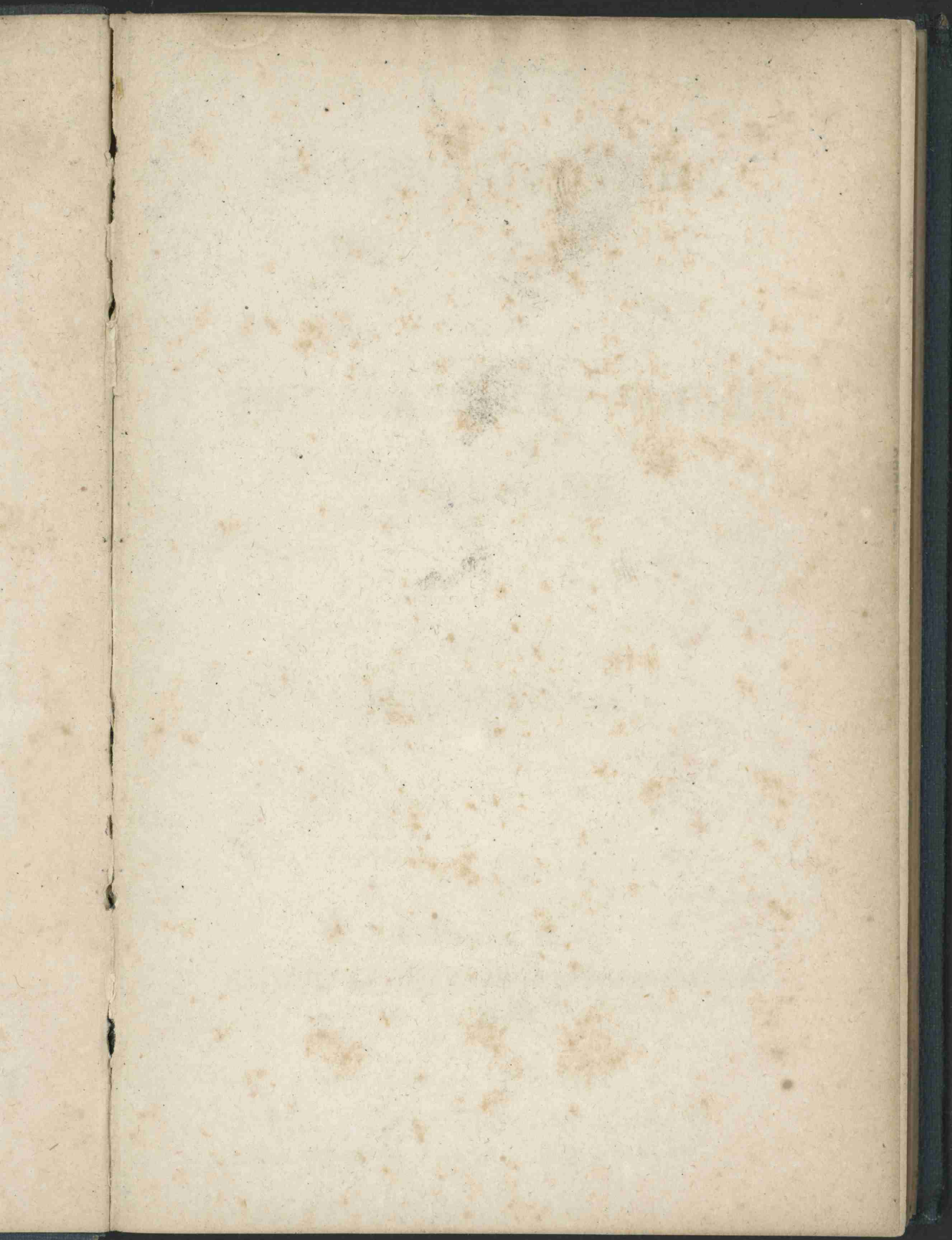
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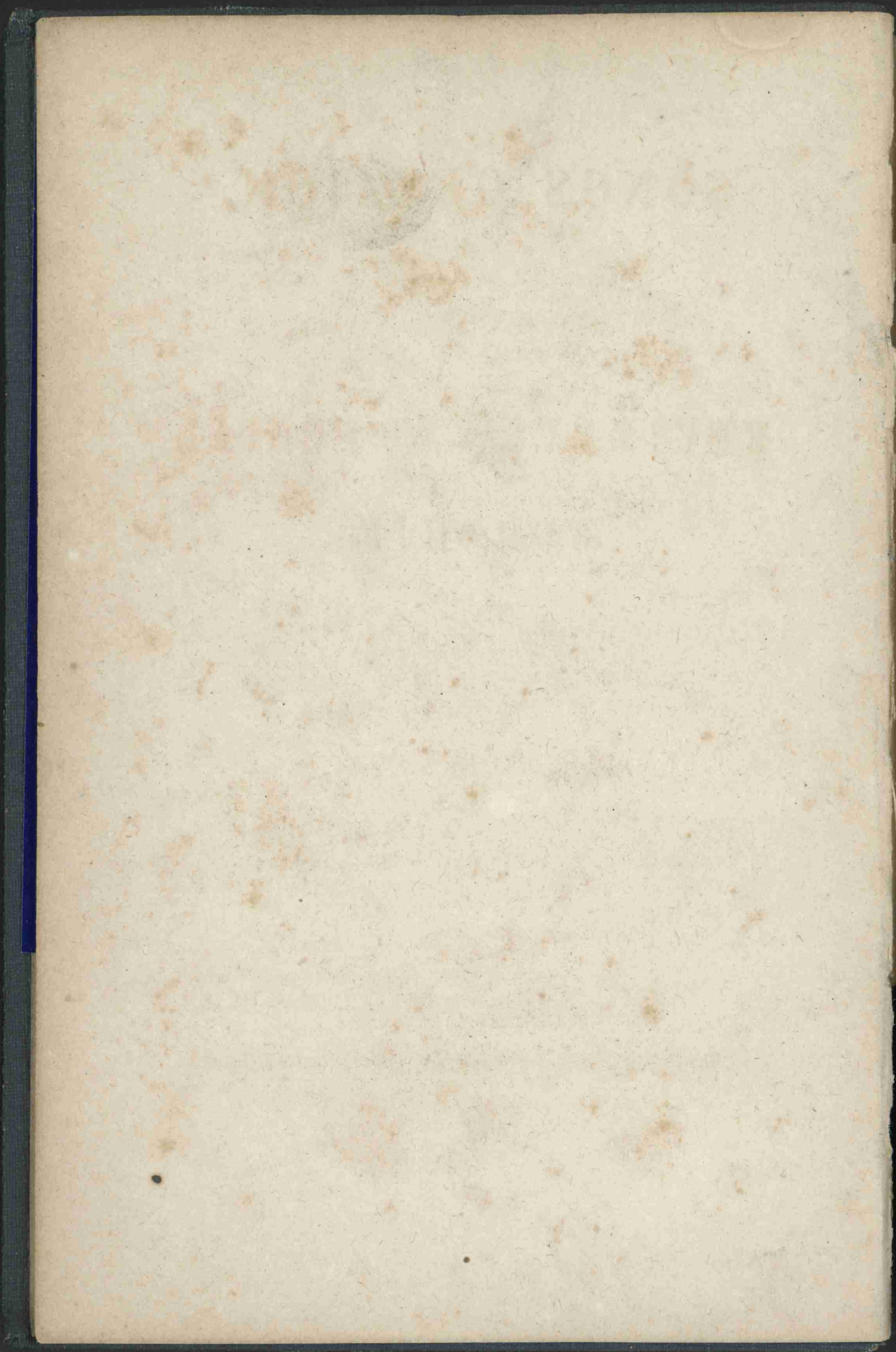
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B. Manly Jr.—

SONGS OF ZION,

FOR

REVIVALS AND SOCIAL
WORSHIP.

COMPILED BY

G. O. ROBINSON.

Charleston, S. C.:

GEORGE PARKS & CO., 41 BROAD-STREET.

1851.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY

2825 LEXINGTON ROAD

LOUISVILLE, KY.

SONGS OF ZION.

OPENING.

1

L. M.

HEBRON.

The Gracious Promise.

- 1 "WHERE two or three," with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

2

7's.

HERALD.

The Sunrise Prayer Meeting.

- 1 HASTE, the day dawns, haste away,
Join the band that loves to pray ;
Sweet it is, and blest employ,
Full of comfort, rich in joy.
- 2 Haste, before the sun's full ray
Bids the twilight flee away ;
Haste, and seek the Saviour's face,
Share his love, and feel his grace.

6094

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OPENING.

- 3 O my soul, 'tis good to be
In such blissful company ;
Wouldst thou flee from every snare ?
Hide thee in the house of prayer.
- 4 O, then rise, and haste away,
And with prayer begin the day ;
Let it float in every breath,
Sweet in life, the calm of death.
- 5 Soon the voice of prayer shall die,
In the rapturous song on high ;
We shall shout on Canaan's shore,
Hallelujah, evermore.

3

S. M.

DAWN.

Christ's Example.

- 1 HOW sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer.
- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light ;
Or on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

OPENING.

4

L. M.
The Mercy-Seat.

WOODWORTH

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5

C. M.
Sanctuary Blessings.

BALERIN

- 1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow !

1*

5

OPENING.

- 4 May we in faith receive the word,
In faith present our prayers:
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

6

7's.

HENDON.

The Sweet Communion.

- 1 LORD, 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
O, 'tis sweet with them to raise,
Songs of holy joy and praise.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here, thy pardoning grace is known;
Here, we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with prayer, and hymns of joy,
We the happy hours employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

7

C. M.

ST. MARTINS.

Meeting in Christ's Name.

- 1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet!

OPENING.

- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice ;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek—
Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray and praise, to hear
And understand thy word ;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee ;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

8

7's.

HENDON.

Wrestling in Prayer.

- 1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face ;
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Thou hast helped in every need ;
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 3 No—I must maintain my hold ;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

9

S. M.

PETITION.

"Lord, teach us to pray."

- 1 NOW from the world withdrawn,
For intercourse with thee,
May we, O Lord, before thy throne,
From earthly cares be free.

OPENING.

- 2 Possess our every thought,
And teach our minds to pray ;
Help us to worship as we ought,
And thus conclude the day.
- 3 Our strength may we renew,
And lift our hearts above,
That, while life's journey we pursue,
We still may walk in love.
- 4 Then, in our latter end,
When death shall close our eyes,
Thy mercy will our souls attend,
And bear them to the skies.

10

7's.

EVE.

The Blessing Sought.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,—
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O do not our suit disdain !
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion, now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may peace and joy afford ;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

11

8's, 7's.

GREENVILLE.

Exciting to Prayer.

- 1 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 ?
All is vain unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One come down ;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
- 2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
Trembling on the brink of wo ;
Death is coming, hell is moving !
Can you bear to let them go !
See our fathers—see our mothers,
And our children sinking down ;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
- 3 Sisters, will you join and help us ?
Moses' sister aided him ;
Will you help the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin ?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found ;
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
- 4 Is there here a trembling jailor,
Seeking grace and fill'd with fears ?
Is there here a weeping Mary,
Pouring forth a flood of tears ?
Brethren, join your cries to help them ;
Sisters, let your prayers abound ;
Pray, O pray, that holy manna
May be scatter'd all around.
- 5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too,

14

8's.

CONTRAST.

Longing for Christ.

- 1 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's sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.
- 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.

SPIRITUAL COLDNESS LAMENTED.

15

C. M.

HELENA.

Converting Grace Implored.

- 1 COME, Lord, in mercy come again,
With thy converting power ;
The fields of Zion thirst for rain,
O send a gracious shower !
- 2 Our hearts are filled with sore distress,
While sinners all around
Are pressing on to endless death,
And no relief is found.
- 3 Dear Saviour, come with quickening power,
Thy mourning people cry ;
Salvation bring in mercy's hour,
Nor let the sinner die.
- 4 Once more let converts throng thy house,
And shouts of victory raise ;
Then shall our griefs be turned to joy,
And sighs, to songs of praise.

16

C. P. M.

REVIVAL.

The Gracious Visit.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive :
Refreshing showers of grace divine
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.
- 2 O, that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
And fruitful soil become :
The desert blossom as the rose
While Jesus conquers all his foes,
And brings the wanderers home.

OPENING.

Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new ;
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.

12

8's & 7's.

WILMOT.

The Fount of Blessing.

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 4 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 5 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 from thy courts above.

SPIRITUAL COLDNESS LAMENTED.

13

11's.

GOSHEN.

Why sleep we?

- 1 WHY sleep we, my brethren? come, let us arise,
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.
- 2 O, how can we slumber? the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.
- 3 O, how can we slumber? our foes are awake;
To ruin poor souls every effort they make;
To accomplish their object no means are untried,
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.
- 4 O, how can we slumber? when so much was done,
To purchase salvation, by Jesus the Son?
Now mercy is proffer'd, and justice display'd,
Now God can be honor'd, and sinners be saved.
- 5 O, how can we slumber? when death is so near,
And sinners are sinking to endless despair;
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize,
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.
- 6 O, how can ye slumber? ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound;
O, fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day;
While mercy is waiting, O, make no delay.

SPIRITUAL COLDNESS LAMENTED.

3 The glorious day is hastening on,
The gracious work is now begun,
The Saviour now is nigh ;
Forgiveness, in his blessed name,
The messengers of peace proclaim ;
The sinner need not die.

4 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
To his high service come ;
Our labors and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

17

L. M.

HEBRON.

Declension Confessed.

1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord ?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known ?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone ?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved ?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved ?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee ;
O, cast us not away, though vile ;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

18

C. M.

RETIREMENT.

Seeking God.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

19

8's, 7's & 4.

ZION.

Lord, revive us.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

SPIRITUAL COLDNESS LAMENTED.

- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

20

7's.

ANXIETY.

Lovest thou Me ?

- 1 '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 my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child ?]
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with 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 grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

SPIRITUAL COLDNESS LAMENTED.

7 [Could I joy his saints to meet ;
Choose the way I once abhorr'd ;
Find, at times, the promise sweet :
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou, who art thy 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 lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

21

C. M.

ORTONVILLE.

Nearness to God desired.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God !
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

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

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,

SPIRITUAL COLDNESS LAMENTED.

Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

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

22

L. M.

WOODWORTH.

Encouragement.

- 1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears—the ark is mine.
- 2 Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and power ;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.
- 3 Take down thy long-neglected harp ;
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."
- 4 Lord, I obey,—my hopes revive ;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing ;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

23

C. M.

DESIRE.

The Quickening Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!

SPIRITUAL COLDNESS LAMENTED.

Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we turn our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 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 ?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers :
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

24

S. M.

LISBON.

The Sanctifying Spirit

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

4 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

25

C. M.

ARMOR.

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 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 fought to win the prize,
And sailed 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 through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

26

C. M.

ORTONVILLE.

The Answer.

- 1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each hateful idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

SPIRITUAL COLDNESS LAMENTED.

- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love ;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord ;
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

27

L. M.

CEDRON.

Christ Dying, Rising and Reigning.

- 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughter's weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of Glory dies for men !
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
The rising God forsakes the tomb !
Up to this Father's courts he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,

SPIRITUAL COLDNESS LAMENTED.

And led the monster, death, in chains !
Say, "Live forever, wond'rous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting ?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

28

7's & 6's.

BAMPTON.

Mounting Upward.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from all terrestrial things,
Towards heaven, thy native place ;
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies ;
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

29

L. M.

HARP OF JUDAH.

Christ's Loving Kindness.

1 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 ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
He saved 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 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

5 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.

6 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.

30

11's.

ASSURANCE.

The Firm Foundation.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he hath said—
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

SPIRITUAL COLDNESS LAMENTED.

2. "In every condition—in sickness, in health ;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
At home and abroad ; on the land, or the sea,—
As the day may demand, shall thy strength ever be
- 3 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in thy bosom be borne.
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes ,
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake.
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake !"

31

S. M.

HAVANNA.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

SINNERS WARNED.

32

7's & 6's.

WARNING.

The Warning.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
Once again, we charge you, stop!
For, unless you warning take,
Quick and sudden you will drop
Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Soon relentless death will come,
To drag you to his bar;
Then, to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair;
All your sins will round you crowd,
Countless, and of crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?
- 4 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;
Then, how vainly will you call—
You who now despise his grace—

SINNERS WARNED.

"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face !"

33

C. M.

DUNDEE.

Repentance Commanded.

- 1 "REPENT !" the voice celestial cries ;
No longer dare delay ;
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar ;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.
- 5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days ?
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

34

11's.

BOXFORD.

Delay Not.

- 1 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, thy God ?

SINNERS WARNED.

A fountain is opened ; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed 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 shades of the tomb ;
Her message unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not ; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight.
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.
- 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 helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid ?

35

7s.

PLEYEL'S.

The Secure Admonished.

- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure ?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day ?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow !
For his judgment stand prepared—
Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 Who his advent may abide ?
You, who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame ?
- 4 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice ;
Seek the things that are above ;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

36

7's.

MORNING.

"Awake thou that sleepest."

- 1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep ;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep ; arise from death ;
See the bright and living path ;
Watchful, tread that path ; be wise ;
Leave thy folly ; seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly ; cease from crime ;
From this hour redeem thy time ;
Life secure without delay ;
Evil is thy mortal day.
- 4 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep ;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Jesus calls from death and night ;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

37

7's.

HASTE.

Danger of Delay.

- 1 HASTE, O sinner ; now be wise ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 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.

SINNERS WARNED.

- 4 Haste, O sinner ; now be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

38

C. M.

CHINA.

Death Near.

- 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent, thy end is nigh ;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far :
Oh ! think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save ;
Thy sins how high they mount !
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
How stands that dark account ?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence—
His time there's none can tell ;
He'll in a moment call thee hence—
To heaven, or to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps, thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume ;
But ah ! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To-day, the gospel calls ; to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you :
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

39

7's.

HENDON.

There is no peace to the wicked.

- 1 SINNER, is thy heart at rest ?
Is thy bosom void of fear ?
Art thou not by guilt oppress'd ?
Speaks not conscience in thine ear ?

SINNERS WARNED.

- 2 Can this world afford the bliss ?
Can it chase away thy gloom ?
Flattering, false, and vain it is ;
Tremble at the worldling's doom.
- 3 Think, O sinner, on thy end ;
See the judgment-day appear !
Thither must thy spirit wend,
There thy righteous sentence hear.
- 4 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,
To a Saviour's blood apply ;
He alone can make thee whole ;
Fly to Jesus, sinner, fly.

40

S. M.

DETROIT.

Danger of Neglect.

- 1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine ?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine ?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed ?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray ;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

41

L. M.

ZEPHYR.

Why will ye die?

- 1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown!
Why in such dreadful haste to die!
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner! on the Gospel-plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.

42

7's.

PLEYELS HYMN.

The Sinner at the Judgment.

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?
- 4 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

43

C. M.

CHINA.

The fruitless Fig-Tree.

- 1 SEE how the fruitless fig-tree stands
Beneath the owner's frown ;
The axe is lifted in his hands,
To cut the cumberer down.
- 2 " Year after year, I come," he cries,
" And still no fruit is shown ;
I see but empty leaves arise ;
Then cut the cumberer down.
- 3 " The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,
Shall make my justice known ;
Each bough shall tremble at the shock
Which cuts the cumberer down."
- 4 Sinner, beware !—the axe of death
Is raised, and aimed at thee :
Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath ;
Beware, O barren tree !

44

L. M.

WOODWORTH.

The Season of Mercy Short.

- 1 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 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.
- 3 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

45

46

SINNERS WARNED.

- 4 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

45

L. M.

FEDERAL-STREET.

One Thing Needful.

- 1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 2 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

46

8's, 7's, 4's.

JUDGMENT.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 DAY of judgment—day of wonders!
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!

SINNERS WARNED.

You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee;
Careless sinner?
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation.
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!"
"Thou with Satan
"And his angels hast thy part!"

5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed!"
"Seek the kingdom I bestow!"
"You, forever,
"Shall my love and glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise!
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze!

47

12's.

MOURNING.

The Judgment.

1 O, THERE will be mourning, mourning, mourning,
mourning,
O, there will be mourning at the judgment seat of
Christ,

SINNERS WARNED.

Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

2 O, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,

O, there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.

Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

3 O, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,

O, there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.

Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

4 O, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,

O, there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.

Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

5 O, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,

O, there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.

Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

SINNERS INVITED.

6 O, there will be wailing, wailing, wailing, wailing,
O, there will be wailing at the judgment seat of Christ.
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

7 O, there will be shouting, shouting, shouting, shouting,
O, there will be shouting at the judgment seat of Christ.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

SINNERS INVITED.

48

S. M.

HAVANNA

The Spirit Inviting.

1 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 about 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 him come.

4 Lo! Jesus who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come :"
Lord, even so ; we wait thy hour ;
O blest Redeemer, come.

Let the wicked forsake his way.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard :
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark and leads to hell ;
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days
To reap immortal woe !
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live
Through his abounding grace :
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
He pardons like a God ;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through the Redeemer's blood.

50

S. M.
The Accepted Time.

PROBATION.

- 1 NOW is th' accepted time ;
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time ;
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late ;
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' 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.

51

7's.
Hearts of Stone.

ROSEFIELD.

- 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent ;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood ;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
Crucified the' eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Plunged into his side the spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

SINNERS INVITED.

- 3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain ?
Still to death thy Lord pursue ?
Open all his wounds again ?
And the shameful cross renew ?
"No ! with all my sins I'll part,
"Saviour, take my broken heart."

52

11's.
Turn Ye.

ENTREATY.

- 1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you 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; your chains melt away!
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are;
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.
- 3 The contrite in heart he will freely receive,
O, why will you not the glad message believe ?
If sin be your burden, why will you not come ?
'Tis you he makes welcome; he bids you come home.
- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart;
In him once united, we never shall part;
O, how can we leave you ? why will you not come ?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

53

C. M.
Yet there is Room.

DEARBORN.

- 1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast ;
O, come without delay ;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.
- 2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul ;

SINNERS INVITED.

- Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.
- 3 There's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine ;
Room in the white-robed throng convened,
For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5 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.

54

C. M.

EDGEWORTH.

The Saviour's Invitation.

- 1 The Saviour calls ; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life, and health, and bliss, impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice ;
That gracious voice obey ;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys ;
And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee, let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

55

56

1

SINNERS INVITED.

55

H. M.

BENGAL.

And yet there is room.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame :
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame ;
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name :
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near ;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear !
Let whosoever will, now come,
In mercy's breast there still is room.

56

C. M.

HERMON.

Behold the Lamb of God.

- 1 SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt :
Look to the precious priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

SINNERS INVITED.

- 2 From heav'n he came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode ;
To ransom us himself he gave,
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 3 He came to take the sinner's place,
And shed his precious blood ;
Let Adam's guilty, ruined race,
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 4 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by his word ;
The chief of sinners need not fear—
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 5 In ev'ry state, and time, and place,
Naught plead but Jesus' blood ;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 6 Spirit of Grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

57

7's.

HENDON,

Sinners Entreated.

- 1 SINNERS, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why ;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why :
Will ye not in him believe ?
He has died that ye might live.
- 3 Will ye let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?

SINNERS INVITED.

Why, unpardoned sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why—
Often with you has he strove,
Woodyou to embrace his love.

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

58

C. M.

NAOMI.

Careless Youth Entreated.

1 YE careless ones, O, hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love ;
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

2 For you the public prayer is made ;
O, join the public prayer :
For you the secret tear is shed ;
O, shed yourselves a tear.

3 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach ;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

59

L. M.

WOODWORTH.

Return, O Wanderer.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek an injured Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by the Spirit's grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And seek a Father's melting heart ;

SINNERS INVITED.

His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His love shall peace and joy impart.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return,
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

60

P. M.
Invitation.

INVITATION.

1 WE'RE travelling home to heaven above, Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love, Will you go?
Millions have reach'd this blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God.
And millions now are on the road, Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name, Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of Heaven we'll share, Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir, Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre, Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring, Will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come, Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room, Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt in him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease, Come believe,
O, believe.

SINNERS INVITED.

- 5 The way to heaven is free for all, Will you go ?
For Jew and Gentile, great and small, Will you go ?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And thou shalt my salvation see, Come away.
- 6 The way to Heaven is strait and plain, Will you go ?
Repent, believe, be born again, Will you go ?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see, Come to me, come
to me.
- 7 O could I hear some sinner say, I will go,
I'll start this moment, give me the way—Let me go,
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell, Let me go, let me go.

61

8's, 7's & 4.

OSGOOD.

Sinners Entreated to hear.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above !
Every sentence, O how tender !
Every line is full of love :
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner, " Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name :"
How important !
Free forgiveness in his name !
- 3 Who hath our report believed ?
Who received the joyful word ?
Who embraced the news of pardon

SINNERS INVITED.

Offered to you by the Lord ?

Can you slight it—

Offered to you by the Lord ?

4 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way ;

Hasten to the court of heaven,

Tidings bear without delay :

Rebel sinners

Glad the message will obey.

62

7's.

ROSEFIELD.

Welcome from the Cross.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour designs to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear !

“Love’s redeeming work is done ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 “Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid ;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 “Spread for thee the festal board
See with richest dainties stored ;
To thy Father’s bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 “Soon the days of life shall end ;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey

SINNERS INVITED.

To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

63

H. M.

LENOX.

The Jubilee.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace :
Ye happy souls, draw near ;
Behold your saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

64

12's.

PARDON.

The Voice of Free Grace.

1 THE voice of Free Grace cries, escape to the mountain !

For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain ;
For sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our
pardon ;

We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, haste, haste to the Saviour ;

He calls you in mercy—O, slight not his favor.

Your sins, that have risen as high as a mountain,
Shall find full remission, in this precious fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, our King, all blessed and glorious ;

O'er sin, death, and hell, thine arm is victorious ;

With shouting proclaim it, in th' great congregation ;

Let angels and men raise the song of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 And when thou shalt bring us to thy heavenly dwelling,

To gaze on thy glory, all glory excelling,

We'll sound forth thy honors, with harps that cease
never,

And sing thy salvation for ever and ever.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

65

C. M.

ORTONVILLE.

The Jubilee.

1 WHAT heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free !

SINNERS INVITED.

Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee,
This is the Jubilee.

2 Good news, good news, to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree,
To sing redeeming love and grace ;
This is the Jubilee,
This is the Jubilee.

3 The Gospel sounds a sweet release,
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace ;
This is the Jubilee,
This is the Jubilee.

4 Jesus is on the mercy-seat ;
Before him bend the knee ;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat ;
This is the Jubilee.
This is the Jubilee.

5 Sinners be wise, return and come,
Unto the Saviour flee,
The Saviour bids you welcome home ;
This is the Jubilee,
This is the Jubilee.

6 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony ;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.
This is the Jubilee.

INQUIRERS.

66

S. M.

BOYLSTON.

The Hindrance.

- 1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.
- 3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
- 4 Jesus! the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.
- 5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy saving power display;
Into its darkest corner shine,
And take the veil away.

67

L. M.

ZEPHYR.

A Penitent Pleading for Pardon.

- 1 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?

68

INQUIRERS.

- 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 pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean :
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

68

C. M.

HERMAN.

Imploring Pardon.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, prostrate at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt :

INQUIRERS.

No tears but those which thou hast shed ;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

- 4 I plead thy sorrows, gracious Lord ;
Do thou my sins forgive :
Thy justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

69

8's & 7's.

VERNON.

Pleading for Mercy.

- 1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;
Let me know thy great salvation ;
See, I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, O send me quick relief.
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives ?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives ?
- 4 On the word thy blood hath sealéd
Hangs my everlasting all ;
Let thine arm be now revealéd,
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall.
- 5 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above ;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

70

S. M.

PENITENCE.

Awakened.

- 1 I JUST begin to see ;
Ah ! Lord, what shall I do ?

INQUIRERS.

How shall a wretched sinner flee
From everlasting wo?

2 I dare no longer stay
So nigh the jaws of hell:
Yet how to go, or find the way
To Christ, I cannot tell.

3 O Lord, though I am vile,
Receive me as I am;
And let thy sovereign mercy smile
On me, through Christ the Lamb.

71

L. M.

REST.

The Burden of Sin.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Fountain of rest, thou, Saviour, art;
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove:
The cross, all stained, with hallowed blood
The labor of thy dying love.

4 I would; but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill my soul with heavenly peace

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away.

72

C. M.

HUMILITY.

Humble pleading for Mercy.

- 1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door ;
With heavy heart and downcast eye
Thy favor we implore.
- 2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love ;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
- 3 We sink—with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell ;
O, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our numerous fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore ;
O, may thy bowels move !
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 O, for thy own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive ;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break ;
And, breaking, soon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down ; thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own ;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

73

L. M.

WOODWORTH.

Christ's Invitation.

- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around :
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet 'midst the gloom I heard a sound,
A heavenly whisper—"Come to me."

INQUIRERS.

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest :
It tells me where my soul may flee :
Oh ! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding—" Come to me."
- 3 When the poor heart with anguish learns,
That earthly props resign'd must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents—" Come to me."
- 4 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free ;
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrested—" Come to me."
- 5 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy and see ;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters—" Come to me."
- 6 " Come, for all else must fail and die :
" Earth is no resting place for thee ;
" Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ;
" I am thy portion—" Come to me."
- 7 O, voice of mercy ! voice of love !
In death's last fearful agony,
Support me, cheer me, from above,
And gently whisper—" Come to me."

74

C. M.

DUNDEE.

Condemned by the Law.

- 1 AH, what can I, a sinner, do,
With all my guilt oppressed ;
I feel the hardness of my heart,
And conscience knows no rest.
- 2 Great God, thy good and perfect law,
Does all my life condemn,
The secret evils of my soul
Fill me with fear and shame.

INQUIRERS.

- 3 How long, how often have I heard
Of Jesus, and of heaven ;
Yet scarcely listened to his word,
Or prayed to be forgiven !
- 4 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,
And grant renewing grace ;
For thou this flinty heart canst break,
And thine shall be the praise.

75

S. M.

DETROIT.

Self-righteous Hopes Renounced.

- 1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins ;
I feel, alas ! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly ?
I hear the thunder roar ;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom ;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
“ Flee from the wrath to come.”
- 4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar ;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way :
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

76

C. M.

ANNITTA.

The Mercy-Seat Approached.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to 'Thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 O wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame!
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promis'd grace receive,"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must—I will,
I can—I do believe.

77

S. M.

BOYLSTON.

A broken Heart and a bleeding Saviour.

- 1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

INQUIRERS.

- 2 To Christ the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes ;
Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfied ;
And now to its most rigorous claims,
I answer, " Jesus died."

78

C. M.

REMEMBRANCE.

" Lord, Remember Me."

- 1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee ;
Now in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee,
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free ;
Then in thy all abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,

Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me.

79

L. M.

ZEPHYR.

Not Ashamed of Christ.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed 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 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon,
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No 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 ashamed of me!
- 7 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise:
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

80

L. M.

HART.

Weary Souls.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest :
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 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 !

81

C. M.

CAMBRIDGE.

LUKE 14 : 22.—*Yet there is room.*

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet :
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

INQUIRERS.

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

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

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

82

L. M.

WOODWORTH.

Christ's Invitation

1 COME hither all ye weary souls ;
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and cheerful zeal ;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

83

7's.

HERALD.

The Saviour's Welcome.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome ! sinner hear ;
Linger not through shame or fear ;
Doubt not, nor distrust the Lord,
Read thy welcome in his word.
- 2 Welcome to the offered peace ;
Welcome, prisoner, to release ;
Burst thy bonds ; be saved ; be free ;
Rise and come—he calleth thee.
- 3 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the holy mount ;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.
- 4 None can come that shall not find
Mercy called whom grace inclined ;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word, depart.
- 5 O the virtue of that price !
Christ's redeeming sacrifice !
Come, ye bought, but not with gold,
Welcome to the sacred fold.

84

8's, 7's & 4.

SALZBURG.

Jesus Ready to Save.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able—
He is willing—doubt no more.
2. Come ye thirsty, come and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief and true repentance,

INQUIRERS.

Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall :
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him ;
Hear him cry before he dies,
“ It is finished :”
Sinners, will not this suffice

85

7's.

ROSEFIELD.

“ He hath borne our griefs.”

1 WEEPING soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne ;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee ;
There thy every sin he bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid ;
See upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours ;

INQUIRERS.

Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem ;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away ;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

4 Lord, thy arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed ;
Since I scarce can look to thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me ;
At thy feet myself I lay,
Shine, O shine my sins away.

86

C. M.

RESIGNATION

The Couverted Thief.

1 AS on the Cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
And poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed ;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed :

3 " Jesus, thou Son and heir of Heaven !
Thou spotless lamb of God !
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

4 " Yet quickly, from these scenes of wo,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

INQUIRERS.

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

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,—
" To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

87

P. M.

REDEMPTION.

Death and Intercession of Christ.

1 SAW ye my Saviour ! saw ye my Saviour !
Saw ye my Saviour God ?
O, he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purahase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nail'd to the cross ;
O, he bow'd his head and died,
There my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain :
O, the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the GOD-MAN.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land
And the sun refused to shine,
While his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

5. When it was finished, when it was finished,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,

INQUIRERS.

And embalmed in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour, hail, mighty Saviour,
Prince and the Author of peace!

Soon he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant, from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss,

7 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "See my hands and side,
Father, I was crucified

To redeem them—I pray Thee forgive."

8 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to Thee,
And be reconcil'd to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

88

C. P. M.

MERIBAH.

Christ's Right Hand.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous judge, shalt come
To call thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

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

3 Prevent it, Lord, by thy rich grace:
Be thou my soul's sure hiding place,
In this th' accepted day:

INQUIRERS.

Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear ;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

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

89

C. M.

BALERMA.

Resolving to go to Jesus.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he will 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.

INQUIRERS.

- 6 I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

90

L. M.

ZEPHYR.

Going to Jesus.

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !
- 3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !
- 4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve !
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !
- 5 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !

91

C. P. M.

MERIBAH.

The Surrender.

- 1 LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield ;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee :
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love ?—
Love conquers even me.

CONVERTS.

- 2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to awe my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free:
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.
-

CONVERTS.

92

L. M.

TRANSPORT.

Farewell to the World.

- 1 FAREWELL, farewell to all below,
My Jesus calls, and I must go;
I launch my boat upon the sea,
This land is not the land for me.
- 2 I've found the winding path of sin,
A rugged path to travel in;
Beyond the chilly waves I see
The land my Saviour bought for me.
- 3 Farewell, dear friends, I may not stay,
The home I seek is far away;
Where Christ is not, I cannot be—
This land is not the land for me.
- 4 My hope, my heart, is now on high,
There all my joys and treasures lie;
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
O, that's the land, the land for me.

Rest Sought and Found.

- 1 I HAVE sought round the verdant earth,
For unfading joy ;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But all, all will cloy.
Lord, bestow on me,
Grace to set the spirit free,
Thine the praise shall be,
Mine, mine the joy.
- 2 I have wandered in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress,
I have not had a kindling spark
My spirit to bless.
Cheerless unbelief,
Filled my laboring soul with grief,
What shall give relief,
What shall give peace.
- 3 I then turned 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 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 thee God of power.
And in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move,
Forevermore.

CONVERTS.

94

12's, 11's.

HOSANNA.

Joying in Christ.

- 1 HOSANNA to Jesus! I'm fill'd with his praises,
Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to sing,
No theme is so charming, no love is so warming,
It gives joy and gladness, and comfort within.
- 2 Hosanna is ringing, O how I love singing!
There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his name;
The angels in glory repeat the glad story,
Of Jesus' love, which is made known to men.
- 3 Hosanna to Jesus! he died to redeem us:
I'll love him and serve him wherever I go:
He's now gone to heaven, the Spirit is given,
To quicken and comfort his children below.
- 4 Hosanna forever! his grace, like a river,
Is running and spreading throughout all the land:
His love, that's unbounded, to us is extended,
And saints love to praise him, all join'd in one band,
- 5 Hosanna to Jesus! my soul how it pleases,
To see sinners turning and coming to God!
O, how they are raised, while some are amazed,
That they should find pardon through Jesus' blood.
- 6 Hosanna is ringing, hark! how they are singing
The praises of Jesus, and tasting his love?
The sound's gone to heaven, the echo is given,
It runs to my soul from the mansions above.
- 7 Hosanna to Jesus! I know he is precious:
In sweet streams of glory he comes from above:
My heart is now glowing, I feel his love flowing,
He's Jesus, the Saviour and fountain of love.
- 3 Hosanna is sounding, free grace is abounding,
And saints they are marching in bright royal bands;
Come on, my dear brethren, let us go to heaven,
While Jesus invites us with crowns in his hands.

CONVERTS.

- 9 Hosanna to Jesus ! my soul sweetly rises,
I'll soon be exploring some happier clime,
Where I shall see Jesus, and dwell on his praises,
And with him in glory eternally shine.

95

C. M.

RESIGNATION.

Subdued by the Cross.

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood ;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 O, never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt ;
It plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die that thou mayst live."
- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays,
In all its darkest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

- 1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go ;
O'erwhelm'd with sin—with anguish slain :
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless wo.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood !—but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near ;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain ;
“ The sinner must be born again,”
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head ;
I no relief could find—
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul :
A vast unwieldy load.
Alas ! I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare ;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus, of Nazareth, passed that way ;

CONVERTS.

I felt his pity move—
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

- 7 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise ;
All hail the Lamb that once was slain !
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Shall sing thine endless praise.

97

S. M.

PAULOS.

Faith in Christ's Sacrifice.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curs'd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

1 O, HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I had found in the blood of the Lamb.
When at first I believed,
What true joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet 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 hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me!

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

99

The young Converts Song.

- 1 AWAKE, my youthful tongue, and sing
The praises of my Saviour king,
Who hath my heart renewed ;
His precious love broke off my chains,
Washed out my guilt, relieved my pains,
And all my foes subdued
- 2 All things seem new ; the hills rejoice,
Flowers, birds, and insects lift their voice
In sweet and happy choirs ;
The stars roll on with brighter rays,
And help me sing Immanuel's praise,
Who lit their golden fires.
- 3 My feet, by new attractions led,
With joyful haste the paths now tread,
That to his temple guide ;
What heavenly beauties cheer the place,
'Tis full of light, 'tis full of grace,
Here would my soul abide.
- 4 O, glorious, precious, happy change !
My joys, my hopes, my love, here strange !
How sweet to be forgiven !
Come saints and join my feeble lays,
Come sinners, learn the Saviour's praise,
And with me press to Heaven.

100

Christ in the Garden.

OLIVET.

- 1 WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beam of daylight shone dim in the west ;
O'er fields, by pale moonlight, I wandered abroad,
In deep meditation I thought on my God.
- 2 While passing a garden, I paused to hear
A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was near;

CONVERTS.

- The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.
- 3 I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What man of compassion this stranger might be!
I saw him, low, kneeling, upon the cold ground,
The loveliest Being that ever was found.
- 4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood and tears!
I wept to behold him,—I asked him his name,
He answered, "'tis Jesus! from heaven I came."
- 5 "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!"

101

7's.

MARTYN.

Saved by Grace.

- 1 SAVED by grace, I live to tell
What the love of Christ hath done;
He redeemed my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son;
O, I tremble still to think
How secure I lived in sin;
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserved from falling in.
- 2 In his own appointed hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke:
Touched me by his Spirit's power,
And my dangerous slumber broke.
Then I saw and owned my guilt:
Soon my gracious Lord replied,
"Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
'Twas for such as thee I died."
- 3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possessed my heart;

CONVERTS.

Can I hope thy grace to prove
After acting such a part?
"Thou hast greatly sinned," he said,
"But I freely all forgive;
I myself thy debt have paid
Now I bid thee rise and live."

- 4 Come, my fellow-sinners, try,
Jesus' heart is full of love!
O that you, as well as I,
May his wondrous mercy prove!
He has sent me to declare,
All is ready, all is free:
Why should any soul despair,
When he saved a wretch like me?

102

C. M.

ATONEMENT.

Repentance in view of Christ's Death.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary;
The Lamb was slain, yet lives again,
To intercede for me.
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary;
The Lamb was slain, yet lives again,
To intercede for me.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,

CONVERTS.

When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary ;
The Lamb was slain, yet lives again,
To intercede for me.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary ;
The Lamb was slain, yet lives again,
To intercede for me.

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.
O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary ;
The Lamb was slain, yet lives again,
To intercede for me.

103

S. M.

DETROIT.

Weeping for Sin.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see ;
Be thou astonished, O my soul ;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear :

CONVERTS.

In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

104

8's & 7's.

ABERDEEN.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own !
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour too :
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue !
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

105

C. M.

EDGEWORTH.

The Great Change.

- 1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,

CONVERTS.

My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

106

11's.

WELCOME.

The Church's Welcome.

- 1 CHILDREN of Zion! what harp-notes are stealing,
So soft o'er our senses, so soothingly sweet?
'Tis the music of angels, their raptures revealing,
That you have been brought to the Holy One's feet,
Children of Zion! we join in their welcome,
'Tis sweet to lie low at that blessed retreat.
- 2 Children of Zion! no longer in sadness,
Refrain from the feast that your Saviour hath given;
Come, taste of the cup of salvation with gladness,
And think of the banquet still sweeter in heaven.
Children of Zion! our hearts bid you welcome
To the church of the ransomed, the kingdom of
heaven.
- 3 Child en of Zion! we joyfully hail you,
The fold you have entered through Jesus the door;
While pilgrims on earth, though the foe may assail you,
Press forward, and soon will the conflict be o'er.
Children of Zion! O, welcome, thrice welcome,
Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you no
more.

CONVERTS.

107

C. M.
Hinder Me Not.

ARMOR.

- 1 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.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties and through trials too,
I'll go at his command ;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not," come, welcome, death ;
I'll gladly go with thee.

108

I am bound for Canaan.

CANAAN.

- 1 TOGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
The road that leads from banishment,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;

ZION REJOICING.

O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

3 O, come dear sinners, will you go,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
And see what love from Christ doth flow?
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

4 Farewell, dear friends, time rolls along—
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
I'll leave you here, and travel on—
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

ZION REJOICING.

109

C. P. M.
Revival Joys.

SALUTATION.

1 WE feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high :
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

2 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply ;
Our Shepherd will before us go,

ZION REJOICING.

And lead where heavenly fountains flow,
That never will run dry.

3 There will we reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home ;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

4 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there :
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land
Where we shall part no more.

5 There, on that peaceful, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout our sufferings o'er,
In sweet redeeming love :
We'll shout and praise our conquering King,
Who died himself that he might bring
Us rebels near to God.

110

PARADISE.

Ecstatic Glories.

1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring,
To my raptur'd vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring,
Round the bright Elysian ;
Lo ! we lift our longing eyes ;
Break ye intervening skies !
Sun of Righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him ;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him :

ZION REJOICING.

Angel-trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise,
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation ;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
" Glory be to God alone,
" Holy ! holy ! holy One !"

4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, methinks, to seize us ;
Join we, too, the holy lays—
Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus ! Jesus ! flow along.

111

8's.

UNION HYMN.

The Union of Saints.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love ?
That fastens our souls in such ties
As nature and time can't remove ?

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

3 My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

ZION REJOICING.

- 4 Then why so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 O, when shall we see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United with Jesus in love!
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

112

C. M.

AMIETTA

Sweet Name of Jesus.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 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.
- 4 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

113

C. M.

PROSPECT

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!

ZION REJOICING.

When shall my labors ever have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregation's ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

114

C. M.

DEARBORN.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

1 JESUS. I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

ZION REJOICING.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

115

7's & 6's. MILLENNIAL DAWN.

"The Morning Cometh."

1 THE morning light is breaking ;
The darkness disappears ;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears :
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour :
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

- 4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home ;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, " The Lord is come."

116

MARTYN.

Mutual Encouragement.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear ;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end ;
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls—come home !"
- 2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares :
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part ;
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls—come home !"
- 3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet ;
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within ;
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these ;
Then the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls—come home !"

117

L. M.
The Alarm.

HARP OF JUDAH.

- 1 MY Captain sounds the alarm of war ;
"Awake, the powers of hell are near !
To arms ! To arms !" I hear him cry,
" 'Tis yours to conquer or to die !"
- 2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around,
Make haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet ; faith my shield,
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield ;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus armed, I venture on the fight,
Resolved to put my foes to flight ;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope ; in him I trust ;
His bleeding cross is all my boast ;
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To victory, and the victor's crown.

118

C. M.
The Mediator Crowned.

CORONATION.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name ;
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

ZION REJOICING.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

119

L. M.

BETHLEHEM.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye,

2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem !

3 Once on the raging seas I rode ;
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem !

5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;

And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first, in night's diadem,
Forever, and forevermore,—
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

120

7's.

MARTYN.

Christ the only Refuge.

- 1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness?
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

121

7's.

IVES.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

- 1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling,
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

122

C. M.

ORTONVILLE.

The Dove.

- 1 O TELL me where the dove has flown,
To build her downy nest;
And I will rove this world all o'er
To win her to my breast.
- 2 I sought her in the grove of love,
I knew her tender heart;
But she had flown; the pensive dove
Had felt the traitors dart.
- 3 I sought her on the flowery lawn,
Where pleasure holds her train;
But fancy flies from flower to flower,
So there I sought in vain.

ZION REJOICING.

- 4 Upon ambition's craggy hill
This pensive bird might stray,
I sought here there ; but vainly still,
She never flew that way.
- 5 Faith smiled and shed a silent tear,
To see me search around—
Then whispered, "I will tell thee where
The dove may yet be found."
- 6 "By meek Religion's humble cot,
She builds her downy nest ;
O seek that sweet secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast."

123

7's, 6's & 8's.

AUBURN.

The Christian's Pursuit.

- 1 THE pearl that worldlings covet
Is not the pearl for me,
Its beauty fades as quickly,
As sunshine on the sea ;
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
'Tis called "the pearl of greatest price ;"
Tho' few its value see,
O that's the pearl for me.
- 2 The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me,
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee ;
But there's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love,
For ever bright 'twill be,
O that's the crown for me.
- 3 The road that many travel,
Is not the road for me ;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.

ZION REJOICING.

But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis marked by Christ's most precious blood,
The way for all is free,
O that's the road for me.

- 4 The hope that sinners cherish,
Is not the hope for me ;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free,
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee,
O, that's the hope for me.

124

Zion's Triumph.

SALUTATION.

- 1 WHAT sound is this salutes my ear,
'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,
'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,
The expected day has come.
Behold the heavens, the earth, the sea,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
Return ye exiles home.
- 2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb !
Illuminated by the Lamb !
In glory doth appear.
Fair Zion rising from the tombs,
To meet the Bridegroom, lo ! he comes,
To meet the Bridegroom, lo ! he comes,
And hails the festive year.
- 3 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly,
I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
Angelic joys to prove.
Soon shall I quit this house of clay,

ZION REJOICING.

Clap my glad wings and soar away,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.

125

CRUCIFIXION.

Jesus dies, but lives again.

- 1 JESUS died on Cavalry's mountain,
Long time ago,
And salvation's rolling fountain,
Now freely flows!
- 2 Once his voice in tones of pity,
Melted in wo,
And he wept o'er Judah's city,
Long time ago.
- 3 On his head the dews of midnight,
Fell, long ago,
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight
Sits on his brow.
- 4 Jesus died—yet lives forever,
No more to die—
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Now reigns on high!
- 5 Now in heaven he's interceding
For dying men,
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
And come again.
- 6 Children, let your lights be burning,
In hope of heaven,
Waiting for our Lord's returning
At dawn or even.
- 7 When he comes a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb,
"Come ye blessed of my Father,
Children, come home."

126

DEPARTURE.

All is Well.

1 WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my frame, is
it death, is it death,
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame, is
it death, is it death !
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see,
All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not my friends, my friends weep not for me, all
is well, all is well,
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free, all is well,
all is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies,
All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye saints in glory,
all is well, all is well,
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story, all is well,
all is well.
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home,
All is well, all is well.

127

ADIEU.

Adieu to the World.

1 When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear ;
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,

ZION REJOICING.

Vain world adieu ; vain world adieu ;—
And loud her lovely sonnet sings
Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore,
Each landmark on the distant shore ;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream ;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand :
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil :
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God !

128

ARABY.

Joy's of Heaven.

1 HOW sweet to reflect on the joys that await me
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest.
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight thro' the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions with harp tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise :
Then songs to the Lamb, shall re-echo thro' heaven,
My soul will respond, to Emanuel be given,
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of love.

129

The Christian's Home.

PEACE.

- 1 OH! land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home.
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And fly for refuge to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 When by afflictions sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sigh for home.
- 5 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom;
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

130

C. M.

Joy.

The Hope of Heaven our Support.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- Chorus*—O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O, that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore.
'Tis there we'll meet at Jesus' feet,
W'll meet to part no more.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's page,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

131

The Christian's Home in Heaven.

HOME.

1 AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander'd through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Saviour! direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay,
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms!
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;

ZION REJOICING.

I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven my home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home?

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence forever at home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
O there shall I rest with the Saviour at home.

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
There, loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.

132

Heaven in Prospect.

JORDAN.

- 1 O N 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 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

DISMISSION.

- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

DISMISSION.

133

6's & 5's, peculiar.
Reunion in Heaven.

UNITY.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again?—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!
- 2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never—no, never!
- 3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:

DISMISSION.

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

- 4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreath her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

134

8's, 7's, 4's.

GREENVILLE.

At Dismission.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy joy possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us!
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our crumbling clay,
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day.

DOXOLOGIES.

135

L. M.

HEBRON.

At Dismission.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let the truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below :
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son
And bless the Spirit too.

7's.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love ;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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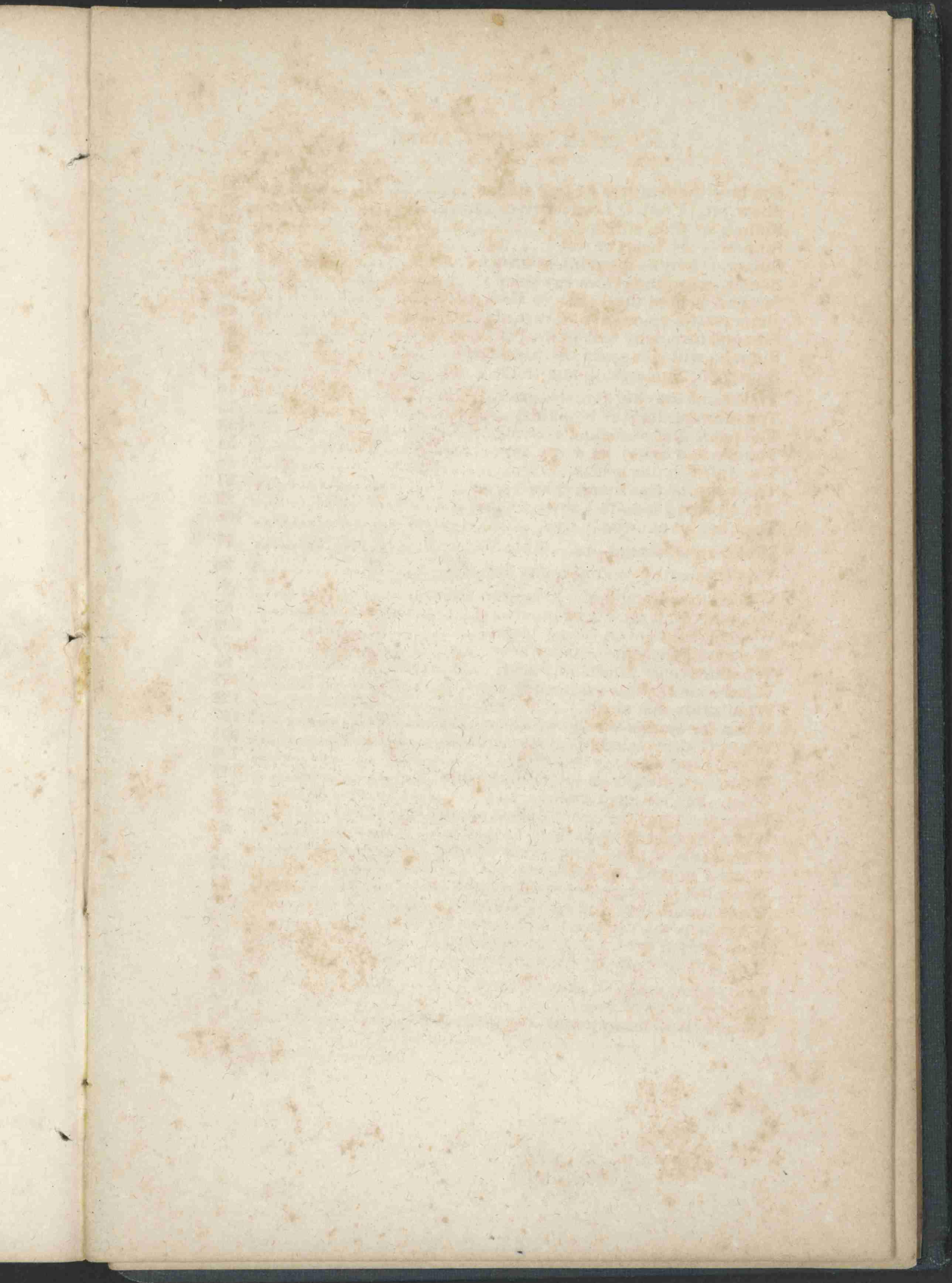
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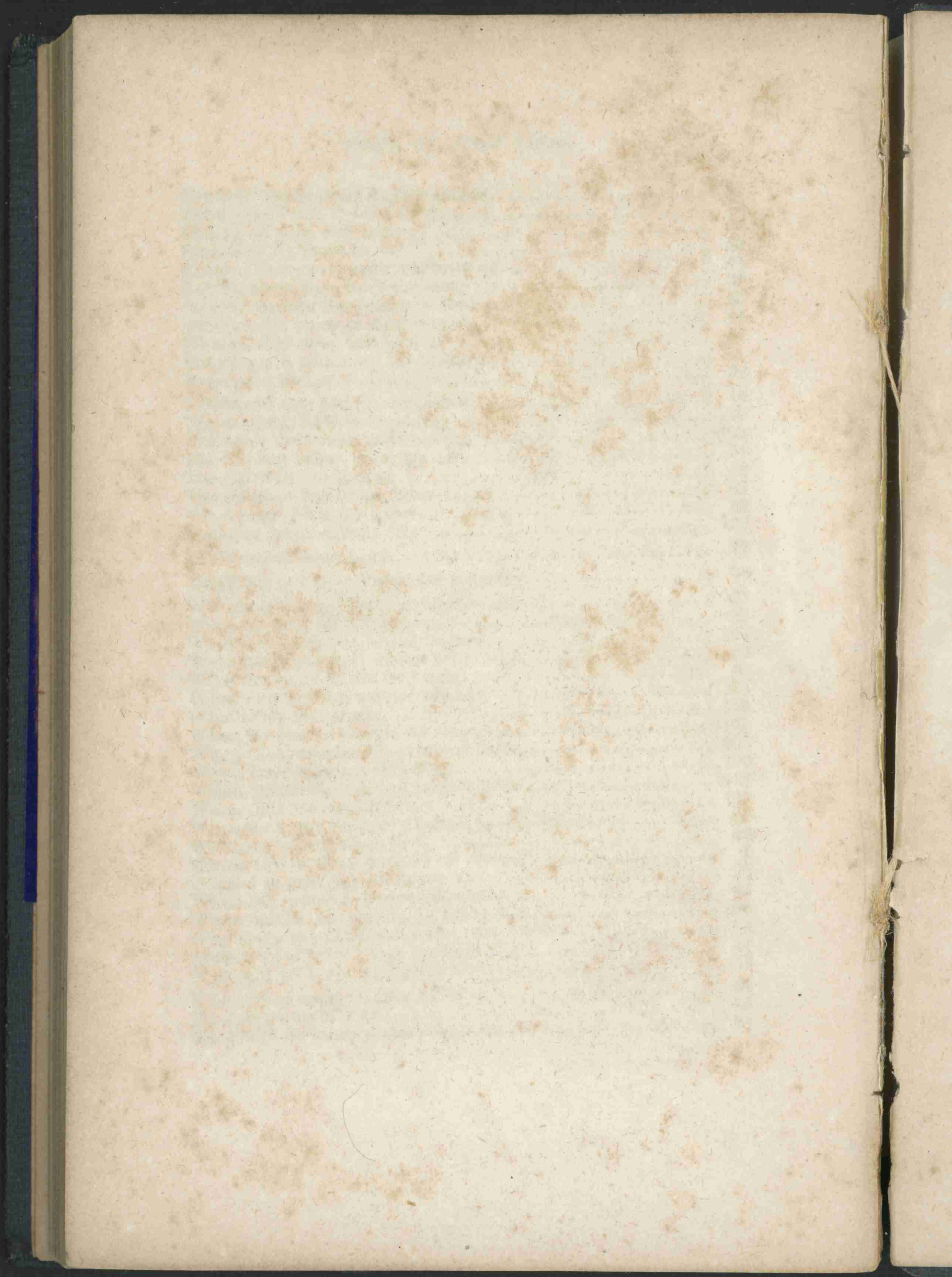
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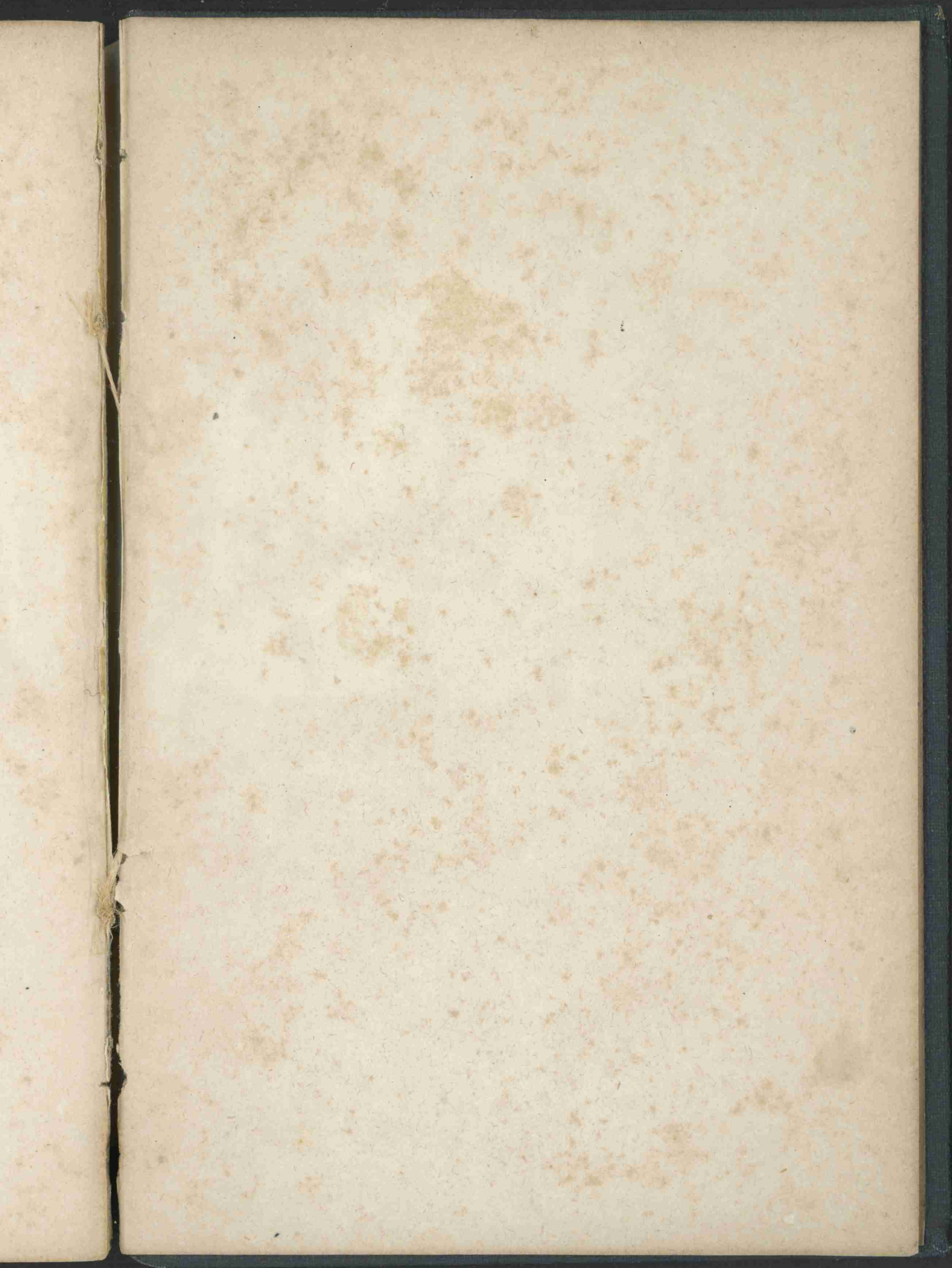
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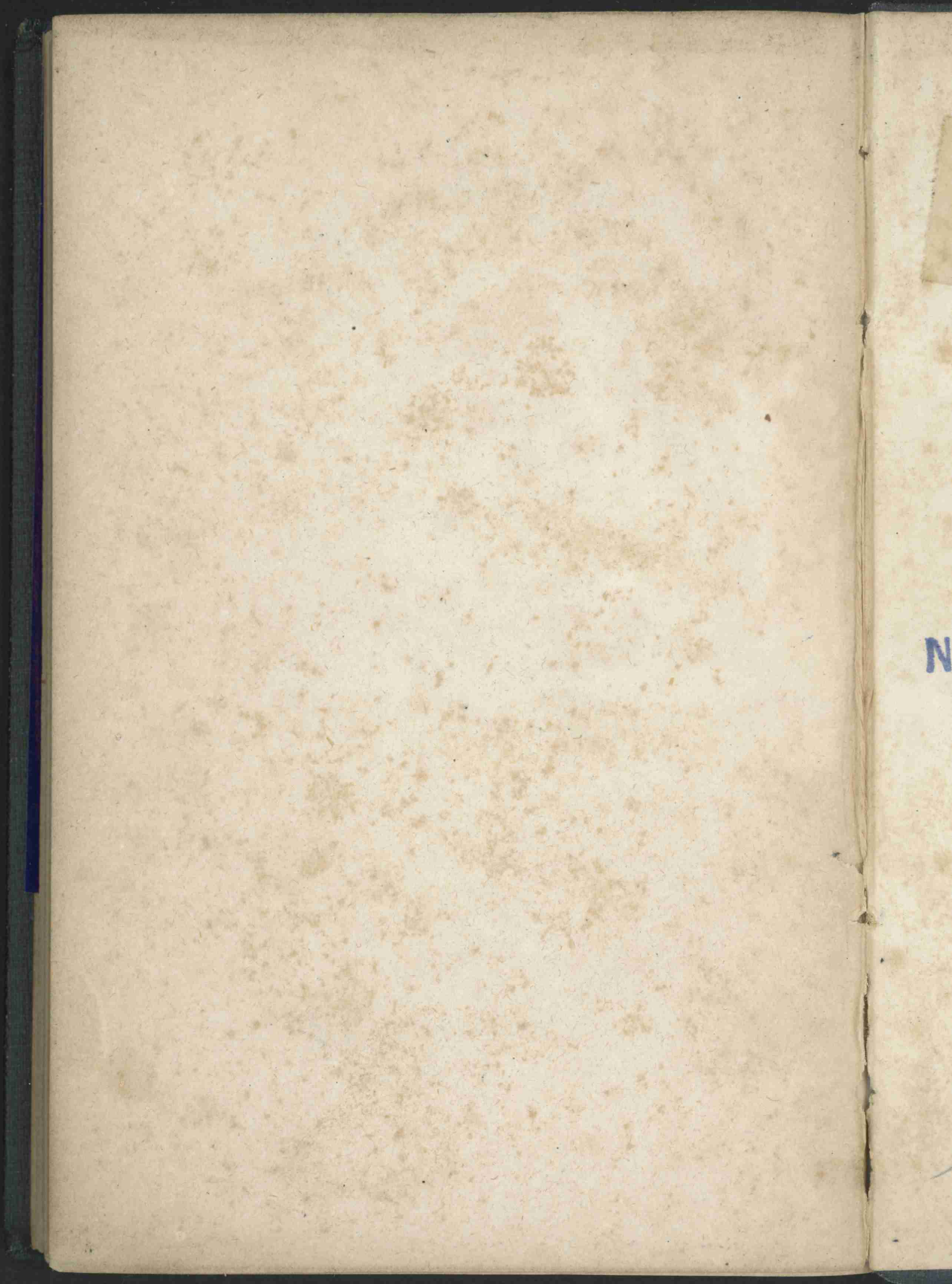
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NOT SUBJECT TO CIRCULATION

*Lucy
Kell*

