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THE

# SOCIAL HARP:

CONTAINING A RICH VARIETY OF

## SCRIPTURAL SONGS,

FOR THE USE OF

CHRISTIANS IN THEIR HOUSE OF PILGRIMAGE

ADAPTED TO ALL OCCASIONS & SEASONS.

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

BY J. ANDERSON AND S. B. HOWARD,

MINISTERS OF THE C. P. CHURCH.

"I will Sing Praises unto God while I have any being."

"Let every thing that hath breath Praise the Lord."

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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# PREFACE.

In presenting the Social Harp to the lovers of sacred song, we have neither apology nor recommendation to offer. The former would be no compensation for any defect that might be in the work itself: and the latter would be of no avail, for whatever may be its merits, the community will examine and judge for itself. It has been our aim to make the book such as will be a means of advancing the interests of evangelical religion. The enlightened and liberal will say what are its merits. Should it prove acceptable to them, we shall be gratified; but if otherwise, we will be content to abide their decision.

This volume does not purport to be a general compilation of Church Psalmody. It is not a substitute for it; it is not superceded by such a work. Experience demonstrates that there must be a collec-

tion of Spiritual Songs and Select Hymns, specially suited to the family, the prayer meeting, the revival, the social circle, and miscellaneous occasions. We therefore offer the Social Harp to the public as not inferior to any thing of the kind which has preceded it.

The Social Harp has been for several years before the public, and is almost an universal favorite. Its extensive circulation and wide-spread popularity, have induced the proprietors to enrich its pages by a revised and enlarged edition. That it may subserve the interests of the Church, and aid in promoting the spiritual devotions of the pious of all denominations, is the highest wish of

THE AUTHORS.

# SOCIAL HARP.

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

### 1. C. M.

GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee, I cheerful raise;
Thy acts of love 't is good to sing,
And pleasant 't is to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

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

4 O let the same almighty care,
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

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

## 2. L. M.

GOD of the morning, at thy voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
Now bid my waking powers rejoice,
And lift my thoughts above the skies.

2 Oh! like the sun, may I fulfill
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way

3 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my sun, but disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
To mansions of eternal bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this

## 3. C. M.

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

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

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

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

## 4. C. M.

TO thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates my day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favoring hand is nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resigned I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
That without guilt is gay.

4 Affliction shouldst thou please to send,
As sin's or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past:
That from the whole of life's survey,
I may find peace at last.

## 5. S. M.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

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

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

## 6. L. M.

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

2 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

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.

## 7. C. M.

ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend:
In thee are founded all my hopes;
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys,
And finds, with grateful zeal possessed,
A sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hand serene,
Fears no approaching ill;
For whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

## 8. L. M.

THIS morning let my praise arise
To Him, who all my wants supplies;
He has preserved me all this night,
To see once more the morning light.

2 Ten thousand, since the setting sun,
To an eternal world have gone;
Ten thousand more on beds of pain,
While I, in life and health, remain.

3 May I, this day, by grace, pursue
The work designed for me to do;
And, when my work on earth is done,
May angels bear my spirit home.

4 There to behold my Saviour's face,
And praise his rich, redeeming grace,
And, through a long eternity,
Give praise to the Eternal Three.

## 9. S. M.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day Star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy face,
Come like the morning light.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

## 10. C. M.

GREAT God, my early vows to thee,
With gratitude I'll bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

2 Thou round the heavenly arch dost draw
A dark and sable vail,
And all the beauties of the world,
From mortal eyes conceal.

3 Again the sky, with golden beams,
Thy skillful hands adorn,
And paint, with cheerful splendor gay,
The fair ascending morn.

4 And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

5 For this, will I my vows to thee
With evening incense bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

## 11. 7s.

THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night;
'Twas thy hand restored the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
Oh! preserve me through the day:
Dangers every where abound;
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

## 12. L. M.

O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defense and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustained me all the night:
Salvation doth to God belong:
He raised my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

## 13. 7s.

NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill me with thy heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight:
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray

3 Keep my haughty passion bound—
Save me from my foes around:
Going out, and coming in,
Keep me safe from every sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
Oh! receive me then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heavenly shore.

## 14. C. M.

MY God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose:
His angels watched me while I slept,
Or I had never rose

2 Now, for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I' ll pay;
And unto God I' ll dedicate
The first fruits of the day.

3 In pressing dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I' ll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death must be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

## 15. C. M.

LORD in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

## 16. L. M.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Thy love and power, celestial guard;
Preserve me from surrounding harm·
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm?

4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

## 17. C. M.

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

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

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

4 What have I done for him that died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Yet with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

## 18. L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

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

4 [ Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning may I share
The love and kindness of thy heart.

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

## 19. 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 will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

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

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

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

## 20. C. M.

NOW, one day more of life is gone,
A doubtful few remain;
Come, then, review what thou hast done
Eternal life to gain.

2 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still posts away?
And die to sin, and grow in grace
With every passing day?

3 O do not pass this life in dreams,
To be surprised by death,
And sink, unthinking, down to flames,
When God demands thy breath.

4 No; every day thy course review,
The real case to learn;
And with renewed zeal, pursue
Thy great and chief concern.

## 21. L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

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

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose!
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep,
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

## 22. C. M.

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

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

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

4 Thus bless each future day and night,
'Till life's vain scene is o'er;
And then to realms of endless light,
Oh let my spirit soar.

## 23. C. M.

INDULGENT Father, by whose care,
I 've passed another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.

3 Let each returning night declare,
The tokens of thy love;
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise,
To enjoy thy smiling face.

## 24. 7's.

SOFTLY now the light of day,
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Soon, for me, the light of day,
Shall forever pass away;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

## 25. 7's.

NOW from labor and from care,
Twilight shades have set me free:
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee.
Turn my thoughts to heaven above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Nought can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice.
Lord, forgive; thy grace restore;
Make me thine forever more.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
O accept my song of praise.

## 26. C. M.

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously,
The safeguard of this night.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
Oh, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love:

3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

## 27. C. M.

FATHER, by saints on earth adored,
By saints beyond the skies,
Accept, through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Our evening sacrifice.

2 If kept to-day from wilful sin,
We magnify thy grace:
Thou hast our kind Preserver been,
And thine be all the praise.

3 We live to testify the grace
Which sure salvation brings;
And sink to-night in thine embrace,
And rest beneath thy wings.

4 But whether, Lord, we wake or sleep
(The charge of Love divine),
We trust thy Providence to keep
Our souls for ever thine.

## 28. L. M.

THE night shall hear me raise my song,
And in her silent courts my tongue
Shall pour her solitary lay,
For all the mercies of the day.

2 Nor will my God disdain to hear
The sigh I breathe—the fervent pray'r;
When sinking in oblivious rest,
I seek the pillow of his breast.

3 And when the blushing morn shall rise,
To tinge with gold the eastern skies,
With strength renewed, my thankful lay
Shall hail the new-born beams of day.

## 29. C. M.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From care and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep:
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

## 30. L. M.

LORD, as the evening shades arise
And chase the twilight from the skies,
Thy wond'rous bounty may we find,
And share it with a grateful mind.

2 O! make our weary members blest
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
And in the hours of darkness spread
Thy guardian arms around our head.

3 Upon our knees as here we bow,
Light of the world, Redeemer, now
Fill all our breasts, lest deadly sin
Should cause a darker night within.

4 If thoughts on Thee our souls employ,
E'en darkness will afford us joy,
Till Thou shalt call, and we shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

## 31. C. M.

NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
An evening sacrifice

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

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

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require—
Till I shall praise thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

## 32. S. M.

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

2 My mind in perfect peace,
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

## 33. L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love,
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spreadest the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

## 34. C. M.

HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a work of boundless power,
Which formed us with a word!
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room:
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For Death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

## 35. L. M.

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path, where sinners lead.

3 Oh may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way:
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

## 36. L. M.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still, sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name!
While pleased and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

## 37. C. M.

WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey;
Lord, 't is thy work—I own thy hand
That built my humble clay.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They fill me with surprise;
Not sands upon the ocean's shore
To equal numbers rise.

4 These on my heart by night I keep·
How kind, how dear to me!
Oh may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee!

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

### 38. 7s & 6s.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured 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-trumpets sound 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 to the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's songs,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung!
Jesus! Jesus! flows along.

## 39. P. M.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there:
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my father-land;
By faith its delights I explore:
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode;

The joys of that place no tongue can tell—
But there is the palace of God!
That blissful, &c.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshiped with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.
That blissful, &c.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

CHORUS.

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

## 40. 11s & 9s.

I AM fading away to the land of the blest,
Like the last lingering hues of the even;
Reclining my head on my kind angel's breast,
I soar to my own native heaven.
My warfare is finished, the battle is won,
To a crown and a throne I aspire
My coursers are brighter than steeds of the sun,
I mount in a chariot of fire.

2 The world is fast sinking away from my sight,
A trifle appears all its treasures!
I see them from hence by eternity's light,—
How vanish its pomp and its pleasures!

How faint are the notes of the trumpet of fame,
Rehearsing its soul-flattering story!
How tarnished the luster of each noble name!
A meteor-flash is its glory!

3 But there is a spot—one beautiful spot
My heart lingers o'er with emotion;
Its peaceful enjoyments shall ne'er be forgot;
'T is the place of the spirit's devotion.
I see it "outstretched in its loveliness," lie,
Like a garden of lilies and roses;
More charming to me, as it fades from the eye,
Than the valleys of Canaan to Moses.

4 Lo! upward I gaze, and the glory supreme,
That illumines the hights of elysium,
Shines down thro' the vail—there is life in each
beam—
It renders immortal my vision!
The notes of soft melody fall on my ear;
Harmonious the cadence and measure;
'T is the voice of the harpers on Zion I hear;
Full high swells their chorus of pleasure.

5 Lo! there are the towers of my future abode,
The city on high and eternal!
See, there is the Eden—the river of God!
And the trees ever bearing and vernal.
Haste, haste with me onward, companion and
guide,
Let me join in that heavenly matin;
Fly wide, ye bright gates! swiftly through
them I ride,
Triumphant o'er sin, death, and Satan

## 41. 12s.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire,
Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud.
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured,
Mighty hosts of the angels, that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo: the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred:
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set.
Where the Lamb and the white-vestured elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are driven.
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

## 42. 10s.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

2 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

3 Friends I have there, who have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

## 43. P. M.

FIRMLY, brethren, firmly stand,
All united, heart and hand,
One unbroken, valiant band,
Dauntless, brave and true;

CHORUS.

Die in the field of battle,
Die in the field of battle,
Die in the field of battle,
Glory in your view.

2 Lift your standard, lift it high,
Raise the Christian battle-cry,

Christ your glorious leader nigh,
Calls aloud to you;—
Die in the field of battle, &c.

3 Once our father freemen cried,
"Victory or death" betide;
But with Jesus on our side,
Death and victory too;
Die in the field of battle, &c.

4 There to die, the battle won,
There to fall, the warfare done,
Glory brighter than the sun,
Then our promised due:—
Die in the field of battle, &c.

5 Glorious thus for Christ to die,
And with Christ to reign on high;
There with victor hosts to cry,
Christ has brought us through;—
Die in the field of battle, &c.

6 Christ, our Captain's name, we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host;
Fall we, then, each at his post—
Fall as Christians do;
Die in the field of battle, &c.

## 44. 11, 11, 12, 12,

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

2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

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

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked 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 passed o'er the stream, and has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

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

## 45. 11s.

WO, wo, to the sinner, who lives in his sin;
Unrighteous without and unholy within:
Each thought of his heart, and each look of his eye,
Is tainted with sin:—and his doom is to die.

2 Wo, wo, to the sinner; his hopes bright, but vain,
Will turn to despair, and his pleasures to pain:
To whom in the day of distress will he fly?
Forsaken of God;—and his doom is to die.

3 Wo, wo, to the sinner; his deeds of dark night,
Shall all be revealed by eternity's light;
Like specters of horror shall each meet his eye;
Too late then to pray, for his doom is to die.

4 Wo, wo, to the sinner that lives at his ease,
Expecting long years of enjoyment and peace;
His barns he may build, and his hopes may be high,
But God hath declared that his doom is to die.

5 Wo, wo, to the sinner in gaudy array,
Who feasts in profusion from day unto day;

For water, alas! soon in vain will he cry,
Tormented in flames:—for his doom is to die.

6 Wo, wo, to the sinner, who will not repent;
To hell shall his sin-burdened spirit be sent;
Forever in that fearful prison to lie,
No hope for him there;—oh! his doom is to die.

## 46. 12s and 11s.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections, and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
The seat of their offspring as ranged on each hand:
And that richest of books, which excelled every other,
The family Bible, which lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, which lay, on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and evening, could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety thro' night;
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the hearts of the family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand—
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness, I live broken hearted;
And wander unknown on a far distant shore;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand—
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

## 47. P. M.

HAPPY spirit, released from its clay,
How happy the soul that goes bounding away,
Singing, as upward it starts to the skies,
Victory! victory! homeward I rise.

2 Many the trials it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and wo;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

3 There lies the wearisome body at rest,
Closed are its eyelids and quiet its breast;
But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
Victory! victory! sings in its flight.

4 While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,
Angels are singing their heavenly birth;
Welcome, O welcome, to our happy shore,
Victory! victory! they 'll shout evermore.

5 How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.

6 Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies
Bids them in glorified bodies arise;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus hath come!

## 48. 12s and 11s.

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

2 While angelic legions with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise;
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise;

Their songs to the Lamb shal reëcho through heaven,
My soul shall respond, "to Immanuel be given,
All glory, all honor, all might, all dominion,"
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love

3 Then, hail blessed state! hail ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above;
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus' love;
Though prisoned in clay, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;—
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

## 49. 10s.

A HOME in Heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven,
From his home below—to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the moldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given:
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

6 A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

7 Our home in heaven! oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit joined with the bride says "come!"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

## 50. 10, 6, 8, 6.

WE are traveling home to heaven above;
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing a 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 days of mourning past and gone;
Will you go? Will you go?

2 We are going to walk the plains of light;
Will you, &c.
Where perfect day dispels the night;
Will you, &c.
The crown of life we all shall wear,
And palms of victory shall bear;
And heavenly joys forever share;
Will you go? Will you go?

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

4 The way to heaven is free for all,
Will you, &c.
Both Jew and Gentile, great and small;
Will you, &c.
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 Oh 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.

## 51. L. M.

YOUNG people all attention give,
While I address you in God's name,
You who in sin and folly live,
Come, hear the counsel of a friend.
I sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And ranged th' alluring scenes of vice,
But never found substantial joys
Until I heard my Savicur's voice.

2 He spake, my sins at once forgiven,
And washed my load of guilt away,
He gave me pardon, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the good old way;
And now with trembling sense I view,
Huge billows roll beneath your feet,
For death eternal waits for you,
And hell is moved your souls to meet.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be past,
By fleeting time or conquering death;
Yon morning sun may set at noon,
So transient is our mortal breath;
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose,
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave must soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll,
In solemn silence round your head:
Your friends may pass that lonesome place
And with a sigh move slowly on,
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown

5 But O! the soul where vengeance reigns,
It sinks with groans and ceaseless cries,
It rolls amidst the burning flames
In endless woe and agonies:
There swallowed up in darkest night,
Where devils howl, and thunders roar,
To rage in keen despair and guilt,
When thousand thousand years are o'er

6 O! fellow youth, this is the state
Of all who God's free grace refuse,
And soon with you 't will be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose:
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your Lord;
But with my mission now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

## 52. C. M.

ATTEND, young friends, while I elate,
The dangers you are in;
The evils that around you wait,
While subject unto sin.
Although you flourish like the rose,
While in its branches green;
Your sparkling eyes in death must close,
No more will they be seen.

2 In silent shades you must lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And bid a long farewell.
How small this world will then appear,
At the tremendous hour;
When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
And feel his mighty power.

3 In vain you'll mourn, your days are past,
Alas! those days are gone,
Your golden hours are spent at last;
And never will return.
O come this moment and begin,
While life's sweet moments last,
Turn to the Lord, forsake all sin,
And he'll forgive the past.

## 53. P. M.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame?
Is it death? is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see:
All is well, all is well.

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

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

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 glittering crown appears in view;
All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace, saved by grace,
I come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace;
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine;
O! hallelujah to the Lamb,
All is well, all is well.

## 54. 11s & 12s.

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

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered 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 O! 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 saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

## 55. C. M.

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 I view the monster death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still 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.

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

## 56. 11s.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee;
Tho' sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed thro' its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansion forsaken,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;

But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy
waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the sera-
phim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore
thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee and took thee, and he will restore thee.
And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath
died.

## 57. L. M.

WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all—
It bade my dark forebodings cease:
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

## 58. 11s & 12s.

A VOICE from the savage, a voice from the slave,
Comes afar o'er the mount and the dark-rolling wave:
'T is heard in the zephyrs perfumed by the myrrh,
And heard in the winds from the forests of fir.

2 And, hark! from the islands that spot the blue sea,
I heard a wild cry as they bend low the knee!
They are groping their way 'mid the gloom of the night,
While the dim star of nature yields only its light.

3 For ignorance spreads her broad wings o'er the wave,
And her flag, like a pall, has curtained the grave:
Superstition, in chains, is weaving her wreath,
And landing them down to the caverns of death.

4 Too long we have slumbered, too long we have slept,
While the children of nature in bondage have wept,
Their groans and their cries, their tears and their prayer,
Have unheeded passed by, on the wings of the air.

5 And shall we yet slumber, or linger at home?
Or fear o'er the dark-rolling ocean to roam?
To range the wide woods where the council-fires curl,
And there the broad banner of Jesus unfurl?

6 Come, arouse ye, arouse! while the sun is yet high!
For the evening of death and oblivion is nigh!
Like the light of the morn let us fly to their aid,
And the powers of darkness and death shall be stayed.

## 59. P. M.

I HAVE sought round the verdant earth for unfading joy.
I have tried every source of mirth, but all, all will cloy;
Lord, bestow on me grace, to set my spirit free,
Thine, thine the praise shall be—mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered through mazes dark, of doubt and
distress,
I have had not a kindling spark my spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief filled my laboring soul with grief,
What, what shall give relief, what shall give peace?

3 I then turned to the gospel, Lord, from folly away,
I then trusted in thy holy word, which taught me to
pray;
Here I found relief, my weary spirit here found rest,
Hope, hope of endless bliss, eternal day.

4 I have heard my Redeemer say: "My promise is
sure,
I have taught thee to watch and pray, all hardness
endure;"
Jesus be my guide, in thy promise I'll confide;
Keep me near thy side, my life, my way.

5 I will praise Thee, my Heavenly King, I'll praise
and adore,
My heart's richest tribute bring to Thee, God of
power;
And in heaven above, saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud, loud, the strains shall move for evermore.

## 60. 11s.

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to
part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart,
Like thoughts of absenting myself. for a day,
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the vine and poplar have
spread,
And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

3 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with pine,
The ivy, the olive, and the wild eglantine;
Yet sweeter, O! sweeter, superlative, were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

4 'T was under the covert of that blessed grove,
That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove;
Presenting himself as the only true way,
Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray.

5 The early, shrill notes of the loved nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty; and birds of the air
Sung anthems of praises, as I went to prayer.

6 And Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned there to meet,
And bless with his presence my lonely retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and peacefulness there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer.

7 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Saviour is found everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

8 Although I may never revisit thy shade,
Yet oft will I think of the vows I there made;
And when, at a distance, my thoughts shall repair
To the place where my Saviour first answered my prayer:

9 My blessed Redeemer, my hope and my all,
Will guide and direct me, when on him I call;
And when I am dying, he 'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven, in answer to prayer.

## 61. L. M.

O IF poor sinners did but know,
How much for them I undergo,
They would not treat me with contempt,
Nor curse me when I say repent.
Give credit, now, to what I say,
And mind it till the judgment-day,
Of God I 'm sent—constrained to go
To call poor sinners here below.

2 My loving brethren think it strange,
That I should leave my nearest friends;—
My sisters wonder where I am,
That I do not return again.
My father's house I bid adieu,
And on my journey now pursue;
To distant lands I now repair,
To call poor sinners far and near.

3 Through cold, and storms of rain and snow,
Both day and night I'm called to go;
To fill the appointments I have made,
Or find some place to rest my head:
And when my work is done below,
I hope to glory I shall go;
With all my friends and brethren there,
I'll praise the Lord for evermore.

## 62. 11s and 8s.

I CAME to the spot 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 love of my Saviour influenced me here—
I bade my companion farewell,
I left my dear children, who for me now mourn,
In a far-distant region to dwell.

4 But when among strangers, and far from my home,
No kind hand or relation was nigh,
I met the contagion, and sank in the tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high.

5 You may tell my companion and children most
dear,
To weep not for me, though I 'm gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark
and drear,
Has kindly conducted me home.

## 63. 9s and 8s.

LOW down in this beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
Where loud storms of envy and folly,
May roll on their billows in vain.

2 The low souls in humble subjection
May here find unshaken protection,
The soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.

3 This low vale is far from contention,
There no soul shall dream of dissension,
There no dark wiles of evil invention
Shall here find this region of peace.

4 O! then them the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of this beautiful river,
Which flows peace forever and ever,
And love and joy will ever increase.

## 64. P. M.

HEAR the loud-swelling notes of the song
Which the angels in heaven prolong;
Unto God be glory given, by all the host of heaven,
Peace on earth and good-will among men.

2 Let the earth break her silence and sing,
Let the dome of the universe ring;

Unto us a Saviour's given, glory be to God in
heaven—
A Saviour, Christ Jesus the Lord.

3 How amazing, amazing is this, [repeat.]
How amazing is this,
What a heaven of bliss,
Jesus dies to redeem a lost race.

4 What will, O! what will become of me?
What will become of me,
If Death's approach I see,
And a Saviour's not found on my part?

5 But welcome, O! welcome, death, to me,
But welcome, death, to me,
If Christ has set me free,
And a Saviour is found on my part.

6 How cheering and pleasing to my mind,
How pleasing to my mind,
And the friends I leave behind,
If a Saviour is found on my part.

7 Farewell to affliction, and all pain,
Farewell to all pain,
For dying is my gain,
If a Saviour is found on my part.

## 65. P. M.

I AM a pilgrim, I am a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night:
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing;
I am a pilgrim, I am a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 Of that temple to which I am going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I 've been wandering forlorn and weary.
I am a pilgrim, &c.

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining—
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
There is no sorrow or any sighing,
Nor any sin there nor any dying.
I am a pilgrim, &c.

4 There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary, and the weary are at rest;
There is no mourning, nor any grief there,
Nor any weeping, as when we part here.
I am a pilgrim, &c.

5 If we are holy, we shall meet there,
And we never, and we never more shall part,
But with angels and spirits holy,
We will join with the meek and lowly.
Once a pilgrim, once a stranger,
Now an angel, and a blessed child of light.

## 66. 8s and 7s.

SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying;
See his burdened bosom heave;
Look, ye sinners, you that hung him,
Look how deep your sins have stung him;
Dying sinners, look and live.

2 See the rocks and mountains quaking,
Earth unto her center shaking;
Nature's groans awake the dead,

Lo, the sun is struck with wonder,
While the peals of legal thunder
Smite the dear Redeemer's head.

3 Heaven's bright, melodious legions,
Chanting through the tuneful regions,
Cease to thrill the quivering string;
Songs seraphic all suspended,
'Till the mighty war was ended
By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquished by the King Eternal,
When he poured the vital flood:
By his groans, which shook creation,
Lo! we found a proclamation:
Peace and pardon by his blood.

5 Shout, ye saints, with adoration—
Fill with songs the wide creation,
He is risen from the grave:
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the Rock of your salvation,
Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear, with patience, tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
'Till the glorious jubilee;
He will come with bursts of thunder,
Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing on the highest key.

## 67. 7s.

COME and taste, along with me,
Consolation running free;
From my Father's wealthy throne
Sweeter than the honeycomb.

2 Why should Christians feast alone?
Two are better far than one,
All that come with free good-will,
Make the banquet sweeter still.

3 Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.

4 Goodness flowing like a stream,
From the New Jerusalem,
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume;
Gleaning manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

## 68. P. M.

HAVE you heard, have you heard of that sun-bright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time; [frame,
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

2 A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair;
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er,
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

3 Millions of forms, all clothed in bright,
In garments of beauty clear and white—

They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs and their changeless scene,
Their ensigns are waving and banners unfurled,
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

5 But far, far away in that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where amid all things that's fair is given,
The home of the just—and its name is heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

## 69. C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners washed in that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

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

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

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

## 70. 7s and 6s.

SOLDIERS of the cross arise,
Lo! your leader from the skies
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.

2 Fear not though the battle lower,
Firmly stand the trying hour,
Stand the tempter's utmost power,
Spurn his slavery.

3 Who the cause of Christ would yield,
Who would leave the battle field,
Who would cast away his shield?
Let him basely go.

4 Who for Zion's king will stand,
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.

5 By the mercies of our God,
By Immanuel's streaming blood,
When for us alone he stood,
We 'll ne'er give up the strife.

6 Even to our latest breath,
We 'll hark to what the Saviour saith:,
Be thou faithful unto death,
Take the crown of life.

7 By the woes that rebels prove,
By the bliss of heavenly love.
By the joys that are above,
Sinners, turn and live.

8 Here are pleasures worth the name,
Tyrant sin is put to shame,
Grace inspires the hallowed flame,
God the crown will give.

## 71. S. M.

O SING to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstacies,
To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops,
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in songs of joyfulness,—
Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moment comes,
O watch my dying face;
And catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which on each feature plays.

4 Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And clasp my cold and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Around my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love;
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

## 72. 11s and 12s.

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care,
From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, my foe, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear,
In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
With millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
To praise that dear Rock that is higher than I.

## 73. C. M.

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one:
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds,
To joys before unknown.

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given:
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern winter blasts,
May howl around thy cot:
What though beneath a southern sun,
Be cast thy distant lot.
For there we share the blissful hope, &c.

3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain;
From Europe and Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.

4 Nor ling'ring look, nor parting sigh,
Our future home shall know;
There love shall beam from every eye,
And hope immortal grow.
Oh sacred hope, oh blissful hope, &c.

## 74. 7s.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all 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 Tho' in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath the burning sky;
Tho' the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in heaven's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

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

## 75. P. M.

THINK of me when at the altar of prayer;
Think thou of me—think thou of me.
When at the mercy seat—think of me there—
Think of me—pray for me:
Pray that with courage I onward may go,
Spreading the news of salvation below,
Plucking poor rebels from sin and from wo;
Think thou of me—pray for me.

2 And at the call of the church going bell,
Think thou of me—think thou of me.
Think of the place where the holy shall dwell:
Think thou of me—pray for me:
Pray that with all of the rapturous throng,
Who on Mount Zion repeat their glad song,
I may at last to the Saviour belong;
Think thou of me—pray for me.

3 When the bright morn with her glory comes in,
Think thou of me—think thou of me.

Pray that my soul may be kept from all sin:
Think thou of me—pray for me:
Pray that through life I may walk in his love,
Who to redeem me came down from above;
Pray that the world his salvation may prove,
Think thou of me—pray for me.

4 When quiet eve throws around thee her shade;
Think thou of me—think thou of me.
Think of the friendly requests I have made;
Think thou of me—pray for me:
Pray that when life and its sorrows are o'er,
We may both meet on a happier shore;
When we meet there we shall never part more;
Think thou of me—pray for me.

5 When you may hear of my fast failing breath,
Think of me then—pray for me then.
Pray that the Lord may be with me in death,
Think of me then—pray for me:
Pray that with joy I may finish my race;
Triumph at last in the strength of his grace;
Rise up to heaven in raptures of praise.
Think of me then—think of me.

## 76 10s and 8s.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone—when I am gone.
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear;
When I am gone—when I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave;
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have;
When I am gone—when I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me;
When I am gone—when I am gone.
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see:
When I am gone—I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's day;
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray;
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away;
When I am gone—I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed;
When I am gone—when I am gone.
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead:
When I am gone— I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I 'm freed from all care;
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share;
Look up on high and believe I am there;
When I am gone—I am gone.

## 77. 11, 5, 11.

HOW sad are the moments when wandering from God,
And thorny and dark is the dangerous road!
But light is the pathway which leads to the tomb,
When cheered by the presence of Jesus my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
When cheered by the presence of Jesus my home.

2 Tho' fading the joys which earth can bestow,
And false is the light which illumes us below,
Tho' sorrows, like clouds, hang around us in gloom,
The beams of his love light me on my way home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The beams of his love light me on my way home.

3 When the tempest of life has sunk to repose,
And death shall the beauties of heaven disclose,
With all the redeemed I o'er it will roam,
And sing hallelujah to Jesus, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
And sing hallelujah to Jesus, my home.

## 78. 11, 5, 11.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day,
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:

Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
But in thy bright image, to rise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

## 79. 8s and 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken—
Thou from hence my all shall be!
Perish, every fond ambition—
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known.
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are all mine own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hopes and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Friends may hate, and foes may scorn me,
Show thy face, and all is right.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba Father—
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather
All must work for good to me.

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation—
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what heavenly bliss is thine:
Think that Jesus died to save thee—
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer—
Heaven's eternal day's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## 80. 7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh receive my soul at last.

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

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

## 81. 7s.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

## 82. 7s and 6s.

GO thou, in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.

2 Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let no worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

3 Go, e'er the cloud of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth.

## 83. 7s.

HALLOWED Gethsemane,
Once the Saviour knelt in thee,
And upon the midnight air,
Rose his voice in humble prayer.
Hark! methinks I hear him say,
Let this cup now pass away;
Father, hear thy suffering Son,
Yet thy holy will be done.

2 Sorrowful Gethsemane,
There the Saviour bowed for me;
Lord of all, behold he pleads;
Sinless, yet behold he bleeds:
All this fearful agony,
O! my soul, he bears for thee;
Freely, for thee, there drinks up
To its dregs, the bitter cup.

3 Triumphant Gethsemane!
Satan's power was crushed in thee,
For, when Jesus humbly knelt
To the stroke man should have folt,
Man was rescued, in that hour,
From the yoke of Satan's power;
Rescued then, he hopes to rise
To the joys of Paradise.

## 84. 4 lines 8s.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Published now to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Lo! he reigns, he reigns victorious;
Over heaven and earth, most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."
Lo! he reigns, &c.

3 Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here are life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

4 Here are wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money:

Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

5 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

**85.** 8, 7, 4.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name!"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears·
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord

5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the courts of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

## 86. 7s and 6s.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go,
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command;
Soon 't will stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damned.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When his judgment he 'll proclaim;
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair;
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye,
Each for vengeance cries aloud,
And what will you reply?

4 Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your foreheads lined with brass,
God at lengtn will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
('Though they now despise his grace:)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know:
'Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'T was for sinners Jesus died;
Sinners He invites to come;
None who come shall be denied;
He says there yet is room.

## 87. P. M.

A FEW more days on earth to spend
And all my toils and cares shall end,
Then I shall see my God and friend,
And praise his name on high.
There 's no more sighs, and no more tears,
There 's no more pains, and no more fears,
But God and Christ and heaven appears,
Unto the ravished eye.

2 Then, oh! my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore,
Of everlasting rest.
O happy day! O joyful hour,

When freed from earth, my soul shall tower
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
To be forever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day,
I'd joyfully the call obey,
Which summonses my soul away,
To seats prepared above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fullness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

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

5 To earthly cares I 'd say farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three.
I 'll join with them that 's gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting is no more,
To all eternity.

## 88. P. M.

ALL 'S well with me, husband, tho' sadly you mourn
For thy youthful companion by death from thee torn;
But the hand that afflicts thee, will kindly sustain;
Though parted at present, we 'll soon meet again.

2 Oh, grieve not, dear husband, my toils are all o'er,
Earth's sorrows and changes can pain me no more;
The few fleeting moments of life to me given,
Are changed for eternal enjoyments in heaven.

3 All's well with me, father, O dry up thy tears,
The heart of thy child is not saddened by fears;
By faith in my Saviour, my sorrows all flee,
And rejoice that redemption was purchased for me.

4 Oh, grieve not, dear mother, it's well with thy child,
God gave me, he takes me, his chastenings are mild;
He views with compassion my pathway of care,
He sees my affliction and answers my prayer.

5 It's well with me, brother, my sorrows all o'er,
The grave will restore me at the great judgment hour;
Then rising, we'll meet at the trumpet's glad sound,
While the song of redemption shall loudly resound.

6 Oh, grieve not, dear sister, press on for the prize,
Through afflictions of earth to a home in the skies;
Then leave them beneath, thy affection above,
On the home of thy sister in mansions of love.

7 Dear friends, though the grave will my body confine,
Neither coffin nor clay can enfeeble the mind;
When freed from the toils and afflictions of life,
I'll remain still, thy daughter, thy sister, thy wife.

## 89. 7s and 6s.

DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If in Jesus you believe,
You will find him precious.
Lo! he now is passing by,
Calls the mourners to him;
He has died for you and me,
O! look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Flows a healing lotion;
See the heart-consoling 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;
Tho' your sins like mountains rise,
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 and prove him:
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I shall love him:
Yes, I see the Father smile,
Smiling moves my burden;
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
O! the wond'rous story;
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory! Glory! Glory!

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

Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
Feel it and declare it;
O! that I could sing so loud,
All the world might hear it.

7 If no greater joys are known
In the upper region,
I will try to travel on
In this pure religion.
Heaven 's here, and heaven 's there,
Glory's here and yonder;
Brightest seraphs shout amen,
While the angels wonder.

**90.** 2 8s, 2 7s and 1 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 Feed me with thy heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner
Be my robe of righteousness:
Fight and conquer
All my foes by sovereign grace

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

## 91. 4 lines 11s.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 92. C. M.

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit this field,
Where foes with fury foam;
But ah! my passport was not sealed—
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

## 93. 11s.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph;
To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;
To you, this day, is born a Prince and Saviour,
Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

2 Oh, Jesus! for such wondrous condescension,
Our praise and our reverence are an offering meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us,
Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest,
Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

## 94. P. M.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me.

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

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

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

**95.** 6, 6, 6, 6, 8.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year, &c.

3 [Ye, who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year, &c.]

4 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace,
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year, &c.

**96.** 7s and 6s.

COME, my brethren, let us try,
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.
What is this that casts you down?
Who are those that grieve you?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.

2 Christ, by faith, I sometimes see,
Then it doth relieve me;
But my sins return again,
They are they that grieve me;
Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plagued by sin, a sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

3 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood from every pore,
To procure your pardon.
See him stretched upon the wood,
Bleeding, thirsting, crying,
Suffering all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying.

## 97. 4 lines 7s.

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain;
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,
Oh how dark, and vain, and wild!

Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Faith is weak in all I do.
You that love the Lord indeed;
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy with saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

## 98. C. M.

JESUS! thou art the sinners friend,
As such I look to thee:
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wond'rous 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,
O Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, Oh, my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

## 99. P. M.

OUR bondage it 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 shall come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day by and by.

3 Though our enemies are strong, we 'll go on,
Tho' 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,
Tho' 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 ransomed host shall shout, we are come

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

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

## 100. L. M.

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

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

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

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then I will 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."

## 101. 8s and 7s.

WHEN I was young, of tender years,
My Saviour did invite me;
I then was filled with many fears;
But Satan still did blind me.
He told me that I was too young,
To leave my earthly pleasure;
That I might live till I was old,
And serve God at my leisure.

2 At length the Spirit came one day,
And strove with mighty power:
Which caus'd me to forsake my way,
And tremble every hour;
Which caused me to weep and mourn,
Saying, Lord Jesus, save me,
If mercy thou canst me afford,
And to thy glory raise me.

3 When Jesus heard the rebel cry,
He sent his kind compassion;
Down at his feet my soul did lie,
There pleading for a blessing.
My heart was filled with tenderness,
My mouth was filled with praises,
While Abba Father I did cry,
And glory to my Saviour.

4 Glory to God, for I have found
The pearl of my salvation;

We are marching through Immanuel's
ground,
Up to the heavenly Canaan.
Now I 'm resolved to serve the Lord,
And never to forsake him;
And march along the narrow road,
Till I arrive in glory.

5 For Christ says, fear not, little flock,
Heirs of immortal glory;
For you are built upon the Rock,
The kingdom lies before you.
Press on, press on, ye heirs of grace,
And tell the pleasing story;
I 'm with my little flock always,
I 'll bring them home to glory.

## 102. 8s, 7s, 4s.

SEE the eternal Judge descending,
View him seated on his throne:
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits the slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;

O ! that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move :
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder ;
Hope and sinners here must part :
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, " depart ! "
Lost forever,
Hear the dreadful sound, " depart ! "

## 103. L. M.

I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart ;
Be thou my heart still near my God,
And thou my God be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile ;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile

3 Then dearest Lord, in thine embrace,
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

## 104. 4 8s and 1 6.

O JESUS, now thy power display,
And stir us up to watch and pray,
That we at last may hear thee say,
Come, reign with me in endless day,
And feel eternal union.

2 Come, brethren, let us heavenward go,
Until we end our race below,
Then we shall leave this world of wo,
And everlasting pleasures know,
And feel immortal union.

3 Our race is short, 't will soon be o'er,
Then we shall weep and sigh no more,
And join the saints on Canaan's shore,
The name of Jesus to adore,
And feel that endless union.

4 Then when this mortal frame shall die,
And long in death's embraces lie,
My soul to realms of bliss shall fly,
And sing and shout beyond the sky,
And feel that heavenly union.

5 And when to that bright world I come,
And gain my everlasting home,
My soul shall there forever bloom,
Until my body leaves the tomb,
Then both shall join that union.

## 105. 8s.

YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune, tune your soft hearts to his praise
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sink down in despair,
Confirmed by his power ye stood.

2 Ye saints that stand nearer than they
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,

His grace and his glory display,
And all of his mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I'm fettered and bound up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see!

4 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamt
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name:
I want—Oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you!

## 106. C. M.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

## 107. 11s.

WHY sleep ye, my brethren? come, let us arise,
O! why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,
O! let us be active; awake and repent.

2 O! how can we slumber, the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite;
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

3 O! how can we slumber, our foes are awake,
To ruin poor souls every effort they make;
To accomplish their object no means are untried,
The careless they comfort, the timid misguide.

4 O! how can we slumber, when so much was done,
To purchase salvation by God's only Son;
Now mercy is proffered and justice displayed,
Now God can be honored and sinners be saved.

5 O! how can we slumber, when death is so near,
And sinners are sinking in endless despair;
Now prayer may avail and they gain the high prize,
Before they in torments shall lift up their eyes.

6 O! how can ye slumber, ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound;
O! fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day,
While mercy is waiting O make no delay.

**108.** 4 8s and 2 6s.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up with thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its wonders are unsearchable;
The first born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot search the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the hight.

3 God only knows the love of God—
O that it now were shed abroad,
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

**109.** 6s.

MY brethren, I have found
A land that doth abound
With food as sweet as manna;
The more I eat, I find
The more I am inclined
To sing and shout hosanna.

CHORUS.

My soul now longs to go,
Where I shall fully know,
The glories of my Saviour,
And as I pass along,
I'll sing a Christian's song;
I hope to live forever.

2 Perhaps you think I'm wild,
Or simple as a child—
I am a child of glory;
Bound for above,
My heart is full of love;
I long to tell the story.
My soul, &c.

3 My brethren, can't you say,
That you are on the way—
Are on your way to glory?
I care not what 's your name.
Religion is the same—
A hope that's full of glory,
My soul, &c.

## 110. 11s.

MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur at trials severe?
Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them forever in Jesus' breast

4 Afflictions may try me, they cannot destroy,
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if upon them he smiles,
But sweeten my hope of that home in the skies.

5 Let trouble and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One moment in glory will make up for all.

6 With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I 'll march on in haste through Immanuel's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I 'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

## 111. 8s and 7s.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never-ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I 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,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here 's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above!

**112.** 8 lines 7s and 8s.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll:
'T is there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to land my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me,
A light has shone along my way.

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

3 The vale of tears surrounds 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,
The doleful regions of despair?

4 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 wave.
His word has calmed the ocean ;
His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale,
O may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail!

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

6 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 ransomed people home.

## 113. L. M.

LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures 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 strive, and watch, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Oh, 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 peace and comfort to destroy,
Yet, never fear, we 'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

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

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

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

## 114. 8 lines 7s and 6s.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
To heaven, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
Thus a soul new-born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn—
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant through the skies;
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

**115.** 4 lines 8s and 7s.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Passing through this darksome vale?
Knowest thou not 't is full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

I 'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

2 Pilgrim, thou dost justly call me,
Wandering o'er this waste so wide,
Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
While I 'm blest with such a guide.
I 'm bound, &c.

3 Such a guide!—no guide attends thee;
Hence, for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriends thee,
'T is unseen by mortal eyes.
I 'm bound, &c.

4 Yes, unseen—but still, believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He 'll in every strait relieve me,
He from every harm defends.
I 'm bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim! see that stream before thee!
Darkly winding through the vale,
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
I 'm bound, &c.

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend;
There to plunge will be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
I 'm bound, &c.

7 While I gazed—with speed surprising
Down the stream he plunged from sight:
Gazing still I saw him rising,
Like an angel clothed with light.
Oh, he 's gone to the kingdom,
Will you follow him to glory?
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

## 116. 11s and 10s.

HAIL the blest morn, when the great Mediator
Did from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger;
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us your aid:
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels, adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and monarch and Saviour of all.
Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors from Eden, in offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each costly oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best, &c.

## 117. 4 lines 7s.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.

2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear,
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;
Watch—till heavenly light appear;
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.

3 Mourning Pilgrim! what for thee
In this world can now remain?
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears and pain.

4 Sorrow shall for ever fly;
Shame shall never enter there;
Tears be wiped from every eye;
Pain in endless bliss expire.

## 118. P. M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses—shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath!
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly,
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting!

## 119. P. M.

REJOICE, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts all are blossoming.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.
The gospel banner, wide unfurled,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
And every creature, bond or free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout for joy.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

## 120. C. M. D.

BEHOLD the pilgrim, as he dies,
With glory in his view,
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu;
While friends are weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

2 "Oh, Christians! are you ready now
To cross the swelling flood?
On Canaan's happy shore behold
Your Saviour and your God:
The dazzling charms of that bright world
Attract my soul above;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
And feast on Jesus' love.

3 "Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
I 'm bound to meet you there;
Although ye tread enchanted ground,
Be bold, and never fear:
Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
(Your Captain is in view:)
And when I gain fair Canaan's land,
I hope to meet with you."

**121.** 3 8s and 2 7s.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'T is found above—in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'T is fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

1 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempests passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There joys divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

## 122. 11s.

COME, brethren, and sisters, that love my dear Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word:
What a wonder of mercy! behold now, and see
What a tender, kind Saviour has done for poor me.

2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distressed,
I thought that in torment I soon should be cast;
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 "O sinners," said Jesus, "for you I have died;"
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied;
The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice,
The blood was applied, the witnessing voice.

4 On my bended knees, before God I did fall;
All glory to Jesus, for he 's all in all!
The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace upon earth;
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth:
"Your sins are forgiven," my Saviour did say,
O, witness, kind heaven, on this my birth-day.

6 My soul, it was humbled, I fell to the ground;
The time of refreshing, at length I have found:
O Lord, thou hast ravished my soul with thy charms;
Let me die, like old Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

## 123. L. M.

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

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

4 How oft I 've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love hath seemed to flame,
Which makes me think we 'll meet again.
A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast!
When in that holy, happy land
We 'll clasp anew the immortal hand.

5 I hope you will remember me,
If you no more my face should see,
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
O blessed day! O glorious hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We 'll take no more the parting hand.

## 124. 11s.

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

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We 'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile:
But when we are parted and scattered abroad,
We 'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you 'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged:
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
We 'll enter fair Canaan; and stand on the shore.

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

5 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken heart,
Go, hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part;
He 's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

6 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

## 125. C. M.

CHILDREN.

ACCEPT our thanks for all your love,
And kindness thus bestowed,
And pray that we may meet above,
In yonder blest abode.

CHORUS.

"Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,

Oh, that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more:
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan s peaceful shore:
There we shall meet at Jesus' feet,
Shall meet to part no more."

TEACHERS.

2 Our gifts and prayers are freely given;
You live within our heart:
We therefore hope to meet in heaven,
Where we shall never part

CHORUS.

"Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh, that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more:—
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's peaceful shore:
There we shall meet at Jesus' feet,
Shall meet to part no more."

## 126. 7s and 6s.

WE come with joy and gladness,
To breathe our songs of praise,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled in our lays,
For 't is a hallowed story,
This theme of freedom's birth;
Our father's deeds of glory
Are echoed round the earth.

2 The sound is waxing stronger,
And thrones and nations hear—

Proud man shall rule no longer,
For God the Lord is near;
And he will crush oppression,
And raise the humble mind,
And give the earth's possession
Among the good and kind.

3 And then shall sink the mountains,
Where pride and power are crowned,
And peace, like gentle fountains,
Shall shed its pureness round.
O, God! we would adore thee,
And in thy shadow rest;
Our fathers bowed before thee,
And trusted, and were blest.

## 127. 11s and 10s.

COME ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
"Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

## 128. L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'T is found beneath the Mercy Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,

A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend
Tho' sundered far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed—
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.

5 There! there, on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

6 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

## 129. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend!
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.
Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood,
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed in this station,
Low before his cross to lie;

While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven;
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I 'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all needs to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

## 130. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

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,
Life from vegetation flying,
Calls to mind the moldering urn.

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 rise,
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 scenes are o'er,
When a few more griefs I 've tasted
I shall fall to rise no more.

5 Fast my sun of life's declining,
Soon 't will 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.

## 131. P. M.

REJOICE, O earth, the Lord is king,
To him your humble tribute bring.
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory.

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

3 We long to see the Christians join
In union sweet and love divine,
And glory through the churches shine,
And Gentiles crowding to the sign,
To give to Jesus glory!

4 O may the distant lands rejoice,
And sinners hear the bridegroom's voice,
While praise their happy tongues employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory!

5 A few more days of pain and woe,—
A few more sufferings here below,
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting praises flow,
And give to Jesus glory!

6 Then shall we part and weep no more,
When we have met on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare now is o'er;
Such shouts were never heard before,
And there we 'll give him glory.

7 Then tears shall all be wiped away,
And Christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
We 'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

**132.** 2 7s, 4 6s and 2 8s.

THE pearl that worldlings covet,
Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly,
As sunshine on the sea:
But there 's a pearl sought by the wise,
It 's called the pearl of greatest price,
Though few its value see,—
O that 's the pearl for me!

2 The crown that decks the monarch
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee:
But there 's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 'twill be—
O, that 's the crown for me!

3 The road that many travel,
Is not the road for me,
It leads to death and sorrow,
And endless misery:
But there 's a road that leads to God,
It 's marked by Christ's most precious blood
The passage here is free—
O, that 's the road for me!

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

## 133. 11s.

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

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

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
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 wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

5 When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design,
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

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

7 The soul that on Jesus hath 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!"

134. 5, 6, 9.

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

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

3 'T was a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
The angels could do nothing more,
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

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

5 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 hight
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

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

## 135. 8, 7.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain,
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourished,
Every plant looked gay and green;

Then thy word our spirits nourished;
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Filled with zeal, and love, and truth;
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth.

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted;
Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Covered thick with blossoms, stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nipped them in the bud!

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again.
Oh! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

## 136. 7s.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my troubled, weary spirit,
Now finds rest in thee, my God.
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie;

Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.
Glory, &c.

2 Now I 'll sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear name;
And if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same.
He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find;
Come, for whomsoe'er believeth,
He will never cast behind.
Glory, &c.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading,
With his Father and our God;
Now for us he 's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.
Now, methinks, I hear him praying,
"Father, spare them, I have died;"
And the Father answers, saying,
"They are freely justified."
Glory, &c.

## 137. P. M.

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 glimmering beam.

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

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry (before he dies),
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

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

## 138. 12s.

I AM weary of straying—oh fain would I rest
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest.
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

2 I am weary of hoping—where hope is untrue,
As fair,—but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew,
I long for that land whose blest promise alone,
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne

3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth—
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

4 I am weary of loving what passes away;
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

5 I am weary, my Saviour! of grieving thy love;
O when shall I rest in thy presence above;
I am weary—but oh, never let me repine;
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine

## 139. C. M.

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

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

3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears;
And weltering in thy blood;

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

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

## 140. 6, 8.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

3 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one,
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son,
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for a child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

## 141. L. M.

I LONG to see the season come
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To taste the sweets of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.

2 Hark! how the glorious gospel sounds,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold, your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Attend, poor sinners, to his word;
Kiss him, yea, own him as your Lord;
He 'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.

4 A few more days, and you must go
To realms of joy or endless woe;
In worlds of light, with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns, to hell.

5 Come, then, dear sinners, counsel take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
The world give up, leave friends behind:
In Christ you shall redemption find.

6 Take your companion by the hand,
And all your children in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call
To pardon, bless, and save them all.

7 Thus, when the day of Christ shall come
And he collect his children home,
On Zion's mount you then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

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

## 142. 8s.

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

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

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

4 O, why then so loth for to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
There, free from these bodies of clay,
We 'll dwell with Christ Jesus above.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories we 'll see;
There sing hallelujah, amen;
Amen, even so let it be.

**143.** 8s.

MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I 'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name;
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live in the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints, and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, and King.

3 My glorious Redeemer, I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amid the bright, numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd.
O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on thee, world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love.

4 No sorrows, no sickness, nor pain,
No sins, no temptations, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again—
Perfection of glory reigns there;
This soul, and this body, shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God all his beauty displays

5 Soon, soon shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day;
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine,
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

## 144. 10s and 11s.

O TELL me no more of this vain world's 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 the 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 country above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and sin
'Midst outward affliction, 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 still I do find. we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind
So, this is the race I'm running thro' grace.
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care, my neighbors may share
Those 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?

## 145. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

LOOK up, when sorrow wrings the heart,
And threatening clouds appear,
When disappointment's bitter smart
Makes pleasant prospects drear—
Look up, and shadows hence will flee,
And heaven assume her brilliancy.

2 Look up, when they, the loved and true,
Are sleeping in the tomb;
From whom the bliss of life you drew,
The brightest stars of home;
Look up, and trace beyond the sky
The friends who never more can die.

3 Look up, in every scene of pain,
Of anguish and dismay;
Read there, ye will rejoice again,
And grief shall pass away;
Look up, and blessings thick will break
O'er every shadowy step you take.

## 146. C. M.

BEHOLD the leaves which fade and die,
They speak the summer gone;
Ah! listen to the warning cry,
When thou art left alone!

2 The fields, once green with waving corn,
The reaper's work is done;
The sheaves are gathered—none remain;
The tares are left alone!

3 Companions of thy youthful day
Are now to Jesus drawn,
Hark! as they pass they seem to say,
Wilt thou be left alone?

4 Hope beamed upon thy early spring,
How bright thy rising shone!
Yet others first their offerings bring,
Wilt thou be left alone!

5 The world, with all its joys, must fade,
The curtain must be drawn;
And thou, upon a dying bed,
Shalt soon be left alone!

6 And Oh!—if then no hope appear—
No bright, immortal dawn—
Will not thy trembling spirit fear
To pass the gloom alone?

7 In the tremendous judgment-day,
When the last trump is blown,
How canst thou bear to hear Him say,
"Depart!"—with fiends alone?

8 Ah! then, the harvest would be past—
The gracious summer gone—
Hope's light forever overcast—
And dark despair alone.

## 147. C. M.

CREATOR of the universe,
Thy heart-felt praise I sing,
While to thine holy altar, Lord,
My sacrifice I bring.

2 It is not treasures from the mine,
Nor pearls from 'neath the sea,
A dearer gift I offer here—
My only child to Thee?

3 God of the widow—let thine arm
Support his tender head,
And o'er his earthly pilgrimage,
Thine hallowed blessings shed.

4 O, guide him through life's devious way,
Where'er his wanderings be,
And gently lead him to that path
That opens, Lord, on Thee.

5 And when his task on earth is done,
When death shall hover near,
O, smooth his couch—O, be Thou nigh,
And quiet every fear.

6 In gratitude and love I bring
The gift thou gavest me,
And on thine altar consecrate
My child—my all, to Thee.

**148.** 6s and 4s.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me when I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh let me from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart,
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A burning fire.

3 When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray,
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove,
Oh bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

## 149. 8s and 4s.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear.
And faith in lively exercise,
The distant hills of Canaan rise—
The soul for joy now spreads her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world adieu.

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore:
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream—
Again for joy she spreads her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;

With steady helm, and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
And now for joy she folds her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

**150.** P. M.

IT's over rolling Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming —
Oh, there rest at home.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
Oh, there rest at home.

2 Let us all go to Jesus,
And cast our crowns before him,
And cry, he is worthy—
Oh, there rest at home.
There is rest for the weary, &c.

3 When we all get to heaven,
There will be no more dying,
Our trials will be over—
Oh, there rest at home.
There is rest for the weary, &c.

4 When this warfare is over,
In this vale of sin and sorrow,
For the way-worn pilgrim—
Oh, there rest at home.
There is rest for the weary, &c.

**151.** C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye

To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O, the transporting, rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

2 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.
All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There, God the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blessed?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire

## 152. 8s and 9s.

MY buried friends can I forget?
Or must the grave eternal sever?
They linger in my memory yet,
And in my heart they 'll live forever:
They loved me once with love sincere;
And never did their love deceive me;
But often in my conflicts here,
They rallied quickly to relieve me.

2 I fain would weep—but what of tears?
No tears of mine could e'er recall them,
Nor would I wish that grov'ling cares,
Cares like mine, should e'er befall them;
They rest in realms of light and love;
They dwell upon the mount of glory;
They bask in beams of bliss above,
And shout to tell their happy story.

3 I heard them bid the world adieu,
I saw them on the rolling billow;
Their far-off home appeared in view,
While yet they pressed a dying pillow.
I heard the parting pilgrim tell,
While passing Jordan's stormy river,
"Adieu to earth, for all is well;
Now all is well with me forever."

4 O how I long to join their wing,
And range their fields of blooming flowers!
Come, holy watchers, come and bring,
A mourner to your blissful bowers.
I'd speed with rapture on my way,
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river;
With songs I'd enter endless day,
And live with my loved friends forever.

## 153. P. M.

SPIRIT! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run;
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

2 Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasures of earth regret;
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

3 Spirit in glory enshrined,
No wicked have power to molest.
There the weary, like thee—the wretched shall find
A heaven, a mansion of rest.

4 Spirit! how bright is the road,
For which thou art now on the wing;
Thy home, it will be with thy Saviour and God
There loud hallelujah to sing.

## 154. 8s and 7s.

SISTER! thou art gone before me,
Sad the thought, we meet no more;
Let my stricken heart deplore thee,
Ere its burst of grief is o'er.

2 Thy last prayer for me is spoken,
Hushed its aspirations now;
Yes, life's silver cord is broken;
Death's stern seal is on thy brow.

3 Never more thy voice shall reach me
In affection's kindest tone;

Never more its accents reach me,
Thy high trust in God alone.

4 Heart to heart, each thought revealing,
Many happy hours we 've spent,
Till in one united feeling
Every varying thought was blent.

5 Sister! yet thy spirit hovers
O'er the loved ones left behind;
Though the earth thy relics covers,
Thy free soul is unconfined.

6 Happy spirit! could I call thee
Back from thy eternal home,
Where earth's sorrows would appal thee;
No! I would not bid thee come.

## 155. 12s.

YES, there's one place like home—'tis at God's holy shrine,
Where high thoughts are kindled, and feelings divine;
Where the anthems of praise so melodiously roll;
There's the home of devotion—the home of the soul.

2 As weary and sad, through this "lone vale of tears"
Our steps we pursue, filled with doubts and with fears;
How the Spirit's sweet breathings calm peace can impart,
In the home of devotion—the home of the heart.

3 Though darkness and gloom overshadow our path,
And the world's blighting tempest comes on in its wrath,
Yet on Jesus' kind breast we repose all our care,
In this home of devotion—this sweet home of prayer.

4 As the Sabbath's calm hours we delightfully spend,
In holding high converse with Jesus our Friend;
Though often our thoughts to our absent friends roam,
Yet we feel that God's house is the Christian's own home.

5 And trusting in Jesus, almighty to save,
We rob death of its sting—of its victory the grave:
All honor, and glory, and praise shall be given,
While we swell the full song in that better home—
heaven.

## 156. 11s.

I WOULD not weep alway, though many a tear
Must fall on life's pathway, so lonely and drear;
But e'en in the desert, love's fountain is free,
And Mercy's sweet words are as manna to me.

2 I would not smile alway, for oft on the air,
Comes the deep sigh of anguish, the voice of despair;
Yet e'en for the wretched, whose hopes are all riv'n,
Still, still there is joy, there is rapture in heaven.

3 I would not fear alway, though error's dark cloud
Gather thick the blest beacon of faith to enshroud;
The bright "Son of Righteousness" shines thro' the
gloom,
And the rainbow of promise o'erarches the tomb.

4 But I would hope alway, till o'er my rapt soul,
The waves of fruition unceasing shall roll;
Then, then shall this restless, worn spirit be free:
My Saviour, 'tis waiting a summons from thee.

TUNE,— *Sinner's Invitation.*

## 157. 13s and 12s.

SINNER, go,—will you go?—to the high
lands of heaven, [mer's given,
Where storms never blow, and the long sum
Where the bright-blooming flowers are their
odors emitting, [are flitting.
And the leaves of the bowers in the breeze

2 Where the rich, golden fruit in bright clusters
are pending, [are bending,
And the deep-laden boughs of life's fair tree
And where life's crystal stream is unceasingly
flowing,
And the verdure is green and eternally growing

3 Where the rivers of joy o'er the bright plains
are flowing, [we are going!
And our bliss ne'er shall cloy in the land where
O say, will you go, and the world leave behind
you, [to blind you.
Since its pleasures, you know, have but dazzled

4 Come, and go to that land, where your friends
wait to greet you: [you.
There a beautiful band join with us to entreat
They are waiting above, waiting happy to hail
you [you.
In those regions of love, where no ill can assail

5 There the saints robed in white, cleansed in life's
flowing fountain; [mountain.
Shining beauteous and bright, they inhabit the
No sin, or dismay, neither trouble, nor sorrow,
Can be felt for the day, nor be feared for the morrow

6 He's prepared thee a home: sinner, canst thou
believe it? [receive it?
And invites thee to come; sinner, wilt thou
O come, sinner, come, for the tide is receding.
And the Saviour will soon and forever cease
pleading!

## 158. C. M.

UPON a hill, a tree there stands,
Where golden fruit is found;
'T is seen alike by distant lands,
It shines for all around.

2 Here many come, by day and night,
Its gold their fond pursuit,
They shake its branches with delight,
And bear away the fruit.

3 And yet its riches always stay,
The tree is never bare,
Whatever fruit is borne away,
As much still glitters there.

4 "What is its name?—and where its place?
Can we this wonder see?
What man can tell us?—Who can guess?"
The BIBLE is that tree.

## 159. C. M.

A YOUNG rose, in the summer time,
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone!

2 The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light,
Of autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold or gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But Oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

## 160. P. M.

O JESUS, my Savior, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasure of earth I resign;
Thou art my rich treasure, my joy, and my love,
Nothing richer possess'd by the angels above.

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,
My Jesus reliev'd me and bid me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals forever must fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul 's in a flame,
I am rais'd into raptures 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 If ever I lov'd thee, 't is now, my dear Lord,
I love thy dear children, thy ways, and thy word;
I love all creation, I love sinners too,
For Jesus has died to redeem them from wo.

6 When happy in Jesus, I cannot forbear,
Tho' sinners despise me, his love to declare;
'T is so overwhelming, enraptur'd I'd fly,
And praise him in mansions celestial on high.

## 161. C. M.

FAR, far from home, the rising waves
Assail our fragile bark,
And open round their yawning graves
With hissing waters dark.

2 Like battle-drums, the thunders roll
Above the sullen deep,
And see, from lurid pole to pole
The livid lightnings leap.

3 With bloodless lip and pallid cheek,
The boatman plies his oar,
And anxious eyes through storm-clouds seek
The channel to the shore.

4 Down the long waste of waves and flood
Our eyes discern no speck:
No hand but thine, almighty God,
Can save us from a wreck.

5 O Thou who hold'st the wind and wave
Within thy mighty hand,
Canst snatch us from this threatening grave
And bring us safe to land.

## 162. C. M.

YOUR slender boy his bark hath launched
On life's deceitful tide;
His balmy years of childhood o'er,
He goes without a guide.
Amid the stir and strife of men
His devious course to run,
The tempter and the snare to bide—
God bless the widow's son.

2 He turneth from the pleasant door,
And from the garden fair,
Where with a little spade he wrought
Beneath a mother's care—
He bears his head like manhood high,
Yet tears their course will run,
When on his stranger-bed he rests—
God bless the widow's son.

3 Yet say he goeth forth alone
To dare the eventful field—

No! no! a spell is round him thrown,
More firm than diamond shield;
A mournful mother's fervent prayer:
So till his life is done,
Till time, and toil, and change are o'er--
God bless the widow's son.

## 163. C. M.

THY heavenly Father kindly took
Two of thy babes away;
And two he suffered to remain
Through many a pleasant day.

2 Brother and sister—side by side
Around thy hearth they played;
And daily, nestling to thy heart,
A paradise they made.

3 But when the summer flowers were gone,
And autumn days had fled,
That beautiful and lovely boy
Was laid among the dead.

4 Those jewels sparkle still, though thou
Canst not the casket see;
And rescued from the blight of sin,
Are treasured up for thee.

5 And surely, three celestial harps
Will swell the chorus high,
When, loosed from earth, thy spirit seeks
Its home beyond the sky.

6 Then meekly bow, and kiss the rod,
Though thou a sufferer be;
'T was still in kindness, when he took
That darling boy from thee.

## 164. P. M.

YONDER comes an angel bright;
See him on expanded wing,
Hovering o'er the realms of light;
Listen—hear him chant and sing.
See, he comes; a ransomed soul
In his keeping and his care,
Spotless, white, redeemed and whole,
As all happy spirits are.

2 "Welcome, yes, with ecstasy,
Welcome here, my son;
Is it thou? O yes, 't is thee;
Victory thou through Christ hast won
Tell me how thou camest here—
Tell me all about the past—
Tell me how thy Saviour dear
Saved thy precious soul at last."

3 "Father, hear my story all—
Troubles brought me to resign;
Earthly pleasures turned to gall,
Starved and left my soul to pine.
In my straits I turned to God;
He my broken spirit cheered,
Led me by his staff and rod,
Till cold Jordan's banks I neared;

4 Even then he held me up,
Although sinking in the wave;
Gave me faith, increased my hope,
Magnified his power to save.
"Father, now your prayers are heard;
I am saved—a brand from hell;
Saved from ruin I deserved;
Saved the story here to tell.

*Chorus.*—Father, let us raise the song,
Endless praise to God above;
While the ages roll along,
Let us sing redeeming love."

**165.** 8s and 7s.

CHILD of sorrow!—Child of sorrow,—
Murmur not beneath the rod,
There may be a joyful morrow,
Treasured up for thee with God.

2 When thy night of pain is darkest,
When thy path is cold and drear
Trust in God—He surely marketh
Every pang and every tear.

3 If thy spirit bow before him,
With a heart-felt, humble prayer,
If thy fervent faith adore him,
He will banish thy despair.

4 He will teach thee resignation,
He will give thee heart-felt peace,
Blessed hope, and consolation,
Riches and immortal bliss.

**166.** L. M.

THERE is a tear of sweet relief,
A tear of rapture and of grief:
The feeling heart alone can know,
What soft emotions bid it flow.
It is when memory charms the mind,
With tender images refined:
'T is when her magic spells restore
Departed friends, and joys no more.

2 There is an hour—a pensive hour—
And Oh! how dear its soothing power,
It is when twilight spreads her vail,
And steals along the silent dale;
'T is when the fading blossoms close,
And all is silence and repose:
Then memory wakes, and loves to mourn
The days that never can return.

3 There is a strain—a plaintive strain,
The source of joy, and yet of pain;
It is the song whose dying measure
Some friend beloved has heard with pleasure,
Some friend who ne'er again may hear
The melting lay to memory dear;
Ah! then by magic spells restore
Visions of blissful days no more.

## 167. C. M.

A LITTLE word, in kindness said,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart that 's bled,
And made a friend sincere.

2 A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

3 Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

## 168. 8s.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubims, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Oh! strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

## 169. C. M.

O PILOT! 't is a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep;
I 'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.

2 Go down! the sailor cried, go down,
This is no place for thee;
Fear not, but trust in providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

3 Ah! pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might.

4 It is not apathy, he cried,
That gives this strength to me;
Fear not, but trust in providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

5 On such a night the sea engulfed
My father's lifeless form:
My only brother's boat went down,
In just so wild a storm.

6 And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not, but trust in providence,
Wherever thou may'st be

## 169. C. M.

O WHAT a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

2 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And let the vessels break:
And let our ransom'd spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sigh for me,
And shout, and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

## 170. C. M.

I HAVE no resting place on earth,
On which to fix my love;
But O my heart is yearning for
The promised rest above.
'T is true the earth is passing fair,
O'er which I sadly roam;
But yet it hath no charms for me,
For heaven is my home.

2 A pilgrim long I 've wandered here,
But with a steadfast eye,
I see a rest reserved for me,
At God's right hand on high;
Then all the joys of earth in vain
Will tempt my feet to roam,
To seek a rest on earth below,
Since heaven is my home.

3 Oh! were this world as fair as when
Primeval Eden smiled;
would not by its glowing charms,
To dwell here, be beguiled;
But I would seek a brighter world,
Where God has bid me come,
Then seek no more to bind me here,
For heaven is my home.

## 171. C. M.

THIS book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lips and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.

2 For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;

My mother's hand this Bible clapsed—
She dying gave it me.

3 Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer;

4 And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

5 My father read this holy book,
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear.

6 Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.

7 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried:
When all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.

8 The mines of earth do'nt treasures give,
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live.
It taught me how to die.

## 172. 8s.

FAREWELL to afflictions of earth,
Though tempests of sorrow may blow,

To realms of unsullied delight,
O'er Jordan's swift waters I go.

2 Adieu to the church of my heart;
Oh! long may its banner be spread,
As anthems of victory roll,
To Jesus the shepherd and head.

3 And thou my dear partner in time,
Weep not, for I 'll visit thy home,
If spirits on missions of love,
From glory's dominions may roam.

4 I 'll come at the darkness of night,
I 'll come at the dawning of day,
As thou art communing with God,
And teaching thy orphans to pray.

5 Hail, river of life! from the throne,
I long on thy beauties to gaze,
And hearken to music above,
Entrancing, angelical lays.

6 Hail, Saviour! on Calvary slain!
Hail, glory ineffably bright!
Celestial attendants descend,
And waft me to fields of delight.

7 The prospect increases to view,
The darkness is yielding to day,
The palm wreath of victory waves;
Now hasten my spirit away.

## 173.

WE won't give up the Bible —
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,

The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road,
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.
We won't give up the Bible —
God's holy book of truth.

2 We won't give up the Bible,
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From being sent to hell.
And it alone can tell us how
We can have hopes of heaven —
That through the Saviour's precious blood
Our sins may be forgiven.
We won't give up the Bible, &c.

3 We won't give up the Bible;
But if ye force away
What is as our own life-blood dear,
We still with joy could say:
"The words that we have learned while young
Shall follow all our days;
For they're engraven on our hearts,
And still shall guide our ways."
We won't give up the Bible, &c.

4 We won't give up the Bible,—
We'll shout it far and wide;
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand each treach'rous art;
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part!
We won't give up the Bible, &c.

### 174.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

### 175. S. M.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thy own;
And, from this moment, live or die,
To serve my God alone.

# PRAYER AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

## 177. L. M.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high;
Arise and try thy interest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—Pray!

5 Depend on Christ—thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—His merits must prevail!
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

## 178. L. M..

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there!

2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud 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 supplications sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

## 179. C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

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

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

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

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

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

## 180. L. M.

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

2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company;
There to unvail his smiling face,
And with his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

## 181. C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 O wond'rous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

## 182. S. M.

COME all who love to pray,
On Jesus cast your care;
And every praying soul shall find
He loves to answer prayer.

2 See how he looks and smiles,
From yonder shining throne;
Pleased, he attends your every prayer,
And sends rich blessings down!

3 Ye hungering, thirsting souls,
O pray, and never faint;
Fresh scenes of love the Lord displays
To every praying saint.

4 And whither should we fly;
But to a throne of grace?
For there we prove celestial joys,
And find substantial peace.

5 Lord, from thy throne, behold
Thy saints assembled here,
Whose hearts ascend with warm desire,
To feel thy presence near.

## 183. L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
To things unseen beyond the skies.

4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O, rend the heavens, this favored hour;
Let thousands feel thy saving power.

## 184. S. M.

COME, praying souls, rejoice,
And bless your Father's name;
Joyful to him lift up your voice,
And all his love proclaim.

2 Your mournful cry he hears,
He marks your feeblest groan,
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
And makes his mercy known.

3 To all his praying saints
He ever will attend;
And to their sorrows and complaints,
Will timely succor send.

4 Then blessed be the Lord,
Who has not turned away
His mercy, nor his precious word,
From those who love to pray.

## 185. C. M.

LORD, in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne;
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known.

2 Thou knowest the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear Father, hear our humble prayer,
And bring the blessing nigh.

3 Few be our words and short our prayers,
While we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

## 186. L. M.

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

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

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

## 187. S. M.

DEAR Lord, attend our prayer,
And all our wants relieve;
Come to our hearts, and dwell thou there,
That thou in us may'st live.

2 In weakness we draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace:
Answer a sinner's mournful cry,
And fill us with thy peace.

3 Thou knowest every guest;
For liberty we groan;
We sigh, in thee our Lord, to rest;
And worship thee alone.

4 If trials vex our mind,
Close to thy wounds we 'll flee;
No refuge may we elsewhere find,
But what we find in thee.

5 To thee we come, our Friend,
As sinners poor indeed;
On thee for future grace depend,
Our help in every need.

## 188. S. M.

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

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold!
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

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

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

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

## 189. C. M.

INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way,
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

3 O! come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

4 O! come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

## 190. S. M.

HOW sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

## 191. 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

## 192. L. M.

BRETHREN, beloved for Jesus' sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;

Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise;
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
His suffering and his dying love·
The path he marked for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.

5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

## 193. C. M.

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O! may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee,
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O! let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

## 194. S. M.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

5 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

## 195. C. M.

PRAYER is the work the Lord commands.
And owns and honors too;
To him we lift our hearts and hands,
And worship is his due.

2 Nor shall our labors be in vain,
In Christ our loving Lord,
Who will our faith and hope maintain,
According to his word.

3 Wait on him then, each praying soul,
And humbly trust his grace;
The happy end will crown the whole,
For you shall see his face.

4 There, to eternity you 'll sing,
In raptures all divine,
The boundless glories of our King,
And like him ever shine.

## 196. C. M.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

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

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

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end!"

## 216. C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

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

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

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

## 217. C. M.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come:
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

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

## 218. S. M.

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

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

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

5 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

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

## 219. C. M.

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

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

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy 's 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
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

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

## 220. S M.

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

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

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

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

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
Accepting with a heav'nly smile
The tribute of their hearts.

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

## 221. C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

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

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

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

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

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

## 222. 7s and 6s.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from the flowing fountains
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He 's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And as he has proved faithful,
A crown of life he 'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall live.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then, away to Jesus,
On wings of love I 'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow;
I bid it all adieu!
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And do 'nt forget to pray;
Gird on the heavenly armor,
Of faith and hope and love,
And when the battle's ended,
You 'll reign with him above.

5 O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He 'll not refuse to send;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He 'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you up to rest.

## 223. C. M. D.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys 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,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

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

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

## 224. C. M.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below :
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.

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

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne !
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

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

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

## 225. 7s.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

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

## 226. C. M.

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

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

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

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

## 227. C. M.

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

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

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

4 When love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows:
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

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

## 228. S. M.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found:
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banished far away;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where no discordant sounds are heard,
But all is peace and love

## 229. S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

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

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

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
To all eternity.

## 230. S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice, or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
'Till toils and cares shall end.

5 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion—solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## 231. 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 fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

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

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

## 232. L. M.

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

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
O wash us in the Saviour's blood:
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

## 233. 6 lines 7s.

IF 't is sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 't is sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—
Passing sweet that state must be.
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove,
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

## 234. P. M.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise,
Let all inspired with holy mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round,
Their grateful tribute pay.

## 235. C. M.

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

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

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

4 "I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose scepter 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 for ever die."

## 236. L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive:
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin;
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hopes still hovering round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

## 237. L. M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon!
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

## 238. C. M.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath the burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink—or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine—
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself—with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I 'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

## 239. C. M.

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

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

3 [ In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'T is thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw 't is night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed
Among the shades, I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'T is morning with my soul.]

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

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own;
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone!

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

## 240. S. M.

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

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

3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful state
Where all thy saints are bound!

## 241. C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God
Once more his blessing ask
O, may not duty seem a load
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a copious fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north wind, wake;
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let every plant thy power partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heavenly showers,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

## 242. L. M.

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 Christians, 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.

# MISSIONARY HYMNS.

## 243. 7s and 6s.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,

Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

**244.** 2 8s, 3 7s, and 1 4.

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

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home! as I have proved 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 at last—farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

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

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

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

**245.** 8s, 7s, 4s.

MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth,
Loud proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings,
Tidings of the Saviour's worth!

2 Go to men in darkness sleeping;
Tell that Christ is strong to save;
Go to men in bondage weeping;
Publish freedom to the slave:
Tell the dying,
Christ has triumphed o'er the grave.

3 What though earth, by hell excited,
Should oppose the Saviour's reign!
Plead his cause to souls benighted;
Fear ye not the face of men:
Vain the tumult,
Earth and hell will rage in vain.

4 Though exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus is your heavenly friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

## 246. 7s.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth!
Traveler! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

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

**247.** 8 lines 8s and 7s.

WHO will go to rear the standard
Of the cross in heathen lands,
Where the people sit in darkness,
Bound by superstition's bands?
Who will leave their friends and country
Bid adieu to earthly bliss,
Yield their lives a willing offering,
To so great a work as this?

2 Who will go to Afric's center,
Tell the Ethiop there's a God,
Point him to the crimson fountain
Of a Saviour's cleansing blood?
Who will climb the Rocky Mountains,
Thro' the western forests stray,
Where thick gloom and pagan darkness
Long have held unrivaled sway?

3 Oh! for Paul's denying spirit,
For his missionary zeal;
And the perfect love of Jesus,
Every Christian heart to fill:
Then the earth would soon be covered
With the knowledge of the Lord,
And the far-off isles of ocean
Soon would all receive his word.

**248** 7s.

LITTLE travelers, Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;

There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win;
Lift your heads ye golden gates!
Let the little travelers in!

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat,
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!
Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,
Conqu'rors over death and sin!"—
Lift your heads ye golden gates!
Let the little travelers in!

## 249. 8s, 7s, 4s.

CHRISTIAN, see the orient morning,
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious Day-spring from on high:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Day-spring from on high.

2 Heathen at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;

Precious offerings they are bringing,
Earnest of more perfect praise:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high.

3 Zion's Sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills;
Rise and shine, till brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high.

4 Then the valleys, and the mountains
Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;
Then the living crystal fountains
From the thirsty ground shall spring:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high.

5 While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer;
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high.

6 Lord, of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high.

## 250. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song,
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds your voices raise,
And fill the world with sounding praise.

## 251. 8, 7, 4.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel,
Spread abroad thy holy name
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Mighty Saviour, spread thy gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

## 252. 12s, 11s, 8s.

THE prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way,
The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

2 And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy region,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime;
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet, hosannas to raise;
Hail! Son of the Highest, let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise.

4 Thy sword and thy buckler, shall save and deliver
The poor and the needy from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver, shall vanquish forever,
The prince and the legions of hell.

5 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign—
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

6 Ride on! till the compass of thy great dominion,
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole;
And mankind, cemented with friendship and union,
Obey thee with heart and with soul.

7 Then loud shall ascend, from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious praise.

## GENERAL USE.

### 253. C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear 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,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears.
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and joy, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of hardened sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

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

## 254. C. M.

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

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

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled!
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

## 255. C. M.

YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense:
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure, meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I 'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And think myself most blessed.

6 Dear sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

## 256. C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And 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 Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed 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.

## 257. S. M.

OH! where shall rest be found?
Rest for the weary soul;

'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or search to either pole.

2 The world can never give,
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death, to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unnumbered by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Oh God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end, our quest
Alone is found in thee,
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

## 258. C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;

Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

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

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

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

## 259. C. M.

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

2 Thy shining grace can cheer,
This dungeon where I dwell:
'T is paradise, when thou art here,
If thou depart, 't is hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are:
'T is heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;

They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the hearts above,
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

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

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

8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

## 260. C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

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

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

## 261. C. M.

CHRIST and his cross is all my theme,
The myst'ries that we speak,
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name,
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, and fear, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

## 262. L. M.

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

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,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move 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 yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need,
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

## 263. L. M.

OF him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye guilty, he 'll forgive;
Arise, ye needy, he 'll relieve.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 't is given,
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love could show

4 'T is thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan:
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate, to the spring I fly,
I drink, but yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

## 264. C. M.

OH! WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here:
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring.

4 Whoever will (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake:
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace:
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

## 265. S. M.

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 their 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 this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen joined their voice,
And tuneful notes employ:
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

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

## 266. L. M.

JESUS, with truth and power divine;
Send forth this messenger of thine
His hands confirm, his heart inspire,
And touch his lips with hallowed fire.

2 Be thou his mouth and wisdom, Lord:
Thou, by the hammer of thy word,
The rocky hearts in pieces break,
And bid the son of thunder speak.

3 To those who would the Lord embrace,
Give him to preach the word of grace;
Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,
And melt them with the fire of love.

4 Let all, with thankful hearts, confess,
The welcome messenger of peace:
And power in his report be found,
And in thy work may he abound.

## 267. C. M.

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

2 'T is not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands—
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls—for which, the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures or in woe!

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults.
Lord, where should we appear?

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

## 268. C. M.

NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
That view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the conquering arm of death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue:

4 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide:"
The Lord will ne'er forsake his own,
Who in his love confide.

6 Through every scene of life and death
His promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

## 269. C. M.

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

2 The gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath;
The truth he had proclaimed so long,
Was his support in death.

3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere;
His soul was ripened for that bliss,
While yet he sojourned here.

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

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

## SACRAMENTAL.

## 270. L. M.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose,
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake

3 "This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine,
"'T is the new covenant in my blood."

4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice poured upon his head,
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

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

6 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

## 271. C. M.

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 repeat,
"For me He died, for me!"

3 These sacred signs, thy sufferings, 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!"

## 272. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

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

5 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.

## 273. L. M.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness vails the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here 's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome through the skies

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains;
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, "Where 's thy sting?
And where 's thy victory boasting grave?"

## 274. C. M.

YONDER—amazing sight, I see
The incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on the accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.

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

3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with the amazed centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God."

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

## 275. L. M.

'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died,
'T is finished—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'T is finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
'T is now fulfilled, and was designed
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'T is finished—this, my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

4 'T is finished—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled,
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men

## 276. C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

## 277. S. M.

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

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see !
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

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

## THE SABBATH.

## 278. L. M.

AWAKE, my heart ! my soul, arise !
This is the day believers prize !
Improve this Sabbath then with care ;
Another may not be thy share.

2 O solemn thought ! Lord, give me power
Wisely to fill up every hour :
O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my heart and soul above !

3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail
To worship thee within the vail
To glorify thy matchless grace ;
To see the beauties of thy face.

4 Be with me in thy house to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray;
Command thy word to fall like dew,
Refreshing, quickening all anew.

5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove
O'er the green pastures of thy love;
O let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast!

6 Give to thy church a large increase,
Send her prosperity and peace;
May all the saints in Zion say,
O happy, happy, happy day.

## 279. L. M.

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

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies!
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

## 280. L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away:
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine.
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

## 281. S. M.

TO-DAY the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead!
He conquered our tremendous foes
And Satan captive led.

2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings forever on his name,
He bought us with his blood.

3 For us his life he paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On him our loads of guilt were laid
We by his stripes are healed.

4 Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

## 282. L. M.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above!
To that our longing souls aspire
With ardent love and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place·
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
Obscures the luster of thy throne.

4 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on this world of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

## 283. C. M.

BLEST morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld our rising God
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode!

2 In the cold prison of the tomb
Our dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

## 284. S. M.

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

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

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Saviour 's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

## 285. C. M.

COME let us join, with sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heaven.

## 286. 6 lines 7s.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the great Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame.
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

## 287. C. M.

FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend

Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly luster shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

## 288. C. M.

WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee—all serene—
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a vail between?

2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 [Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God; O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee!
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.]

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end!

## SABBATH SCHOOLS.

### 289. 7s, 5s.

WHERE do children love to go?
When the wintry tempests blow
What is this attracts them so?
'T is the Sabbath School.

2 Where do children love to be
When the summer birds we see?
Warbling praise on every tree?
In the Sabbath School.

3 When the Sabbath morning breaks,
Every eye from slumber wakes,
What so happy children makes—
'T is the Sabbath School.

4 Where are we so kindly taught,
God should rule in every thought,
What the love of Christ has bought—
In the Sabbath School.

5 May we ever love this day,
More than all our sports and play,
Love to read and sing and pray—
In the Sabbath School.

### 290. P. M.

WE'RE a happy band of children,
We're a happy band of children,
We're a happy band of children,
From the dear Sabbath School.

Where our friends come to meet us,
With the word of God to greet us,
Where mercy's voice so sweet is,
In the dear Sabbath School.
We 're a happy band of children, &c

2 Where the stream of life is flowing,
Happiness on us bestowing,
And for heaven we are growing,
In the dear Sabbath School.
We 're a happy band of children, &c.

3 From the word of God we 're learning
To escape eternal burning,
And from evil we are turning,
In the dear Sabbath School.
We 're a happy band of children, &c.

4 While friends above are praising,
Amid heaven's glories gazing,
Our voices we are raising,
In the dear Sabbath School.
We 're a happy band of children, &c.

5 And you dear friends who hear us,
If for heaven you would rear us,
Then let your presence cheer us,
In the dear Sabbath School.
We 're a happy band of children, &c.

**291.** S. M.

LET little children learn
God's holy name to praise:
And with the eye of faith discern
The guardian of their days.

2 Let morning, noon, and night,
With every act proclaim,
That God's their first, their chief delight,
And Christ their only aim.

3 Let love of peace and joy,
The spring of life engage;
Nor let earth's vanities destroy
The hope of riper age.

## 292. C. M.

THE soul, untaught, is dark as night,
Where every evil dwells;
All hail, instruction's sacred light,
Which all this night dispels.

2 Our Sabbaths once in vain we spent,
Neglected and unblest:
But now the house of prayer frequent,
To keep the sacred rest.

3 Jesus invites young children near,
O may we straight obey!
Give us, O Lord, the attentive ear,
And teach our hearts to pray.

## 293. L. M.

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.

## 294. C. M.

LORD, I confess before thy face,
How wicked I have been:
Look down from heav'n, thy dwelling place,
And pardon this my sin.

2 Forgive my temper, Lord, I pray—
My passion, and my pride;
The wicked words I dared to say,
And wicked thoughts beside.

3 For Jesus' sake forgive my crime,
And change this stubborn heart;
And grant me grace another time,
To act a better part.

## 295. C. M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;
And when I pray or sing,
I 'm often thinking all the while,
About some other thing.

3 O! let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

## 296. S. M.

THE praises of my tongue,
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learned so young
To read his holy word.

2 That I am brought to know
The danger I am in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

3 Great God, this book of thine,
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

4 O may thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach
And all thy saints believe.

## 297. C. M.

ALMIGHTY Father, heavenly King!
Who rulest the world above;
Accept the tribute children bring,
Of gratitude and love.

2 To thee, each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we 'll pay,
And e'er the night has closed our eyes,
We 'll thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word has given,
That children, such as us, may find
A certain path to heaven.

4 Stretch out, O Lord, thy gracious hand,
To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that blissful land,
Where dwells eternal truth.

## 298. 7s.

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

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

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

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

## 299. C. M.

"MY father! through the valley's shade,
Will you not go with me,!"
The dying boy with faintness said,
"And my protector be?"

2 "My son! my son! I must abide
The time which God hath set;
Life's toils my path must still betide;
Mine hour is not come yet."

3 "O mother, you have always blessed
Your little boy—will you
Go with me in the shades of death,
And help my passage through?"

4 "My child, I would, but cannot go;
God hath not called for me;
But Jesus waits for thee, I know,
And he will go with thee."

5 "Yes!—father—!—mother!—yes, I see,
The valley now is light;
My Saviour walks along with me,
And heaven appears in sight!

6 "How sweet the music which I hear!
Bright angels bid me come!
A little while and I'll be there—
I'm almost—I am—home!"

## 300. C. M.

MY father raised his trembling hand,
And laid it on my head;
"God bless thee, O my son! my son!"
Most tenderly he said.

2 He died, and left no gems or gold;
But still was I his heir—
For that rich blessing which he gave,
Became a fortune rare.

3 And in my days of weary toil
To earn my daily bread,
It gladdens me in thought to feel
His hand upon my head!

4 Though infant tongues to me have said,
"Dear father," oft since then,
Yet when I bring that scene to mind,
I 'm but a child again.

**301.** 7s and 6s.

FAR, far away in India,
Thousands of children live,
Who have no pious teachers,
Who them instruction give
About the great Jehovah,
Who reigns above the sky
Or of the blessed Saviour,
Who did on Calvary die.

2 Oh! what a sad condition,
These little ones are in—
Young children, by their parents,
Are thrown in Ganges' stream,
To please the gods they worship,
That are made of wood and stone,
Believing that will save them,
And for their sins atone.

3 And now, dear little children,
To Sunday school who go,
Say, will you not do something
To save their souls from wo.
Oh! yes, you say you 're willing
To aid with heart and hand,
To send the blessed gospel,
To every heathen land.

**302.** 6s and 4s

FAREWELL! we meet no more
On this side heaven:
The parting scene is o'er,
The last sad look is given.

2 Farewell! my soul will weep
While memory lives:
From wounds that sink so deep
No earthly hand relieves.

3 Farewell! my stricken heart
To Jesus flies:
From him I 'll never part;
On him my hope relies.

4 Farewell! and shall we meet
In heaven above?
And there, in union sweet,
Sing of a Saviour's love?

**303.** C. M.

COMPANIONS hail! again we meet
Beneath a canopy
Whose broad expanse round earth is spread,
One blue immensity;
But on our path a surer light
Of glorious gospel truth
Is shed, to speed our onward flight,
And guide our wayward youth.

2 Our lot a home of freemen's pride,
A fair, a happy land,
Where holy truths may be dispensed
By blest religion's hand;

We meet to spend this festal day,
And lift our joyful hearts
Toward him who holds creation's sway,
And every bliss imparts.

3 Freedom, our birthright—glorious boon—
Shall bid us raise to thee,
Great God, the offering of our life,
In young simplicity;
Then lift the willing shout of praise,
From many an infant tongue,
And let all nature join to raise,
Once more her grateful song!

4 For mercies past, and yet to come,
We praise thee and adore!
Assist us, Lord, to guide our youth—
To love and serve thee more;
Then as a happy, peaceful band,
Our life's short labor done,
Again together may we stand
Accepted at thy throne.

## 304. 8s and 7s.

ONWARD, onward, men of power
Rear the gospel banner high,
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky.
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints neath Asia's vertic ray,
Bid the red-browed forest ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Where the arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,

Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow.
India marks its luster stealing,
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo they haste in every nation,
Host on hosts the ranks supply,
Onward, Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

## EARLY PIETY.

### 305. L. M.

NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt, and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head!

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,

Ascends to God—not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

## 306. S. M.

FROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name
In that blest name believe!

4 O, let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

## 307. C. M.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honors pay:
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

2 Be wise—and make his favor sure,
Before the mournful day,
When youth and mirth are known no more
And life and strength decay.

3 The mem'ry of his mighty name
Demands your first regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have loved the Lord.

## 308. C. M.

WHILE in the tender years of youth
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;—

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy pow'rs employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy portion, and thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

## 309. S. M.

MY Son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey:
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found,
And seek him while he 's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heav'n,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiv'n.

## 310. C. M.

COME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die;
What are our best delights on earth,
Compared with those on high?

2 Our pleasures here will soon be past—
Our brightest joys decay;
But pleasures there forever last,
And cannot fade away.

3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distrest;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.

4 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart;
But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.

5 Then let us love and serve the Lord,
With all our youthful pow'rs;
And we shall gain this great reward,
This glory shall be ours.

## 311. L. M.

YE lovely bands of blooming youth,
Warn'd by the voice of heav'nly truth,
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,
With all your talents and your time.

2 Think on your end, nor thoughtless say,
"I 'll put far off the evil day;"
Ah! not a moment 's in your power,
And death stands ready at the door.

3 Eternity! how near it rolls!
Count the vast value of your souls!
Beware! and count the awful cost,
What they have gained whose souls are lost.

4 Pride, sinful pleasures, lusts and snares,
Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears—
Take the alarm—the danger fly!
"Lord! save me," be your earnest cry.

## 312. C. M.

'TWAS told me in my early day,
That pleasure's stream did flow
Gently beside life's peaceful way;—
I have not found it so.

2 I thought there grew on earthly ground,
Some buds without decay;
But not a single flower I've found,
That does not fade away.

3 I wish to see a fairer world;
I've heard of one on high,
Where every tear, by one kind Hand,
Is wiped from every eye.

4 'Tis said the King of that bright place,
Still welcomes travelers there:
O, come and let us seek his grace!
Unseen, he hears our prayer.

## 313. P. M.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children, as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## 314. S. M.

SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the op'ning year:
But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.

2 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh:
But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth.

3 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly glitt'ring drops;
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distill.

## 315. 8s.

THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.

2 Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favored, be found,
In praising to take less delight?

3 Awake, then, my harp and my lute!
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell!
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell!

4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring;
This temple, his Spirit's abode,
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

## 316. 7s.

PLEASING spring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear!
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise!

2 Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see:
Ah! my winter has been long,
Chilled my hopes, suppressed my song.

3 How the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns!
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again!

4 O, beloved Saviour, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past:
Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

## 317. C. M.

TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers;
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps·
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time;
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sowed in hope.

## 318. 7s, 6s.

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2 I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;

For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O send a shining angel,
To bear me to the sky.

4 O, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious, and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

**319.** C. M.

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

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

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

**320.** P. M.

YE falling leaves of autumn,
Ye have cheered our summer hours;
But ye're fading, fast ye're fading,
Like the early summer flowers.

2 Like the friends we love the dearest,
Ye falling autumn leaves,
Ye are changing, fast ye 're changing,
And your change my spirit grieves.

3 We have sported 'mid your freshness,
We have slumbered in your shade;
But ye 're dying, fast ye 're dying,
And your shroud will soon be made.

4 The spring time saw you budding,
And the summer saw you bloom;
But ye 're falling, fast ye 're falling,
And we 're weeping at your tomb.

5 The breeze is sighing sadly,
And the summer birds have fled;
For the autumn leaves are faded,
And numbered with the dead.

6 'T is ever thus with mortal;
His longest life is brief;
He is fading, changing, dying,
Like the fallen autumn leaf.

**321.** P. M.

COME—come—come to the Saviour,
Rich—rich mercy receive,
Here—here you will find favor,
Jesus from sin will relieve;
Come—come—come—come,
Come to the Saviour and live.

2 Come—come, laden and weary,
Christ—Christ calls thee to come;

Leave—leave paths dark and dreary;
Cease from the Saviour to roam;
Come—come—come—come,
Jesus will guide thee safe home.

3 Come—come, seek his salvation,
Now—now hear and obey:
Hark—hark, the sweet invitation,
Angels invi e you away;
Come—come—come—come,
Sinner believe and obey.

4 Hark—hark angels are singing,
Love—love—love is their theme;
Peace—peace joyfully bringing,
Mercy from God the Supreme;
Come—come—come—come,
Jesus is rich to redeem.

## TEMPERANCE SONGS

### 322.

WE who the slaves had been
Of rum the tyrant king,
The temperance pledge have ta'en;
In rapturous strains we sing
And triumph in the overthrow
Of alcohol, our tyrant foe.

2 In powerful array
The mighty monarch came,
To scatter, tear, and slay,
And legion was his name;
But we a champion bold had found,
That brought the monster to the ground!

3 This champion bold of ours,
In humble guise he came,
But mighty were his powers,
Pure water is his name,
More powerful than the giant foe,
He slew the monster at a blow.

4 For us the tyrant 's slain,
And powerless now he lies,
Never to rise again;
Our water king defies
The power of rum's once mighty state,
The fire king to resuscitate.

## 323. 7s and 6s.

FROM nature's crystal fountain,
The pure and purling rill,
Or cascade of the mountain,
We 'll drink a cooling fill.

2 But fly, O ! fly the demon
That lurks in yonder bowl,
Worse than the vale of Hinnon,
It kills the very soul.

3 'T will waste your time and treasures
Destroy your earthly peace,
'T will lessen all your pleasures,
And all your woes increase.

4 Your house in wild disorder
Will ever be arrayed,
Confusion on your border
Be dreadfully portrayed.

5 Your children clad in tatters,
Will daily cry for bread,

Affliction's stormy waters
Will wash about your head.

6 Your wife in grief shall languish,
And weep away her bloom,
Until worn down with anguish,
She sinks into the tomb.

7 Those wretched drunken legions,
Will blast your latest breath,
And sink you to the regions
Of an eternal death.

## 324. P. M.

THE drink that 's in the drunkard's bowl,
Is not the drink for me;
It kills the body and the soul,
How sad a sight is he.
But there 's a drink which God hath given,
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In mercies large and free;
O, that 's the drink for me.
O, that 's, &c.

2 The stream that many prize so high,
Is not the stream for me,
For he who drinks it still is dry,
Forever dry he 'll be.
But there 's a stream so cool and clear,
The thirsty traveler lingers near,
Refreshed and glad is he;
O, that 's the stream for me.
O, that 's, &c.

3 The wine cup that so many prize,
Is not the cup for me,

The aching head, the bloated face
In its sad train I see:
But there 's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days;
O, that 's the cup for me.
O, that 's, &c.

## 325. C. M.

O TAKE the maddening bowl away
Remove the poisonous cup;
My soul is sick; its burning ray
Hath drunk my spirit up.

2 Say not, "Behold its ruddy hue;
O press it to thy lips!"
For 't is more deadly than the dew
That from the Upas drips.

3 Say not, "It hath a spell to soothe
The soul in misery deep!"
Go, ask thy conscience if the bowl
Can give eternal sleep!

4 Go—I will have no more of thee,
Thou bane of Adam's race;
But to a heavenly fountain flee
And drink the dews of grace

# THANKSGIVING AND FASTS.

## 326. L. M.

GOD of the passing year, to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise,
With swelling heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 We bless thy name, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
For thou our country's arms didst guide,
And lead them on their conquering way.

4 We praise thee, that the gospel light,
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Scatters the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 When foes without, and foes within,
With threatening ills our land have pressed,
Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.

## 327. L. M.

ALMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.

2 From thee our countless blessings flow,
Life, health, and strength thy hands bestow;
The daily good thy creatures share,
Springs from thy providential care.

3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing shower,
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

4 At thy command the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom;
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasure pours.

5 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, parental joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

6 Let every power of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the majesty divine.

## 328. 7s.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong,
Saints and angels join to sing,
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand,
Flow around this happy land:
Guarded by his watchful eye,
Peace and freedom we enjoy

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

## 329. L. M.

GREAT God! our heartfelt thanks to thee!
We feel thy presence everywhere!
And pray that we may ever be
Thus subjects of thy guardian care.

2 We sowed!—by thee our work was seen,
And blessed; and instantly went forth
Thy mandate; and in living green
Soon smiled the fair and fruitful earth.

3 We toiled!—and thou didst note our toil,
And gav'st the sunshine and the rain,
Till ripened on the teeming soil
The fragrant grass, and golden grain.

4 And now, we reap:—and oh, our God!
From this, the earth's unbounded floor,
We send our song of thanks abroad,
And pray thee, bless our hoarded store!

## 330. S. M.

MOURN, mourn o'er follies past,
The Spirit grieved away;
The church of God in slumber cast,
While night succeeds to day.

2 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,
O'er sins of deepest dye!
Our heritage now lies a waste,
Before th' All-seeing eye.

3 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,
And weep o'er present ills:
Let Zion give herself no rest,
Till God his grace reveals.

4 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,
Forgiveness now implore;
O God, accept the solemn fast,
And bring the joyful hour.

## 331. C. M.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

3 Great God, why is this nation spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
Oh be thy voice of warning heard,
While mercy cries, forbear!

4 What sins, what crimes, increasing rise,
This nation to defile!
What land so favored of the skies;
And yet what land so vile?

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

6 Oh! bid us turn, almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

## BEGINNING AND CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

### 332. 7s.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun,
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little—none can know.

2 Spared to see another year,
Let thy blessing meet us here:
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive;
Sun of righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes:
Let our prayer thy pity move;
Make this year a time of love.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

## 333. C. M.

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

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

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

4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set on afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

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

## 334. S. M.

MY few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—'t is but a day:—

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Made up of grief and sin;
A host of dangerous foes without,
And guilt and fear within.

3 Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With watchful care may I pursue
The true and living way!

## 335. 5, 11, 12.

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

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as 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 near!

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through; [do!"
I have finished the work thou didst give me to
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

## 336. C. M.

GOD of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound:
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend;
Whose constant mercies from the skies,
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And, constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
To every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

# DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND JUDGMENT.

## 337. C. M.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!

2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 All, leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

## 338. C. M.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,

My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

## 339. C. M.

STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few,
Then speechless—with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

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

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It soars their bliss to share;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

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

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

## 340. C. M.

DEATH! 't is a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away,
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of death,
Ye stubborn sinners, fear;
Why will ye sink to shades of death?
To dwell forever there.

4 Oh see the burning gulf in view,
Its horrors who can trace!
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of sovereign love,
That promised heaven to me,
That taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

## 341. L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there

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

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should 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.

## 342. L. M.

SWEET is the scene where Christians die,
Where holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing;
O grave! where is thy victory now?
And where, O death! is now thy sting?

## 343. L. M.

HOW blessed the righteous when he dies
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears:
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

## 344. C. M.

IF I must die, oh! let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, oh! let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I 'll boldly venture through.

## 345. C. M.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay,
Shall be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'T is he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

5 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
But sweeter far to see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

## 346. C. M.

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

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impressed,
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

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

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

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

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

## 347. C. M.

ALAS! how changed that lovely flower,
Which bloomed and cheered my heart;
Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part!

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For her who rests above?

3 No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
"The Lord is righteous still."

4 From adverse blasts, and lowering storms,
Her favored soul he bore;
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives, to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more she 'll visit me;
My soul will mount to her at last,
And there my child I 'll see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

## 348. 7s.

FADES the lovely blooming flower
Smiling solace of an hour!
Soon our transient comforts fly;
Pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Lovely babe, how brief thy stay!
Short and hasty was thy day:
Ending soon thy sojourn here,
Pain or grief no more to bear.

3 Hard it is from thee to part!
Though it rend my aching heart,
Since an heir to glory 's gone,
Let the will of God be done.

4 Pillowed on a Saviour's breast,
Sweetly sleep, and softly rest:
When the joyful summons come,
Rise and soar to heaven, your home.

5 There we 'll meet, to part no more,
On fair Canaan's peaceful shore;
There we 'll fix our blessed abode,
With our Saviour and our God.

## 349. L. M.

WHEN pulse beats low, and cheeks grow pale,
And storms of life are fiercely driven;
When fairest prospects quickly fail,
How sweet to have a hope in heaven!

2 When friends that seemed most near and dear,
Are from our bosoms swiftly riven;
And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
How sweet to have a hope in heaven!

3 When lone and wandering from our home,
No kind relief to us is given,
O, what would then of us become,
If we had not a hope in heaven?

4 And when the end is drawing nigh,
Of life, through which we long have striven
And we, at last, must droop and die,
How sweet to have a hope in heaven!

## 350. C. M.

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,
Must lie as low as ours."

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

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

## 351. C. M.

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

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

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're traveling to the grave.]

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

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

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

## 352. C. M.

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 threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O! what hath Jesus done for me!
Before my raptured eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They are all robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day!

## 353. C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

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

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

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

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

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

## 354. S. M.

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

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

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

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

5 O thou, that wouldst not have
One wicked sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery; —

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

## 355. S. M.

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

2 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.

5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

## 356. C. M.

THE winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

2 Shall man depart this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return?
No second spring of life revive
The ashes of the urn?

3 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the insect's wing?
And oh—shall man awake no more,
The Saviour's name to sing?

4 Cease, all ye vain desponding fears;
When Christ from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praises rang.

5 The trump shall sound; the gates of death
Shall make his children way;
From the cold tomb the slumb'rers spring
And shine in endless day.

## 357. 7s.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christian, dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

**358.** 8s, 7s, 4s.

LO! he cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the judge appear!
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies!

**359.** 8s, 7s, 4s.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!

Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see!

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now the Saviour long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne!

Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

**360.** 8s, 7s, 6s.

DARK brood the heavens o'er thee!
Black clouds are gathering fast;
In awful power thy God has come,
Thy days of mirth are past.

2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Red flames are bursting round;
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,
How shakes the trembling ground!

3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Behold the Judge appears:
Unnumbered millions throng around,
Raised from the dust of years.

4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Soon thou wilt hear thy doom;
Destruction opens wide for thee—
Thy chosen, final home.

5 Yet stay—the vision lingers;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits,
This hour to Jesus fly.

**361.** L M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away
What power shall be the sinner's stay!
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead,

3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

## 362. C. M.

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

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

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this the gospel day;
Thy pardoning voice, O! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound

To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

## 363. S. M.

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

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around.

3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure,
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished shrink away?

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

## 364. S. M.

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

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

3 The living look with dread:
The frighted dead arise:
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.

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

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

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

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

## 364. L. M.

HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe;
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne.
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

## 365. C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

## 366. C. M.

THAT once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time;
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

3 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

## 367. C. M.

WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command;—

2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand,
Beneath my sinking head,
And let a beam of life divine
Illume my dying bed.

## 368. C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings, and from sins released,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

## 369. L. M.

THE grave is now a favored spot—
To saints who sleep, in Jesus blessed;
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest.

2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
At rest as in a peaceful bed:
Secure from all the dreadful storms,
Which round this sinful world are spread

3 Thrice happy souls, who're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

## 370. 8s.

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 relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

2 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.

3 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep;
These 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.

4 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of Death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
Oh, shall I not shortly become!
My spirit created anew,
Ere I am consigned to the tomb.

## 371. 8s.

'TIS finished! the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplished at last,
And now she 's entombed with the dead,
The months of affliction are o'er,
The days and the nights of distress;
We see her in anguish no more—
She 's gained her happy release.

2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.
Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

3 The victory now is obtained;
She 's gone her dear Saviour to see;
Her wishes she fully has gained—
She 's now where she longed to be.
Then let us forbear to complain,
That she has now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

## HELL.

### 372. C. M.

FAR from the utmost verge of day
Those gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play,
The worm shall never die.

2 The breath of God, his angry breath
Supplies and fans the fire;
Then sinners taste the second death,
And would, but can't expire.

3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
With torture gnaws the heart;
And woe and wrath, in every form,
Is now the sinner's part.

4 Sad world indeed; ah! who can bear
Forever there to dwell,
Forever sinking in despair,
In all the pains of hell?

### 373. 8s and 7s.

SINNER, hell is deep and yawning—
Quenchless fires are raging there;
Not a beam of hope is dawning
On those regions of despair.

2 Like some vast volcanic crater,
Burning waves of lava swell,
Rage, and toss, and mourn, and labor—
Such, O sinner, such is hell.

3 Conscience is the worm undying—
Guilt the everlasting pain—
Love rejected, slighted, plying
Fuel to the deathless flame.

4 Chains of darkness, shrieks, and groanings,
Blasphemies and madness dwell
'Mid these everlasting burnings—
This, O sinner, this is hell!

## HEAVEN.

### 374. C. M.

HEAVEN is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The sunny clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more.

2 Heaven is the home where spirits dwell,
Who wandered here awhile,
And, "seeing things invisible,"
Departed with a smile.

3 Heaven is the place where Jesus lives
To plead his dying blood,
While to his prayers the Father gives
An unknown multitude.

4 Heaven is the temple whither prayer,
From saints on earth, ascends;
The dwelling of the Spirit, whence
His influence descends.

5 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die;
There s perfect bliss above.

## 375. L. M.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy!
Where mortal footsteps hath not been,
Nor ear has caught its sounds of joy.

2 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring

3 There is a world, and O, how blest!
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold!

4 It is all holy and serene
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

5 It is not fanned by summer's gale,
'T is not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

6 No! for this world is ever bright,
With a pure radiance all its own,
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

## 376. C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

## 377. C. M.

COME let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne.
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"—

"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And earth, and air, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

## 378. L. M.

O HAPPY saints that dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus clothed in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more!

2 Released from sorrow, sin, and strife,
Death was the gate to endless life;
And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing his love in melting strains.

3 They gaze upon his beauteous face,
And tell the wonders of his grace;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

4 Ah! Lord, with faltering steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
When shall I wake in heaven, to prove
The hights and depths of Jesus' love?

## 379. C. M.

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 The garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eyes
While laboring up the hill.

## 380. C. M.

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 dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

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

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### 381. C. M.

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

2 'T is he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

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

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

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

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

## 382. L. M.

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

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O! how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O! how strong.

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O! how good!

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

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

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

## 383. 7s.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King
As ye journey, sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the father's trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you, undismay'd, go on.

5 Lord, obedient, we would go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

## 384. C. M.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sin and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too.

5 O! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

6 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

## 385. S. M.

GRACE, 't is a charming sound
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'T is grace hath kept me to this day
And will not let me go.

5 Grace, all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

## 386. 8's & 7's.

GREAT Redeemer, friend of sinners,
Thou hast wondrous power to save;
Grant me grace, and still protect me
Over life's tempestuous wave;
May my soul, with sacred transport,
View the dawn while yet afar,
And, until the sun arises,
Guide me by the morning star.

2 Oh what madness, oh what folly !
That my heart should go astray,
After vain and foolish trifles,
Trifles only of a day !
This vain world with all its pleasures,
Soon, alas ! will be no more ;
There' s no object worth admiring,
But the God whom we adore.

3 See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus is their theme ;
Hark ! they whisper ; lo ! they call me,
"Sister spirit, come away ;"
Lo ! I come ; earth can't detain me ;
Hail ! the realms of endless day.

4 Swiftly roll, ye ling'ring hours ;
Seraphs, lend your glittering wings ;
Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
Heavenly music round me rings ;
Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Only now by faith I see you,
Soon I hope to dwell on high.

## 387. P. M.

HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee ;
Till thou appear, thy members here,
Shall sing like those in glory ;
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher;
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favor;
The love divine, which made us thine,
Can keep us thine forever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise for that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us;
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

## 388. C. M.

IN evil, long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and owned the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive,
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die, that thou may'st live."

7 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd ;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

## 389. S. M.

LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those world's above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 By all his works below,
His honors be express'd;
Saints, who his loving-kindness know,
Should sing his praises best.

## 390. L. M.

ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes,
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame,
See scandals pour'd on *Jesus'* name;
The Father wounded through the Son,
The world abused, the soul undone,

3 See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night;
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene,
My bowels yearn o'er dying men,
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

## 391. 7s & 6s.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal homo ;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
All that 's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above ;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

## 392. P. M.

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

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

3 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.

4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 There, there at his feet
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

6 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.

7 In assurance, I 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.

## 193. C. M.

EARTH has engross'd my love to long,
'T is time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest MAN, my Saviour, sits,
The GOD; how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains.
Circle the throne around,
And move, and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing;
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And echo in majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son.

6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's equal down
To dwell in humble clay.

7 O sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within;)
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

& But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs a moment mourn
The God that liv'd and died.

9 Then all at once, to living strains
They summon ev'y chord;
Teil how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.]

10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here 's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here,
Andso my soul should rise;
O, for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

12 There ye, that love my Saviour, sit;
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

## 394. 7s.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour, near 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 shalt 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.

## 395. 8s. 6s.

HARK—hark—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ,
For their sublimest strains.
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Hark—hark—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend.
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear — bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show.
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike — strike the harps again,
The great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim.
Angels and men, wake every string,
'T is God the Saviour's praise we sing.

396 C. M.

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

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

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 't is, that I should dread
To die and go from hence.

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

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

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

8 There we shall meet, and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in every heart,
Shall tune the song—Free grace.

9 Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still go on,
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit,—Three in One.

10 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

**397.** 8s. & 7s.

JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

**398.** 7s. & 6s.

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its fullness shown,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown.
Turn, &c.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye;

Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down.
Turn, &c.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was clos'd, that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd.) "forgive."
Surely, with that dying word, [done."
He turns, and looks, and cries "'t is
O, my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone

## 399. 7s. & 6s.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'T is all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me;
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Jesus died.
Only Jesus, &c.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart,
From the haven of thy breast,
Shall never more depart.

Whither should a sinner go ?
His wounds for me stand open wide.
Only Jesus, &c.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend ;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide.
Only Jesus, &c.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove ;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love !
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied.
Only Jesus, &c.

**400.** 8s & 6s.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There 's nothing true but heaven

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb ;
There 's nothing bright but heaven.

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we 're driven,
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way;
There 's nothing calm but heaven.

## 401. 8s. 6s.

THIS world 's not all a fleeting show,
For man's ILLUSION given;"
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know,
There 's something here of heaven.

2 And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He, that the Christian's course has ran,
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span,
In love to God and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

## 402. C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me,

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear;
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O, the bliss to which I tend,
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair,
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

## 403. C. M.

"Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away,
News from the regions of the skies—
A Saviour 's born to-day.

2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 "Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O, may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise.

## 404. L. M.

Farewell, vain world, I 'm going home
Away to the world that has no end,
Where all our sorrows will be over;
My Saviour smiles and bids me come
Away to the world that has no end,
Where all our sorrows will be over,
Will be over, will be over,
Where all our sorrows will be over.

2 Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to the world, &c.
Away to the New Jerusalem,
Away in the world, &c.

3 O, may I find some humble seat,
Away in the world, &c.
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet,
Away in the world, &c.

4 There shall I see my blessed God,
Away in the world, &c.
And praise him in his bright abode,
Away in the world, &c.

5 Our time of mourning will be o'er,
Away in the world, &c.
When we all reach that happy shore,
Away in the world, &c.

6 I have some friends before me gone,
Away to the world, &c.
And I 'm resolved to follow on,
Away to the world, &c,

7 If you get there before I do,
Away in the world, &c.
Look out for me, I 'm coming too,
Away to the world, &c.

8 Our theme through all eternity,
Away in the world, &c·
Shall glory, glory, glory, be,
Away in the world, &c.

## 405. P. M.

WHEN the midnight cry begins,
O, what lamentation !
Thousands sleeping in their sins,
Neglecting their salvation.

2 Lo ! the Bridegroom is at hand,
Who will kindly treat him ?
Surely all the waiting band
Will now go forth to meet him.

3 Some, indeed, did wait awhile,
And shone without a rival,
But they spent their seeming oil,
Long since the last revival.

4 Many souls who thought they 'd light,
O, when the scene was closed.
Now against the Bridegroom fight,
And so they stand opposed.

5 While the wise are passing by,
With all their lamps prepared,
Give us of your oil, they cry,
If any can be spared.

6 Others trim their former snuff,
O, is it not amazing !
Those conclude they 've light enough,
And think their lamps are blazing.

## 406. L. M.

DON'T talk about sorrowing here below,
Let 's talk about loving Jesus ;
Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
And I 'll sing glory, glory ;
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
While marching on to glory.
CHORUS—Don't talk, &c.

2 I love my Saviour, yes I do,
And I 'll sing glory, glory,
And all the world may love him too.
And dwell with him in glory.
Don't talk, &c.

3 I 'm glad that I am born to die,
For I 'll sing glory—glory,
And shout his praise above the sky,
And live with him in glory.
Don't talk, &c.

4 I have some friends before me gone,
Who now sing glory—glory,
And I 'm resolved to follow on,
And meet my friends in glory.
Don't talk, &c.

5 If you get there before I do,
And find my friends in glory,
You may tell them I 'm a coming too,
For I 'm on my way to glory.
Don't talk, &c.

6 How happy then the saints will be,
When they arrive in glory,
Their blessed Saviour they shall see,
And dwell with him in glory.
Don't talk, &c.

## 407. P. M.

O, HEARKEN, sinners, we have cause
To warn you of your danger;
We pray be reconciled to him
Who once lay in a manger.

CHORUS.

Ho! every one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters,
Freely drink and quench your thirst,
Ye Zion's sons and daughters.

2 The awful God who made your soul,
And all the world around you,
Doth charge you with ten thousand crimes
But hateth to confound you.

3 The cross of Christ you have to bear,
Fearless of persecution,
Or groan you will, when time shall cease,
In darkness and confusion.

4 There is a fountain deep and wide,
For sin and all uncleanness,
Come drink and wash and be made white,
And prove the gospel's freeness.

5 O! see the crowd that 's traveling on,
In paths of self-denial,
They march along the banks of love,
And long for your arrival.

6 Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Saviour?
Believe, and you 'll be justified;
Believe, and live forever.

7 I 'm not surpris'd that saints do sing,
Or angels shout and wonder;
I would sing glory! if I could,
As loud as mighty thunder

8 My old companions wonder why
I sing and shout hosanna,
But they would sing as loud as I,
If they had tasted manna.

9 My night of sin and grief is gone,
My soul is fill'd with glory ;
O! for a thousand tongues to tell
Love's animating story.

10 Let heaven and earth with me unite,
And sing and shout hosanna ;
The Lord has pardon'd all my sins,
And fill'd my soul with manna.

*Bethlehem.* 408. 5s. & 8s.

BEHOLD how the Lord has girt on his sword,
From conquest to conquest proceeds!
How happy are they who live in this day,
And witness his wonderful deeds.

2 His word he sends forth, from south to the north,
From east and from west it is heard ;
The rebel is charm'd ; the foe is disarm'd ;
No day like this day has appeared.

3 To Jesus alone, who sits on the throne,
Salvation and glory belong ;
All hail! blessed name, forever the same,
Our joy, and the theme of our song.

## 409.

I'M tired of visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow worms;
Their conversation cloys;
Their vain amours are empty stuff;
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy blest company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

2 When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight shades, on frosty ground
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the darkness long.

3 There, while I hear my Saviour God
Count o'er my sins, (a heavy load,)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew no guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all for me.

4 Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passions o'er,
Till I am drowned in tears:
Yet with the sympathetic smart,
There's a strange joy beats round my heart;
The cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweetest balm it bears.

5 I hear the glorious Sufferer tell,
How on the cross he vanquished hell

And all the powers beneath:
Transported and inspired, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song:
"How has the serpent lost his sting; and
where's thy victory, Death?"

6 But when he shows his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more
intense desire.

7 Kindly he ope's to me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burdened heart,
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my droop-
ing head sustains.

## 410. L. M.

ZION! bright and fair, strong thy bulwarks are,
And thy towers majestic stand!
City of our God, now our blest abode
In this free and happy land.
CHORUS.—O Zion, dear Zion, lovely and fair,
Now arise and shine, for thy light has come,
In thy beautiful robes appear.

2 Now the isles of the sea look imploring to thee,
For the gospel's joyful sound!
And from heathen lands millions stretch their hands
For the word which you have found.

O Zion, dear Zion, lovely and fair,
Now arise and shine, for thy light has come,
In thy beautiful robes appear.

3 Let the word go forth to the south and north,
And thy light be seen afar,
Till the east and west with the rays are blest,
Of the bright and Morning Star.
O Zion, dear Zion, lovely and fair,
Now arise and shine, for thy light has come.
In thy beautiful robes appear.

4 Then the heavenly strain shall be heard again,
As it once o'er Judah ran.
And all nations join in the song divine:
"Peace on earth, good will to man."
O Zion, dear Zion, lovely and fair,
Now arise and shine, for thy light has come,
In thy beautiful robes appear.

## 411. P. M.

WHEN I set out for glory
I left the world behind,
Determined for a City,
That 's out of sight to find.

CHORUS.

And to glory I will go,
And to glory I will go, I 'll go, I'll go,
And to glory I will go.

2 I left my worldly honor,
I left my worldly fame,
I left my young companions,
And with them my good name.
And to glory I will go.

3 Some said I 'd better tarry,
They thought I was too young,

For to prepare for dying;
But that was all my theme.
And to glory I will go.

4 Come all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry:
All you who are backsliders,
Must shortly beg or die.
And to begging I will go.

5 The Lord he loves a beggar,
Who truly begs indeed;
He always will relieve him,
Whene'er he stands in need
And to begging I will go.

6 I do not beg for riches,
Nor to be dressed fine;
The garment that he 'll give me,
The sun it will outshine.
And to begging I will go.

7 I 'm not ashamed to beg,
While here on earth I stay;
I 'm not ashamed to watch,
And I 'm not ashamed to pray.
And to begging I will go.

8 The richest man I ever saw,
Was one that begg'd the most;
His soul was fill'd with glory,
And with the Holy Ghost.
And to begging I will go.

9 And now we are encourag'd,
Come let us travel on.
Until we join the angels,
And sing the holy song.
And to glory we will go.

## 412. P. M.

Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And in a manger laid,
And in a manger laid;
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And in a manger laid.

2 His life is our example, &c.
His death our only hope, &c.

3 The Jews crucified him, &c.
And nailed him to the tree, &c.

4 Joseph begged his body, &c.
And laid it in the tomb, &c.

5 Mary came weeping, &c.
To see her loving Lord, &c.

6 Down came an angel, &c.
And rolled away the stone, &c.

7 Christ rose triumphant, &c.
And conquered death and hell, &c.

8 Tell my disciples, &c.
I 'm risen from the dead, &c.

9 I feel he is risen, &c.
With healing in his wings, &c.

10 Shout! shout! the victory, &c.
We are on our journey home, &c.

11 There we hope to meet him, &c.
And never part again, &c.

*Repose.* **413.** 8s & 7s.

BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture;
Eternal beauties round me shine,
Infusing warmest rapture;
I live in pleasures deep and full,
In swelling waves of glory;
And feel my Saviour in my soul,
And groan to tell the story.

2 No mortal tongue can show my joys,
Nor can an angel tell them,
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds or emblems.
But when his love in worlds above,
Shall bend our souls adoring,
We 'll sing his praise to endless days,
On golden harps rejoicing.

3 The Lamb appears to wipe our tears,
And to complete our glory,
Then shall we rest with all the blest,
And tell the lovely story.
To sit and tell Christ loved us well,
And that when we were sinners,
Heaven will ring while saints do sing,
"Glory to the Redeemer."

*Perez.* **414.** 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!
Hallelujah, Amen

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
Hallelujah, Amen

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Hallelujah, Amen.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.
Hallelujah, Amen.

*Gethsemane.* **415.** 8s & 6s.

BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go,
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men,
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above,
"My Father can this cup remove."

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, thy only Son,
And Father, let thy will be done."

4 The Father heard, and angels there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep;
To sad Gethsemane,
We 'll look and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like him in prayer.

*Dort.* **416.** 6s & 4s.

PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through his courts proclaim,
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power

2 Now let the trumpet raise,
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame;
Then let the harp be found,
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Fill'd with his name,

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose,
Praise ye the Lord.

*Swanton.* **417.** 6s & 4s.

COME, all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what his love hath done,
Trust in his name alone,
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark, how the choirs above,
Fill'd with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crown'd,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

**418.** 7s & 6s.

HOLY God, and hast thou sent
Me here to preach to-day?
O, baptize my soul with fire,
And point me out the way.
While I draw the gospel bow,
Jesus let thine arrows fly;
May each sinner feel this day,
That Christ for him did die.

2 Lord, we have assembled here,
To hear what thou wilt say;

Some came here from eas and west,
Yea, north and south, to pray.
If I'm sent to preach thy word,
Holy God, display thy power;
May we have a Pentecost,
A sweet, refreshing shower.

3 Sinners, Lord, are trembling now,
Their tears are trikling down,
Keen conviction seize their minds,
While they behold thy frown.
O, for justifying grace,
O, for thy converting power;
Lord we beg, for Jesus' sake,
A sweet, refreshing shower.

4 Here 's backsliding people, too,
That left the narrow way,
O, my Lord, shall they be damn'd?
Shall they be Satan's prey?
If there 's mercy for their souls,
O, restore them by thy power;
Lord we beg, for Jesus' sake,
A sweet, refreshing shower.

5 Lord, here 's some that 's justified,
And yet there 's inbred sin,
And they long to see the time
When they shall be made clean.
O, for justifying grace,
O, for sanctifying power;
Lord we beg, for Jesus' sake,
A sweet, refreshing shower.

6 Lord, from heaven to earth descend,
And feed thy lambs to-day,
Help us, in thy name, to preach,
To hear, to sing, to pray.

O, for streams of grace and love,
O, for floods of life and power;
Lord we beg, for Jesus' sake,
A gospel, sweeping shower.

## 419. 7s & 6s.

WHEN descending from the sky,
The Bridegroom shall appear,
And the solemn midnight cry
Shall call professors near;
How the sound our hearts will damp,
How will shame o'erspread each face,
If we only have a lamp
Without the oil of grace.

2 Foolish virgins then will wake,
And seek for a supply;
But in vain the pains they take
To borrow or to buy.
Then with those they once despised,
Earnestly they wish to share,
But the best among the wise
Will have no oil to spare.

3 Wise are they and truly blest,
Who then shall ready be,
But despair will seize the rest,
And dreadful misery.
Once they cry, they scorned to doubt,
Though in lies we put our trust;
Now our lamp of hope is out,
The door of mercy 's shut.

4 O, that none who worship here,
May hear the sound depart;

Lord impress a godly fear
On each professor's heart.
Help us, Lord, to search the camp,
Let us not our hearts beguile,
Trusting in a dying lamp,
Without the stock of oil.

## 420. L. M.

WHEN blooming youth all in their prime,
Are counting up their length of time,
They often say 't is their intent,
When they get old, for to repent.

2 The aged sinner will not turn,
His heart 's so hard he cannot mourn;
The foolish virgins did begin
To knock, but could not enter in.

3 When we stand at the judgment bar,
O, then there will be weeping there,
And many children then will say,
I never heard my parents pray.

4 O, how will parents tremble there,
Who raised their children without prayer;
Parents, how can you hear them cry,
And blame you with their misery ?

5 Good Lord, what bitter screams and cries,
And thunder rolling through the skies,
When Gabriel goes proclaiming round,
Awake ye nations under ground.

6 O, children, keep your Lord in view,
And bear the cross he bore for you;
And fight with patience to the end,
And you shall wear a crown, Amen.

## 420. P. M.

WHAT ship is this that will take us all home,
O glory, Hallelujah,
What ship is this that will take us all home,
O glory, Hallelujah,
'T is the old ship of Zion, Hallelujah,
'T is the old ship of Zion, Hallelujah.

2 Do you think she will be able to take us all home,
O glory, Hallelujah,
Do you think she will be able to take us all home,
O glory, Hallelujah.
I know she will be able, Hallelujah,
I know she will be able. Hallelujah.

3 She has landed many a thousand, and can land as many more, O glory, Hallelujah,
She has landed many a thousand, and can land as many more, O glory, Hallelujah.
King Jesus is her captain, Hallelujah,
King Jesus is her captain, Hallelujah.

4 Come along, come along, and let us go home,
O glory, Hallelujah,
Come along, come along, and let us go home,
O glory, Hallelujah.
Our home is over Jordan, Hallelujah.
Our home is over Jordan, Hallelujah.

5 Methinks her sails are hoisted high,
O glory, Hallelujah,
Methinks her sails are hoisted high,
O glory, Hallelujah.
She is making for the harbor, Hallelujah'
She is making for the harbor, Hallelujah.

6 What kind of freight have you on board,
O glory, Hallelujah,
What kind of freight have you on board,
O glory, Hallelujah.
Love to God, and one another, Hallelujah,
Love to God, and one another, Hallelujah.

7 We have some friends before us gone,
O glory, Hallelujah,
We have some friends before us gone,
O glory, Hallelujah.

Bye and bye we'll go and meet them, Hallelujah,
Bye and bye we'll go and meet them, Hallelujah.

8 What a happy time it then will be,
O glory, Hallelujah,
What a happy time it then will be,
O glory, Hallelujah.
When we all meet in heaven, Hallelujah,
When we all meet in heaven, Hallelujah.

9 We'll walk up and down the golden streets,
O glory, Hallelujah,
We'll walk up and down the golden streets,
O glory, Hallelujah.
And we'll praise the Lord forever, Hallelujah,
And we'll praise the Lord forever, Hallelujah.

## 421. 11s.

HOW happy, how loving, how joyful I feel!
I want to have more love, more fervor and zeal;
I want my love perfect, I want my love pure,
That all things with patience I may well endure.

2 I want to love wisdom that comes from above,
I want to be filled with the power of love;
I want my light clear, that beholders may see
How faith and good works in sweet union agree.

3 My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,
Where no moth or rust can ever corrupt;
Where no thief nor robber will venture to dare,
My heart and my treasure I want to be there.

4 My union I want with the Father and Son;
I want that perfected which now is begun—
That love and sweet union that soothes every care,
And with my dear brethren all burdens to bear.

5 Come all my dear brethren, both aged and youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth·
Let's all join together in union and love,
And pray for each other, till we meet above.

**422.** 8s & 7s.

O THAT I had some secret place,
Where I might hide from sorrow,
Where I might see my Saviour's face,
And there be free from terror;
O had I wings like Noah's dove,
I'd leave this world and Satan;
I'd fly away to the realms above,
Where Jesus stands inviting.

2 I have my sorrows and my sweets,
While here on earth I travel;
Sometimes I shout, and sometimes weep,
Which makes my foes to marvel;
But let them think and think again
I feel I'm bound for Canaan,
And shortly shall with Jesus reign,
And therefore I will praise him.

3 I want to live a Christian here,
I want to die while shouting;
I want to feel my Saviour near,
When soul and body 's parting;
I want to see bright angels stand,
Then waiting to receive me,
To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ has gone before me.

**423.** 8s & 7s.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;

Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that has bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

## 424. 6s, 4s, & 7s.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, evermore.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore!

## 426. 8s & 6s.

WE'RE soldiers of Immanuel,
Who fight for life and victory;
He broke the power of death and hell,
That we might gain the day.
*March on! and we shall gain the victory.*
*March on! and we shall gain the day!*

2 Our cause is good, and will be won,
The cause of life and victory;
The King of Glory leads us on,
And we shall gain the day.

3 The gospel banner is unfurl'd,
The ensign of our victory;
'T will triumph till it takes the world,
And we shall gain the day.

4 Our weapons are divinely made,
To fight for life and victory;
For conquest keen, and strong the blads,
And we shall gain the day.

5 This two-edged weapon ne'er deceives,
If wielded right for victory;
For "double are the wounds" it leaves,
And we shall gain the day.

6 Sin, earth, and hell, our ancient foes,
And foes to life and victory,
With desperation may oppose,
But we shall gain the day.

7 The hosts of heaven are on our side,
Who fight for life and victory;
And grace shall turn the battle tide,
And we shall gain the day.

8 "Quit you like men," on God rely,
You fight for life and victory;
"Be strong," and never fear to die,
And you shall gain the day.

9 On! courage! on, ye sons of light!
You fight for life and victory;
And put the hosts of hell to flight,
And you shall gain the day.

10 The foe in wild disorder flies—
We 'll surely gain the victory;
And shouts of triumph rend the skies,
And we shall gain the day.

11 On, on! ye valiant souls, fight on!
We soon shall gain the victory;
The last hard battle will be won,
And we shall gain the day.

12 A crown of glory is the prize,
A crown of life and victory,
Now glittering from the bending skies,
For all who gain the day.

## 427. 6s & 3s.

WHAT wondrous love is this,
O my soul!
That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul?

2 When I was sinking down,
Sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown,
For my soul.

3 Ye winged seraphs, fly,
Bear the news;
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity
With the news.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join his praise;
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string
In his praise.

5 To God and to the Lamb
I will sing;
Who is the great I AM,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

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

## 428. C. M.

AFFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent

2 Although he no relentings felt,
'Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.

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

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

5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd;
Then threw his arms about the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I 've sinned, but, O! forgive,"
"Enough," the father said,
"Rejoice, my house, my son 's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,
My son was dead, but lives again;
Was lost, but now is found."

8 'T is thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

**429.** 8s & 7s.

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?

CHORUS.

I love Jesus, I love Jesus,
I love Jesus, yes I know I do;
He 's my Saviour, Hallelujah!
Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

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

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

4. See your fathers and your mothers,
And your children sinking down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

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

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

7 Sisters, will you join and help, as
Moses' sisters helped him.
While you see the trembling sinners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?

8 Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found;
Pray on, sisters, and the manna
Will be shower'd all around.

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

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

## 430. P. M.

BY faith I view my Saviour dying,
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me;
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear—
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, can it be?
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring—
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King—
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken,
Peace to me, peace to me ;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free ;
Soon as I in his name believ'd,
The Holy Spirit I receiv'd,
And Christ from death my soul retriev'd,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.
And every moment Christ is precious,
Unto me, unto me ;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove—
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it,
Mercy 's free, mercy's free—
Ye ministers of God declare it,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free—
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

6 Long as I live I 'll still be crying,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free—
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free ;
And when the vale of death I 've pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I 'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

**431.** 8s, 7s, & 4s.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound!
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine."
Gracious Saviour!
Own me on that day for thine.

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

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

5 But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served their Lord below,
He will say, "Come in, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever
Shall my love in glory know."

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

## 432. C. M.

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 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
My every pleasant sweet;"
"Hinder me not," my soul replies,
"Because the way is great."

3 "Stay," Satan, my old master cries,
"Or force shall thee detain;"
"Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God hath broke thy chain."

4 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I 'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

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

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

## 433. C. M.

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

CHORUS.

Remember me, remember me,
O Lord, remember me;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2 When on my aching, burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 If for thy sake, upon my name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail, reproach, and welcome shame
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

## 434. C. M.

WHAT if our bark, o'er life's rough wave,
By adverse winds be driven,
And howling tempests around us rave—
There are no tears in heaven.

2 What, though affliction be our lot,
Our heart with anguish riven,
Still, let it never be forgot—
There are no tears in heaven.

3 Our sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues at even,
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
There are no tears in heaven.

4 The mourner sad—who drowned in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find, at last, a sweet relief—
Tears wiped away in heaven.

5 Thou, God, our joy and rest shall be,
And sorrow far be driven;
And sin and death forever flee—
There are no tears in heaven.

6 There, from the blooming tree of life,
The healing fruit is given;
There, there shall cease the painful strife—
There are no tears in heaven.

## 435. 6s.

WHILE wandering to and fro,
In this wide world of woe,
Where streams of sorrows flow,

CHORUS.

Give me Jesus—Give me Jesus—
Give me Jesus—
You may have all this world—
But give me Jesus.

2 When tears o'erflow mine eye,
When pressed by grief I sigh,
Still this shall be my cry,
Give me Jesus, &c.

3 When to the mercy seat
I go my Lord to meet,
My heart shall still repeat,
Give me Jesus, &c.

4 And when my faith is tried,
In Him will I confide,
And all the storms outride,
Give me Jesus, &c.

5 Though strength and friends should fail
And foes my soul assail,
Through Him I shall prevail,
Give me Jesus, &c.

6 And when my toils are o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore,
I 'll shout as up I soar,
Give me Jesus, &c.

7 When at the judgment seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet,
When worlds on worlds shall meet,
Give me Jesus, &c.

8 When heaven and earth shall flee,
When time shall cease to be,
Through all eternity,
Give me Jesus, &c.

## 436. C. M.

SALVATION! O melodious sound,
To wretched, dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!

3 But may a poor, bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears,
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

## 436. 7s.

DEATHLESS principle arise;
Soar thou native of the skies.
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown:
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo! he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood;
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distrest?
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it must die;—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles! drop thy clay;
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

## 437. S. M.

I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

2 This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,

Unmoved by threat'nings or reward,
To thee and thy great name.

4 A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

5 I want with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfil,
And know myself, and what thou art,
And what 's thy perfect will.

6 I want, I know not what;
I want, my wants to see;
I want! alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me?

## 438. L. M.

WHEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all dissolv'd in love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In every groan I bear a part,
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see, he bows his head and dies.

3 Come sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood,
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains,
I drink, yet still my thirst remains,
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel,
Lord, more and more thy love reveal,
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart and charms my ear,
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

### 439. 7s & 6s.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is—Love.

### 440. 8s & 7s.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices,
Jesus reigns the God of love;
See he sits on yonder throne,
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Jesus hail, whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine 's an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever,
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, oh bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we 'll sing,
Glory, glory to our King.
Hallelujah, &c.

### 441. C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

## 442. 8, 7s & 4s.

1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here;
Christ to all believers precious,
Lord of lords shall soon appear.
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom;
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.

3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming Revelation!
See the universal blaze!

Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

5 See the stars from heaven falling!
Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye.

6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the monuments of passion,
By the marks received for me!
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out—"'T is He!"

7 "Lo! 't is He! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow,
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given;
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be,
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity.

## 443. 7s & 6s.

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

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

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

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

## 444. C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair,
Who fill the heav'nly train.

3 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

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

## 445. 7s.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved is gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.

What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

## 446. 8s

THE angels that watched round the tomb
Where lo! the Redeemer was laid;
When deep in mortality's gloom,
He hid for a season his head

2 That veiled their face while he slept,
And ceased their sweet harps to employ.
Have witnessed his rising, and swept
The chords with the triumphs of joy;

3 You saints who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast.

4 The grave in which Jesus was laid,
Has buried my guilt and my fears,
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

5 O sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done;
The blush that spreads over its west,
The last ling'ring ray of its sun.

6 Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

7 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart strings shall break,
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

3 No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave;
The sunbeam of life as it sets,
Leaves a halo of peace on the grave.

### 447. 7s, 6s, & 8s.

THE sun above us gleaming,
Is not the sun for me;
Though joyful be his beaming,
And beautiful to see;
There is a Son of Righteousness,
Who cheers and saves me by his grace;
All copious on me streaming,
O that 's the Son for me.

2 The kings and lords of nations,
Are not the kings for me;
Too low their highest stations,
Too mean their dignity;
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
Almighty in his ways and words,
The word of his salvation,
O that 's the King for me.

3 This house of death and mourning
Is not the house for me,
Where all to dust are turning,
In tears and agony;
But there 's a house not made with hands,
It ever stood and ever stands,
Beyond the world's last burning,
O that 's the house for me.

4 The wars the hero fights in,
Are not the wars for me,
The war my heart delights in,
Shall end in victory;
'T is not a war of flesh and blood—
I fight for heaven, I fight for God,
A kingdom with my rights in,
O that 's the war for me.

5 This land of sin and sorrow
Is not the land for me,
Where anguish oft I borrow
From dying company;
Th' immortal land is far away,
I 'll enter it on some bright day,
That day may be to-morrow,
O that 's the land for me.

## 448. 7s.

WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he has done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all this flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, O sinner turn,
By his love your God makes known
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners turn while God is near
Dare not think him insincere;
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands
Cries, "You will not happy be,
No, you will not come to me;
Me who life to none deny,
Why will you resolve to die?

4 Can you doubt if God is love,
That to all his bowels move!
Will you not his word receive!
Will you not his oath believe!
See the suffering Lord appears,
Jesus weeps—believe his tears,
Mingled with his blood they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die"?

## 449. C. M.

KEEP silence—all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod,
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on an eternal throne,
Supremely high is he.

3 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine,
Each opening leaf—and every stroke,
Fulfill some deep design.

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

### 450. 7s. & 6s.

WHEN shall the voice of singing,
Flow joyfully along?
And hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descending,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains,
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

### 451. C. M.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy there

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out, I view;
Conçu'ror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now this house of clay,
He shakes his future home;

O wouldst thou Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come.

5 With me, I know, I feel, thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart,
A constant paradise.

6 My earth thou water'st from on high,
But make it all a pool;
"Spring up, O Well," I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.

7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God.

## 452. 12s.

YOU may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there 's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail! blessed temple, abode of my Lord.
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.

## 453. 11s.

O JESUS, my Saviour! to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet,
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh, and blood,
To thee, my Redeemer, my Lord, and my God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee. my Lord;
I love thee, my Saviour—I trust in thy word;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know;
But how much I love thee I never can show.

3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount,
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With angels, my kindred, and Jesus, more dear.

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

5 O who is like Jesus? he's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, and helps me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

## 454. 11s & 8s.

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?

My 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 has gone?

3 This is my Beloved—his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as 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 cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed 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
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim 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, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

## 455. 10s, 7s, 14s, & 9s.

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 bowed his head and died; thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

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

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

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

6 Hail, mighty Saviour, hail, mighty Saviour,
Prince and the author of peace;
Oh! he burst the bands of death, and triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

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

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

## 456. 11s.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels astonished grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of olives, thou dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot,
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise.
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

## 457. 11s & 12s.

WHEN my soul is distress'd and my comforts are flown,
To my Saviour I'll go and my sorrows make known;
In secret devotion to him will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 Though my friends may forsake me and foes all unite,
To hedge up my pathway and fears to excite;
On the strength of Jehovah I'll firmly rely,
Still screened by the Rock that is higher than I.

3 Should sickness o'ertake me, and pain be severe,
And none be about me my spirit to cheer;
I'll hang on my Saviour until I shall die,
Sustain'd by the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when I have finish'd my labor and care,
Bright angels my soul on their pinions shall bear,
To my home in the kingdom of glory on high,
To dwell by the Rock that is higher than I.

## 458. P. M.

REMEMBER, sinful youth, you must die, you must die!
Remember, sinful youth, you must die!
Remember, sinful youth, who hate the way 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, &c.
Uncertain are your days, &c.
Uncertain are your days, for God hath many ways
To bring you to your graves, here below, &c.
To bring, &c.

3 And if you travel down the broad road, &c.
And if you travel down, &c.
And if you travel down, to darkness you are bound,
Eternally adown the broad road, &c.
Eternally, &c.

4 To a dreadful judgment day, you are bound. &c.
To a dreadful judgment day, &c.
To a dreadful judgment day, be your thoughts what e'er they may ;
Nor can you it delay, you are bound, &c.
Nor can you, &c.

5 The God who built the sky, great I AM, &c.
The God who built the sky, &c.
The God who built the sky, hath said, (and cannot lie,)
Impenitents must die, and be lost &c.
Impenitents, &c.

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

7 Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life, &c.
Unto the Saviour flee, &c.
Unto the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be
Your final destiny; 'scape for life, &c.
Your final, &c.

## 459. 8s & 6s.

ONE spark, O God, of heavenly fire,
Awakes my heart with warm desire
To reach the realms above ;
Immortal glories round me shine,

I drink the stream of life divine,
And sing redeeming love.

2 O! could I wing my way in haste,
Soon with bright seraphs would I feast,
And join their sweet employ;
I'd glide along the heavenly stream,
And join their most exalted theme,
Of everlasting joy.

3 Too mean this little world for me,
Nor will I e'er contented be,
With things that are so vain;
Its greatest treasures are but dross,
Its grandeur short, its pleasures cross'd,
Its joys all mixed with pain.

4 But resting in my Saviour's arms,
My soul enjoys transporting charms,
Of everlasting love;
There's life, there's joy, there's settled peace,
A friendship that will never cease,
A Rock that cannot move.

5 Soar, then, my soul, stretch every thought,
To reach within the heavenly court,
Above this mortal orb;
There with the angels let me rise,
And find my seat above the skies,
Where sins no more disturb.

6 There with an everlasting band
Of kindred saints, at God's right hand,
My happy soul shall be;
To soar, to shout, to reign, to rest,
Forever and forever blest,
With thee, my God, with thee.

## 460. L. M.

TUNE—"*Indian Student.*" BY J. ANDERSON.

O, give me, Lord, a broken heart,
That moves and melts at mercy's call,
And may I never more depart
From thee, my Saviour and my all.

2 I was not form'd for earthly toys,
"Nor can I live on things so vile;"
O, may I find celestial joys,
"And hope and wait for heaven awhile."

3 Thy love divine to me impart,
And drive the shades of night away;
Impress thine image on my heart,
That I may never go astray.

4 Teach me the way of life to love,
And charm me with thy melting voice;
My milder passions gently move,
And make my trusting heart rejoice.

5 My health, my life, my all have stood,
A monument of matchless grace;
Adore, my soul, thy Saviour God,
And strive to dwell in his embrace.

"Then let me mount and join the song,"
That swells the blissful strains above;
While all the saints the notes prolong,
And dwell with rapture on his love.

## 461. D. C. M.

WHAT wondrous, mighty work is this,
Unfolded by our Lord;
It gives our souls a taste for bliss,
To read his holy word;

'T was born in heaven's immortal bow'rs,
That blissful heaven above;
It gives us strength in lonely hours,
And is the work of love.

2 We have receiv'd by this bright theme,
A hope of lasting life,
Beyond the shore of death's dark stream,
Beyond this world of strife;
'T is far beyond the stars and sun,
That blissful heaven above;
There we can dwell when time is done,
By serving God in love.

3 'T was from that realm of love divine,
That Jesus came to die;
As "God is love," let it combine,
To aid us home on high;
O'er all our race may it prevail,
As it prevails above;
And they at death will not bewail,
For they have lived in love.

4 'T is love unites God's church on earth,
As it unites in heaven;
Then may we live to own his worth,
And love the law He 's given;
Let every breast retain its joy,
Till Jesus from above,
Calls us where pain will ne'er annoy,
Where all is peace and love.

## 462. 7s.

TO the cross where Jesus dies,
Where my Lord resigns his breath;
Where affliction veils his eyes,
Swimming in the tears of death;

Thither bringing all my guilt,
From avenging wrath I flee,
To the blood of sprinkling spilt—
Spilt to set the sinner free.

2 'Mid convulsive agonies,
Peace his quivering lips impart;
Pardon seal'd by broken sighs
Issuing from a bursting heart;
Let me feel this healing power,
Let this harden'd heart of stone
Melt beneath the purple shower,
From his body flowing down.

## DOXOLOGIES.

### C. M.

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

### L. M.

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

### C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

L. M. D.

GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown
In essence One, in persons Three;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are joined,
The honors of thy name to raise,
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise:
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

8s, 7s, and 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to the eternal Son;
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious Three in One.

L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven

5s and 6s.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed
To God in three Persons,
One God ever blessed:
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

7s.

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

7s and 6s.

TO the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit ever blessed,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be addressed.
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so,
While endless ages last.

8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blessed,
The eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

8s and 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth, and heaven
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

# SUPPLEMENT.

## MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

### 1. 14s and 12s.

TUNE,—Little Family, or I want to be an angel.

THERE was a little family, who lived in Bethany,
Two sisters and a brother, composed that family,
With prayer and with singing, like angels in the sky
At morning and at evening, they raised their voices high.

2. They lived in peace and pleasure, for many lonely years,
And laid away their treasures, beyond this vale of tears;
Though poor, and without money, their kindness made amends,
Their house was ever open, to Jesus and his friends.

3. Although, they lived so happy, so kind, so pure, and good,
Their brother was afflicted, and by it thrown in bed,
Poor Martha and her sister they wept aloud, and cried,
But still he grew no better, he lingered on, and died.

4. The Jews came to the sisters, laid Lazarus in the tomb,
And tried for to comfort, and drive away their gloom;
When Jesus heard the tidings, far in a distant land,
So swiftly did he travel, to see that lonely band.

5. And while he was a coming, Martha met him on the way,
And told him that her brother, had died, and passed away,
He bless'd, and he cheered her, and told her not to weep,
For in Him was the power, to raise him from his sleep.

6. Yet while he was a coming, Mary met him too,
Down at his feet a weeping, rehearsed the tale of wo;
When Jesus saw her weeping, he fell a weeping too,
And wept until they showed him, where Lazarus was entombed.

7. He rolled away the cover, and look'd upon the grave,
And prayed unto his Father, his friend Lazarus to save;
And Lazarus in full power, came from the gloomy mound,
And in full life and vigor, he walk'd upon the ground

8. So all you who love Jesus, and do his holy will,
Like Mary, and like Martha, you'll always use him well,
He 'll comfort and redeem you, and take you to the skies,
And bid you live for ever, where pleasure never dies.

## 2. P. M

THE road to heaven by Christ was made,
Of gospel truths the rails are laid;
From earth to heaven this line extends,
To life eternal where it ends.—
CHORUS,—We're traveling home,—we're traveling home,
We're traveling home to heaven above.
We're traveling home to heaven above,
To sing a saviour's dying love.

2. The Bible is the Engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear—
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It doth the way to glory steer.
CHORUS,—We're traveling home, &c.

3. The spirit's fire, as true as steel,
Which drives the engine and the wheel;
All you, who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in him abide.
CHORUS,—We're traveling home, &c.

4. Come on poor sinners—now's the time!
At any station on this line,
If you 'll repent, and turn from sin,
This train will stop, and take you in.
CHORUS,—We're traveling home, &c.

5. And when we reach that happy land,
There we shall meet at God's right hand;
When on that peaceful happy shore,
We'll ride this earthly train no more.
CHORUS,—We're traveling home, &c.

## 3.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone!
CHORUS,—I belong to that, band Hallelujah!
Let my religious hours alone:
CHORUS,—I belong to that band, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I belong to that band, Hallelujah!

Fain would my eyes, my saviour see;
CHORUS,—I belong to that band, Hallelujah!
I want a visit, Lord from thee.
CHORUS,—I belong to that band Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I belong to that band, Hallelujah.

2. My heart grows warm with holy fire,
CHORUS,—I belong to that band, &c.
N. B. Through the song as the first verse.
And kindles with a pure desire,
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3. The trees of life immortal stand,
In fragrant rows at thy right hand;
And in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4. Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine!

5. Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6. Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

**4.** 9s and 7s.

WE are out on the Ocean sailing,
Homeward bound, we sweetly glide.
We are out on the Ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS,—All the storms will soon be over,
Then we 'll anchor in the harbor,
We are out on the Ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2. Millions now are safely landed,
Over on that golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

3. Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes,
Gently waft our vessel on,
All on board, are sweetly singing,
Free salvation is their song.
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

4. You have kindred over yonder,
Over on that happy shore,
By and by we 'll swell the number,
When the trials of life are o'er.
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

5. Come on board—O, ship for glory!
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
You 'll soon be left behind!
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

6. When we're all safely landed,
Over on that golden shore,
We will join the blood-wash'd millions,
And sing for ever more.
All the storms will soon be over, &c.

## 5. P. M.

TUNE,—Nellie Grey.

LONG time I've been wandering, along life's rugged road,
And I've had many sorrows by the way,
Each conflict brings me nearer, nearer to the throne of God,
And the regions of joy, and endless day.

CHORUS:

O, in that blessed mansion where he's gone to make me room,
I never shall have sorrow any more,
I am waiting, waiting, waiting, 'till the Lord shall call me home,
Then with joy, I will leave this weary shore.

2. I'll not murmur at my trials, for this world is not my rest,
Its afflictions refine, but ne'er destroy—
In the realms of light and glory, all my woes will be redress'd,
And my mourning be turned to endless joy.
O, in that blessed mansion &c.

3. Tho' troubles gather round my path, and dangers thick oppose,
Undaunted, I'll bid each trial come,
My glory will be brighter, when this weary life shall close,
And shall be ever more at home.
O, in that blessed mansion &c.

4. This earthly house will soon dissolve, and mortal life be o'er,
And my weary soul, shall ever be at rest,
Then care and sore temptation, shall afflict my heart no more,
In the mansions prepared for all the bless'd.
O, in that blessed mansion &c.

5. Then I'll journey with my scrip and staff, and cheer my way with song,
And boldly, I'll march along the road,
It may be rough and thorny, but will not be very long,
And will end in the Paradise of God.
O, in that blessed mansion &c.

## 6. L. M.

YE souls who are bound unto Canaan,
Come join in and help me to sing
An anthem of praise unto Jesus,
My Prophet, my Priest, and my King:
His name is so charming, melodious,
It 'll help you more swiftly to move,
While Jesus himself is the leader,
He draws you with chords of his love.

2. When Jesus beheld me in nature,
Pursuing the road unto pain,
He brought me my sins to discover,
Then cleansed my soul from its stain.
How sweet were the accents of pardon,
How quickly my guilt did remove,
When I could behold the sweet wonder,
That God such a sinner should love.

3. And now I am pressing to Canaan,
Though Jordan is rolling before,
Which causes me almost to tremble,
To hear how its billows do roar;
But Jesus can calm the proud Ocean,
And cause all its raging to cease
While Faith, Hope and Love 's kept in motion,
You 'll pass through the valley in peace.

4. Oh! Christians, I feel myself happy,
In anticipating that joy;
We shortly in love shall be feasting,
Which never can possibly cloy.
On Seraphic wings we 'll be soaring,
To join the blest spirits above,
There ever to praise and adore him,
Who brought us to feast on his love.

5. Dear mourners I view your condition,
With pleasure that 's mingled with pain,
You 're sick, but the gracious Physician,
Has bid you to trust in his name.
Of seeking, pray do not be weary,
Though dead, he can make you alive,
The means of your cure is quite easy
When ready, but look and you 'll live.

6. Take courage ye conquering soldiers,
Death shortly shall sound the retreat,
And then all your arms shall be grounded,
At Jesus your General's feet.
Oh! Christians, I long to be singing
With angels, the praise of his name,
Then heaven shall ever be ringing
Hallelujahs to God and the Lamb.

## 7. 12s and 11s.

WILL you come to the cross, I have died on for you,
To save you from death, which is justly your due,
CHORUS,—O will you, will you, will you, will you come to the Cross,
O will you, will you, will you, will you come to the Cross.

2. There while at my feet, in contrition you lie,
I'll hush with my love, every penitent cry,
CHORUS,—O will you, will you, will you, will you kneel at my feet,
O will you, will you, will you, will you kneel at my feet.

3. 'Tis your saviour that calls, 'tis your God that implores,
You sinners to turn, and be sinners no more;
CHORUS,—O will you, will you, will you, will you turn and be free,
O will you, will you, will you, will you turn and be free.

4. Be free from the world, its temptations and care,
And take up the cross, it is easy to bear,
CHORUS,—O will you, will you, will you, will you take up the cross,
O will you, will you, will you, will you take up the cross.

5. Will you walk in my ways, will you do what I say,
And evince to the world, you are children of day,
CHORUS,—O will you, will you, will you, will you do what I say,
O will you, will you, will you, will you do what I say.

6. Then when you are done, with the sorrows of time,
You 'll reign with your Saviour, in that happy clime,
CHORUS,—O will you, will you, will you, will you reign
with me there,
O will you, will you, will you, will you reign with me
there.

## 8. P. M.

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

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

3. O! when will my sorrow subside?
O! when will my suffering cease?
O! when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,
To the mansions of glory and bliss?

4. May I be prepared for that day,
When Jesus shall bid me remove,
And fill'd with his power, 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 sorrow be vented that day,
When Jesus hath called me home;
But, with singing and shouting, let each brother say
He 's gone from the evil to come

7. If souls immaterial can know,
And visit their brethren beneath,
I hope, I shall join you, as shouting 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 thought shall arise;
Renew'd in a moment, go shouting away,
To the mansions of love in the skies.

## 9. 8s and 7s.

TUNE,—The shining shore.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.
CHORUS.
For O! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

2. We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distand home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
CHORUS.—For O! we stand &c.

3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
CHORUS.—For O! we stand &c.

4. Let sorrows rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our king says, come, and there's our home,
For ever, O! for ever!
CHORUS,—For O! we stand &c.

## 10.

O ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

2. Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful 's the Pilot, who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3. "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing, I'll bring thee to land.

4. "Forget thee, I will not, I cannot;—thy name
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain!
The palms of my hands while I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suffering for thee.

5. "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain;
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6. "Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

## 11.

HARK! how the Gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners home to God;
And guides them safely, by his word,
To endless day.

2. Hail, all-victorious, conqu'ring Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts ador'd!
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign,
In endless day.

3. Fight on, ye conqu'ring saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear,
In endless day.

4. Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through thy blood,
And sail by faith upon that flood,
To endless day.

5. Through storms and calms by faith we steer
By feeble hope and gloomy fear;
Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
We 'll shout, our trials are all o'er,
To endless day.

6. There we shall in sweet chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

## 12.

DEATH, he is the king of terror,
And a terror unto kings;
Oft he fills our minds with horror,
Telling us of frightful things;
Lands of darkness. shades of silence,
Gloomy vaults, where pris'ners lie;
How many thousands have been conquer'd;
You, alas! must surely die.

2. "Don't you see, how unexpected
In my chariot I do ride?
Convulsive fits, and pains, and sickness,
Are the weapons by my side;

Deaf I am, to all entreaties;
When commission'd I must go;
With mortal paleness in my features,
Thus I give the fatal blow.

3. "You ne'er heard I spared any,
Children, husbands, or their wives;
Never was I brib'd by money;
Physic could not save their lives.
Kingdoms, countries, nor their cities,
Kings, their councils, nor their slaves;
There's none of them I ever pitied,
Soon I bring them to their graves.

4. "There they lie without distinction,
Thus I boast my thousands slain;
Nor can you without permission,
Ever hope to rise again."
Stop, O death! don't boast of vict'ry;
Methinks I hear what Faith can say,
About one Jesus, on Mount Calv'ry,
Who died, and in the grave did lay.

5. View him rising, hear him saying,
"I, O death! have conquer'd you;
Though your looks are so dismaying,
Yet, my saints, I'll bring them through.
Thus, the souls that are believing,
May rejoice in Christ, their King;
Death's no more than a black curtain
Drawn to let the saints go in.

6. There the wicked cease from troubling,
There the weary are at rest;
There the saints will cease from crying,
There they are divinely blest;
Free from sickness, free from sorrow,
Free from anguish, care and pain,
No dreadful thoughts nor gloomy horror,
E'er shall frighten them again.

**13.** 8s and 7s.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain,
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that on earth is heaven,
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the wave's commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error!

3. Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried, "O, save me, Lord, from death
Immortal Jesus, hear me!"
Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory, glory!"

4. O, sacred hour! O, hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me!
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger round thee!
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more
Where I was first forgiven.

**14.**

COME, brethren and sisters, that love one another,
And have done for years past and gone,
How oft have we met in that sweet heavenly union,
That has open'd the way to God's throne!

With joy and thanksgiving we'll praise him who lov'd us,
While we're on the bright shining way
Though we here part in body, we're bound for one glory,
And bound for each other to pray.

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

3. And three of the Hebrews, most valiant and faithful,
With courage went into the flame;
With praying and praising they enter'd the furnace,
Who trusted in Jesus' name.
As Sampson was dying, he was heard of God crying,
And Saul, when he fell by the way;
See Gideon, a marching; — for truth I am searching,
So then to my God I will pray.

4. Some tell us that praying, and also that praising,
Is labour that 's all spent in vain;
But we have the witness that God 's of such goodness,
From praying we will not refrain.
There 's old father Noah, and ten thousand others,
Can witness that God heard them pray;
There 's Simeon and Hannah, Paul, Silas and Peter,
And Daniel and Jonah will say.

5. That God, by his spirit, and angels did visit
Their souls, when to him they did pray;
While we go on praying, and they go on praising,
And glorify God on the way.
God grant us t' inherit that same praying spirit,
While we are here toiling below,
And when we're done praying we shall not cease praising,
But round God's bright throne we shall bow.

6. And when we assemble, our Jesus resemble,
And rise to enjoy him above,

To see God who lov'd us, his son who redeem'd us,
And purified us with his blood,
The spirits unite us and angels convey us
Away to the heavenly land;
And then solemn praises eternally raise,
Glory be to God and the Lamb.

## 15.

MIXTURES of joy and sorrow I daily do pass through,
Sometimes I'm in the valley, then sinking down with woe;
Sometimes I am exalted, on eagles' wings I fly,
Rising above mount Pisgah, I almost reach the sky.

2. Sometimes my hopes are little, I almost lay them by,
Sometimes they are sufficient, if I were call'd to die;
Sometimes I am in doubting, and think I have no grace,
Sometimes I am a shouting, and Bethel is the place.

3. Sometimes I shun the Christian, for fear he'll talk to me,
Sometimes he is the neighbour I long the most to see,
Sometimes we meet together in seasons dry and dull,
Sometimes I find a blessing of joy that fills my soul.

4. Sometimes I am oppressed by Pharaoh's cruel hand,
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan and view the promis'd land;
Sometimes I am in darkness, and sometimes in the light,
Sometimes my soul, on wings of faith, ascends in lofty flight.

5. Sometimes I go in mourning down Babylon's cold stream,
Sometimes my Lord's religion appears to be my theme,
Sometimes when I am praying, it almost seems a task,
Sometimes I find a blessing the greatest I can ask.

6. Sometimes I read my Bible, it seems a sealed book,
Sometimes I find a blessing wherever I do look;
Sometimes I go to meeting, and wish I'd staid at home,
Sometimes I find my Jesus, and then I gladly come.

7. Oh! how am I thus tossed, thus tossed to and fro,
How are my hopes thus crossed, wherever I do go!
O Lord, thou never changest, it is because I stray;
Lord, guide me by thy Spirit, and keep me in the way.

## 16.

IN the house of king David a fountain did spring,
For sin and uncleanness, from Jesus our King;
This fountain proves healing whenever applied;
It sprang from the bowels of Christ when he died

2. If you are polluted, this water makes clean;
This blood, it will pardon, and free from all sin;
And Christ, the Physician, hath balm to apply,
A balsam for healing; come, venture and try.

3. If you are o'erwhelm'd with mountains of guilt,
Come, bathe in this fountain, for sinners 'twas spilt:
Here 's peace for your conscience, your guilt to remove,
And rivers of love, your affections to soothe.

4. If you are distressed, and weary of sin,
This fountain stands open, come now venture in;
Here 's everything needed for sinners undone,
And you are invited and welcome to come.

5. If you are bemoaning your weakness in grace,
This fountain stands ready, 't will answer your case;
Come, draw when you're weary, and drink when you're dry;
It was for the needy that Jesus did die.

6. Come, you who have bath'd in this fountain of love,
And felt all the burden of guilt to remove,
Let's join to praise Jesus as long as we've breath,
And, after we're laid in the dust of the earth.

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

8. How we shall be fashion'd it doth not appear,
But we shall be like him approved and clear
And that blessed hour we're longing to see,
When we shall be perfectly holy as he.

9. O, then he 'll receive us with joy and great mirth,
Saying, Welcome my jewels, redeem'd from the earth!
He 'll not be asham'd to call us his bride,
More precious to him than the silver that's tried.

## 17.

YE sons of the main, ye who sail o'er the flood,
Whose sins, big as mountains, have reach'd up to God;
Remember your voyage of life soon will end;
Now come, brother sailors, make Jesus your friend.

2. Look astern on your life, see your wake, mark'd with sin;
Look ahead, see what torments you 'll soon founder in;
The hard rocks of death soon will beat out your keel,
Then your vessel and cargo will all sink to hell.

3. Lay by your old compass, 'twill do you no good,
It ne'er will direct you the right way to God;
Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall asleep,
Watch and pray, night and day, lest you sink in the deep.

4. Spring your luff, brother sailor, the breeze is now fair,
Turn your sails to the wind, and these torments you 'll clear;
Your leading star, Jesus, keep full in your view,
You'll weather all dangers, he'll bring you safe through.

5. Renounce your old captain, the devil, straightway,
The creed you now sail with will lead you astray;
Desert their black colours, come under the red,
Where Jesus is captain; to conquest he'll lead.

6. His standard unfurl'd, see it wave thro' the air,
And volunteers coming from far off and near;
Now's the time, brother sailor, no longer delay;
Embark now with Jesus, good wages he'll pay.

7. The bounty he'll pay when the voyage doth begin;
He'll forgive your transgressions, save and cleanse you from sin;
Good usage he'll give while you sail on the way,
And shortly you'll anchor in heaven's broad bay.

8. In the harbor of glory for ever you'll ride,
Free from quicksands, and dangers, and sin's rapid tide;
Waves of death cease to roll, and the tempest be o'er,
The hoarse breath of Boreas dismast you no more.

9. The tarpaulin jacket no longer you'll wear,
But ropes dipp'd in heaven, all white, clean and fair;
A crown on your head that would dazzle the sun,
And from glory to glory for ever you'll run.

## 18.

WAND'RING pilgrims, mourning Christians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd,
Christ hath sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast;
Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
Come, the rich provision taste.

2. If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemourn your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
He will give you gospel grace.
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him all your days
Only come to Christ and ask kim,
He will guide your feet always.

3. If, like poor Bartimeus blinded,
You bewail the want of sight,
Cry to Jesus, son of David,
He will give you gospel light;
If, like Mary, you've been keeping
Seven devils in your embrace,
Fly, like her, to Jesus, weeping,
He will bid you go in peace.

4. If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pardoning love,
Lie hard by Bethesda, waiting
Till the troubled waters move;
If no one appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk,
Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you:
Rise, take up your bed, and walk.

5. If, like Peter, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief,
Wait with patience, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief;
He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied;
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

6. Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ will guide you through the gloom;
Down he'll send a heavenly concert,
To convey you to his home.
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from every want and care:
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.

## 19. P. M. 11s.

### Christ in the Garden.

WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west,
O'er fields, by the moonlight, my wandering feet,
Then led me to muse in some lonely retreat.

2. While passing a garden, I paus'd then to hear
A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was there;
The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
In agony pleading the poor sinner's part.

3. In off'ring to Heaven his pitying prayer,
He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life as a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners, redeemed, in glory might live.

4. I listen'd a moment, then turn'd me to see
What man of compassion this stranger could be!
I saw him low kneeling, upon the cold ground,
The loveliest Being that ever was found.

5. His mantle was wet with the dews of the night;
His locks by pale moonbeams were glist'ning and bright;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were rais'd,
While angels, in wonder, stood round him amaz'd!

6. So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his pray'rs,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood and tears!
I wept to behold him! I ask'd him his name!
He answer'd, "'Tis JESUS! from Heaven I came."

7. "I am thy Redeemer! For thee I must die!
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by!
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"

8. I heard with deep sorrow the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of water did flow!
The cause of his sorrows to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet!

9. I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
"Lord! save a poor sinner! O save, or I die!"
He smil'd when he saw me, and said to me, "Live,"
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive!"

10. How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!
His smile, O how pleasant! how cheering his voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted, "Salvation," and "Glory to God!"

11. I'm now on my journey to mansions above!
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love!
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears
Of that loving Stranger, who banish'd my fears

12. The day of bright glory is rolling around
When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes!

## 20.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 21.

MY 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 will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
I'll sing and shout forever more,
On that eternal happy shore.

2. O, hope of glory, Jesus, come,
And make my heart thy constant home;
For the short remnant of my days,
I want to sing and shout thy praise;
Incessantly I want to pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
And to give thanks in every thing,
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3. When on my dying bed I lie,
Lord, give me strength to sing and pray;
To praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my tongue is still in death;

Then, brethren, sisters, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb;
And as you march the solemn road,
Loud sing and shout the praise of God.

4. Then you below and I above,
We'll bless and praise the God of love,
Until that great, tremendous day,
When he shall call our slumb'ring 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 through all eternity.

5. Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize;
Well done, the Sovereign of the skies
Shall smiling to his children say,
Come, reign with me in endless day.
Then, on that happy, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er;
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

6. Farewell, vain world, you're not my rest;
My soul enjoys the heavenly feast;
No more shall thy deceiving charms,
Thrust my dear Saviour from my arms.
Then will we sing in sweet accord,
And be forever with the Lord:
Let earth and heaven both pass away,
Jesus is mine to endless day

## 22. P. M. 8 lines 8s.

### School of Christ.

THERE is a school on earth begun,
Conducted by the Holy One;
He sets his students all to prove
The principle of perfect love.
Come, all my friends, where'er you be,
Say, will you go to school with me?
Christ Jesus is my Master's name,
To-day, as yesterday, the same!

2. My Master learns the blind to see.
Come, all ye blind, the school is free,
My Master learns the lame to walk;
He likewise learns the dumb to talk!
He learns the swearing man to pray;
Come, ye profane, without delay,
He'll change your tongues to praise his name,
And spread abroad my Master's fame.

3. My master learns the deaf to hear—
Come, all ye deaf, and lend an ear
Unto my Master's pleasant voice—
He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.
The Scripture is our schoolbook true:
Its lessons are forever new:
The scholars all are well agreed,
It is a blessed school, indeed.

4. Come, breth'ren dear, who are at school,
Attention pay to ev'ry rule:
And soon we'll learn that holy art
Of loving God with all our heart!
When these frail tenements must die,
Then we must lay our schoolbooks by,
And reign with Master Jesus then!
Glory to God—Glory—Amen!

## 23.

### Make Ready.

HARK! listen to the trumpeters, they sound for volunteers,
O'er Zion's bright and flowery mount behold the officers,
Their horses white, their garments bright, with crowns and bows in hand,
Enlisting soldiers for the King, to march for Canaan's land.

2. It sets my heart all in a flame—a soldier I will be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms, and fight for liberty,
They want no cowards in their band—they will their colours fly;
They call for valiant-hearted men, that's not afraid to die.

3. The army is now on parade—how martial they appear!
All dress'd and arm'd in uniform, they look like men of war.
They follow their great General, the great eternal Lamb;
His garments stain'd in his own blood, King Jesus is his name.

4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout, and drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms, the great Immanuel!
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land, beyond the swelling flood.

5. There on a green and flowery plain, where fruits immortal grow,
All clothed in white, with angels bright, who our Redeemer know,
We'll shout and sing for evermore, in that eternal world,
While Satan and his armies too, shall into hell be hurl'd.

6. Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold, redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound, to shake both earth and sky;
In flaming chariots we shall fly, and leave the world on fire,
Then bend around the starry throne, and tune th' immortal lyre.

## 24.

THERE's no such thing as perfect bliss
On this terrestrial ball;
What else I doubt, I'm sure of this,
That grief's the lot of all.

Though we should trace the globe around,
And traverse land and sea,
The prize we seek can ne'er be found,
Till, Lord, we come to thee.

3. The dearest object we attain,
Though pleasing to the eye,
Contains a larger share of pain,
Than we at first discry.

4. Should we on every flowing tide
Our weight in gold receive,
Still we should be dissatisfied
With all this world could give.

5. Should honour crown the golden days
Of such vile worms as we,
We'd groan beneath the loudest praise,
Till, Lord, we come to thee.

6. Then let me seek and hope to find
The wretched sinner's Friend;
A Saviour merciful and kind,
On him we may depend.

7. What noise is this salutes my ear?
O, that I now could see;
Is this Immanuel's voice I hear?
Lord, let me come to thee.

8. Speak, Lord, and I will cast away
The joys of time and sense;
Give me the light of perfect day,
The pearl of price immense.

9. Do not be deaf to all my cries —
Are not thy pardons free?
O bid a suppliant sinner rise,
And quickly come to thee.

## 25.

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

2. Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O, receive it, now's your time;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again.
Glory, honour, &c.

3. Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ, the way;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray.
Golden moments we've neglected,
O, the time we've spent in vain!
Glory, honour, &c.

4. Come, let us run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ, the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted King.
Glory, honour, &c.

5. Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him ever more;
May his great love now constrain us,
His great name for to adore;
O, then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain.
Glory, honour, &c.

## 26.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, oh come! and reign for ever,
God of love and Prince of peace;
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2. 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 thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,
Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3. Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, 'Fear not, little flock;
I myself am your Foundation,
You are built upon this 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.'

4. Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we'll own his name
Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
How it doth our souls inflame!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

## 27. L. M.

I'VE listed in the holy war,
Content with suff'ring soldier's fare;
The banner o'er my head is love,
I draw my rations from above.

2. I've fought through many a battle sore,
And I must fight through many more;
I take my breast-plate, sword, and shield,
And boldly march into the field.

3. The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
Unite and strive what they can do,
On thee, O Lord, I humbly call;
Uphold me or my soul must fall.

4. I've listed, and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight;
And when the victory I have won,
I'll give the praise to God alone.

5. Come, Fellow-Christians, join with me;
Come, face the foe, and never flee;
The heavenly battle is begun,
Come, take the field and win the crown.

6. With listing orders I have come;
Come rich, come poor, come old or young,
Here's grace's bounty, Christ has given,
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.

## 28. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame
Their great original proclaim.

2. Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4. While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5. What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

6. In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

## 29. S. M.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen so let it be!
Life for the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2. Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

3. My Father's house on high
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear.

4. Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5. Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies,
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies,

6. Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

7. Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

8. The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening word—
The saints shall hear it in their sleep.
"Forever with the Lord."

9. So, when their latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death they shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

10. Then while they upward fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory:
"Forever with the Lord."

## 30. P. M.

COME ye that fear the Lord unto me, unto me,
Come ye that fear the Lord unto me,
I've something good to say about the narrow way,
How Christ the other day saved my soul, saved my soul,
How Christ the other day saved my soul.

2. He gave me first to see what I was, what I was,
He gave me first to see what I was,
He gave me first to see my guilt and misery,
And then he set me free, bless his name, bless his name,
And then he set me free, bless his name.

3. My old companions said "he's undone, he's undone,"
My old companions said "he's undone,"
My old companions said "he's surely going mad."
But Jesus makes me glad, bless his name, bless his name.
But Jesus makes me glad, bless his name.

4. O! if they did but know what I feel, what I feel,
O! if they did but know what I feel,
If they'd but eyes to see their guilt and misery.
They'd be as mad as me I believe, I believe,
They'd be as mad as me I believe.

5. Some said "he'd soon give o'er," you shall see, you shall see,
Some said "he'd soon give o'er," you shall see,
Some time has passed away since I began to pray,
I feel the same to-day, bless the Lord, bless the Lord,
I feel the same to-day, bless the Lord.

6. And now I'm going home to the Lord, to the Lord,
And now I'm going home to the Lord.
And now I'm going home, poor sinners will you come?
Or meet an awful doom from the Lord, from the Lord,
Or meet an awful doom from the Lord.

7. O! had I angels wings I would fly, I would fly,
O! had I angels wings I would fly,
Had I wings like Noah's dove, I'd soon fly home above,
To see the God I love on his throne, on his throne,
To see the God I love on his throne.

## 31. P. M.

IN the resurrection morning,
When we see the Saviour coming,
And the sons of God are shining,
In the Kingdom of the Lord.
Are your lamps well burning?
Are your lamps well burning?
Are your lamps well burning?
And your vessels filled with oil?

2. We feel the advent glory,
While the vision seems to tarry,
And comfort one another
With the words of holy writ.
Are your garments all pure?
Are your garments all pure?
Are your garments all pure?
And unspotted from the world?

3. We are a band of strangers,
Traveling through a world of dangers,
But Jesus leads the army,
And will conquer never fear.
Then we'll join the army,
Then we'll join the army,
Then we'll join the army,
And defend the Saviour's cause.

4. In the midst of opposition,
Daniel kept the same position,
And he waited for the promise
'Till the dawning of the day,
Every one shall have deliverance,
Every one shall have deliverance,
Every one shall have deliverance,
Who've enlisted in this war.

5. By faith we can discover
Our warfare 'll soon be over,
And we'll shortly hail each other
On Canaan's happy shore.
Then we'll pass over Jordan,
Then we ll'pass over Jordan,
Then we'll pass over Jordan,
And we'll meet to part no more.

## 32. L. M.

TIME speeds away, away, away,
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drop from us like the leafless sear;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts,
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

2. Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrent in the stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree and snaps the flower,
And sweeps from our distracted breast,
The friends that loved, the friends that blessed,
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

3. Time speeds away, away, away,
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee,
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed from stage to stage
He bears us on from youth to age,
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

4. Time speeds away, away, away,
O, sinner turn, no more delay,
A fearful and an awful doom
Awaits you just beyond the tomb.

The door will shut, make haste, make haste,
In outer darkness you'll be cast.
Then what will be your fearful state,
To hear pronounced too late, too late.

## 33. P. M.

### CALVARY.

I LOVE the holy Son of God,
Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
And bore my sins, a heavy load,
Up Calvary's gloomy mountain,
There on the cross he mournful hung,
The scorn of many an impious tongue,
While pain extreme his nature wrung,
As flowed life's crimson fountain.

2. The sun would not behold the scene,
But round him drew night's sable screen,
Nature was dressed in mourning mien,
And sighed when Jesus suffered;
But Oh! his persecutors stood,
A cruel, hellish, viperous brood,
Unawed to see his gushing blood,
And scoffing insults offered.

3. Oh! why did not his anger burn,
And floods of vengeance on them turn,
Amazing scene his bowels yearn,
In soft compassion o'er them,
No fury kindled in his eyes,
They burn with love, and when he dies,
Father forgive, the sufferer cries,
And makes excuses for them.

4. Not one of all the hosts above,
Could comprehend such matchless love
As did within his bosom move,
And brought him down from heaven,
How ardent ought my love to be,
For him who did so much for me,
My constant service faithful free,
My ransom powers employ.

5. For never shall it be concealed,
He hath his love in me revealed,
From all my sins a pardon sealed,
I feel the gracious power,
In him I will, I do rejoice,
And praise him with a cheerful voice,
Until the theme my tongue employs,
In heaven above forever.

**34.** 8s.

## THE OLD CHURCH-YARD.

OH come, come with me to the old church-yard,
I well know the path through the soft green sward;
Friends slumber there, we were wont to regard,
We'll trace out their names in the old church-yard;
Oh mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,
Weep not for them, they weep no more,
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillows may be in the old church-yard.

2. I know it seems vain when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to the broken heart;
I know that the joys of life seem marred,
When we follow our friends to the old church-yard;
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why should you weep, dear friends, for me?
I'm wayworn and sad, Oh why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old church-yard.

3. Our friends linger there in sweetest repose,
Released from the world's sad bereavements and woes;
And who would not rest with the friends they regard,
In quietude sweet in the old church-yard?
We'll rest in the hope of that bright day,
When beauty shall spring from the prison of clay,
When Gabriel's voice, and the trump of the Lord,
Shall awaken the dead in the old church-yard."

4. "Oh! weep not for me, I am anxious to go
To that haven of rest where tears never flow;
I fear not to enter that dark lonely ward:
For soon shall I rise from the old church-yard:

Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly band
Of glorified souls at my Saviour's right hand;
Forever to dwell in bright mansions prepared
For the saints, who shall rise from the old church-yard.

## 35.

WE'RE going home, we've had visions bright,
Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home:
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
And the waves of bliss are flowing round.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

2. We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear, and all are free;
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,
And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains;
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good;
Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth's bloom.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

3. 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness;
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne appear;
Where the conqueror's song as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall prove,
The death of a Saviour's matchless love.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

## 36. 7 8s. and 2 6s.

THE Son of Man they did betray,
He was condemn'd and led away.
Think, O my soul, that mournful day:
Look on mount Calvary!

Behold him lamb-like led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue;
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.

2. 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nailed to the wood;
From every wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain.
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
And laughed at his pain.

3. Now hung between the earth and skies,
Behold! he trembles as he dies;
O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
Come see his torturing pain,
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd and refused to view the sight —
The azure, cloth'd in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

4. Hark! men and angels hear the Son —
He cries for help, but oh! there's none,
He treads the winepress all alone,
His garments stained with blood!
In lamentations hear him cry,
"Eloi, lama sabacthani!"
Though death may close his languid eye,
He soon will mount the upper sky,
The conquering Son of God.

5. The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts of steel around him stand,
And mocking say, "Come save the land —
Come try yourself to free!"
A soldier pierced him when he died,
Then healing streams came from his side,
And thus my Lord was crucified;
Stern justice now is satisfied,
Sinners, for you and me.

6. Behold he mounts the throne of state;
And fills the mediatorial seat.
While millions bowing at his feet,
With loud hosannas tell.
Though he endured exquisite pains,
He led the monster death in chains;
Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains,
He conquered death and hell.

7. 'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid,
The great atonement now is made;
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood;
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
And height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your smiling God.

## 37. 3 8s. and 2 7s.

THE faithless world promiscuous glows,
Illumed by fancy's vision.
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but heaven.

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

3. Creation's mighty fabric all,
Will be to atoms riven;
The skies consum'd, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball,
There's nothing firm but Heaven. —

4. The world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision;
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are mean and poor,
There's nothing rich but heaven.

5. A stranger lonely, here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth's as lonely as a 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, ye suns—fly swift, ye years,
And bring me home to heaven.

7. Adieu, all earthly things, adieu,
Let life's dull chains be riven;
The charms of Christ have caught my view,
The world of light I now pursue,
To find my home in heaven.

## 38.

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

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

3. From men great skill professing
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.

Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4. At length this great Physician,
(How matchless is his grace!)
Beheld my lost condition,
And undertook my case.
First gave me sight to view him
For sin my eyes had sealed;
Then bade me look unto him —
I look'd and I was heal'd.

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

## 39.

## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

From Bradbury's Pilgrim Songs, page 3.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

## 40.

## PILGRIM IS THY JOURNEY DREAR?

From Bradbury's Pilgrim Songs, page 9.

PILGRIM is thy journey drear?
Are its lights extinct for ever!
Still suppress the rising fear;
God forsakes the righteous never!
Never, never! No, never!

2. Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever;
Still, amid the fear of death,
God forsakes the righteous never!
Never, never! No, never!

3. Pain may rack the wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch forever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous never!
Never, never! No, never!

4. Earthly joys may all decline
At the mandate of the Giver,
Yet why shouldst thou e'er repine,
God forsakes the righteous never?
Never, never! No, never!

5. When thy final hour shall come,
Dark will be death's fearful river;
But a voice dispels the gloom,
God forsakes the righteous never!
Never, never! No, never!

## 41.

## "LOOKING HOME."

From Bradbury's Pilgrim Songs, page 24.

AH! this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy throngings,
For my Father's mansions still
Earnestly is longing,
Looking home, looking home,
Towards the heavenly mansions
Jesus hath prepared for me,
In his Father's kingdom.

2. Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing,
Looking home, &c.

3. Oh! to be at home again,
All for which we're sighing,
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying,
Looking home, &c.

4. With this load of sin and care,
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels there
On our souls attending.
Looking home, &c.

5. Blessed home, oh! blessed home,
All for which we're sighing,
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom
Looking home, &c.

## 42.

## WE'RE NEARER HOME.

From Bradbury's Pilgrim Songs, page 30.

WE know not what's before us,
What trials are to come:
But each day passing o'er us,
Brings us still nearer home.

We're nearer, nearer home,
Our blessed, happy home,
Where grief and sin can never come,
We're nearer, nearer home.
Nearer home, Nearer home,
Nearer to my happy home,
Nearer home, Nearer home,
Our blessed happy home.

2. Tho' dark our path and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
Let us remember only,
That it will soon be past.
We're nearer, &c.

3. Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing
We're nearer, &c.

## 43.

## A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR.

From Bradbury's Pilgrim Songs, page 76.

THO' the days are dark with trouble,
And thy heart is filled with fear,
There is one that sees thee ever,
And will hold thee near and dear.
Cheerful hearts and smiling faces
Often make thee happy here,
Yet no one was e'er so happy,
But sometimes the clouds appear.
CHORUS: There's a friend that's ever near,
Never fear,
He is ever near,
Never, never fear,
There's a friend that's ever near,
Never fear,
He is ever near,
Never fear.

2. All thy prospects will seem brighter
When the shadow leaves the heart,
And the steps of time beat lighter,
When the gloomy clouds depart,
Many days have dawned serenely,
While the birds sang with delight,
But the skies were dark and gloomy
Ere the sun had reached its height. CHO.

3. Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed tranquil shore:
Sighs will then give place to singing
Tears to bliss for evermore.
Thou shalt see a world of glory,
And eternal joy and bliss;
Let not then thy soul be moaning,
O'er the woes and cares of this. CHO.

## 44.

## "WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?"

From Bradbury's Pilgrim Songs, page 82.

O! WHAT shall I do to be saved
From the sorrows that burden my soul?
Like the waves in the storm
When the winds are at war,
Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?

2. O! what shall I do to be saved,
When the pleasures of youth are all fled?
And the friends I have loved,
From the earth are removed,
And I weep o'er the graves of the dead.
What shall I do? What shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?

3. O! what shall I do to be saved,
When sickness my strength shall subdue?
Or the world in a day,
Like a cloud roll away,
And eternity opens to view
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?

4. O! Lord look in mercy on me,
Come, O come and speak peace to my soul;
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to thee,
Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole.
That will I do! That will I do!
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

## 45.

## HAPPY IN THE LORD.

From Bradbury's Pilgrim Songs, page 92.

A PILGRIM and a stranger here, happy, happy, happy,
I seek the home to pilgrims dear, happy in the Lord,
We'll cross the river of Jordan, happy, happy, happy, happy,
Cross the river of Jordan, happy in the Lord.

2. I leave this world of sin behind, happy, happy happy,
That better home in heaven to find, happy in the Lord;
Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy, happy, happy,
But fairer is my home up there, happy in the Lord.
CHORUS.—We'll cross the river of Jordan, &c.

3. In that fair clime of endless day, happy, happy, happy,
The Lord shall wipe all tears away, happy in the Lord:
To living founts, through verdant meads, happy, happy, happy,
The Lamb his ransomed followers leads, happy in the Lord.—CHORUS.

4. The fruits and flowers of Paradise, happy, happy, happy,
In plenteous showers round them rise, happy in the Lord;
No death shall visit them again, happy, happy, happy,
No sickness there, no touch of pain, happy in the Lord.
CHORUS.

5. Farewell! vain world, I'm going home, happy, happy, happy,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come, happy in the Lord;

No mourning there, no funeral gloom, happy, happy, happy,
But health and youth for ever bloom, happy in the Lord.
CHORUS.

## 46.

### THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

From Bradbury's Pilgrim Songs, page 96.

WE are joyously voyaging over the main,
Bound for the evergreen shore,
Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,
And never see death any more.
CHORUS. Then let the hurricane roar,
It will the sooner be o'er;
We will weather the blast, and will land at last,
Safe on the evergreen shore.

2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave,
Under our Saviour's command;
And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave;
For Jesus will bring us to land.—CHORUS.

3. Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;
Nothing can baffle his skill:
And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.—CHORUS.

4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,
Send not a glimmering ray,
Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,
Will drive all our terror away.—CHORUS.

5. Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,
Fearfully overhead break;
There is one by our side that can comfort and save;—
There's one who will never forsake.—CHORUS.

6. Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,
Sink to be seen nevermore;
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.—CHORUS.

## 47.

### THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

From Bradbury's Pilgrim Songs, page 102

A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
A land of rest from sorrow free,
The home of the ransomed, bright and fair
And beautiful angels too, are there.
CHORUS. Will you go? will you go?
Go to that beautiful land with me
Will you go? will you go?
Go to that beautiful land?

2. That beautiful land, that city of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day
Hath driven the darkness far away.—CHORUS.

3. In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.—CHORUS.

4. The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.—CHO

## 48.

### "JUST AS I AM."

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee—
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

2. Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

3. Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find—
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, THINE ALONE—
I come, O Lamb of God, I come

7. Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above—
I come, O Lamb of God, I come.

## 49.

### SAY, BROTHERS.

SAY, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore?

2. By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more.

3. Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
On Canaan's happy shore.

4. Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Forever, evermore.

## 50.

## HEAVENLY HOME.

HEAVENLY home! Heavenly home! precious name to me!
I love to think the time will come, when I shall rest in thee.
I've no abiding city here,
I seek for one to come,
And though my pilgrimage be drear,
I know there's rest at home.
CHORUS: Heavenly home! Heavenly home! precious name to me!
I love to think the time will come, when I shall rest in thee.

2. Heavenly home! Heavenly home! there no clouds arise,
No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim thy ever-smiling skies;
This earthly home is fair and bright,
Yet clouds will often come;
And oh, I long to see the light
That gilds my heavenly home!
Heavenly home! Heavenly home! there no clouds, &c.

3. Heavenly home! Heavenly home! ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,
Nor doubts, nor fears, disturb me there, for all is peace at home.
I know I ne'er shall worthy be
To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,
And now he calls me home.
Heavenly home! Heavenly home! ne'er shall, &c.

## 51. P. M.

HARK! brethren, don't you hear the sound?
The martial trumpets now are blowing,
Men in order's list'ning round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing;

Bounty's offer'd joy and peace;
To every soldier this is given,
When from toils of war they cease,
A mansion bright, prepar'd in heaven.

2. Those who long in debt have laid,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
All their debts are freely paid,
And they endow'd with large possession.
Those who're sick, or blind or lame,
Their maladies are also healed,
Outlaw'd rebels, when they come,
Receive a pardon freely sealed.

3. The battle is not to the strong,
The burden's on our Captain's shoulder;
None so aged or so young,
But he may list and be a soldier.
Those who cannot fight or fly,
Beneath his banner find protection,
None who on his name rely,
Shall be reduced to base rejection.

4. You need not fear, the cause is good,
Come, who will to the crown aspire
In this cause the martyrs bled,
Or shouted victory in the fire:
In this cause let's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we gain'd the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.

5. The battle, brethren, is begun,
Behold the army now in motion,
Some by faith behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark! the victors singing loud,
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling,
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's Kingdom down is tumbling.

6. Hark! ye rebels, come and 'list,
The officers are now recruiting;
Why will you in sin persist,
Or spend your time in vain disputing?

All your cavil sure is vain;
For if you do not sue for favour,
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
To bear the wrath of God forever.

## 52. 8s. 7s.

### GOSPEL SHIP.

LO! the gospel ship is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
All who wish to sail for glory,
Come, and welcome, rich and poor.
CHORUS: Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
All her sailors loudly cry;
While the blissful port of glory
Opens to each faithful eye.

2. Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this mortal shore;
Thousands still are sailing in her,
Yet there's room for thousands more. CHO.

3. Richly laden with provisions —
Want, her sailors never know;
Gospel grace and every blessing
From her noble Pilot flow. CHO.

4. Sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly waft the ship along,
All her company rejoicing;
"Glory!" bursts from every tongue. CHO.

5. Do not fear the ship will founder,
Though the foaming billows roar;
Jesus Christ will safely guide her
To her destined, happy shore. CHO.

6. Foes may try to overturn her,
But their efforts will be vain;
Guided by so great a Captain,
Sail she must across the main. CHO.

7. Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of gospel grace,
Bearing all her faithful sailors
To their heavenly landing place. CHO.

8. Come, poor sinners, be converted;
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea,
And with us you will be happy,
Happy in eternity. CHO.

**53.** 8 lines 9s. and 8s.

WHAT happy children, who follow Jesus
Unto the house of prayer and praise;
Who're join'd in union while love increases,
Resolv'd this way to spend our days;
Although oppos'd by the world and Satan,
The flesh and such as know not God.
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
We often find on Canaan's road.

2. While we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
We've felt some strength come from above,
Our hearts have burnt with holy rapture,
And long'd to be with Christ above.
Then let us hold fast what he's given,
And trust in God for time to come;
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
So, farewell brethren, we're going home.

3. But as we go, lets praise our Jesus,
And pray for those who spurn his grace,
Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,
And ne'er enjoy God's smiling face.
Now here's my heart and my best wishes
In token of my Christian love,
In hope with you to praise our Jesus;
So, farewell brethren, let's meet above.

**54.**

THE OLD SHIP REBUILT.

COME tell of your vessel, and what is her name?
O! tell me happy sailor.
Say who is her Captain, and what is his fame?
O! tell me happy sailor.
She's the old ship of Zion, hallelujah,
And her Captain's Judah's Lion, hallelujah.

2. Say, who are on board, and from whence do they come!
And why do you bear them away from their home?
They are chosen, called and holy,
And have left the land of folly.

3. Say, is her keel sound, and her larder well stored?
And will you receive other comrades on board?
Come on board the vessel, stranger,
For we'll fear no want or danger.

4. But first let me know ere on board I am found,
The name of the port where your vessel is bound?
We seek the port of heaven,
Bright crowns shall there be given.

5. But will you not fear when the ocean waves roar?
That you may be lost and never gain shore?
Our Captain rules the ocean,
And can still the waves' commotion.

6. But when you leave port and are sailing on the main,
Some foe may engage you, and all may be slain.
We will fear no cannon's rattle,
For our ship ne'er lost a battle.

7. But when you leave port, and are sailing on the sea,
What then on the ship your employment will be?
We will sing the songs of Zion,
And we'll keep our colors flying.

8. Then what will you do when you gain heaven's shore?
Your voyage at an end and your perils all o'er!
We'll repeat the pleasing story,
And we'll sing and shout in glory.

## 55. 8s. and 7s.

### THE CHURCH'S DESOLATION.

WELL may thy servants mourn, my God,
The church's desolation,
The state of Zion calls aloud,
For grief and lamentation.

Though once she was alive to thee,
And thousands were converted,
But now a sad reverse we see,
Her glory is departed.

2. Her pastors love to live at ease,
They covet wealth and honor.
And while they seek such things as these,
They bring reproach upon her.
Such worthless objects they pursue,
Warmly and undiverted,
The church they lead and ruin too,
Her glory is departed.

3. Her private members walk no more,
As Jesus Christ has taught them,
Riches and fashion they adore,
With these the world has bought them.
The christian name they still retain,
Absurdly and false-hearted,
And while they in the church remain,
Her glory is departed.

4. And has religion left the church,
Without a trace behind her?
Where shall I go? where shall I search,
That I once more may find her?
Adieu ye proud, ye light and gay,
I'll seek the broken-hearted,
Who weep when they of Zion say,
Her glory is departed.

5. Some few like good Elijah stand,
While thousands have revolted,
In earnest for the heavenly land,
They never yet have halted.
With such religion doth remain,
For they are not perverted,
O may they all through them regain,
The glory that's departed.

## 56.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2. Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong, eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3. Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4. Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our head.

5. The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, Three in One,
Conspire our raptures to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

6. In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus we now sustain thy cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is ALL in ALL.

7. That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see
The beatific sight;
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

## 57.

YE children of Zion, who're aiming for glory,
Enlisted with Jesus to fight against hell,
New Canaan's bright borders are now just before you,
Though Jordan's proud billows its banks overswell.
Ten thousands have crossed it and are now in glory,
Are shouting and telling the triumphant story.
I hope my dear Saviour will take us all over,
In the land of sweet Canaan for ever to dwell.

2. This makes my heart joyful, and fills me with glory,
That suff'ring and toiling will one day be o'er;
To thee, O my Jesus, I'll then tell my story,
Where sin, pain and sorrow can reach me no more.
Be bold and courageous, and fear not the devil,
Though he should speak of you all manner of evil;
Although Satan rages, yet Jesus engages
To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright shore.

3. Like ships on the ocean, we're toss'd by commotion;
Yet Christ is our pilot, he is a sure guide:
If sick and afflicted, kind love, O sweet ocean!
Which flows in abundance from Jesus' side,
Tho' Satan's wild whirlwinds, like deluges roaring,
And floods of temptation, like hail, are down pouring;
Tho' devil's should haunt you, yet let them not daunt you
For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.

4. I feel his love blazing, my spirits are raising;
Had I an angel's pinions, away I would go,
And see that bright City, and hear angels praising,
And there the sweet beauties of Jesus would know.
To the great Triune God, that shines thro' all heaven,
All glory from saints and from angels be given;
My heart's all on fire; my Jesus draws nigher,
His love, like an ocean, all through me doth flow.

DR. WATTS.] **58.** S. M.

## HEAVENLY JOY ON EARTH.

TUNE,—America.

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

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

3. Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4. [The God that rules on high,
And thuuders when he please;
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.]

5. This awful God is ours;
Our Father, and our Love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

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

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

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

## 59.

O HAPPY time, long waited for,
The comfort of my heart;
Since I have met the saints once more,
O, may we never part!
Temptations cease to break my peace,
And all my sorrows die;
When I with you my love renew,
O, what a heaven have I!

2. My sorrow's past, and I at last
Have heavenly comforts found;
My heart to Jesus I have given,
And I'm for Canaan bound.
If fellowship with saints below,
Is to our souls so sweet,
What heavenly comforts shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

3. While here we sit and sing his love,
With rapture so divine,
With patience more like those above,
While in these songs we join,
Our hearts are filled with holy zeal,
We long to see the King;
We long to reach those heavenly hills,
Where saints and angels sing.

4. Sinners, come try, you that stand by;
You may be happy too;
Christ died for all, that on him call,
Sinners, he died for you.
If I could know which of you'd go,
I'd take you by the hand,
And lead you on the way Christ's gone,
Toward the heavenly land.

5. On the other hand, if you will stand
Just on the brink of hell,
I'll first you warn, then my back turn,
And bid you all farewell;
For I must go to Christ, I know,
I long with him to dwell;
The saints also, will bid you adieu;
Poor sinners all farewell.

NEWTON.] **60.** 7s

## HEAR WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR MY SOUL.

SAVED by grace, I live to tell
What the love of Christ hath done,
He redeem'd my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son.
Oh! I tremble still to think
How secure I liv'd in sin,
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.

2. In a kind, propitious hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke,
Touch'd me by his spirit's power,
And my dangerous slumber broke.
Then I saw and own'd my guilt;
Soon my gracious Lord replied,
'Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
'Twas for such as thee I died.'

3. Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd my heart;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part?
'Thou hast greatly sinn'd,' he said,
'But I freely all forgive;
I myself the debt have paid,
Now I bid thee rise and live.'

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

**61.** L. M.

TUNE,—Denmark.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4. Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.] **62.** L. M.

## CHRIST'S COMMISSION TO HIS MINISTERS.

"GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned who'll not believe.

2. "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3. "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end:
All power is trusted in my hands —
I can destroy, and I defend."

4. He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

WATTS.] **63.** C. M.

## PARTING WITH CARNAL JOYS.

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

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

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

4. Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5. The Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete.

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

PRATT'S COL.] **64.** L. M.

ZION, awake! thy strength renew:
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2. Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are:
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view:
All shall admire and love thee too.

CAWOOD.] **65.** 8s. and 7s.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2. Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3. Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found."
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven"—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4. Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5. Haste, ye mortals, to adore him:
Learn his name and taste his joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

## 66.

## I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

TUNE,—I want to be an angel.

I LAY my sins on Jesus —
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2. I lay my wants on Jesus —
All fulness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3. I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus —
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured. H. BONAR.

## 67.

## LONG-LOVED ZION.

From Bradbury's Pilgrim Songs, page 117.

Where Babel's drooping willows stood,
Far from long-loved Zion,
We hung our harps, in silent mood,
Far from long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, we're thronging home,
Home to long-loved Zion,
We're thronging home, we're thronging home.
Home to long-loved Zion.

2. Great things the Lord has done for us,
Far from long-loved Zion,
Our toilsome race is nearly run,
Far from long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.

3. As streams their mighty torrents pour
Far from long-loved Zion;
So turn our hearts to thee once more,
Home to long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.

4. With faces turned for Zion's hill,
Home to long-loved Zion;
Our harps and hearts with rapture thrill,
Home to long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.

5. We soon shall reach our Father's land,
Home in long-loved Zion;
Our feet within thy gates shall stand,
Home in long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.

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