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THE STOUT

B. Manly.

HYMN BOOK.

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HYMNS.

HYMN 1. 7's.

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

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare;
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

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2. C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by power divine;
To sound in God, the Father's ears,
No other name than thine.

3. 7's.

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 heart;
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 apt to turn our feet;
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within;
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

4. C. M.

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

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruit, that never fails,
On trees immortal grow;

There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There, on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

5. P. M.

1 MAN, at his first creation, in Eden God did place,
The public head and father of all the human race;
'Twas by the subtle serpent, he was beguil'd and fell,
And by his disobedience was doom'd to death and hell.

2 Death was pronounced against him, death was
the penalty,
The law of God was broken, and must ful-
filled be,
But man, the helpless creature, unable to
perform
The smallest jot or tittle to build his hopes
upon.

3 Whilst in this situation, behold the promise
made,
The offspring of the woman shall bruise the ser-
pent's head,
Destroy the power of darkness, that man should
only feel
The malice of the serpent, a raging at his heel.

4 The Scripture it was given, in spirit and in truth,
In darksome types and shadows, the Saviour
was set forth;
Its sacrifice and offering, he on the altar slain,
No blood of goats and heifers can take away
the stain.

5 Lo, at the time appointed, Jesus unveil'd his
face;
Assum'd our human nature, and suffer'd in our
place;
He suffered on mount Calvary; yes, there he
ransom'd me;
The law demands attention to pay the penalty.

6 With rugged thorns they pierced and nailed
him to the tree;
All nature seem'd to mourn to behold the
cruelty;

But justice cried against him—come pay the sinner's due,
The debt you've undertaken you certain must go through.

7 They placed him in a sepulchre, it being near at hand;
The grave it could not hold him, nor death's strong iron band;
He burst the bars asunder, he pull'd the kingdom down,
He overcame his enemies, and wears a starry crown.

8 Now at his resurrection, to Mary he appeared,
Go tell to my disciples what you have seen and heard;
Go tell them I am risen, and death can do no more,
I'm going to my Father to live forever more.

9 He came to his disciples, and found them all alone,
He gave them their commission, to make his gospel known;
Go preach it to all nations, baptize them in my name,
Beginning at Jerusalem, 'twas there I suffered shame.

10 Go preach it to all nations, that they may hear and know;
Go publish free salvation, that men to Christ may go;
In every sore temptation, kind succor I will send,
And lo! I will be with you until the world shall end.

6. L. M.

1 LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory;
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 O good old way! how sweet thou art,
May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say
We're marching in the good old way.

4 Though Satan may his powers employ
Our happiness for to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand
And view, by faith, the promis'd land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

6 Ye valiant souls for heav'n contend,
Remember glory's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away
When we have run the good old way.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore
We'll meet with those who've gone before,
And shouting think we've gained the day
By marching in the good old way.

7. 7's.

1 WHEN shall we meet again?
When shall we meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain
Oft shall we all meet again.

3 When our burnished locks are gray,
Turn'd by many a toil-spent day;
When around the youthful pine
Moss shall creep and Ivy twine,
Long may the lov'd bow'r remain
Ere we all shall meet again.

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

8. S. M.

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

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!

Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here.

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

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

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

9. P. M.

1 OUR bondage here shall end, by and by;
From Egypt's yoke set free
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.

2 Our deliverer he will come, by and by;
And our sorrows have an end
With our three score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by.

3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on;
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near!
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

4 Through Marah's bitter streams, we'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry
And the land yield no supply,
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's floods we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd hosts shall shout, we are come.

6 Then friends will meet again, who have loved;
Our embraces will be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

7 Then with all that happy throng we'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our king
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

10. S. M.

1 A LOVELY appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare.
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled;
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother bereft
Of all that could burden his mind;
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind;
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relicts with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is afflicted no more
With sickness or shaken with pain;
The wars in the members are o'er,
And never shall vex him again,

No longer henceforward, or shame
Shall redden this innocent clay,
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching is o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more.
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in internal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep;
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in prison I breathe;
And still for deliverance pine
And press to the issues of death;
What now with my tears I bedew
O might I this moment become;
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consigned to the tomb.

11. S. M.

1 JESUS we thus obey
Thy last and kindred word;

Here in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoin'd
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er the Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fullness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

12. P. M.

1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know, what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort; go after him, go;
Lo! onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin;
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;

So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care, my neighbors may share
These blessings; to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

13. S. M.

1 BEHOLD the grace appears,
The promise is fulfilled:
Mary, the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign,
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the Shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 Go, humble swains, said he,
To David's city fly;
The promised infant born to-day
Doth in a manger lie.

7 With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ, your king;

And straight a flaming troop was seen,
The shepherds heard them sing:

7 Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.

14. P. M.

1 DEAR brethren, farewell; to you I must tell,
I am sorry to leave you, I love you so well;
I shortly must go, but where I don't know,
Wherever I'm stationed, the trumpet I'll blow.

2 Strange people I'll find, I hope they'll prove kind;
Strange places, nor faces, can alter my mind;
Wherever I be, I will still pray for thee,
And you, my dear brethren, do the same for poor me.

3 In this world I have toiled and labored awhile,
And labor seems sweet when my Saviour does smile;
And when I am done, O then I'll go home;
My Saviour sits smiling, and bids me to come.

4 Poor mourner, now view eternity too.
If you die unprepared, O! what will you do?
What a horror you'll see, with dread and amaze,
When the earth and the sea all do catch on a blaze.

5 Poor mourner, adieu! I am sorry for you,
My heart's full of trouble, and what shall I do?

If I ne'er see you more, till the trumpet doth roar,
We will meet in bright glory, where parting's no more.

6 Now, when Christ shall come to call us all home,
Where troubles nor sorrow nor partings e'er come,
O then I will go from sorrow and woe,
In hopes of bright glory, I will leave all below.

15. C. M.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die!
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down
And smile at toil and pain;
I suffer on my three score years,
Till my deliverer comes
And wipes away his servant's tears
And takes his exile home.

16. P. M.

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

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

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
Oh the sun refused to shine when the majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
Oh, the solid rocks were rent, through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God man.

5 When it was finished, when it was finished,
And the atonement was made;
He was taken by the great, and embalm'd in spices sweet,
And in a new sepulchre was laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour! Hail, mighty Saviour!
Prince, and the author of peace!
O, he burst the bonds of death, and triumphant through the East,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 Now interceding, now interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying Father, I have died, O, behold my hands and side,
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive.

17. S. M.

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

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

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

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

18. P. M.

1 I HAVE my trials here below,
O, glory hallelujah, &c.,
There's a better day a coming,
Hallelujah.

2 A few more beating winds and rains,
And the winter will be over.

3 A few more rising and setting suns,
And we'll cross over Jordan.

4 I feel no ways like getting tired,
I'm making for the harbor.

5 I expect to get there by and by,
My home is over Jordan.

6 I have some friends before me gone,
By and by I'll go and meet them.

7 I'll meet them around our Father's throne,
And we'll live with God forever.

8 O how it lifts my soul to think
Of meeting in the kingdom.

9 Our God will wipe all tears away
When we arrive at Canaan.

10 If you get there before I do,
Tell all my friends I'm coming.

11 My Saviour smiles and bids me come
And live with him forever.

12 O what a happy time 'twill be
When we all get to heaven.

13 When we've been there ten thousands years
Our joys are just beginning.

19. C. M.

1 HARK from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry;
Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Shall lie as low as ours.

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

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

20. L. M.

1 JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither soul, I am the way.

5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood
And say: Behold the way to God!

21. C. M.

1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh, Lord, remember me.

2 Remembor 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,
Oh, Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
Oh, Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd 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, Oh! my great Redeemer God!
I pray, remember me.

22. P. M.

1 REMEMBER, sinful youth,
You must die! you must die!
Remember sinful youth,
You must die!

Remember sinful youth,
Who hate the ways of truth,
And in your pleasures boast,
  You must die! you must die!
And in your pleasures boast,
  You must die!

2 Uncertain are your days,
    Here below, here below;
  Uncertain are your days,
  For God hath many ways
  To bring you to your graves,
    Here below, here below.

3 And if you travel down
    The broad road, the broad road;
  And if you travel down,
  To darkness you are bound
  Eternally around
    The broad road, the broad road.

4 To a dreadful judgment day,
    You are bound, you are bound;
  To a dreadful judgment day,
  Be your thoughts whate'er they may;
  Nor can you it delay,
    You are bound, you are bound.

5 The God who built the sky,
    Great I AM, Great I AM;
  The God who built the sky
  Hath said (and cannot lie)
  Impenitents must die,
    And be damn'd, and be damn'd.

6 And O! my friends, don't you,
    I intreat, I intreat;

And O! my friends, don't you
Your carnal mirth pursue,
Your guilty souls undo,
I entreat, I entreat.

7 Unto the Saviour flee,
'Scape for life, 'scape for life;
Unto the Saviour flee,
Lest death eternal be
Your final destiny;
'Scape for life, 'scape for life.

23. C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A followe'r 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 flow'ry 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 vain 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,
With faith's discerning eye.

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

24. C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

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

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

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

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

25. P. M.

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 Jesus, our great high priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad!
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the land proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

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

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold the Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

26. C. M.

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

2 I'll go to Jesus though my sins
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 sov'reign grace.

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

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

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

27. P. M.

1 COME thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

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

28. P. M.

1 COME away to the skies, my beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On the festival day, come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up out love and treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of our Lord, we remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 With singing, we praise the original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;

Our being receive, from his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are created, to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again that our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve the designs of thy love,
Which has join'd us in Jesus' name;
So united in heart that we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet, we shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres with our heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah, we sing to our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In assurance of hope, we to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air;
From our graves we shall see, and cry out it is He,
And fly up to acknowledge Him there.

29. P. M.

1 COME all ye weary travelers,
And let us join to sing
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ, our King;
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome, 'tis true;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first, when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him;
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin;
The world, the flesh, and Satan
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do reject them
By faith and humble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow, we confess,
We've had too long to wander
In a dark wilderness,
Where we might soon have fainted
In that enchanted ground;
But now and then, a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
Gave life, and joy, and peace;
Revive our drooping spirits,
Make faith and love increase;
Confess our Lord and Master,
And run at his command;
And hasten on our journey
Unto the promis'd land.

5 In faith, and hope, and patience,
We now are going on
The pleasant way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone;
In peace and consolation
We are going to rejoice;
And Jesus and his people
Forever be our choice.

6 Sinners, why stand you idle,
While we do march along!

Has conscience never told you
That you are going wrong,
Down the broad road to ruin,
To bear an endless curse?
Forsake your ways of sinning,
And come along with us.

7 But if you will refuse it,
We'll bid you all farewell;
We're on the way to Canaan,
And you, the way to hell;
We're sorry for to leave you,
We'd rather you would go;
Come, try a bleeding Saviour,
And feel salvation flow.

30. P. M.

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

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

3 O! that each in the day
Of his coming may say,

"I have fought my way through,
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."
O! that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit on my throne!"

31. S. M.

1 COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly king
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys;
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly power
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;

Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

32. P. M.

1 RISE, daughter of Zion, thy mourning is o'er,
The night that has veiled thee shall veil thee no more;
Wear the robes of the morning, arise thou and shine,
For the beauty and light of Jehovah are thine.

2 O! lift up thine eyes, look around thee and see
How thy children are gathering together to thee;
Like doves on the wing, are flying home to be blest
At thine altar, with peace in thy bosom, with rest.

3 From the sea's farthest shores, and like its full tide,
The nations new-born, how they flow to thy side,
To freedom forth springing, thy light having seen.
They bless thee a mother, and hail thee a queen.

4 Who wasted thee once, lowly kneel at thy throne,
Rejoicing thy sceptre of mercy to own;
And the proud and the lofty, that hail not thy day
In the blaze of its noon, shall but wither away.

5 In thy kingdom of love shall all violence cease,
Thine exactors be Justice, thine officers Peace;
Thy people all righteous, and truth all thy ways,
Thy gates are salvation, thy portals are praise.

6 Jehovah, thy beauty, thy brightness, thy crown,
Thy noon shall ne'er wane, and thy sun ne'er
go down;
And the tide of thy glory no ebbing to know,
From ages eternal to ages shall flow.

33. L. M.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

34. L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the prince of glory died;
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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

35. P. M.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance
Every plant shall droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then, thy word, our spirit nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen.
But a drouth has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's enticing snare.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

36. S. M.

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

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

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

37. P. M.

1 WE'RE trav'ling home to heaven above;
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go? Will you go?
Our sun shall there no more go down,
Our moon shall never be withdrawn,
Our day of mourning 's past and gone;
Will you go? Will you go?

2 We're going to walk the plains of light;
Will you go? Will you go?
Where perfect day dispels the night;
Will you go? Will you go?
The crown of life we all shall wear,
And palms of victory you shall bear,
And heavenly flowers and joys we'll share;
Will you go? Will you go?

3 We're going to strike the golden lyre;
Will you go? Will you go?
And sing with all the angel choir;
Will you go? Will you go?
We'll tell of God's redeeming grace,
We'll see our Saviour face to face,
And evermore proclaim his grace;
Will you go? Will you go?

4 The way to heaven is free for all;
Will you go? Will you go?
Both Jew and Gentile, great and small;
Will you go? Will you go?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
From every sin and idol part,
And on the way to glory start;
Will you go? Will you go?

5 O, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go, I will go;
I'll start this moment on my way;
I will go, I will go;
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell;
With my Redeemer I will dwell;
Let me go, let me go.

38. P. M.

1 WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my frame!
Is it death? Is it death?
Which soon will quench, will quench this vital frame;
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 pardon'd, pardon'd 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 and in my room;
They wait to waft my spirit home;
All is well, all is well.

4 Hark, hark, my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me;
All is well, all is well.
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory;
All is well, all is well.
Farewell, my friends—adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glitt'ring crown appears in view;
All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail! ye happy, blood-wash'd throng;
Sav'd by grace, sav'd by grace.
I've come to join, to join your rapt'rous song;
Sav'd by grace, sav'd by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now is mine;
O! hallelujah to the Lamb,
All is well, all is well.

39. C. M.

1 WHY do we mourn departed friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow.
To keep us from our love.

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

4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with our dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

40. P. M.

1 IN the house of king David a fountain did spring
For sin and uncleanliness, from Jesus, our King;
This fountain flows sweetly whenever applied;
It sprung from the bowels of Christ when he died.

2 If you are polluted, come wash and be cleans'd,
This Jesus was wounded in the house of his friends;
Here's Christ, the physician, his balm to apply,
A balsam for healing, come venture and try.

3 If thou art distress'd, and burden'd within,
This fountain that's open will cleanse you from sin:
Here's blood for your pardon, and grace to revive,
The spirit to quicken and make you alive.

4 This fountain, dear Jesus, I slighted in youth;
Pray help me receive and embrace it in truth;
There's nothing so sweet a poor sinner can taste,
As the waters of life, which can never know waste.

5 Come ye that have bath'd in this fountain of love,
And have felt the great burden of guilt to remove;
Let's join to praise Jesus, as long as we've breath,
And after we're laid in the dust of the earth.

6 It is there we will sleep, but not always remain;
We look for the coming of Jesus again—
And when we behold him we'll lay by our shrouds
And rise to meet Jesus, our Lord, in the clouds.

7 How we shall be fashion'd, he doth not declare,
But we shall be like him when he doth appear;
O! that blessed hour, I long for to see,
When we shall be perfectly happy in thee.

8 O! Jesus, I love thee, thou know'st very well,
Assist me to conquer the powers of hell;
Who strongly oppose me, and would me undo,
Dear Saviour, uphold me, and bring me safe through.

41. P. M.

1 WHAT wondrous love is this, O, my soul!
O, my soul!
What wondrous love is this, that caus'd the Lord
bliss,
To send his precious peace to my soul.

2 When I was sinking down with my soul, with
my soul;
When I was sinking down beneath God's right-
eous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul, for my
soul,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.

3 Ye winged seraphs fly, bear the news, bear the
news;
Ye winged seraphs fly like comets through
the sky,
Fill vast eternity with the news, with the news,
Fill vast eternity with the news.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise, join
his praise;
Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and
voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise.

5 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb, who is the GREAT
I AM,
While millions join the throne, I will sing, I
will sing,
While millions join the throne I will sing.

6 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
And through all eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And through all eternity I'll sing on.

42. P. M.

1 POOR mourning souls in deep distress,
Making sad lamentations,
Find their souls dead in wickedness
And under condemnation;
Bright thunder bolts from Sinia's mount
Do sound with loudest terror;
While they are lost in God's account,
They are drown'd in grief and sorrow.

2 Ah! woe is me that I was born,
Or ever had beginning!
Fain would I have had some untimely birth,
Or had no future being;
Or had I died when I was young,
O what I would have given;
I might like babes, with my little tongue,
Been praising God in heaven.

3 But here I am in deep distress,
Most worn away with trouble;
Day after day I seek for rest,
But find my sorrows double;
Saith Satan, "fatal is your state,
Time past you might repented;
But now, you know, it is too late,
So make yourself contented."

4 How can I live, how can I breathe
Under this sore temptation;

Conclude my day of grace is past,
Lord, hear my lamentation;
For I am weary of my life,
Of groans and bitter crying;
My wants are great, my mind's in strife,
My spirit's almost dying.

5 But who is he that looketh forth
Just like the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun?
'Tis Jesus Christ, adorning.
Jesus can clothe my naked soul,
Jesus for me hath died;
And now I can with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.

6 Now peace, and joy, and love divine,
Into my soul are flowing;
My will, O Lord! be lost in thine,
While through the storm I'm rowing;
And when I leave this world below,
I'll rise and sing in glory—
And join with all the heavenly host,
And cast my crown before thee.

43. P. M.

1 COME sisters and brothers who love one another,
And have done so for years that are gone;
How oft we have met him in sweet heav'nly union,
Who opens the way to God's throne.
With joy and thanksgiving we'll praise him who lov'd us,
While we run in the bright shining way;
Though we part here in body, we're bound for one glory,
And bound for each other to pray.

2 There was Joshua, and Joseph, Elias and Moses,
Who prayed as they journey'd along;
There was Abram, and Isaac, and Jacob, and David,
And Solomon, Stephen and John;
There was Simeon and Anna, and I don't know how many,
Who pray'd and God heard from his throne;
Some cast among lions, some bound with rough irons,
Yet glory and praises they sung.

3 Some tell us that praying, and also that praising,
Is labor that's all spent in vain;
But we have such witness, that God hears with swiftness,
From praying we will not refrain.
There was old father Noah and ten thousand others
Who witness'd that God heard them pray;
There was Samuel and Hannah, Paul, Silas and Peter,
And Daniel and Jonah, we'll say.

4 That God by his spirit or an angel doth visit
Our souls and our bodies while praying;
Shall we all go fainting, while they all go praising
And glorify God in the flame?
God grant us to inherit the same praying spirit,
While onward we journey below;
That when we cease praying we may not cease praising,
But around God's bright throne we may bow.

44. P. M.

1 HARK! don't you hear the turtle-dove,
The token of redeeming love?
From hill to hill we hear the sound,
The neighboring valleys echo round!
Oh Zion! hear the turtle-dove,
The token of your Saviour's love;
She's come the desert land to cheer,
And welcome in the jubilee year.

2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more;
The spring is come, how sweet the view,
All things appear divinely new.
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
The resurrection's drawing nigh;
Behold the nations from abroad
Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The trumpet sounds both far and nigh,
"Oh sinners, turn! why will ye die?"
How can you spurn the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms;
These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old;
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4 The *latter days* on us have come,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All passing to the mount of God.
Oh yes! and I will join that band—
Now here's my heart and here's my hand;
With Satan's band no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,
And he will come to judge the world.
On Zion's mountain we shall stand,
On Canaan's fair and happy land,
When sun and moon shall darkened be,
And flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.

45. C. M.

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 leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, 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.

46. P. M.

1 THE glorious light of Zion
Is spreading all around;
And sinners now are hark'ning
Unto the gospel sound;

The standard of King Jesus
Triumphant doth arise!
And mourners crowd around it
With bitter groans and cries.

2 The suff'ring, bleeding Saviour
Is now proclaimed to sinners,
To set the guilty free;
And while the glorious message
Was circulating round
Some souls, exposed to ruin,
Redeeming love have found.

3 And of that favored number
I hope that I am one;
And Christ, I trust, will finish
The work he has begun;
He'll perfect it in righteousness,
And I shall ever be
A monument of mercy
To all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert
Who lately did enlist;
A soldier under Jesus,
My Prophet, King, and Priest;
I have received my bounty,
Likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favor,
A robe of righteousness.

5 Now down into the water
Will we young converts go;
There went our Lord and Master,
When he was here below;
We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of the Saviour
When he lay in the grave.

6 Poor sinners, think what Jesus
Has done for you and me;
Behold his mangled body hung
Tortured on the tree;
His hands, His feet, His bleeding side
To you he doth display;
O! tell me, brother sinner,
How can you stay away.

7 Come, all ye dear brethren,
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Who for the sake of Jesus
Have counted all things dross;
Come, pray for us young converts,
That we may travel on
And meet you all in glory
Where our Redeemer's gone.

Ps. 7 8 11 –

47. P. M.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot:
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear;
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A dwelling in the skies.

3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies
And claim my heav'nly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O! my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

J. Wesley

48. L. M.

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

2 How sweet the hours have passed away
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loth we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face;
O! could I stay with friends so kind,
How it would cheer my drooping mind;
But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.

3 And since it is God's holy will
We must be parted for awhile,
In sweet submission all are one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done;
My youthful friends in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore
Where parting will be known no more.

4 How oft I've seen your flowing tears
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;

Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again;
Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O! trust his grace—in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

5 And now my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O! may we meet on Canaan's shore;
I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

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

49.

1 YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connection, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee
Can I, can I say farewell?

Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days, and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well;
Far away ye billows bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell;
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountain let me tell
How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell;
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on the restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my breast with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell;
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.

50.

1 HAIL! ye sighing sons of sorrow!
Learn with me your certain doom;
Learn with me your fate to-morrow,
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb;
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent, all things seem to mourn,

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Life from vegetation flying,
Calls to mind the mould'ring vine.

2 Lo! in yonder forest standing
Lofty cedars, how they nod;
Scenes of nature, how surprising,
Read in nature nature's God;
While the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So our friends are yearly dropping;
We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me roll,
While I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes;
What to me is autumn's treasure,
Since I know no earthly joy?
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure;
Time will health and youth destroy.

4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
Just to cheer a troubled mind;
Now they're gone, like leaves of autumn,
Driven before the dreary wind;
When a few more days are wasted,
And a few more days are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall rise to fall no more.

5 Fast my sun of life's declining,
Soon 'twill set in endless night;
But my hopes, pure and reviving,
Rise to fairer worlds of light.
Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,
Death shall burst this sullen gloom,
Then my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

51. C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There, everlasting spring abides
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

52. C. M.

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent, thy end is nigh;
Death at the farthest can't be far,
O, think, before you 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 down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But oh! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb!

53. P. M.

1 DEAR friends, farewell, I do you tell,
Since you and I must part;
I go away, and here you stay,
But still we're joined in heart.
Your love to me has been most free,
Your conversation sweet;
How can I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet.

2 Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below;
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready then to go;
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms;
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harm.

3 I trust you'll pray both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me that we may be
The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done;
I hope the Lord will you reward
With an immortal crown.

4 If I'm call'd home before, whilst I am gone
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my king
To all eternity.

Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose;
While beauty, bright unto my sight,
The sacred sweets disclose.

5 I long to go, then farewell woe,
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heavenly feast.
O, may we meet and be complete
And long together dwell;
And serve the Lord with one accord,
And so, dear friends, farewell.

54. P. M.

1 PRAY, fathers pray, the heavens are a shining,
Pray, fathers pray, the Lord is drawing nigh;

Chorus.—A few more days of sorrow,
And the Lord will call us home
To walk the golden streets
Of the new Jerusalem.

2 Pray, mothers, pray, the heavens are a shining,
Pray, mothers, pray, the Lord is drawing nigh.

3 Pray, brothers, pray, the heavens are a shining,
Pray, brothers, pray, the Lord is drawing nigh.

4 Pray, sisters, pray, the heavens are a shining,
Pray, sisters, pray, the Lord is drawing nigh.

5 Pray, children, pray, the heavens are a shining,
Pray, children, pray, the Lord is drawing nigh.

6 Pray, mourners, pray, the heavens are a shining,
Pray, mourners, pray, the Lord is drawing nigh.

7 Pray, preachers, pray, the heavens are a shining,
Pray, preachers, pray, the Lord is drawing nigh.

8 Pray, Christians, pray, the heavens are a shining,
Pray, Christians, pray, the Lord is drawing nigh.

55. P. M.

1 THE old Israelites knew what it was they must do
If their Canaan they ever possessed;
That they must keep in sight that pillar of light
Which then led to the promised rest;
That their camps on the road were not their abode,
But as oft as the trumpet should blow,
Then all glad of chance for a further advance,
They must take up their burthen and go.

2 I am thankful indeed for the heavenly lead
Which before me hath hitherto gone;
For the pillar of love, which onward doth move,
And which gathers our souls into one;
While the Israelites' throng is advancing along,
And in closer communion they flow,
Now all that would stand on the promised land
Must take up their crosses and go.

3 When the way is all new as it opens to view,
And behind is a foaming red sea;
So that none need to speak of their onions and leeks,
Or talk about melons to me;
I'm engaged in pursuit and must have the good fruit
Which in Canaan's rich valley does grow;
Altho' millions of foes should rise and oppose
I will take up my cross and will go.

4 While seated around in the wilderness ground,
With good manna, awhile we've been fed,
But this won't always do, we must rise and go through,
And must have that rich treasure of bread;
Now the morning doth dawn for the camps to move on,
And the priests with their trumpets do blow;
At the sound of the trump I am ready to jump,
And for one I'm determined to go.

5 Although some in the rear preach terror and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet;
And the giants before with great fury doth roar,
I am bound for to never retreat.
We are little, 'tis true, and our members but few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall;
But while I see a track, I will never look back,
But go on, at the risk of my all.

6 Since loss is my gain, I will never complain,
But as long as I'm able to crawl,
With the resolute few, I will rise and go through,
And will suffer the loss of my all.
All my honor and wealth, my pleasure and health,
I am willing should now be at stake;
And if Christ I obtain, I shall think it great gain
For the sacrifice which I do make.

56. P. M.

1 DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If on Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious.

Jesus now is passing by,
Calls the mourner to him;
He has died for you and I;
Now look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs a healing fountain;
See the consolation tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
See the living waters move
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love
Or to perish trying.

3 Grace's store is always free
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden.
Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

4 Now methinks I hear one say,
I will go unto him;
If he takes my sins away
Surely I shall love him.
Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.

5 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
O, the wondrous story;
I was lost, but now I'm found,
Glory—glory—glory.

Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him ;
Mourners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.

57. P. M.

1 THROUGH all the world below
God is seen all around ;
Search hill and valley through,
There he's found.
The growing of the corn,
The lily and the thorn,
The pleasant and forlorn,
All declare God is there ;
In the meadows dress'd in green
There he's seen.

2 See springs of water rise,
Fountains flow, rivers run ;
The mist below the skies
Hides the sun ;
Then down the rain doth pour,
The ocean, it doth roar
And dash against the shore ;
All to praise in their lays
That God that ne'er declines
His designs.

3 The sun to my surprise
Speaks of God as he flies ;
The comets in their blaze
Give him praise.
The shining of the stars,
The moon as it appears
His sacred name declares.
See them shine all divine ;
The shades in silence prove
God's above.

4 Then let my station be
Here on earth, as I see
The sacred One in Three
All agree.
Through all the world is made
The forest and the glade;
Nor let me be afraid
Though I dwell on the hill,
Since nature's works declare
God is there.

58. P. M.

1 WHILE sorrows encompass me round
And endless distresses I see,
Astonish'd I cry, can a mortal be found
That's surrounded with troubles like me?

2 Few hours of peace I enjoy,
And these are succeeded by pain:
If a moment of praising my God I employ,
I have hours and days to complain.

3 O! when shall my sorrows subside,
O! when shall my suffering cease!
O! when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed,
To the mansions of glory and peace!

4 May I be prepared for that day
When Jesus shall bid me remove;
And fill'd with his powers, go shouting away
To the arms of my heavenly love.

5 The spirit to glory convey'd,
My body laid low in the ground,
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed,
But let all join in praising around.

6 No sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus has called me home;
But singing and praising, let each brother say,
He has gone from the evil to come.

7 If souls there immortal can know
Or visit their brethren beneath;
Perhaps I may join you, while singing you go,
After laying my corpse in the earth.

8 Immers'd in the ocean of love,
I then like an angel shall sing,
Till Christ shall descend, with a shout from above,
And make all creation to ring.

9 Our slumbering bodies obey
And swifter than thoughts shall arise,
And changed in a moment go shouting away
To mansions of love in the skies.

59. L. M.

1 YOUNG people, all attention give,
While I address you in God's name;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come, hear the counsel of a friend.

2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And rang'd the luring scenes of vice!
But never knew substantial joys
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

3 He spoke at once, my sins forgiv'n,
And wash d my load of guilt away!
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.

4 And now with trembling sense I view,
The billows roll below your feet;
For death eternal waits for you
Who slight the face of gospel truth.

5 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon
And leave you ever in the dark.

6 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth and winding sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

7 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed;
Where silence reigns and vapors roll
In solemn darkness round your bed.

8 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slowly on,
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

9 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar;
And roll amid the l ıring flames
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.

10 Still sunk in shades of endless night
To groan and howl in ceaseless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never raised again.

11 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life in Christ to choose.

12 Come lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God!
But with the gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

60. P. M.

1 HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour 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 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain!

I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

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

61. P. M.

1 THIS world explor'd, from pole to pole,
Is like a baseless vision;
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are vain and poor;
There's nothing rich but heaven.

2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given;
All wavering time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade;
There's nothing calm but heaven,

3 Empires decay and nations die,
Swift hope to us is given;
The vernal flowers in ruin lie,
Death reigns on all below the sky;
There's nothing true but heaven.

4 Creation melts—this fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven;
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Destruction reach this earthly ball;
There's nothing firm but heaven.

5 A traveling pilgrim, here I am,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This world is all a lonely tomb,
I have no home but heaven.

6 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears,
Roll on my sun, fly swift my years,
I'm on my way to heaven.

7 Should wars, tumults and planets broil,
Like Ætna's burning lava;
Should sin and death and sorrow weep,
Like tempests o'er the howling deep,
I'll not be long from heaven.

62. P. M.

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;

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—flows along.

63. C. M.

1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before mine eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd to those rivers fly;
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind,
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main
And leave the world behind.

2 While I'm imprison'd here below,
In anguish, pain and smart;
Ofttimes those troubles I forego,
When love surrounds my heart:

In darkest shadows of the night
Faith mounts the upper sky;
I then behold my heart's delight,
And would rejoice to die.

3 I view the monster Death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I will in triumph sing:
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.

4 A few more days or years at most
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.
My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea—
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is now transporting me.

5 O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me through the sky;
Nor let the chariot wheels delay—
Make haste and bring it nigh!
I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine—
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.

6 Then I will tune my harp of gold
To my eternal King;
Through ages that can ne'er be told
I'll make his praises ring;
All hail thou great eternal God,
Who died on Calvary

To save me with thy precious blood
From endless misery!

7 Ten thousand thousand join in one
To praise the eternal Three,
Prostrate before the blazing throne
In deep humility:
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And string the immortal lyre;
And ages that can ne'er be told
Shall raise their praises higher.

64. L. M.

1 O GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
The sins which hath thy body torn;
Give me with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that wondrous sight!
O, that with Salem's daughters I
Could stand and see my Saviour die.

3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die!
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 Father of mercies, drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son,
And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus or I die.

5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wouldst ease me of my guilt;
Good Lord! in mercy hear my cry,
And give me Jesus or I die!

6 O save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell;
O might I enter now, I'm come,
Lord Jesus, save me or I'm gone.

65. C. M.

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

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

3 Firm as his throne his promise is,
And he will keep secure
The soul that on his strength relies
Till the decisive hour.

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

66. P. M.

1 I CAME to the place where the white pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by the tomb,
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone.

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

3 The cause of my Master compelled me from
home;
I bade my companion farewell;
I left my dear children that for me now mourn,
In a far distant region to dwell.

4 I wandered in exile, and far from my home
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the gospel endeavor'd to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

5 And when among strangers, and far from my
home,
No kindred relations were nigh,
I met the contagion and sunk to the tomb!
My spirit to mansions did fly.

6 Go, tell my companion, my children most dear,
To weep not for me, though I'm gone;
The same hand that led me through seas dark
and drear
Has kindly assisted me home.

67. P. M.

1 HOW happy is the man
That has chosen wisdom's ways,
And has measured out his span
To his God in prayer and praise.
His God and his Bible is all that he desires,
And to holiness of heart
He continually aspires.

2 When he rises in the morning,
With the Lord he tunes his lays;
He offers up a tribute
To his God in prayer and praise;

And then to his labor he cheerfully repairs,
With confidence believing
That God will hear his prayers.

3 What ever he engages in,
At home or abroad,
His object is to honor
And glorify his God.
With joy he hails the morning
That rolls the Sabbath round;
And in the courts of worship
He's ever to be found.

4 In poverty he's happy,
For he knows he has a friend
That never will forsake him
Though this world should have an end.
And thus we read his history
Through life from day to day;
Religion is no mystery to him
When on his way.

5 And when on his pillow
He lies down to die,
He is happy, for he knows
That his Saviour is nigh;
And when his labor's ended,
His soul on wings of love
Flies away to realms of glory
To reign with Christ above.

68. P. M.

1 THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love!

An everlasting temple,
And saints array'd in white;
They serve their great Redeemer,
They dwell with him in light.

2 This is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there;
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care.
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new;
They praise the eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too

3 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun,
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted
In God-like majesty?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

4 Is this the man of sorrows
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemn'd by haughty Herod
And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoil'd the powers below,
And ransom'd many captives
From everlasting woe.

5 The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace,
The patriarchs and prophets
And all the Godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way,

They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

6 Now with a holy transport
They tell their suff'ring o'er,
Their tears and their temptations
And all the pains they bore;
They turn and bow to Jesus,
Who gained their liberty,
Amid our fiercest dangers
Our lives are hid in Thee.

69. L. M.

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

2 O hope of glory, Jesus come,
And make my heart thy constant home;
For the small remnant of my days
I want to sing and shout thy praise!
O give me, Lord, a heart to pray
And live rejoicing every day,
To give thee thanks in everything
And sing and shout and shout and sing.

3 When on my dying bed I lay,
Lord give me strength to shout and pray,
And praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my voice is lost in death;
Then brethren, sisters, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb,

And as you march in solemn road,
Loud sing, and shout the praise of God.

4 Then you below and I above,
We'll shout and praise the God we love;
Until the great tremendous day
When Gabriel's trump shall wake our clay;
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout! O death where is thy sting?
O grave where is thy victory?
We'll shout to all eternity.

5 Our race is run, we've gained the prize,
Then shall the sov'reign of the skies.
With smiles unto his children, say,
Come reign with me in endless day.
Then, on that happy shore,
We'll shout and sing our suff'rings o'er;
We'll sing and shout and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

70. P. M.

1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love;
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

2 O why should I wander an alien from Thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see
And smile at the tears I have shed.

Ye daughters of Zion declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.

3 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are like grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheek, in the beauty of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

4 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath,
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eyelids and scatters delight
Thro' all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.
He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

71. L. M.

1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

Come saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man;
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb!
In vain the tomb forbids his rise,
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 spoiled the host of hell,
And led the monster death in chains;
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, where's thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting grave?

72. C. M.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

73. C. M.

1 THE time is swiftly rolling on
When I must faint and die;
My body to the dust return
And there forgotten lie.

2 Let persecution rage around,
And anti-Christ appear!
My silent dust beneath the ground;
There's no disturbance there.

3 Through heats and colds I've often went,
And wandered in despair;
To call poor sinners to repent,
And seek the Saviour dear.

4 My brother preachers boldly speak,
And stand on Zion's wall;
T' revive the strong, confirm the weak,
And after sinners call.

5 My brother preachers, fare you well,
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more I shall you see,
But soon we'll meet above.

6 My little children, near my heart,
And nature seems to bind;
It grieves me sorely to depart
And leave you all behind.

7 O Lord, a Father to them be,
And keep them from all harm;
That they may love and worship Thee
And dwell upon thy charms.

8 My loving wife, my bosom friend,
Neither lament nor mourn;
For I shall with my Jesus be
When you are left alone.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

92. P. M.

1 YE lovers of pleasure who slight this salvation,
As tormented Dives for his brothers did pray,
Attend for a moment to my lamentation,
Attend, and take warning, and turn while you may.
While Christ stands without and his arms are extending,
Arise from your slumbers your danger to see;
While perfumes from his garments around are descending,
Arise, lest too late you repent it like me.

2 I've long made excuses of cares and vain pleasures,
Too young or too old, or too rich or too poor;
So fond of my dreaming I ne'er could find leisure
To arise from my slumbers and open the door.
But when I awoke and arose to receive him,
I found that my Saviour was fled,—he had gone.
To think of his patience and how I had grieved him,
All my days of affliction his absence I'll mourn.

3 Now Sina's loud trumpet sounds louder and louder,
Its lightnings doth flash and its thunders doth roar;
Now Moses stands forward to plead in my favor,
Unto Christ I'm ashamed to look up any more.

But oh! if his mercy at length would receive me,
Like Mary, I'd weep out my life at his feet;
No hardships or poverty ever would grieve me,
I would die with my Jesus, and death would be
sweet.

4 With my face to the ground, till my heart plead
for mercy,
As long as I live for his mercy I'll pray;
I know I deserve that he never should hear me,
For when he did call I so long did delay.
Come, seek for salvation while Jesus is waiting,
If ever his pardoning mercy I prove;
My tongue shall be praising, his goodness re-
lating,
Till I meet you in glory with Jesus above.

93. P. M.

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

2 Oh, young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

9 How often you have look'd for me,
And ofttimes seen me come;
But now I must depart from thee,
And never more return.

10 Though I can never come to thee
Let not this grieve your heart;
For you will shortly come to me
Where we shall never part.

74. L. M.

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?

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 Oh! 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 judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breast,
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.

75. C. M.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights;

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun.
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

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

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I d break through every foe;
Thy wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

76. P. M.

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 hath fled?

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

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

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

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall these temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

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

77. P. M.

1 HAIL the blest morn! see the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer was laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops were shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield to him costly devotion,
Odors from Eden, and offerings divine?
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Low at his feet we in humble prostration
Loose all our sorrows and troubles and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

6 He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
Faithful supporter whose love cannot fail;
Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation,
Light to direct us through life's gloomy vale.

7 Star of the morning, thy brightness declining;
Shortly must fade when the sun doth arise;
Beaming, refulgent, his glory eternal
Shines on the children of love in the skies.

78. P. M.

1 HARK! the jubilee is sounding,
O the joyful news is come;
Free salvation is proclaiming
In and through God's only Son.
Now we have an invitation
To the meek and lowly Lamb;

Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

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

3 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore;
May his boundless love constrain us
His great mercy to adore.
O, then, let us join together
Crowns of glory to obtain;
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

79. P. M.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus, ready, stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh;
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

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

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

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!
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

80. P. M.

1 COME, poor sinners, Christ invites you
To partake his offer'd grace;
Let his gospel now constrain you,
Leave your sins and seek his face;
While the gospel trumpet's sounding
Every land and nation hear
All that sin, the tyrant's wounded,
Now's the time for to prepare.

2 But you will reject the offers,
Jesus calls, you will not hear;
Riches, glory, life he proffers,
But you will not lend your ear.
Soon you'll hear the trumpet sounding,
Saying time shall be no more;
Then you'll hear and be confounded,
And in vain God's help implore.

3 The earth a rolling, quaking, rumbling,
The moon will then be turned to blood;
The sun be darkened, stars a tumbling,
Vengeance pouring like a flood;
The skies a melting, blazing, thund'ring
On this frightened world below;
O! my friends, it will be shocking
To all who do not Jesus know.

4 Arise, arise and come to judgment,
All ye nations under ground.
Sinners, you must hear the trumpet,
And from all your graves rebound.
All the world, both dead and living,
Must come up to hear their doom;
Some a howling, some a shouting,
As they do to judgment come.

5 Hear poor sinners' teeth a gnashing,
See their faces turning dark;
Vengeance in their eyes a flashing,
All their sins upon their hearts.
Then you'll call to mind the offers
They have had to turn and live;
Yes, ye gospel-slighting scoffers,
This will then fresh torment give.

6 Hear the sentence, go ye cursed,
You will not my counsel take;
When I called, you refused;
Away to yonder burning lake!
Wives and husbands then be parted,
Some to heaven and some to hell;
Parents, children, servants, masters,
Then must take their last farewell.

7 But come, ye saints of every nation,
Joyfully my cross you bore;
You have come through tribulation,
All your sufferings now are o'er.
Come, and bathe in seas of pleasure,
Crowns of glory I will give;
You did here lay up your treasure,
While a pilgrim you did live.

81. P. M.

1 THE people called Christians,
How many things they tell!
About the land of Canaan
Where saints and angels dwell;
But here a dismal ocean
Encloses them around
With its tides still divides them
From Canaan's happy ground.

2 Many have been impatient
To work their passage through;
And with united wisdom
Have tried what they could do!
But vessels built by human skill,
Have never sailed far
Till we found them aground
On some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The everlasting gospel
Has launch'd the deep at last,
Behold the sails expanded
Around the towering mast;
Along the deck in order,
The joyful sailors stand,
Crying:—ho!—here we go
To Immanuel's happy land.

4 We're now on the bright ocean,
We bid the world farewell:
And though where we shall anchor
No human tongue can tell;
About our future destiny
There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide
With our captain and his mate.

5 To those who are spectators,
What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
Bid them a long adieu.
The pleasures of your paradise
No more our hearts invite;
We will sail—you may rail,
We shall soon be out of sight.

6 The passengers united
In order, peace and love;

The wind is in our favor,
How swiftly do we move;
Though tempests may assail us,
And raging billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.

82. C. M.

1 COME let us sing our parting tune,
With cheerful notes we'll raise.
And if I ne'er see you no more,
May you give God the praise.

2 We're all poor sinners we confess,
And always so have been;
May God have mercy on us all
And keep us safe from sin.

3 Now let us sing our parting verse,
Farewell to all my friends;
This is a time for parting too,
For now our school must end.

4 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share;
He now is fitting up your home,
Go on, we'll meet you there.

83. P. M.

1 I AM a great complainer,
That bears the name of Christ;
Come, all you Zion mourners,
And listen to my cries:
I've many sore temptations
And sorrows to my soul;
I feel my faith declining
And my affections cold.

2 O Lord of life and glory,
My sins to me reveal!
And by thy love and power
My sin-sick soul be heal'd.
I thought my warfare over,
No trouble I should see;
But now I'm like the lonely dove,
Mourns on the waving tree.

4 I wish it was with me now
As in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus
Was flowing in my soul;
But now I am distressed
And no relief can find,
With a hard, deceitful heart,
And a wretched, wandering mind.

4 I read that peace and happiness
Meet Christians in their way,
That bear the cross with meekness
And don't neglect to pray.
But I, a thousand objects
Beset me in my way,
So I am fill'd with folly,
And thus neglect to pray.

84. L. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour at the door,
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill!

2 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
When at his door denied you'll stand.

3 Open my heart! Lord, enter in!
Slay every foe, and conquer sin!
I now to thee my all resign,
My body, soul, shall all be thine.

85. L. M.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the time that God had hath giv n,
T' escape from sin and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust shall lie;
They'll have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

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

5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
Oh, may we all improve the grace
And see with joy thy loving face.

86. L. M.

1 A MOURNING class, a vacant seat,
Tell us that one we loved to meet
Will join our youthful throng no more,
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

2 No more that voice we loved to hear
Shall fill his teacher's list'ning ear;
No more its tones shall join to swell
The songs that of a Saviour tell.

3 That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
And sprightly form must buried lie,
Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
The rayless light that fills the tomb.

4 And we live on, but none can say
How near or distant is the day
When death's unwelcome hand shall come
To lay us in our narrow home.

5 God tells us by this mournful death
How vain and fleeting is our breath,
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of his judgment seat.

87. L. M.

1 WHEN Christians pray the devil runs
And leaves the field to Zion's sons;
One single saint will put to flight
Ten thousand blust'ring sons of night.

2 When Israel came to Jericho,
Began to pray, to shout and blow,
The tow'ring walls came tumbling down
Like thunder flat upon the ground.

3 See Gideon marching out to fight,
And had no weapon but his light;
He took his pitcher and his lamp
And storm'd with ease the Midian camp.

4 The Hebrews in the dreadful flame
Found Zion's king was still the same;
Young David's weapon was but dull,
Yet broke Goliah's brazen skull.

5 Saint Paul and Silas, bound in jail,
Would sing and pray in spite of hell;
They made the prison loudly ring,
Although opposed by hell's dark king

6 Behold what giants, great and tall,
And lambs of Christ, but few and small;
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
He'll help me fight unto the end.

7 The devil soon will shout his last,
Our fighting then will soon be past,
And we shall lay our armor by
And sing with angels through the sky.

8 Our God, who conquers death and sin,
Will smile and say, our sons come in;
You've fought through many battles sore,
But now you'll reign for evermore.

9 All glory, glory to the Lamb;
Throughout my soul I feel the flame;
O had I wings like Noah's dove,
I soon would shout with those above.

88. S. M.

1 WE meet for evening prayer,
Lord give us life divine;
Let every tongue thy praise declare,
And all our hearts be thine.

2 Hark! the sweet anthems rise
Where Pagan altars stand;
The swelling chorus mounts the skies
From every Pagan land.

3 While glad hosannas ring,
From desert, rock and sea,
The heathen tribes their children bring
And give them, Lord, to thee.

89. P. M.

1 I WOULD not live alway, I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheers.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway, no welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

90. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee;
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views to human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence.

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu!
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

91. S. M.

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,
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, oh my soul!
He shed those tears for me.

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

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

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

6 O their crowns, how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore.
They are gone to richer pastures,
Jesus is their shepherd there.
Hail ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear;
Grief or sorrow, pain or anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

94. P. M.

1 THERE is a land of pleasure
Where streams of joy forever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me
A light has shone upon my way.

2 My way is full of danger,
But it's the path that leads to God;
Then like a valiant soldier
I'll dauntless keep the happy road.
Now I must gird my sword on,
My helmet, breast-plate, and my shield
And fight the hosts of Satan
Until I gain that heavenly field.

3 I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand;
Oh, come along, dear sinner,
And see that happy—happy land!
To all that stay behind me
I bid adieu,—a long farewell;
Oh, come! or you'll repent it
When you do reach the gates of hell.

4 The vale of tears surround me,
And Jordan's current rolls before;
O how I stand and tremble
To hear the dismal waters roar.
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there?
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair?

5 The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave;
If Jesus will stand by me
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's waves.
His word has calmed the ocean,
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale;
O may this friend be with me
When through the gates of death I sail.

6 Then come, thou king of terror,
And with thy weapons lay me low;
I soon shall reach that region
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
Now Christians, I must leave you
A few more days to suffer here;
Thro' grace I soon shall meet you,
My soul exults—I'm almost there.

7 Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole;
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll.
Then I shall see my Saviour
With shining ranks of angels come
To execute his vengeance
And take his ransom'd people home.

95. L. M.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 Deny thyself, take up thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain fair Canaan's land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the way of God no more,
Shall not inherit with the saints,
But makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Renew my heart by sovereign power;
No hypocrites thy favor gain;
Apostates fall to rise no more.

96. P. M.

1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day.

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

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

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

5 What though my shrinking heart complain
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail
I shall with the God man prevail.

97. L. M.

1 OH for a glance of heavenly day
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

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

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

4 Thy judgments too, unmoved I hear;
Amazing thought, which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something else can do the deed,
And that blest something much I need;
Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And melt, and change this heart of mine.

98. C. M.

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

2 To keep the feast, Lord we have met,
And to remember thee;
Help each poor trembler to repent;
For me, he died for me.

3. These sacred signs, thy suff'rings Lord.
To our remembrance bring;
We eat and drink around thy board,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee;
To sing hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me.

99. P. M.

1 AWAY from his home and the friends of his youth
He hasted, a herald of mercy and truth;
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost,
Soon alas! was the fall, but he died at his post.

2 The stranger I wept that in life's brightest gloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For with order he led in the van of the host,
He fell like a soldier, he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself, when his warfare was done,
His battle was fought and the victory won;
But he whispered of those that his heart clung to most,
Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post.

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptur'd with verse,
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he ask'd as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall, for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his master, in glory to dwell;
He has pass'd o'er the stream, he has reach'd the bright coast;
He fell like a martyr, he died at his post.

6 Oh could we the words of his exit forget?
Oh no! they are fresh in our memory yet;
An example so brilliant could never be lost:
We will fall in the work, we will die at our post.

100. P. M.

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

CHORUS.

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, &c.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false-glowing charms;
'Tis Jesus 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, &c.

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, &c.

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, &c.

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

101. P. M.

1 WHEN for th' eternal world I steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear;
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise;
My soul with joy, then claps her wings,
And loud that heavenly sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu!

2 Now every needful means she tries
To force her passage to the skies;
Truth's navigation says you'll find,
The world is left so far behind.
My soul, for joy, then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

3 With cheerful hope, her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The tree of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream,
My soul, for joy, she spreads her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm almost home.

4 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady course and well-trimm'd sail
Her anchor drops within the vale.
With holy joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

102. S. M.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore:

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing till we hear Christ say,
"Your sins are all forgiven;"
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
Till we all sing in heaven.

103. P. M.

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign forever,
God of love and Prince of peace.
Visit now poor bleeding Zion;
Hear the people mourn and weep;

Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas, none agree;
Jesus let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee.
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap:
Undismayed by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On the gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,
O good Shepherd, feed thy sheep!

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here:
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near;
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5 Here's the Prince of your salvation,
Saying, fear not little flock;
I myself am your foundation,
You are built upon the rock,
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Scale the mount although it's steep;
Look to me and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep.

104. P. M.

1 COME, friends and relations, let's join heart and hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
Come let's join together and follow the sound.
And march to the place where redemption is found.

2 The place it is hidden, the place it is seal'd,
The place it is hidden till it is reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and woe.

3 That place it is hidden by reason of sin;
Alas! you can't see the sad state you are in;
You're blind and polluted, in prison and pain,
O how can such rebels redemption obtain!

4 But if you are wounded and bruised by the fall,
Then up and being doing, for you he doth call;
And if you are tempted to doubt and despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.

5 And you, my dear brethren, that love my dear Lord,
Have witness for pardon, through faith in his blood;
Let patience attend you wherever you go,
Your Saviour has purchased redemption for you.

105. P. M.

1 WHAT sorrowful sounds do I hear
Move slowly along in the gale;
How solemn they fall on my ear,
As softly they pass though the vale.

Sweet Corydon's notes are all o'er,
Now lonely he sleeps in the clay,
His cheeks bloom with roses no more,
Since death call'd his spirit away.

2 Sweet woodbines will rise round his feet,
And willows their sorrowing wave;
Young hyacinths freshen and bloom,
While hawthorns encircle his grave.
Each morn when the sun gilds the east,
(The green grass bespangled with dew,)
He'll cast his bright beams on the west,
To charm the sad Caroline's view.

3 O Corydon! hear the sad cries
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;
O spirit! look down from the skies,
And pity thy mourner below.
'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,
Which Philomel hears on the plain,
Then striving the mourner to soothe,
With sympathy joins in her strain.

4 Ye shepherds so blithesome and young,
Retire from your sports on the green,
Since Corydon's deaf to my song,
The wolves tear the lambs on the plain.
Each swain round the forest will stray,
And sorrowing hang down his head,
His pipe then in symphony play
Some dirge to sweet Corydon's shade.

5 And when the still night has unfurl'd
Her robes o'er the hamlet around,
Gray twilight retires from the world,
And darkness encumbers the ground.
I'll leave my own gloomy abode,
To Corydon's urn will I fly;
There kneeling will bless the just God,
Who dwells in bright mansions on high.

6 Since Corydon hears me no more,
In gloom let the woodlands appear,
Ye oceans be still of your roar,
Let Autumn extend round the year.
I'll hie me through meadow and lawn,
There cull the bright flow'rets of May,
Then rise on the wings of the morn,
And waft my young spirit away.

106. P. M.

1 COME, all ye mourning pilgrims dear,
Who're bound for Canaan's land,
Take courage, and fight valiantly,
Stand fast with sword in hand;
Our Captain's gone before us,
Our Father's only son;
Then pilgrims, dear, pray do not fear,
But let us follow on.

2 We have a howling wilderness
To Canaan's happy shore,
A land of dearth and pits and snares,
Where chilling winds do roar.
But Jesus will be with us,
And guard us by the way;
Though enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.

3 The pleasant fields of paradise,
So glorious to behold,
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains paved with gold;
The trees of life with heav'nly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand!
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
Away to Canaan's happy land.

4 Sweet rivers of salvation all
Through Canaan's land do roll,
The beams of day bring glitt'ring scenes,
Illuminate my soul;
There's pond'rous clouds of glory,
All set in diamonds bright;
And there's my smiling Jesus,
Who is my heart's delight.

5 Already to my raptur'd sight,
The blissful fields arise,
And plenty spreads her smiling stores
Inviting to my eyes.
O sweet abode of endless rest,
I soon shall travel there,
Nor earth, nor all her empty joys,
Shall long detain me here.

6 Come all you pilgrim travellers,
Fresh courage take by me;
Meantime I'll tell you how I came
This happy land to see.
Through faith, the glorious telescope,
I view'd the works above,
And God the Father reconcil'd,
Which fills my heart with love.

107. P. M.

1 O JESUS, my Saviour, I know thou art mine.
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best,
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

2 Thy spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy reliev'd me and bade me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals or angels would fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm raised to a rapture while praising his name,

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near,
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part,
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

5 My Jesus is precious—I cannot forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare;
His love overwhelms me, had I wings I'd fly
To praise him in mansions prepar'd in the sky.

6 Then millions of ages my soul would employ
In praising my Jesus, my love and my joy,
Without interruption, when all the glad throng
With pleasures unceasing unite in the song.

108. C. M.

1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!

2 But down to earth, alas, in vain,
We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upwards learn to rise.

3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray,
And guides us from the darksome tomb
To realms of endless day.

4 Jesus, who left his blest abode
(Amazing grace!) to die,
Mark'd, when he rose, the shining road
To his bright courts on high.

5 To those bright courts, when hope ascends,
The tears forget to flow;
Hope views our absent happy friends,
And claims the swelling woe.

6 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies,
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

109. C. M.

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

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful pow'r—I too, must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

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

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey,
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hope ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

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

110. C. M.

1 SPIRIT of holiness and love,
Thy light and truth impart;
The bar of unbelief remove
And enter every heart.

2 Shower down thy blessings from on high
And write thy law within;
The blood of sprinkling now apply
And make an end of sin.

111. L. M.

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform;
And guide and guard me thro' the storm,
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

112. P. M.

1 I HAD a little cousin once,
His name was Harry Lee:
And through the long bright summer days
We played so merrily.

2 At night he'd say his prayers
Beside his mother's knee;
For never lived a better boy
Than little Harry Lee.

3 But autumn came, and every leaf
Grew yellow on the tree;
And through the naked branches swept
The wind so drearily.

4 And then, alas! no cousin came
To gather flowers for me;
And every day I spent some time
To look for Harry Lee.

5 And through the wintry day I'd look,
But no Harry could I see;
An echo, when I call'd his name,
Would answer Harry Lee.

6 At last beside the very brook
Where he had played with me,
I found a little grassy grave
Where rested Harry Lee.

7 Upon the green and lowly grave
My tears were falling free,
When from the sky I seem'd to hear
The voice of Harry Lee,

8 Saying, in his arms for ever more,
Safe sheltered I shall be;
He loves me more than tongue can tell,
My long lost Harry Lee.

9 I knew that to the Saviour's breast
The weary dove might flee;
For Jesus in the Scriptures said,
Let children come to me.

113. P. M.

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

2 Farewell, in bonds and union dear,
Like cords you twine about my heart;
I humbly beg your fervent prayer
Till we do meet no more to part;
Till we do meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

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

4 Farewell to all below the sun,
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight, my feet shall run
And God shall keep me as I go.
My God shall keep me in his hand
And bring me to the promised land.

5 Farewell, farewell, I look above,
Jesus my friend, to thee I call;
My joy and hope, my only love,
My safeguard and my heavenly love.
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My hope in death, my heavenly King.

114. C. M.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And soon are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust;
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up
And make my God my all.

115. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee.

2 Hark, how he groans while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid,
Receive my soul he cried;
See where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

116. L. M.

1 YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord your sovereign king;
Serve him, with cheerful voices raise,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God, 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there

5 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

117. L. M.

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

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

3. When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

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

118. L. M.

1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gives my soul a hiding place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high,
Despised the gospel of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrap'd in dark Egyptian night,
Fonder of darkness than of light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

4 But thus the eternal counsel ran:
Almighty love arrest the man;
I felt the arrows of distress
And found I had no hiding place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.

6 But lo, a heavenly voice I heard.
And mercy for my soul appear'd,
Which led me on a pleasing place,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

7 On him almighty vengeance fell,
Which might have sunk the world to hell;
He bore it for the sinful race,
And thus became a hiding place.

8 A few more rolling suns at most
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing a song of grace,
Safe in a glorious hiding place.

119. S. M.

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

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

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

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

120. L. M.

1 THE clock has struck, I cannot stay,
O let me rise and haste away;
I'll quit my bed and leave my home,
The hour of school at length is come.

I would be there when prayer begins
To seek the pardon of my sins;
I'd ask the favor of the Lord
And pray to understand his word.

3 O shall my teachers wait in vain,
While my neglect must give them pain?
No, let me rather strive to be
First of their little family.

4 These Sabbath days will soon be o'er
And I shall go to school no more;
I would not then endure the pain
Of having spent my time in vain.

121. S. M.

1 BEHOLD the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys
And banishes their fears.

5 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly,
The promis'd Infant born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie."

6 "With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ your King,"
And straight a flaming troop was seen—
The shepherds heard them sing.

122. L. M.

1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Teachers, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore,
And there released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

123. S. M.

1 WE now from school depart,
Grace in God's house to seek;
Be present, Lord, with every heart
There and throughout the week.

May Father, Spirit, Son,
Rule us in peace and love,
And when on earth thy will is done
Receive our souls above.

124. C. M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
He fixed this floating ball:
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Crown him ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesus' rod
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Hail him ye heirs of David's line
Whom David, Lord did call,
The God incarnate, man divine,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at his feet
And crown him Lord of all.

8. Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue
That hear the Saviour's call,
Now shout an universal song
And crown him Lord of all.

125. L. M.

1 OFT as the bell with solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd should I be call'd to die?

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I lov'd below
To God's tribunal I must go,
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate
And fix my everlasting state.

4 But could I bear to hear him say,
"Depart, accursed, far away!
With Satan in the lowest hell
Thou art forever doomed to dwell."

5 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood thy spirit give,
Subdue my sin and let me live.

6 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

7 Rather my spirit would rejoice
And long and wish to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven if thou art mine.

126. L. M.

1 IN vain the wealthy mortals toil
And heap their shining dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble poor
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.

3 The ling'ring, the unwilling soul
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewell
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the grave
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without distinction lie
Among the heaps of meaner bones.

127. C. M.

1 NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name
His ark was settled there;
And there th' assembled nation came
To worship thrice a year.

3 We trace no more those toilsome ways
Nor wander far abroad,
Where'er thy people meet for praise
There is a house for God.

128. S. M.

1 LET sinners take their course
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessings every noon
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4. Because they dwell at ease
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

129. L. M.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharoah's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay,
Those deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap.
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide,
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills,
And whence the dread that Sinai feels?

130. L. M.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep,

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

3 Great God whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

131. L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2 Come bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Draws us away from earth to heaven
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O may our prayers and praises rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 In holy duties may the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

132. P. M.

1 COME, my heart, and let us take
An evening walk becoming thee.
Whither do you suppose we shall take our course,
To Calvary or Gethsemane.

2 Calvary is a mountain high,
'Tis too difficult a task for me;
An evening sleep would suit my taste
Far better than Gethsemane.

3 It would not appear such a mountain high,
Nor difficult a task for thee,
If you lov'd the man that first laid the plan
Of climbing the mountain of Calvary.

4 Your gay companions ere long will not be
Poor blinded hearts, if they would see;
And if ever you stand on Canaan's happy land,
You must climb up the mountain Calvary.

5 There is no pleasuse as I can behold,
'Tis a melancholy way to me;
And I have heard them say there are lions in the way,
And the lark in the mountain Calvary.

6 O conscience, you are ever making a noise,
I cannot enjoy any peace for thee;
There is time enough yet, and the journey's not so great,
I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.

7 O hark, I hear a doleful sound,
You greatly should alarmed be;
Your blooming youth's gone and laid in the tomb
Who refused to climb up Calvary.

133. P. M.

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

2 Night unto night his name repeat;
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

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

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

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

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

134. C. M.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When on my guilty, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
Oh! give me strength, Lord, as my day,
And still remember me!

4 Distressed with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me.

5 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
I'll hail reproach and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

6 The hour is near, the hour of death,
I own the just decree;
And when I draw my parting breath,
Saviour, remember me!

135. S. M.

1 THE Sabbath of our Lord,
The Sabbath is our day;
For then we read and hear God's word,
We learn to praise and pray.

2 That day with songs we bless,
It hath the light of seven,
When Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
Shines on our path to heaven.

3 Ours is the Sabbath-school;
Its lessons may we prize,
And grow by every gospel rule
Unto salvation wise.

4 So all our lives below,
In wisdom's pleasant ways,
The fruit of Sabbath-schools will show
The bliss of Sabbath days.

5 Lord of the Sabbath! send
Prosperity and peace
Till tasks and teachings here shall end,
Tongues fail, and knowledge cease.

6 Till with thy saints above
We rise, in heaven to spend
A blest eternity of love,
A Sabbath without end.

136. S. M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

2 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

137. S. M.

1 THE night is past and gone,
The Sabbath sun I see;
Nor may I rise to see thy grace
Again renewed to me.

2 I humbly bow in prayer
And supplicate thy throne,
Forgiveness seek for follies past,
And all thy goodness own.

3 O condescend to hear
While I attempt to pray ;
And guard me safe from harm and sin
Through all this Sabbath day.

4 Let not my heart forget
Thy kindness and thy love ;
Who gav'st for us thy Son to die
That we might live above.

5 O let thy word of grace
My heart and mind employ ;
And in the Sabbath-school this day
May I its light enjoy.

6 Let all my days and nights,
As they revolve around,
Be spent in doing all thy will ;
Thus shall my peace abound.

138. L. M.

1 MY days on earth, how swift they run,
Another Sabbath's nearly gone ;
And who can tell but this may be
The only Sabbath I shall see.

2 Since I am not too young to die,
I would at once to Jesus fly ;
His precious blood for sinners spilt
Can wash away the foulest guilt.

3 I would his word of truth believe
That little children he'll receive ;
Their feeble prayer will not disdain,
Nor shall they seek his face in vain.

4 On this dear friend may I rely ;
Then should I soon be called to die
I need not fear, for death would be
A welcome messenger to me.

139. C. M.

1 COME let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
Our church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

3 How many to their endless home
This solemn moment fly!
And we are to the margin come
And we expect to die;
His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast
And reach that heavenly land.

140. C. M.

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

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

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

4 Look unto him, ye nations;
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone;
Be justified by grace.

141. C. M.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite and sing his praise.

3 These are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go
If found in wisdom's way.

142. L. M.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings
Under the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done,
That with the world, myself and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more active make
To serve my God when I awake.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

5 If wakeful in the night I lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And save me from the approach of ill.

7 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.

143. L. M.

1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes and friends,
And when we in thy house appear
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise thee in more lofty strains
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

144. C. M.

1 ISAAC was ransomed while he lay
Upon the altar bound;
Moses, an infant cast away,
Pharaoh's daughter found.

2 Joseph, by his false brethren sold,
God raised above them all;
To Hannah's child the Lord foretold
How Eli's house must fall.

3 David the bear and lion slew
And on Goliath trod;
Josiah from his boyhood knew
His Father, David's God.

4 Children are thus Jehovah's care,
Thus youth may seek his face;
Since his own Son he did not spare,
With him he gives all grace.

145. L. M.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened heart withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

146. L. M.

1 IN this lone hour of deep distress,
When heavy sorrows round me press,
Encouraged by thy gracious word,
I trust thee as the widow's God.

2 A husband lies in death's embrace,
The grave is now his resting place;
O as I pass beneath thy rod,
Reveal thyself the widow's God.

3 Assuage my grief, remove my fears,
Suppress my murmuring, dry my tears;
Help me to own thee as my Lord
And bless thee as the widow's God.

4 Be thou my counsellor and stay,
Protect by night and guide by day,
Then as I travel this rough road
I'll praise thee as the widow's God.

147. L. M.

1 SAY, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits number'd o'er;
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,
They are not lost—but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains which angels pour;
O, why should we in anguish weep,
They are not lost—but gone before.

4 On Jordan's bank whene'er we come
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus convey us safely home
To friends, not lost—but gone before.

148. L. M.

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 still 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.

149. C. M.

1 NOW condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng,
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.

2 Before thy sacred footstool see,
We bend in humble prayer,
A happy, loving family,
To ask thy tender care.

3 May we in safety sleep to-night
From every danger free,
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike to Thee.

4 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
Then smile upon this kindred band
And join our hearts in love.

150. L. M.

1 THE bosom where I oft have lain
And slept my infant hours away
Will never beat for me again—
My mother's dead—'tis senseless clay.

2 How many were the silent prayers
My mother offered up for me;
How many were the little cares
She felt when none but God could see.

3 But she is gone, and now in heaven
She sings his praise who died for her,
And to her hand a harp is given,
And she's a heavenly worshipper.

4 O let me choose the path she chose,
And her I soon again shall see,
Beyond this world of sin and woes,
With Jesus in eternity.

151. S. M.

1 AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay,
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

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

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love.
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

152. L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run,
Shake off dull sloth and early rise
To pay the morning sacrifice.

2 Awake and lift thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear my part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal king.

3 Glory to thee who safe has kept,
And has refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say.
That all my powers with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 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.

153. P.M.

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
Slumbering on the brink of woe;
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers and our mothers
And our children sinking down.
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door;
But they have betrayed their Saviour
And are worse than e'er before.

Yet the Saviour offers pardon
If they will lament their wound—
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

4 Sisters, will you join and help, like
Moses' sister helped him,
While you see the trembling sinners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found.
Pray on, sisters, and the manna
Will be shower'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new.
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.

154. P. M.

1 BEHOLD Paul, the pris'ner, at Felix's bar,
And from his example learn never to fear;
No doubt all assembled expected to see
The pris'ner stand trembling to hear the decree.

2 The scene is quite changed, how strange to behold
The judge seized with trembling, the pris'ner is bold—
'Twas no carnal reasoning nor majestic sound,
But God through the gospel his conscience did wound.

3 As Paul spake of Jesus, of faith in his name,
Of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come,
The words which discern e'en the thoughts of the heart
Addressed his conscience and pierced like a dart.

4 But Felix loved darkness, and hated the light,
His works were all evil, and dark as the night;
The culprit was anxious to flee from his pain,
He said when convenient I'll hear thee again.

5 We've not been informed that the time ever came
For Felix a knowledge of Christ to obtain.
To-day, says the Saviour, attend to my word,
Accept of salvation, believe in the Lord.

6 O sinners, proud sinners, in ruin's wide field,
The gospel of Jesus invites you to yield—
Be sure that repentance or death must prevail—
To-day is the season, to-morrow may fail.

7 O why will ye tarry till conscience is sear'd,
Or why by the tempter be further ensnared,
When Jesus invites you the crown to obtain—
Say not I to-morrow will hear thee again.

8 Dear sinners, don't linger, obey the sweet voice
Of Jesus, and in him believe and rejoice;
Choose him for your portion, resign all below,
Unite with his people, to glory you'll go.

155. P. M.

1 A STORY most lovely I'll tell
Of Jesus, O wondrous surprise—
He suffered the torments of hell
That sinners, vile sinners, might rise.

He left his exalted abode,
When man by transgression was lost—
Appeasing the wrath of a God,
He shed forth his blood as the cost.

2 O did my dear Saviour thus bleed
And pity a ruin'd, lost race;
O whence did such mercy proceed,
Such boundless compassion and grace:
His body bore anguish and pain,
His spirit most sunk with the load.
A short time before he was slain,
His sweat was great drops of blood.

3 O was it for crimes I had done,
The Saviour was hail'd with a kiss
By Judas, the traitor alone;
Was ever compassion like this?
The ruffians all join'd in a band,
Confin'd him, and led him away;
The cords wrapt around his sweet hands,
O sinners, look at him I pray.

4 To Pilate's stone pillar when led,
His body was lashed with whips;
It never by any was said
A railing word dropp'd from his lips.
They made him a crown out of thorns,
They smote him and did him abuse;
They cloth'd him with crimson and scorn,
And hail'd him the King of the Jews.

5 They loaded the Lamb with the cross,
And drove him up Calvary's hill;
Come mourners, a moment, and pause,
All nature look'd solemn and still.

They rushed the nails through his hands,
Transfixed and tortur'd his feet;
O brethren, see, passive he stands,
To look at the sight it is great.

6 He cried, my Father, my God,
Forsaken thou'st left me in pain;
The cross was all color'd with blood,
The temple-veil bursted in twain;
He groaned his last, and he died,
The sun it refused to shine;
They rushed the spear in his side,
This lovely Redeemer is mine.

7 He fought the hard battle, and won
The vict'ry, and gave it most free;
O Christians, look forward and run,
In hopes that his kingdom you'll see.
When he in the cloud shall appear,
With angels all at his command;
And thousands of Christians be there,
All singing with harps in a band.

156. P. M.

1 DO you think you'll enlist
In the holy war; O glory, hallelujah,
There is a call for volunteers, &c.

2 What ship is this
That shall take us all home;
O glory, &c.
Its the old ship of Zion, &c.

3 Do you think she'll be able
To take us all home, O glory, &c.
Yes, she is able and she's willing, &c.

4 She has landed many thousands,
And can land as many more, &c.
She will land them over Jordan, &c.

5 Methinks her sails are hoisted high, &c.
She is making for the harbor, &c.

6 Come along, come along,
And let us go home, O glory, &c.
Our home is over Jordan, &c.

7 If you get there before I do, O glory, &c.
Tell all my friends I'm coming too, &c.

157. C. M.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain forever barred?

4 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,
The lodging has possessed;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly guest.

5 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart
And keep out every sin.

158. P. M.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard' ning blood;
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shade prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 Then to his saints I've often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my bleeding heart is broke,
For all my joys are gone.

5 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

6 [My prayers are now an empty noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But does not reach my case.

7 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me thy mercy share.]

159. C. M.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
Alas what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power I know
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured,
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

5 No voice but thine can give me rest
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest
And satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish has this question stirred
"If I will also go?"
Yet Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer—no!

160. C. M.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so,
Awake my sluggish soul,
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
How they will toil and strive,
Yet we who have a heav'n to gain
How negligent we live!

3 We for whose sake all nature stands
And stars in courses move;
We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above!

4 We for whom God the Son came down
To labor for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we be indiff'rent still
And never act our parts;
Spirit Divine, oh come and fill
And purify our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upwards our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize.

161. C. M.

1 OH 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, how comfort dies
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what argument I'd take
To wrestle with my God,
I'd plead for my own mercy's sake
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

162. C. M.

1 OH for that tenderness of heart
That bows before the Lord,
That owns how good and just thou art
And trembles at thy word.

2 Oh for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt which trembling fears
The long suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give,
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive
And bid me go in peace.

4 Oh! fill my soul with faith and love
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

163.

1 A LITTLE longer here below,
And then go home to glory,
Where joy supreme we all shall know,
In yon bright world of glory.

CHORUS.

Oh glory, oh glory;
There's room enough in paradise for all—
A home in glory!

2 I hope to meet my brethren there,
In that bright world of glory,
Who have ofttimes joined with me in prayer,
And praised our God in glory.

3 Come, fellow-sinners, flee for life,
There's room for you in glory;
Forsake your sins and come to Christ,
And have a home in glory.

4 And when we're laid beneath the ground,
With Christ, who reigns in glory,
We'll all rise when the trump shall sound,
To sit with Him in glory.

164.

1 I SAW a youth the other day,
All in his bloom, looked fair and gay;
He trifled all his time away,
And dropped into eternity.
Oh, my soul! my soul!

2 While lying on his dying bed,
Eternity he seemed to dread;
He said, oh Lord, I see my state,
But I'm afraid I've come too late.
Oh, my soul! my soul!

3 His kindly parents standing round,
Their tears came falling to the ground;
He said, dear parents, pray for me;
I'm lost to all eternity.
Oh, my soul! my soul!

4 His kindly sister standing by,
Saw her dear brother groan and die;
Said he, dear sister, fare you well,
I'm dragged by devils down to hell.
Oh, my soul! my soul!

5 A few more dying groans were heard
Before he said the awful words;
And as he closed his eyes in death,
Said, oh, my soul, you've lost your rest!
Oh, my soul! my soul!

6 Me thinks I heard some children say
They never heard their parents pray;
And think, dear, you must die,
And like this youth, you too must cry,
Oh, my soul! my soul!

165.

1 COME, all you scattered race,
And the Saviour's love embrace;
You may see his smiling face
Yet, with care.
He is on the giving hand,
Will you come at His command,
And you with the angels stand,
Over there?

CHORUS.

Over there, over there,
There's a land of pure delight over there;
We will lay our burdens down,
And at Jesus' side sit down;
And we'll wear a starry crown, over there.

2 We are going through the land
As a missionary band,
To lead sinners by the hand
To Christ's care.

That salvation he may give,
And they turn to Him and live
In that pretty world of light,
Over there.

3 Oh, He went to Calvary,
And they nailed Him to the tree,
That poor sinners such as we,
He might spare
From the bitter pangs of death;
He did with His dying breath
Seal everlasting rest,
Over there.

4 Oh consider our stand
When He took us by the hand,
From the dreadful bar of sand
To His care;
And he placed us on the rock,
And he owned us for His flock;
We are marching to His fold,
Over there.

5 God has placed us in the field,
To the foe we will not yield.
On the tower we will stand
In repose;
Wave salvation's banner high,
Hold it up until we die
And go home and live with God,
Over there.

6 By the Saviour's gentle hand
Gospel flows from land to land,
Through the missionary band
In care;

For they feel the precious weight,
While the harvest is so great,
We are marching to His fold,
Over there.

7 All through rain, through frost and snow,
May salvation's tidings flow,
Till the world the Saviour knows
By His care.
Let us battle for the right,
And we'll put the foe to flight,
And to glory take our flight,
Over there.

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