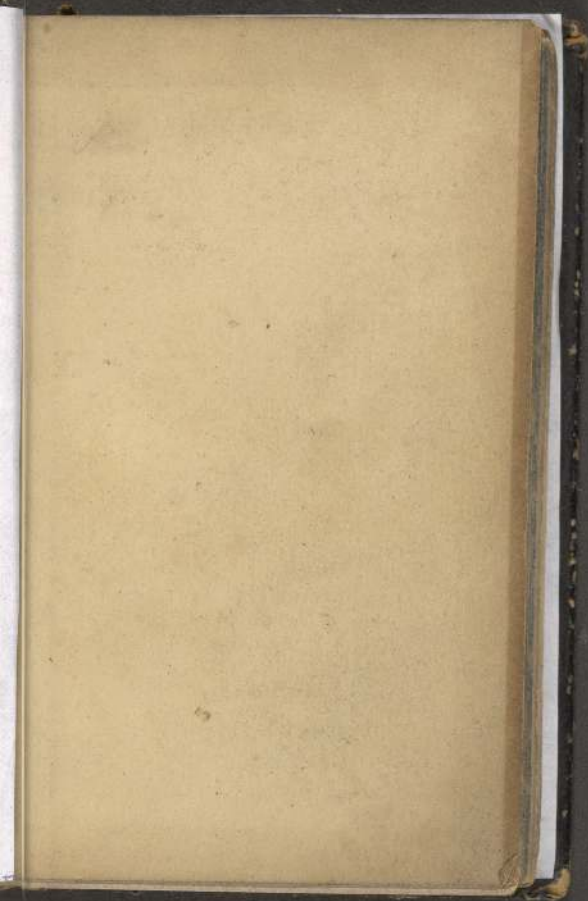
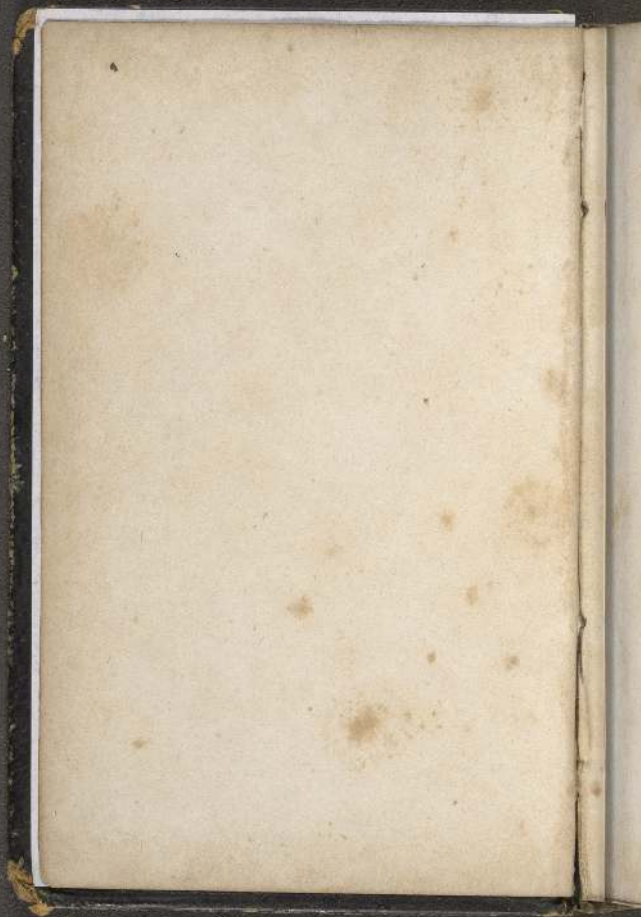


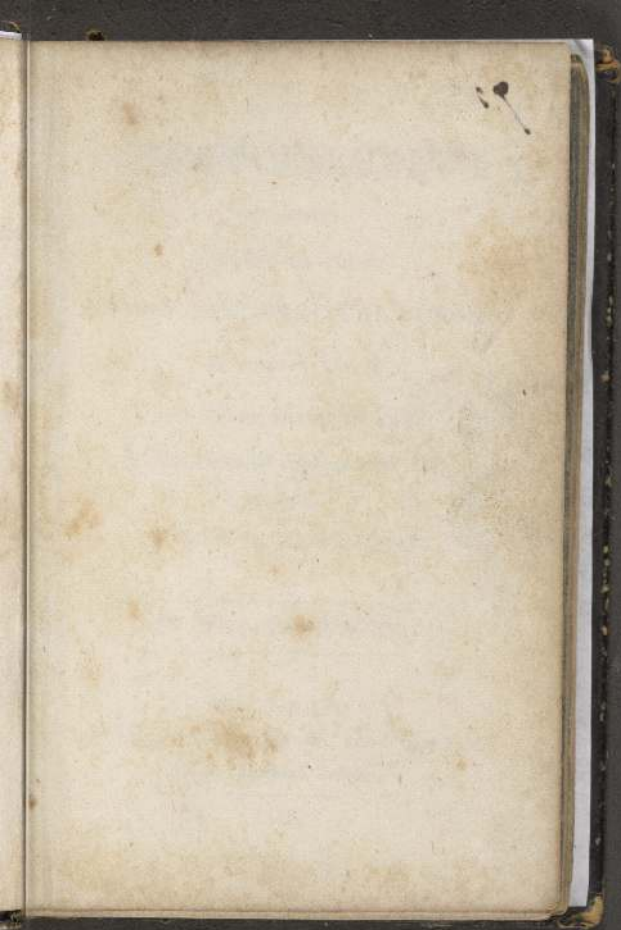


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SELECT MELODIES;

COMPRISING

THE BEST OF THOSE

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

IN COMMON USE,

NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE

STANDARD METHODIST EPISCOPAL HYMN BOOK;

AS ALSO,

A NUMBER OF ORIGINAL PIECES.

BY WILLIAM HUNTER.

CINCINNATI:

PRINTED AT THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

R. P. Thompson, Printer.

1845.

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PREFACE.

THE following edition of this work has been re-arranged from the third (type) edition, with considerable care and labor. A great many hymns found not to be in common use, have been omitted, and new ones inserted in their stead. The book is almost a new work; and the compiler hopes that it will prove even more acceptable to the Singing Community than any of its predecessors.

The following remarks have been made concerning this work, by the editors of the Eastern and Western Christian Advocates.

"Since it is so that there must be a collection of popular hymns for prayer meetings and the social circle, we are glad to see that this matter has been taken in hand by one so well calculated to do it justice as the editor of the present volume. Two things in this collection will make very much in its favor—the absence of those doggerel

ditties, which are a reproach to an enlightened people, and the presence of some hymns, which, though not in our standard Hymn Book, will not suffer on a comparison with some of Mr. Wesley's most evangelical strains. We discover also some beautiful *originals*." * * * * *

Christian Advocate and Journal.

"This, in our opinion, is much superior to any other collection of spiritual songs presented to the public for many years. It is a selection of the best, improved by additions from the pen of the compiler." * * * * *

Western Christian Advocate.

Note.—The name of a suitable tune to which the piece may be sung, will frequently be found on the left margin at the head of the hymn. The original hymns are scattered through the book, and marked with the initials of the author.

SELECT MELODIES;

OR, A

COLLECTION OF FAVORITE HYMNS

INVITING.

HYMN 1. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

LISTED into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Press'd to obey the devil.
Drunken or light, or lewd the lay,
Tends to the soul's undoing;
Widens and strews with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.

- 2 Who on the part of God will rise;
Innocent sounds recover?
Fly on the prey, and seize the prize;
Plunder the carnal lover;
Strip him of ev'ry moving strain,
Every melting measure;
Music in virtue's cause retain;
Rescue the holy pleasure.
- 3 Come, let us try if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us;

This is the theme of those above;
This upon earth can fire us.
Try if your hearts are tun'd to sing;
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring;
But Jesus' name is sweeter.

- 4 Jesus the soul of music is;
His is the noblest passion;
Jesus' name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation.
Jesus' name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven;
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.
- 5 Who have a right like us to sing,
Us whom his mercy raises?
Cheerful our hearts, for Christ is King;
Joyful are all our faces.
Who of his perfect love partakes,
He evermore rejoices:
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

- 6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful and never weary.
Offer the sacrifice of praise
In spirit, never ceasing;
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Worship, and thanks, and blessing.

- 7 Then let us in his praises join,
 Triumph in his salvation;
 Glory ascribe to love divine,
 Worship and adoration.
 Heaven already is begun,
 Open'd in each believer;
 Only believe, and then sing on;
 Heaven is yours forever.

HYMN 2. 4 lines 8s.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation;
 Published now to every creature,
 To the ruin'd 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 offer'd 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,
 Offer'd 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.

Imandra. HYMN 3. 4 lines 11s.

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh!
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away,
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you
be,

While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 Now Jesus is ready your souls to receive,
And grant you a pardon if you will believe;
If sin is your burden why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirits when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high!

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus enough, and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart;
And trusting in heaven, we never shall part,
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

HYMN 4. C. M.

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

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
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 sov'reign grace:
- 4 "I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

HYMN 5. C. M.

BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come;
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow breaks
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
The father gives command;
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain,
Let joy and mirth abound;
My son was dead, and lives again;
Was lost and now is found."

HYMN 6. 4 lines 7s.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around;
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort never found.

- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me to your rest!
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you live shall be my home;
Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp or pow'r:
Welcome poverty, and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
- 5 "Follow me!" I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light 's the burden now to me.

Harvest Home. HYMN 7. L. M.

THOUGH in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Angels, ere long, will reap the crop,
And burn the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

*For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.*

- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?

For soon, &c.

- 3 Oh! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

For soon, &c.

- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all are wheat,
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

For soon, &c.

- 5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employs, his counsels to fulfill.

For soon, &c.

- 6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

For soon, &c.

- 7 Most awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

For soon, &c.

HYMN 8. 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 succour;
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,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord!
- 5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

HYMN 9. 4. 7s.

SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still,
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

HYMN 10. L. M.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
O! hasten sinner to return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

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

- 4 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste:
O may we all improve the grace,
And see with joy thy glorious face.

HYMN 11. L. M.

- R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "no longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

HYMN 12. L. M.

- B**EHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need:

The man of Nazareth is he,
With garments dyed from Calvary.

- 3 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
That matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

HYMN 13.

SINNER, come,
'Mid thy gloom,
All thy guilt confessing,
Trembling, now,
Contrite bow,
Take the offer'd blessing.

2 Sinner, come,
While there 's room,
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord,
By his word,
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner, come,
Lo, the tomb
Opens wide before thee!
See death stand—
Lift his hand,
Waiting to devour thee.

4 Sinner, come,
 Ere thy doom
 Shall be seal'd forever;
 Now return,
 Grieve and mourn,
 Flee to Christ the Saviour.

HYMN 14.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
 Fill'd with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day;
 Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there 's room;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high:
 Grieve not that love,
 Which from above—
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

HYMN 15. 7 6.

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 'twill stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.
- 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 lin'd with brass,
God at length 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:
'Twas for sinners Jesus died;
Sinners He invites to come;

None that come shall be denied—
He says there still is room.

HYMN 16. C. M.

- A**TTEND, young friends, while I relate
The dangers you are in;
The evils that around you wait,
While subject unto sin.
Although you flourish like the rose,
While in its branches green;
Your sparkling 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.

HYMN 17. L. M.—double.

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 glitt'ring toys,
And ranged th' alluring scenes of vice,
But never found substantial joys
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 2 He spake, my sins at once forgiv'n,
And wash'd 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 conqu'ring 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 swallow'd 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 'twill 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.

Will you go.

HYMN 18.

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.

HYMN 19. C. M.

CHORUS.

*"Oh who will go along with me
To the New Jerusalem;
From all below we soon shall go
To the New Jerusalem."*

- W**E'RE marching to the promised land,
A land all fair and bright;
Come join our happy pilgrim band,
And seek the plains of light.
- 2 The deep red sea already crossed,
Safe on its banks we stood;
And saw our foes old Pharaoh's host,
Plunged in the angry flood.
- 3 The Saviour feeds his little flock;
His grace is richly given;
The living water from the rock;
And daily bread from heaven.
- 4 To Canaan's bounds he points the way,
And guides our feet aright;
A cloudy pillar leads by day;
A fiery one by night.
- 5 "Come with us we will do thee good;"
Here is our heart and hand;
To meet you over Jordan's flood,
And share the promised land.
- 6 There in that land no tears are shed;
Nor sigh escapes the heart;
To joy's full fountain all are led;
And there they never part.

W. H.

HYMN 20. C. M.

CHORUS.

*Sinners the hiding place is nigh;
 The Saviour calls—away—
 He is the only refuge—fly—
 There's danger in delay.*

- S**INNERS the city where you dwell
 Is doomed to fearful wo;
 Those dark impending clouds foretell
 The quick descending blow.
- 2 Beneath you shall the trembling ground
 Quake with the wrath of God;
 While all above you and around
 Shall roll the fiery flood.
- 3 Haste from your revels and your mirth
 And all your carnal joys;
 The day of wrath is bursting forth;
 Oh! hasten to be wise.
- 4 Fly to the mountain, quickly fly;
 Nor will your flight be vain;
 'Tis God's own house and heaven is nigh,
 Stay not in all the plain.
- 5 Angels, sweet messengers of love,
 Lend them your rapid wing;
 And thou good Spirit from above,
 All needful succors bring.
- 6 Why do you tarry, trembling souls,
 Haste ere the lightnings blaze;
 Fly ere the rumbling thunders call;
 Fly to the hiding place.

W. H.

HYMN 21. C. M.

CHORUS.

*"Oh I'll not die here with want severe,
And starve in foreign lands;
In my Father's house are rich supplies,
And bounteous are his hands."*

YE erring souls that wildly roam
From heaven and bliss astray;
Your father's voice invites you home,
He makes a feast to day.

- 2 And thou art bidden weary one,
With wants and woes opprest;
And every far off wand'ring son,
May be a welcome guest.
- 3 Return, thou prodigal, return,
Thy father bids thee come;
He doth thy needless absence mourn;
Thou erring child come home.
- 4 Come, for the feast already waits,
The fatlings all are slain;
Go seek with haste his palace gates;
Nor shall thou seek in vain.
- 5 The father stands and waits to greet,
His late returning Son;
Go haste thee, child, he runs to meet,
And kiss thee as his own.

W. H.

SEEKING SALVATION.

HYMN 23. 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 heal'd 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.

HYMN 24. 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 pressed.
By wars 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.

HYMN 25. 4 8s and 2 6s.

AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
I knew not what to do,
O'erwhelmed with guilt, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe.

- 2 Amaz'd, I stood, but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 Then to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find:
This fearful truth I found remain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my troubled mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, unwieldy load:
Alas! I heard and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
I felt his pity move:
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise:
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Shall shout thy endless praise.

HYMN 26. 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 abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

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

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

HYMN 27. 7s and 6s.

COME, my brethren, let us try,
For a little season,
Ev'ry 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,

Plagu'd 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 stretch'd upon the wood,
Bleeding, thirsting, crying,
Suff'ring all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying.

HYMN 28. C. M.

- J**ESUS! thou art the sinner's 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,
Oh, Lord! remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

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

HYMN 29. C. M.

- H**ARK! from the cross a gracious voice,
Salutes my ravish'd ear—
"Rejoice, thou ransom'd soul, rejoice,
And dry those falling tears."
- 2 Amaz'd, I turn, grown strangely bold,
This wondrous thing to see;
And there my dying Lord behold,
Stretch'd on the bloody tree!
- 3 "Sinner," he cries, "behold the head
This thorny wreath entwines;
Look on these wounded hands, and read
Thy name in crimson lines.
- 4 "These wounds I bear, these pains I feel,
This anguish rends my breast,
That I may save thy soul from hell,
And give thee endless rest."
- 5 The power, the sweetness of that voice,
My stony heart can move,
Make me in Christ, my Lord, rejoice,
And melt my soul to love.
- 6 No more my harp neglected lies,
With silent, broken strings;
From earth my soul has learn'd to rise,
And mount on eagles' wings.

- 7 My dying Saviour's wondrous love
 On earth employs my tongue;
 And when I walk in white above,
 That love shall be my song.

HYMN 30. 8s and 7s.

- J**ESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
 Let me know thy great salvation,
 See, I languish, faint, and die.
 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelm'd with helpless grief;
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting;
 Send, O send me quick relief!
- 2 Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to him who comfort gives?
 Whither, from the dread of dying,
 But to him who ever lives?
Saved—the dead shall spread new glory
 Thro' the shining realms above;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptur'd with thy love.

HYMN 31. 8s and 7s.

- L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.
- 2 The new heaven and earth's Creator
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
- 4 Come, and manifest the favor
Thou hast for the ransom'd race ;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.
- 5 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince !
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
- 6 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release ;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

HYMN 32. L. M.

WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

- 2 From my own works at last I cease—
God that creates must seal my peace ;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.
- 3 'Tis thine, a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here, then, to thee I all resign ;
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

HYMN 33. 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 pleasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And think myself most bless'd.
- 6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN 34. 4 lines 7s.

COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who feel your heavy load;
Jesus calls the wandering home;
Hasten to your pardoning God.

- 2 Come, ye guilty souls, opprest,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."
- 3 Jesus—full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey:
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.
- 4 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;
- 5 Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God:
- 6 Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

HYMN 35. L. M.

O GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn,
Give me, with broken heart, to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

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

- 3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 Father of mercy, drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;
And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus, or I die.
- 5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wilt ease me of my guilt;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
O save me, Jesus, or I die.

HYMN 36. 8s and 7s.

“**M**ERCY, O thou son of David!”
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;
“Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid.”

- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
“Come and ask me what you will.”
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms, which none but he could give.
- 4 “Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!”
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

- 5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
- 6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me;
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

The Paralytic. HYMN 37. 4 8s and 4 7s.

- R**EVIEW the palsied sinner's case,
Who sought for health in Jesus;
His friends conveyed him to the place,
Where he might meet with Jesus.
A multitude were thronging round,
To keep them back from Jesus;
But from the roof they let him down,
Before the face of Jesus.
- 2 Thus, brethren, help these friends of yours
To find their way to Jesus;
His grace the worst diseases cures;
Oh help them on to Jesus.
The palsy's fearful stroke they feel:
There's none can save but Jesus;
'Tis he alone their souls can heal:
Oh help them on to Jesus.
- 3 The fainting souls by sin diseased,
There's none can save but Jesus;
With more than plague or palsy seized,
Oh help them on to Jesus.
The seeds of death are sown within;
There's none can save but Jesus;

The worst disease on earth is sin,
Oh help them on to Jesus.

- 4 Oh Saviour hear their mournful cry,
And tell them thou art Jesus;
Oh speak the word or they must die,
And bid farewell to Jesus:
Now let them hear thy voice declare,
Thou all sufficient Jesus;
That thou didst die to hear their prayer,
And give them health in Jesus.

- 5 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh hear the voice of Jesus;
Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven
And wear a crown with Jesus.

- 6 All glory to the dying Lamb;
I now believe in Jesus,
I love my blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus:
His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh how my soul delights to hear,
The charming name of Jesus.

- 7 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise;
Oh praise the name of Jesus;
And sisters all your voices raise;
Oh bless the name of Jesus:
And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,

We'll sing around the throne of love,
The name, the name of Jesus.

W. H.

HYMN 38.

Poor wildered weeping heart.

POOR wildered weeping heart
What can relieve thee?

Come sinful as thou art,

Christ will receive thee:

Come though with woes opprest,

Soft is thy Saviour's breast,

There may'st thou sweetly rest,

There nought can grieve thee.

2 Come trembling timid soul,

Why this delaying;

Thunders that o'er thee roll,

Fall on thee straying;

Turn from destruction's ways,

Turn to the throne of grace;

There seek thy Father's face,

Weeping and praying.

3 Hence guilty fear and doubt,

Leave me forever;

Lord wilt thou cast me out?

Never—oh never;

From unbelief of mind;

From thoughts to sin inclined:

From flesh and hell combined

Thou wilt deliver.

HYMN 39. C. M.

CHORUS.

*I weep, I mourn, I pray,
Oh Jesus now forgive.*

OH Jesus I have come to thee,
My wanderings to deplore;
Wilt thou not set my spirit free?
My fallen soul restore?

Chorus.

2 My sins are more than I can bear,
Oh speak them all forgiven:
My soul away from earth I tear,
To seek a place in heaven.

Chorus.

3 Pity, O Lord, my helpless grief;
My soul's deep anguish see;
And grant me now that sweet relief,
Which none can give but thee.

Chorus.

4 Didst thou not die that I might live,
Might live thy love to know;
Oh let me now thy love receive,
And in thy favor grow.

Chorus.

W. D. L.

PRAYER.

HYMN 40. C. M.

- PRAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That any 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 gate 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 say, Behold! he prays.
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, in deed, in mind,
When with the Father and the Son
Their fellowship they find.

- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus, on th' eternal throne
 For sinners intercedes.
- 8 Oh ! Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

HYMN 41. 4 11s and 1 6s.

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.

Where I've chosen to pray.

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

3 How sweet were the zephyrs perfum'd with
 the pine,
 The ivy, the olive, the wild eglantine ;
 Yet sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
 The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer—
 In answer to prayer.

4 'Twas 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—
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
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer—
As I went to prayer.

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

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

8 Altho' I may never revisit thy shade,
Yet oft shall I think on the vows I there made,
And when at a distance, my thoughts shall repair
To the place where my Saviour first answered
my prayer—
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—
In answer to prayer.

HYMN 42. 8 lines 8s and 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?
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

- 2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you
Slumbering on the brink of woe,
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go?
See your fathers and your mothers,
And your children sinking down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
- 3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door,
But they have betray'd their Saviour,
And are worse than e'er before;
Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
If they will lament their wound;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
- 4 Sisters, will you join and help, as
Moses' sisters helped him,
While you see the trembling sinners
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found;

Pray on, sisters, and the manna
Will be shower'd all around.

- 5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too,
Let us love, and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new;
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down:
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna, all around.

HYMN 43. 2 8s, 2 7s and 1 4.

Tamworth.

- G**UIDE 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 heav'nly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be my robe of righteousness:
Fight and conquer
All my foes by sov'reign grace.

- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 44. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

- LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
 Come and bid our jarrings 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 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
 Some for Cephas—none agree;
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
 Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
 Over every hind'rance leap;
 Not kept back by force, or numbers—
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit—
 We've been sinners from our youth;
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
 Which shall teach us all thy truth;
 On thy gospel word we'll venture,
 Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
 Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour—
 Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

HYMN 45. 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 clouds 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 Were half the time so vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

HYMN 46. 4 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.

HYMN 47. C. M.

- 'TIS good to wait upon the Lord,
When Christ himself draws near,
And ev'ry heart with one accord
Ascends in solemn prayer.
- 2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love,
In heavenly show'rs descend,
Our souls commune with saints above,
In bliss that knows no end;
- 3 We taste the precious streams of grace;
The fountain makes them sing:
We travel through the wilderness—
They sit before the King.

- 4 We pray for grace to hold out well,
The conflict but begun:
They of their past engagements tell,
And sing the conquests won.
- 5 We fight the battles of the Lord,
And are sometimes cast down;
They wield no more the warrior's sword,
But wear the conqueror's crown.

HYMN 48. 4 7s.

- SEEK my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies;
Then, tho' sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim—
Lord! we have profess'd thy name;
We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word.
- 4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say, "I know you not."

HYMN 49. C. M.

OTHOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins 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 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
- 4 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Supplication. HYMN 50. C. M.

JESUS I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

- 2 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.
- 3 Give me some kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

HYMN 51. C. M.

"Lord, remember me."

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;

- In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, 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.

HYMN 52. 3 8s, 2 7s, and 1 4.

Prayer for a Revival.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!

All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

CHORUS.

*Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.*

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high !
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant shall droop and die.
- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part looked gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
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,
Fill'd 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 !
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cost us grief at present,
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;

- O, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayer;
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snare.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.
-

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 53. 8 lines 8.

- Y**E angels who mortals attend,
 And minister comfort in woe,
 Come listen, ye heavenly friends,
 My happier story to know.
- I sing of a theme most sublime,
 No sorrow my song can control—
 I sing of the rapturous time,
 When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
- 2 When guilt my poor heart did assail,
 Because I had wander'd from God,
 I strove my sad case to bewail,
 My sins were a cumberous load;
 O Saviour have mercy I cried!
 O pardon a wretch that's so vile!

- Then quickly his blood was applied,
And Jesus spoke peace to my soul,
3 My guilt, like the cloud of the morn,
Was chas'd in a moment away;
The joy of my soul newly born
Increas'd like the dawning of day.
My Saviour redeem'd me from sin,
He saves not in part but in whole;
He writes his salvation within,
For oh! he spoke peace to my soul.
- 4 I now am so bless'd with his love,
I covet not earth's greatest store;
He visits me oft from above—
I have him, I want nothing more:
Resign'd to his pleasure I'd live,
Till time's latest circle shall roll,
His utmost salvation receive,
For oh! he spoke peace to my soul.
- 5 Nor Satan nor sin can dismay,
No danger my soul can affright,
While onward to mansions of day
I go in Immanuel's might:
Though earth in convulsions shall rend,
From th' center quite thro' to each pole,
I'll smile, for I'm sure of a friend,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
- 6 Ye angels who wait while I sing,
And patiently hear my glad song,
Come bear me to Jesus, my king,
To join with the heavenly throng.
'Tis there I'll eternally feast,
On joys that enrapture the whole;

All heaven would welcome the guest,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

- 7 Farewell to earth's glittering toys,
Farewell to my friends and my foes;
I haste from these scenes to the skies,
Where pleasure eternally flows:
He bids me leave all for his sake—
I'll run till I reach the bless'd goal;
Then me to his arms he will take,
Oh! there he'll speak peace to my soul.

HYMN 54. 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 'Twas 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;
'Tis 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 veil
A life of joy and peace,

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

HYMN 55. C. M.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun;
Our hearts have burn'd, while Jesus spoke,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stoop'd and talk'd, and fed and bless'd,
And fill'd the enlarged desire.

CHORUS.

*A Saviour! let creation sing!
A Saviour! let all heaven ring!
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours,
'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er,
We're joining those who've gone before,
We then shall meet to part no more.*

- 2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die;
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll force our passage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown, our due.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain;
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows;
Oh pour the mighty flood!
And sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.
- 4 When thou shalt make thy jewels up,
And set thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
By thee proclaim'd thine own;
May we, a little band of love,
Be sinners saved by grace;
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 56. C. M.

- F**ROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Some fellowship with God.
- 2 Say, what is there below the sky,
O'er all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?
- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.
- 4 Not health nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,

Can such delights and comforts show,
As fellowship with God.

5 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

6 And when the icy arms of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath
In fellowship with God.

HYMN 57. 8 lines 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 my 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 frame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;

In thy service pain is pleasure,
 With Thy favor loss is gain.
 I have call'd 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,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd 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.

Sweet Home. HYMN 58. 4 lines 11s.

'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 surewitness, 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.

HYMN 59. 3 8s and 2 7s.

THE specious world promiscuous flows,
Enrapt in fancy's vision;
Allured by sound, beguiled by shows,
And empty dreams, nor scarcely knows
There is a brighter heaven.

2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth be given;
All-varying time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sink in shade—
There's nothing lasts but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabrick all
Will be to atoms riven;
The sky consumed, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball,
There's nothing firm but heaven.

4 This world, with all its wealth is poor,
And like a baseless vision,
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are vain 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 is 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,
I'm on the wing for heaven:

7 And now I bid the world adieu,
Let life's dull chains be riven;
The charms of Christ have caught my view,
The world of light I will pursue,
To live with him in heaven.

HYMN 60. 4 lines 11s.

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

2 Oh, 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.

3 Oh, who is like Jesus! he's Salem's bright
King;

He smiles, and he loves me, he taught me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to his will,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

HYMN 61. C. M.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my heart shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 62. 4 lines 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 and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee—O, be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen, thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;

For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When 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 doth lean 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.

Sweet Home. HYMN 63. 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 hallelujah's fill heaven's high dome,
 They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.

HYMN 64. C. M.

LONG have I tried terrestrial joys,
 But here can find no rest;
 Far from its vanity and noise,
 "To be with Christ is best."

- 2 Fair is the siren's painted face,
And sin looks gaily drest
To cheat me; but I fly th' embrace,
"To be with Christ is best."
- 3 Temptations, with malignant smart,
Betray th' unguarded breast;
Safe from the poison of each dart,
"To be with Christ is best."
- 4 'Tis desert here, and thorns and foes
Do all the road infest;
The danger of the journey's short,
"To be with Christ is best."
- 5 When earth can no delights afford,
He spreads a heavenly feast;
Such dainties crown his royal board,
"To be with Christ is best."
- 6 By this I fly the desert through,
And feel my soul refresh'd;
What can obstruct me when I know
"To be with Christ is best."
- 7 There an eternity with thee,
I'll think myself well blest;
I see thee here! but, O! to be,
"To be with Christ is best."
- 8 Loosed from my clog, I'll dart the wing,
And seek on high my rest;
Sit in some heavenly grove and sing,
"To be with Christ is best."

HYMN 65. 8 lines 8s.

- Y**E 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 form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints who 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 snatch'd you from hell and the grave;
He ransom'd 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 fetter'd 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,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
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!

HYMN 66. 6 7s.

- ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
- 2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew,
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turn'd my day to night.
- 3 Saviour shine, and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive,
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

HYMN 67. 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, 'twill 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 heav'nly union.

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

HYMN 68. L. M.

“**I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives.”
What comfort this sweet sentence gives;
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head!

2 He lives triumphant from the grave;
He lives eternally to save;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 He lives to bless me with his love;
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed;
He lives to help in time of need.

- 4 He lives to grant me rich supply;
He lives to guide me with his eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint;
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare;
He lives to bring me safely there!
- 6 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy that sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

HYMN 69. C. M.

I N 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 own'd 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 Thus while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue;
 (Such is the mystery of grace)
 It seals my pardon too.
- 8 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.

HYMN 70. 4 8s and 2 6s.

- T**ELL me no more of earthly toys,
 Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
 The things I lov'd before:
 Let me but view my Saviour's face,
 And feel his animating grace,
 And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth;
 Tell me no more of ease and health;
 For these have all their snares;
 Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,
 But see my name enroll'd in heav'n,
 And I am free from cares.
- 3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
 Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,

For these are trifling things;
The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.

- 4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of sumptuous feasts, and gaudy dress,
Extravagance and waste:
My little table only spread
With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,
Will better suit my taste.
- 5 Give me the Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the Lord;
I'd sit alone from day to day,
And urge no company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

HYMN 71. 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.

HYMN 72. L. M.

THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend.

- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go—
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
'Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee!—'tis death—'tis more!
'Tis endless ruin!—deep despair!

- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine!

HYMN 73. 4 6s 2 8s.

- H**OW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree;
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.
- 2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil, through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes and blest his feet.
- 3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills:
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

Sweet Home. HYMN 74. 4 lines 11s.

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 cheer'd by the presence of Jesus my home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus, my home.*

2 Tho' fading the joys which earth can bestow,
And false is the light which illumines 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 redeem'd 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.

HYMN 75. 4 8s and 2 6s.

HOW happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace!

How pure the bliss they share!

Hid from the world, and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And conscience feels it there.

2 The moment we believe, 'tis ours;
And if we love, with all our pow'rs,
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with heart sincere,
'Tis still discernable and clear,
An undisputed claim.

3 But ah! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonor us within,
Farewell the joy we knew;

Again the slaves of nature's sway,
In lab'rinth of our own we stray,
Without a guide or clue.

- 4 The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
His work distinctly trace,
And strong in undissembling love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove,
Their hearts his dwelling place.

HYMN 76. 6 lines 7s and 6s.

YE jewels of my Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze;
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

- 2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lilies,
Beside the purple flood;
Go on ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue,
And at an humble distance,
I'll sing and follow too.
- 3 When I beheld your order,
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers,
In pure devotion roll;

And jems immortal glowing,
With such enlivening grace,
I view'd the Saviour's image
Impress'd on every face.

4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion join'd:
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies:
Take courage, brother pilgrims
You soon shall win the prize.

5 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Releas'd from cumbrous clay.
He'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and sin,
And to his heav'nly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning,
When roaring thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands,
Lo! you're redeem'd for ever
From death's corrupted bands.

7 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill,

And sweet immortal anthems
The vocal regions fill;
In everlasting beauty
The shining millions stand
Safe on the Rock of ages,
Amid the promis'd land.

- 8 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures,
Be lost in love profound:
While all the heavenly harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN 77. C. M.

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

- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!
- 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

HYMN 78. 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 sorrows flow 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.

HYMN 79. 4 lines 8s.

- H**OW sweet is the cordial of love!
A balm to the sorrowful soul;
It flows from the Fountain above,
And makes the disconsolate whole.
- 2 How happy the souls that are blest,
And sprinkled with Jesus' blood!
That lean on Immanuel's breast,
And live in communion with God!
- 3 This heavenly sweetness below,
Is common to all that believe:
The joys of communion they know,
In bonds of affection they live.
- 4 While striving to gain the blest shore,
They mutual succour afford;
They look to the haven before,
And follow their Captain and Lord.
- 5 Their joys that on earth are begun,
Will soon be completed above:
Their labor below will be done
When lost in the ocean of love.
- 6 There all the ships company meet,
Who sail with their Saviour below:
Their union will then be complete,
And sorrow they never shall know.

HYMN 80. 3 8s and 2 7s.

WHEN toss'd on error's stormy tide,
 From doubt to darkness driven,
 'Twas thine my wandering thoughts to guide,
 And bid the world no more divide,
 My erring heart from heaven.

2 As more to fancy's 'wildering song,
 That heart's applause was given;
 To charm it from the joyless throng,
 The warning seem'd to breathe along,
 The holy lyre of heaven.

3 But though the warning voice was sweet
 As the last sight of even,
 My soul, within its dark retreat,
 Reluctant shrunk, and fear'd to meet
 A messenger from heaven.

4 Yet soon the chain that bound my soul,
 By mercy's hand was riven;
 I saw the clouds asunder roll,
 And truth, unerring as the pole,
 Allur'd me back to heaven.

5 My grateful heart must ever glow,
 While life and strength are given;
 With feelings those alone can know
 Whom thou hast led to seek below,
 The blissful hope of heaven.

HYMN 81. 8 lines 9s and 8s, and 1 10.

RELIGION is a glorious treasure,
 Diffusion of the Saviour's love;

The Spirit's comfort without measure;
It joins our souls to those above;
It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows—
It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

- 2 While journeying here thro' tribulations,
In phalanx firm we'll march along:
Contentions may divide the nations,
But Christ shall be our common song—
For pure religion knits together—
It binds in love but makes us free:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

- 3 How vain! how frail! how transitory!
This world, with all its pomp and show;
Its mighty names, renowned in story—
We'll gladly leave them all below.
A brighter object now enraptures—
In Christ alone we beauties see:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

- 4 Our earthly house is fast dissolving,
And mortal life will soon be o'er;
The cares within us now revolving,
Will soon afflict our hearts no more;
But pure religion lasts forever;
In death our souls shall strengthened be;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

HYMN 82. 3 7s and 2 6s.

DRAW nigh to us Jehovah,
 In our social meeting;
 In this propitious hour,
 O may we feel thy power
 In this social meeting.

2 Draw nigh to us blest Jesus,
 In our social meeting;
 O may we find thy favor,
 Thou ever blessed Saviour,
 In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit,
 In our social meeting;
 Convince, and renovate us—
 Anew in Christ create us,
 In this social meeting.

Lambeth. HYMN 83. 8 lines 8s.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine:
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load:
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
 The blood of atonement apply,
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The Rock that is higher than I.

Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold:
Attend to my sorrows and cries,
My groanings that cannot be told.

- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
Thy God will be gracious no more."
- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee.
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
Come, succour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power.

Portugal. HYMN 84. L. M.

HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear;
Fain would my longing passions meet,
The glories of thy presence there.

- 2 O! blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favors raise,
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing their never-ceasing praise.

- 3 Happy the men whom strength divine,
 With ardent love and zeal inspires;
 Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
 With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 4 One day within thy sacred gate,
 Affords more real joy to me,
 Than thousands in the tents of state;
 The meanest place is bliss with thee.
-

DESCRIBING CHRIST.

Light Street. HYMN 85. 8 lines 11s and 8s.

- OH 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 Oh 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 the Lord.

SECOND PART.

Davis. HYMN 86.

HIS vestment of righteousness
Who shall describe?
Its purity words would defile:
The heav'ns from his presence
Fresh beauties imbibe,
And earth is made rich by his smile.

2 Such is my beloved,
In excellence bright,
When pleas'd he looks down from above,
Like the morn when he breathes
From the chambers of light,
And comforts his people with love.

3 But when arm'd with vengeance,
In terror he comes,
The nations rebellious to tame,
The reins of omnipotent
Power he assumes,
And rides in a chariot of flame.

4 A two-edged sword
From his mouth issues forth,
Bright quivers of fire are his eyes:
He speaks, and black tempests
Are seen in the north,
And storms from their caverns arise.

5 Ten thousand destructions,
That wait for his word,

And ride on the wings of his breath,
Fly swift as the wind
At the nod of their Lord,
And deal out the arrows of death.

6 His cloud-bursting thunders
Their voices resound
Through all the vast regions on high;
Till from the deep center
Loud echoes rebound,
And meet the quick flame in the sky.

7 The portals of heaven
At his bidding obey,
And expand ere his banner appear;
Earth trembles beneath,
Till her mountains give way,
And hell shakes her fetters with fear.

8 When he treads on the clouds,
As the dust of his feet,
And grasps the big storm in his hand,
What eye the fierce glance
Of his anger shall meet,
Or who in his presence shall stand?

Geard.

HYMN 87. 4 lines 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.

HYMN 88. 6 7s and 2 6s.

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

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him:
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven is heightened by the theme.

- 3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! holy! holy One.
- 4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus flow along.

HYMN 89. 9, 7, 14, 9.

- S**AW ye my Saviour! saw ye my Saviour!
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
Oh! he died on Calvary, to atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended! he was extended!
Shamefully nail'd to the cross;
Oh! he bow'd his head and died: thus my Lord
was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleeding!
Three dreadful hours in pain;
Oh! the sun refus'd to shine when his majesty
divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

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

HYMN 90. 4 8s and 2 7s.

SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying;
See his burden'd 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 legal peals of 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,
Vanquish'd by the King Eternal,
When he pour'd 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.

Romain. HYMN 91. 8 lines 7s and 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 comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong.
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 By such shall he be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Belov'd, obey'd, revered;
For he shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

Kirkland. HYMN 92. C. M.

Grateful Memory.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget;
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

CHORUS.

*Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee—alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid;
Thine all the glory be.*

- 2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?
- 3 Gethsemane can we forget;
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?
- 4 Can we the plaited crown forget,
The buffeting and shame;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name?
- 5 The nails—the spear—can we forget;
The agonizing cry—
“My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son forsaken die?”
- 6 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But He who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

Precious Bible. HYMN 93.

The best of Friends.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:

They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love!

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
It was boundless love to bleed;
Jesus is a friend indeed.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
"Friend of sinners," was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love,
We, alas! forget, too often,
What a friend we have above:
When to heaven our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

Harwich. HYMN 94.

Christ our Surety.

- ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you it is nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.
- 2 The Lord, in the day
Of his anger did lay

Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away:

He dies to atone

For sins not his own,

The Father afflicted for you his dear Son.

3 For sinners like me,

He died on the tree;

His death is accepted, the sinner is free;

My pardon I claim,

A sinner I am,

A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

4 He purchased the grace

Which now I embrace;

Oh, Father! thou knowest he died in my place:

His death is my plea—

My Advocate see—

And hear the blood speak that hath answered for
me.

5 With joy we approve,

The plan of his love;

A wonder to all, both below and above!

When time is no more,

We still shall adore

That ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

HYMN 95. 7s.

Messiah.

WHO is this that comes from far,
Clad in garments dipp'd in blood?

Strong triumphant traveler,

Is he man or is he God?

2 "I that speak in righteousness,

Son of God and man I am;

Mighty to redeem your race,
Jesus is your Saviour's name."

3 Wherefore are thy garments red,
Dyed as in a crimson sea?
They that in a wine vat tread,
Are not stained so much as thee.

4 "I, the Father's favorite Son,
Have the dreadful winepress trod;
Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
All the fiercest wrath of God."

PRAISE.

Bermondsey. HYMN 96. 6,6, 4, 6,6,6,4.

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply:
Praise ye his name.
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
Sing aloud, evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb.

- 3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 5 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name;
To him ascribed be,
Honor and majesty,
Through all eternity:
Worthy the Lamb.

Irwin Street. HYMN 97. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love!
Be his kingdom now promoted;
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine;
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around;
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord:
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word!
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of ev'ry station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

Cranbrook. HYMN 98. S. M.

GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived a 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 heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
And ev'ry ransom'd power shall join
In wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 99. C. M.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields of cheerful green.
- 4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

- 5 Behold, he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

Coronation. HYMN 100. 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 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 4 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.

Newry. HYMN 101. L. M.

WHEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great
That joy appeared a pleasing dream.

- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;

While we, with pleasure, shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

- 3 When we review'd our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they vanish'd so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man that in his furrow'd field
The scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

Redeeming Love. HYMN 102. 4 7s.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye who his salvation prove
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

Star of Bethlehem. HYMN 103. L. M.

WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God, the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry 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 yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind, that toss'd my found'ring bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd 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 forbodings cease:
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

Baltimore. HYMN 104. C. M.

A WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sov'reign grace,
That shows salvation nigh.

- 2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome, each declining day,
And each revolving year.
- 3 Nor many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

Concord. HYMN 105. S. M.

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

- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Harmony Grove. HYMN 106. C. M.

- WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And chang'd my mournful state,
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies;
 Can give us day for night;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.

Loving-kindness. HYMN 107. L. M.

- A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
 He, justly, claims a song from me—
 His loving-kindness, O, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
 Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;
 He sav'd me from my lost estate—
 His loving-kindness, O, how great.
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along—
 His loving-kindness, O, how strong.
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood—
 His loving-kindness, O, how good.

- 5 Although I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
And though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To brighter worlds of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Pisgah. HYMN 108. C. M.

- FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land its tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

Carmarthen. HYMN 109. 4 6s and 2 8s.

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sov'reign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.

Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
And ever sure abides thy word.

2 How mighty is his hand!

What wonders hath he done!

He formed the earth and seas,

And spread the heavens alone.

His power and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

3 He saw the nations lie,

All perishing in sin,

And pitied the sad state

The ruined world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
And ever sure abides thy word.

4 He sent his holy Son

To save us from our wo,

From Satan, sin, and death,

And every hurtful foe.

His power and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

HYMN 110. 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 treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath:
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Dunstable. HYMN 111. 4 6s and 2 8s.

- A WAKE thy song, O earth!
For God hath heard thy cry:
A glorious day hath birth,
Its star is in the sky;
Tho' long thy night, and deep its gloom,
Arise! arise! thy light has come.
- 2 Amid the storm of wrath,
When ruin's deluge reign'd,
He saw the direful death,
And bade the ruin end.
Deliverance came, the ark was rear'd,
And o'er the flood the bow appear'd.
- 3 What tho' thy foe be strong,
And "*legion*" his dread name—

Tho' of the wrathful throng
He bears the loftiest fame?
Thy help descends from yonder throne,
And vict'ry is the Lord's alone.

4 'Twas God who saw thy fears,
Who heard thy thousandth sigh,
When thou, abased in tears,
Scarce hoped that help was nigh;
He dash'd the cup that hell had given,
And shower'd the crystal stream of heaven.

5 Thine, Lord, is all the power,
Far may thy conquests spread,
The demon reigns no more
When thou shalt bruise his head.
The world, renew'd, to thee shall come—
The earth rejoice in Eden's bloom.

HYMN 112. C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis 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.

HYMN 113. 4 lines 7s.

- SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born,
Songs of praise arose, when he,
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

- 6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGE AND WARFARE.

HYMN 114. 8 lines 7s and 6s.

- O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
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 voice I hear;
He gives me all my orders
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Shall ever with him live.
- 3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.

- Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles,
And trials on the way;
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the war is ended,
You'll reign with him above.
- 5 O do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

HYMN 115. C. M.

- I**N 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 ev'ry 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.

HYMN 116. 8 lines 7s and 8s.

- T**HERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll:
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to land my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray ;
But since my Saviour found me,
A light has shone along my way.
- 2 I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand ;
O come along, dear sinner,
And see Immanuel's happy land !
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a last farewell !
O come, or you'll repent it
When you shall reach the gates of hell !

- 3 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 calm'd the ocean;
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale,
O may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail!
- 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 ransom'd people home.

HYMN 117. 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 promis'd land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.
- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heav'n contend;
Remember, glory 's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.
- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone before;
And shout to think we've gain'd the day
By marching in the good old way.

Amsterdam. HYMN 118. 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 heav'n.

Pilgrim. HYMN 119. 4 lines 8s and 7s.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Passing through this darksome vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis 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,
'Tis 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!*

HYMN 120. L. M.

THERE is a heaven above the skies,
 A heaven where pleasure never dies;
 A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
 Yet often fear 'tis not for me.

CHORUS.

*But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, oh hallelujah!
 Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend!*

2 The way is difficult and straight,
 And narrow is the gospel gate;
 Ten thousand dangers are therein;
 Ten thousands snares to take me in.
But Jesus, &c.

3 I travel through a world of foes,
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes,
 The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
 Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
But Jesus, &c.

4 Thro' glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears,
 Dimly the heavenly way appears;
 But in this way methinks I see
 The track of him who died for me.
But Jesus, &c.

5 I trace the footsteps of my God,
 Who on the cross sustain'd my load;

'Twas on that dark and doleful day,
In streaming blood he pass'd this way.

But Jesus, &c.

- 6 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

But Jesus, &c.

- 7 Then, oh my soul, arise and sing;
Behold thy Saviour, Friend, and King!
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and take the crown."

But Jesus, &c.

- 8 "Prove faithful, then, a few more days;
Fight the good fight, and win the race;
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

But Jesus, &c.

- 9 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

But Jesus, &c.

HYMN 121. 4 8s and 2 6s.

COME, brethren dear, who know the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on:
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

- 2 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
The fountain ne'er runs dry.
- 3 O, when we once shall dwell above,
Around the dazzling throne of love,
Where heavenly glory beams;
Jesus will lead his people through
The groves of bliss forever new—
Watered with living streams.
- 4 Triumphantly we there shall sing
The conquests of our Saviour king—
When all his saints get home:
Come, hasten on my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there:
For Jesus bids us come.
- 5 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
When all our toils are o'er;
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 122. 4 lines 11s.

DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Day-Star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
 And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far:
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them:
 How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee,
 Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel shall be:
 Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,
 The oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

HYMN 123. 8 lines 7s and 9s.

BRETHREN, hear the martial sound,
 The gospel trumpet now is blowing;
 Men in order listing round,
 And soldiers to the standard flowing!
 Bounty's offered—joy and peace—
 To every soldier this is given;
 When from toil and war they cease,
 A mansion bright prepared in heaven.

2 Those who long in debt have laid,
 And feel the hand of sore oppression,
 Have their debts all freely paid,
 And share at once a rich possession:
 Lo! the sick, the blind, the dumb!
 Leave all their maladies behind them!
 Rebel outlaws when they come,
 Feel love's sweet bonds completely bind them.

- 3 Victory is not to the strong;
The burden 's on our Captain's shoulder;
None so aged, none 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 reduc'd to base subjection.
- 4 Fear ye not, the cause is good;
Come—who will to the crown aspire,
In this cause the martyrs stood,
And shouted victory in the fire.
In this cause we'll follow on;
And soon we'll tell the wondrous story,
How, by faith, we won the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.
- 5 Lo, the battle is begun,
Behold the armies now in motion!
Some the fight have almost won,
And grasp by faith their future portion!
Hark! the victors sing aloud;
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rolling;
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's throne like lightning falling.
- 6 Now ye rebels come, enlist,
The officers are still recruiting;
Will you still in sin persist,
And spend your time in vain disputing.
All your caviling is vain;
And if you do not sue for favor,
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
To bear the wrath of God for ever.

HYMN 124. 6 7s and 2 6s.

SOLDIERS of the cross arise!
Lo! your leader from the skies
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.
Seize your armor, gird it on;
Fight until the battle's won;
Soon the conflict will be done,
Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though your enemies appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod,
Follow where your leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain;
Soon you'll join that glorious train,
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

HYMN 125. C. M.

O FOR a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft my soul away
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.

- 2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My pilot here below,
To steer thro' life's tempestuous sea,
Where angry tempests blow.
- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair;
Oh guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.
- 4 Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

HYMN 126. 4 lines 7s.

PILGRIM, burden'd 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.

HYMN 127. L. M.

“**W**E’VE no abiding city here”—
 This may distress the worldly mind;
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 “We’ve no abiding city here”—
 Sad truth, were this to be our home:
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 “We seek a city yet to come.”

3 “We’ve no abiding city here”—
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;
 Let not the world our rest appear;
 But let us haste from all below.

4 “We’ve no abiding city here”—
 We seek a city out of sight;
 Zion its name—the Lord is there—
 It shines with everlasting light.

HYMN 128. 4 6s and 2 8s.

BY whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low?
 No sword nor spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 ’Twas Israel’s God and King
 Who sent him to the fight;
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to him aright.
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures
 Because young David’s God is yours.

- 3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
 To storm the invader's camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp?
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word
 God helping me to say,
 "My trust is in the Lord,"
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapon from my side!
 Yet David's Lord and Gideon's Friend
 Will help his servant to the end.

HYMN 129. 8 7s.

- B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here;
 Fight we must, but should not fear;
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
 One that loves us to the end:
 Forward, then, with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child," your Father calls, "Come home!"
- 2 In the way, a thousand snares
 Lie to take us unawares;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart:

130 PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child," your Father calls, "Come home!"

- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
Nor betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these:
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child," your Father calls, "Come home!"
-

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

HYMN 130. C. M. D.

COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtain'd 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 cross'd the flood,
And part is crossing now.

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

4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd;
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!

HYMN 131. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

DEATH shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom,
Down he'll send some heavenly convoy
To convey my spirit home:
Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me,
While my Saviour's by my side,
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

- 2 See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme;
See! they whisper; hark! they call me,
Sister spirit come away!
Lo! I come! earth can't contain me,
Hail, ye realms of endless day!
- 3 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Tho' by faith I now explore ye;
I'll enjoy you soon on high:
Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
Love, that sweetest, brightest grace.
- 4 Swiftly roll, ye ling'ring hours,
Seraphs lend your glittering wings;
Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
Heavenly sound around me rings:
Jesus clad in dazzling splendor,
Now methinks appears in view;
Sinners, could ye see my Jesus,
You would love and serve him too.

HYMN 132. C. M.

HOW peaceful is the closing scene
When virtue yields its breath;
How sweetly beams the smile serene
Upon the cheek of death!

- 2 The Christian's heart no fear can blight,
No pain his peace destroy;

He views, beyond the realms of light,
A pure and boundless joy.

- 3 Oh, who can gaze with heedless sight,
On scenes so fair as this?
Who but exclaims—"Thus let *me* die,
And be my end like his!"

HYMN 133. L. M.

I'M glad that I am born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

- 2 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death,
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 3 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 4 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath,
And then my happy soul shall tell
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet your Saviour in the clouds.
- 6 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,

This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

- 7 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

HYMN 134.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, 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?

HYMN 135. 8 7s and 6s.

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

- An everlasting temple,
 And saints array'd in white,
 They serve their great Redeemer,
 They dwell with him in light.
- 2 That is no world of trouble;
 The God of peace is there;
 He wipes away their sorrows,
 He banishes their care;
 Their joys are still increasing,
 Their songs are ever new,
 They praise th' Eternal Father,
 The Son and Spirit too.
- 3 The meanest child of glory
 Outshines the radiant sun;
 But who can speak the splendor
 Of that eternal throne,
 Where Jesus sits exalted,
 In godlike majesty?
 The elders fall before him,
 The angels bend the knee.
- 4 Long time I was invited
 To gain that heavenly rest;
 Grace made no hard condition,
 'Twas only to be bless'd;
 But earth's bewitching pleasures
 Inclined me long to stay:
 I sought her dreams and shadows,
 And joys that pass away.
- 5 But now it is my purpose
 The better way to find;
 To serve my great Creator,
 And leave my sins behind:

In guilt's seducing mazes
I will no longer roam;
I'll give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransom'd home.

- 6 And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know:
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

HYMN 136. 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 paved with gold.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly this that I should dread
To die, and go from hence?

- 5 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.

HYMN 137. 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."

HYMN 138. 3 8s and 2 7s.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis 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 toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 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.

HYMN 139. C. M.

BY faith we view fair Canaan's coast,
Beyond the swelling flood,
There we behold a shining host,
An army bought with blood.

- 2 They once with troubles were oppress;
Like us they suffer'd here;
But Jesus Christ has made them blest,
And wipe'd off every tear.
- 3 With joy they cross'd the mighty stream,
On which their souls were toss'd;
They've reach'd the new Jerusalem,
Where faith in sight is lost.
- 4 If faithful, we expect, ere long
To reach that happy place;
To mingle with the blood-wash'd throng
And shout redeeming grace.

HYMN 140. C. M.

HEAVEN is a place of endless rest,
Where saints and angels shine;
They are with Christ, in glory blest,
Their joys are all divine.

- 2 The saints through tribulation pass'd
Before they reach'd the shore;
But they obtain'd the prize at last,
And now their toils are o'er.
- 3 Nor grief, nor pain, nor doubts, nor fears,
Can reach that world above;
Christ Jesus wipes away their tears,
And fills their hearts with love.

140 PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

- 4 They neither thirst nor hunger more;
 Their wants are all supplied;
 Oh! that we all might reach the shore,
 And there with Christ abide.
- 5 Oh! may we on his throne sit down,
 And hear him say, "Well done!"
 Receive the blood-bought, starry crown,
 Which you through faith have won.

HYMN 141. C. M.

- J**ERUSALEM! my happy home;
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold?
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Bless'd seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
 Or feel, at death, dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand:
 And soon my friends in Christ, below,
 Will join the glorious band.

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

HYMN 142. 11s and 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 fetter'd by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption within,
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

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

4 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!

HYMN 143. 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.

HYMN 144.

'TIS pleasant to sing
 The sweet praise of our King,
 As here in this valley of sorrows we move;
 'Twill be pleasanter still
 When we stand on the hill,
 And give thanks to our Saviour, our Master above

2 'Tis sweet to recline
 On thy bosom divine,
 And experience the comforts peculiar to thine,
 While born from above,
 And upheld by thy love,
 With singing and triumph to Zion we move.

3 On Canaan's fair land
 We shortly shall stand,
 With crowns on our heads, and with harps in
 our hand;
 Our harps shall be tuned,
 The Lamb shall be crown'd,
 Salvation to Jesus thro' heaven shall resound.

HYMN 145. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

FAR above yon glorious ceiling
 Of the azure-vaulted sky,
 Jesus sits, his love revealing
 To his splendid troops on high.
 Hosts seraphic humbly bowing,
 At his feet they prostrate fall;
 Saints and angels all avowing
 God in Christ is all in all.

144 PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

- 2 Could we leave our foolish dreaming
Of a fancied heaven below,
And see Jesus' glory beaming,
How our souls would long to go.
We in him our rest regaining,
All its blessedness should prove:
O'er our foes victorious reigning,
Perfected in spotless love.
- 3 We should for his day be waiting;
When the full reward is given;
When the glorious work's completed,
Jesus takes his church to heaven.
Pure from every stain of nature,
There in holiness to shine;
Moulded like its great Creator,
All immortal, all divine.

HYMN 146. C. M.

- FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

- 4 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' Eternal All.
- 5 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity* confess.
- 6 The more thy glories strike mine eyes
The humbler I shall lie;
While thus I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

HYMN 147.

"*All is Well.*"

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 pardon'd, pardon'd, I am free,

All is well, all is well,

There 's not a cloud that doth arise,

To hide my Saviour from mine eyes:

146 PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

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-wash'd
 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.

Burnham. HYMN 148. 4 6s and 2 8s.

"Ye virgin souls arise."

YE virgin souls arise,
With all the dead awake,
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take.
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are;
Make ready for your full reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend—
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace,
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye who have here received
The unction from above,
And in his spirit liv'd:
And thirsted for his love:
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne:
Called to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

- 6 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
 In glorious joy to live:
 And far from sorrow, pain, and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.
- 7 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound,
 To see our Lord appear,
 May we be watching found!
 Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

HYMN 149. C. M.

Longing for Home.

- 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 shelt'ring 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 succour 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 seal'd—
 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 wand'ring round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

Loving Kindness. HYMN 150. L. M.

The Heavenly Mansion.

- THE heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor death nor sighing visit there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine—
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Above the arch'd and starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
 - 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam,
Altho' like Laz'rus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
 - 4 I envy not the rich and great,
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state;
My Father is a richer King—
That heavenly mansion, still I sing.
 - 5 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

- 6 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink, and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

W. H.

Scotland. HYMN 151. L. M.

How blest the Place.

- HOW blest the place where Jesus is!
The fountain head of life and bliss;
Celestial bands! assist my flight,
And bear me to those realms of light.
On high, above yon vault of blue;
That happier land appears in view;
O were I once from earth away!
Through all its blissful groves to stray.
- 2 Those blissful groves, so green and fair,
Perennial fruit and blossoms bear;
And angel forms, of various grade,
Enjoy their ever peaceful shade.
The seraph tall, with ardor bright,
Beloved among the sons of light;
And cherub grave of thoughtful mein,
Stray o'er those hills of evergreen.
- 3 But oh, to my fond heart more dear,
Those whom I loved and cherished here;
In white and spotless robes, I see,
From pain and death forever free.
Their harps of gold are tuned to sing
The triumphs of their Saviour king;
And heavenly hill, and grove, and stream,
Are vocal with the joyful theme.

- 4 When, thro' the strength of saving grace,
I finish my appointed race;
On that immortal, brighter plain,
I'll meet those kindred souls again.
Then speed your flight, ye passing years,
Till God shall wipe these falling tears;
And bid my exiled spirit come,
To dwell in that eternal home.

W. H.

HYMN 152.

My Father-Land.

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 suffer'd and worshipp'd 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 father-land;
 By faith its delights I explore;
 Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
 And waft me in peace to the shore.*

W. H.

Light-House. HYMN 153.

The Christian's Death Song.

- 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 lustre 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;
 'Tis 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 heights of elysian,
 Shines down thro' the veil—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;
 'Tis 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.

W. H.

HYMN 154. 5 6s and 1 7.

OUR bondage here shall end
 By and by—by and by;
 Our griefs shall vanish then,
 With our three-score years and ten,

- And bright glory crown the day
By and by—by and by.
- 2 When our Deliverer comes
By and by—by and by;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
We will hail our jubilee,
And to Canaan all return
By and by—by and by.
- 3 Though strong our foes appear
We'll go on—we'll go on:
Our hearts shall know no fear,
For Israel's God is near:—
While the fiery pillar moves
We'll go on—we'll go on.
- 4 By Marah's bitter streams
We'll go on—we'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
The Rock shall yield supply;—
To a land of corn and wine
We'll go on—we'll go on.
- 5 And when to Jordan's flood
We are come—we are come;
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters will divide,
While the ransom'd host shall shout,
"We are come—we are come."
- 6 There friends shall meet again
Who have loved—who have loved;
Our embraces shall be sweet,
When we each other greet,
At our great Redeemer's feet,
Who have loved—who have loved.

7 There with the happy throng
 We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice:
 Shouting "glory to our King"
 Till the heavenly dome shall ring,
 And through all eternity
 We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice.

Paradise. HYMN 155. C. M.

- A** WAKE my faith, and bring to view
 The nobler joys above;
 The heavenly treasures I pursue,
 The country of my love.
- 2 Why should I pine with grief or care,
 Or yield to quaking fear;
 My Father's house is bright and fair,
 And He himself is near.
- 3 Onward He bids me urge with speed,
 To Canaan's peaceful bounds;
 His hand supplies my every need,
 His sheltering arm surrounds.
- 4 Then rise to view celestial towers—
 Mount, mount, my soul, and fly;
 With glorious comrades, heavenly powers
 Arise, and dwell on high.
- 5 Anticipate the happier day,
 When, toil and sorrow gone,
 Thou shalt traverse, in bright array,
 The regions round the throne.
- 6 Thither my friends have gone before;
 They rest from labor there;
 They sorrow not—they weep no more;
 I long their bliss to share.

156 PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

7 O, blessed Saviour! 'tis to thee,
This wish, this hope I owe;
On earth my great Protector be,
In heaven thy glory show.

W. H.

HYMN 156.

*Maltese Boatman's song.**

The Christian's welcome Home.

SEE, Christian, see how time steals on;
Soon will sink life's setting sun;
Like the gleams of closing day,
Fade these fleeting hours away:
Then up let us toil till our toilings are o'er,
Till we shall be borne to eternity's shore;
Our final summons having come,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home.
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home.

2 See how the shades of death come nigh;
Blissful shades when Christians' die:
They mark the path our Saviour trod;
Dying saints to waft to God;
Then up fellow Christian let mourning be o'er:
Rejoice in the Saviour, rejoice evermore:
Our final summons having come,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home,
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home.

* Social Lyrist.

My Father-land. HYMN 157.

CHORUS.

*I'm bound for home, for my blissful home,
The house and the City above;
And all who forsake their sins may come,
And dwell in that City of love.*

I SEEK a place which is out of sight;—
A City high up in the skies;
There, there is my home all pure and bright,
And homeward my spirit still hies.

Chorus.

2 I seek a place where they heave no sigh;—
Where sorrow can never be known:
But where I shall drink from founts of joy,
That gush ever bright from the throne.

Chorus.

3 I seek a place where they never die;—
Where beauty and youth never fade;
Where never is heard the mournful cry,
“My friend, my beloved, is dead.”

Chorus.

4 I seek a place where they sin no more;—
Where Satan my foe cannot lure:
And Oh! when I reach that blessed shore,
My soul is forever secure.

Chorus.

5 I seek a place where the patriarchs shine;—
Apostles and martyrs and seers;
Encircled in robes of light divine,
Triumphant o'er sin death and fears.

Chorus.

158 PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

- 6 I seek a place where the Saviour reigns;—
 That Jesus once nailed to the tree;
 He purchased that place with blood and pains,
 And went to prepare it for me.

Chorus.

W. H.

Long, Long ago. HYMN 158.

"Shed not a tear."

- S**HED not a tear o'er your friends early bier;—
 When I am gone—when I am gone—
 Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear—
 When I am gone—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—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.

THE WORD.

HYMN 159. 2 8s and 4 7s.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I want no more.

2 Food to which the world 's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills it never cloy:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cine here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield;
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the Word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy, then, the miser,
Doting on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

HYMN 160. 4 lines 7s.

- H**OLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

HYMN 161. 12s and 11s.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions, 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 seats 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 swell-
ing,

All warm from the hearts of the family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwell-
ing,

Described in the Bible that lay on the stand—
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, which lay on the stand.

3 Ye scenes of tranquility, 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.

HYMN 162. C. M.

GOD and his law are my delight,
My glory and my song;
My sure support by day and night,
The pleasure of my tongue.

2 When darkness overspreads my mind,
His word supports me still;
I'm there convinc'd that God is kind,
Though I no comfort feel.

3 Are my afflictions sharp and long?
Does pain extreme ensue?
God's word I trust; his arm is strong;
His wisdom bears me through.

4 Glory to thee, thou God of love,
For favors so divine;
Who taught my heart to soar above,
And made those blessings mine.

5 Had not thy word been my relief,
Had not thy truth sustain'd,
I must have perish'd in my grief,
No other help remain'd.

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 163. 11s and 10s.

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

CHORUS.

*Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star in the east! the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid!*

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops 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.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

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

HYMN 164. 12s and 11s.

FROM the regions of love, lo! an angel descended,
 And told the strange news, how the babe was attended;
 Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful stranger,
 See yonder bright star—there's your Lord in the manger.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our
 pardon,
 We will praise him again when we pass over
 Jordan.*

2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation,
 Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salvation!
 Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
 And shout the Redeemer, while heaven rejoices.

3 Now glory to God in the highest is given,
 Now glory to God is re-echo'd through heaven,
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.

4 Enraptur'd I burn, with delight and desire,
 Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire;
 Around the bright throne hosannahs are ringing,
 O when shall I join them, and ever be singing!

5 Triumphantly ride in thy chariot victorious,
 And conquer with love, O Jesus, all glorious,
 Thy banners unfurl!—let the nations surrender,
 And own the their Saviour, their God and de-
 fender.

HYMN 165. 11s and 12s.

CHORUS.

*Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.*

ZION! the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

CHORUS.

*Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.*

2 Tell how he cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

CHORUS.

*Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King;*

3 Mortals! your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosannahs arise;
Ye angels! the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and the
skies.

CHORUS.

*Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.*

HYMN 166. 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.

Bab. Captivity. HYMN 167. 4 10s.

RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thy tow'ring head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

3 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

HYMN 168.

O HOW charming, O how charming,
Is the radiant band of music, music, music,
music,

O how charming is the radiant band

Of music playing through the air:

Angelic armies tune their harps.

Angelic armies tune their harps,

Enraptured spirits play their parts,

Angelic armies tune their harps,

Shout, shout, the great Messiah's come to reign.

2 Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending,

Brings the joyful news, O joyful, joyful, joyful,
joyful,

Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's birth,

The great Messiah's come to earth,

Good will to men I now proclaim,

Good will to men I now proclaim,

The Saviour's born in Bethlehem,

Good will to men I now proclaim,

Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to reign.

3 See his star arising, see his star arising!

In the eastern sky, now rising, rising, rising,
rising,

See his star arising in the eastern sky,

The day-spring opening from on high,

The types and shadows flee away,
The types and shadows flee away,
And now begins the gospel day,
The types and shadows flee away,
Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to reign.

4 Shepherds adore him, wise men have found
him,

Glory be to God, O glory, glory, glory, glory,
Wise men have found him by the rising star,
And come to worship from afar;
Their golden gifts they now present,
Their golden gifts they now present,
And spices of the sweetest scent,
Their golden gifts they now present,
Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to reign.

5 Jews and Gentiles join in concert,
To praise their infant King, O praise him, praise
him, praise him, praise him,
Jews and Gentiles praise their infant King,
And loud hosannahs sweetly sing;
With Gabriel and the shining host,
With Gabriel and the shining host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
With Gabriel and the shining host;
Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to reign.

THE RESURRECTION.

Carmarthen. HYMN 169. 4 6s and 2 8s.

YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead!
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conqu'ring head.
In wild dismay the guards around
Fall on the ground and sink away.

- 2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet!
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled,
Hath left the dead: he rose to-day."

Portsmouth. HYMN 170. 4 6s and 2 8s.

A WAKE our drowsy souls;
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day,
Our noblest songs demand,
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
 Reluctant death resign'd
 The glorious Prince of life,
 In dark domains confin'd!
 Th' angelic host around him bends;
 And, 'midst their shouts, the God ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
 Heav'n with hosannas ring;
 While earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings:
 "Worthy art Thou who once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign."
- 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
 Ascend thy conq'ring car;
 While justice, truth, and love
 Maintain the glorious war.
 Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
 And sin and hell in triumph lead.

HYMN 171. 4 7s.

- ANGELS, roll the rock away:
 Death, resign thy mighty prey:
 Lo! the Saviour quits the tomb,
 Crown'd with conquest see him come.
- 2 Where is now death's mortal sting?
 Where is hell's once dreaded king?
 Captive Satan, hell o'erthrown,
 Christ their mighty victor own.
- 3 Heav'n unfolds its portals wide;
 Conq'ring Saviour! through them ride!
 King of glory now confest,
 Enter thine eternal rest.

- 4 Praise him ye celestial choirs;
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him, saints, in noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

All is well. HYMN 172.

Saints Arise.

SOON we shall see, shall see the glorious
morning;

Saints arise, saints arise;

Sinners attend, attend the notes of warning;

Saints arise, saints arise:

The resurrection day draws near,

The King of saints shall soon appear,

And high unfurl his banners here;

Saints arise, saints arise.

2 Hear ye the trump, the trump of God resound-
ing;

Saints arise, saints arise;

Through death's dark vaults, dark vaults its notes
rebounding;

Saints arise, saints arise:

To meet the bridegroom, haste, prepare;

Put on your bridal garments fair,

And hail your Saviour in the air;

Saints arise, saints arise.

3 The saints who sleep, who sleep, with joy
awaken,

All arise, all arise:

Their clay cold beds, cold beds are quick forsaken;

All arise, all arise;

Not one, of all the faithful few,
 Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
 But starts, with bliss, his Lord to view:
 All arise, all arise.

4 Pursue them on, them on their path-way glo-
 rious;

All arise, all arise;
 Led by their King, their King, o'er death victo-
 rious,

All arise, all arise;
 On Zion's hill secure they stand,
 With palms of victory in their hand;
 To that long sought, and peaceful land,
 All arise, all arise.

5 Fast by the throne, the throne of God, behold
 them;

Blissful scene, blissful scene,
 And in his arms, his arms the Saviour folds them,

Blissful scene, blissful scene;
 With wreaths of glory round their head,
 No tears of sorrow now are shed,
 To joy's full fountain all are led;
 All is bliss, all is bliss. W. H.

MISSIONARY.

HYMN 173. 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 learnt 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.

HYMN 174. L. M.

NIGHT wraps the land where Jesus spoke,
No guiding star the wise men see;

- And heavy his oppression's yoke,
Where first the gospel said, Be free.
- 2 And where the harps of angels bore
Heaven's message to the shepherd throng,
Good will and peace are heard no more
To murmur Beth'lem's vales along.
- 3 Send forth, send forth, the glorious light,
That from eternal wo doth save;
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.
- 4 Behold, the knee of childhood bends
In prayer for that benighted land;
And with its Sabbath lesson blends
Fond memory of the mission band.
- 5 With pitying zeal o'er ocean's wave,
We reach the helpless hand to take;
O may we but one wanderer save!
We ask it for a Saviour's sake.

HYMN 175.

WAKE, Isles of the South! your redemption
is near,

No longer repose in the borders of gloom;
The strength of his chosen in love will appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb.

2 The billows that girt ye, the wild waves that
roar,

The zephyrs that play where the ocean storms
cease,

Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

- 3 On the islands that sit in the regions of night,
 The lands of despair to oblivion a prey,
 The morning will open with healing and light;
 The young Star of Bethlehem will ripen to-day.
- 4 The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
 The incense forbade that was hallow'd with
 blood,
 The Priest of Melchizedec there shall atone,
 And the shrines of Atooi be sacred to God.
- 5 The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
 The day-spring, the prophet in vision once saw,
 When the beams of Messiah will lumine each
 clime,
 And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

HYMN 176. 4 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!

HYMN 177. 8 6s and 2 8s.

- G**O forth to distant lands,
Ye messengers of heaven!
Scatter, with holy hands,
The seed so freely given.
Across the mighty deep,
Around the arctic pole,
Where pillar'd whirlwinds sweep,
And crested billows roll;
In every clime, midst every clan,
Proclaim the Saviour's love to man.
- 2 Tho' clouds obscure the sky,
And tempests howl around,
Tho' tears bedew the eye,
And disappointments wound,
Amidst a hopeless race,
Unfold hope's beauteous brow
And bid the "Sun of Grace"
In polar regions glow;
The savage shall forego his chains,
And carol forth celestial strains.
- 3 Firm as the throne of God,
Bright as the vaulted sky;

Seal'd with atoning blood,
 And fraught with ecstasy—
 The promises invite
 Your constant toil and care;
 Make ready for the fight,
 The cross with courage bear,
 Millennial scenes of radiant hue
 Shall soon entrance your raptured view.

- 4 Nerved with the Spirit's might,
 'Midst darkness, death, and wo,
 Plumed with angelic light,
 Onward, still onward go:
 All mortal joys despise,
 Immortal spirits win:
 'Tis no ignoble prize,
 "A soul released from sin;"
 For these the Saviour lived and died,
 And naught is worth a thought beside.

HYMN 178. 11s and 12s.

A VOICE from the savage, a voice from the
 slave,
 Comes afar o'er the mount and the dark rolling
 wave:

'Tis 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 curtain'd the grave:
Superstition, in chains, is weaving her wreath,
And landing them down to the caverns of death.
- 4 Too long we have slumber'd, 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 pass'd 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.

HYMN 179. 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,
Ev'ry 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.

HYMN 180. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

Missionary Farewell.

NATIVE land!—in summer smiling,
Hill and valley, grove and stream;
Home, whose nameless charms beguiling,
Peaceful nursed our infant dream;
Haunts to which our childhood hasted,
Where the earliest wild flowers grew;
Church, where Christ's free grace we tasted,
Graved on memory's page—*Adieu!*

- 2 Mother, who hast watch'd our pillow,
In thy tender sleepless love,

Lo! we dare the crested billow,
 Mother, put thy trust above.
 Father, from thy guidance turning,
 O'er the deep our way we take,
 Keep the prayerful incense burning
 On thine altar for our sake.

- 3 Brothers, sisters, more than ever
 Are our fond affections twined,
 As that hallowed bond we sever,
 Which the hand of Nature join'd.
 But the cry of heathen anguish
 Through our inmost hearts doth sound;
 Countless souls in misery languish,
 We would fly to heal their wounds.
- 4 Heathen, we would soothe thy weeping;
 Take us to thy anxious breast,
 Where some sainted dust is sleeping,
 Let us share a kindred rest.
 Friends this span of life is fleeting,
 Hark! the harps of angels swell,
 Think of that eternal meeting,
 Where no voice shall say—*Farewell!*

HYMN 181. 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 canvass swell—
Heaves my breast with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land—farewell—farewell!

Wallace. HYMN 182.

Millennial Dawn.

SAINTS, exult!—adieu to tears;
Gloriously the dawn appears—
Dawn of bright Millennial years,
Our great Messiah's reign:
See his banner floating o'er
Every dark and heathen shore;
Gloom profound shall brood no more,
Nor idol gods remain.

2 Where, in polar regions, rise
Mountains of perpetual ice,
Beams of brightness gild the skies;
Prepare, prepare, his way:
Frosts eternal own his word;
Mountains melt before the Lord;
Human hearts with joy accord
To him the victory.

3 On the sands of torrid zone,
Shines from far his great white throne,
Ethiopia is his own;
He breaks her captive bands:
Hear the voice of wailing hush;
See the limpid fountain gush;
Thirsty crowds around it rush,
And clap their joyful hands.

4 Isles, that grace the ocean's bed,
Long in superstition dead,
Hear the voice of Him who bled,
And bless the rule he bears;
Saving health from Him they prove;
Grace perfumes the air above;

Round them rolls a sea of love ;—
A paradise is theirs.

- 5 Ships, that o'er the billows ride,
Beat by wind and angry tide,
Safely moor,—securely glide,
On oceans deep and dark :
Howl the storm—let surges roar ;
Night's black mantle shroud them o'er ;
Storms and perils fright no more,
Since Christ is in the bark.

- 6 Hail the world's great jubilee :
Day of blood-bought liberty !
Satan bound—earth more than free—
Come forth, our choicest lays,
Pitch the blissful chorus higher ;
O ! for cloven tongues of fire,
O ! for an immortal lyre,
To sing the reign of grace.

W. H.

HYMN 183.

Missionary Sewing Society.

TUNE—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

THOUGH to a distant region
Our course we may not steer,
To spread the blest religion,
Which prompts our meeting here ;
Though Providence denies us
The heavier work to do,
Our Master here employs us,
We're in his service too.

- 2 While fathers, sons, and brothers
Are toiling in the field,
Their daughters, sisters, mothers,
To sloth shall never yield;
Our hands shall make their raiment,
And needful food provide,
Till every faithful claimant
Shall have his wants supplied.
- 3 Our works are not redundant,
Though little we can do—
The harvest is abundant,
And laborers are few;
To aid the pious labors
Of those in darker lands,
We meet as Christian neighbours,
And ply our cheerful hands.
- 4 While some go forward weeping
And scatter precious seeds,
And others now are reaping
The fruits of former deeds,
Our Father, God, direct them,
Wherever they shall roam;
Let angel bands protect them,
Till thou shalt call them home.
- 5 When they return with gladness,
Their sheaves around them borne,
No longer, then, in sadness
Their sufferings we shall mourn;
What though they go before us,
Or long delay to come,
We'll join their blissful chorus,
And "shout the harvest home." W. H.

HYMN 184. 8 lines 11 and 9s.

THEY have gone to the land where the patri-
archs rest,

Where the bones of the prophets are laid,
Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd,
And Jehovah his wonders display'd:
To the land where the Saviour of sinners once
trod,

Where he labor'd, and languish'd, and bled,
Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascended to
God,

As He captive captivity led.

2 They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy
have gone

To the land where the martyrs once bled;
Where the "Beast and False Prophet" have since
trodden down

The fair fabric that Zion had laid;
Where the churches, once planted, and water'd
and blest

With the dews which the Spirit distilled,
Have been smitten, despoil'd, and by heathens
possess'd,

And the places that knew them defiled.

3 They go to the land where the Indians now
dwell,

Impell'd by the love of the Lord;
His love to proclaim, and His mercy to tell,
As reveal'd in his excellent word.

"Thy blessing go with them, O be thou their
shield

From the shafts of the fowler that fly;

O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd
In mercy and might from on high."

HYMN 185.

Dawn of the Millennium.

MORN of Zion's glory—
Brightly thou art breaking,
Holy joys the light is waking:
Morn of Zion's glory.
Ancient saints foretold thee,
Seraph angels glad behold thee:
Far and wide,
See them glide;
Streams of rich salvation
Flow to every nation.

2 Morn of Zion's glory—
Every human dwelling
With thy notes of joy is swelling:
Morn of Zion's glory.
Distant hills are ringing,
Echo'd voices sweet are singing;
Haste thee on
Like the sun,
Paths of splendor tracing,
Heathen midnight chasing.

3 Morn of Zion's glory—
Now the night is riven;
Now the star is high in heaven;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Joyful hearts are bounding,
Hallelujahs sounding;

Peace with men
Dwells again ;
Jesus reigns forever !
Jesus reigns forever !

VALEDICTORY.

Parting Hand. HYMN 186. 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 pass'd 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.
- 3 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love hath seem'd 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.

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

HYMN 187. 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 dis-
 charged,

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.

HYMN 188. 4 lines 11s.

FAREWELL to thee, brother! we meet but
to part,

And sorrow is struggling with joy in each heart;
There is grief—but there's hope, all its anguish to
quell,

The master goes with thee—farewell, oh, farewell.

2 Farewell! thou art leaving the home of thy
youth—

The friends of thy God, and the temples of truth,
For the land where is heard no sweet Sabbath bell;
Yet the Master goes with thee—farewell, oh, fare-
well!

3 Farewell! for thou treadest the path that he trod,
His God is thy Father—his Father thy God;
And if ever with doubtings thy bosom shall swell,
Remember, He's with thee—farewell, oh, farewell.

4 Farewell! and God speed thee, glad tidings to
 bear,
 To the desolate isles, in their night of despair;
 On the sea—on the shore, the promises tell,
 His wings shall enfold thee—farewell, oh, fare-
 well!

5 Farewell! but in spirit we often shall meet,
 (Tho' the ocean divide us) at one mercy-seat;
 And above, ne'er to part, but forever to dwell
 With the Master in glory—till then, oh, farewell!

HYMN 189. L. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
 I have no home or stay with you;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better country view,

*Farewell, farewell, farewell,
 My loving friends, farewell.*

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss;
 I leave you here and travel on,
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 To you I'm bound in cords of love;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 That soon we all shall meet above.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
 You've struggled long and hard for heaven,

You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

*Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.*

- 5 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn, and find salvation near.

*O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.*

Parting Friend. HYMN 190.

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,
Parch'd 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.

Kirkland. HYMN 191. 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 blast,
May howl around thy cot;
What though beneath a southern sun
Be cast thy distant lot.

CHORUS.

For there we share the blissful hope, &c.

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

Chorus.

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.

Long, long ago. HYMN 192.

"Think thou of me."

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 thou 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.

В. & П.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 193. L. M.

- H**AIL happy day! when Christ, the Son,
 His pilgrimage on earth begun,
 This world of ours made his abode,
 The dwelling place of man and God.
- 2 How happy were the shepherd swains
 Who heard the high angelic strains;
 And greatly wondering, learnt from them
 That Christ was born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Happy the men whose heavenward eye
 Beheld the star new-lit on high;
 And hasted, with unweary feet,
 David's immortal son to greet.
- 4 O! happy she, the virgin fair,
 Who nursed him with a mother's care;
 And, pondering o'er the mystery, press'd
 Her son—her Saviour—to her breast.
- 5 But happier we—himself has shown—
 Who see him now by faith alone:

More bless'd are they who keep his word,
Than she who bore and nursed the Lord.

- 6 Our willing honors then we pay
To Him whose is this festal day;
Before his feet rejoicing fall,
And crown him King and Lord of all.

W. H.

HYMN 194. I. M.

TEACHERS.

COME, children, let your voices rise
To Him who stoops to hear your cries:
To-day is born your heavenly King—
Lift up your voices—children, sing.

BOYS.

- 2 Come, sisters, join your tuneful tongues
Responsive to our humbler songs;
Come, and your sweeter anthems bring
To praise him better—sisters, sing.

GIRLS.

- 3 Brothers, we come with cheerful hearts,
In this glad song to bear our parts;
Let both unite to sing his praise,
And willing honors jointly raise.

CHILDREN.

- 4 Our gifts of gold we cannot bring
An offering unto Zion's King:
Instruct us, teachers, how to gain
The favors of his coming reign.

TEACHERS.

- 5 Dear children, he whose grace you share,
Does not for such vain honors care:
Your hearts, to gold, will he prefer—
Your love, to frankincense and myrrh.

ALL.

- 6 Saviour of all, our voices blend,
And upward to thy throne ascend,
While low our bodies humbly bow,
O bless us, Saviour—bless us *now*.

W. H.

HYMN 195. 8 lines 8s.

"How tedious and tasteless the hours."

- O HAPPY the day he was born,
When angels rejoiced in the skies:
The joy of that festival morn
By far every other outvies.
O, bright was the glory shone
From mercy's broad banner unfurled,
When Gabriel came down from the throne
To publish the news to our world.
- 2 "Lo! tidings of gladness I bring
To you, and to all upon earth;
Rejoice at the birth of your King,
The Son of the Highest hath birth;
He comes of the prophets foretold,
Whose kingdom shall ever increase;
The son of King David of old,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY. 197

- 3 Thus spake the archangel; and throngs
Of glorified spirits on high,
Exulted in rapturous songs,
And filled with sweet music the sky.
All glory and honor be given,
To Father, and Spirit, and Son;
On earth is the kingdom of Heaven,
The reign of Messiah, begun.

W. H.

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Coronation. HYMN 196. C. M.

GOD of our fathers! whose right hand
Their galling fetters broke,
And set, our now delightful land,
Free from a foreign yoke—

- 2 We thank Thee for the blessings given,
Prosperity and peace,
And raise our prayerful hearts to heaven,
That they may still increase.
- 3 Our warrior sires who stood in arms,
In death's long slumber rest,
While we, secure from war's alarms,
By their hard toils are blest.
- 4 We, in our own thrice blissful bowers,
In safety now recline;
These blessings, gracious Lord, are ours,
The praise be ever Thine.

W. H.

198 FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Carmarthen. HYMN 197. 4 6s and 2 8s.

OUR Father, God, and King,
Sovereign of earth and skies,
Thy praise our tongues would sing—
In prayer our hearts would rise.
We praise thee for thy blessings past,
And pray that they may ever last.

2 Thou art our King alone—
No other King have we;
And thy beloved Son
Has died to make us free.
Whom he makes free is free indeed,
For he supplies our every need.

3 Accept our youthful lay,
The tribute which we bring;
Our hearts and voices say,
“Forever live, O King!”
Thy reign extend from sea to sea:
And *all* thy loyal subjects be.

W. H.

HYMN 198. 2 8s, 3 7s and 1 4.

“Come ye sinners poor and needy.”

HALL the day that brought our freedom,
Bought with our forefathers' blood;
Thou, our conq'ring God, didst lead them
Through the flame and through the flood.
Independence!

Echo it through field and flood.

2 Lo! their happy sons and daughters
On this glad and festal day,

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY. 199

By the springs of limpid waters,
O'er the hills and valleys stray.

Independence!

Chorus still of every lay.

- 3 Here we, in thy presence bending,
Happiest of the happy throngs,
Up to heaven our prayers are sending—
Up to heaven our rapt'rous songs,
Independence!

Swells the triumph, and prolongs.

- 4 "Oh! thou God of our salvation,"
Who dost blessings richly shower,
Let us make our "Declaration"
In this spirit-stirring hour.
Independence!

From the tyrant Satan's power.

- 5 Father, oh! prepare us better
For the blessings richly given;
Break off every sinful fetter,
Purge out every sinful leaven.
Independence!

Then shall clear our path to heaven. W. H.

HYMN 199. 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 'tis a hallowed story,
This theme of freedom's birth;
Our fathers' deeds of glory
Are echoed round the earth.

200 FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

- 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.

Joyful. HYMN 200. C. M.

For the conclusion of a 4th of July celebration.

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."* W. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Magdalen. HYMN 201. L. M.

"O happy day."

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God,
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's and He is mine:
 He drew me and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest my long divided heart,
 Fix'd on this blessed centre rest;
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When call'd on angel's bread to feast?
- 5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 202.

Come, ye disconsolate.

- 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."

Newton. HYMN 203. L. M.

The Mercy Seat.

- FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,

- There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis 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' sunder'd far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
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.

Absence. HYMN 204. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

"Sweet the moments."

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.

Windham. HYMN 205. L. M.

"The wondrous Cross."

- 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 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.

Scotland. HYMN 206. L. M.

The Captivity.

WHERE we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme;
Our harps, that when with joy we strung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings, neglected hung
On willow trees, that withered there.

- 2 When they that led us captive, said—
“Come, sing us one of Zion's songs?”
And of our grief derision made,
Nor Jacob's God redressed our wrongs.
“How can we sing on Babel's shores,
Where songs profane offend the ear,
Where strangers idol gods adore,
And hated images appear?”

- 3 If I forget Jerusalem,
Although she now in ruin lies,
Let every object cease to charm,
And cleave my tongue, and close my eyes.

O! could I see the house of God—
Whose sacred ashes bleach the plains—
Once more, my brethren's blest abode!
There would I dwell while life remains.

Duane Street. HYMN 207. L. M.

The River of God.

- THERE is a pure and peaceful wave
That rolls around the throne of love;
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly shores above.
- 2 While streams which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
Over our barren land to stay.
- 3 The pilgrim faint, and near to sink,
Beneath this load of earthly woe,
Refresh'd beneath its verdant brink,
Rejoices in its gentle flow.
- 4 There, O my soul, do thou repose,
And hover o'er the hallow'd spring;
To drink the crystal wave; and there
To lave thy wounded, weary wing.
- 5 It may be that the waft of love
Some leaves on that pure tide hath driven,
Which, passing from the shores above,
Have floated down to us from heaven.
- 6 So shall thy wants and woes be heal'd,
By the blest influence they bring;
So thy parch'd lips shall be unseal'd,
Thy Saviour's worthy name to sing.

Magdalen. HYMN 208.*This Life's a Dream.*

THIS life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere!
When shall I wake and find me there?

- 2 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN 209. L. M.

Lovefeast.

BE present at our lovefeast, Lord,
And feed us richly with thy word,
O may we taste the joys above,
And have indeed a feast of love.

- 2 Now, Lord, the living faith impart,
And enter every waiting heart;
Then shall we thy salvation prove,
And fully taste the feast of love.
- 3 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And visit all thy praying host;
That we, with all thy saints above,
May share the feast of heavenly love.

HYMN 210. 4 8s and 2 6s.

Affliction.

- WHEN sore afflictions throng around
And sorrows bow my spirits down,
Where shall I find relief?
I'll bow my soul before my God,
And humbly kiss his chastening rod—
Till he assuage my grief.
- 2 My numerous sins I will confess,
I'll own in every deep distress
That God is good and just;
For, from experience I have found,
Afflictions spring not from the ground,
Nor trouble from the dust.
- 3 So sure as sparks from living fire,
With native tendency aspire,
And upward wing their way—
So surely man is born to pain,
Our common lot is to complain,
While here on earth we stay.
- 4 Nor is the cause so hard to tell,
Since we by sin so basely fell,
And left the source of bliss:
How can we look for joys serene,
While sin, that monster, lurks within,
The parent of distress.
- 5 But Jesus hears the sinner's moan,
He pleads our cause before the throne—
He hath the Father's ear;
Since he for man the debt hath paid,
Our suit is gain'd—his blood hath made
Atonement at the bar.

Longing for home. HYMN 211. C. M.

Something New.

SINCE man, by sin, has lost his God,
He seeks creation through;
And vainly hopes for solid bliss
In trying something new.

2 The new possess'd, like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue;
The bubble now no longer takes,
The soul wants something new.

3 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru—
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when we feel a Saviour's love
All good in him we view;
The soul forsakes its vain delights—
In Christ finds all things new.

5 The joys the dear Redeemer brings
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

HYMN 212. C. M.

Love to Christ.

SWEET muse descend, and bless the shade,
And bless the ev'ning grove!
Business and noise and day are fled,
And every care but love.

- 2 'Tis no mean beauty of the ground,
That hath enslav'd my eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.
- 3 Jesus has all my pow'rs possessed,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear sov'reign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.
- 4 Some of the fairest choirs above,
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.
- 5 His charms shall make my numbers flow
And hold the falling flood,
While silence sits on every bough,
And bends the list'ning wood.
- 6 I'll carve my passion on the bark—
And every wounded tree
Shall droop, and bear some mystic mark,
That Jesus died for me.
- 7 The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscribed on all the grove,
That heav'n itself came down and bled,
To win a mortal's love.

HYMN 213. L. M.

Ashamed of Jesus!

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

- 2 Asham'd 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 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon!
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No 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 asham'd of me.

HYMN 214.

"The voice of Free Grace."

THE voice of free grace,
Cries, escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath open'd a fountain;
For sin and pollution,
And every transgression,

His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who has purchas'd our pardon;
We will praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.*

- 2 Ye thirsty ones hear it,
With high exultation,
Behold, says the Spirit,
The well of salvation:
Approach, cries the Bride,
Lo! the multitudes going,
The soul-saving tide
To the nations is flowing.
- 3 Blest Jesus ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious.
Thy name shall be prais'd
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.
- 4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands,
We will praise evermore;
We'll range the blest fields,
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.

Absence. HYMN 215. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

Gloom of Autumn.

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 mould'ring 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,
Driv'n 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 'twill set in endless night,
But my hopes, pure and reviving,
Rise to fairer worlds of light.
Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,
Death shall burst this sullen gloom,
Then, my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

Precious Bible. HYMN 216.

Wonder, Love, and Praise.

LET US LOVE, and SING, and WONDER,
Let us PRAISE, the Saviour's name,
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame,
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

- 2 Let us LOVE the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes;
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God.

- 3 Let us SING, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down,
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown.
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

- 4 Let us WONDER; grace and justice
Join, and point to mercy's store;
Christ hath died, (in him our trust is;)
Justice smiles and asks no more,
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Hath secur'd our way to God.
- 5 Let us PRAISE, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthron'd on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
"Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God."
- 6 Hark! the name of Jesus sounded,
Loud from golden harps above:
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love.
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to God.

HYMN 217. 2 8s, 3 7s, and 1 4.

The Judgment.

- 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 turn'd to praise;
 May we triumph
 When this world is in a blaze.

Loudon. HYMN 218. 8 lines 8s.

OUR gracious Redeemer we love,
 His praises aloud we proclaim;

And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on thy glories divine,
Be, Lord, our eternal employ;
To feel them incessantly shine,
Our boundless, ineffable joy.

2 Thou, Lord, didst redeem with thy blood,
Our souls from the confines of hell;
And back thou hast brought us to God,
That we in his presence might dwell:
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
Our Jesus, our Saviour, our King.

3 In Meshech, as yet, we reside;
A darksome and restless abode;
Molested by foes on each side,
And absent awhile from our God;
But soon thou wilt bid us ascend,
To join in thy praises above;
To gaze on thee, world without end,
Without interruption to love.

4 No sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest us again;
Perfection of glory reigns there.
Acknowledg'd for ever as thine,
To prove his unsearchable grace;
Our souls and our bodies shall shine,
In robes of salvation and praise.

The Trumpet. HYMN 219.

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 pour'd
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-cover'd 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!

HYMN 220.

The Light-House.

THE scene was more beautiful far to the eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd
sky

Looked pure as the Spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion;
From the dim distant isle where the light-house
fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

2 No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The sea bird had flown to her wave-guarded nest,
And the fisherman sunk to his slumbers;
One moment I gazed from the hill's gentle slope,
All hush'd was the billows' commotion—
And I thought that the light-house look'd lovely
as Hope,
That star o'er life's tremulous ocean.

3 The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory, sometimes, rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour—when the trembling soul
flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,—
Oh! then, may the Seraph of Mercy arise,
Like a star, o'er eternity's ocean.

Longing for Home. HYMN 221. C. M.*No tears in heaven.*

- 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 shalt 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.

Middletown. HYMN 222. 8 lines 7s.*Days of Grace.*

HASTE, again, ye days of grace,
 When assembled in one place.

Signs and wonders marked the hour!
All were fill'd, and spoke with power;
Hands uplifted, eyes o'erflow'd,
Hearts enlarged, and self destroy'd!
All things common, now we'll prove
All our common stock be love.

2 Jesus now his work revives,
Now his quick'ning Spirit strives,
O let preachers, people, all
Listen to the glorious call,
Join the simple, lively throng,
Catch the fire, and swell the song;
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Spread the life through all the land.

3 Oh that each may now prevail!
Act the faith that cannot fail;
Rise, and pull the blessing down,
Seize the kingdom for his own;
Fire our hearts with holy zeal,
Glowing still for Zion's weal;
Heaven open—blessings pour—
Spirit work this present hour.

4 Lo! the knife we boldly take,
Bind our Isaacs to the stake;
Freely part with all for thee;
Welcome King of liberty!
Now we die to self and sin,
Nothing feel but love within,
May this faith in works abound,
Shine and burn to all around.

5 Pilgrims! soon the journey's done;
Warriors! soon the battle's won;

Where your doubts, your cares, your fears!
See! the glittering crown appears!
Hark! the angels shouting cry,
"Welcome! welcome to the sky!"
Jesus calls, and calls for thee;
"Faithful servant, come to me."

Funeral. HYMN 223. C. M.

Awful Subjects.

MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul,
Upon a dying bed.
Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

2 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightened ghost.
There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair, they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

3 Not all their anguish and their blood,
For their own guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.
Amazing grace that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,

fears?

Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love.

HYMN 224. 6 lines 7s.

"Safely through another week."

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 Here we come, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste,
Of our everlasting feast.

HYMN 225. 8 lines 8s.

The Preacher's Adieu.

A DIEU, my dear brethren, adieu,
Reluctant I give you my hand,
No more to assemble with you,
Till we on mount Zion shall stand.

My heart swells with tender regret,
To leave your embraces so soon,
Though heaven my course must direct,
And others succeed in my room.

2 Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle, compassionate love,
Henceforth in my mem'ry shall last,
'Tho' far from your sight I remove.
While roving the wilds of the west,
When thro' foreign regions I steer,
Still friendship inspiring my breast,
Shall then drop her own native tear.

3 Our labors will shortly subside,
Our vigor and life must decay,
But wisdom and truth shall abide,
To pilot our souls on the way.
As time rolls his seasons around,
And truth shall new teachers inspire,
O may we in love still abound,
And after new conquests aspire.

4 Our seasons of converse are o'er,
Till mortal commotions are past,
Till nature and time are no more,
Or we are in Paradise blest;
Sweet comforting Spirit draw near,
And shed forth thy luminous rays,
My parting reflections to cheer,
And change lamentations to praise.

5 O may we conform to his will,
Aspiring for glory and peace,
Our covenant vows to fulfill,
Till Jesus shall sign our release;

Till suddenly wafted above,
Where saints in sweet harmony meet,
To feel all the pleasures of love,
And each happy conqueror greet,

Calvary. HYMN 226. 2 8s, 3 7s, and 1 4.

Finished Salvation.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!

See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!

"It is finish'd!"

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 "It is finish'd"—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford:
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finish'd "

Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God hath promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe,
"It is finish'd"—
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Parting Friend. HYMN 227. 6 lines 7s.

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
 Christians meet for social prayer;
 If 'tis 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.

HYMN 228. 7s.

Penitent Thief.

WHEN our Lord was crucified,
 Two transgressors with him died,
 One with vile blaspheming tongue,
 Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

- 2 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
 In the very jaws of death,
 Perished—as too many do—
 With the Saviour in his view.
- 3 But the other, moved by grace,
 Saw the danger of his case,
 And, by faith, embraced his Lord,
 Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.
- 4 "Lord," he prays, "remember me,
 When in glory thou shalt be:"

"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt be in Paradise."

5 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace, bestowed in time of need;
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.

6 Oh! beware of unbelief,
Think upon the hardened thief;
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ for you hath died in vain.

HYMN 229.

Judgment Hymn.

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

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

2 O there will be mourning, &c.
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

3 O there will be mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

- 4 O there will be mourning, &c.
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
- 5 O there will be mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
- 6 O there will be mourning, &c.
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.
- 7 O there will be shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

Star of Bethlehem. HYMN 230. L. M.

The Ransomed Spirit.

THE ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, Holy Love!

- 2 The cherub near the viewless throne,
 Hath smote the harp with trembling hand;
 And one with incense fire hath frown,
 To touch with flame the angel band;
 But tuneless is the quivering string,
 No melody can Gabriel bring,
 Mute are its arches, when above
 The harps of heaven wake not to Love.
- 3 Earth, sea, and sky one language speak,
 In harmony that soothes the soul;
 'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
 And when on thunders, thunders roll:
 That voice is heard, and tumults cease,
 It whispers to the bosom peace;
 Speak thou inspirer, from above,
 And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!

HYMN 231.

TUNE—*Our bondage here will end.*

REMEMBER, sinful youth, you must die!
 you must die!

Remember, sinful youth, you must die!

Remember, sinful youth, you 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, here below,
 Uncertain are your days, &c.

Uncertain are your days, for God hath many
 ways.

To bring you to your graves here below, here
below,

To bring, &c.

3 And if you travel down the broad road, the
broad road,

And if you travel down the broad road,

And if you travel down, to darkness you are
bound,

Eternally around, the broad road, &c.

Eternally, &c.

4 To a dreadful judgment day you are bound,
you are bound,

To a dreadful judgment day you are bound,

To a dreadful judgment day, be your thoughts
whate'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, Great
I AM,

The God who built the sky, Great I AM,

The God who built the sky hath said, (and can-
not lie,)

Impenitents must die, and be lost, &c.

Impenitents, &c.

6 And O! my friends, don't you, I entreat, I en-
treat,

And O! my friends, don't you, I entreat,

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, 'scape for life;

Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life,

Unto the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be

Your final destiny, 'scape for life, &c.

Your final, &c.

HYMN 232.

TUNE—*Our bondage here will end.*

WHAT wondrous love is this, O my soul!
O my soul!

What wondrous love is this, O my soul!

What wondrous love is this, that caus'd the Lord
of bliss

To send this precious peace to my soul, to my
soul,

To send this precious peace to my soul.

2 When I was sinking down, &c.

When I was sinking down, &c.

When I was sinking down beneath God's right-
eous frown,

Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for my
soul,

Christ laid aside his crown, &c.

3 Ye winged seraphs fly, bear the news, bear the
news,

Ye winged seraphs fly, &c.

Ye winged seraphs fly, like comets through the
sky;

Fill vast eternity with the news, &c.

Fill vast eternity, &c.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise, &c.
 Ye friends of Zion's King, &c.
 Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and voices
 sing,

And strike each tuneful string in his praise,
 And strike each tuneful, &c.

5 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, &c.
 To God and to the Lamb, &c.
 To God and to the Lamb, who is the great I AM!
 While millions join the theme, I will sing, &c.
 While millions join the theme, &c.

6 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on,
 &c.

And when from death, &c.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joy-
 ful be,

And through eternity I'll sing on, &c.

And through eternity, &c.

HYMN 233. 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 be-
 hold 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 sinless has
died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansion
forsaken,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy
waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the
seraphims' song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong
to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy
guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore
thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour
hath died.

HYMN 234. C. M.

Marriage Hymn.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
Dear Lord we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

- 2 Upon this bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;

Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er;
May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

HYMN 235.

I'M tired with visits, modes, and forms,
And flatt'ries paid to fellow worms;
Their conversation cloy:
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 the 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 passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd 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 vanquish'd 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 opes to me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burthen'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping
head sustains.

HYMN 236. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

JESUS to every willing mind
 Opens a heavenly treasure;
 In him the sons of sorrow find
 Sources of real pleasure;
 See what employments men pursue;
 Then you will own my words are true,
 Jesus alone unfolds to view
 Sources of real pleasure.

- 2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
 Fading and transitory;
 Myrth is as fleeting as a dream,
 Or a delusive story:
 Luxury leaves a sting behind,
 Wounding the body and the mind;
 Only in Jesus can we find
 Pleasure and solid glory.
- 3 Learning, that boasting, glitt'ring thing,
 Scarcely is worth possessing:
 Riches, forever on the wing,
 Scarce can be call'd a blessing:
 Fame, like a shadow, flies away,
 Titles and dignities decay,
 Nought but religion can display
 Joys that are free from trouble.
- 4 Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,
 Is but a painted bubble;
 Short are the triumphs wit bestows,
 Full of deceit and trouble;
 Sensual pleasures swell desire,
 Just as the fuel feeds the fire;

Religion can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

HYMN 237. S. M.

THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 While he affords his aid,
I'm free from every fear;
'Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 4 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 5 The bounties of thy love,
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

HYMN 238. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose words cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:

On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Will supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age!

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,

Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 239. L. M.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake
The mountains to their center shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness he came;
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath, and robes of storm;
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, who went to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by power and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us: mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

HYMN 240.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved," Jer. viii. 20.

WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer
is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er,
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sab-
bath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more;
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare,
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of
woe!

How suffer the night of despair!

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of
peace

To dwell in the mansions above,
When their harmony wakes in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour they love;
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom!

HYMN 241. C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose;
And such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,

Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

- 2 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away;
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.
- 3 O thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd
Were all alike divine,
Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone;
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thy own.

HYMN 242.

Song of Praise to the Redeemer.

CREATOR, Preserver, Redeemer of men,
Divine Intercessor above,
Oh where shall the song of thy praises begin,
Or how shall I speak of thy love!
Heaven is telling,
And earth is revealing
What wonders thy mercy can prove.

- 2 And do I not love thee, O Saviour divine,
The chief of ten thousands to me?

Yes, infinite beauty and glory are thine,
 Whose effulgence no mortal can see;
 Angels shall bless thee,
 And men shall confess thee,
 All worlds shall acknowledge thy sway.
 3 Thine, thine is the kingdom, the wisdom
 and power,
 The glory and honor supreme;
 For ever and ever my soul would adore
 Th' unspeakable worth of thy name;
 For ever and ever,
 O glorious Saviour,
 I'll dwell on the rapturous theme.

HYMN 243.

Praise.

ENDLESS praises to our Lord,
 Ever be his name adored.
 2 Angels crown him—crown the Lamb;
 He is worthy, praise his name.
 3 Saints adore him for his grace,
 To our guilty fallen race.
 4 Saints and angels join to sing
 Glory to our God and King.

HYMN 244.

Nearness to God.

WHEN God is near,
 To quell the soul's commotion,
 And shed the sweet serene of true devotion;
 Then clouds of grief will disappear
 When God is near.

2 When God is near—

The heart, with sorrow swelling,
Pours out its grief—its tale of anguish telling;
And mercy wipes each trickling tear,
When God is near.

HYMN 245.

Heaven.

FRIEND after friend departs!

Who hath not lost a friend?

There is no union here of hearts,

That finds not here an end.

Were this frail world our final rest,

Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,

Beyond the reign of death,

There surely is some blessed clime

Where life is not a breath,

Nor life's affections transient fire,

Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,

Where parting is unknown;

A long eternity of love,

Form'd for the good alone;

And faith beholds the dying here,

Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,

Till all are pass'd away;

As morning high and higher shines

To pure and perfect day.

Nor sink those stars in empty night,

But hide themselves in heav'n's own light.

HYMN 246. L. M.

FAR from my thoughts vain world begone,
 Let my religious hours alone;
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 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 thy 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.

Funeral. HYMN 247. C. M.*Death and Eternity.*

STOOP down, my thoughts that used to rise,
 Converse awhile with death;

- ne,
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 mounts triumphing there,
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 trembling soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To crumble into dust.

HYMN 248. C. M.

A thought of death and glory.

- M**Y soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb:

- This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 O could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead,
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above,
 In their own glorious forms,
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
 These fetters, and this load,
 And long for evening to undress,
 That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay,
 Before the summons come,
 And pray, and wish our souls away
 To their eternal home.

Duane Street. HYMN 249. L. M.

- A POOR wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often cross'd me on my way
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer nay:
 I had no power to ask his name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came;
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He enter'd—not a word he spake;
 Just perishing for want of bread;
 I gave him all—he blest it, brake,

And ate, but gave me part again ;
Mine was an angel's portion then ;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock,—his strength was
gone ;

The heedless water mocked his thirst,

He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I ran and raised the sufferer up,

Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,

Dipt, and returned it running o'er,

I drank, and never thirsted more.

- 4 'Twas night; the floods were out, it blew

A winter hurricane aloof;

I heard his voice abroad, and flew

To bid him welcome to my roof;

I warmed, I clothed, and cheered my guest,

Laid him on my own couch to rest,

Then made the earth my bed, and seemed

In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

- 5 Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,

I found him by the highway side;

I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,

Revived his spirit, and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment;—he was healed ;—

I had myself a wound concealed,

But from that hour forgot the smart,

And peace bound up my broken heart.

- 6 In pris'n I saw him next condemned

To meet a traitor's doom at morn;

The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him midst shame and scorn,
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die;
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

- 7 Then in a moment to my view,
 The stranger darted from disguise;
 The tokens in his hands I knew;
 My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes!
 He spake, and my poor name he named—
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;
 Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

HYMN 250. L. M.

Retirement and Meditation.

MY God permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee:
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
 One sovereign word can draw me thence;
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity begone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven and there my God I find.

Aleppo. HYMN 251.

THE MUSICIAN.

THOU God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints above,
And lulls the ravish'd spheres;
On thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
The heavenly choristers.

- 2 If well I know the tuneful art,
To captivate a human heart,
The glory, Lord, be thine:
A servant of thy blessed will,
I here devote my utmost skill
To sound thy praise divine.
- 3 With Tubal's wretched sons, no more
I dedicate my sacred power,
To please the fiends beneath;
Or modulate the wanton lay,
Or smooth with music's hand the way
To everlasting death.
- 4 Suffice for this the season past—
I come, great God, to learn, at last,
The lessons of thy grace;
Teach me the new, the gospel song,
And let my hand, my heart, my tongue,
Move only to thy praise.

- 5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
And let my consecrated lyre
Repeat the Psalmist's part;
His Son and thine reveal in me;
And fill with sacred melody
The fibres of my heart.
- 6 So shall I charm the list'ning throng,
And draw the living stones along,
By Jesus' tuneful name:
The living stones shall dance, shall rise,
And form a city in the skies—
The *New Jerusalem*.
- 7 O might I with thy saints aspire
The meanest of that dazzling choir
Who chant thy praise above:
Mix'd with the bright musician band,
May I a heavenly harper stand,
And sing the song of love.
- 8 What ecstasy of bliss is there
While all th' angelic concert share,
And drink the flowing joys!
What more than ecstasy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement—fall
At Jesus' glorious voice!
- 9 Jesus! the heaven of heaven he is,
The soul of harmony and bliss;
And while on him we gaze—
And while his glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
And silence speaks his praise.

- 10 O might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three One;
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne.

HYMN 252. 2 8s and 4 7s.

Parting words.

- LET me go, the day is breaking—
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below:
Upward now I bend my way—
Part we here at break of day.
- 2 Let me go, I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my kindred Lord appears:
Friends and kindred, weep not so—
If you love me, let me go.
- 3 We have traveled long together,
Hand in hand and heart in heart;
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part:
While I sigh "Farewell" to you,
Answer, one and all, "Adieu."
- 4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
'That withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of earth no more can bind me,
But, translated into light,

Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

- 5 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die:
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither, come and see.

HYMN 253.

Dead March in the Oratorio of Saul.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

- 3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the
dead;
Rest here, dear saint, till, from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust,—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

HYMN 254.

THERE 's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that glows,
But Heaven has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass, a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There 's not a star whose twinkling light,
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But heaven gave it birth.

4 There 's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
For God is everywhere.

Babylonian Captivity. HYMN 255. 4 10s.

A LONG the banks where Babel's current
flows,

Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we
strung,

When praise employ'd, and mirth inspir'd the
lay,

In mournful silence on the willows hung;
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

- 3 The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the woe,
 With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim:
 Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
 While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's
 name.
- 4 But how in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
 Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
 O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
 Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!
- 5 If e'er my mem'ry lose thy lovely name,
 If my cold heart neglect thy kindred race,
 Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;
 My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.
- 6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
 O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;
 His arm avenge her desolated walls,
 And raise his children to eternal day.

HYMN 256.

O SAY can you see by the truth's holy light,
 What the fathers once hailed, in the world's
 early being,
 When for sin, o'er our race, hung the mantle of
 night—
 What God for our weal was in mercy decreeing?
 The banner unfurled which shall conquer the
 world,
 When sin shall be vanquish'd—to darkness be
 hurl'd;

O the cross is that banner—and long may it wave,
Till Jesus lead captive both death and the grave.

2 'Twas but dimly perceived through the darkness that reigned,

And man seemed enchanted in slumbers reposing;

But the prophets their message of mercy proclaimed,

The banner of peace though obscurely disclosing:

Oft it seemed to unfold o'er the clouds as they roll'd,

And the day brightly dawn'd by the prophets foretold;

When the blood-stained banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the earth and o'er sea, over death and the grave.

3 Now where is the foe that so vauntingly swore,
By the gods whom he worshipp'd that darkness should rule us;

No home should await us where angels adore,
But death and the grave should together control us?

He has trembled with fear, and will flee in despair,
Like the lion the archers have chased to his lair;
And our banner in triumph continues to wave,
And triumph it must over death and the grave.

4 Thus will it be ever while Christians shall stand
Near the cross, and remember their high destination;

Bless'd with vict'ry and peace, this invincible band,
Shall shout when the Lord has renewed all creation!

For conquer they must, as their cause is most just,
And this is their motto, "*In God is our trust.*"
O their banner in glory, in triumph shall wave,
When lost is the power of death and the grave.

HYMN 257.

- T**HROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way,
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.
- 2 Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Descends, a sweet, engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm!
- 3 Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;
Religion's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.
- 4 Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.
- 5 At her approach the Grave appears
The Gate of Paradise restored;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.
- 6 Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain;

Rise when the host of heaven expire,
And reign with God, forever reign.

HYMN 258.

Independence Day.

WITH joy we meet,
With smiles we greet
Our schoolmates bright and gay:
Be dry each tear
Of sorrow here—
'Tis Independence day.

2 'Tis freedom's sound
That rings around,
And brightens every ray,
Our banner floats,
And trumpet notes;
On Independence day.

3 While thunder breaks,
And music wakes
Its patriotic lay,
At temple gate
Our feet shall wait,
On Independence day.

4 O who from home
Would fail to come
And join the children's lay—
When praise we bring
To God our King,
On Independence day.

- 5 For liberty,
Great God, to thee
Our grateful thanks we pay;
For thanks, we know,
To thee, we owe,
On Independence day.

Sweet Home. HYMN 259.

WHEN torn is thy bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like
prayer;

It seizes,—soothes,—softens,—subdues, yet sus-
tains,

Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.

*Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like prayer.*

- 2 When forc'd from the friend we hold dearest
to part,

What fond recollections yet cling to the heart:
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are
there,

Oh! how hurtfully pleasing till hallow'd by
prayer.

Prayer, prayer, sweet prayer, &c.

- 3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The syren sings sweetly, or silently charms,
We listen—love—loiter—are caught in the snare;
On looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, sweet prayer, &c.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers
to bliss;

Heaven pours its first streams through no medi-
um but this;

And till we the ecstasy seraphim share,
Our chalice of bliss must be guarded by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, sweet prayer, &c.

HYMN 260.

The Rock that is higher than I.

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 the dear Rock that is higher than I.

HYMN 261.

The days of thy mourning shall be ended.

OH! weep not for the joys that fade
 Like ev'ning lights away—
 For hopes that, like the stars decay'd,
 Have left thy mortal day;
 For clouds of sorrow will depart,
 And brilliant skies be giv'n;
 And though on earth the tear may start,
 Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
 Amid the bowers of heav'n.

- 2 Oh! weep not for the friends that pass
 Into the lonesome grave,
 As breezes sweep the wither'd grass
 Along the restless wave;
 For though thy pleasures may depart,
 And darksome days be giv'n,—
 And lonely though on earth thou art,
 Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
 When friends rejoin in heaven.

*Sleep.** HYMN 262.

A Juvenile Song.

COME, gentle sleep, these eyelids close,
 My spirit longs for sweet repose;
 Within her golden chamber,
 Let weary memory slumber.

- 2 But ah! if o'er these sleep-bound eyes,
 No earthly morn again should rise;—
 If death should steal around me,
 When silent sleep hath bound me—

* Music in Social Lyrist.

- 3 O may a fairer, brighter light,
Break sweetly through death's darksome night,
And bring the cloudless dawning
Of heaven's eternal morning.

HYMN 263.

*The Tear.**

- T**HERE 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:
'Tis 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;
'Tis when the fading blossoms close,
And all is silence and repose:
Then memory wakes and loves to mourn,
'The days that never can return.

HYMN 264.

*The better Land.**

- I** HEAR thee speak of a better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother, oh! where is that distant shore?
Shall we not seek it, sigh no more?

* Music in Social Lyrist.

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire flies dance in the myrtle boughs?
 Not there, not there, my child;
 Not there, not there, my child.

2 Is it far away in some region old,
 Where rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
 And the bright rays of the vallies shine;
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine:
 And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand—
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
 Not there, not there, my child,
 Not there, not there, my child.

3 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;
 Time may not breathe on its faultless bloom,
 Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb;
 'Tis there, 'tis there, my child;
 'Tis there, 'tis there, my child.

Harrison. HYMN 265. 4 7s.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

“EARTH to earth and dust to dust;”—
 Here the evil and the just,
 Here the matron and the maid,
 In one silent bed are laid.

2 Here the vassal and the king,
 Side by side lie withering;
 Here the sword and sceptre rust;—
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

- 3 Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep;
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
- 4 Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
Death shall keep his solemn trust:—
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."
- 5 But a day is coming fast—
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil.
- 6 It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then, ambition, rue thy lust!—
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."
- 7 Then shall in the desert rise,
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of our God.
- 8 Till are dried the martyrs' tears,
Through a glorious thousand years;
Now in hope of Him we trust;—
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

*Life let us cherish.** HYMN 266.

LIFE let us cherish while yet the taper glows,
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close:
In vain we seek for earthly bliss,
The plants of joy, the fruits of peace,

* See Parlor Melodies or Social Lyrist for the tune.

Can never grow in soil like this;
Place all thy hopes in heaven.

- 2 Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows,
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close:
The heart in vain to riches clings:
Our gems are dim, our gold hath wings;
And when possessed no comfort brings:
Lay up thy wealth in Heaven.
- 3 Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows,
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close:
Set not thy heart on earthly fame,
Its highest gift's an empty name,
That quickly fades or ends in shame—
True glory comes from Heaven.

HYMN 267. L. M.

THE stars! the stars! those lamps of light,
Gemming the vaulted hall of night;
Bright are their fires, kindled each even,
To light us to a brighter Heaven.

- 2 This world's a sea, a dangerous sea,
Where clouds and storms and breakers be;
When night spreads terror o'er the wave,
Who shall the trembling sailor save?
- 3 Lift up thy heart, lift up thine eye,
Behold those vestal flames on high;
Tended and fed by angel bands,
The light-house fires of their own lands.
- 4 They wait—those angel spirits wait,—
Our pilots through death's dreadful strait;—
To welcome us, our voyage o'er,
Happy as they to their blest shore.

- 5 Shine on, ye stars, forever shine,
Glowing in beauty all divine;
Worthies to other ages given,
Looked on your fires, and thought of heaven.
- 6 To Heaven they sped, and there they glow,
Brighter than ye on us below;
We follow on through clouds of tears
To join the music of their spheres.

W. H.

A Juvenile Song. HYMN 268.

Vernal Hymn.

OH bless the Lord! for the shining sun,
For the balmy air, and the brooks that run
Their rippling way, to the briny deep,
Where the proud ships sail, and the storm clouds
sweep.

2 Oh bless the Lord! for the cool pure fount,
For the meadows green and the wood clad mount;
For eve's calm sky and her ruddy hue,
For the morn's sweet breath and her silver dew.

3 Oh bless the Lord! for the flowers in bloom,
For their living tints and their high perfume;
For grass and leaves and for each green thing,
Scattered round in grace by the queen of spring.

4 Oh bless the Lord! for the warbled strains,
Rising up in joy from the woods and plains;
They teach us love and they teach us praise:—
Happy birds, we'll join in your wild sweet lays.

5 Oh, bless the Lord! for the earth and sky,
 And for all the stars hung around on high;
 They light the way to a happier sphere,
 May we sing up there when our songs end here.

W. H.

HYMN 269. 4 8s and 2 6s.

The Orphan's Prayer.

- OH thou, the helpless orphan's hope,
 To whom alone my soul looks up,
 In each distressing hour:
 Father, for that's the sweetest name,
 That e'er these lips were taught to frame,
 Instruct my heart to pray.
- 2 Low in the dust my parents lie,
 And no attentive ear is nigh,
 But thine, to mark my woe.
 No hand to wipe away my tears,
 No gentle voice to soothe my fears,
 Remains to me below.
- 3 To Heaven my earthly friends are gone,
 And thither are my wishes flown,
 But I continue here:
 But thou art patron, friend, and guide,
 To those who have no hope beside,
 And what have I to fear?
- 4 If I am spared throughout the span,
 That makes the narrow life of man,
 And reach to hoary age;
 Instruct me in thy holy will,
 Teach me the duties to fulfil,
 Of each successive stage.

- 5 But if thy wisdom should decree
 An early sepulchre for me,
 Father, thy will be done ;
 Upon my Saviour I rely,
 And let me live or let me die,
 My heart be thine alone.

Brownsville. HYMN 270.

Valedictory for a Singing School, or Concert.

IN this glad employ,
 Many moments of joy
 Have we measured in harmony true;
 The time rolled along,
 Like a sweet varied song,
 And with sighs we pronounce an adieu.

- 2 Adieu :—may we meet,
 For a glorious repeat,
 In the church on mount Zion above;
 There angels shall join
 In the concert divine,
 And the chorus of all shall be love.

W. H.

Joyful. HYMN 271. C. M.

For a Juvenile Concert.

CHORUS.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

IN that bright world of joy above,
 Ten thousand angel tongues
 Shall help to sing the name we love;
 And joy shall swell our songs.

CHORUS.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

- 2 Our happy songs on earth begun,
With joy shall we renew:
With angels round our Saviour's throne;
And we'll be angels too.

CHORUS.

Oh that, &c.

W. H.

Days of my youth. HYMN 272. 6 10s.

DAYS of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

2 Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears ye have been;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

3 Days of my age, ye will shortly be passed;
Pains of my age, yet awhile may ye last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod!
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

By Hon. St. Geo. Tucker.

Benevento. HYMN 273. 8 7s.

For New Year.

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 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find;—
 As the lightning from the skies,
 Darts and leaves no trace behind;—
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bears us down life's rapid stream,
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

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 young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love,
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN 274. L. M.

"Soft be the gently breathing notes."

SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
 That sing my Saviour's dying love,

- Soft as the evening zephyr floats;
Soft as the tuneful choirs above.
- 2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars;
So soft to your Almighty Friend
Be every sigh your bosom pours.
- 3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid ear of day
That wide proclaims its Maker God.
- 4 True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be;
So true let all your sorrows roll
To Him who bled upon the tree.

HYMN 275. S. M.

- O H, where shall rest be found?
Rest to the weary soul?
T'were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis 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 are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

A Home in Heaven. HYMN 276.

- 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 mouldering 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.

W. H.

Wakefield. HYMN 277. L. M. D.

THERE comes a day, a fearful day,
When earth and heaven shall flee away,
When, flaming on his great white throne,
Nought shall be seen but God alone:
The myriad crowds from every clime,
Shall gaze upon that throne sublime,
The great and small, the quick and dead,
Shall shout for joy or quake with dread.

2 Oh! how shall I, a sinner born,
Lift up my head on that dread morn,
When glory, brightening to excess,
Proclaims the God of holiness?—
The triune God, the lofty Lord,
Who, by his own omnific word,
Made thousand thousand worlds to be;—
He speaks again; and lo! they flee.

3 When orbs on orbs affrighted fly,
In lawless terror through the sky;
When thrones and powers celestial fall
Before the glorious ALL IN ALL;—
Oh! how shall I of baser birth,
A sinful man, a worm of earth,
Presume to meet the burning gaze,
That wraps the heavens in sheets of blaze!

- 4 Father Eternal! God of love!
 Look down from mercy's seat above;
 Through Jesus now be reconciled,
 To me a wayward wandering child:
 Be thou, oh Christ, my stay, my trust,
 And when I moulder into dust,
 And when I rise from dust again,
 Be mine, my God—amen—amen. W. H

Sansom. HYMN 278. 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, "Oh! 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 Oh, sacred hour! oh, 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. w. h.

The Eden Above. HYMN 279. 12s and 11s.

WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and
the holy,
The home of the happy—the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Will you go? will you go?
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

- 2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Will you go? &c.

- 3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppres-
sion,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there—not a shade of transgres-
sion,

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Will you go? &c.

4 No poverty there;—no, the saints are all
wealthy,

The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them—that country is
healthy;

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Will you go? &c.

5 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all fur-
nished,

Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished;

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Will you go? &c.

6 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright
glory,

And drink the pure joys of the Eden above;

We will go, we will go:

Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above.

7 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake
thee,

We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
Oh, come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take
thee,

And bear thee along to the Eden above:

Will you go? &c.

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

8 Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness
saying,

Oh, who can this guilt from my conscience remove?

No other but Jesus;—then come to him praying,
 Prepare me, oh Lord, for the Eden above;
 Will you go? will you go?
 At last, will you go to the Eden above!

W. H.

Give me Jesus. HYMN 280.

WHILE wandering to and fro,
 In this wide world of wo,
 Where streams of sorrow flow,

CHORUS.

*Give me Jesus—give me Jesus—
 Give me Jesus—
 You may have all this world—
 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.

- ing,
 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.
 n. & n.

HYMN 281.

- I**N pure and fervent devotion,
 Oh! Lord, I bow at thy throne;
 Fill me with holy emotion,
 And make me fully thine own:
 Come, come, come, Lord,
 And make me fully thine own.
- 2 Grant me my longing desire;
 Conform to thy blessed will;
 With zeal my soul set on fire;
 With peace and purity fill:
 Come, come, come, Lord,
 With peace and purity fill.
- 3 Speak, Lord, if now thou art near me;
 I wait the sound of thy voice;
 From thee one whisper can cheer me,
 And make my spirit rejoice;
 Come, come, come, Lord,
 And make my spirit rejoice.
- ail,

- 4 I would be perfectly thine own;
 Jesus, respond to my call:
 And be thou perfectly mine own,
 My Saviour, Friend, Brother and all;
 Come, come, come, Lord,
 Be Saviour, Friend, Brother and all.
 B. & H.

HYMN 282. L. M. *With a Chorus*

IN error's ways you vainly roam,
 They lead you not to peace or home;
 Why will you toil and labor so,
 To miss of heaven and plunge in wo?

CHORUS.

*Eternal wisdom cries,
 Haste, sinner, to be wise;
 Forsake your sins without delay,
 And taste the Saviour's love to-day.*

- 2 The path in which you madly tread,
 With clouds and gloom is overspread;
 Bestrewed with every secret snare,
 And ravenous beasts are prowling there.
Chorus.
- 3 Every successive step you take,
 But nears you to the burning lake:
 Each day your souls in sin remain,
 Bespeaks eternal years of pain.
Chorus.

- 4 And what reward can Satan give,
 That thus his slave, his drudge you live?
 Were you his sole, his chosen heir,
 Say, would you choose his throne to share?
Chorus.

- 5 Would you with foulest fiends resort,
 'Midst flames sulphureous hold your court,
 Harassed with God's enduring ire,
 The vengeance of eternal fire?

Chorus.

- 6 Satan could do no more than this,
 Were all his aim your only bliss;
 A throne in hell! a crown of shame!
 A royal couch of livid flame!

Chorus.

- 7 But as the coiling serpent lies;
 As gleam the tiger's burning eyes;
 As springs the panther on his prey,
 So Satan lurks your souls to slay.

Chorus.

- 8 Not so our Master, Christ the Lord,
 Bestows on us the high reward;
 Eternal glory,—crowns more bright
 Than deck the first-born sons of light.

W. H.

Lemon. HYMN 283. 8 and 7s.

For the Altar.

BRETHREN, here are mourners pleading
 For the mercy of the Lord;
 Come, and for them, interceding,
 All your promised help afford.

CHORUS.

*Hear them, like Bartimeus, crying,
 Who is this that passes by?
 Jesus! Jesus! Son of David!
 Mercy grant, or else I die.*

- 2 Have you not a prayer to offer?
Can you not their sorrows feel?
Think on what their souls must suffer,
Till the Lord their blindness heal.

Chorus.

- 3 They have come to Christ, their Saviour,
All their sins on him were laid:
While they supplicate his favor,
Cheer them with your promised aid.

Chorus.

- 4 Cannot two be found agreeing,
Touching what you seek from heaven?
Hear ye not the Saviour saying,
Ask in faith—it shall be given?

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Saviour!
Who has died that we may live;
In his name we now find favor,
And the blind their sight receive.*

- 5 Open now your eyes and view him,
Blind they are but they shall see;
Hark! he bids you hasten to him;
Jesus says, "Come unto me."

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 6 Now we join our cheerful voices,
And the loud hosanna raise;
While the angel-throng rejoices,
Loftier be our notes of praise.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah! Judah's lion
Leads the conquering hosts along:*

*Lo! the pearly gates of Zion
Rise in echo to our song.*

L. & H.

HYMN 284.

SECOND PART.

To "the Rock that is higher than I."

WHEN my soul is distressed 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,

Sustained by the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when I have finished 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.

W. D. L.

HYMN 285. C. M.

RELIGION is the balm of life,
Its healing virtues feel:

It calms the soul, and quells all strife;

It melts the heart of steel.

- 2 Religion can the leper cure,
It gives the blind his sight;
The lame it makes to walk secure,
And darkness turns to light.
- 3 Religion makes the dumb to speak,
The deaf may hear its voice;
The man his withered hand may reach,
The broken heart rejoice.
- 4 Religion breaks the bonds of death,
It bids the sleeper rise;
It gives the palsied sinner health,
And all his want supplies.
- 5 Religion will the passions chide,
The stubborn will control:
It calms our fears, expels our pride,
And sanctifies the soul.
- 6 Religion will through life sustain;
And after death has given
Its lingering gasp and latest pang,
Will take us home to heaven.

W. D. L.

HYMN 286. 4 8s and 2 6s.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly;—

"Unthinking man, remember this,
Though, fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die."

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly house must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink to endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the wo,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath;
The Lord of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun has run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
In silence there to rot;
Alas! an hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name well nigh forgot.

6 But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live and cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be;
No, my immortal cannot die;
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

7 Will mercy then her arms extend?
Will Jesus be the sinner's friend,
And heaven thy dwelling place?

Or shall insulting fiends appear,
And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace?

8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present state are known;
There is no middle state:

To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 Oh, do not pass this as a dream,
Vast is the change whate'er it seems,
To poor, unthinking man;
Lord, at thy footstool would I bow,
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way
That leads to joys on high;
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live
As I would fear to die.

The Eden of Love. HYMN 287.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await
me,

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

2 While angelic legions with harp-tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise;
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise;
Their songs to the Lamb shall re-echo 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 proba-
tion;—

My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

Supplication. HYMN 288. L. M.

MY Lord, my Life, at last to thee,
The sinner's Friend, for aid I flee;
No other help, nor hope have I;
Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?

2 Thy name is love—to me make known
The grace for which I pant and groan;
Thou only canst that grace supply;
Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?

- 3 My guilt I own—'tis wholly mine,
The power to save is only thine;
Canst thou that saving power deny?
Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?
- 4 I weep, I mourn—but how can tears
Wash out the hardened guilt of years?
I only on thy blood rely;
Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?
- 5 To save my soul didst thou not bleed?
Dost thou not live to intercede?
My Friend, my Advocate on high,
Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?
- 6 Oh no, oh no—my soul shall live,
And Christ shall all the praise receive,
Shall live his grace to testify—
Thou wilt not let the sinner die. W. H.

Erin. HYMN 239.

WHILE in this hostile region,
Where foes surround and friends are
few,
Oh, give me pure religion,
To cheer me on my journey through;
What pleasure, what treasure,
The soul in true religion finds;
How few know, what joys flow,
In living streams to pious minds;
They drink those streams on earth below,
But when to that bright world they go,
And stand on Zion's holy mount,
They drink them gushing from the fount.

- 2 When life and light are waning,
 And death's dark night is coming on,
 On Jesus' bosom leaning,
 I'll rest me till the morning dawn:
 Victorious and glorious
 The saints shall then together rise—
 Adoring and soaring,
 Shall rise to realms beyond the skies.
 The world ne'er saw a morn like this—
 How will it break in beams of bliss
 To God's redeemed, who mount on high,
 No more to mourn—no more to die!

W. H.

Angels' Welcome. HYMN 290.

SAINTS of God! what glories meet ye,
 As, from flesh released, ye fly
 Home to heaven, where angels greet ye,
 With a welcome to the sky.

CHORUS.

*Welcome home, welcome home,
 Welcome home, welcome home;
 Welcome to your home on high.*

- 2 Warriors, all your wars are ended,
 All your strife and all your pain;
 Foes with which you late contended,
 Grace, triumphant grace, hath slain.
*Welcome home, welcome home,
 Welcome home, welcome home,
 Never shall they harm again.*
- 3 Pilgrims, ye have ceased to wander,
 Many a weary step ye trod;

Henceforth rest ye; blazing yonder
See the glorious mount of God;

*Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home;
Welcome to our bright abode.*

- 4 Mourners, ye have ceased your sighing,
All your days of sorrow o'er;
Sickness, weeping, pain, or dying,
Ye shall never witness more;

*Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home;
Welcome to our happy shore.*

- 5 Ye are not unknown in glory,
We have watched o'er all your ways;
And the *saints* who came before ye,
Ye shall greet in fond embrace;

*Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home;
Welcome to this holy place.*

- 6 Welcome here to dwell forever,
Washed in Jesus' cleansing blood;
Never shall ye wander, never
Leave again this blest abode;

*Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home,
Ever welcome, saints of God!*

W. H.

Troubadour. HYMN 291.

JESUS, our song to thee, joyful we raise;
Thou art the source of joy, thine be the praise;

Lend us fresh courage, Lord, guide us we pray;
Be thou our constant aid, day unto day.

2 While in this vale of tears, mark out our path
Save us from doubts and fears; strengthen our
faith;

Help us to do thy will; crown us with peace;
Let us abide in thee, till life shall cease.

S. A. S.

HYMN 292. C. M.

Vanity.

WHEN I look o'er the waste of years,
My weary feet have passed,
I find my progress wet with tears,
And dark from first to last:
The sun that lights the morning sky,
Sinks down again at eve;
Thus hope sometimes illumines the eye,
Then leaves the heart to grieve.

2 This head has worn a regal crown,
On Israel's throne erewhile;
Destruction waited on my frown,
And fortune on my smile;
I sought to fill my breast with mirth,
From dance and song and wine;
But vain were all the joys of earth,
To light this heart of mine.

3 I gathered wealth from many a mart,
Built many a towering fane;
But soon experience told my heart,
That these were all in vain.

I gave my mind with ardent zest,
 To wisdom's varied lore;
 And found that knowledge lights the breast,
 To make it ache the more.

- 4 At last, while bitter tears I shed,
 To Heaven I raised my prayer;
 And found when earthly joys are fled,
 There still is comfort there:—
 A star that sheds a radiance bright,
 O'er life's tumultuous wave—
 And he who guides him by its light,
 Shall safely pass the grave.

C. WEYE.

"Field of Battle." HYMN 293.

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* vict'ry 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 hath 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.

W. H.

Troubadour. HYMN 294.

"Joyfully, Joyfully."

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 sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

W. H.

HYMN 295. L. M.

WHEN morning pours its golden rays,
O'er hill and vale, o'er earth and sea;
My heart unbidden swells in praise,
Father of life and light, to thee.

2 When night from heaven steals darkly down,
And throws its robe o'er lawn and lea;
My saddened spirit seeks thy throne,
And bows in worship still to thee.

3 If tempests sweep the angry sky,
Or sunbeams smile on flower and tree,
If joy or sorrow brim the eye,
Father in heaven, I turn to thee.

Devotion. HYMN 296. C. M.

COME, trembling sinner, from thy seat,
And bow before the Lord:
Fall as a mourner at his feet,
And hang upon his word.

- 2 Why should you stay and cease to strive,
Or drive your fears away,
Since you may come to Christ and live,
In that eternal day?
- 3 Oh, why let sin allure your heart,
Or fill your souls with pain?
Can you with every blessing part,
Eternal wo to gain?
- 4 Come, while you may, to Christ and live,
For life will soon be done;
Oh, come, and to the Saviour give
That guilty heart of stone.
- 5 No longer vain excuses frame,
But venture as you are;
The dumb, the blind, the halt, the lame,
May all his blessings share.
- 6 Come, if thou canst or canst not feel,
Come, trusting in his grace;
He will the work of pardon seal,
On all who seek his face.
- 7 Come, while the voice of Jesus calls,
In accents full and clear;
And mercy's sweetest language falls
Inviting on thine ear.
- 8 The Saviour stands, thy cause to plead,
Before the throne above;

Come, in thine hour of greatest need,
And feel his pardoning love.

W. D. L.

The Sunset Tree. HYMN 297.

LOVE! love! love!
Love for the fallen weak!—
From realms of joy he fled,
The lost in sin to seek,
And to bring to life the dead;
He left his glorious throne,
And his angel hosts above,
And claimed us for his own,
It was love, unbounded love.

2 Love! love! love!
Love for the sick and faint!—
'Twas love his footsteps moved;
Where sorrow dwelt he went,
And the poor his friendship proved;
The haunts of grief he sought,
And the dungeons of despair;
And oh! what deeds he wrought
For the sick and dying there.

3 Love! love! love!
Love on the cross displayed!
The Prince of Life to bleed!
In death's damp prison laid!—
It was love, pure love indeed!
For us from death arose!—
He arose and went on high—
He triumphed o'er our foes,
And he lives no more to die.

- 4 Love! love! love!
Love on the throne of Heaven!
He changes not his name;
All power to him is given,
And his love is still the same;
And we shall share his throne,
For he died and lives for this;
Bright Heaven shall be our own—
An eternity of bliss!

W. H.

HYMN 298. 11, 11, 12, 12.

"Tell my brethren of the Pittsburgh Conference that
I fell at my post."—*Dying words of Rev. Thomas
Drummond.*

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

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
 With Jesus, his master, in glory to dwell;
 He has 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.
 W. H.

Bower of Prayer. HYMN 299.

"Wo, wo, to the Sinner."

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 spectres of horror shall each meet his eye;
 Too late then to pray, for his doom is to die.

4 Wo, wo, to the sinner, who 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.

W. H.

HYMN 300. C. M.

OH! no, we cannot sing the song
Formed for Jehovah's praise;
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings
To Zion's gladsome lays.
They bid us be in mirthful mood,
And dry these tears so sad;
But Judah's hearths are desolate,
And how can we be glad?

2 Silent our harps o'er Babel's stream
Are hung on willows wet;
And Zion we no more shall see—
But can we e'er forget?
Jerusalem, thy banished ones
Prove anguish and regret,
But Heaven's own curse shall rest on them
If thee they e'er forget.

HYMN 301. 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 gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
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 around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but O! forgive,"
"Enough," the father said,
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 302. C. M.

GOD counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears:
He has a book for their complaints,
A bottle for their tears.

- 2 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

- 3 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
'Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessing home.

Poor Mary. HYMN 303.

LOVE sounds in her sighs, love flows from
her eyes,

How pensive she utters her moan;
The stone is remov'd, lost is all that she lov'd,
Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone!

- 2 But in vain was my care, Those perfumes to
prepare,
And attempt to embalm him alone,
Taken hence from my view, what, alas! can I do?
Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone!

- 2 But alas! 'tis in vain to seek ease from my
 pain,
 From those bosoms as callous as stone;
 None on earth seem to calm, by sweet sympathy's balm,
 A heart full of sighs, for the Master that's gone.
- 4 Hallelujahs arise, O, assist me, ye skies,
 And rejoice with a mortal who mourn'd;
 Hence! sorrow, hence! care, to the winds with
 despair!
 Raboni, Raboni, the Master's returned!

Mercy's Free. HYMN 304.

- 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. A. T. W.

Simeon.

HYMN 305. L. M.

- B**LEST hour! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to his sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast;
While all around, the calm divine,
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear—
To list the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour! for then where He resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God—the gate of heaven.
- 5 Hail! peaceful hour! supremely blest
Amid the hours of earthly care:
The hour that yields the spirit rest—
The sacred hour—the hour of prayer.

Resignation. HYMN 306. C. M.

HAPPY the man whose bliss supreme,
Flows from a source on high,
And flows in one perpetual stream,
When earthly springs are dry.

- 2 If Providence their comforts shroud,
And dark distresses lour,

Hope paints its rainbow on the cloud,
And grace shines through the shower.

- 3 What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm
Who view a Saviour near?
Whose Father sits and guides the helm—
Whose voice forbids their fear?

- 4 Let tempests rage, and billows rise,
And mortal firmness shrink:
Their anchor fastens in the skies—
Their bark, no storm can sink.

- 5 God is their joy and portion still,
When earthly good retires;
And shall their hearts sustain and fill,
When earth itself expires.

Anticipation. HYMN 307. 4 lines 7's.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

- 2 When in ecstasy sublime
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too-transporting light
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

- 4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep, and gaze my soul away;

Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

Resurrection. HYMN 303. S. M.

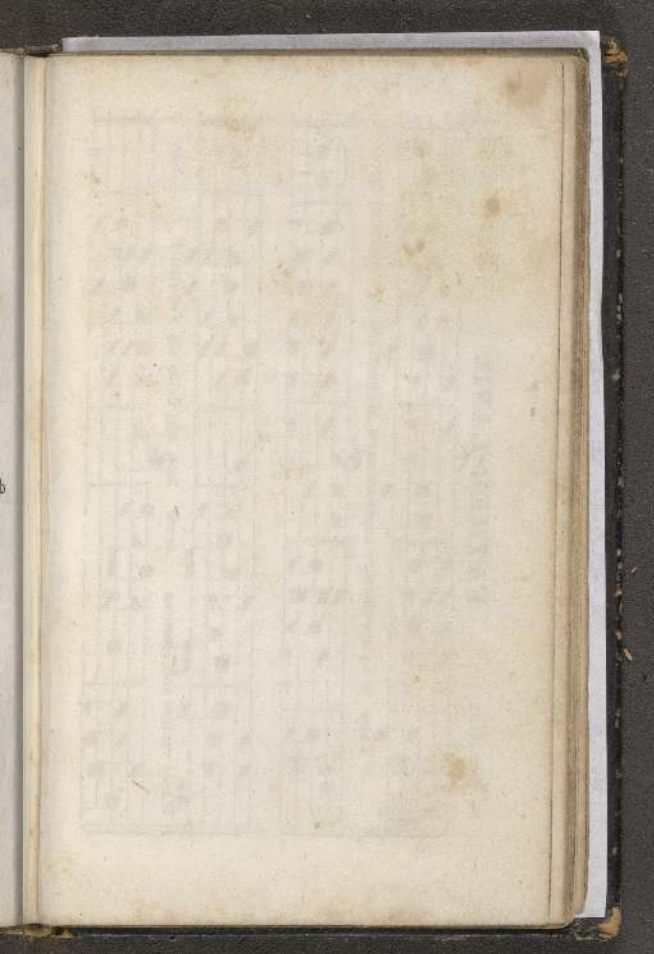
“FOREVER with the Lord:”
Amen, so let it be:
Unbounded bliss is in that word,
’Tis immortality.

2 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word;
And oft repeat before the throne,
“Forever with the Lord.”

3 The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven’s voice thunder thro’ the tomb
“Forever with the Lord.”

4 The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening word—
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
“Forever with the Lord.”

5 Then while they upward fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory,
“Forever with the Lord.”



// S. Wakefield.

FATHER-LAND.

[By permission.]

There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treasure are there:

Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are eternally fair,

FATHER-LAND.—Concluded.

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 thine shore.

The musical score is written on two systems of staves. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics, and the second system contains the next two lines. The music is in a common time signature and features a variety of note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the words "Chorus." at the beginning of the first line.

A Rich.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

[By permission.]



A home in heav'n! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary



lot! His heart oppress, and with anguish driv'n From his home below to his home in



A HOME IN HEAVEN.—Concluded.

The musical score is written on two staves. The first staff contains the melody, and the second staff contains the bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in a common time signature (C) and features various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The piece concludes with a final cadence on the second staff.

Heav'n in Heav'n. From his home be - low to his home in Heav'n.

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 mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given:
We will meet up there in our home in Heaven.

YALAM NIGIRI

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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INDEX.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| Attend, young friends, while I relate--- | <i>page</i> 19 |
| Approach, my soul, the mercy seat----- | 29 |
| Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound----- | 29 |
| Amazing grace, how sweet the sound----- | 58 |
| An alien from God, and a stranger to grace-- | 67 |
| All ye that pass by ----- | 98 |
| All hail the power of Jesus' name----- | 104 |
| Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes----- | 106 |
| Awake, my soul, in joyful lays----- | 108 |
| Awake thy song, O earth----- | 111 |
| Awake my faith and bring to view----- | 155 |
| Awake our drowsy souls----- | 169 |
| Angels roll the rock away----- | 170 |
| A voice from the savage, a voice from, &c.-- | 170 |
| Accept our thanks for all your love----- | 200 |
| Adieu, my dear brethren, adieu----- | 223 |
| A poor wayfaring man of grief----- | 246 |
| Along the banks where Babel's current flows- | 253 |
| A home in heaven! what a joyful thought -- | 271 |
| Away from his home and the friends, &c. -- | 295 |
| Afflictions, tho' they seem severe----- | 298 |
| Behold the wretch, whose lust and wine---- | 10 |
| Behold a stranger at the door----- | 15 |
| Brethren, we have met to worship----- | 47 |
| Burst ye emerald gates and bring----- | 92 |
| Brethren, hear the martial sound----- | 124 |
| By whom was David taught----- | 128 |

| | |
|--|----------|
| Brethren, while we sojourn here | page 129 |
| Behold the pilgrim as he dies | 137 |
| By faith we view fair Canaan's coast | 139 |
| Be present at our lovefeast, Lord | 207 |
| By cool Siloam's shady rill | 240 |
| Brethren, here are mourners pleading | 279 |
| By faith I view my Saviour dying | 300 |
| Blest hour! when mortal man retires | 302 |
| | |
| Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast | 9 |
| Child of sin and sorrow | 17 |
| Come, my brethren, let us try | 32 |
| Come, ye weary sinners, come | 37 |
| Come, my soul, thy suit prepare | 50 |
| Come and taste along with me | 75 |
| Come sound his praise abroad | 107 |
| Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord | 122 |
| Come, let us join our friends above | 130 |
| Come, children, let your voices rise | 195 |
| Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish | 202 |
| Creator, Redeemer, Preserver of men | 241 |
| Come, gentle sleep, these eyelids close | 260 |
| Come, trembling sinner, from thy seat | 293 |
| | |
| Drooping souls, no longer grieve | 27 |
| Draw nigh to us, Jehovah | 86 |
| Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness | 123 |
| Death shall not destroy my comfort | 131 |
| Day of judgment, day of wonder | 215 |
| Days of my youth, ye have glided away | 268 |
| | |
| Encompassed with clouds of distress | 86 |
| Endless praises to our Lord | 242 |
| Earth to earth and dust to dust | 262 |

| | |
|---|---------|
| From all that's mortal, all that's vain---- | page 60 |
| Far above yon glorious ceiling----- | 143 |
| Father, I long, I faint to see----- | 144 |
| From the regions of love, lo! an angel, &c. - | 164 |
| From Greenland's icy mountains----- | 172 |
| Farewell, my dear brethren, &c.----- | 188 |
| Farewell to thee, brethren, we meet but to part | 189 |
| Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone----- | 190 |
| From every stormy wind that blows ----- | 202 |
| Friend after friend departs ----- | 243 |
| Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone-- | 244 |
| Firmly, brethren, firmly stand ----- | 290 |
| Forever with the Lord ----- | 304 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| Guide me, O thou great Jehovah----- | 48 |
| Glory to God on high!----- | 100 |
| Grace, 'tis a charming sound ----- | 102 |
| Give thanks to God most high----- | 109 |
| God, and his law, are my delight----- | 162 |
| Go forth to distant lands----- | 176 |
| God of our fathers, whose right hand----- | 197 |
| Glorious things of thee are spoken----- | 237 |
| God counts the sorrows of his saints.----- | 299 |

| | |
|--|----|
| Hear the royal proclamation----- | 7 |
| Hark! from the cross a gracious voice----- | 34 |
| How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord | 66 |
| How pleasant 'tis to see ----- | 77 |
| How sad are the moments when wandering- | 77 |
| How happy are the new-born race----- | 78 |
| How sweet, how heavenly is the sight ----- | 82 |
| How sweet is the cordial of love----- | 83 |
| How lovely, how divinely sweet ----- | 87 |
| His vestment of righteousness ----- | 90 |

| | |
|--|---------|
| Hail to the Lord's anointed ----- | page 96 |
| How sweet the name of Jesus sounds ----- | 110 |
| How peaceful is the closing scene ----- | 132 |
| Heaven is a place of endless rest ----- | 139 |
| How blest the place where Jesus is ----- | 150 |
| Holy Bible! book divine ----- | 160 |
| How painfully pleasing the fond recollection ----- | 161 |
| Hail the blest morn! see the great Mediator ----- | 163 |
| Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs, &c. --- | 166 |
| Hail, sweetest, dearest, he that binds ----- | 192 |
| Hail, happy day, when Christ the Son ----- | 194 |
| Hail, the day that brought our freedom ----- | 198 |
| Hail, ye sighing sons of sorrow ----- | 213 |
| Haste again, ye days of grace ----- | 220 |
| Hark, the voice of love and mercy ----- | 225 |
| How sweet to reflect on the joys, &c. ----- | 284 |
| Happy the man whose bliss supreme ----- | 302 |
| I'm happy, I'm happy, &c. ----- | 65 |
| I know that my Redeemer lives ----- | 72 |
| In evil long I took delight ----- | 73 |
| In all my Lord's appointed ways ----- | 115 |
| I'm glad that I am born to die ----- | 133 |
| I would not live always, I ask not to stay --- | 141 |
| I am fading away to the land of the blest --- | 152 |
| I seek a place which is out of sight ----- | 157 |
| If 'tis sweet to mingle there ----- | 226 |
| I'm tired with visits, modes, and forms ----- | 234 |
| In seasons of grief, to my God I'll repair --- | 259 |
| I hear thee speak of a better land ----- | 261 |
| In this glad employ ----- | 267 |
| In that bright world of joy above ----- | 267 |
| In pure and fervent devotion ----- | 277 |
| In error's ways you vainly roam ----- | 278 |

| | |
|---|---------|
| Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend----- | page 33 |
| Jesus, full of all compassion----- | 35 |
| Jesus, I throw my arms around----- | 53 |
| Jesus, I my cross have taken----- | 61 |
| Jesus! thy love shall we forget----- | 96 |
| Jesus, I love thy charming name----- | 112 |
| Jerusalem, my happy home----- | 136 |
| Jerusalem! my happy home..----- | 140 |
| Jesus, and shall it ever be----- | 210 |
| Jesus, to every willing mind----- | 236 |
| Jesus, our song to thee, joyful we raise----- | 238 |
| Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move----- | 291 |
| Listed into the cause of sin----- | 5 |
| Life is the time to serve the Lord----- | 14 |
| Light of those whose dreary dwelling----- | 35 |
| Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour----- | 49 |
| Long have I tried terrestrial joys----- | 68 |
| Lift up your hearts, Immanuel's friends----- | 118 |
| Let us love, and sing, and wonder..----- | 214 |
| Let me go, the day is breaking----- | 251 |
| Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows----- | 263 |
| Love! love! love----- | 294 |
| Love sounds in her sighs, &c.----- | 299 |
| Mercy, O, thou son of David----- | 39 |
| 'Mid scenes of confusion, &c.----- | 62 |
| Morn of Zion's glory----- | 186 |
| My dearest friends, in bonds of love----- | 187 |
| My thoughts on awful subjects roll----- | 222 |
| My soul, come meditate the day----- | 245 |
| My God, permit me not to be----- | 248 |
| My days, my weeks, my months, my years----- | 282 |
| My Lord, my life at last to thee----- | 285 |

| | |
|--|----------|
| Now begin the heavenly theme----- | page 105 |
| Night wraps the land where Jesus spoke---- | 173 |
| Native land ! in summer smiling ----- | 179 |
| O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die---- | 8 |
| O give me, Lord, my sins to mourn----- | 38 |
| Oh, Jesus, I have come to thee----- | 43 |
| O thou, who driest the mourner's tear----- | 52 |
| O thou, from whom all goodness flows----- | 53 |
| Our souls by love together knit----- | 59 |
| Once I thought my mountain strong----- | 71 |
| O Jesus, now thy power display----- | 71 |
| Oh thou in whose presence my soul, &c. --- | 88 |
| One there is, above all others----- | 97 |
| O for a shout of sacred joy----- | 109 |
| O when shall I see Jesus----- | 114 |
| O for a breeze of heavenly love----- | 126 |
| O land of rest, for thee I sigh----- | 148 |
| Our bondage here shall end----- | 153 |
| O how charming, O how charming----- | 167 |
| O happy the day he was born----- | 196 |
| Our Father, God, and King----- | 198 |
| O happy day that fixed my choice----- | 201 |
| Our gracious Redeemer we love----- | 216 |
| O ! there will be mourning, &c.----- | 227 |
| O ! say can you see by the truth's holy light----- | 254 |
| Oh ! weep not for the joys that fade----- | 260 |
| Oh ! bless the Lord for the shining sun----- | 265 |
| Oh, thou, the helpless orphan's hope----- | 266 |
| Oh ! where shall rest be found----- | 270 |
| Oh no, we cannot sing the song----- | 297 |
| People of the living God----- | 11 |
| Poor, wildered, weeping heart----- | 42 |

| | |
|---|---------|
| Prayer is the soul's sincere desire----- | page 44 |
| Praise the Saviour, all ye nations----- | 102 |
| Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin----- | 127 |
| Precious bible! what a treasure----- | 159 |
| Return, O wanderer, return----- | 15 |
| Review the palsied sinner's case----- | 40 |
| Religion is a glorious treasure----- | 84 |
| Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings----- | 119 |
| Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise----- | 166 |
| Remember, sinful youth, you must die----- | 229 |
| Religion is the balm of life----- | 281 |
| Sinners, will you scorn the message----- | 13 |
| Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep----- | 14 |
| Sinner, come----- | 16 |
| Stop, poor sinner, stop and think----- | 17 |
| Sinners, the city where you dwell----- | 24 |
| Seek, my soul, the narrow gate----- | 52 |
| Saviour, visit thy plantation----- | 54 |
| Saw ye my Saviour!----- | 93 |
| See the Lord of glory dying----- | 94 |
| Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands----- | 103 |
| Songs of praise the angels sang----- | 113 |
| Soldiers of the cross, arise----- | 126 |
| Sweet rivers of redeeming love----- | 142 |
| See, Christians, see how time steals on----- | 156 |
| Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier----- | 158 |
| Soon we shall see, shall see the glorious, &c.----- | 171 |
| Saints exult!—adieu to tears----- | 182 |
| Sweet the moments rich in blessing----- | 203 |
| Since man by sin has lost his God----- | 209 |
| Sweet muse descend and bless the shade----- | 209 |
| Safely through another week----- | 223 |
| Since Jesus freely did appear----- | 233 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| Stoop down my thoughts that used to rise- <i>p.</i> | 244 |
| Soft be the gently breathing notes ----- | 269 |
| Saints of God! what glories meet ye ----- | 287 |
| Though in the outward church below ----- | 11 |
| 'Tis a point I long to know ----- | 31 |
| To leave my dear friends, &c. ----- | 45 |
| 'Tis good to wait upon the Lord ----- | 51 |
| The specious world promiscuous flows ----- | 63 |
| Tell me no more of earthly toys ----- | 74 |
| Thou only sovereign of my heart ----- | 76 |
| There is a fountain filled with blood ----- | 81 |
| Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy, &c. ----- | 91 |
| There is a land of pleasure ----- | 116 |
| There is a heaven above the skies ----- | 121 |
| There is a holy city ----- | 134 |
| There is an hour of peaceful rest ----- | 138 |
| 'Tis pleasant to sing ----- | 143 |
| The heavenly home is bright and fair ----- | 149 |
| There is a place where my hopes are stayed ----- | 151 |
| Though to a distant region ----- | 183 |
| They have gone to the land where the, &c. ----- | 185 |
| Think of me when at the altar of prayer ----- | 192 |
| There is a pure and peaceful wave ----- | 206 |
| This life's a dream, an empty show ----- | 207 |
| The voice of free grace ----- | 211 |
| The chariot! the chariot! the wheels, &c. ----- | 218 |
| The scene was more beautiful far to, &c. ----- | 219 |
| The ransom'd spirit to her home ----- | 228 |
| Thou art gone to the grave, &c. ----- | 232 |
| The Lord my shepherd is ----- | 237 |
| The Lord shall come, the earth shall quake ----- | 239 |
| Thou God of harmony and love ----- | 249 |
| There's not a tint that paints the rose ----- | 253 |

| | |
|--|----------|
| Through shades and solitudes profound | page 256 |
| There is a tear of sweet relief | 261 |
| The stars! the stars! those lamps of light | 264 |
| There comes a day, a fearful day | 272 |
| There is a spot to me more dear | 273 |
| Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb | 252 |
| Vital spark of heavenly flame | 134 |
| We are traveling home to heaven above | 21 |
| We're marching to the promised land | 23 |
| Why wanderest thou so far from home | 26 |
| Weary of struggling with my pain | 36 |
| What various hindrances we meet | 50 |
| While thee I seek, protecting power | 65 |
| When toss'd on error's stormy tide | 84 |
| Who is this that comes from far | 99 |
| When God restored our captive state | 104 |
| When marshaled on the nightly plain | 106 |
| When God revealed his gracious name | 108 |
| Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger | 119 |
| We've no abiding city here | 128 |
| What's this that steals, that steals upon, &c. | 145 |
| Wake, isles of the south! &c. | 174 |
| Watchmen, tell us of the night | 175 |
| Who will go to rear the standard | 178 |
| When shall we all meet again | 191 |
| We come with joy and gladness | 199 |
| When I survey the wondrous cross | 204 |
| Where we our wearied limbs to rest | 205 |
| When sore afflictions throng around | 208 |
| What if our bark o'er life's rough wave | 220 |
| When our Lord was crucified | 226 |
| What wondrous love is this, O my soul | 231 |

| | |
|--|----------|
| When the harvest is past, &c.----- | page 240 |
| When God is near ----- | 242 |
| With joy we meet ----- | 257 |
| When torn is thy bosom with sorrow, &c.----- | 258 |
| While with ceaseless course the sun ----- | 269 |
| We're bound for the land of the pure, &c.----- | 274 |
| While wandering to and fro----- | 276 |
| When my soul is distressed, &c.----- | 281 |
| While in this hostile region----- | 286 |
| When I look o'er the waste of years ----- | 289 |
| When morning pours its golden rays----- | 292 |
| Wo, wo to the sinner who lives in his sin----- | 296 |
| When on Sinai's top I see----- | 303 |
| Young people, all attention give----- | 19 |
| Ye erring souls that wildly roam----- | 25 |
| Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu ----- | 37 |
| Ye angels who mortals attend ----- | 56 |
| Ye angels who stand round the throne ----- | 70 |
| Ye jewels of my master----- | 79 |
| Ye virgin souls arise----- | 147 |
| Yes, the Redeemer rose----- | 169 |
| Yes, my native land, I love thee----- | 180 |
| Zion, the marvellous story be telling ----- | 165 |

THE END.

