ZION'S HARP:

BEING A

CHOICE SELECTION

OF THE

RICHEST SACRED SONGS

NOT FOUND IN THE

METHODIST HYMN BOOK,

AND

MANY NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

WITH

SEVERAL ORIGINAL PIECES.

BY F. E. PITTS.

STEREOTYPE EDITION—MUCH ENLARGED

LOUISVILLE, KY.
JOHN P. MORTON & CO.

PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

PREFIXED to each hymn in this edition, is the name of a suitable tune, to which it may be sung, together with a reference to the page of the Christian Psalmist on which the tune is found. The Christian Psalmist, to which reference is thus made, is a book of tunes in the numeral system of musical notation, invented and patented by Rev. Thomas Harrison, of the Ohio Conference. The numeral system excels all others in simplicity and ease of acquisition. By the courtesy of the Rev. Mr. Harrison, the publishers have been permitted to add to the Harp a Supplement containing a number of very popular tunes, as a sample of the notation.

Persons wishing to make themselves further acquainted with this excellent system are referred to the Christian Psalmist, and also to the Vocalist, a musical periodical, the first number of which, containing ample elementary explanations of the system. will be sent gratuitously on application to the publishers—Morton & Griswold, Louisville, Ky., who will forward by mail, to any address, on the receipt of stamps for the postage, which must be prepaid, at the rate of one cent for each five hundred miles.

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Preface to the First Edition.

THE Methodist Hymn Book, as a standard work, for its chaste and evangelical Hymns, in my humble judgment has no equal. But there are many most excellent Songs not embodied in that work, and I can see no good reason why they should be lost to our Zion. With much care and attention, the present book has been arranged, in which a number of favorite pieces hitherto wretchedly marred by Compilers, or wholly lost from print, will be found in their original style; besides a number never before published, embracing several original pieces.

F. E. PITTS.

Preface to the Enlarged Stereotype Edition.

THE great popularity of Zion's Harp has induced the Publishers to have it stereotyped with the addition of many popular Hymns. In its present shape it is offered to the Church and the Public, with the confident assurance that it will be found better adapted than before to all purposes of social worship

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ZION'S HARP

MISSIONARY.

1. 7s & 6s.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

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

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

2. [*Benevento. p.* 332.] 4 lines 7s

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain height,
See that glory beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day—
Promis'd day to Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends:
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler! ages are its own,
See, it shines o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn,

Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight;
  Doubt and terror are withdrawn,
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
  Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler! lo the Prince of Peace—
  Lo the Son of God is come.

3.

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!

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!

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!

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

4.

[*Burlington*, *p.* 16.]

THE Prince of salvation, in triumph is riding,
  And glory attends him, along his bright
  way;
The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
  And nations are owning his sway.

And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy
region,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime;
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet, hosannas to raise;
Hail SON of the *Highest*, let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise.

Thy sword and thy buckler shall save and
deliver,
The poor and the needy from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish for ever
The prince and the legions of heli.

Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering
Saviour,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign—
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

Ride on! till the compass of thy great dominion
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole;
And mankind cemented with friendship and
union,
Obey thee with heart and with soul.

Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified
nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And Heaven shall echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious praise.

5.

[*Dundee, p.* 18.] C. M

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every 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 in 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.

6.

[*Aurora, p.* 242.] 7s & 6s

1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour.

2 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepar'd for Zion's war.
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

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

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

7 11s & 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.

And hark, from the isles that spot the blue sea,
Is heard a wild cry, as they bend the low knee

They are groping their way 'mid the gloom of the night,
While the dim star of nature yields only its light.

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

For long have we slumber'd, too long have we slept,
While the children of nature in darkness have wept,
Their groans and their cries, their tears and their prayer,
Have pass'd by unheeded, on the wings of the air.

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

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 staid.

8. [*Proclamation*, *p.* 332.] 4 8s.

1 HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Published to ev'ry creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.
Jesus reigns!—he reigns victorious!
Over heaven and earth most glorious!
Jesus reigns!

2 See the purple banner flying!
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."
Jesus reigns, &c.

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

5 Turn unto the Lord most holy;
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever;
Oh! do turn to God your Saviour.
Jesus reigns, &c.

6 'Twas for you that Jesus died;
For you he was crucified,
Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven,
Life eternal through him given.
Jesus reigns, &c.

7 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, light'ning blazes
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Jesus reigns, &c.

8 Now our souls have caugnt new fire;
Brethren raise your voices higher;
Angels shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
Jesus reigns, &c.

9. [*Lift your heads, p.* 66.] 2 8s, 3 7s, & 1 4

1 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 Bear me on, thou restless ocean!
Let the winds my canvas swell!
Heaves my breast with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell,
Glad I leave thee—
Native land, farewell! farewell!

10. [*Olivet*, *p.* 38.] 6s & 4s

1 SOUND, sound the news abroad,
Bear you the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what the Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
Tell from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Far over see and land,
'Tis Jesus' own command,
Bear you his name;
Bear it to every shore—
Regions unknown explore;
Enter at every door—
Silence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus who reigns above,
Bids us to fly:
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

4 When on the mighty deep
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;

When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus their Lord.

5 You who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign—
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall you shine.

11. [*Lift your heads, p.* 66.] 8s, 7s, & 4s

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God—the mighty God—is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foes become more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
Christ, our Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 Oh! 'tis pleasant—'tis reviving—
To our hearts to hear each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way—
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world—in every land:
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

12. [*Sophronia*, *p.* 158.] C. M

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

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

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

13. [*Ascription*, *p.* 168.] C. M.

1 AT Jacob's well, a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer,
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was there.

2 This had she known, her fainting mind,
For richer draughts had sigh'd!
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3 This ancient well, no glass so true,
Our nature's image shows;
Here Christ presents himself to view,
But who the stranger knows?

4 Yet sinners must the Saviour know,
Or soon their loss deplore:
Come, see the living waters flow,
Come, drink, and thirst no more.

14. [*How beauteous are their feet, p.* 388.] S. M

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

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King;
"He reigns and triumphs here!"

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

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

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

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God

15. [*Harwell, p* 398.] 8s & 7s

1 CHRISTIANS, see the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky,
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious day spring from on high,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Glory be to God on high.

2 Soon the valleys and the mountains,
Breaking forth in joy, shall sing:
And the living crystal fountains
From the thirsty ground shall spring:
Halleluiah, &c.

3 While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer;
And the dumb shall tune their voices—
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear:
Halleluiah, &c.

4 Light shall burst on every nation—
Truth shall spread from pole to pole—
And the anthem of salvation
Round the universe shall roll
Halleluiah, &c.

16. [*Lennox, p.* 258.] 6s & 8s

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

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

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

6 The gospel trumpet hear—
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

17. 8 11s & 9s

THEY have gone to the land where the patriarchs 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 triumphed o'er death and ascended to God,
As he captive captivity led.

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.

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

BIBLE.

18. [*p.* 278.] 2s & 11s

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful companions, 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 book, which excels every other,
The family Bible that lay on the stand—
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

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

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

19. 2 8s & 4 7s.

1 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 cloys;
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 thoughts to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's word:
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the Word:
'Tis a word of conquest made,
Keen the edge and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy, then, the miser,
Doting o'er 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.

20. [*Balerma, p.* 94.] C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines!

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a rich repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies
And sweet rerreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

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

21. [*Devizes*, *p.* 146.] C. M

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

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

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

22. [*Importunity*, *p.* 148.] C. M

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears,
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

2 This lamp through all the tedious night,
Of life shall guide our way:
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

23. [*Fulton, p.* 210.] 7s & 6s

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

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

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

WARNING AND INVITING

24 [*Delay not, p.* 102.] 4 11s

OH! turn ye, Oh! turn ye; for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home

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.

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

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!

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.

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

25. 3 6s & 5 8s.

1 WE are trav'ling home to heaven above;
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you yo? 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 excludes the night;
Will you, &c.

The crown of life we all shall wear,
And palms of victory shall bear;
And heavenly joys for ever share;
Will you, &c.

3 The way to heaven is free for all,
Will you, &c.
For 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, &c.

4 The way to heaven is strait and plain;
Will you, &c.
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you, &c.
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
And thou shalt my salvation see;
Will you, &c.

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 cannot go with you to hell;
With my Redeemer I will dwell;
Let me go; let me go.

26. [*Leander*, *p.* 268.] C. M

1 ATTEND, young friends, while I relate
The dangers you are in—
The evils that around you wait,
While you remain in sin.

Although you flourish like the rose,
While on its branches green;
Your sparkling eyes in death must close,
And never more be seen.

2 In death's cold shades you must lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And bid their long farewell;
How small this world will then appear,
In that 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! your time is o'er,
Your golden hours are spent at last,
And they'll return no more.
Oh! come this moment and begin,
While life's sweet moments last;
Turn to the Lord, forsake your sin,
And he'll forgive what's past.

27. [*Superior*, *p.* 150.] C. M

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

Oh! must I die with want severe?
Or starve in foreign lands?
My father's house has rich supplies,
And bounteous are his hands

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

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

4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called 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, Oh! 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.

28.

8s & 12s.

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 Sabbath 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?

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 songs to the Saviour they love;
Say, O sinner! that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no troubles to come,
Can thy Spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

29.

8 7s & 9s.

HARK, brethren, don't you hear the sound?
The gospel trumpets now are blowing;
Men in order 'listing round.
And soldiers to their standard flowing;
Bounty's offer'd, joy and peace;
To ev'ry soldier this is given,
When from toil and war they cease
Mansions bright prepared in heaven.

The battle is not to the strong,
The burden's on our captain's shoulders;
None so aged, or none so young,
But may enlist, and be a soldier.

Those who cannot fight nor fly,
  Beneath his banner find protection;
None, who on his name rely,
  Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.

Ye need not fear, 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 pleasing story,
How by faith we've gain'd the crown,
  And fought our way to life and glory.

30. 6s & 7s.

1 THUS saith the God of glory:
  I'll have this world to know me
As they must stand before me,
  To account for all they've done;
I am the God of heaven,
Eternal I am living,
All things are my creation,
  For I am God alone.

2 Oh! will you be reformed,
And to my word conformed,
My ransom is provided,
  If you will only come;
Believe your God and Saviour;
Believe, and find my favor;
Believe, and live for ever,
  For I am God alone.

3 How have I condescended
To worms that have offended;
How long have I extended
  My dying love to all;

But, if you still refuse it,
I never will excuse it,
Because you do abuse it;
For I am God alone.

4 How can you stand my power,
In that most awful hour,
When storms of vengeance pour,
And earth and hell shall moan;
Then I will fix your station,
In hopeless desolation,
For slighting my salvation,
For I am God alone.

31. [*Amsterdam, p.* 252.] 7s & 6s

1 SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He now has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry:
He has pardon to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills his heart,
To wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face.
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood!

3 Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds

Hark! from each, as from a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds.
See from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

32. [*Scotland, p.* 80.] 4 12s.

THE voice of free grace, cries, Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race, Christ has opened a fountain;
For sin and transgression, and ev'ry pollution,
His blood flows more freely, in streams of salvation.

That fountain so clear, in which all may find favor,
Rolls on like a stream, from the Almighty Saviour,
Though your sins have arisen as high as a mountain,
Yet still you are welcome to come to this fountain.

Blest Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious;
Over sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious;
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation;
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.

When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him evermore:
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And shout hallelujah, for ever and ever.

33. [*Hallowed be thy name, p.* 56] L. M

1 YOUNG people all, attention give,
While I address you in God's name;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.
I sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And rang'd the illusive fields of vice
But never learned substantial joys,
Until I heard the Saviour's voice.

2 He spake my sins at once forgiven,
And took my load of guilt away;
He gave me pardon, peace, and heaven,
And turned my darkness into day;
And now, with trembling sense I view
Huge billows roll beneath your feet;
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time, or conq'ring death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And close, at once, your mortal breath,
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheek;
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 stillness reigns and vapors roll,
In solemn silence round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slowly on,

Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 But, Oh! the soul where vengeance reigns,
It sinks with groans and bitter cries;
It rolls amidst the burning flames,
In endless woes and agonies;
Then 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 Oh! fellow youth, this is the state
Of all who now free grace refuse;
And soon, with you 't will be too late,
Eternal life in Christ to choose.
Come lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your Lord;
But with my message now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

34. [*Futurity*, *p.* 252.]

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

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?

Can you stand in that great day,
When his judgments he'll proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

8 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 crying loud,
And what will you reply?

6 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."

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.

35. [*Prescott, p.* 42.]

YE sinners in Zion, arouse, it is time:
How long will you slumber in folly and crime?
Your days and your mercies are passing away,
And all may be lost by a moment's delay.

The calls of your Saviour, from your very youth,
Have urged you to seek for religion and truth,
But you've mocked at his mercy, made light of his
love.
And spurned every message that came from above

How can you repose, in your perilous state?
Your dreaming will end, but it may be too late,
When the sentence of judgment shall drop from his
throne,
"He is joined to his idols, (so) let him alone."

Oh! wake from your slumbers while mercy remains.
Come out from your prison, and break off your
chains;
Now close in with Jesus, while it's call'd to-day,
When the Spirit's done striving, 'tis too late to
pray.

In this very hour, I pray you begin;
The door is yet open, if you'll enter in;
But if you neglect it, in vain you'll implore,
If he closes the door, 'twill open no more.

Oh! fly to the Saviour, and make no delay,
You may seek salvation, and find it to-day;
"To-day" is the offer, Oh! why not be wise?
Seek pardon, and peace, and a home in the skies

36. L. M.

1 FLY to the fountain, fly with me,
It rolls divinely pure and free,
For trav'lers fainting in distress,
'Twas opened in the wilderness.

2 When Israel saw the healing tide,
Fresh flowing from the mountain side,

It quenched their thirst and quell'd their strife
An emblem of the stream of life.

3 To David's house it first was given,
To taste its stream and think of heaven;
Now every tribe beneath the sun,
May to the living waters run.

4 To every land, to every race,
In "every dry and barren place,"
The water's free, and free the call·
None are denied, but welcome all.

5 To 'wake the world, and all invite,
The Spirit and the bride unite;
And let the news be carried home,
And every one that hears it, come.

6 The thirsty, in the desert place,
May hear the welcome word of grace,
Though dying, if he will believe,
Eternal life he shall receive.

7 That all the world may plainly see,
That none are doom'd by a decree,
But every soul his thirst may slake,
"Whoever will, let him partake."

8 "Ho! every one," the prophet cries—
And every one, my soul replies—
For every one there's ample room,
Then freely to the waters come.

37. 7s.

1 SINNERS, turn—why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why

God, who did your being give,
Made you, with himself to live.
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why—ye ransomed sinners—why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why!
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

38. [*Martyn, p.* 24.]

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he hath done for you
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?

2 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
Dare not think him insincere;
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands:
Cries, "Ye will not happy be,
No, ye will not come to me;
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will ye resolve to die?

3 Can you doubt if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?
Will ye not his word receive?
Will ye not his oath believe?
See, the suffering God appears,
Jesus weeps—believe his tears;
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

39. [*Wilmot, p.* 40.] 7s

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is she to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
E'er this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest the curse should thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

40.

[*Sion*, *p* 70.] 8s, 7s, & 4s

1 HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste—accept the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Hear, O sinner—
'T is the voice of mercy calls.

2 See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread,
The reward which God is measuring,
Soon shall fall upon your head;
Turn, O sinner—
Lest his lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste, and flee to Christ your Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life must pass away;
Haste, O sinner—
You must perish if you stay

41.

[*Enjoyment*, *p*. 206.] 8s, 7, & 4s

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

42. [*America*, *p.* 271.] S. M.

NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay!

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

43. [*Martyn*, *p.* 24.] 7s

1 SINNER, are you still secure?
Still resolved to disobey?
Can your heart or hands endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 Who his advent may abide!
You that glory in your shame,
Can you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Hasten now, the time improve,
Listen to your Saviour's voice.
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys

4 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

44. [*Enjoyment*, *p.* 206.] 8s, 7s, & 10

1 COME, ye poor and thirsty sinners
To the living waters come;
Jesus bids you come and welcome,
And declares he'll cast out none:
His rich bounty
Freely take—he makes it thine.

2 Wherefore toil you still for nothing?
Spend your strength and treasure too?
Joyfully receive the blessing
Which his liberal hands bestow:
All his goodness
Let your souls delight to know.

45. [*Hebron*, *p.* 10.] L. M

1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice,
Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with the glorious Jesus rest?

2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?

Say, will you to Mount Sion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

3 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound.
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love,

4 Behold, he's waiting at your door!
Make now your choice; Oh, halt no more
Say, sinner, say, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

5 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compared to our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear;
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.

6 Why rush in carnal pleasures on?
Why madly plunge in sorrow down?
Say, without Christ what can you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

7 Oh, must we bid you all farewell;
We bound to heaven, and you to hell!
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you, ere that burning day

8 Once more we ask you, in his name,
We know his love remains the same;
Say, will you to Mount Sion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

46. [*Salvation*, *p.* 246.] C. M.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands, with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Oh, stay not back, though fear alarms!
For yet there still is room.

3 Oh, come, and with his children taste,
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above!

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

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

47. [*Duane street*, *p.* 132.] L. M.

1 I LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home
To taste the heaven of Jesu's love,
And seek the joys that are above.
Hark! 'tis the glorious gospel sound,
Inviting sinners all around;

Behold! your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands

2 He now stands knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart,
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
A few more days and you must go
To realms of joy or endless woe:
In worlds above with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

3 Come, sinners, all, now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake,
This world give o'er, leave friends behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.
Take your companions by the hand,
And all your children in a band;
And give them up at Jesu's call,
He'll pardon, bless, and save them all.

4 When the great day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his jewels home,
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.
O what a glorious company,
May I be there the sight to see;
And join in praise of Jesu's name,
All glory in Jerusalem.

48. C. M.

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
Oh, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesu's breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the Church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

49. [*Pilesgrove p.* 44.] L. M.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and truth is given;
But soon, Oh! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinner, haste, Oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
Nor God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In those forgetful realms appear;
Deep horrors fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there

50. [*Delay not*, p. 102.]

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

Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God,
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

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

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight
And leave thee in darkness, to finish thy race,
And sink in the vale of eternity's night.

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

51. [*Duane Street, p.* 132.] L. M

1 TEN thousand times the sound "*Prepare*,"
I Struck on the sinner's heart of steel;
And starting from the world of care,
He strove his sorrow to conceal,
He rush'd amid the glitt'ring throng,
Where giddy hearts for pleasure meet,
The warning come 'mid wine and song—
'Mid wine and song he sigh'd "Not yet,"

2 Among the multitude he bow'd,
Eager in search of wealth and fame;
Wealth soon was his—the waiting crowd
Gave willing honors to his name:
One thought of Heaven's broken laws
Made him his years of sin regret;
He hurried from the world's applause,
And told his God, "Not yet, not yet."

3 Blanch'd by disease, the smitten lay,
A sinner on his couch of pain;
And wealth and fame, Oh, what are they,
His wasted moments to regain?
Death's messenger was at his side,
His seal upon his heart was set;
"Too late, alas! too late!" he cried;
"Not yet, not yet, O Death! not yet!"

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

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52. [*Dunlap's Creek, p.* 57.] C. M

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

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

6 Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
My promis'd grace receive;
'T'is Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

53. [*Salem*, *p.* 192.] L M

1 OH 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,
Oh! 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;
Now with my broken heart comply,
Oh! 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 my cry,
Oh, give me Jesus, or I die

54. [*Salvation*, *p.* 246,] C M

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

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sins,
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 sins confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his pardoning grace.

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

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

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

55. 7s & 6s.

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

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

3 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs the healing lotion;
See the rich consoling tide,
Boundless as the ocean.

4 See the living waters move
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to find his love,
Or to perish crying.

5 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, "Come unto me,
Ye weary heavy laden."

6 Though your sins as mountains high
Rise and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on Christ rely,
All shall be forgiven.

7 Now, methinks, I hear one say,
I will go and prove him;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I will love him.

8 Yes, I see my Saviour smile,
Smiling moves my burden,
All is grace, for I was vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

9 Streaming mercy, how it flows
Now I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.

10 Jesu's blood has heal'd my wound,
Oh! the wondrous story;
I was lost, but now I'm found—
Glory! glory! glory!

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

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

13 If no greater joys are known,
In the upper region,
I will try and travel on,
In this pure religion.

14 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory's here and yonder;
Brightest seraphs, shout Amen,
While the angels wonder.

56. [*Gallaher*, *p.* 52.] C. M

1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died;
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

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

3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God;
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

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

5 "Amidst the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour think on me;
And in the victory of thy death,
May I a sharer be."

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

57. [*The Bower of Prayer*, *p.* 164.] 4 11s.

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

Sweet bower, where the vine and the poplar have 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.

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

'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.

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

And Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned 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.

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

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

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.

58. 7s & 6s.

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

2 Christ, by faith, I sometimes see,
And he doth relieve me;
But my fears return again,
These are they that grieve me;
Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plagued with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

3 Think on what your Saviour bore,
In the gloomy garden;
Sweating blood from every pore,
To secure your pardon.
See him hanging on the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying;
He has tasted death for thee,
Therefore come relying.

59. 8s & 7s.

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

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

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

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door;
But they have denied the 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' sister helped him;
While you see the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin,
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found;
Sisters pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

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;

Soon 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.

60. [*The Rock that is higher than I*, p. 126.]

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

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.

And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' 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.

61. [*Solace*, p. 406.] C. M.

1 OH thou, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If pierc'd with 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 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wings of love
Come lighty wafting o'er 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.

62. [*Corydon*, p. 328.]

OH God of salvation, in mercy attend
The voice of contrition and woe,
While a suppliant knee at thy footstool we bend,
Thy pardon and favor bestow.

And may we, kind Father, still hope in thy grace?
And may we still seek thee in prayer?
With the heirs of thy love, wilt thou give us a place,
And grant us thy presence to share?

Unworthy, unholy, and sinful we are—
Forgetful of mercies received;
From the paths of thy children have wander'd afar,
And often thy Spirit have griev'd

Oh! grant us repentance for every misdeed,
And help us our ways to amend;
With the grace of thy Spirit supply what we need,
In every temptation defend.

63. [*America*, p. 271.] S. M.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my longing soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen,
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

3 But I do still remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and shame,
As when at first I came.

4 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought,
Is not for such as I.

5 But whither shall I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

6 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Will Jesus hear a sinner pray,
And suffer him to die?

7 No, he is full of grace,
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

64. [*The Mercy Seat, p.* 116.]

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm and sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The air 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;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When we are tempted and dismay'd;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There! there on eagles wings we soar,
And sin and sorrow are no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 Oh! let my hand forget its skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

65. [*Amsterdam. p.* 252.]

1 LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
Think on us who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release,
Oh! remember Calvary
And bid us go in peace.

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds and set us free
From all iniquity release;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our sins and sorrows cease;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

4 Never let us hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on each heart,
And all thine image give;
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
And long for perfect holiness;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

66. [*Hants*, v. 125.] S. M.

1 OH! let me see thy light,
Mild beaming from above—
The light that gilds the mercy-seat,
Thy countenance of love.

2 These clouds so dark and cold—
The gloomy clouds remove;
And let my longing eyes behold
Thy countenance of love.

3 The joys I long to feel,
Alas! no more I prove;
Why, O my God! dost thou conceal
Thy countenance of love?

4 This fickle, faithless heart
Has dared from thee to rove;
I need not ask what did avert
Thy countenance of love.

5 How oft did I rebel,
When thy good Spirit strove;
And could I hope to meet thy smile
Thy countenance of love.

6 Ashamed, abashed, I fall,
Before thee, Holy Dove;
Oh! turn on this sad contrite soul
Thy countenance of love.

7 Oh! let me see thy light,
Mild beaming from above;
The light that gilds the mercy-seat,
Thy countenance of love.

67. [*Mercy-seat, p.* 116.] L. M

1 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."

68. [*Sophrana, p.* 158.] C. M

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

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

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

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

69. S. M.

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

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest:
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

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

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

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

70. [*Thy will be done, p.* 60.] C. M

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the 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 cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 O 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.

71. [*Anticipation*, *p.* 166.] 4 7s

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry,
Give me Jesus, or I die.

2 Wealth and honor I disdain;
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy—
Give me Jesus, or I die.

3 What to me is name or birth?
What to me is all the earth?
All is chaff below the sky—
Give me Jesus, or I die.

4 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only wash away my guilt;
Suppliant at thy feet I lie—
Give me Jesus, or I die.

5 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely—
Give me Jesus, or I die.

6 Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace is all my trust;
With my earnest suit comply—
Give me Jesus, or I die.

72. [*Meeting of the waters, p.* 346.] 6s & 7s.

1 APPROACH not the altar
With gloom in thy soul;
Nor let thy heart falter
From terror's control.

2 God loves not the sadness
Of doubt and distrust:
Oh! serve him with gladness
The Gentle, the Just!

3 His bounty is tender,
His being is love:

His smile fills with splendor
The blue arch above.

4 Confiding, believing,
Oh! enter always
His courts with thanksgiving,
His portals with praise.

5 Nor come to his temple
With pride in thy mein,
But lowly and simple,
In courage serene.

6 Bring meekly before him
The faith of a child;
Bow down and adore him,
With heart undefiled.

7 His love, like a river,
Thy bosom shall bless;
His grace will deliver,
In every distress.

8 On his goodness depend;
He cannot deceive:
Joy and peace will descend,
If you will believe.

73.

[*Thy will be done, p.* 60.] C. M

1 HOW sweet to be allowed to pray
To God the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God. "thy will be done"

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and sooth the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 Oh! let that will which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul;
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 Oh! could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to say,
"Thy will," not mine, "be done."

74. [*Light of those &c., p.* 28.] 8s & 7s

1 LIGHT 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 universal Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace

5 Save us, in thy great compassion,
Oh! 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.

75. [*Olivet*, *p.* 38.] 6s & 4s.

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

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

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

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

76. [*Salvation*, *p.* 106.] 8s & 7s

1 SINNER, turn thine eye to Calvary
And on the accursed tree,
Bleeding, agonizing, dying,
See, the Saviour hangs for thee.

2 Hear his groans of bitter anguish,
See him raise his dying eyes
From the taunting throng around him,
To his Father in the skies.

3 Hear him cry, when life is failing,
Why hast thou forgotten me?
While the scribe and priest are mocking
At his dying agony

4 Hear, while down his cheeks are flowing
Streams of mingled tears and blood,
How he offers up petitions
For his murderers, to God.

5 See him bow his head in sorrow,
See him draw his dying breath;
All to save the world of rebels,
From the pains of endless death.

6 Look until thy heart is melted
By the love he thus makes known;
Own him now and he will own thee
At his Father's glorious throne.

77. [*Remember me, p* 400.] C. M

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

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

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

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

5 Howe'er forsaken or 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,

78. [*Wareham, p.* 343.] C. M.

1 FOR me, Oh! did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die,
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the Lord was crucified
For man's rebellious sin.

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

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

79 [*Boylston, p.* 14.] S. M

1 AND will not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?
Yes—though he may awhile forbear;
He'll help them from on high.

2 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage them on his side;
When they are grieved, his bowels move—
They will not be denied.

3 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He wills our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

80. [*Saviour, haste, p.* 112.] 8s, 7s & 4s

SAVIOUR, haste, our souls are waiting,
For the long expected day,
When, new heavens and earth creating,
Thou shalt banish grief away—
All the sorrow
Caused by sin and Satan's sway.

Haste, Oh! hasten thine appearing,
Take thy mourning people home·
'T is this hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Strangers here till thou dost come

3 Lord, how long shall the creation
Groan and travail in sore pain,
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again.

4 Reign, Oh reign! Almighty Saviour
Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known, that in thy favor,
There alone is life and light;
When we see thee,
We shall have unmixed delight.

81. [*Connersville, p.* 152.] 6s & 8s

1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray and praise thee, without ceasing;
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee:
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

82. [*Dunlap's Creek, p* 57.]

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessing of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

83. [*Dunlap's Creek, p.* 57.] C. M.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care;
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

84. [*Remember me, p.* 400.] C. M.

OH! 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,
Oh 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.

85. [*Duane Street, p.* 132] L M

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

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

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

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

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

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

86. [*Fulton, p.* 210.] 7s & 6s.

1 GO, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray!

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
The spirit's silent breathing,
In meekness raised above,
Will reach his throne in glory,
Who's Mercy, Truth, and Love.

4 Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he has given us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness
Before his footstool fall,
And turn thee, in thy gladness,
To him who gave thee all.

87. [*Radiance, p.* 73.] S. M

1 LORD Jesus! come, for here
Our path through wilds is laid;
We watch as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

2 Lord Jesus! come, for hosts
Meet on the battle plain;

The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

3 Lord Jesus! come, for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth;
The famished crave in vain their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.

4 Hark! herald voices near,
Lead on thy happier day;
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear—
We wait to strew thy way.

5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power;
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

88. [*Devizes, p.* 146.] C. M

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

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

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

EXPERIENCE AND CONSOLATION

89. C M.

1 OH! Saviour may we never rest
Till thou art form'd within;
Till thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

2 Oh! may we gaze upon thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.

3 Until released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs;
And sees those powers above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There, as we gaze, may we become,
United, Lord, to thee:
And in a fairer, happier home
Thy perfect beauty see.

90. [*Sweet home.*] 4 11s

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

The leasures 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.

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,
Oh then may I feast with his children at home!

Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu;
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view,
I feast in the pleasures that flow from the throne,
The fortastes of heaven, sweet heaven my home.

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, for ever at home."

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

91. [*Balerma, p.* 94.] C M

1 FROM 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, beneath the sky,
In 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,
On dark destruction's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

6 When I am made, in love, to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Gentle and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

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

8 When I, at last, to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

92. [*Come ye disconsolate, p.* 342.]

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come to the throne of grace, fervently kneel,
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure

Fly to the mercy-seat grace is forgiving,
Oh! ye lone wanderers, the promise is sure,
Dry up your gushing tears, Jesus is living,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

93. [*Fraternity, p.* 114.] 8 7s & 7s

1 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 looks and hearts deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and light,
Foes may hate and friends disown me—
Show thy face, and all is right.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain

I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before me,
God's own hand shall guide me there.
Soon shall close my earthly mission,
Soon shall pass my pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

94. 8 7s & 8s.

1 OH! that I had some secret place,
Where I might hide from sorrow,
Where I might see my Saviour's face,
And there be free from terror;
Oh, had I wings like Noah's dove,
I'd leave this world and Satan;
I'd fly away to rea'ms above,
Where Jesus stands inviting.

2 I have my sorrows and my sweets,
While here on earth I travel;
Sometimes I shout, and sometimes weep
Which makes my foes to marvel:
But let them think, and think again,
I feel I'm bound for glory,
And shortly shall with Jesus reign;
So therefore I will praise him.

3 I want to live a Christian here,
I want to die while shouting;
I want to feel my Saviour near,
When soul and body's parting:
I want to see bright angels stand,
Then waiting to receive me,
To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ has gone before me.

95. [*Preservation*, *p.* 194.]

1 HOW 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's 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 succor 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 ship's company meet,
Who sail with their Saviour below;
Their union will then be complete,
And sorrow they never can know.

96. [*Fragrance, p* 188.] C. M

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

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash 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, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

97. [*Brownsville, p.* 188.] C. M

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on the tree,
In agonies of blood,
Who fix'd his dying eyes on me
As near the cross I stood.

3 Sure never, to my latest breath,
Will 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 its 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 your 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.

98. [*House of the Lord*, p. 340.] 4 11s.

0H how I have longed for the coming of God,
And sought him by praying and searching his word!
With watching and fasting my soul is oppress'd
Nor would I give over till Jesus had blest.

The news of his mercy at length did appear,
And, according to promise, he answer'd my prayer;
And glory was open'd in floods on my soul,
Salvation from Zion beginning to roll.

The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come crying and weeping to God;
Their mourning and praying are heard very loud,
And thousands find pardon in Jesus's blood.

There's more, my dear Saviour, who fall at thy feet,
Oppress'd with a burden enormously great:
Oh raise them, my Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujah with angels above.

5 We'll wait for thy chariot, it seems to draw near;
Oh! come, my dear Saviour, let glory appear;
O'erwhelm us with rapture in Jesus's love,
And carry us all to the city above.

99. [*Nuremburg*, p. 287.] 4 7s

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall,
Yet with humble faith I see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seed
Of affliction, pain, and toil·
These spring up and choke the weed,
Which would else o'erspead the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here,
Nor afflictions by the way,
Might I not in reason fear,
I should prove a castaway?

6 Sinners may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Ought not, would not if he might.

100. 6 7s & 4 6s.

1 THE wondrous love of Jesus,
From doubts and fears it frees us,
With pitying love he sees us,
Now toiling here below.
Through tribulations drive,
We'll make our way to heaven,
By consolation given,
Rejoicing, on we'll go.

2 Companions now distressed,
By Satan sore oppressed,
Cheer up, you'll be released,
Our Captain's gone before.
In every trying hour,
He'll shield us by his power,
And bring us safe to shore,
On Canaan's happy land.

3 See yonder is the glory,
It lies but just before you,
And there we'll tell the story
Of Christ's Redeeming love;
And there we shall for ever
Drink of that flowing river,
For ever and for ever
Surround the throne of love

4 All in that blooming garden
Of Eden, gain'd by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,
We'll worship the Lamb,
And sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes,
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.

101. [*Lyons, p.* 20.] 4 11s

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

Oh! how can we slumber? The Master has come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;

The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

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

Oh! how can we slumber when so much was done,
To purchase salvation, by God's only Son?
Now Mercy is proffered, and justice display'd;
Now God can be honor'd and sinners be saved.

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

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

102. [*Savannah*, *p.* 341.] 4 8s

1 FROM whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesu's dear blood it has cost.

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

4 Oh! why, then, so loath now to part?
Since we shall, ere long, meet again;
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
We shall leave these poor bodies of clay,
And soar to the mansions of love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
We all his bright glory shall see,
And sing "Hallelujah—Amen;"
Amen, even so let it be.

103. [*Caledonia, p.* 226.] L. M

1 OH! let me sing of sins forgiven
The tranquil triumph of my soul
Oh! let me sing a song of heaven,
While streams of living comfort roll
Adieu to every earthly toy,
For nobler objects I am bound;
Since not one single drop of joy,
I ever yet from earth have found.

2 Its brightest beauties fade away,
Its richest jewels are but dross:
Its honors scarcely live a day,
And every gain has proved a loss.

But there's an honor that will live,
A gem that never will decay;
There is a gain that can't deceive,
And beauty that don't fade away.

3 This priceless boon I humbly claim,
This speechless joy of sins forgiven,
The love of God that, like a flame,
Burns on and lights the soul to heaven.
By faith I have this treasure found,
And gaze with wonder and surprise,
While in this dark enchanted ground,
"The day-spring opens" from the skies.

4 My home is in the distance seen,
And gales come soft from Canaan's shore;
Though dark the wilderness between,
I have sweet hopes of getting o'er.
Oh! happiness! it is no dream,
For glory's open'd in my soul;
And love divine shall be my theme,
Long as eternal ages roll!

104. [*Resplendence, p.* 236.] 4 11s.

THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,
From Eden fresh flowing in streams from above;
Refresh'd every moment the once happy pair,
Till sin stopp'd the current and brought in despair.

Oh wretched condition! what anguish and pain!
They thirst for the fountain, but cannot obtain;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief—
They drink, but the draft still increases their grief.

Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we complain,
The Saviour has open'd the fountain again;
Now mingled with mercy, enrich'd with free grace,
From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.

How happy the prophet! how pleasant the road!
When led down the stream by the angel of God!
Though shallow at first, yet he found it, at last,
A river so boundless it could not be past.

Come, sinner, poor sinner, 'tis boundless and free;
You're welcome, take freely, 'twas open'd for thee;
The Spirit invites you, the Lord calls you too,
Come, call all your neighbors, they're welcome with you.

Come, Christians, let's venture along down the stream,
The shallows are pleasant, but Oh! let us swim;
Let us bathe in the ocean of infinite love,
And wash, and be pure, like the angels above.

Too long have we dreaded to launch the great deep,
Too long near the threshold of Zion to keep;
But Jesus now calls us, arise, let us go—
Oh! glory transporting! 'tis heaven below.

105. [*Clark, p.* 19.] S. M.

1 OH! where shall rest be found?
Rest for the weary soul;
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound
Or search to either pole.

2 The 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,
Unnumber'd 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 O God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest;
Alone is found in thee,
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality

106. [*Gallaher, p.* 52.]

1 HAPPY the man whose bliss supreme,
Flows from a source on high;
And rolls in one perpetual stream,
When earthly streams are dry.

2 If Providence their comforts shroud,
And dark distresses lower
Hope paints its rainbow on the cloud,
And grace shines through the shower.

3 What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm,
Who feel a Saviour near,
Whose Father sits and guides the helm,
Whose voice forbids their fear?

4 Let tempests rage, and billows rise,
And modest 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 expires;
And shall their hearts sustain and fill,
When time itself expires.

107. [*Remember me, p.* 400.] C M

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

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To my attentive ear?
Does not each pulse, with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, blessed Lord,
But Oh! I long to soar,
Far from this scene of mortal joys,
And love thee evermore

108. [*Preble, p.* 236.] 11 s.

HOW happy, how loving, how joyful I feel!
I want to have more love, more fervor, and zeal;
I want my love perfect, I want my love pure,
That all things with patience, I may well endure.

I want to love wisdom, that comes from above,
I want to be filled with the power of love;
I want my light clear, that beholders may see
How faith and good works in sweet union agree.

My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,
Where no moth or rust can ever corrupt;
Where no thief nor robber will venture to dare,
My heart and my treasure I want to be there.

My union I want with the Father and Son;
I want that perfected which now is begun—
That love and sweet union that soothes every care,
And with my dear brethren all burdens to bear.

Come all my dear brethren, both aged and youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth;
Let's all join together in union and love,
And pray for each other till we meet above.

109. [*Sicily, p.* 166.] 4 7s

1 SAVED by grace I live to tell,
What the Lord for me has done;
He redeemed my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son.

2 Oh! I tremble still to think,
How secure I live'd in sin,

Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.

3 In a kind, propitious hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke;
Touch'd me by his Spirit's power,
And my dang'rous slumber broke.

4 Then I saw and own'd my guilt—
Soon my gracious Lord replied
"Fear not, I my blood have spilt;
'Twas for such as thee I died."

5 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd my heart;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part?

6 "Thou hast greatly sinn'd," he said,
"But I freely all forgive;
I, myself, the debt have paid,
Now I bid thee rise and live."

7 Come, my fellow sinner, try;
Jesu's heart is full of love:
Oh that you, as well as I,
May his wondrous mercy prove.

8 He has sent me to declare,
All is ready, all is free;
Why should any soul despair,
When he saved a wretch like me?

110. [*The Peaceful Home, p* 386.] 3 8s & 2 7s

1 THE faithless world's promisc'ous flow,
Illured by fancy's vision—
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but heaven.

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

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

4 The world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision;
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are mean and poor,
There's nothing rich but heaven.

5 A stranger lonely, hear I roam,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom
This earth's as lonely as a tomb,
I have no home but heaven.

6 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;

Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears;
Roll on, ye suns—fly swift ye years,
And bring me home to heaven.

7 Adieu, all earthly things, adieu,
Let life's dull chains be riven;
The charms of Christ have caught my view,
The world of light I now pursue,
To find my home in heaven.

111. ["*All is well*," *p.* 320.]

WHAT sound is this? A song from heaven resounding,
God is love, God is love;
And now from earth I hear the sound reboun ding,
God is love, God is love.
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
Love is his nature, love his name;
My soul in rapture cries the same,
God is love, God is love.

This song repeat, repeat ye saints in glory;
God is love, God is love.
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story;
God is love, God is love.
In this let heaven and earth agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme for ever be,
God is love, God is love,

Creation speaks with thousand tongues pro claiming,
God is love, God is love.

And Providence unites her voice exclaiming,
God is love, God is love;
But let the burden'd sinner hear,
The gospel sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is love, God is love.

The heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
God is love, God is love;
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
God is love, God is love;
That God is love, I know full well,
And had I power his love to tell,
With loudest notes my soul should swell,
God is love, God is love.

The love of God is now my greatest pleasure;
God is love, God is love;
And, while I live, I ask no greater treasure;
God is love, God is love.
This theme shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow—
God is love, God is love.

112. [*Gorham, p.* 264.]

1 I QUIT the world's fantastic joys;
Her honors are but idle toys,
Her bliss an empty shade;
Like meteors in the midnight sky,
They glitter for awhile and die,
Her glories flash and fade

2 Let fools for riches strive and toil,
Let greedy minds divide the spoil,
'Tis all too mean for me;

Above the earth, above the skies,
My bold aspiring wishes rise,
My God, to heaven and thee.

3 Oh! source of glory, light, and love,
When to thy courts I mount above,
On contemplation's wings,
I look with pity and disdain,
On all the pleasures of the vain,
On all the pomp of kings.

4 Thy beauties rising in my sight,
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
With raptures fill my breast;
Though robb'd of all my earthly store,
With thee I never can be poor,
But must be ever blest.

113. [*Windham*, *p.* 192,] L. M.

1 HOW full of anguish is the thought—
How it distracts and tears my heart—
If God, at last, my Sovereign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul "depart."

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learn'd no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross my days,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light,
Are long and tedious years to me

5 And if no evening visit's paid,
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night, how sad the shade,
How mournfully my moments roll.

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon,
To live, yet part with all my blood,
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or grow and thrive without my food.

114. [*Sweet Home.*]

HOW sad are the moments when wandering from God,
And thorny and dark is the dangerous road!
But light is the pathway that 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.

Though fading the joys which earth can bestow,
And false is the light which illumes us below,
Though sorrows, like clouds, hang round 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.

When the tempest of life has sunk to repose,
And death shall the beauties of heaven disclose.

Then with the redeem'd, through glory I'll roam,
And sing hallelujah to Jesus my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
And sing hallelujah to Jesus my home.

115. C. M.

1 WHILE thee I seek, Protecting Power
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour,
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
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 favor'd hour,
Thy love my heart shall fill;
Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
Thy gath'ring storm shall see;
My stedfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on thee

116. [*Louisville, p.* 140.] C. M.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed 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 stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd the large desire.

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 in view.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain,
We haste to catch the teeming show'r
And all its moisture drain.
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour the mighty flood!
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth
Till all proclaim thee God.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own,

May we a little band of love,
We sinners sav'd by grace,
From glory unto glory chang'd
Behold thee face to face.

117. [*Sun of Righteousness, p.* 138.]

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

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

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

4 The hope that sinners cherish,
Is not the hope for me

Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin set free.
But there's a hope which rests in God
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee—
Oh! that's the hope for me:

118. [*Loving kindness, p.* 97.]

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee—
His loving-kindness, Oh! how free!
And give to Jesus glory.

2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, Oh! how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes
Though earth and hell my way oppose
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, Oh! how strong!

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

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

6 Soon shall I pass this gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh! may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright worlds of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

119. 6s & 7s.

1 MY brethren, I have found,
A land that doth abound
With food as sweet as manna;
The more I eat, I find,
The more I am inclin'd,
To sing and shout Hosanna.
CHORUS. *My soul now longs to go—*
Where I shall fully know
The glories of my Saviour;
And as I pass along—
I'll sing a Christian song:
I hope to live for ever.

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

3 My brethren, can't you say,
That you are on the way—
Are on your way to glory?

I care not what's your name,
Religion is the same—
A hope that's full of glory.
CHORUS. *My soul, &c.*

120. [*Remembrance, p.* 104.] 5 11s

OH Jesus, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign;
Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my love,
None richer possess'd by the angels above.

Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find,
And when I was sinking in gloom and despair,
My Jesus reliev'd me, and bade me not fear.

In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals for ever must fail,
My Jesusis precious my soul's in a flame,
I'm rais'd in sweet raptures while praising his name.

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

If ever I lov'd thee, it's now, my dear Lord;
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word;
I love all creation, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe

When happy in Jesus, I regard not the proud,
Tho' sinners despise me for shouting so loud;
His love overwhelms me, had I wings I would fly,
And praise him in mansions of glory on high.

121. [*Amazing Grace, p.* 294.]

1 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 reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace shall lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

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

122. [*Gorham, p.* 264.] 4 8s & 2 6s

1 OH Love Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up with thee;

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove,
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

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

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

123. [*Western*, *p.* 66.] 7s & 6s

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

2 The worst of all diseases,
Is light compared with sin,
In every part it seizes,
But rages most within:

'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

124. [*Venango*, *p.* 348.] 6 8s

1 WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirits steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 When with sad footsteps, memory roves,
'Mid smitten joys, and buried loves,
Wher sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 One trial more must yet be past,
One pang, the keenest, and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see,
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

125. [*Star of Bethlehem*, *p.* 344.] L. M

1 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 forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's 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.

126. [*Paradise, p.* 136.] C. M

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It sooths 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 life, my way, my end,
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.

127. [*Greenfield, p.* 174.]

1 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 Sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest us again;
Perfection of glory reigns there
Acknowledged for ever as thine,
To prove his unsearchable grace;
Our souls and our bodies shall shine,
In robes of salvation and praise.

128. [*Greenvile, p.* 130.] 8s & 7s

1 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,
Who 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.

129. L. M.

1 WE'VE found the rock, the travlers cried
The stone that all the prophets tried;
Come, children drink the balmy dew,
'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you.
Come let us join our hearts and hands,
All in one band completely;
We're marching through Immanuel's lands
Where the waters flow so freely;
We're marching through Immanuel's lands,
Where the angels sing so sweetly.

2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
Which sin and guilt have made so foul;
It makes me happy while I sing,
And shout salvation to my king.

3 Here's glory, glory in my soul;
Come mourners, feel the current roll,
Oh that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood.

4 Oh! Christians we have heav'n to-night!
It shines around with dazz'ling light,
And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no night, but endless day.

5 Oh! children, children bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross;
We'll bear the cross, and wear the crown
And by our Father's side sit down.

6 Oh! hearken, children! Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us run;

His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.

7 His fiery chariot makes its way,
To welcome us to endless day;
There glitt'ring millions we shall join,
To praise the prince of David's line.

130. [*Lyons, p.* 20.]

OH Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit
With love and thanksgiving, fall down at thy feet;
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh, and blood,
To thee, my Redeemer, my Lord, and my God.

I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord,
I love thee, my Saviour, I trust in thy word;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee, I never can show.

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 angels my kindred, and Jesus my dear.

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 both my heart and my tongue.

Oh! who is like Jesus? He is Salem's bright king;
He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to sing
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

131. [*Bailoth, p.* 22.] S. M.

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

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

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad,

4 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas.

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

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

7 Yea, and before we rise,
To that immortal state,

The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

132. [*Millennial Glory, p.* 114.] P. M

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

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Sion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow on every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout for joy:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign,
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Sion's way.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;
The sword and spear of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plow the earth,
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

133. [*Hosannah*, *p.* 50.] 6 8s

1 THY worthiness is all our song,
Oh! Lamb of God! for thou wast slain;
And by thy blood, brought'st us to God,
Out of each nation, tribe, and tongue;
To our God mad'st us kings and priests;
And we shall reign upon the earth.

2 Salvation to our God, who shines
In face of Jesus on the throne!
The only just and merciful!
Salvation to the worthy Lamb,
With loud voice all the Church ascribes,
Amen! say angels round the throne.

3 To him who loved us, and has washed
Us from our sins in his own blood,
And who has made us kings and priests,
To his own Father and his God,
The glory and dominion be
To him eternally. Amen!

134. [*Cranbrook*, *p.* 220.] S. M.

1 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 the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering 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,
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

135. [*St. Louis*, *p.* 248.]

COME away to the skies, My beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day, Come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return.

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

With singing we praise The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive, From his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

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

With thanks we approve, The design of thy love
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart, That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

There, there at his feet, We shall suddenly meet,
And parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly
choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

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

In assurance of hope, We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air,
From our graves we shall see, And cry out, 'It is
he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

136. [*How cheering the thought, p.* 134.] 11s.

HOW cheering the thought, that the spirits of bliss,
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;
Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home,
Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

137. [*Millford, p.* 200.] S. M.

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

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

3 Tell, in seraphic strains,
What he has done for you;
How he has taken off your chains,
And form'd your hearts anew.

4 His faithfulness proclaim
While life to you is given;
Join hands and hearts to praise his name
Till we all meet in heaven.

138. [*The Happy Man, p.* 368.]

HOW happy is the man,
Who has chosen wisdom's ways,
And measured out his span,
To his God in prayer and praise.
His God and his Bible
Are all that he desires;
To holiness of heart and life
He constantly aspires;
In poverty he's happy,
For he knows he has a friend
Who never will forsake him,
And on whom he can depend.

2 He rises in the morning,
With the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up a tribute
To his God in prayer and praise
And then unto his labor,
He cheerfully repairs,
In confidence believing
His God will hear his prayers.
Whatever he engages in,
At home, or far abroad,
His object is to honor
And glorify his God.

3 In sickness, pain, and sorrow,
He never will repine,
While he is drawing nourishment
From Christ the living vine
When trouble presses heavily,
He leans on Jesu's breast,

And in his precious promises
He finds a quiet rest.
The yoke of Christ is easy,
The burden always light;
They never make him weary,
While Canaan is in sight.

4 'Tis thus you have his history,
Through life from day to day;
Religion is no mystery,
It is a beaten way;
And when upon his pillow
He lays him down to die,
His soul in hope rejoices,
For he knows his God is nigh.
And when life's lamp is flickering,
His soul on wings of love
Flies away to realms of glory,
To dwell with Christ above.

139. [*Come away*, p. 225.] P. M

OH come, come away, from labor now reposing,
Let anxious care awhile forbear,
Oh! come, come away:
Oh! come, our sacred joys renew,
And here where faith will strengthen you,
And Christ will welcome you,
Oh! come, come away.

From toil and the cares on which the day is closing
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,
Oh! come, come away:
Oh! come where God will smile on thee,
And in our hearts will rapture be,
And time pass happily,
Oh! come, come away.

While tuned to God's love, the angel harps are
ringing,
And sound his praise, through endless days,
Oh! come, come away:
In answering songs of sympathy,
We'll sing in tuneful harmony,
From earth's temptation free,
Oh! come, come away.

The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appear
ing,
With silver light illume the night,
Oh! come, come away:
Come join your prayers with ours, address
Kind heaven our meeting here to bless,
With peace, hope, happiness,
Oh! come, come away.

DUTIES AND TRIALS.

140. [*Daughter of Zion. p.* 374.]

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.

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 pur-
sued them:
How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

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.

141. [*Rowley, p.* 380.]

1 YE people away,
Nor talk of delay,
The time for exertion is come;
The summons is given,
The Lord calls from heaven—
Let no man now tarry at home.

2 The Lord, in his might,
Is gone to the fight;
And if we should shrink from the toil,
The day will be won,
The work will be done,
And others will gather the spoil.

3 And should we decline
His standard to join,
Our slackness will meet its reward;
And woe they will find,
Who tarry behind,
Nor go to the help of the Lord.

4 Then cast off delay,
To arms, and away!
To arms!—'tis the Lord gives the word
With sword and with shield,
Away to the field,
"Away to the help of the Lord."

142. 6 7s & 2 6s.

1 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 vanquish'd death and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though your enemies appear,
Who can 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.

143. [*Bealoth, p.* 22.] S. M

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy lov'd employ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won
Enter thy Master's joy.
The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame.
He fell, but felt no fear.

2 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field—
A vet'ran slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

3 It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
'Twas death to sin—'twas life
To all who mourn'd for sin;
It kindled and it silenc'd strife,
Made war and peace within.

4 Oft, with its fiery force,
His arm has quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

5 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God, prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Left his encumbring clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ well done!
Praise be thy blest employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Master's joy.

144. [*Western, p.* 66.]

1 OH! when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
To drink the flowing fountain
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 gone before;
He's given me 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
Eternal life shall have.

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 your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 Oh! do not be discouraged,
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.

145. 11s & 12s

OH! say, can you see by the truth's holy light,
What the fathers once hail'd 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 unfurl'd which shall conquer the world,
When sin shall be vanquish'd, to darkness be hurl'd:
Oh! the cross is that banner, and long may it wave,
Till Jesus lead captive both death and the grave.

Twas but dimly perceiv'd through the darkness that reign'd,
And man seem'd enchanted, in slumbers reposing:

But the prophets their message of mercy proclaim'd.
The banner of peace though obscurely disclosing:
Oft it seem'd to unfold o'er the clouds as they roll'd
And the day brightly dawn'd, by the prophets fore told,
When the blood-stained banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the earth and o'er sea, over death and the grave.

Now where is the foe that so vauntingly swore,
By the gods whom he worship'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 chas'd to his lair;
And our banner in triumph continues to wave,
And triumph it must over death and the grave.

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 renew'd all creation
For conquer they must, as their cause is most just,
And this is their motto, "In God is our trust."
Oh! their banner of glory, in triumph shall wave,
When lost is the power of death and the grave!

146. [*Lyons, p.* 20.] 4 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?

In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth.

At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever
be.

Fear not, I am with thee—Oh 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.

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.

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

E'en 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.

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.

147. [*Tranquillity*, *p.* 144.]

1 AS fades the landscape from the sight,
When evening shades obscure the light,
So fade, alas! the joys of earth,
And wither e'er they scarce have birth.

2 As fades the lovely blooming flow'r,
Frail smiling solace of an hour,
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die.

3 As fades our friendship's early joy,
The seeming gold is half alloy;
That tie that binds the human heart,
The closer drawn, will sooner part.

4 Thus fades our sweetest comforts here,
Our dearest friends, they disappear,
When the loud call from God is given,
"They sleep in death, to wake in heaven"

5 But there are joys that never fade,
Where these privations ne'er invade,
Where virtue its reward shall prove,
And "triumph in redeeming love."

148. [*Mildness, p.* 129.] C M

1 BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze;
He lurks in every flower:
Each season has its own disease,
Its perils every hour!

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night,
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly t'ward the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dream of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread,
And earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

6 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

149. [*Lyons, p.* 20.] 10s & 11s

THO' troubles assail, And dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail And foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, Whatever betide,
The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.

The birds without barn, Or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn To trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

We all may, like ships, By tempest be tost
On perilous deeps. But need not be lost;
Though Satan enrages The wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages, The Lord will provide.

His call we obey, like Abraham of old:
We know not the way, But faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, We have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers The Lord will provide.

No strength of our own, Nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown, On Jesus s name;
In this our strong tower, For safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace, And death is in view,
The word of his grace Shall comfort us through
Not fearing or doubting, With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

150. [*Fraternity*, p. 214.] 8s & 7s

1 GOD forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the crucified,
Or should blush to tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died.
Let the rich display their treasures,
Let them boast how bright they shine,
I will never seek their pleasures,
While the dear Redeemer's mine.

2 Though from kings I had descended,
And could boast of noblest birth;
Though my brilliant fame extended
Far and wide o'er all the earth;
Though the utmost stores of learning,
All were treasured in my mind—
From the whole with gladness turning
All my joy in Christ I'd find.

3 What is all the wealth of nations?
What their glittering pomp and power?
What the most exalted stations,
In the sinner's dying hour?

When the world is fast retreating,
Greatest gain appears but loss:
When the parting breath is fleeting,
Naught can cheer but Calvary's cross.

4 Let me hear my Saviour saying,
"I'll be with thee to the end;
I will answer thee when praying,
I will prove thy faithful friend;"
Then, though all the world forsake me,
I'll rejoice in Christ my Lord;
Soon from sufferings freed he'll take me
To enjoy a full reward.

5 When, at last, from earth I'm shrinking,
When my pulses feebly beat,
When in death's cold arms I'm sinking
Then with joy I'll still repeat—
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the crucified;
Still in death I'll tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died.

151. [*Heavenly Home, p.* 62.]

1 BRETHREN while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear:
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful time 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 ungarded heart,
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—
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

152. [*Trumpeter*, p. 54.] C. M

1 AM I a soldier of the cross—
A follower of the Lamb—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

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

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

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

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

153. [*Ortonville, p.* 92.] C M

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

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

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, Oh, Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

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

154. [*Aspiration*, *p.* 156.] C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

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

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

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

155. [*Mildness*, *p.* 129.] D. C. M.

1 WHEN sorrow darkens on life's path,
And night grows black around,
And not a taper o'er the waste,
Or star on high is found:

2 When thick and fast the fleecy snow
Against the heart is driven,
Remember then that "God is Love,"
And place thy trust in heaven.

156. [*Greenfields, p.* 194.] 8s

HOW tedious and tastless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me—
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

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

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

Dear Lord, if, indeed, I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,

Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
Oh! drive these dark clouds from my sky.
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

157. [*Wentworth, p.* 323.] S. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ arise!
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conqu'rors home.

158. [*Christian Warfare, p.* 339.] C. M

1 O!! Christians keep your armor bright,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
In union strong together fight,
Hosanna to our King!

2 Come, laud and magnify his name,
Nor let his praises cease;
His ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all his paths are peace.

159. [*Simplicity, p.* 142.] C. M.

1 'TIS faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress;
When storms arise, and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.

2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.

3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose
In thee my help is found.

160. [*Rockbridge, p.* 130.] L. M

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record,
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curs'd design.

Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son,
Atoned for crimes which we had done.

4 Oh! for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

161. [*Meekness, p.* 24,]

LOW down in this beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly.
Where dark seas of envy and folly,
May roll on their billows in vain,
The meek soul in humble subjection,
Shall here find unshaken protection,
The soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.

This low vale is far from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension,
Nor dark wiles of evil invention,
Can find out this region of peace.
Oh! there then the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of this beautiful river
Which flows peace for ever and ever,
And love's joys shall ever increase

Come, drop, drop the tear of contrition,
And yield to the Spirit's direction;
And come make the noble confession,
And bow to the Saviour also.
Then rise, rise to walk in his favor,
And show by your constant behaviour,
That Christ is your King and your Saviour,
From sin, from death, sorrow, and woe.

162. [*Hebron*, *p.* 10.]

1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Be this my chief, my only care—
My high pursuit—my ardent prayer—
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

3 But should my brightest hopes be vain,
The rising doubts, how sharp the pain:
My fears, Oh! gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.

4 Search, Lord—Oh! search my inmost heart
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

163. [*Magdalen*, *p.* 204.]

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life

3 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive,
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility, and love, and zeal,
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love—
Oh! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

6 But ah! how blind, how weak we are!
How frail, how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care;
Oh! may thy spirit be our Guide!

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Lord Jesus, daily more like thee.

164. [*Blessedness, p.* 218.]

COME, let us anew, Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!

His adorable will Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

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

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

CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGE.

165. [*Pilgrim Stranger*, p. 78.]

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

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

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

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

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

166. [*Amsterdam, p.* 252.] 8 7s & 8s

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
T'wards heaven thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time will 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 that's born of God
  Pants to see his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
  To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly my riches, fly my cares,
  While I that coast explore;
Flatt'ring world with all your snares,
  Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home,
  Strangers tarry but a night:
When the last bright morn shall come,
  We'll rise to glorious light.

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

167. [*Hebron*, *p.* 10.] L M

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

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but 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 will sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

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

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

168. 4 8s & 9s.

1 WHITHER go'st thou, pilgrim stranger,
Passing through this darksome vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
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,
Wand'ring 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 attend;
He'll in ev'ry strait relieve me,
He from every harm defend.
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,
Then my pilgrimage will end.
I'm bound, &c.

7 While I gaz'd—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!

169. [*Thanksgiving*, *p.* 174.]

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.

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.

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

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

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

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then, shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

170. [*The Heavenly Clime*, *p.* 384.]

HAVE you heard have you heard of that sunny bright clime,
Undimm'd by sorrow unhurt by time;

Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame—
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame—
Have you heard of that sun bright clime?

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

Millions of forms, all cloth'd in bright,
In garments of beauty clear and white—
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

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

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

171. [*Duane Street*, *p.* 132.] L. M

1 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.

2 The pilgrim faint, and near to sink,
Beneath his 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 bless'd influence they bring;
So thy parch'd lips shall be unseal'd,
Thy Saviour's worthy name to sing.

172.

1 WHILE wand'ring here below,
In this wilderness of woe,
Where tears of sorrow flow,
Give me Jesus!
Give me Jesus—give me Jesus;
You may have all the world: give me Jesus

2 When enemies assail,
And my feeble faith shall fail;
When Satan would prevail
Give me Jesus!

3 When storms around me low'r,
Oh! in that trying hour;
For my refuge and my tow'r,
Give me Jesus!

4 And when I come to die,
And eternity is nigh,
Oh! then my soul shall cry,
Give me Jesus!

5 When earth shall pass away
And sun and moon decay;
Oh! in that dreadful day,
Give me Jesus!

6 When at the judgment seat,
I stand my doom to meet,
Then, then I'll still repeat,
Give me Jesus!

7 When I reach that happy shore,
When sorrow is no more;
Then I'll sing for evermore,
Give me Jesus!

173. 2 11s & 2 8s.

OH! hush'd be the sigh that our sorrow awakes,
And wiped from our eye-lids the tear;
There's a rest, on whose bosom no wave ever breaks,
And lo! the bless'd Saviour is there.

Far, far may the darkness be driven that hides
The promise that calms every fear

There's a home where the pilgrim of Zion resides,
And lo! the bless'd Saviour is there.

Oh! bright be the smile that shall gladden the heart,
The grace that's sufficient to cheer;
There's a world where Emmanuel's friends never part,
And lo! the bless'd Saviour is there.

Oh! calm be the hour that shall bear us away;
May Jesus our help then appear;
His spirit attend us to Heaven's bright day,
And we, with our Saviour, be there.

174. [*How Charming, p.* 134.]

I AM weary of straying, Oh fain would I rest
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations for ever are fled.

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

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

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

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

175. [*Light of those, p.* 28.] 8s & 7s

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

2 He whose thunders shake creation,
He who bids the planets roll,
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole—
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command,
They are always hov'ring round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

3 There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest;
Love, and joy, and peace for ever
Reign and triumph in your breast;
Who can paint the scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high;
They on golden harps for ever,
Sound redemption through the sky.

176. [*Arlington, p.* 156.] C. M

1 OH land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When shall I 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 sought for rest
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to 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 this unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

177. [*New Richmond, p.* 350.] C. M

1 OH! I have roam'd through many lands,
A stranger to delight;
Nor friendship's hopes, nor love's sweet smiles
Could make my pathway bright,

Till on the sky a star arose,
And lit night's sable dome,
Oh! steer my bark by that sweet star
For Eden is my home!

2 Oh! Eden is my place of rest!
I long to reach its shore,
To shake these troubles from my breast
And weep and sigh no more.
To that fair land my spirit flies,
And angels bid me come!
Oh! steer my bark o'er Jordan's wave,
For Eden is my home!

3 Oh! take me from this world of woe,
To my sweet home above,
Where tears of sorrow never flow,
And all the air is love.
My sister spirits wait for me,
And Jesus bids me come;
Oh! steer my bark to that bright land,
For Eden is my home.

178. [*New Richmond*, *p.* 350.]

1 YE weary, heavy laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore,
Ye trav'lers through the wilderness.
To Canaan's peaceful shore—
Through chilling winds and beating rain,
The waters deep and cold,
Though enemies surrounding you,
Take courage and be bold.

2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear,
Through the enchanted ground—
Dark nights, and clouds and gloomy fear,
And dragons often roar:
But while the gospel trump we hear,
We'll press for Canaan's shore.

3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
Who mourns her absent mate;
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
Her sorrows to relate;
But Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on,
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.

179. [*Oliphant, p.* 34.] 8s, 7s, & 4s

1 GUIDE me, Oh! 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, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;

Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side
Songs of praises—
I will ever give to thee.

180. [*Heaven is my home, p.* 108.]

1 I HAVE no resting place on earth,
On which to fix my love;
But Oh, my heart is yearning for
The promised rest above.
'Tis true the earth is passing fair,
O'er which I sadly roam;
But yet it hath no charms for me,
For heaven is my home.

2 A pilgrim long I've wandered here,
But with a stedfast eye,
I see a rest reserved for me
At God's right hand on high;
Then all the joys of earth in vain,
Will tempt my feet to roam,
To seek a rest on earth below,
Since heaven is my home.

3 Oh, were this world as fair as when
Primeval Eden smiled,
I would not, by its glowing charms,
To dwell here be beguiled;
But I would seek a brighter world
Where God has bid me come:
Then seek no more to bind me here
For heaven is my home.

181. [*Heavenly Home, p.* 62.] 7s.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious is his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Oh ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made:
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

182. [*The White Pilgrim, p.* 376.] 11s & 8s.

I CAME to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay
And pensively stood by his tomb,
And in a low whisper something seemed to say,
"How sweetly I sleep here alone.

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

"The call of my master compelled me from home,
I bade my companion farewell,
I left my sweet children who for me now mourn,
In a far distant region to dwell.

"I wandered a stranger, an exile from home,
To publish salvation abroad;
I met the contagion and sunk in the tomb,
My spirit ascending to God.

"Go, tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not the loved one that's gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes drear
and drear,
Hath kindly conducted me home."

183. [*Venango p.* 348.]

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care.
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, Oh Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

184. [*Swiss, p.* 47.] 7s & 7s

1 WEARY pilgrim, why this sadness?
Why 'mid sorrow's scenes decline?
The "trial strange" brings joy and gladness,
For all things shall yet be thine!
Oh yes, all things shall yet be thine!

2 Earth anew, with robe of glory,
Shall rejoice in hill and vale;
And sweetest harpings tell the story
Of the love that could not fail!
Oh yes, the love that could not fail?

3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
Where joys gushing songs arise;
Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure,
In the new earth, paradise!
Yes, in the new earth, paradise!

4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,
To Mount Sion thou art come!

Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,
And rejoice in thy blest home!
Thine own, and Jesu's heav'nly home!

185. [*Sonnet, p.* 72.] L. M

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

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

3 When nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand,
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail.
Oh! then for joy she spreads her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
On Canaan's shore.

186. [*Flowers of earth, &c., p.* 296.] D. C. M

1 THIS earth has many a pleasant sweet,
Hath many beauteous flowers,
Which spread their tribute at our feet
And scent the gladsome hours:

The angry thistle threatens wrath
To man from Eden driven,
But these bright flowers about our path
Whisper of grace and heaven.

2 They tell us of our Father's love,
Our Father's bounteous care,
And point us to that land above—
Unfading flowers are there.
The flowers of earth but bloom to die
And lose their rich perfume,
But those sweet flowers beyond the sky
For evermore shall bloom.

3 Oh give us, Lord a cheerful mind
To joy in all thy ways;
That we in every flower may find
Some grateful song of praise:
That as to heaven the moments flee,
Their record there to trace,
Thine own pure eyes well pleased may see
In us the flowers of grace.

PROSPECTS OF HEAVEN.

187 8s & 10s.

FLY away to thy long-sought home on high!
Fly away to the promis'd shore!
Where the Eden fields in glory lie,
And the humble shall weep no more.
I long have thought on your scenes sublime,
And dream'd of your temple of light;

I have wept while I mus'd on your sun-lit clime
Borne on with ecstatic delight.

Fly away to the living streams of joy!
Fly away to the garden of love!
Where the tempter again shall ne'er destroy,
Nor mar the bright beauties above;
But while I must stay in my prison of clay,
Or roam on this desolate shore;
I must wait for the dawn of the opening day,
When death and the curse are no more.

I must wait for the word of the Prince of Peace
I must wait for the guardian bands;
I must wait till the message brings release,
That's sign'd by Emmanuel's hands.
Then away from this desert, with joy I'll rise;
Then away from my prison I'll fly;
My pinion I'll dip in the clear bright skies,
And fly away to my home on high.

188. [*Alquina, p.* 242.] 7s & 6s

1 THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple,
And saints array'd in white;
They serve the great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

2 No night is there, nor darkness,
But one perpetual day;
There sin and grief are banish'd,
There tears are wiped away;

There joys are still increasing,
There 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 God-like majesty—
The elders fall before him,
And angels bow the knee.

4 Long time I was invited,
To gain that heavenly rest;
Grace made no hard condition,
'Twas only to be blest;
But Earth's bewitching pleasures,
Inclin'd me long to stay,
Pursuing 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 the world behind;
In sin's seducing mazes
I would no longer roam;
I'd 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,
Is not for me to know;

Help me, in time of trouble,
To raise my thoughts on high,
To think of the bright temple
And crowns above the sky.

189. [*Canaan, p.* 68.] L. M

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

Canaan, sweet Canaan,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan;
Oh! Canaan, it is my happy home,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

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 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.

190. [*Prescott, p.* 42.] 11s & 12s

I WOU ,D not live alway; I ask not to stay
Whe e storm after storm rises dark o'er the way
The fe lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are en ugh for life's woes, full enough for its cheer

I wou l not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temp ation without, and corruption within;
E'en he rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And he ap of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I w uld not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
Sin e Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom,
Th n sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To w t him in triumph descending the skies.

O who would live alway, away from his God;
A way from yon heaven, that blissful abode?
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

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.

191. [*The Sinner's Friend, p.* 390.] 8s & 7s.

1 GREAT Redeemer, Friend of sinners,
Thou hast wondrous power to save;
Grant me grace, and still protect me,
Over life's tempestuous wave;
May my soul, with sacred transport,
View the dawn while yet afar;
And until the sun arises,
Lead me by the morning star.

2 Oh what madness! Oh what folly!
That my heart should go astray
After vain and foolish trifles,
Trifles only of a day.
This vain world, with all its pleasures,
Very soon will be no more;
There's no object worth admiring,
But the God whom we adore

3 See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus is their theme.
Hark! they whisper—lo! they call me,
Sister Spirit come away:
Lo! I come, earth can't contain me,
Hail the realms of endless day.

4 Swiftly roll, ye ling'ring hours,
Seraphs, lend your glitt'ring wings;
Love absolves my ransom'd powers,
Heav'nly sounds around me rings;
Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now behold you,
I'll enjoy you soon on high.

192. [*Shelbyville, p.* 316.] C. M.

1 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 are crossing now.

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

4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
And hear his trumpet sound.
Oh that we now might grasp our guide!
Oh that the word were given!
Come, Lord, of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven!

193. [*Christian Union*, *p.* 262.]

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

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

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

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

194. [*The Eden of Love*, p. 178.]

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 prepar'd 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.

While angelic legions, with harps tun'd 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 Emmanuel be given,
All glory, all honor, all might, all dominion,"
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

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's love;
Though prison'd in clay, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation;
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

195. [*Star of Bethlehem*, p. 344] L. M.

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 flown,
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!

196. [*The Trumpeter*, p. 54.] C M

1 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 sing redeeming grace,
And feast on Jesu's love.

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

197. [*Christian's Death Song, p.* 290.] 12 8s

1 MINE eyes are now closing to rest,
My body must soon be remov'd,
And mould'ring, lie buried in dust,
No more to be envied or lov'd.
Oh! what is this drawing my breath,
And stealing my senses away?
Oh! tell me, my soul, is this death,
Releasing me kindly from clay?
Now, mounting, my soul shall descry
The regions of pleasure and love;
My spirit, triumphant shall fly,
And dwell with my Saviour above.

2 Oh! happy, thrice happy exchange,
My Saviour, with eyes full of love,
Now beck'ning me, soon I shall range
The fields of bright glory above.

Oh! break off these fetters of clay;
I long to be freed from my load;
Oh! Jesus, I mourn thy delay,
Impatient to be with my God;
Each moment seems ling'ring and slow,
While far from my home I must stay;
I long for the pleasures that flow
Unceasing, in regions of day.

3 No more to be tempted by sin,
No longer by Satan be vex'd,
My conscience is peaceful within,
And is by no passion perplex'd.
Lo! speedily wafted on wings,
This world in a moment I leave—
'Oh! death, where now is thy sting;
And where is thy victory grave?"
Now, mounting, my soul shall descry
The regions of pleasure and love;
My spirit, triumphant shall fly,
And dwell with my Saviour above.

198. S. M.

1 OH! sing to me of heaven,
When I am call'd to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

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

3 When the last moment comes,
Oh! watch my dying face.

And catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

4 Then to my raptur'd ears
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth
And greet me first in heaven.

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

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

199. [*Greenfields, p.* 194.] L. M

1 YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view thy Emmanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sank 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 his rich 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,
For I to your Saviour belong.
I'm fetter'd and chain'd 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.

290. [*Olivet, p.* 33.] 5 6s. & 2 4s

1 "YES, yes, heaven is my home;"
I come, my Lord, I come—
Oh! bear me on:
"Fathers I there shall meet,
My fellow-lab'rers greet;"
Now shall my rest be sweet;
"My work is done."

2 "Long have I preached the word,
And labor'd for my Lord—
But life is gone.
Vanquish'd are all my foes,
Here all my labors close,
Now comes the blest repose;
"My work is done."

3 I've run the heavenly race,
Fought the good fight by grace,
The vict'ry won.
Vain world I've done with you,
Your charms I bid adieu,
My crown appears in view;
"My work is done."

4 Be faithful to the end,
Jesus will be your friend,
Then still press on.
Awhile you wait below,
Your Master's work to do,
But Jesus bids me go;
"My work is done."

201. [*Parting friends, p.* 336.]

1 MANY a true heart melts with grief,
And many a tear-drop seeks relief
For a veteran in the field
Sinks upon his "red-cross shield;"
And as his brethren bear him on,
He calmly speaks, "My work is done.'

2 Home's sweet strains awake his ear,
And names to him belov'd and dear,
Brethren bound in gospel ties,
And sainted fathers in the skies;
To these I shall be swiftly borne;
I cannot stay, "My work is done."

3 Many a chosen band he led.
Honor'd names, now with the dead,
And many yet remain to feel
A leader's lost to Israel:

No more is heard his trumpet tone,
His last note told, "My work is done."

4 Fare the well, our father, friend,
Thou hast been faithful to the end:
Thy counsel, oft so kindly given,
Still points the surest way to heaven;
Oh may we all, when victory's won,
Rejoice to tell, "My work is done."

202. [*He died at his post*, *p.* 306.] 2 11 s & 2 12s.

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

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

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done:—
The battle was fought, and the victory won;
But he whisper'd 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 pass'd o'er the stream, and has reach'd 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.

203. [*The world we have not seen, p.* 404.]

1 THERE is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear has caught its sounds of joy

2 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

3 There is a world, and Oh how blest!
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose:
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

5 It is not fanned by summer's gale,
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
For there are known no evening hours

6 No, for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance, all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

204. [*Deliverance*, *p* 367.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

205. [*Superior*, *p.* 150.] C M

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one!
Hail sacred HOPE, that tunes our minds,
To harmony divine!

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—
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Should howl around thy cot;
What though beneath a southern sun,
Be cast thy distant lot:

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

4 No ling'ring look, no parting sigh,
Our future home shall know;
There joy shall beam from every eye,
And hope immortal grow.

206. C. M.

1 IMMORTAL joys await the blest,
On yon eternal shore;
There happy souls forever rest,
And sorrows are no more.
Oh! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful!
To meet to part no more—
To meet to part no more.
On that delightful shore;
At Jesus' feet, we all shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more.

2 Millions have home to glory gone,
And have obtained the prize;
Still millions more are pressing on,
To join them in the skies.

3 These living armies shall, at last,
On Zion's mountain meet:
When once the stormy Jordan's past,
Their union is complete.

4 If friendship in this vale of woe,
With Christians be so sweet,
What gushing ecstacy shall flow,
When round the throne we meet:

5 There new-come saints with wonder tell
Their lofty strains above,
And angels listen while they swell
Their songs of dying love.

6 No eye shall ever weep again,
In that eternal day;

Tears that fall like showers of rain,
Shall all be wiped away.

7 There friends beloved shall never die,
Nor loveliness decay;
There's not a pang nor parting sigh,
To dim eternal day.

207. [*Father-land p.* 286.]

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.
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!

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.

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.

208. [*Northfield*, *p.* 246.] C. M.

1 WHAT if our bark, o'er life's rough wave,
By adverse winds be driven,
And howling tempests round us rave—
There are no tears in heaven.

2 What though affliction be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riven,
Still never let it 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 drown'd in grief
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find at last a sweet relief—
Tears wiped away in heaven.

5 Thou, God, our joy and rest shall be,
And sorrow far be driven;
And sin and death forever flee—
There are no tears in heaven.

4 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.

209. C. M.

1 THERE'S not a bright and beaming smile,
Which in this world I see,
But turns my heart to future joys,
And whispers heaven to me.

Though often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world of smiles and love
And sorrows come not there.

2 I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting or farewell,
But thoughts of my eternal home,
Within my bosom swell.
There, when we meet with holy joy,
No thoughts of parting come;
But never-ending ages still,
Shall find us all at home.

210.

THIS world with its glory, and all we hold dear
Now shining in beauty, must soon disappear,
But a moment they glitter, then fade to the eye,
Like the stars of the night that flash in the sky.

2 The visions of earth, to oblivion's dark shore,
Are swiftly departing, to come back no more;
And the halls of our pleasure deserted become,
And the voices of friendship in death shall be dumb.

3 Then give me a home far above the blue skies,
Where hope never withers, where love never dies;
The hope of the Christian, where the weary shall rest.
And earth's lonely pilgrims for ever are blest.

211.

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

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And staying my hopes in a region like this;
look for a city not builded with hands,
And its glorious temple eternally stands.

3 Afflictions may try me—They cannot destroy;
One vision of home turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears that flow from mine eyes
But sweeten my hope of that home in the skies.

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

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

212. [*Importunity*, p. 148.] C. M

1 OH 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 through 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.

Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

213. 2 8s & 4 7s.

1 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 mountain 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.

HOPE.

214. [*Jerusalem. p.* 76.] C. M

1 JERUSALEM, 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 Oh 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! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
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.

215. [*Balerma, p.* 94.] C. M.

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

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

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

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

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

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

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

216. [*Hibernia*, *p.* 98.] 8s & 6s

1 I'VE wandered long in folly's maze,
Wildly pursuing sweets that cloy,
And madly tracing sin's dark ways,
Which lead but to destroy;
But now by faith I trace the way,
The narrow path to life and light,
Which leads to everlasting day.
To climes of pure delight.

2 Farewell, farewell, ye joys of earth,
I'm on my way to heaven above;
I join not in your noisy mirth,
I sing my Saviour's love;
I sing the joys of sins forgiven;
My soul is filled with light and peace,
I sing the hope that lifts to heaven,
The place where Jesus is.

3 Farewell to sorrow, toil, and care,
And sin a final full adieu;
My heart's in heaven, my treasure's there:
I've Canaan's land in view.
Loved ones have gone to that blest land,
Who oft have joined with me in prayer;
I long to join that glorious band,
And dwell forever there.

217. [*Cranebrook*, *p.* 220.] S. M.

1 "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,
"For ever with the Lord."

3 The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord."

4 The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening word—
The saints shall hear it in their sleep
"For ever with the Lord."

5 Then while they upward fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord."

218. [*Clarington, p.* 326.] 8s.

1 THE angels that watched round the tomb,
Where, lo! the Redeemer was laid—
When deep in mortality's gloom,
He hid for a season his head—

2 That vailed their face while he slept,
And ceased their sweet harps to employ
Have witnessed his rising and swept
The chords with the triumphs of joy.

3 You saints who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast!

4 The grave in which Jesus was laid,
Has buried my guilt and my fears;
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

5 Oh sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over its west,
The last lingering ray of its sun!

6 Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

7 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart-strings shall break,

When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

3 No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave;
The sunbeam of life as it sets,
Leaves a halo of peace on the grave.

219. [*Trumpeter*, p. 54.] C. M.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause:
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

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

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

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

220. [*Amsterdam*, p. 252.] 7s & 6s.

1 WHERE shall true believers go,
When from the flesh they fly?
Glorious joys ordain'd to know,
They mount above the sky,

To that bright celestial place;
There they shall in raptures live,
More than tongue can e'er express,
Or heart can e'er conceive.

2 When they once are enter'd there,
Their mourning days are o'er;
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
And sighing, are no more;
Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the sun.

3 But their greatest happiness,
Their highest joy shall be,
God their Saviour to possess,
To know, and love, and see.
With that beatific sight
Glorious ecstacy is given;
This is their supreme delight,
And makes a heaven of heaven.

4 Him beholding, face to face,
To him they glory give,
Bless his name and sing his praise
As long as God shall live.
While eternal ages roll,
Thus employ'd in heaven they are:
Lord, receive my happy soul,
With all thy servants there!

ASSURANCE OF HOPE.

221. [*Olden Times, p.* 308.] P. M

1 WHEN I set out for heaven,
But few were in the way,
But oftentimes together
We met to praise and pray;
Our bosoms glowed with rapture,
With love our hearts were fired;
We sung and talk'd of glory,
We sung and never tired.

2 Those days were full of sweetness,
I think upon them yet;
Their holy joy and gladness
I never can forget;
We were a band of brothers,
Of brothers fond and true;
We were a band of brothers,
And loved as brothers do.

3 The world was all against us,
What cared we for its frown?
A better world before us
Contained a starry crown;
We trampled on earth's pleasures,
Its riches were but dross;
Its glory was all tarnished,
We gloried in the cross.

4 When one was called to leave us,
And fly away to God,

We cheered him with our voices
While crossing Jordan's flood:
We sung the songs of Zion
Around his dying bed,
And witnessed with what triumph
The soul from sorrow fled.

5 Then with our friends departed,
We seem'd the earth to leave
And soaring up like seraphs
Forgot to weep and grieve:
With patriarchs and prophets,
And blood-washed throngs above,
We sung the loud hosanna—
The song of heavenly love.

6 Ye friends of former seasons,
Of happy, youthful days,
All, all have gone before me,
Ye all have run your race;
And mine will soon be finished:
I haste to grasp you hand,
To join again my comrades
In that undying land

222. [*Corydon*, *p.* 328.] 11s & 8s

ENCLASPED in the arms of a Saviour he loves,
No fears can the Christian annoy;
With sweet resignation he gently removes
To reap the fruition of joy.

2 But dreary and dark is the night of the tomb,
Where the loved ones of Jesus are laid;
No sunshine of nature can pierce the deep gloom,
Or carols awaken the dead

3 Yet the mandate eternal shall burst the cold tomb,
And virtue in beauty arrayed,
Shall start into life and eternally bloom
Where the roses of hope never fade.

4 Then for the departed no longer we'll mourn,
Nor dare of our God to complain,
While in sadness we gaze on the mouldering urn,
For soon we'll embrace them again.

5 See, through the gloom that o'ershadows our heads
A starry crowned seraph appears,
In glittering robes of bright glory arrayed—
And beauty immortal she wears.

6 'T is Religion: she bends o'er the hallow'd urn
And whispers in accents of love,
"Oh, Christians, no longer departed ones mourn,
They triumph in glory above!

7 "I taught them to pass the dark valley of death,
With horrors and shades overspread,
And when from their lips fled the last lingering breat
I placed a rich crown on their head."

8 Then let us prepare to embrace them again,
Where sighing and sorrow shall cease;
In virtue's bright path the bright heaven attain,
Where all is composure and peace.

223. [*New Richmond, p.* 350.] C. M

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,

That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer out my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears
And take his exile home.

3 Oh what has Jesus done for me,
Before my ravish'd eyes;
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there,
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 Oh! what are all my sufferings here,
If Lord thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear
And worship at thy feet.
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find life, friends, and joys,
In that eternal day.

HEAVENLY MINDEDNESS.

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224. [*Father-land, p.* 286.] P. M.

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.
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.

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.
I'm bound for home, &c.

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."
I'm bound for home, &c.

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 for ever secure.
I'm bound for home, &c.

5 I seek a place where the patriarchs shine,
Apostles, and martyrs, and seers:

Encircled in robes of light divine,
Triumphant o'er sorrows and fears.
I'm bound for home, &c.

6 I seek a place where the Saviour reigns,
That Jesus who was nail'd to the tree;
He purchased that place with blood and pains,
And went to prepare it for me.
I'm bound for home, &c.

225. [*Carthage, p.* 82.] 8s & 7s

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here his saints securely meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the fount of glory streaming
Life eternal through us rolls;
Mercy from his presence beaming
Peace and pardon on our souls.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind—
Every kindred tongue and nation,
From the guilt of sin refined;
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

226. [*There is a calm, p.* 30.] L M

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those dangerous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from the presence of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul

227. [*Job*, *p.* 245.] 8s & 4s

1 OH could I now but flee away,
And ease the anguish of my breast,
To bask in an eternal day,
And be at rest.

2 With joy I'd leave these courts below,
And join the songs above the sky,
Which angels bright are singing now—
They never die.

3 There elders tune their harps of gold,
And seraphs strike the sounding lyre:
Their ceaseless story ne'er is told—
They never tire.

4 Millions of saints surround the throne—
Praise Him to whom all praise belongs,
While swell to the chief Corner-stone,
Triumphant songs.

5 There we shall part with every tear,
When we once reach that blissful shore;
For sorrow cannot enter there—
We'll weep no more.

6 We'll praise him there in loftiest song,
Who has redeemed us by his blood;
Praise shall resound from every tongue—
Oh Son of God!

228. [*Leander*, *p.* 268.] C. M.

1 I WOULD not weep, when passing clouds,
Obscure life's summer day,
Or when a deeper gloom o'erspreads
My ever changeful way:
But through the dreariest night of gloom,
The darkest clouds of care,
Look up to heaven's pure steadfast light,
And seek for solace there.

2 I would not weep, though one by one,
My earthly visions fade;
Nor backward turn to mourn o'er hopes
Of happiness decayed:
But fix my yearning heart on heaven,
Secure of promised bliss
In that blest land—howe'er severe
My sorrows seem in this

3 I would not weep, though faithful hearts,
The trusting and the kind,

Should go to seek a higher sphere,
While I am left behind:
But lift my thoughts to that abode,
Where, free from every stain,
There happy spirits fondly wait
To welcome me again.

229. [*Italy, p.* 408.] L. M.

1 WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 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!

3 Oh glorious hour! Oh blessed abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

230. [*Italian air, p.* 333.] 8s & 7s

1 HAIL! all ye hosts of seraphs bright,
I come to join your company,
Here to partake your pure delight,
And join your sacred symphony;

My pains have ceased, my cares are o'er,
I now have reached the blissful shore,
And scenes of joy before me rise,
All heaven bursts upon my eyes.
Oh! sound his praise, ye heavenly choir,
Who saved me from the flaming fire.

2 No more shall earth's poor honors gain
One moment's veneration,
With fleeting joys for me in vain,
Shall Satan spread temptation;
I've fought the fight, nor could I yield,
For Jesus was my glorious shield;
And now I'll give, in realms above,
The glory to my Saviour's love.
Oh! sound his praise, &c.

3 Lo! angel bands, with peans sweet,
The raptured soul entrancing,
Lead me the martyred saints to meet
In joyful troops advancing;
I find my Christian neighbors here,
My brethren and my friends so dear,
And now before th' eternal throne,
My Jesus claims me for his own!
Oh! sound his praise, &c.

4 Here reigns the Father of my Lord,
In light effulgent dwelling,
By all in heaven and earth adored,
All praises far excelling.
Around his throne the lightnings play,
And elders, ranged in bright array,
Blessing and glory give, and power,
To him that lives for evermore.
Oh! sound his praise, &c.

5 Here may I, robed in garments bright,
Enjoy unfailing treasure;
Or bathe in pure etherial light,
And drink of living pleasure;
Where moments fly on angel's wings,
And new delight each moment brings,
Where life, and love, and peace remain,
And through eternal ages reign,
Oh! so ind his praise, &c.

HEAVEN.

231. [*Importunity, p.* 148.] C. M

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

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

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

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

232. [*The Peaceful Home, p.* 286.]

1 THERE is a land of calm delight
To sorrowing mortals given;
There rapt'rous scenes enchant the sight,
And all to soothe the soul unite—
Sweet is their rest in heaven.

2 There glory beams on all the plains,
And joy for hope is given;
There music swells in sweetest strains,
And spotless beauty ever reigns,
And all is love in heaven.

3 There cloudless skies are ever bright,
Thence gloomy scenes are driven;
There suns dispense unsullied light,
And planets beaming on the sight,
Illume the fields of heaven.

4 There is a stream that ever flows,
To passing pilgrims given;
There fairest fruit immortal grows,
The verdant flower eternal blows,
Amid the fields of heaven.

5 There is a great, a glorious prize,
For those with sin who've striven;
'T is bright as star of evening skies,
And far above it glittering lies
A golden crown in heaven.

233. [*Louisville, p.* 140.] D. C. M.

1 THERE'S music in the upper heaven—
The choral notes that swell,
Are sweeter, fuller, richer far
Than human lips can tell,

When rings the gush of golden harps,
And heavenly lutes are swept,
To tell the quenchless love of Him
Who o'er a lost world wept.

2 The gliding rush of countless wings,
Borne on the swelling breeze,
That wafts the rustling music by
Amid embowered trees;
The echo of the myriad feet,
That fall on pavements fair,
Of glittering, dazzling gold, that gleams
In untold brightness there:

3 The music of the pearly gates,
When back by angels flung,
Admitting there a ransomed soul,
Their sinless bands among;
The silvery sound that's swelling up
When flows the stream of life;
The rustle of the emerald leaf
With healing virtues rife:

4 And then the tide of melody,
That swells and bursts, when rings
The new song in that far off world,
That thrilling rapture brings:
But, awed, we may not note its power,
Its depth we may not sound;
Unfathomed, fathomless, it rolls
In glorious might around.

234. [*Felicity, p.* 174.] P.M

1 HEAVEN—heaven is a blest region,
Bright—bright, glorious and fair!
Rich—rich is its resplendence

Darkness o'erspreads not its air:
Light—light—light—light
Pure and immortal is there.

2 Heaven—heaven is a blest region,
All—all unity share;
Sweet—sweet are their endearments,
Hatred their hearts never bear:
Love—love—love—love
Pure and immortal is there.

3 Heaven—heaven is a blest region,
Free—free from earth-born care:
Full—full are their enjoyments:
Anguish no bosom can tear:
Joy—joy—joy—joy
Pure and immortal is there.

235. [*The Better Land*, p. 257] P. M.

1 I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band—
Mother, O where is that radiant shore,
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs?
Not there! not there! not there!
Not there! not there! not there!

2 Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there! not there

3 Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
And the burning rays of the rubies 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!

4 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its song of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time may not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb!
'Tis there! 'tis there!

236. [*A Home in Heaven, p.* 379.] P. M.

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

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

4 A home in heaven! when the sinner mourns,
And with contrite heart to the Saviour turns;
O! 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 grave of the moldering dead;
We wait in hope of the promise given,
We will meet again in our home in heaven

237. [*The Peaceful Home, p.* 386.] 3 8s &2 7s

1 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.

238. [*Montgomery, p.* 347.] 8s & 6s

1 THIS world is but a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Uncertain shine, uncertain flow,
There's nothing true but heaven.

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and joy and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way;
There's nothing calm but heaven!

239. [*Heaven, p.* 394.] 8s & 6s

1 THERE'S joy in heaven, thrilling joy,
Whene'er a sinner turns;
Then with a holy ecstacy,
The tallest seraph burns:
Through all the shining courts of bliss,
The joyful news is borne,
And thousand angel voices shout,
The wanderer's return.
And thousand angel, &c.

2 There's light, effulgent light in heaven—
It radiates from the throne,
And bright reflects from golden streets
And walls of precious stone.

Ten thousand times ten thousand stars,
And suns by scores untold,
Could ne'er emit such glorious light,
As there the saints behold.

3 There's rest in heaven, calm repose,
From pain and toil and care;
And there the weary shall enioy
A peace beyond compare.
A tranquil quiet, calm and deep,
A sea without a shore,
An ocean vast, of bliss, that shall
Endure for evermore.

4 There's music, heavenly music, there
Ten thousand harps of gold
Are tuned and touched by angel hands,
To measures sweet and bold:
Twelve thousand times twelve thousand souls
Of their redemption sing;
And louder yet, rank after rank,
Redemption's anthems ring.

5 They sing the wond'rous love of God,
To a lost sinful race;
And thousand thousand angel choirs,
Take up the notes of praise:
And ransomed souls, a countless host,
Echo the swelling songs,
Honor, and power, and love to him,
To whom all praise belongs.
Honor, and power, &c.

240. [*Christian's Welcome Home, p.* 276.] P. M

SEE, Christian, see, how time steals on,
Soon will set life's sinking sun;

Like to 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,
Sweet, O sweet the Christian's welcome home!
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 thy Saviour, rejoice evermore!
Our angel convoy having come,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home!
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home,
Sweet, O sweet the Christian's welcome home!
Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

241. [*Jerusalem, p.* 76.] C. M

1 A CITY glorious as the sun,
Now bursts upon my sight!
And all its blest inhabitants
Are clad in spotless white.

2 A diadem is on each brow,
Whose sparkling jewels shine
Brighter than all that ever flashed
In India's richest mine.

3 Sign of the victory they have won,
A palm waves in each hand;

A song of praise swells on each tongue
Of all that glorious band.

4 Behold they tune their golden harps,
And hark what strains they sing;
"Glory and wide dominion now
Belong unto the King!"

5 Are these the angels that looked on
And saw creation's birth;
Who pealed their joyous anthems forth
When first uprose the earth?

6 No; these can sing a nobler strain:
Salvation is the song
Which bursts in rapture from the lips
Of that bright happy throng.

7 Redeemed, from every clime they came,
Once man's lost, fallen race;
To dwell forever in the smile
Of their Redeemer's face.

8 And while eternal years roll on
Their harps they shall employ
To swell the high and lofty notes
Of triumph and of joy.

242. [*Kingdom Come.*]

1 [DO not believe the sad story,
Of ages of sleep in the tomb,
I shall pass far away to the glory,
And grandeur of Kingdom Come.
The pressure of death and its stillness,
May rest on my brow for a while,
And my spirit may lose in its chillness,
The splendor of hope's happy smile

2 But the gloom of the grave will be transient,
And light as the slumbers of worth,
And then I shall bloom with the ancient
And beautiful forms of the earth.
Through the climes of the sky, and the bowers
Of bliss, evermore I shall roam,
Wearing crowns of the stars and the flowers,
That glitter in Kingdom Come.

3 The friends who have parted before me,
From life's gloomy passion and pain;
When the shadow of death passes o'er me,
Will smile on me fondly again.
Their voices are lost in the soundless
Retreats of their endless home;
But soon we shall meet in the boundless
Effulgence of Kingdom Come.

243. [*New Jerusalem.*] 8s

1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its service of love
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there?

4 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.

244. [*Portuguese, p.* 378.] 10 & 11s.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem haste, 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.

245. [*Star in the East. p.* 284.] 11s & 10s

HAIL, thou blest morn! see the great Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us your aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is 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 offerings divine—
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

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

246.

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.
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 crowned.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweetly let gladsome hosannas arise;
Ye angels the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resounds through the earth and the skies.

247. [*Harwell, p.* 386.] 8s & 7s.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise!
Glory, glory, glory, glory!
Glory, glory, God is love!
Glory to my blessed Saviour!
Hallelujah! God is Love!

2 Hark! the heralds of salvation!
Joyful news the angels bring;
God himself in flesh hath enter'd,
Jesus is the new-born king!

3 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—glory,
Glory be to God most high!

4 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound"

5 Christ is born, the Great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King,

6 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name, and taste his joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

248.

FROM the regions of love, lo an angel descended,
And told the strange news, how the babe was attended;
Go, shepherds, and visit the wonderful stranger,
See yonder bright star—there's your Lord in the manger.
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-echoed through heaven,
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

4 Enraptured, I burn with delight and desire,
Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire;
Around thy bright throne hosannas are ringing,
Oh when shall I join them, and ever be singing?

5 Triumphantly ride in thy chariot victorious,
And conquer with Love, Oh Jesus, all glorious,
Thy banners unfurl! let the nations surrender,
And own thee their Saviour, their God, and defender.

249. [*Hebron, p.* 19.] L. M

1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds thro' the night,
Watched their flocks by starry light:

2 Hark! from the starry hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole
Wide murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven burst her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The Prince of Peace in grandeur came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they strung their harps and sung

5 Oh Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

6 See Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to those that mourn;
Behold she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair!

250. [*Ortonville, p.* 92.] C M

1 TO Christ the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring;
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell,
Think o'er the wonder of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow,
His head with radiant glory crowned
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men,
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And fled to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 His hands a thousand blessings pour
Upon my guilty head,
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And smooths my sleeping bed.

7 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

8 To heaven the place of his abode
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from his beauty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine

251. 6 7s & 2 6s.

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

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

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

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

252. [*Duane Street*, *p.* 132.] L M

1 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.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—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.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock: his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd 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 return'd it running o'er,
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'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, and clothed, and cheered, my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dreamed,

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 heal'd—
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In prison 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 ask'd if I for him would die;
My flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

7 Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger started 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."

253. [*Sena, p.* 338.] 4 8s & 2 7s

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

2 See the rocks and mountains shaking
Earth unto her centre quaking:
Nature's groans awake the dead.
Look on Phebus struck with wonders,
While the peals of legal thunders
Smite the dear Redeemer's head.

3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
Chanting through the blissful regions,
Cease to thrill the quiv'ring string;

Songs harmonious all suspended,
Till the mighty war was ended,
By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell and all the powers infernal,
Vanquished by the King Eternal,
When he pour'd the vital flood;
By his groans which shook creation
Lo, we found a proclamation,
Peace and pardon through his blood.

5 Shout, ye saints, with adoration—
Fill with songs the wide creation,
Since he's 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;
Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder,
Then shall we adore and wonder
Sing on the highest key.

254. [*Page* 329.]

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

2 He was extended, he was extended,
Shamefully nail'd to the cross;
O! 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;
O! the sun refused to shine,
When his majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land;
O! the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

5 When it was 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 in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail mighty Saviour!
Prince and the author of peace!
O! 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 should live;
Crying, Father I have died
(O 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 reconciled to thee,
And salvation they all shall receive.

255. [*Liberty*, *p* 219.]

WHEN Jesus first to rescue man,
Arose and left his Father's throne;
Love was the work, the work on which he came,
And guardian angels knew the same.
"Go, die, my Son; my Son go suffer pain,
And then return to me again."

2 See, Jesus climbs up Calvary's hill,
To do his Father's blessed will;
The Jews with spears, with spears they pierce amain,
His precious side; he dies in pain!
"Now dies my Son, my Son now suffers pain
And shall return to me again."

3 "Arise, my Son, once more obey,
Go, angels, roll the stone away;
My Son is come, is coming back again,
And shall with me forever reign."
Now reign my Son, Jehovah, reign above;
And so shall all, who will thee love.

256. [*Hedding*, *p.* 216.] 4 8s & 2 6s

1 THROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we trace,
Nothing but love and boundless grace,
No period else is seen:
Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul the pangs of hell,
Caus'd by the creature's sin.

2 On the cold ground, methinks I see
My Saviour kneel, and pray for me;
For this I'll him adore;

Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood-drops did force their passage out
Through every opening pore.

3 The piercing thorns his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till one the bones might see;
Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by the heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game
At length his cross they rear.
And can you see the mighty God,
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load
Without one thankful tear.

5 Thus, veiled in humanity,
He dies in anguish on the tree;
What tongue his grief can tell?
The shudd'ring rock their heads recline,
The morning sun refused to shine,
When the Redeemer fell.

6 Shout, brethren, shout in songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine
To quench our parching thirst;
Seraphs advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb, unite your choir,
And laud the precious Christ.

257. [*Rock of Ages, p.* 177.] 6 7s

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,

Your Redemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
Of the wormwood and the gall,
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, pain, or loss:
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
It is finish'd! hear him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they lay his breathless clay--
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen! he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us how to rise.

258. ["*The Trumpet*," *p.* 244.]

BRIGHT morning! bright morning! the darkness is o'er,
And the night of despair shall be dreaded no more,
The Saviour Almighty has vanquish'd to save,
And borne off the ponderous gates of the grave.

2 Lo, Jesus! lo, Jesus! the Lamb that was slain,
Not long could the grave such a treasure retain!
For the gloom of its caverns was lighted with day,
As the sentinels fell and the stone roll'd away.

3 He triumphs! he triumphs! death's dungeon he shakes,
And the bonds of his slumbering captives he breaks;
The dominion of terror now fearfully reels,
And the tyrant is dragg'd at his chariot wheels.

4 He's risen! he's risen! Immanuel lives,
The hope of bright glory to him that believes;
His repose in the grave has illumin'd the road
That leads to the glorious palace of God.

5 Though mortal—though mortal, we dread not to die,
For the grave is the gateway to mansions on high,
Our slumbering bodies awhile may remain,
Till the sound of his trumpet shall wake them again.

6 The glory!—the glory of that blissful morn,
When the beauty of Christ shall his people adorn!
From their graves, in a moment, the saints shall arise,
And shouting in triumph, return to the skies.

259. [*Wilmot, p.* 40.] 4 7s

1 ANGELS, roll the stone 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.

260. [*Camarthen, p.* 307.] 4 6s & 2 8s

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conq'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."

MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

261. [*Antioch, p.* 32.] C. M.

1 JOY to the world—the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

262. [*Antioch*, *p.* 32.] C. M

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life, shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

263. [*Brighton*, *p.* 230.] C. M.

1 INFINITE loveliness is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of grace;
Thine uncreated beauties shine,
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And heaven can give no more.

264. [*Hebron*, *p.* 10.] L. M.

1 HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and gladness fill'd the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

265. [*Kedron's Gloomy Vale, p.* 48.] S M

1 AMONG the mountain trees
The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies,
Were harmonies of wo;
A voice of grief was on the gale,
It came from Kedron's gloomy vale:

2 It was the Saviour's prayer
That on the silence broke,
Imploring strength from heaven to bear
The sin-avenging stroke,
As in Gethsemane he knelt
And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

3 The fitful starlight shone
In dim and misty gleams;
Deep was his agonizing groan,
And large the vital streams
That trickled to the dewy sod,
While Jesus raised his voice to God.

4 The chosen three that staid,
Their nightly watch to keep,
Left him through sorrows deep to wade,
And gave themselves to sleep:
Meekly and sad he prayed alone,
Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's bank
The reckless traitor came,

And heavy on his bosom sank
The load of guilt and shame:
Yet unto them that waited nigh
He gave the Lamb of God to die.

6 Among the mountain trees
The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of wo:
For cruel voices filled the gale
That came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

266. [*Gethsemane, p.* 128.] P.M

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

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

3 Triumphant Gethsemane!
Satan's power was crushed in thee;
For when Jesus humbly knelt
To the stroke man should have felt,

Man was rescued in that hour
From the yoke of Satan's power;
Rescued then, he hopes to rise
To the joys of Paradise.

267. [*Lift Up, &c., p.* 26.] C. M.

1 LIFT up your stately heads, ye doors;
With hasty reverence rise;
Ye everlasting doors that guard
The passage to the skies.

CHORUS.

For see, for see the King of Glory comes,
The King of Glory comes along the eternal road,
For see the King, the King of Glory comes,
The King of Glory comes along the eternal road.

2 Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
And throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.
For see, for see, &c.

268. . [*Rock of Ages, p.* 177.] 6 7s

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;

Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

RESURRECTION AND PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST.

269. [*Martyn, p.* 24.] 7s

1 MARY, to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone:
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

270. [*Morris, p.* 327.] C. M.

1 HOW calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Whereon the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom:
O weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen he lives again.

2 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die:
Since he has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

271. [*Bloomington, p.* 160.] 7s

1 CHRIST, the Lord is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens—thou earth, reply

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell

Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death! is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save,
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

272. [*Salem*, *p.* 192.] L. M

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness vails the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richest blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?'
And, "Where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?'

273. [*Adoption*, *p.* 392.] 4 6s & 2 8s

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

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!"

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

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear.

He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

274. [*Indianapolis, p.* 186.] 11s.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day;
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 followed their master with solemn delight.

2 Oh garden of Olives, thou dear honored 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!
Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

CORONATION OF CHRIST.

275. [*Coronation, p.* 182.] C M

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

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

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

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

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

276. [*Harwell, p.* 398.] 8s & & 7s

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above,
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the Lord of love.

2 Jesus! hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.

3 King of glory! reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own.

4 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring—O! bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.

277. [*Lift up your Heads, p.* 66.] 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 SONGS anew of honor framing,
Sing you to the Lord alone;
All his wondrous works proclaiming
Jesus wondrous works hath done.
Glorious victory—
His right hand and arm have won.

2 Now he bids his great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told:
Tidings spread through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold:
All the heathen
Shall his righteousness behold.

3 Shout aloud—and hail the Saviour;
Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim!
As ye triumph in his favor,
Spread abroad his matchless fame;
Loud rejoicing—
Shout the honors of his name.

REIGN OF CHRIST.

278. [*Romaine, p.* 172.] 7s & 8s

1 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 let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor 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 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With off'rings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean,
In tribute, at his feet.

5 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;

All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing:
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

279. [*Alquina, p.* 242.] 7s & 6l

1 NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire shall increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of Kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise

280. [*Alquina, p.* 242.] C M

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along!
And hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

281. [*Dundee, p.* 18.] 266 C. M.

1 OH, for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their 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 trumpets' 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.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In *Israel* stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords
Submit before his throne.

7 Hosanna to the anointed King!
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

283. [*Marseilles*, p. 222.] P. M.

1 The host of heaven that throne surrounding,
Where everlasting splendors glow,
And lyres with ceaseless praise resounding,
Beheld the earth involved in wo.
Deep night with fearful wing lay brooding,
Nor could lone Sinai's beacon red
Illume the midnight pall that spread,
Each glimmering ray of hope excluding--
When lo! a Saviour came!
The star o'er Bethlehem gleamed;
And angels tuned their harps of joy
To hail a world redeemed.

2 But ingrate man, by sin benighted,
Too oft repelled salvation's ray,

The gentle sigh of Calvary slighted,
And turned with rebel heart away
God looked from heaven and all had wandered—
Like erring sheep had gone astray—
And, rushing down destruction's way,
Immortal treasures madly squandered:
When the blest Spirit came,
With light and power divine;
Bow, contrite sinner, to his sway,
And Christ and heaven are thine.

THE CHURCH.

283. [*Bealoth, p.* 22.] **S. M**

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our bless'd Redeemer bought
With his own precious blood

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless her sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my toils and cares be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

284. [*Hail to the Brightness, p.* 110.] 10s & 11s

HAIL to the brightness of Sion's glad morning,
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Sion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Sion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, the dead rising from land and from ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

285. [*House of the Lord, p.* 346.] 12s

YOU may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale,
But the place most delightful this earth can afford
Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early
dawn—
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage:
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged
road
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of
wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.

PRAISE TO GOD.

286. [*Old Hundred, p.* 36.] L. M

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone—
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

287. [*Wells, p.* 177.] L. M

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around,
Fall worshipping and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy name,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A solemn reverence checks our songs
And praise sits silent on our tongues

288. [*Dignity, p.* 180.] 6 8s

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

289. [*Juniata, p.* 12.] S. M

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,—
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

290. [*Juniata, p.* 12.] S. M

1 COME sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the sovereign 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 work, 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.

291. [*Juniata*, *p.* 12.] S. M

1 SING to the Lord most high,
Let every land adore,
With grateful heart and voice make known
His goodness and his power.

2 Enter his courts with joy,
With fear address the Lord;
'Twas he who formed us with his hand;
And quickened by his word.

3 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
And while eternity shall last,
His promises endure.

292. [*Lyons*, *p.* 20.] 10s & 11s

O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full chorus join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises in music divine.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains his praises express
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and their children to bless.

3 With glory adorned his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded and reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes now publish his praise;
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongues,
Would join in your numbers and chant to your lays.

293. [*Gallaher, p.* 52.] C. M.

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb

294. [*Niagara, p.* 184.] L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong,
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

295. [*Niagara, p.* 184.] L M

1 NOW to the God to whom all might
And glory in all worlds belong,
Who fills, unseen, his throne of light,
Come, let us sing a joyful song.

2 His Spirit wrapped the mantling air,
Of old, around our infant earth,
And on her bosom, warm and fair,
Gave her young Lord his joyous birth

3 He smiles on morning's rosy way;
He paints the gorgeous clouds of even,
To noon he gives its ripening ray;
To night the view of glorious heaven.

4 He drives along those sparkling globes
In circles of unerring truth:
He decks them all in radiant robes,
And crowns them with eternal youth.

5 So will he crown the deathless mind,
When life and all its toils are o'er.
Then let his praise, by all mankind,
Be loudly sung for evermore.

296. [*Batavia, p.* 210.] 7s & 6s

1 I HEAR the voice of singing
Among the waving trees;
Its echoes still are ringing
In every playful breeze;
The bud its leaves extending,
The dew-drop in its cell,
Their equal beauties blending,
The song of praise to swell.

2 The brooks, with murmuring voices,
Pour forth their noisy lays;
And every thing rejoices
To sing Jehovah's praise:
On every cloud it lingers,
And thunders back in fire.
And winds with breezy fingers,
Awake the sleeping lyre.

3 The summer's cloud unfolding
Its misty scarf of air,
Which mountain hands are holding
To vail the sunset fair;
Whose golden rays ascending,
Gleam up the western sky,
And point the one offending
To mercy's bow on high.

4 Then let each heart with gladness
Employ the circling year,

To banish every sadness,
And drooping hearts to cheer.
And when our years are ended,
And silent are our lays,
Then may our notes be blended
In everlasting praise.

297. [*Universal Praise, p.* 304.] 8s & 7s

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Praise to God from every tongue;
Join, my soul with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 Joyfully on earth adore him,
'Till in heaven our songs we raise:
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

298. [*Boylston, p.* 14.] S. M

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,

Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips—our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unreveal'd to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

6 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

299. [*Hope, p.* 324.] S. M.

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

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

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!

'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

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

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

8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
O Jesus, raise me higher!

300. [*Superior*, *p.* 150.] C. M

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

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

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

301. [*Milford, p.* 200.] S M

1 MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

302. [*Boylston, p.* 14.] S. M

1 THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

303. [*Thanksgiving, p.* 174.] 8s & 8s

1 HOW beauteous is the earth!
How bright the sky!
How wisely planned by Him
Who reigns on high!
His love is rich and free—
A boundless store!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Forever more!

2 By day he makes the sun
To pour forth light;
The moon and starry host
To shine by night:
His love, &c.

3 He waters hill and dale
With dews and showers;
And crowns their varied soils
With fruits and flowers:
His love, &c.

4 He sent his only Son
To save the world,
When, from its Eden bowers,
Fall'n man was hurl'd:
His love, &c.

5 His face hath smiled on us,
Above all lands;
Our thousand splendid gifts
Are from his hands:
His love, &c.

304. [*Pennsylvania, p.* 176.] 6s & 8s

1 LORD of all power and might!
Our hearts' deep praise is thine:
We hail thee with the morning light,
And magnify thy name by night,
In anthems all divine.

2 Though sin an entrance found,
And marred our Eden's bloom,
The year is still with goodness crowned,
And glorious fruits and flowers abound,
Which yield a rich perfume.

3 Yet O, by faith's bright eye,
A happier clime we see!
Where never chill of fear is nigh,
Nor breath of sorrow dims the sky,
Nor blight of guilt can be.

THE LORD'S DAY.

305. [*Juniata, p.* 12.] S. M

1 WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

306. [*Dundee, p.* 18.] C. M

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own:

With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy tabernacles, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer—
And pour the choral song.

3 Saviour of men, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
And pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite
To spread, with grateful zeal, around
Her clear and shining light.

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

307. [*Old Hundred, p.* 36.] L. M

1 SWEET is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize our breast;
O may our hearts in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

2 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works—and praise his word,
His works of grace—how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels—how divine!

3 Sure we shall share a glorious part
When grace has well refined our heart,

When fresh supplies of joy he sheds
Like holy oil upon our heads.

4 Then shall we see, and hear and know
All we desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

308. [*Rochester*, *p.* 250.] C. M.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O, what a sun which rose this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

309. [*Wilmot*, *p.* 40.] 1s.

1 SONGS of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

2 Heaven 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.

3 And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

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

GRATITUDE.

310. [*Gratitude, p.* 22.] **S. M**

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing—
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice

With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
Since such shall be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

311. [*Splendor*, *p.* 206.] 8s, 7s & 4.

1 WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor
All were nothing to his word:
Hallelujah—
Now we offer to the Lord.

2 While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim;
Let his saints of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame
Hallelujah—
Gifts we offer to his name.

3 May his kingdom be promoted,
May the world the Saviour know;
Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him my all I owe:
Hallelujah—
Run ye heralds to and fro.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love:
Hallelujah—
By this gift our love we'll prove

COMMUNION.

312. [*Luton*, *p.* 160.] L. M.

1 HOW pleasing to behold and see,
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around his sacred board,
As members of one common Lord.

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss—
Here we enjoy the Saviour's grace—
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

3 While here we sit we would implore,
That love may spread from shore to shore
Till all the saints like us combine
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

313. [*Aylesbury*, *p.* 27.] S. M.

1 JESUS the friend of man,
Invites us to his board:
The welcome summons we obey
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite,
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

314. [*Dundee, p.* 18.] C. M

1 COME, let us raise a joyful tune,
To our exalted Lord,
The saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 The tree of life, that near the throne,
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down,
Its ever-smiling boughs.

3 Hov'ring among the leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial dove,
And *Jesus* on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.

4 It is a heaven of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

5 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigor and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.

FELLOWSHIP.

315. [*Calvary, p.* 106.] 8s & 7s

1 COME, dear friends, we all are brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land

Come, unite and walk together,
Christ, our leader, gives command
Cease to boast of party merit,
Wound the cause of God no more,
Be united by his spirit;
Sion's peace again restore.

2 Now our hand, our heart, our spirit,
Here in fellowship we give;
Let us love and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live.
We'll be one in Christ our Saviour,
Male and female, bond and free!
Christ is all in all forever,
In him we shall blessed be!

316. [*Pleasure*, *p.* 170.] 8s & 7s

1 LET thy kingdom. blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign forever—
Lord of life and Prince of peace,
Visit now thy bleeding Sion,
Lo! thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy flock is crying,
Gracious Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul—some for Apollos—
Some for Cephas—few agree
With thy holy word that calls us,
Or resolve to follow thee:
Lord, in us there is no merit,
At thy name our hearts do leap;
Guide us by thy Holy Spirit,
Till in death our souls shall sleep.

3 Come, blest Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here;
Naught, we know, can ever harm us,
If our Shepherd be but near:
Glory, glory, be to Jesus!
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and saves us;
Gracious Shepherd, bless thy sheep.

4 Hail, thou Prince of our salvation,
Ever will we be thy flock;
Thou the church's sure foundation,
And the everlasting Rock:
May we shun the paths of folly,
Scale the high, the arduous steep,
Look to thee and still be holy;
Gracious Shepherd, bless thy sheep.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

317. [*Dover*, *p.* 198.] S. M

1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee:
And seek to keep my heart and house;
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

318. [*Hebron*, *p.* 10.] L. M

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

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

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

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

319. [*Gratitude*, *No.* 2, *p.* 88.] L. M

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

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

TIME

320. [*Lebanon, p.* 84.] **L. M.**

1 TIME speeds away—away—away
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drop from us like the leaflet's sear—
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts:
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eyes grow dim and strange to all.

2 Time speeds away—away—away,
Like torrents in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breasts,
The friends that we have loved the best,
And leaves them weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

3 Time speeds away—away—away;
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind, along the hills, can flee,
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steeds, from stage to stage,
He bears us on from age to age;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity

321. [*Uxbridge, p.* 88.] **L. M.**

1 RAPID my days and months run on,
How soon another year is gone.

How swift my golden moments roll,
How much neglected by my soul!

2 Let me begin, with holy fear,
This new, this fleeting, flying year;
Too many unimprov'd have pass'd,
This year, perhaps, may be my last.

3 Give me, great God, a heart to pray;
Let old things all be done away;
Give me new strength to conquer sin,
And plant new holiness within.

4 I ask new wisdom for this year,
New fitness for my trials here;
Of every grace a richer store,
My God to love and honor more.

322. [*The Christian's Death Song, p.* 290.] P. M

I'M fading away to the land of the blest,
Like the 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 appear 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 one spot—one most beautiful spot—
Which 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 through the vail—there is life in each beam,
It renders immortal my vision!
The notes of soft melody fall on my ear,
Harmonious the cadence and measure;
'Tis the voice of the harpers on Sion 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.

323. [*Rochester, p.* 250.] C. M

1 O WHAT a power hath years to change
Each transient earthly scene,
To make the pleasures of the past
As though they had not been.

2 'Tis mournful to retrace the past,
And bring to memory's eye
The days, our brightest, happiest days,
Of joyous infancy.

3 The world, was it not brighter then,
Without those cares and fears,
Which oft, like storm clouds, rise to burst
On our maturer years?

4 Have all the hopes been realized
Which thronged life's early dreams
Or on the future does the star
Of promise shed its beams?

5 Ah no! the flowers of hope we've learned
Oft blossom but to fade,
And though life has its sunny spots
It also has its shade.

6 But ah! the dream of youth has fled,
The brightest, purest ray
Which lights our pathway till the hour
We seek our kindred clay.

324. [*Amsterdam, p.* 252.] 7s & 6s

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms
All that's mortal soon shall be
Inclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the t mb:

But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

325. [*Repose*, *p* 296.] 8s & 7s

1 FAINTLY flow thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down to ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way:
Time with such a silent motion,
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasure there.

2 Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then like visions hurry by:
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

326. [*Benevento*, *p*. 330.] 7s

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd 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 light'ning from the skies,
Darts and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear 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.

DEATH.

327. [*The Old Church Yard, p.* 58.]

A BROTHER IS DEAD.

HARK! what is that note, so mournful and slow,
That steals on the winds like the tidings of wo?
It sounds like the knell of a spirit that's fled,
It tells us, alas! that a brother is dead!

2 Yes, gone to the grave is him whom we loved,
And lifeless that form that so manfully mov'd·
The clods of the valley encompass his head,
The marble reminds us, a brother is dead!

3 But marble and urns, they never can tell
The place where the soul is destined to dwell;
Ye spirits of air, who surrounded his bed,
O speak ye, and tell where the spirit is fled!

4 No voice from the grave, no voice from the sky
Discloses the deeds that are doing on high;
It need not, Jehovah hath said in his word,
That "Blessed are they that die in in the Lord."

328. [*Heaven.*] 3 6s & 3 8s

1 FRIEND after friend departs!
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this vain world our final rest,
Living or dying done 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 passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light

329.

[*Carthage, p.* 82.] 8s & 7s

HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
Learn with me thy 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.

Lo! in yonder forest rising,
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 your friends are yearly dropping,
We are like to one of these.

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.

Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
Just to cheer a troubled mind;
But 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 rise to fall no more.

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

330. DYING STRANGER'S SONG. S 6s

1 MY early hopes are fled,
My days on earth are past;
My grave before me spread,
My hour is come at last.
I look to heaven and kneel,
To know what is to be;
I turn to earth and feel,
It is no place for me.

2 For I am now alone,
I wither as the weed,
And in my breast is sown
A deep and deadly seed.
O! O! it does alas!
My spirit doubly bow,
To think on what I was,
And feel what I am now.

3 No friendly hand appears,
No cottage, and no home
I die, but shed no tears,
The worst, the worst is come.
I know and feel my doom,
Far from a human face,
The desert is my tomb
But heaven my dwelling place.

4 Away, away away,
Upon an angel's wing!
The night is changed to day,
Sweet hallelujahs ring:
Then vanish all regret,
I'll see the heavenly clime;
For life and death are met,—
Eternity and time.

331. [*Clarington, p.* 326.] 4 8s

DEATH OF A SISTER.

1 'TIS finish'd, the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
And now she's entombed with the dead.

2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life here below.

3 Her soul has now taken its flight,
To mansions of glory above;
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

4 The coffin, the shroud, and the grave,
To her were no objects of dread;
On him who is mighty to save,
Her soul was with confidence stay'd.

5 Then let us forbear to complain,
That she is now gone from our sight·
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and eternal delight.

6 We too must the summons obey,
We too shall the victory gain,
And rejoice to hasten away,
With her sainted spirit to reign.

332. [*Romaine, p.* 172.] 7s & 6s

1 AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hastening to the sea—
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day—
So fast the night comes o'er us,
The darkness and the grave,
And death is just before us;
God takes the life he gave.

333 [*Uxbridge, p.* 88.] L. M

1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest:
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing;
O grave! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting!

334. [*Fiducia*, *p.* 402.] C. M

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

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

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

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

5 Beneath our feet and o'er our heads,
Are equal warnings given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

6 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

7 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know—
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

335. [*Aoclamation, p.* 190.] 8s & 7s

1 WHEN around us life is shining,
Touched by pleasure's flowing hand,
When its joys are softly twining
Round our hearts their silver band,
When some rich and valued blessing
Comes upon each zephyr breath,
When each wished for good possessing,
Oh 'tis hard to think on death.

2 But there's something which can lighten
All the sorrows of the tomb,
All its dark recesses brighten,
Dissipate its saddest gloom;
Shed around its beams of glory,
Bid its every terror flee,
Fill the soul with rapture holy,
Jesus, 'tis one smile from thee.

336. [*Canadian Boat Song.*]

RIVER of death, thy stream I see,
Between the bright city of rest and me;
Fearless, thy sable surge I'll brave,
For sweet is the prospect o'er thy wave.
Waft me, O waft me safely o'er,
And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore.

2 Why should I fear to stem thy tide,
With him who has loved me as guard and guide?

Wisdom and power control thy flood,
While faith says my passage was paid with blood.

3 What is it gilds thy darksome foam?
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home,
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me o'er thy surface drear.

4 Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes;
Saviour, I come, I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.

THE GRAVE.

337. [*Scotland, p* 80.] 8 rts.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee:
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths 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 forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;

But the mild rays of paradise beam'd on thy waking
And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

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

338. [*Germany*, *p.* 196.] 4 7s.

1 LOVELY babe how brief thy stay!
Short and hasty was thy day;
Ending soon thy journey here,
Pain and grief no more to bear.

2 Hard is it for thee to part,
For it rends the aching heart,
But an heir of glory's gone,
Let the will of God be done.

3 Pillow'd on a Saviour's breast,
Sweetly sleep, and softly rest;
Soon the morning shall restore
The buried babe we now deplore.

339. [*There is a Calm*, *p.* 30.] 8s. & 4s

1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,

Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 I soon shall lay this painful head,
And aching heart beneath the soil;
And slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

340. [*York, p.* 321.] C. M

1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
Where life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree
Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 All leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment call them forth.
To meet their final doom

341. [*The Old Church Yard, p,* 58.] P. M

0 COME, come with me to the old church yard,
I well know the path through the soft greer sward;
Friends slumber there, we were wont to regard,
We'll trace out their names in the old church yard
O mourn not them, for their grief is o'er,
Weep not for them, they weep no more,
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillow may be in the old church yard.

2 I know it seems vain when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to the broken heart;
I know that the joys of life seem marred,
When we follow our friends to the old church yard:
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why should you weep, dear friends, for me?
I'm way-worn and sad, O why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old church yard?

3 "Our friends linger there in the sweetest repose,
Released from the world's sad bereavements and woes—
And who would not rest with the friends they regard
In quietude sweet in the old church yard?
We'll rest in the hope of that bright day,
When beauty shall spring from the prison of clay,
When Gabriel's voice, and the trump of the Lord,
Shall awaken the dead in the old church yard."

4 "O weep not for me, I am anxious to go
To that haven of rest where tears never flow;
I fear not to enter that dark, lonely ward,
For soon shall I rise from the old church yard:
Yes, soon shall I join with that heavenly band
Of glorified souls at my Saviour's right hand;
Forever to dwell in bright mansions prepared
For the saints who shall rise from the old church yard."

342. [*Remembrance, p.* 104.] 12s & 11s.

SHE hath gone from the trials and sorrows below,
To that land where the rivers of pleasure do flow;
She hath gone from the trouble and trial of earth,
To that region where joys everlasting have birth;
She hath gone, the bright regions of bliss to explore,
Whither Jesus her Saviour hath entered before—
To the clime of bright glory, the city of light,
To the blessed fruition of heavenly delight.

2 She faded in beauty, she faded in youth,
In the spring-tide of innocence, virtue and truth—
Like the bud but just opened, then chilled into blight,
Like the bright star of even obscured by black night.
She lives in the Heaven of heavens above,
Rehearsing the story of Jesus' kind love;
She lists the sweet music of that blest abode,
And sings hallelujahs of praise to her God.

343. [*Farewell*, *p.* 120.] 10s 8s & 7s

WHERE are the fathers who guided our youth,
Where are they gone, where are they gone?
They taught us the lessons of wisdom and truth,
Where are they gone, are they gone?
They're gone from this low ground of sorrow and pain,
They're gone from earth's pleasures so fleeting and vain;
But say, O say, shall we meet them again?
Where are they gone, are they gone?

2 Where are the lovely—our fond hearts' delight—
Where are they gone, where are they gone?
They've left this lone valley of canker and blight,
Where are they gone, are they gone?
Sad memory treasures each fond look and tone
Each kind word and token. Alone, all alone,
Affection remembers. Where are they gone,
Where are they gone, are they gone?

3 They're gone to the land where the mourners have rest,
There they are gone, there they are gone;
They are gone to the land where all true hearts are blest,
There they are gone, they are gone:
They're gone to the city where parting's no more,
To the heavenly mansions where weeping is o'er;
They're gone to enjoy their reward evermore,
There they are gone, they are gone.

VALEDICTORY.

344 [*Parting Friends*, *p.* 336.]

1 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 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.
And in heaven's wide domain,
There we all shall 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 shall we all meet again.

345. [*Heaven is my Home*, *p.* 108.] C. M.

1 FAREWELL, my Christian friends, farewell,
Though called awhile to part,
May we by faith in Jesus dwell
And still be one in heart.

2 Though we be separated here,
Our journey we'll pursue,
Remember us in humble prayer,
And we'll remember you.

3 Our happiness will be complete,
When we with Jesus reign.
O may we all in glory meet,
And never part again.

4 Then let us haste to realms above;
Soon we shall reach the shore,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
Where parting is no more.

346. [*Pilgrim's Farewell, p.* 64.] L. M.

1 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 world shall view.
I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end,
And partings are no more.
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.

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.

347. [*Parting Hand.*]

1 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 have 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 no more clasp the parting 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.

JUDGMENT.

348. [*The Trumpet, p.* 244.]

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo! self-moving it rides 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 bright angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo! the depths of the stone covered charnel are stirr'd.
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!
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.

349. [*Zion, p.* 70.] 2 8s, 3 7s, & 1 4

1 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 God 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 your 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.

350. [*Sion*, *p.* 79.] 8s, 7s & 4s

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing.
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away,
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!"

4 Yes, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!

Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known:
O come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

351. [*Lovely Morning, p.* 74.] P. M.

1 THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear;
While the mighty, mighty trump
Sounds "Come, come away,"
O let us be ready
And hail the bright day

2 All nations in judgment
That morning shall stand,
To hear their last sentence,
Jehovah's command;
While the mighty, &c.

3 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone;
While the mighty, &c.

4 The graves will be opened,
The dead will arise,
And, with the Redeemer,
Mount up to the skies;
While the mighty, &c.

5 The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign

The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain;
While the mighty, &c.

352. [*He Cometh, p.* 46.] P. M.

HE cometh! He cometh! the ages are o'er!
Lo! the clouds have received him, he tarries no more,
Lo! the times are fulfilled, and the voice of his word
Ushers in with its glory the day of the Lord!

2 Th' Archangel! th' Archangel! his grave-stirring word
Now he speaketh in thunder, the blast of his Lord.
O'er the kingdom of death, in the earth and the main,
Loud he shouteth the triumph Messiah shall gain.

3 Behold him! behold him! in triumph we cry,
And behold the bright angels that shine in the sky!
Lo, he comes, not as once, to a cheerless abode;
'Tis the day of his triumph, the day of our God!

353. [*Harrison, p.* 382.] 8s & 7s.

1 HARK! ten thousand, thousand voices
Sing the song of Jubilee;
Earth, through all her tribes, rejoices,
Broke her long captivity!
Hail Immanuel!—Great Deliverer!
Hail, Immanuel!—praise to thee!
Now the theme, in pealing thunders,
Through the universe is rung;
Now, in gentler tones, the wonders
Of redeeming grace are sung.

2 Wider now and louder rising,
Swells and soars th' enraptured strain—
Earth's unnumbered tongues comprising;
Hark! the Conqueror's praise again:
Hail, Immanuel!—Great Deliverer!
None would from the song refrain:
While they sweep the golden lyre,
More enchanting notes arise—
Till each anthem, wafted higher,
Joins the chorus of the skies.

3 O! the rapturous, blissful story,
Spoken to Immanuel's praise;
And the strains so full of glory
That immortal voices raise!
Hail, Immanuel!—Great Deliverer!
Live forever in our lays!
While our crowns of glory casting
At his feet in rapture lost,
We, in anthems everlasting,
Mingle with th' angelic host!

354. [*How Long, O, Lord, p.* 318] 7s & 6s

1 HOW long, O Lord, our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay:
O when shall come the moment,
When brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory,
Shall on thy people dawn.

2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe:

Buried in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see,
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay:
Thy very bride, her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not

4 O wake thy slumbering virgins,
Send forth the solemn cry—
Let all thy saints repeat it—
The Bridegroom draweth nigh;
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

355. [*There is a King of Glory, p.* 356.] P. M

1 THERE is a King of glory
Ere long on earth to rise,
Sung in prophetic story,
Descending from the skies:
The babe of Bethlehem, 'tis He,
It is the man of Calvary,
Not crowned with thorns and gory,
But crowned with glory now!
Not crowned with thorns to-day,
Not mocked and led away,
But crowned with everlasting glory LOW.

2 He cometh, cometh speedy,
To save his suffering saints,
Saints groaning, waiting, ready,
And endeth their complaints:
With joy they meet him in the air,
And shout the swelling triumph there:
No longer poor and needy,
But crowned with glory now,
Not one's reviled to-day!
None stumble in the way—
All crowned with everlasting glory now

3 O tears, and sin, and sighing,
Now let your prisoner go,
Discharged from pain and dying
And from a world of woe:
I go to Christ—he comes to me—
We meet in bright eternity.
On clouds he cometh flying,
On clouds of glory now!
Victorious in his wars,
Full many a palm he bears,
And crown of everlasting glory now

4 O what are tribulation,
And all the ills I bear,
Compared with this salvation,
And all the glory there?
Behold, a city fair and high,
Bright capital of earth and sky,
That dureth with duration,
All filled with glory now!
The armies of his grace,
Triumphant reach the place--
'Tis glory, everlasting glory now!

5 There every sight that pleases,
There every sound that cheers
There sweet immortal breezes,
Inspire the palmy years,
There all the just join in a band,
From every age from every land,
While o'er them reigns king Jesus,
With crowns of glory now!
The people of his grace
Have reached the heavenly place—
'Tis glory, everlasting glory, now!

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

USE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

356. [*Nuremburg, p.* 287. 7s

1 HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

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

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

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

357. [*Aurora*, *p.* 242.] 7s & 6s

1 "REMEMBER thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright;
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
Ere night's dark pall is near,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator,"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust:
Before with God who gave it,
Thy spirit shall appear;
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

358. [*Hosanna*, *p.* 40.] P. M

1 COME, O my soul, in joyous lays,
Attempt thy great Redeemer's praise
But O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?
Glory, glory, let us sing,
While heaven and earth with praises ring.
Hosanna! hosanna!
Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ my tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

PUNCTUALITY.

359. [*Mercy Seat, p.* 116.] L. M

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

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

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

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

THE HOPE, THE STAR, THE VOICE.

360. [*Thy Will be done, p.* 60.] C. M

1 THERE is a hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyous mockery
The world esteems delight.

2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above—
Dispels distrustful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, God is love.

4 That voice is heard from Calv'ry's hight,
And speaks the soul forgiven;
That star is Revelation's light—that
Hope, the hope of heaven.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

361. [*Greenville, p.* 190.] 7s & 8s

1 TEACHER, guide of young beginners,
Let a child approach to thee,
Thee, who came to ransom sinners,
Thee, who died to ransom me.

2 Into thy protection take me,
Full of goodness as thou art;
After thine own image make me,
Make me after thine own heart.

3 Exercise the potter's power,
Over this misshapen clay;
Call me in the morning hour;
Teach my youthful mind the way.

4 With a tender awe inspire,
That I never more may rove;
Every spark of good desire,
Raise into a flame of love.

MUTUAL AND UNITED PETITIONS.

362. 10s & 11s

Scholars.

OUR Father in heaven, though feeble our lays,
We raise them with grateful emotions of praise,
For patrons and teachers to guide us above,
Reward thou in heav'n, their labors of love.

Teachers.

2 Our Father in heaven, thy blessing we crave
On all our endeavors these children to save:
O, make us more faithful, more prayerful, more wise,
To win them to Jesus who dwells in the skies.

Chorus.

3 With voices united, thy mercies we sing,
Proclaiming all glory to Jesus our King;
And when life is ended, receive us in love,
To sing hallelujahs with angels above.

363. [*O come, come away, p.* 225.] P. M.

Teachers.

O COME, children come, from labor now reposing,
'Tis God's own day, you must not play,
O come, come away.
O come, your sacred joy renew,
And here find rest and pleasure too,
While kind friends welcome you,
O come, come away.

Scholars.

2 Yes, we will away, our play and labor ceasing,
'Tis God's own day, we hail its ray,
We'll come, come away.
To teachers dear we now will turn,
Their kind instructions gladly learn,
For truth our hearts do yearn;
We'll come, come away.

Both.

3 Yes, come, come away, the world's delusions spurning,
To school we'll go, God's will to know,
Then come, come away.
And if that holy will we do,
His promise shall be ever true,
And heaven ours shall be too;
Then come, come away.

INVITATION TO PRAISE.

364. [*Preservation*, *p.* 194.] L. M

1 WHEN morning reviveth her beams,
And earth is yet pearly with dew,
And mercy's delectable streams
Their equible courses renew.
Come then to the altar of prayer,
And bow to the ancient of days,
Your sacrifice offer, and there
Peal high the pure anthem of praise.

2 The God of the seasons adore,
When spring breathes her earliest breeze,
When winter, reluctant, is o'er,
And smile all the rivers and trees;

When summer, in showers and gales,
Her merciful mission fulfills;
When plenty matures in the vales,
And joy speaks aloud from the hills.

3 When autumn is sober and sere,
And pours out her plentiful store,
O then, as declineth the year,
The God of abundance adore;
When winter obscureth the sky,
And vapory turbulence blows;
Forbid that devotion should die,
Or freeze with the frosts and the snows.

4 At home, with thy kindred and friends,
Alone, or with strangers abroad,
Whatever kind Providence sends,
O call on the name of thy God;
When sickness at last is thy lot,
And death hastens on in the gloom,
The monarch of terrors fear not,
For Jesus has conquered the tomb.

365. [*Love*, *p.* 71.] D. C. M.

1 WHAT wondrous mighty work is this,
Unfolded by our Lord?
It gives our souls a taste for bliss,
To read his holy word:
'Twas born in "Heaven's immortal bow'rs,"
That blessed heaven above;
It gives us strength in lonely hours,
And is the work of love.

2 We have received by this bright theme
A hope of lasting life,

Beyond the shore of death's dark stream,
Beyond this world of strife;
'Tis far beyond the stars and sun,
That blissful heaven above;
There we can dwell when time is done,
By serving God in love.

3 'Twas from that realm of love divine,
That Jesus came to die,
As "God is love," let it combine,
To aid us home on high;
O'er all our race may it prevail,
As it prevails above;
And they at death will not bewail,
For they have lived in love.

366. [*Hebron, p.* 10.] L. M.

1 IF little children love to pray,
And keep their tempers all the day,
And never speak a wicked word,
Whatever language they have heard.

2 Or if they struggle hard and pray,
To drive all naughty thoughts away,
Then they'll be happy all day long,
As wild birds in their morning song.

3 And they will have no cause to fear,
When sickness comes or death is near;
For they will go to worlds on high,
And live with God beyond the sky.

367. [*Zion.*] 8s, 7s, & 4s

1 ONCE was heard the song of children,
By the Saviour when on earth,

Joyful in the sacred temple,
Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
And Hosannas,
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street;
While Hosannas,
From the lips of children greet.

3 Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay;
But Hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

368. [*Mercy Seat, p.* 116.] L. M

1 I'M not too young for God to see;
He knows my name and nature too;
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.

2 He listens to the words I say,
And knows the thoughts I have within;
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see me if I sin.

3 O! how could children tell a lie,
Or cheat, or swear or steal, or fight,
If they remembered God was by,
And always had them in his sight.

4 Then when we want to do amiss,—
However pleasant it may be,—
We'll always try to think of this,—
We're not too young for God to see

369. [*Monody.*] C. M

1 SHE died in beauty, like a rose,
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty!—like a pearl
Dropp'd from some diadem.

2 She died in beauty!—like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty!—like the song
Of birds amid the brake.

3 She died in beauty!—like the snow
On flowers dissolv'd away;
She died in beauty!—like a star
Lost on the brow of day.

4 She lives in glory!—like night's gems
Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory!—like the sun
Amid the blue of June.

370. [*Magnetic Telegraph.*]

1 ALONG the smooth and slender wires,
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun;
No peals or flashes heard or seen,
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are plainly felt
In cities far away.

2 No summer's heat nor winter's cold,
Can check their rapid course,
They meet, unmov'd, the fierce wind's rage,
The rough wave's sweeping force;
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush with news of weal or woe,
To thousands far away.

3 But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord;
Of him who taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on earth,
With bright worlds far away.

4 Ah, though no outward wish is breathed
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in heaven;
Those long, frail wires may bend or break,
Those viewless heralds stay,
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

TEMPERANCE.

371.

1 STAY, father, stay: the night is wild;
SO, leave not now your dying child;
I feel the icy hand of death,
And short and shorter grows my breath.

2 Stay, father, stay: ere morning's light
My soul may wing her upward flight;
And oh! I cannot, cannot die,
While thou, my father, are not by.

3 Stay, father, stay: my mother's gone,
And thou and I are left alone;
And from her star-lit home on high
She'll weep that I alone should die.

4 Stay, father, stay: oh! leave this night
The mad'ning bowl, whose withering blight
Hath cast so dark a shade around
The home where joy alone was found.

5 Stay, father, stay: alone—alone—
With none to cheer, and none to mourn:
How can I leave this world of woe,
And to the land of spirits go?

6 Stay, father, stay: once more I ask;
Oh! count it not a heavy task
To stay with me till life shall end,
My last, my only earthly friend.

372. [*Will you come to the Grove.*]

WILL you come to the grove, 'tis a beautiful shade,
And partake of the viands so tastefully spread?
Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the grove,
Will you, will you come to the grove?

2 Will you come to the place where the evergreens grow,
Whose leaves drink the dew and decay never know?
Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the place?
Will you, will you come to the place?

3 We will sportively chat and will merrily sing,
While we drink of the water that flows from the spring;
Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?
Will you, will you come to the spring?

373. MY MOTHER'S HOME.

THE day was gone, the night was dark,
The howling winds went by,
The blinding sleet fell thick and fast,
From a stern and stormy sky;
And a mournful wail, through the rushing gale
Was heard at the cottage door;
Oh! carry me back! Oh, carry me back,
To my mother's home once more

2 A youth had left his mountain home—
Had wander'd far and long—
Had drain'd the goblet's fiery tide,
At the festal midnight throng,
But a dream of home came o'er his heart,
As he crept to the cottage door;
Oh! carry me back! &c.

3 Like to the weary wandering bird,
I'll seek my mountain nest,
And lay this aching head once more,
On my gentle mother's breast;
Once more I'll seek the household hearth,
By the Elm tree old and hoar;
Oh! carry me back! &c.

PATRIOTIC.

374. AMERICA.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,—
To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

375. OUR NATION'S GLORY.

THRICE hail, happy day, that tells our nation's glory,
A voice with thee proclaim "we're free!"
Thrice hail, happy day;
Our hills and plains no more are trod
By those who wield oppression's rod,
We know no tyrant's nod,
Hail, hail! happy day!

2 Oh, where is the land in all the wide creation,
That beams so bright with freedom's light,
On this happy day:
That's ever sought and ever lov'd
By all her free-born sons approved,
And guarded from above!
Then hail, happy day.

3 The graves of our fathers, laurels brightly crown them;
They fought and died, that we in pride,
Might hail freedom's day:
Then come ye sons of freedom strong,
And shout their deeds in joyful song;
May mem'ry cherish long
This bright, happy day.

4 Come, join in our songs, O all ye sons of freedom,
Aud wide proclaim our nation's fame,
On this happy day:
Break forth in joy my native land,
For 'midst thee dwells a noble band;
Thy towers shall ever stand;
Then hail, happy day.

5 Thrice hail, happy day, that speak'st a nation's glory!
A voice with thee proclaims "we're free!"
Thrice hail, happy day:

To God our grateful songs we'll bring,
And bow to Him as sovereign King—
His boundless goodness sing
On this happy day.

376. I LOVE THE FREE.

THE wild streams leap, with headlong sweep,
In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep
All fresh and strong, they foam along.
Waking the rocks with their cataract song.
My eye bears a glance, like the gleam on a lance.
As I watch the waters dash and dance,
And I burn with glee, for I love to see,
The path of anything that's free.

2 The seaman brave, in his bark on the wave,
May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave;
And he whose lot is the desert spot,
Fears not an envious foe in his cot.
The thrall and state at the palace gate,
Is what my spirit has learned to hate;
And I burn with glee, for I love to see,
The path of anything that's free.

377. OUR FLAG.

1 THE flaunting flag of liberty,
Of freedom's son the boast,
Its stars and stripes, long may they wave
Upon Columbia's coast,
Has stood for near an hundred years,
The battle and the breeze;
The only flag that freedom rears—
Her emblem on the seas.

2 In every land, in every clime.
Our flag is floating free:

And may it through all coming time,
Declare our liberty.
In age, in manhood, and in youth,
That still we may be free,
May virtue, industry and truth,
Our constant motto be.

378. OUR COUNTRY.

1 THERE is a tract of earth,
Bedeck'd with beauty's charms,
Replete with virtuous worth,
And free from rude alarms;
A land where freedom's tribes are dwelling,—
A land where streams of light are swelling,
Where haughty wealth and titled pride,
And sov'reign clans do not reside;

2 A land of vig'rous youth,
Of wide and rich domain,—
A land of moral truth,
And blest with glory's reign;—
A land where patriot hearts are glowing,—
A land on which high Heaven's bestowing
His choicest gifts, His sov'reign might,
To save its good from evil's blight.

3 It is a land of fame;
Its noble deeds are known
With high and honored name,
Where'er the sun has shone;
Its canvas lights the face of ocean,
Its power defies the world's commotion;
And yet it is a land of peace,
Where quiet dwells, and love, and bliss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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379. [*Condescension*, *p.* 290.] C. M

1 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 possess'd,
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 to bleed,
To win a mortal's love.

380. [*Magdalen*, *p* 204.] L M

1 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.

381. L. M.

1 STRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies.
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
I love the Lord, for he first lov'd me,
And he died on the cross for sinners.

2 But life attends the dreadful sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound;
The vital stream how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed!
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his shining ray,
And darkness veil'd the morning day.

4 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

5 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm the cold, unfeeling heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

382. [*Newry, p.* 144.] L. M

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee,
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon;
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

383. [*Love*, *p.* 71.] C. M

1 SPEAK gently: it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently: let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

2 Speak gently: love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

3 Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

4 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

5 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

6 Speak gently to the erring—know
That they have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh! win them back again.

7 Speak gently! He who gave his life,
To bend man's stubborn will,
When th' elements were fierce with strife,
Said to them "Peace, be still."

8 Speak gently: 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

9 Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

384. [*Wells, p.* 146.] L. M

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one.

To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin.

Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and mortal wo;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place,
Where God reveals his awful face;
At length they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

385. [*Boylston, p.* 14.] S. M

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

2 The Son of God in tears!
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed these tears for thee.

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

386. [*Preservation, p.* 194.]

1 ALMIGHTY, unchangeable God!
Surrounded with glory on high,
Wilt thou look down from thy lofty abode,
And hear such a sinner as I?
No offering I bring to thy throne,
But a heart all unholy, unclean;
No plea but the death of thy Son,
Who died to redeem me from sin.

2 With the sense of my burden oppress'd,
I groan, but I cannot get free;
Earth fails to afford me that rest
Which I seek, till I find it in thee.

Its pleasures as poisons I shun,
Its honors as fleeting I prove;
This world as a dungeon I mourn,
Till illumed by the beams of thy love.

3 Abroad like the dove I would fly,
Some prospect of rest to obtain,
But darkness envelops the sky,
And waters encompass the plain;
No cheering appearance of land,
Where my journey might end, I have seen.
O stretch forth in mercy thy hand,
And take the poor wanderer in.

387. [6 8s.]

1 IF sorrow's hour has come to thee,
And thou dost weep in agony,
When thou hast told the last farewell,
And floods of grief thy bosom swell—
O suff'rer then thy Saviour see!
Remember Him who wept for thee.

2 In languid hours, and painful days,
When faintly beam life's flick'ring rays,
And dimly burns its taper light,
Where once its lamp was shining bright—
O suff'rer, then thy Saviour see!
Remember Him who shines for thee.

3 When weary nature sinks to rest,
And death's cold hands are on thy breast—
When life's warm tide is ebbing fast,
And joys, and hopes and cares are past—
O suff'rer, then thy Saviour see!
Remember Him who died for thee.

388. [*Clarington, p.* 326.] L. M

1 LO, Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne
My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

2 Dissolve from these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

3 O then shall the vail be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.
O then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and wars,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

4 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance o'er sadness shall rise;
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for thy wonder and praise.
The strokes which from sin and from pain,
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

389. [*Wilmot, p.* 40.]

1 YOU who wander here below,
Heavy laden as you go,
Come with grief, with guilt oppress'd,
Come to me and be at rest.

2 Greater love how can there be
Than to yield up life for thee?
Bought with pang, and tear and sigh,
Turn and live—why will you die?

3 Bring thy broken heart to me,
Welcome offering it shall be,
Streaming tears and bursting sighs,
Mine accepted sacrifice.

390. [*Thou art Passing Away.*]

THOU art passing away—thou art passing away
Thy life has been brief as the mid-winter's day.
Thy forehead is pale, and thy pulses are low,
And thy once blooming cheek wears the ominous glow.

2 Thou art passing away from the beautiful earth,
Thy much loved abode, and the land of thy birth;
From its forests and fields—from its murmuring rills,
From its beautiful plains, and its herbage crown'd hills.

3 Thou art passing away from thy kindred and friends,
And the last tie that binds thee the spoiler now rends;
And thy last tones are falling on love's listening ear,
And now in thine eyes shines the fond parting tear

4 Thou art passing away! as the early spring rose,
That awaits not the time when the winter wind blows.
But hasteth away on the summer's quick gale,
And scatters its odors o'er mountain and dale.

5 The light of thy beauty has faded and gone,
For the withering chills have already come on;
Thy charms have departed—thy glory has fled—
And thou soon will be laid in the house of the dead

6 Thou shalt soon be consigned to the cold, dreary tomb,
The sad lot of all living—mortality's doom;
Thou shalt there sweetly rest in the calmest repose,
Undisturbed by life's cares, and unpierced by its woes.

7 Oh, "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"

391 [*Versailles, p.* 234.] 7s

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

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee
Leave, O! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!

All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring.
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O! Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

392. [*Vienna, p.* 152.] 8s & 7s.

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

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come,

And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

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

393. [*Rowley, p.* 380.] 11s & 9s

HOW happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above:
Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
The comfort is mine since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb—
Since the truth I believed what a joy I've received
What a treasure in Jesus' blest name!

2 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet and the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore;
Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
Oh that all to this refuge may fly!
He has loved me I cried--he has suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as I!

3 On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
O why should I grieve while on him I believe!
O why should I sorrow again!
O the rapturous height of that holy delight
Which I feel in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fullness of God!

394. [*Gethsemane, p.* 128.] 4 7s

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

2 You who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on you move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming love.

4 You, 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.

395. [*Benevento, p.* 330.] 7s

1 CALL aloud on Jesus name,
Watchmen of Jerusalem!
Ye that, by our Lord's command
On her ruin'd rampart stand,
Day and night your care express,
Never, never hold your peace,
For a gracious answer cry,
Urge your Saviour to reply.

2 Well maintain the post assign'd,
Put your faithful God in mind,
Instantly the promise plead,
Till the word of grace proceed
Never suffer Him to rest,
Till he answer your request;
Till our Zion he repair,
Fix his constant presence there.

3 Set for this if, Lord, I am,
Let me now the promise claim;
Let my faithful brethren join,
All remembrancers divine;
All who Zion's burden bear,
Join ye in the fervent prayer,
Till his utmost truth we prove,
Edified in perfect love.

4 Jesus, Head and Lord of all!
Answer to our midnight call,
Our Jerusalem repair,
Build again thy house of prayer:
Now thy ancient wonders show,
Raise a glorious church below;
Zion from her ruins raise,
Spread throughout the earth her praise.

5 Spread throughout the earth thine own,
Fully by thy people known:
Let us with thy lustre shine,
Pillars in the dome divine.
Master of the building art,
'Stablish every faithful heart:
Finish thy great work of grace,
Perfect us in holiness.

396. [*Exhortation, p.* 11.] C. M

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

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the 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.

397. [*Alquina, p.* 242.]

1 O GOD of pure affection!
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board;

May such thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dissever
Whom thou hast link'd in one.

398. [*Wilmot, p.* 40.] 7s.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

399. [*Wilmot, p.* 40.] 8s

1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored!
Lord, thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, deign thine ear
Lord, our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around thy throne we sing.

3 Then with angel harps again
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

400. [*Pilesgrove, p.* 44.] L. M

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Has stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

401. [*Old Hundred, p.* 63.]

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
To thy great name be reverence given,
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.

2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,
As 'tis by angels round thy throne;
And let us ev'ry day be fed,
With earthly and with heav'nly bread.

3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus
To pardon those who injure us;
Our shield in all temptations prove,
And every evil far remove.

4 Thine is the kingdom to control,
And thine the power to save the soul;
Great be the glory of thy reign,
Let every creature say, Amen.

NUMERAL MUSIC.

INVITATION. L.

3G § REP.

A 3 5 5 | 6 5 5 | 3 5 5 3 | 2 1 ‖

2C ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

Sinner come, ’Mid thy gloom, All thy guilt confessing,
Trembling now, Contrite bow, Take the offered blessing.

3G § REP.

C 1 3 3 | 4 2 2 | 1 3 3 1 | 1 |

2C ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 7

3G 1 1 3 1 1 1 1 2 1

A 5 ’ | ’ ’ | 5 ’ ’ ’ | 5 ‖

2C ’ ’

Sinner come, While there’s room, While the feast is waiting,

3G 1

C 3 5 5 | ’ 5 5 | 3 5 5 6 | 5 3 |

2C ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

3G 1 1 3 1 1

A 5 ’ | ’ ’ | 3 5 5 3 | 2 1 ‖

2C ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

Whi’e the Lor1, By his word, Kindly is in - viting.

3G 1

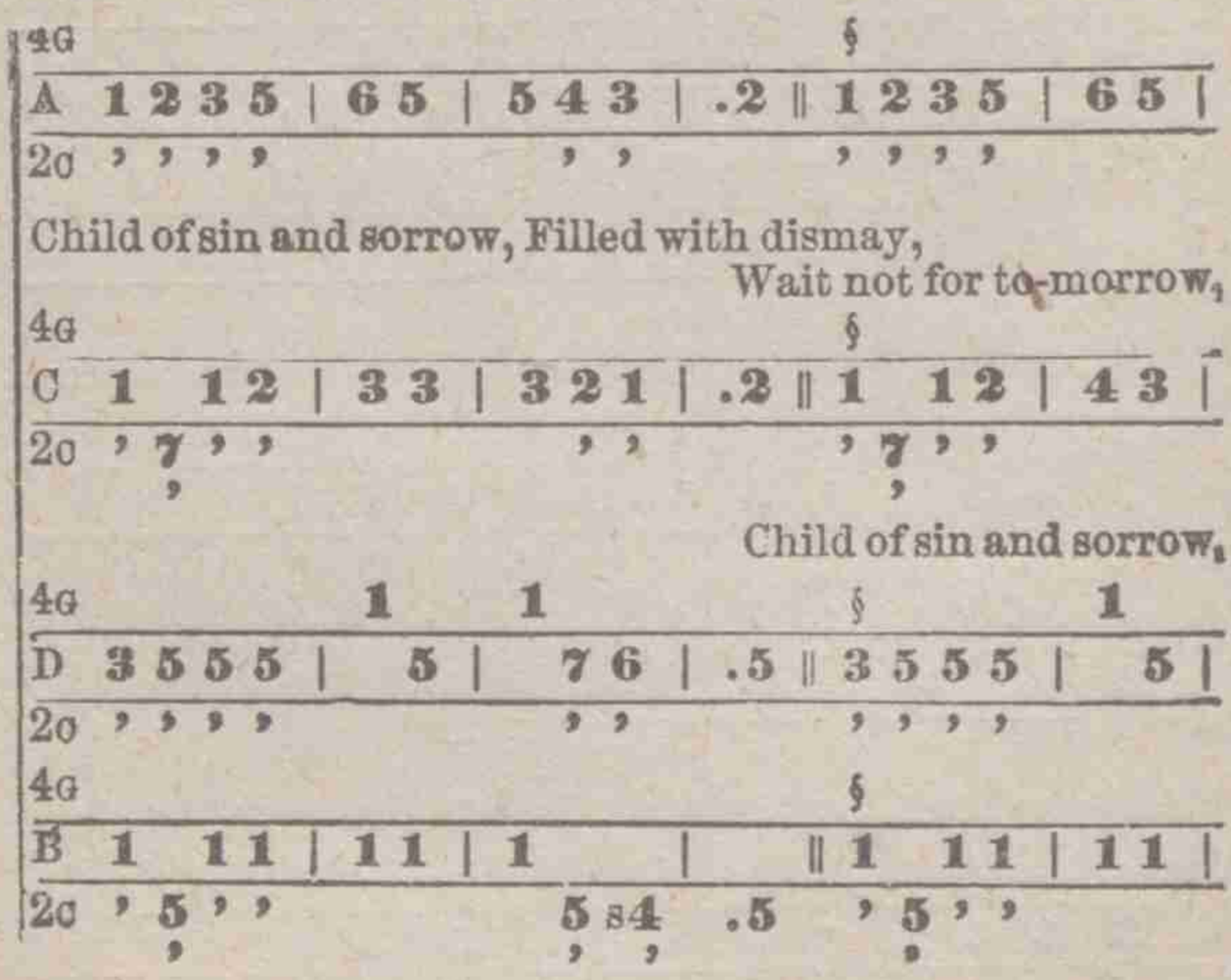
C 3 5 5 | ’ 5 5 | 1 3 3 1 | 1 ‖

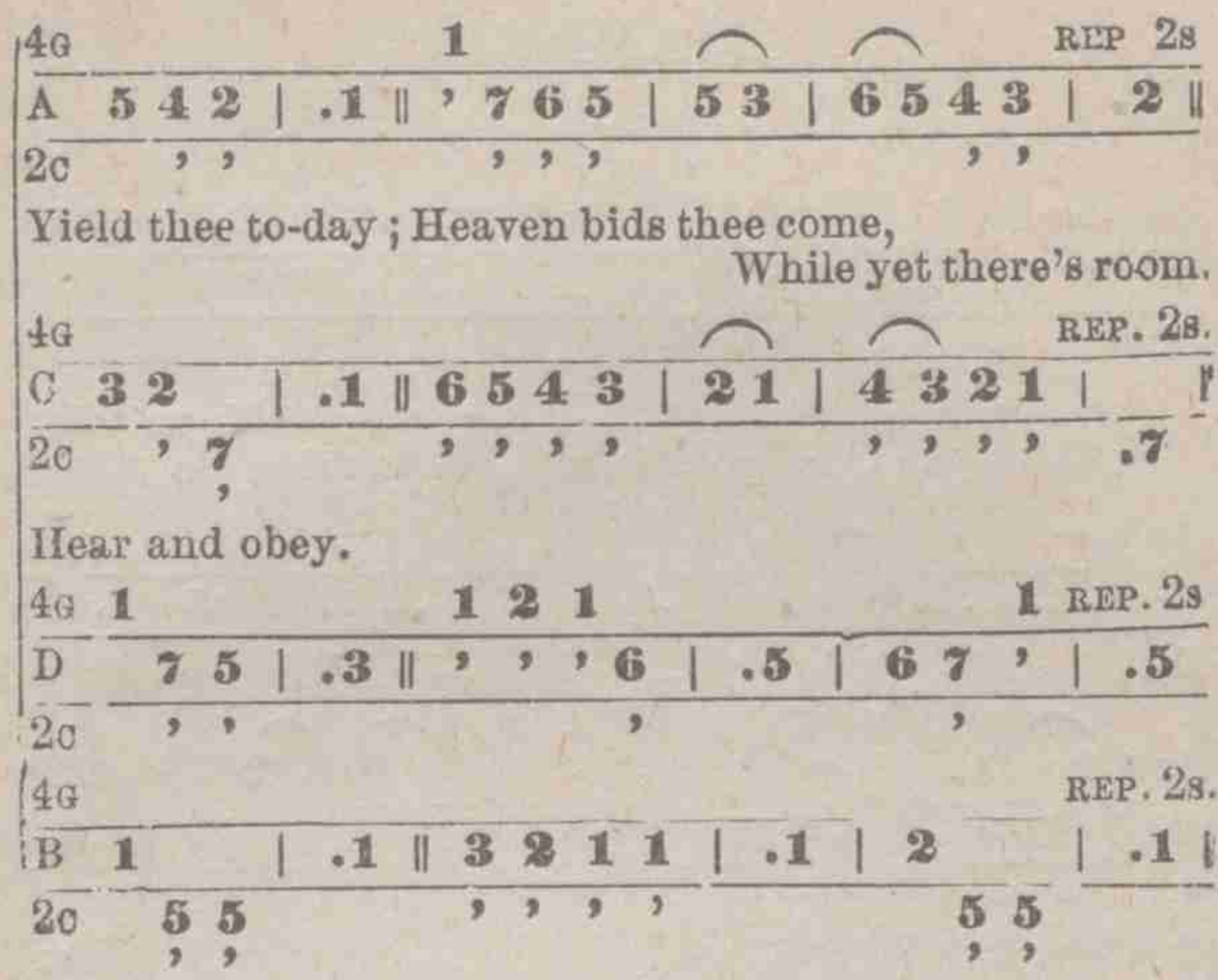
2C ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 7

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 for ever;
Now return,
Grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ the Saviour.

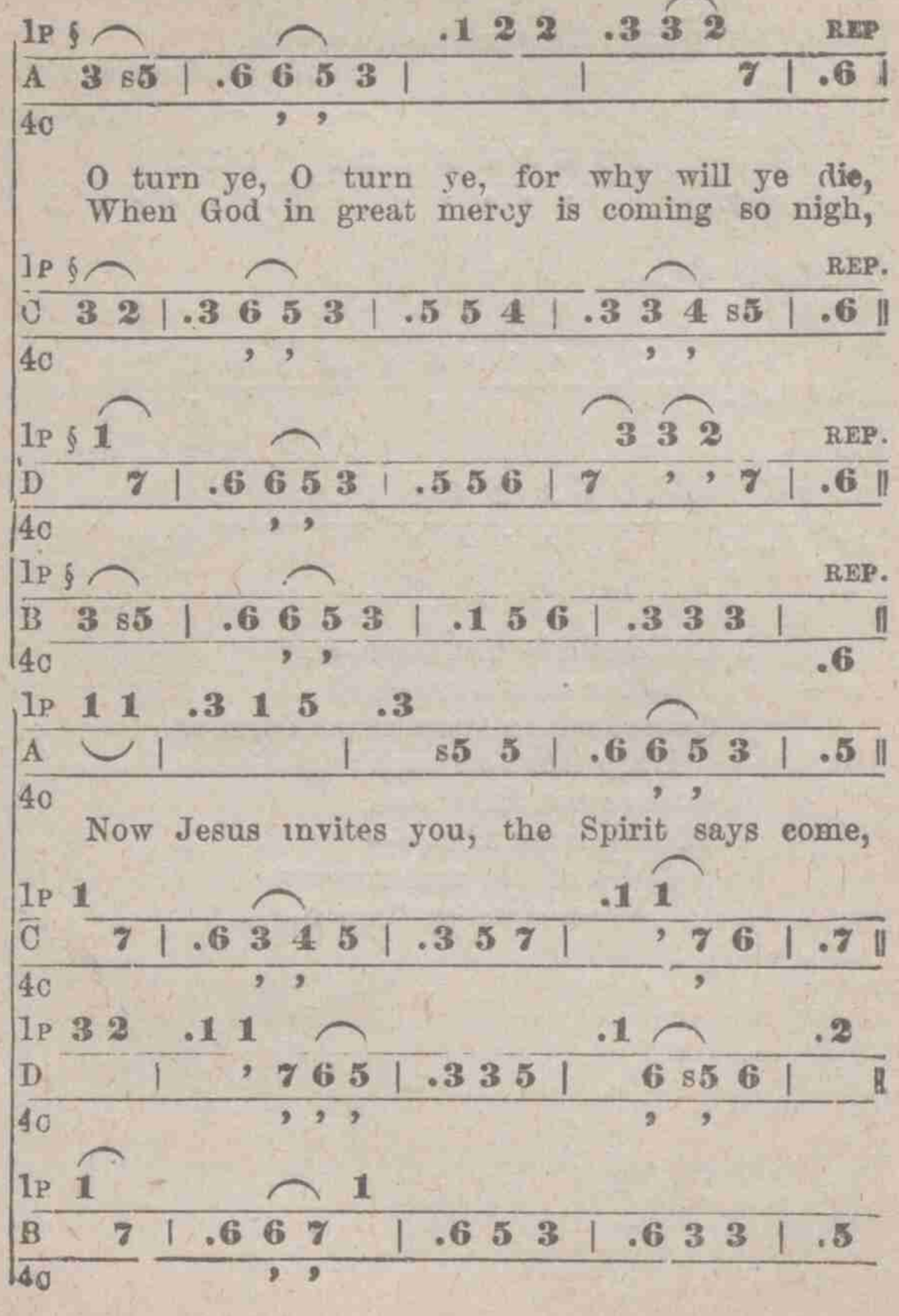
CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. L.

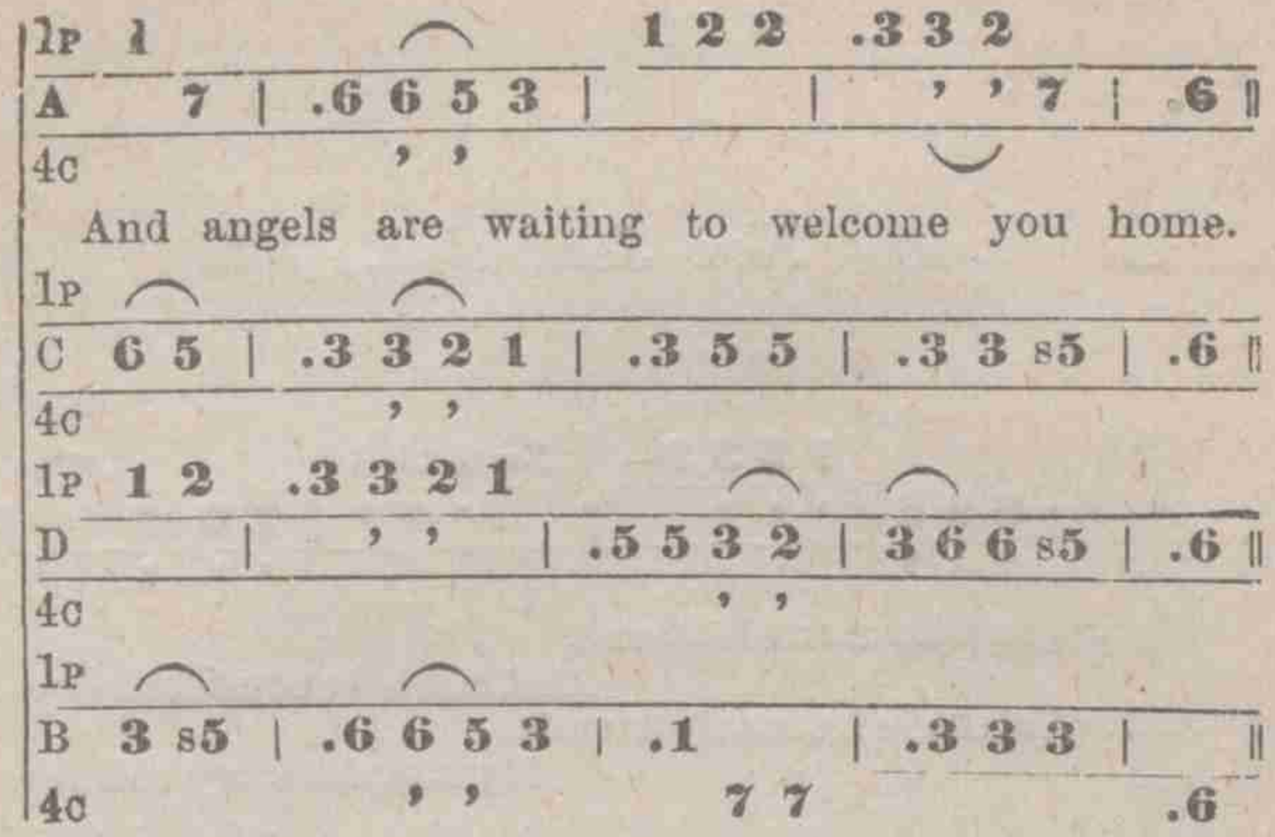




2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high;
Grieve not that love,
Which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

IMANDRA.


1P § .1 2 2 .3 3 2 REP
A 3 s5 | .6 6 5 3 | 7 | .6 |
4C , ,
O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh,
1P § REP.
C 3 2 | .3 6 5 3 | .5 5 4 | .3 3 4 s5 | .6 ‖
4C , , , ,
1P § 1 3 3 2 REP.
D 7 | .6 6 5 3 | .5 5 6 | 7 , , 7 | .6 ‖
4C , ,
1P § REP.
B 3 s5 | .6 6 5 3 | .1 5 6 | .3 3 3 | ‖
4C , , .6
1P 1 1 .3 1 5 .3
A | s5 5 | .6 6 5 3 | .5 ‖
4C , ,
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
1P 1 .1 1
C 7 | .6 3 4 5 | .3 5 7 | , 7 6 | .7 ‖
4C , , ,
1P 3 2 .1 1 .1 .2
D | , 7 6 5 | .3 3 5 | 6 s5 6 | ‖
4C , , , , ,
1P 1 1
B 7 | .6 6 7 | .6 5 3 | .6 3 3 | .5
4C , ,



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.

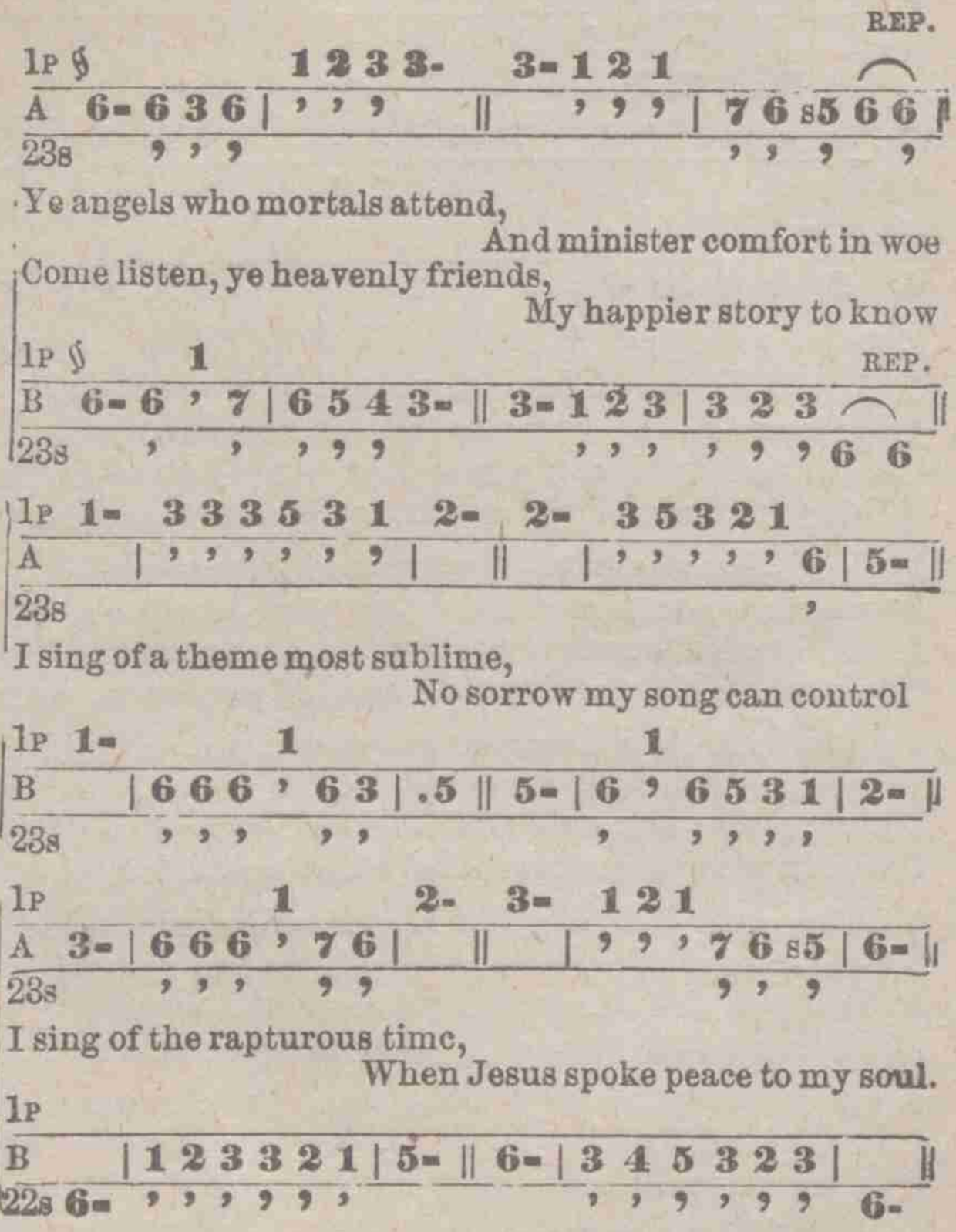
3 Now Jesus is ready your souls to receive,
And grant you a pardon if you will believe;
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

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

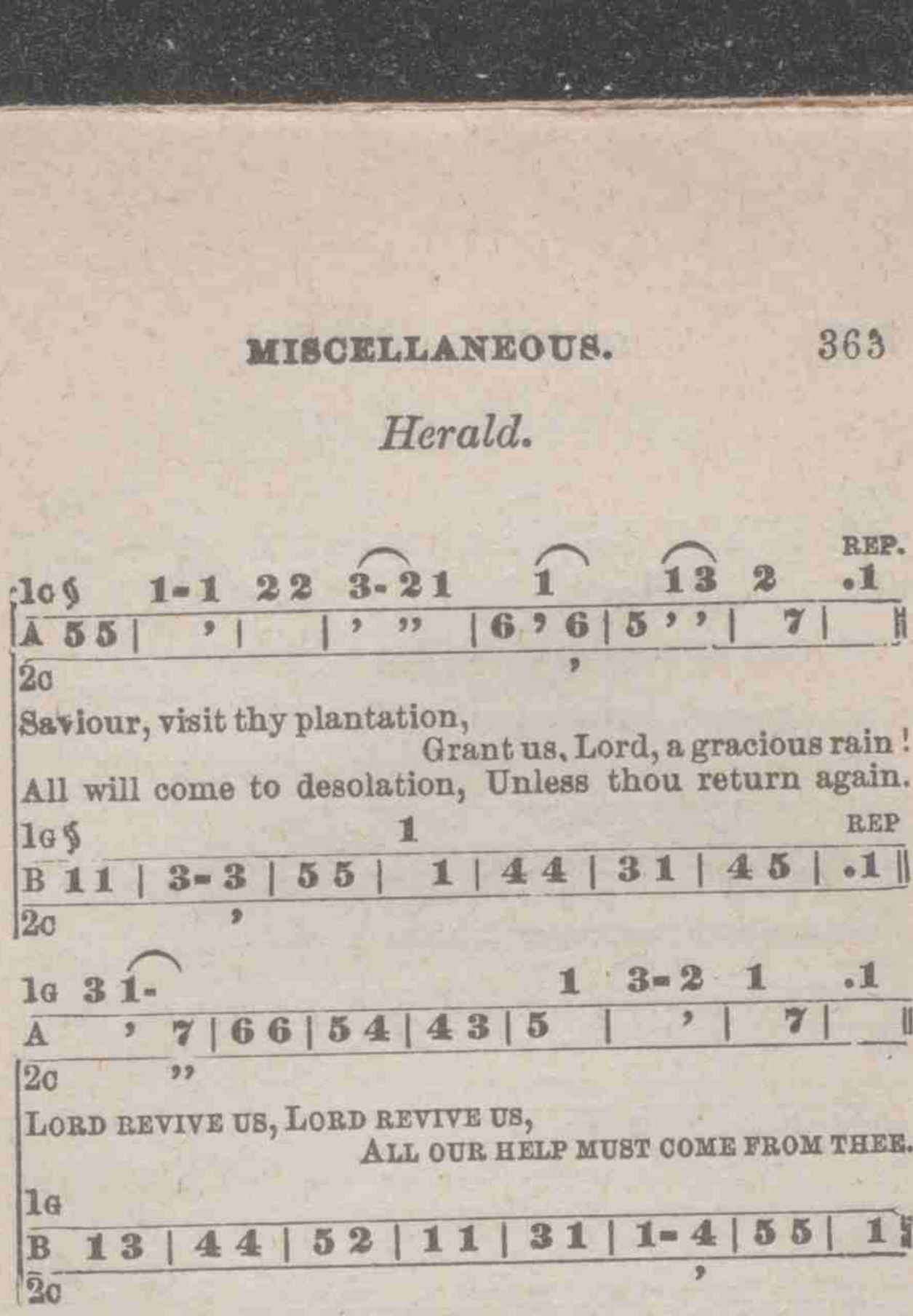
5 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

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.

New Jerusalem.



Herald.

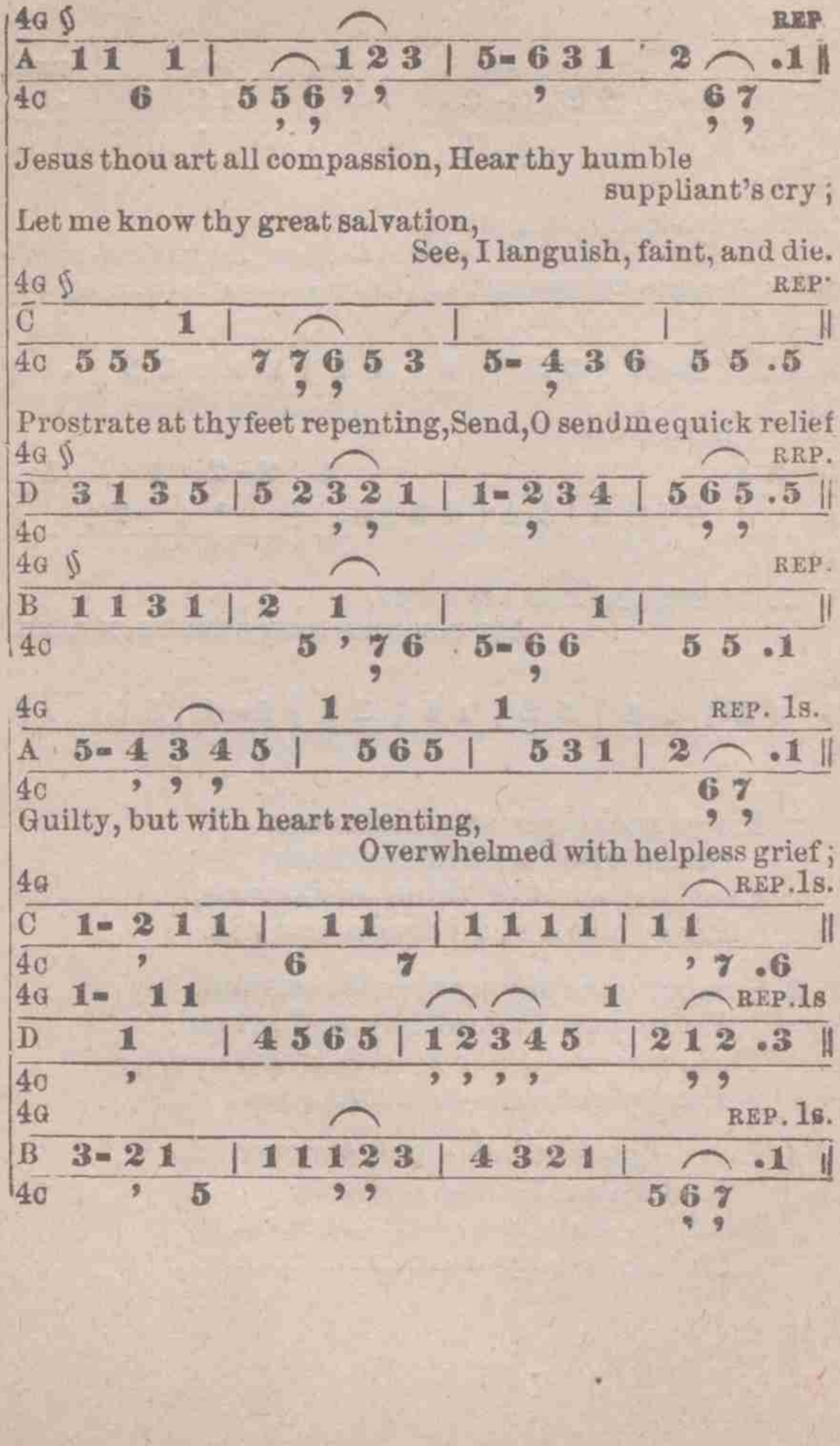


2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high!
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant shall droop and die.

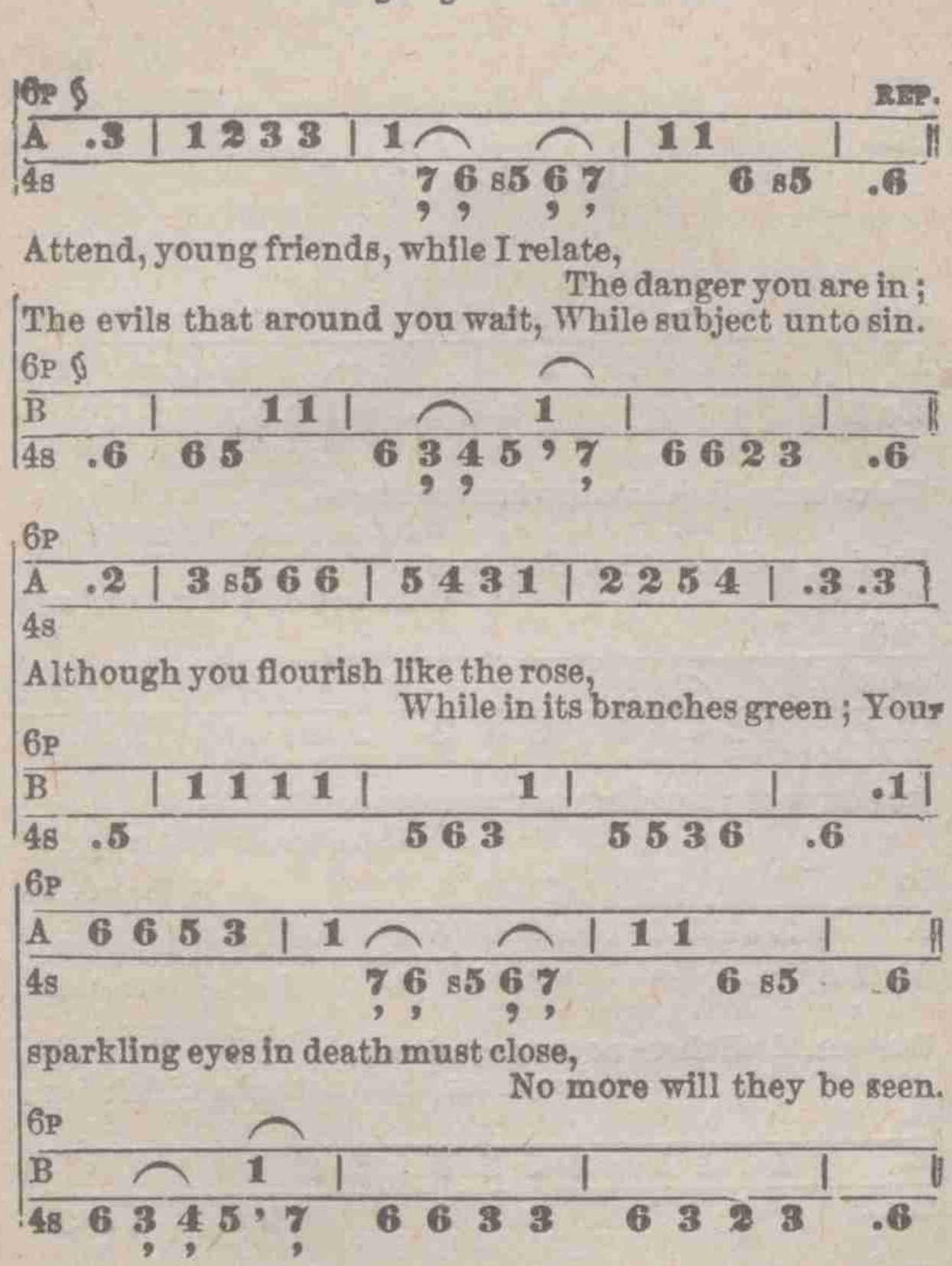
3 Surely, once thy garden flourished,
Ev'ry part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!

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

Olney.

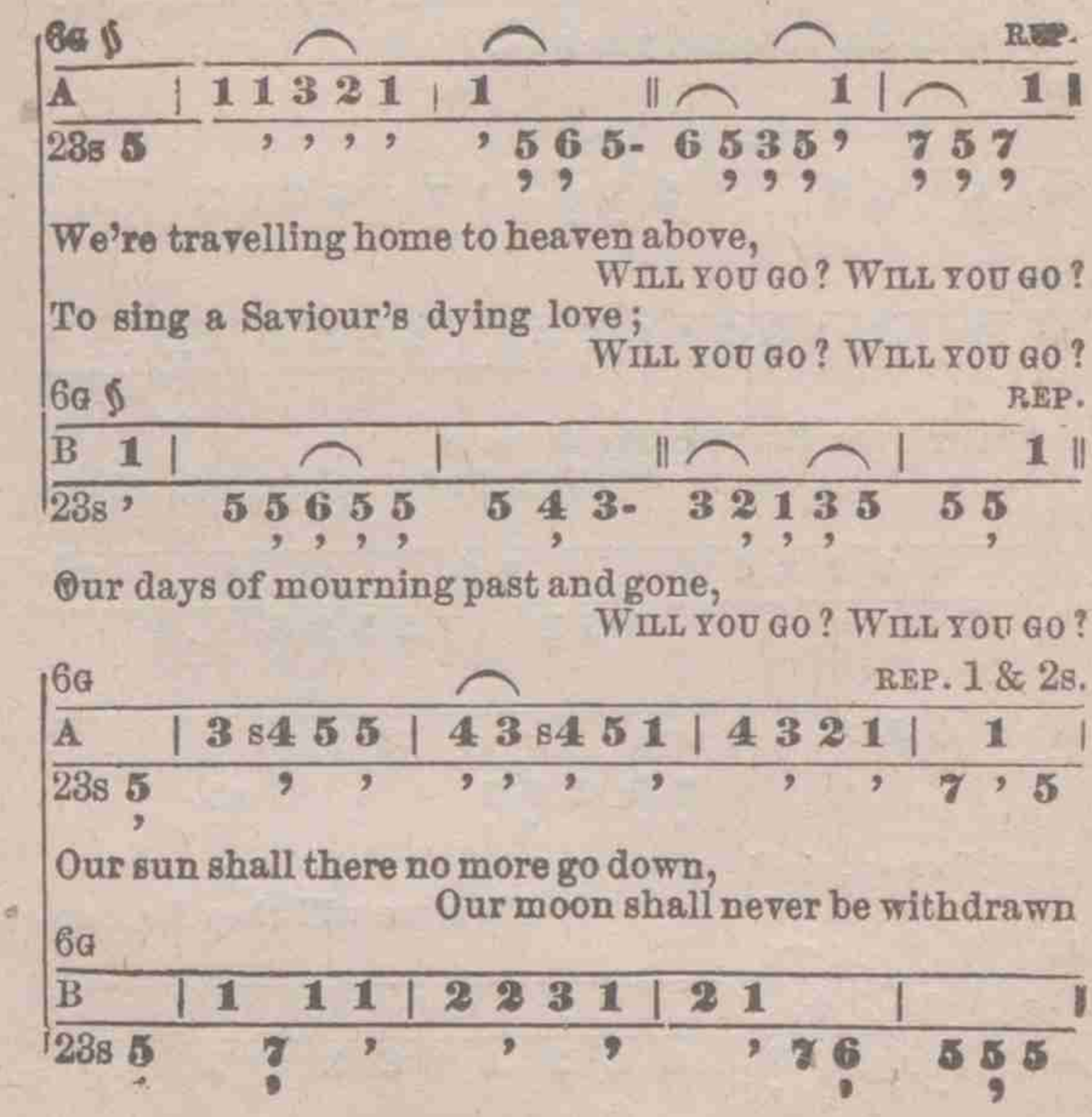

4G REP
A 1 1 1 1 2 3 5- 6 3 1 2 .1
4C 6 5 5 6 6 7
Jesus thou art all compassion, Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation, See, I languish, faint, and die.
4G REP.
C 1
4C 5 5 5 7 7 6 5 3 5- 4 3 6 5 5 .5
Prostrate at thy feet repenting, Send, O send me quick relief
4G RRP.
D 3 1 3 5 5 2 3 2 1 1- 2 3 4 5 6 5 .5
4C
4G REP.
B 1 1 3 1 2 1 1 5 7 6 5- 6 6 5 5 .1
4G 1 1 REP. 1s.
A 5- 4 3 4 5 5 6 5 5 3 1 2 .1
4C 6 7
Guilty, but with heart relenting, Overwhelmed with helpless grief;
4G REP. 1s.
C 1- 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
4C 6 7 7 .6
4G 1- 1 1 1 REP. 1s
D 1 4 5 6 5 1 2 3 4 5 2 1 2 .3
4C
4G REP. 1s.
B 3- 2 1 1 1 1 2 3 4 3 2 1 .1
4C 5 5 6 7

The Dying Backslider.

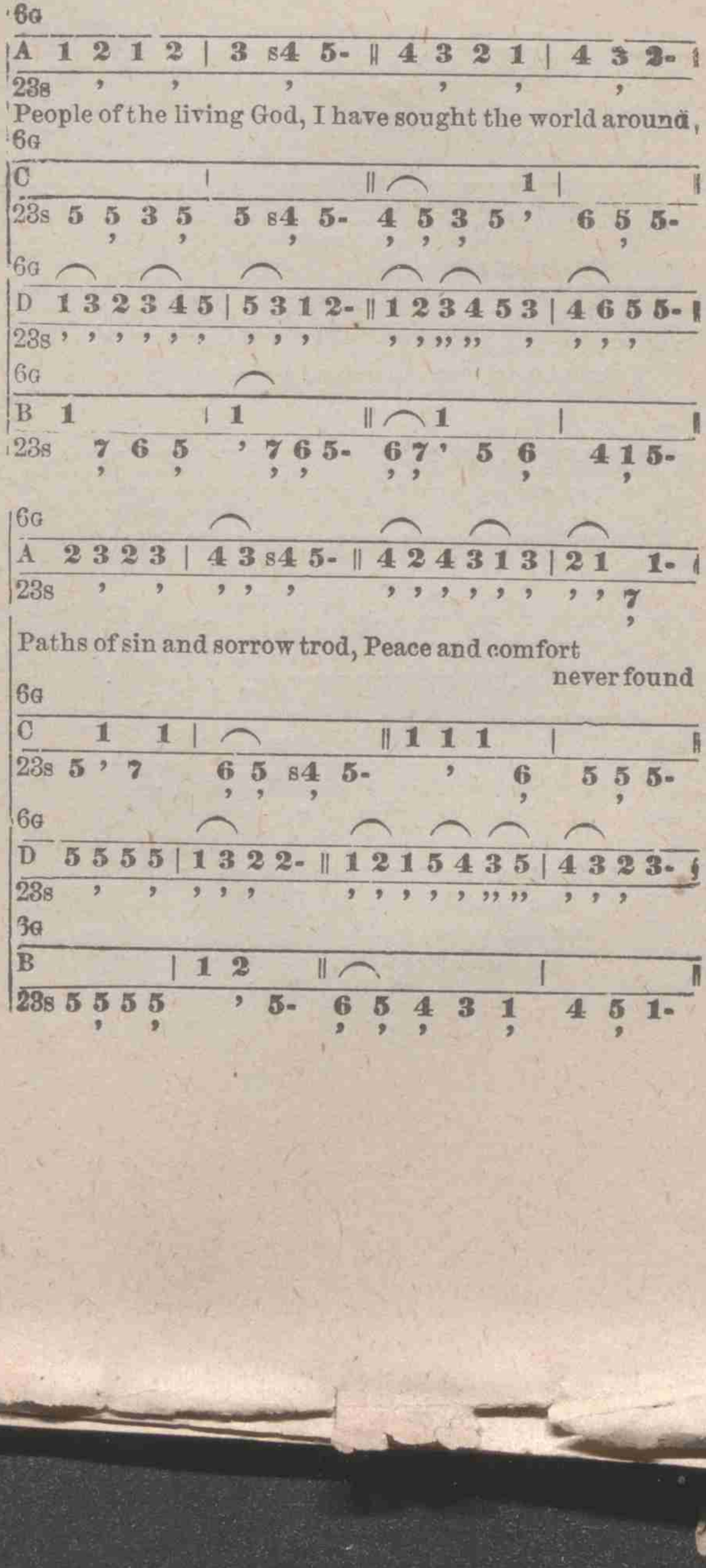


2 In silent shades you must lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And bid a long farewell.

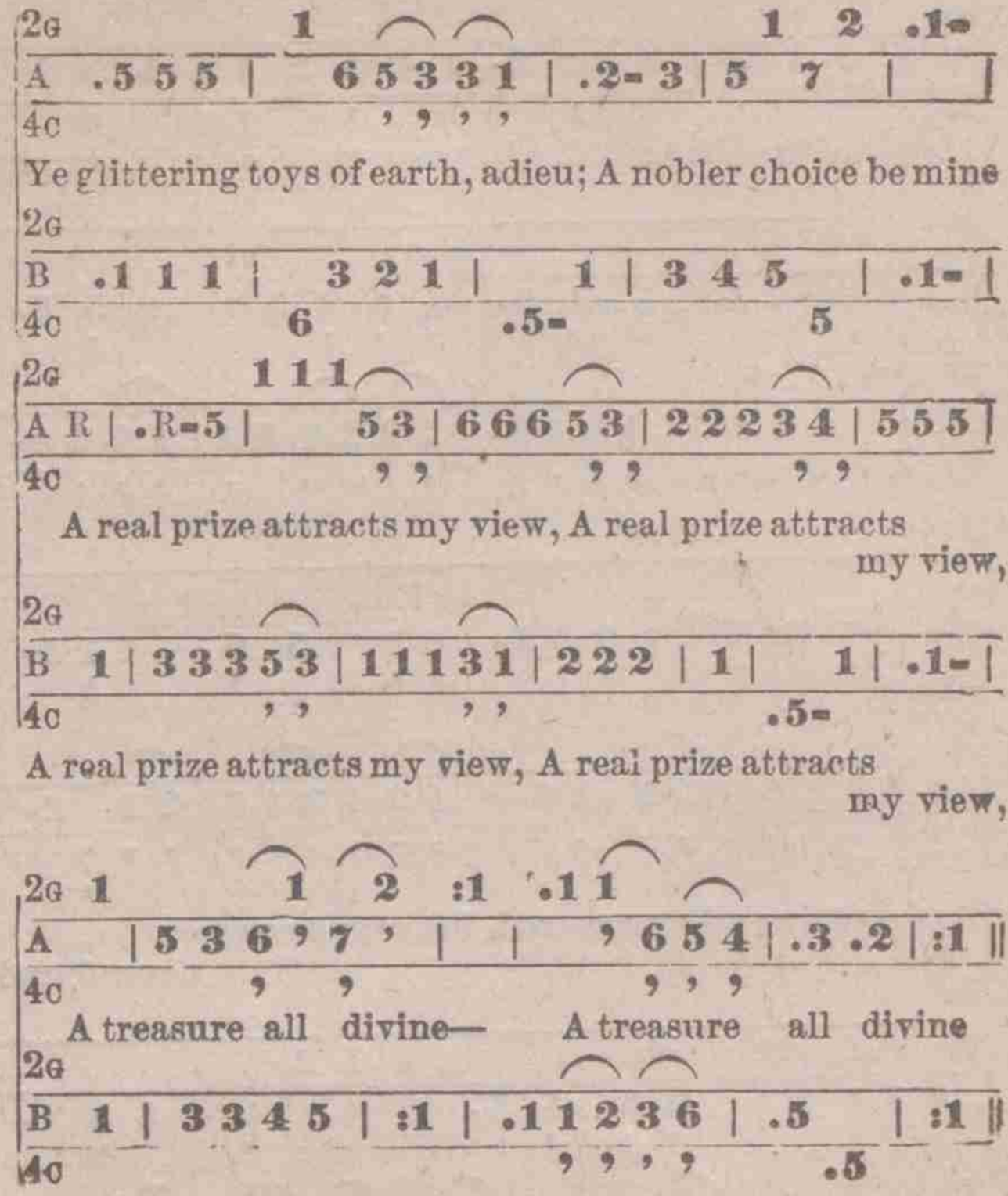
Will You Go?


6s
REP.
A
1 1 3 2 1 | 1 || 1 | 1
23s 5
5 6 5- 6 5 3 5 7 5 7
We're travelling home to heaven above,
WILL YOU GO? WILL YOU GO?
To sing a Saviour's dying love;
WILL YOU GO? WILL YOU GO?
6s
REP.
B 1
1 ||
23s
5 5 6 5 5 5 4 3- 3 2 1 3 5 5 5
Our days of mourning past and gone,
WILL YOU GO? WILL YOU GO?
6s
REP. 1 & 2s.
A
3 s4 5 5 | 4 3 s4 5 1 | 4 3 2 1 | 1
23s 5
7 5
Our sun shall there no more go down,
Our moon shall never be withdrawn
6s
B
1 1 1 | 2 2 3 1 | 2 1
23s 5
7
7 6 5 5 5

WARREN.

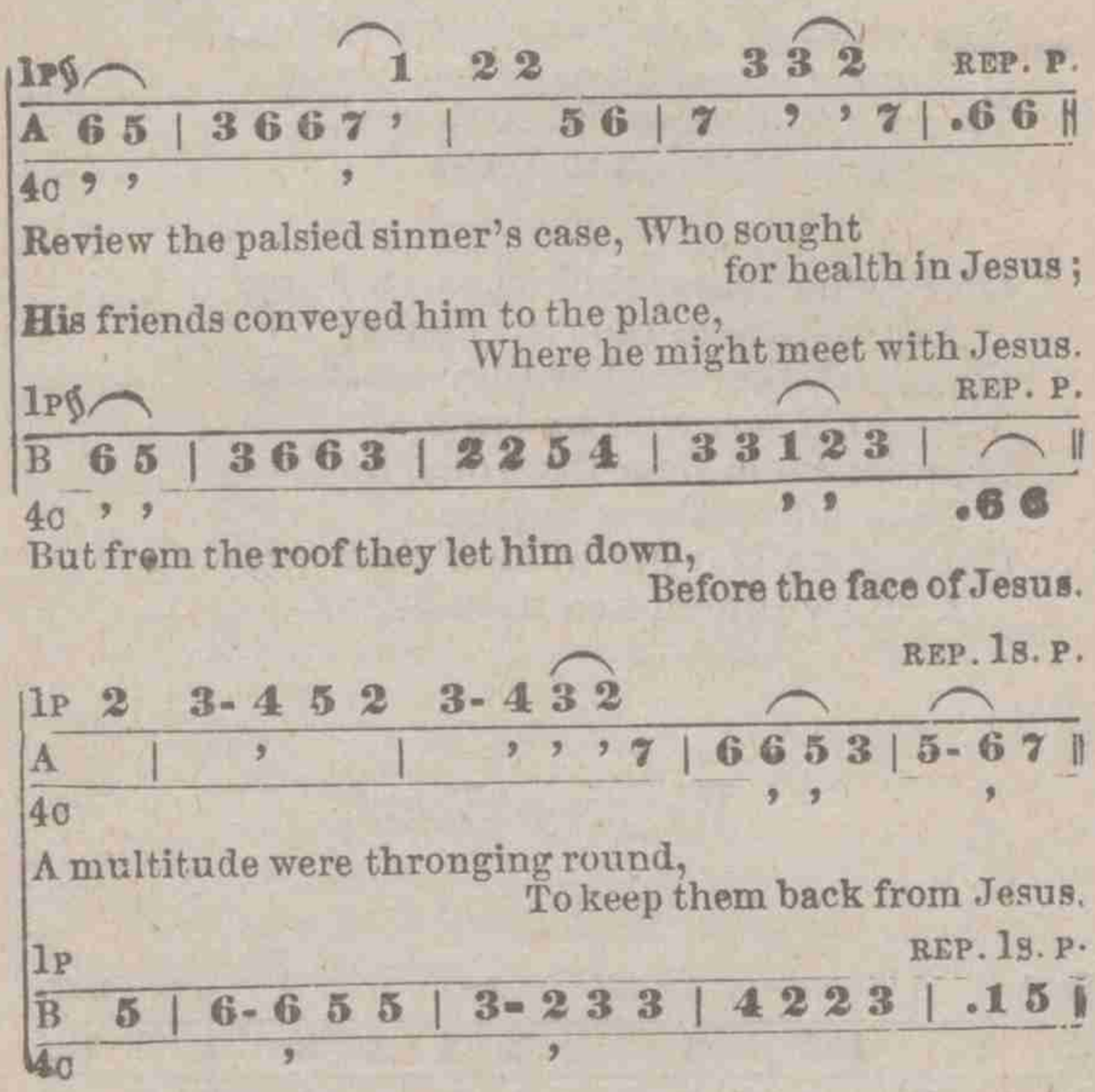

6G
A 1 2 1 2 | 3 s4 5- ‖ 4 3 2 1 | 4 3 2-
23s
People of the living God, I have sought the world around,
6G
C 1 ‖ 1 |
23s 5 5 3 5 5 s4 5- 4 5 3 5 6 5 5-
6G
D 1 3 2 3 4 5 | 5 3 1 2- ‖ 1 2 3 4 5 3 | 4 6 5 5-
23s
6G
B 1 1 ‖ 1 |
23s 7 6 5 7 6 5- 6 7 5 6 4 1 5-
6G
A 2 3 2 3 | 4 3 s4 5- ‖ 4 2 4 3 1 3 | 2 1 1-
23s
Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort never found
6G
C 1 1 | 1 1 1 |
23s 5 7 6 5 s4 5- 6 5 5 5-
6G
D 5 5 5 5 | 1 3 2 2- ‖ 1 2 1 5 4 3 5 | 4 3 2 3-
23s
3G
B | 1 2 ‖ |
23s 5 5 5 5 5- 6 5 4 3 1 4 5 1-

Land of Liberty.



2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense:
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

The Paralytic.

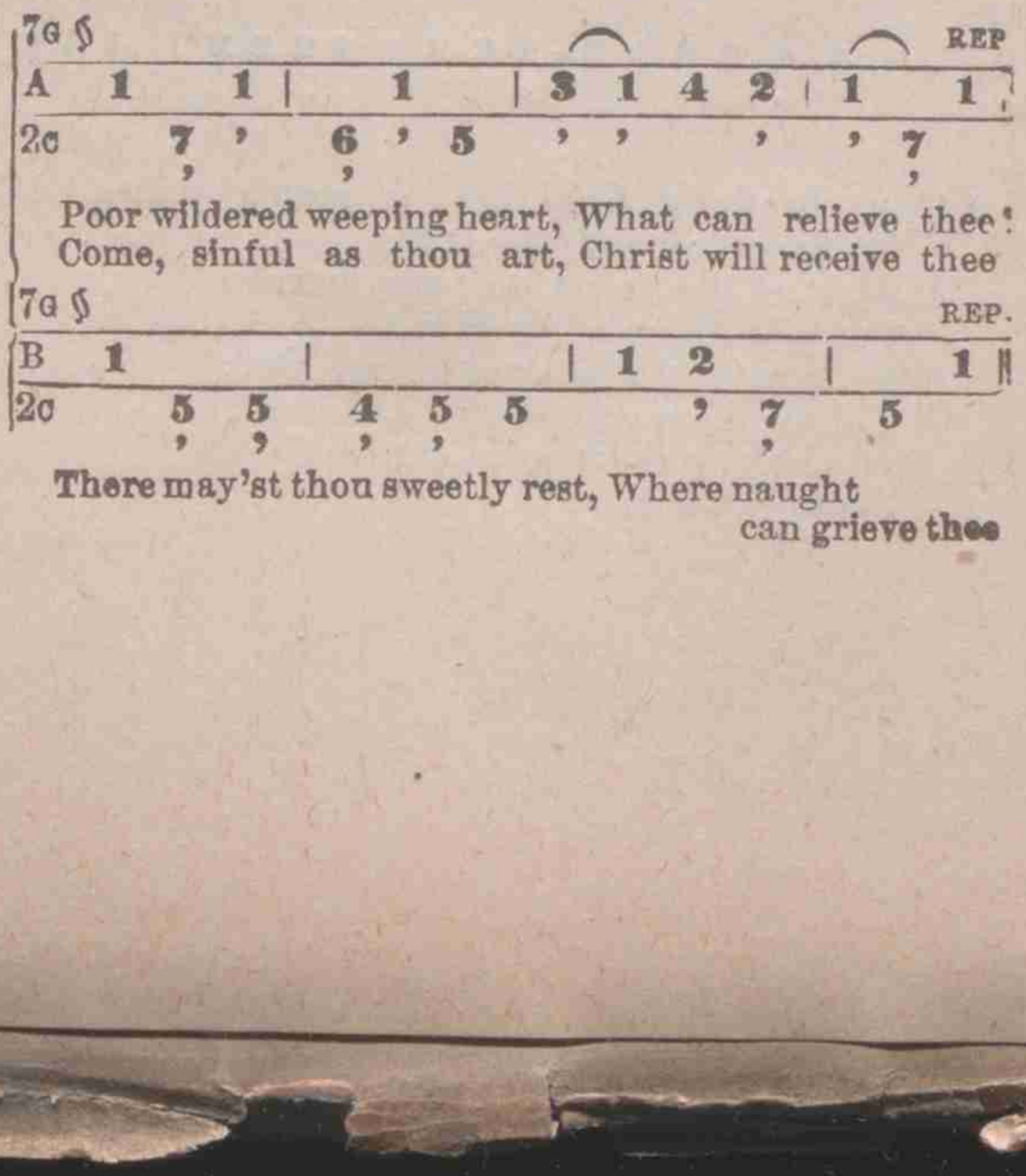


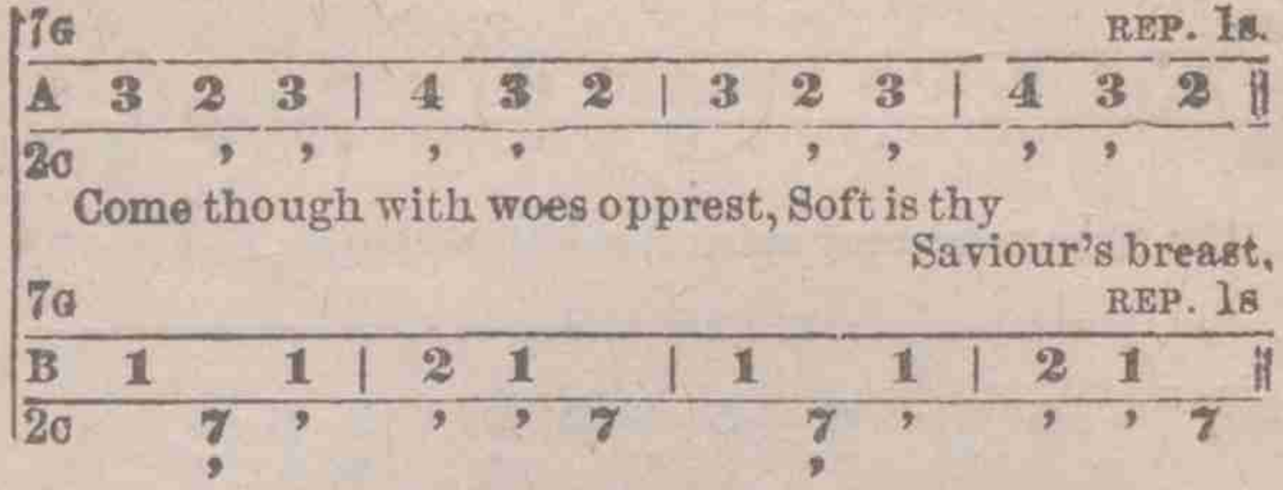
2 Thus, brethren, help these friends of yours
To find their way to Jesus;
His grace the worst diseases cures;
Oh help them on to Jesus.
The palsy's fearful stroke they feel:
There's none can save but Jesus;
'Tis he alone their souls can heal:
Oh help them on to Jesus.

3 The fainting souls by sin diseased,
Tnere'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.

Weeping Heart.

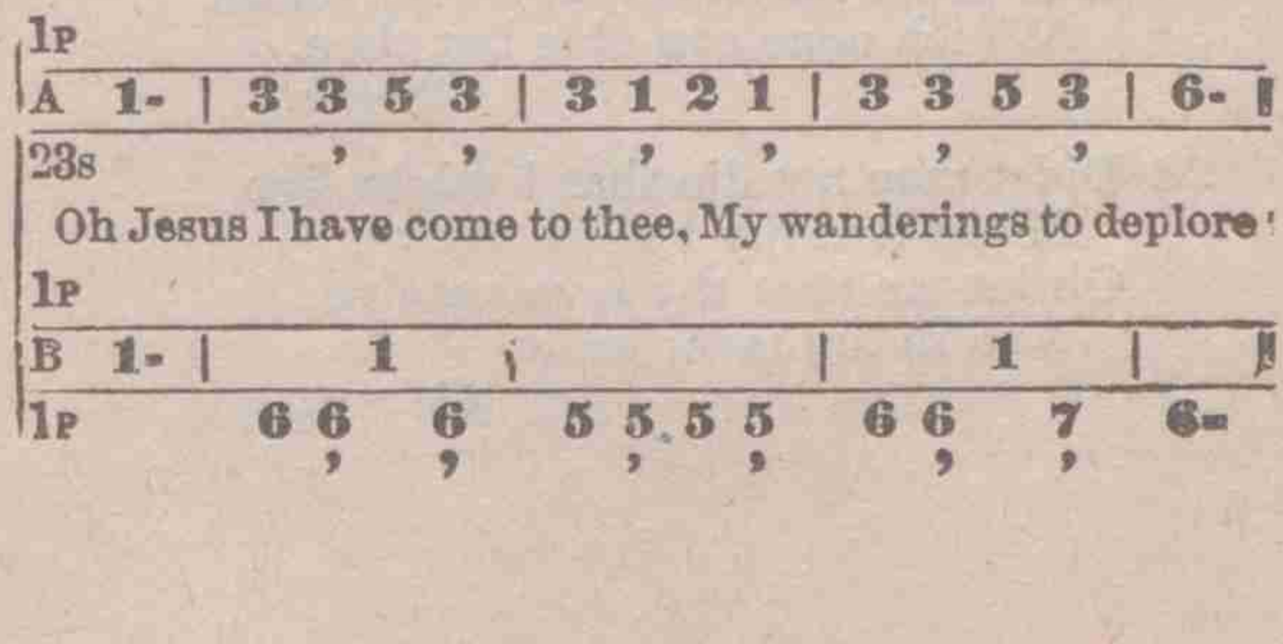


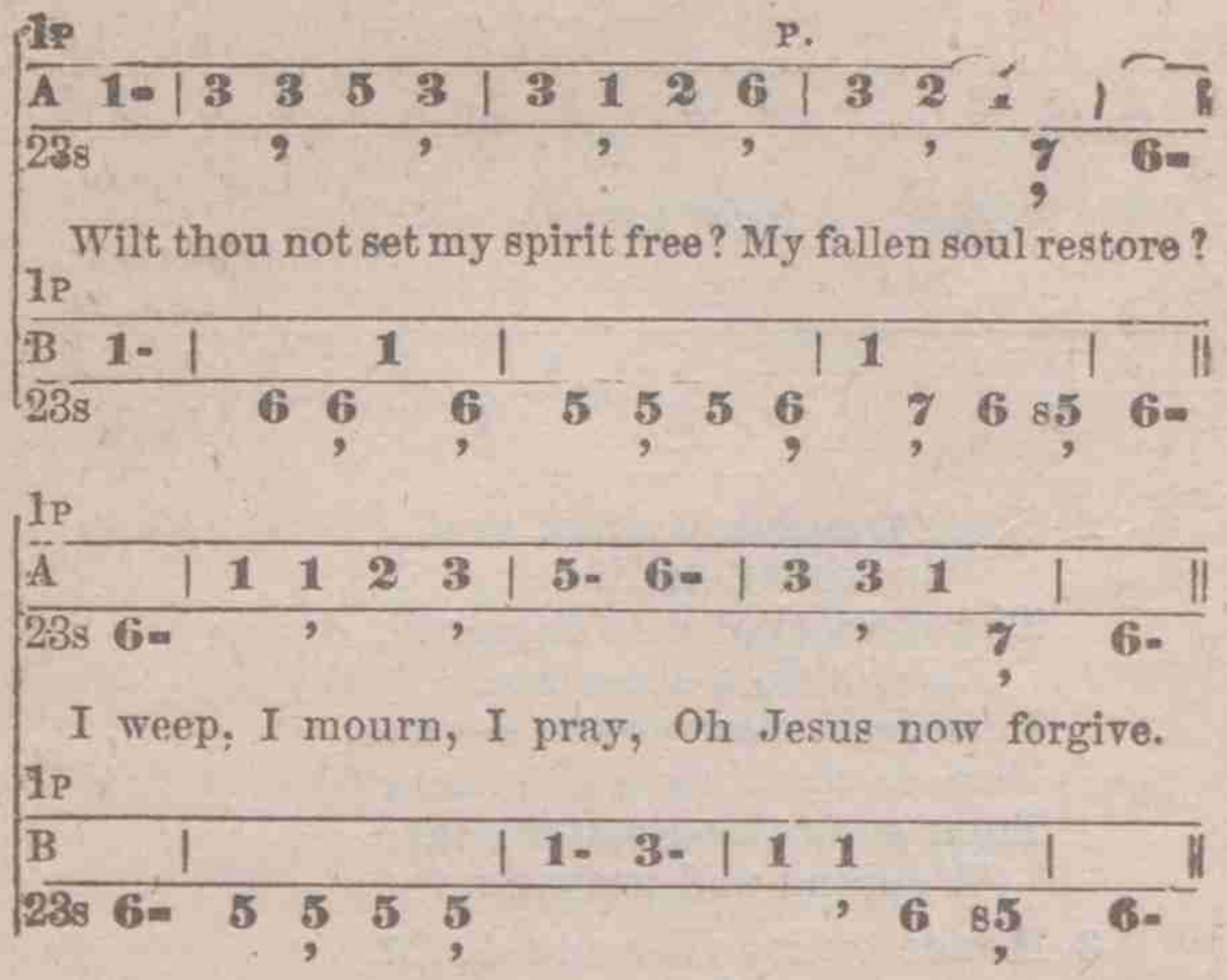


2 Come trembling timid soul,
Why this delaying;
Thunders that o'er thee roll,
Fall on thee straying;
Turn from destruction's ways,
Turn to the throne of grace;
Then seek the Father's face,
Weeping and praying.

3 Hence guilty fear and doubt,
Leave me for ever;
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.

I Weep, I Mourn, I Pray.





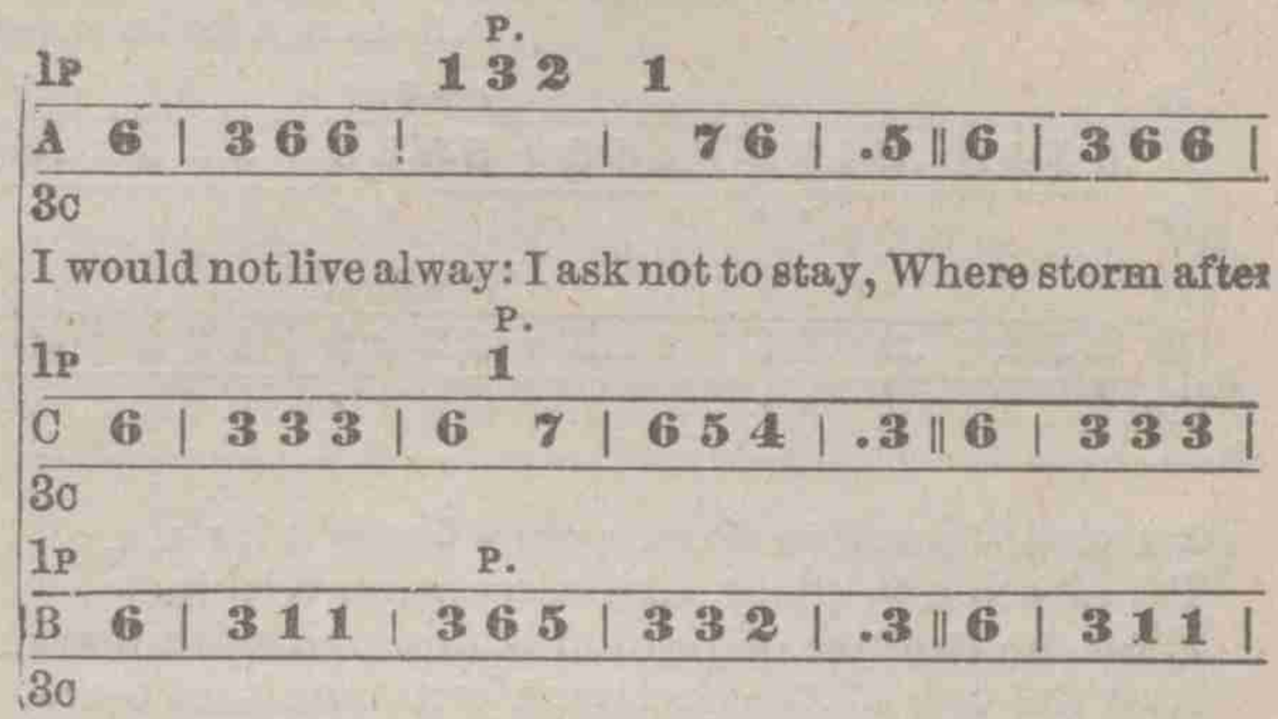
2 My sins are more than I can bear,
Oh speak them all forgiven:
My soul away from earth I tear,
To seek a place in heaven.
Chorus.

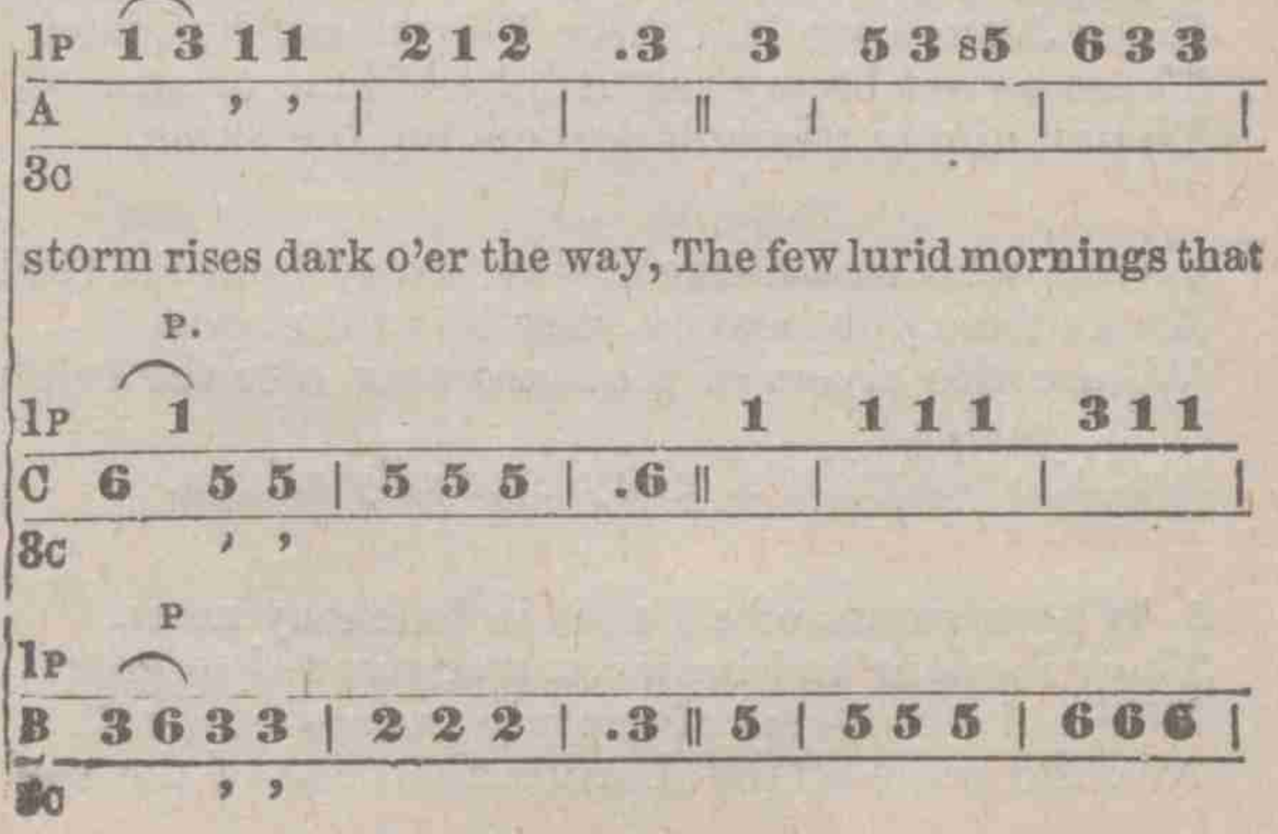
3 Pity, O Lord, my helpless grief;
My soul's deep anguish see;
And grant me now that sweet relief,
Which none can give but thee.
Chorus.

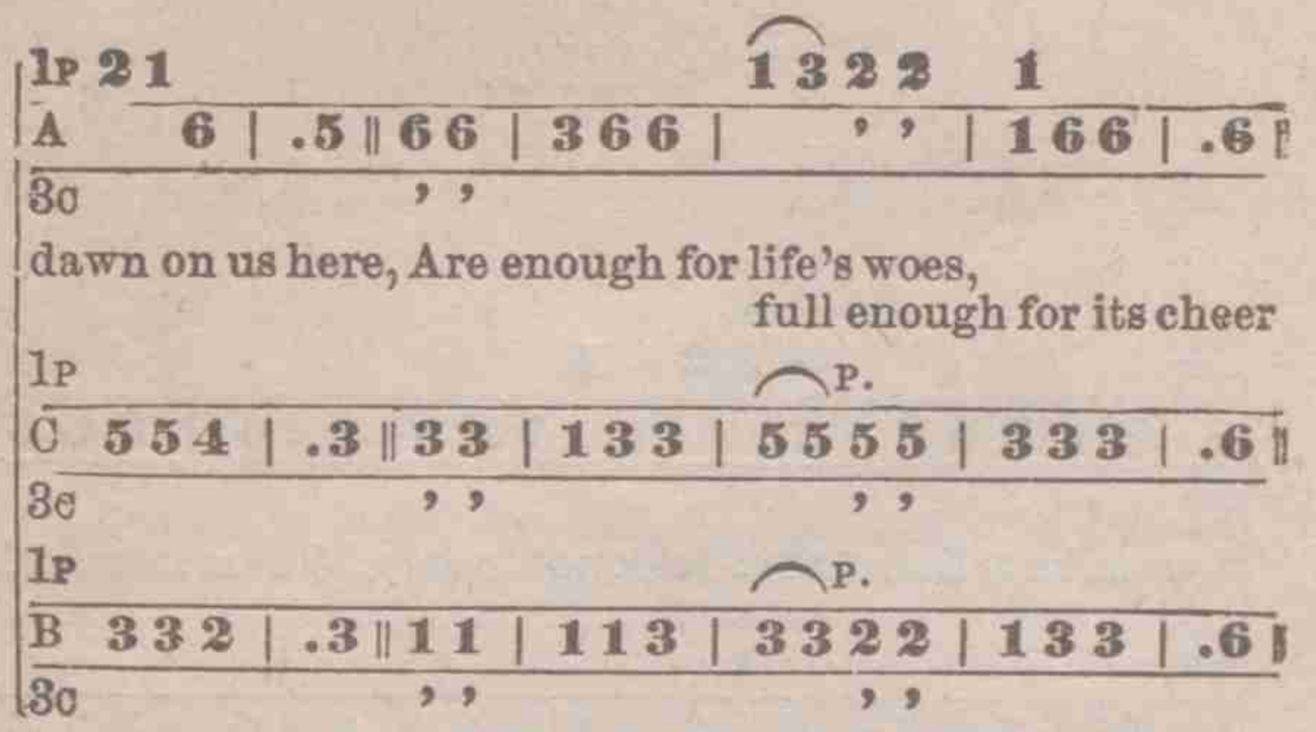
4 Didst thou not die that I might live,
Might live thy love to know;
Oh let me now thy love receive.
And in thy favor grow.
Chorus.

W. D. L

OHIO. L.


P.
1P 1 3 2 1
A 6 | 3 6 6 | | 7 6 | .5 ‖ 6 | 3 6 6 |
3C
I would not live alway: I ask not to stay, Where storm after
P.
1P 1
C 6 | 3 3 3 | 6 7 | 6 5 4 | .3 ‖ 6 | 3 3 3 |
3C
1P P.
B 6 | 3 1 1 | 3 6 5 | 3 3 2 | .3 ‖ 6 | 3 1 1 |
3C


1P 1 3 1 1 2 1 2 .3 3 5 3 s5 6 3 3
A , , ‖
3C
storm rises dark o'er the way, The few lurid mornings that
P.
1P 1 1 1 1 3 1 1
C 6 5 5 5 5 5 .6 ‖
8C , ,
P
1P
B 3 6 3 3 2 2 2 .3 ‖ 5 5 5 5 6 6 6
8C , ,



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.

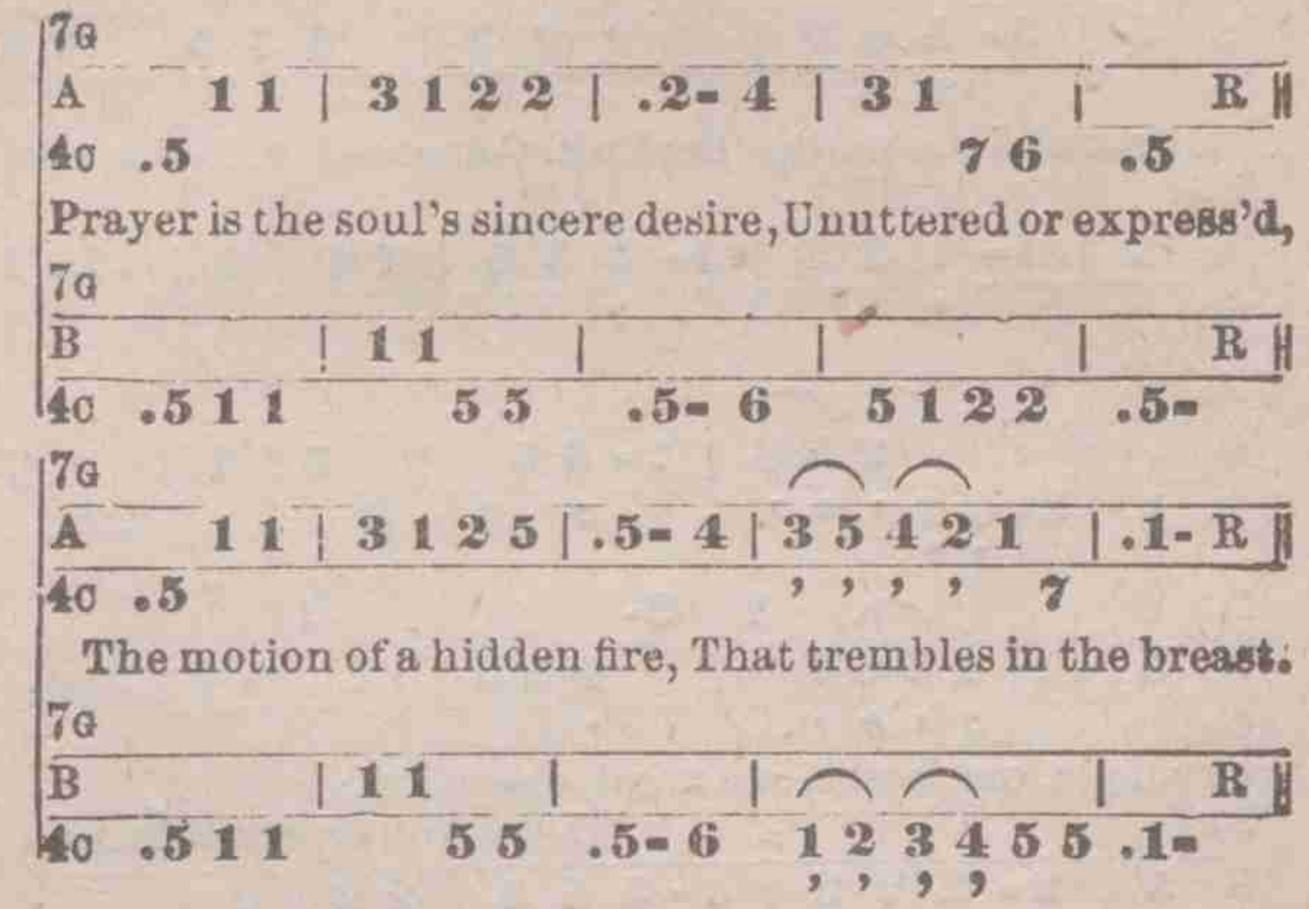
4 Oh! who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

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

PRAYER.

Pittsburg.

S. W.

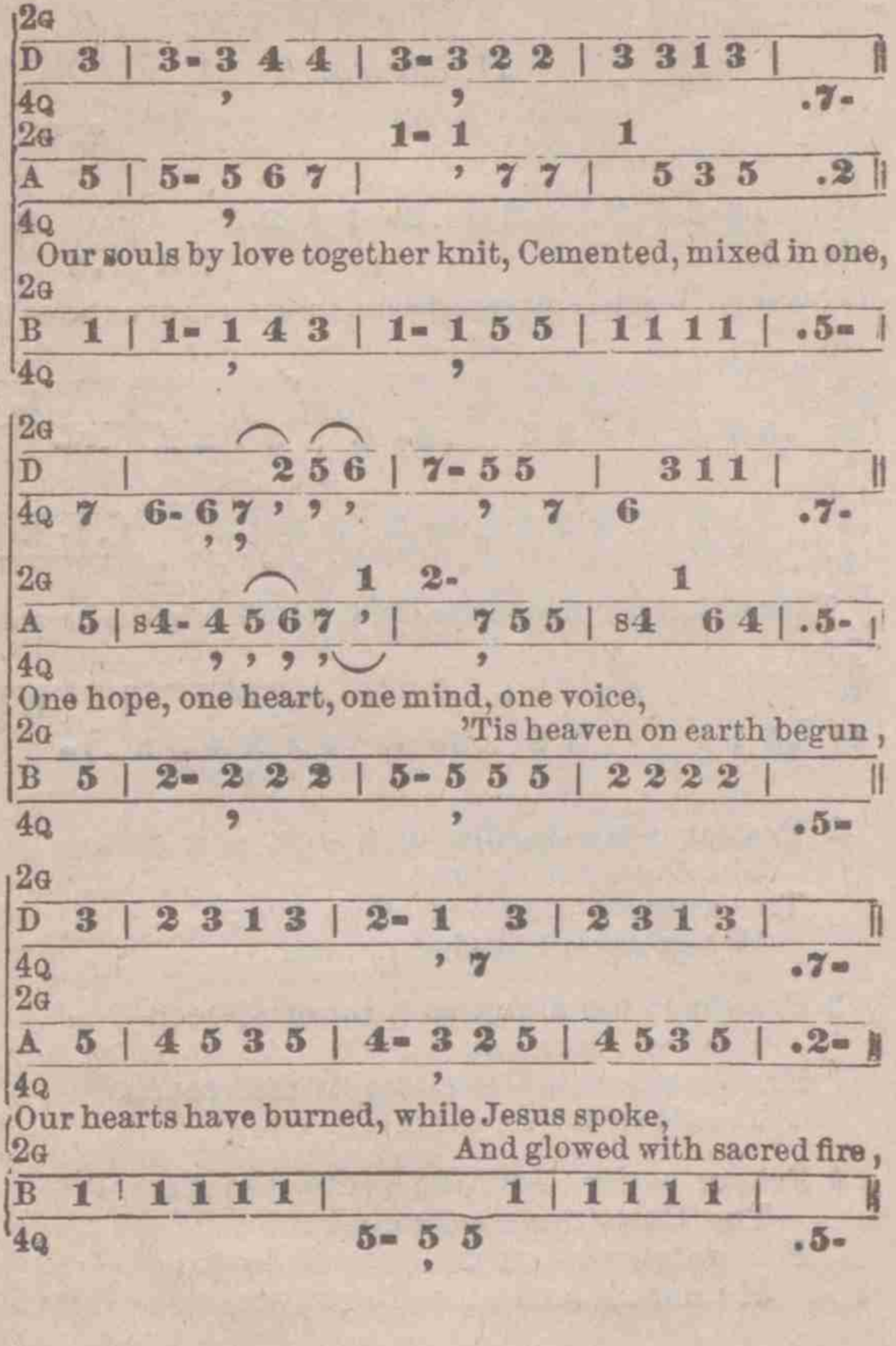


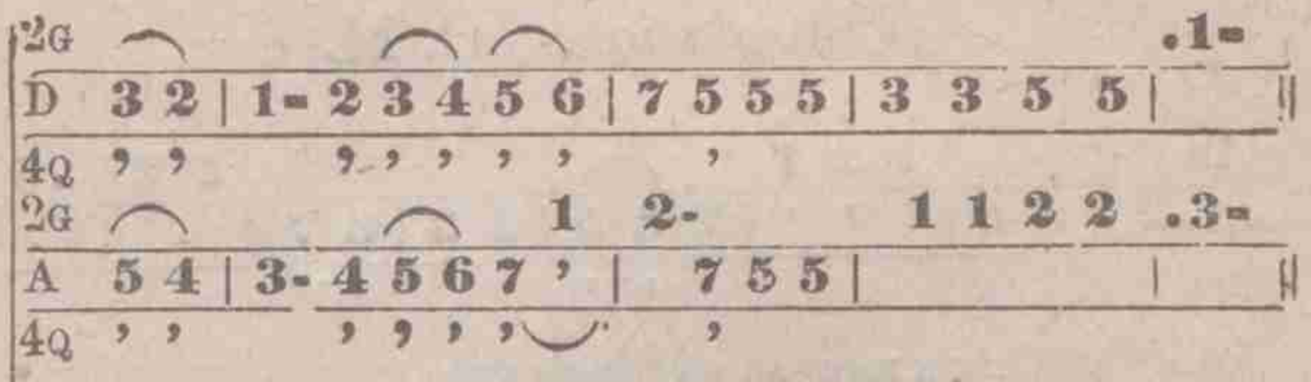
2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye;
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That any lips can try—
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

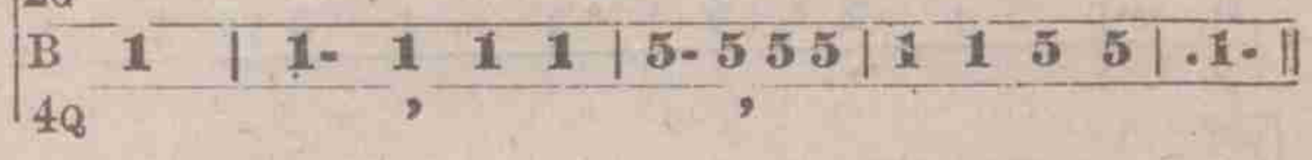
4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath.
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

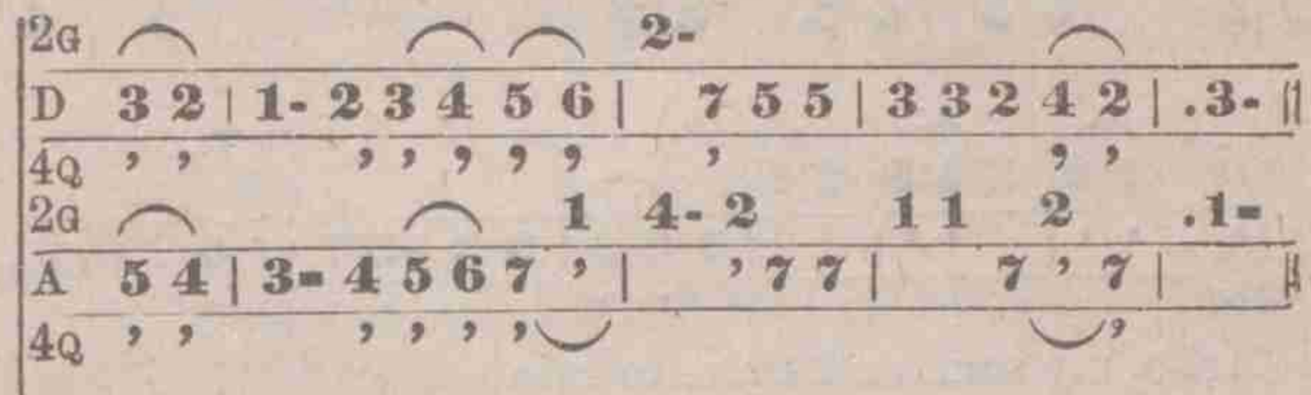
Washington.


Our souls by love together knit, Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun,
Our hearts have burned, while Jesus spoke,
And glowed with sacred fire,

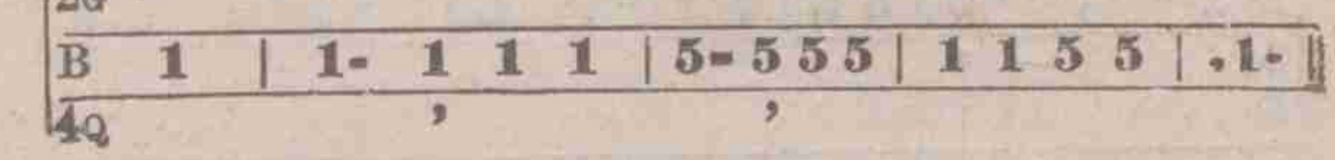


He stoop'd and talk'd, and fed and bless'd,
And fill'd the enlarged desire.



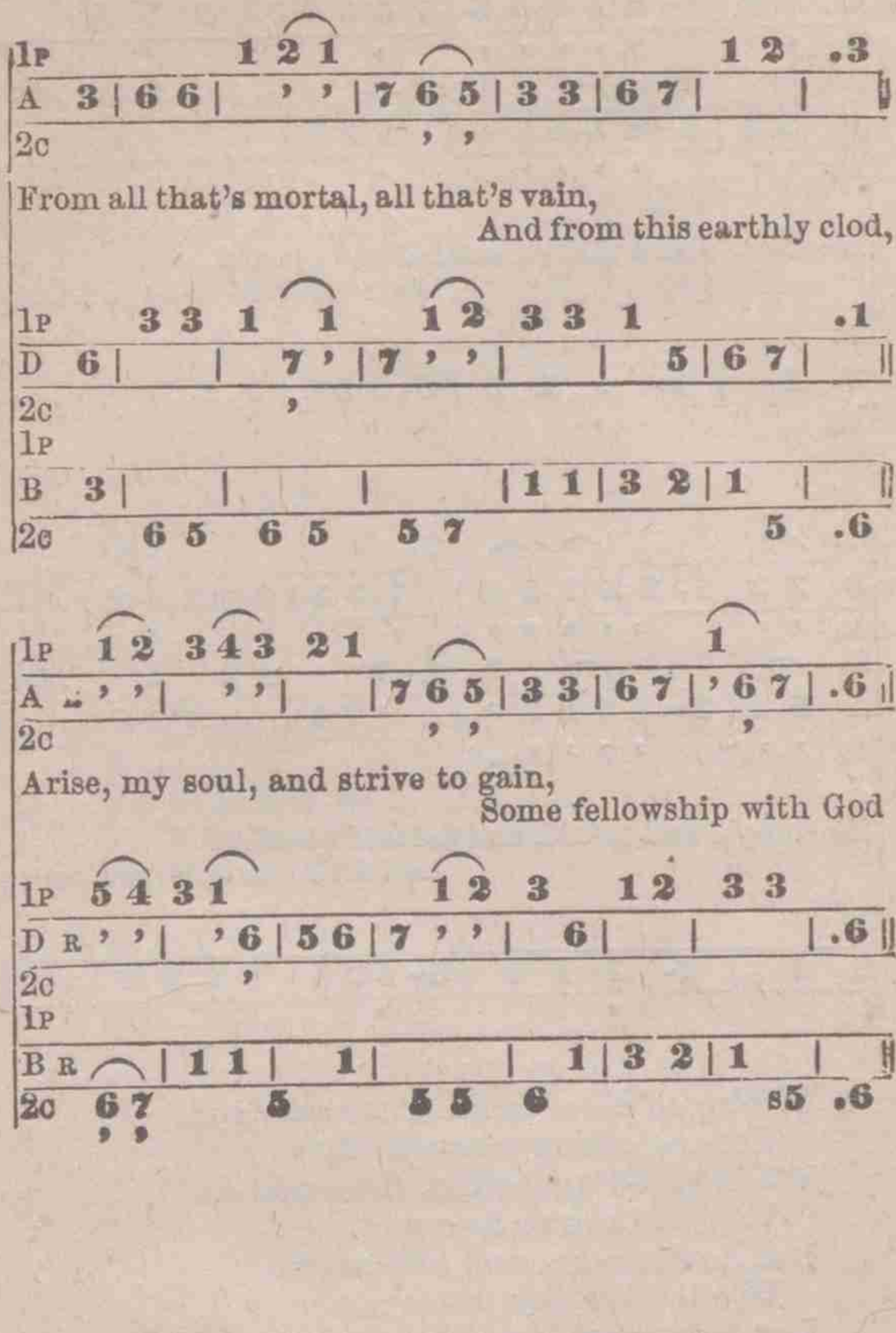


He stoop'd and talk'd, and fed and bless'd,
And fill'd the enlarged desire.

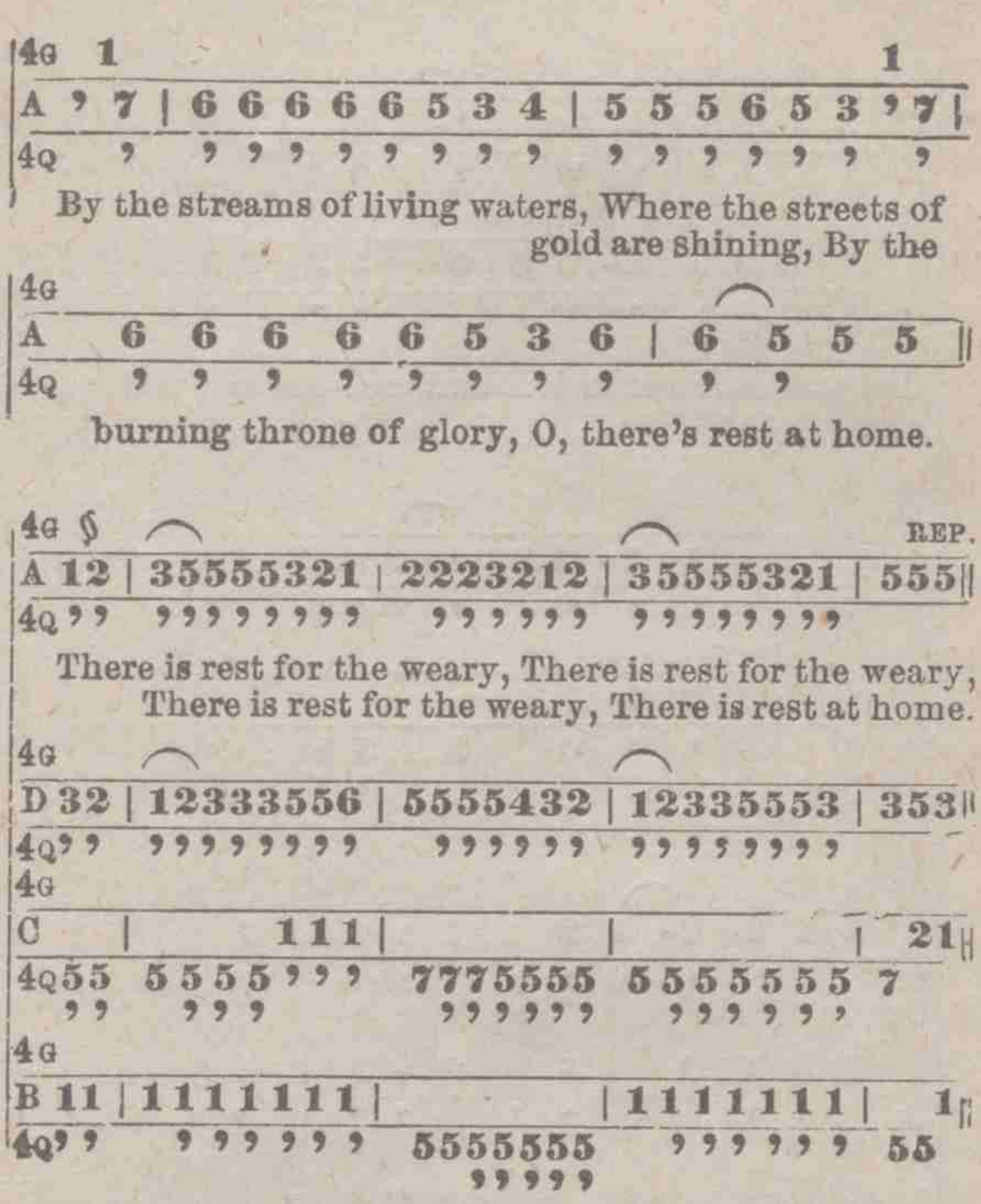


2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die;
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll force our passage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown, our due.

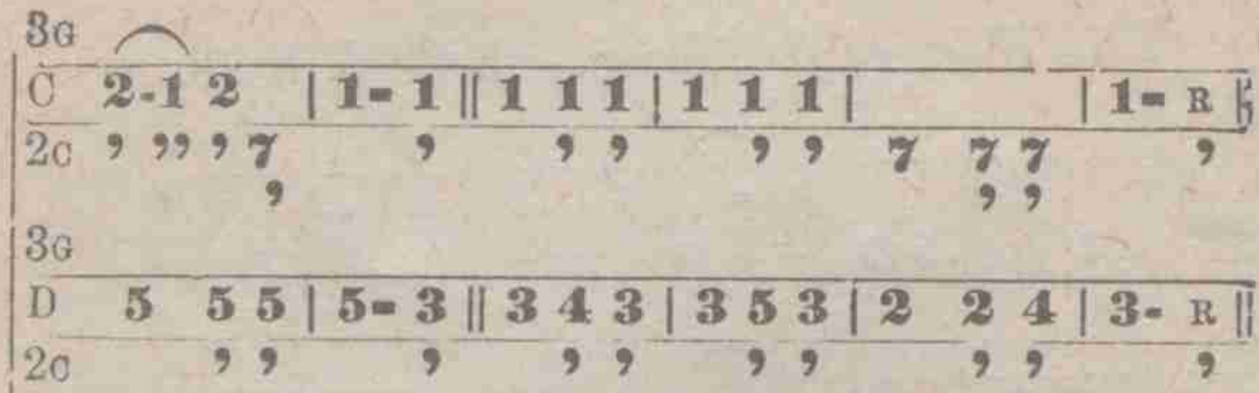
Consolation. C. M.



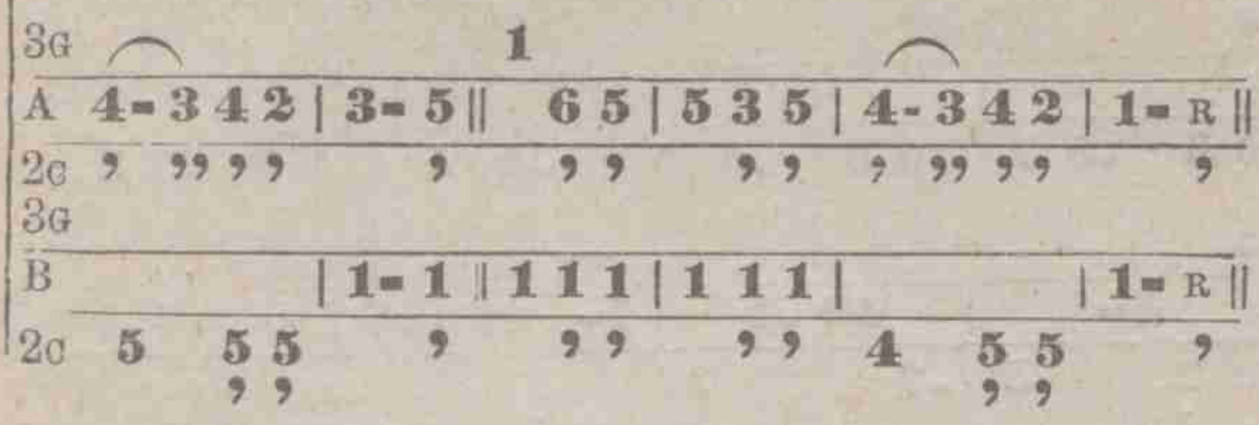
There is Rest at Home.

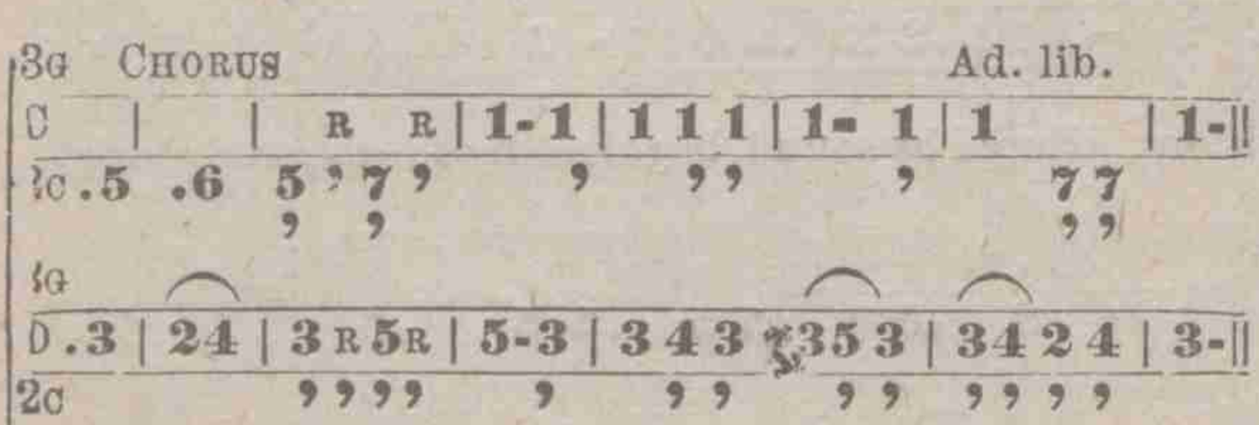


Sweet Home. 11s.

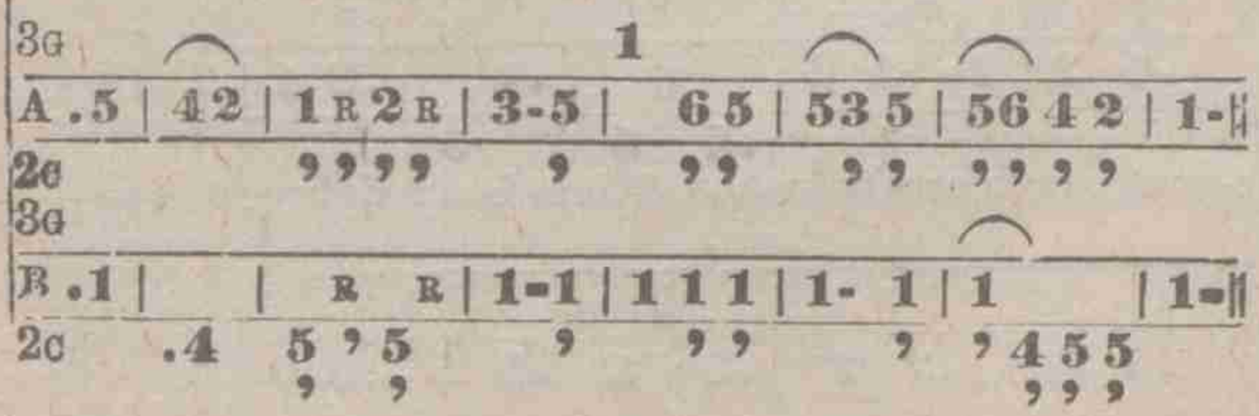


mercy there's room, And feel in the presence
of Jesus at home

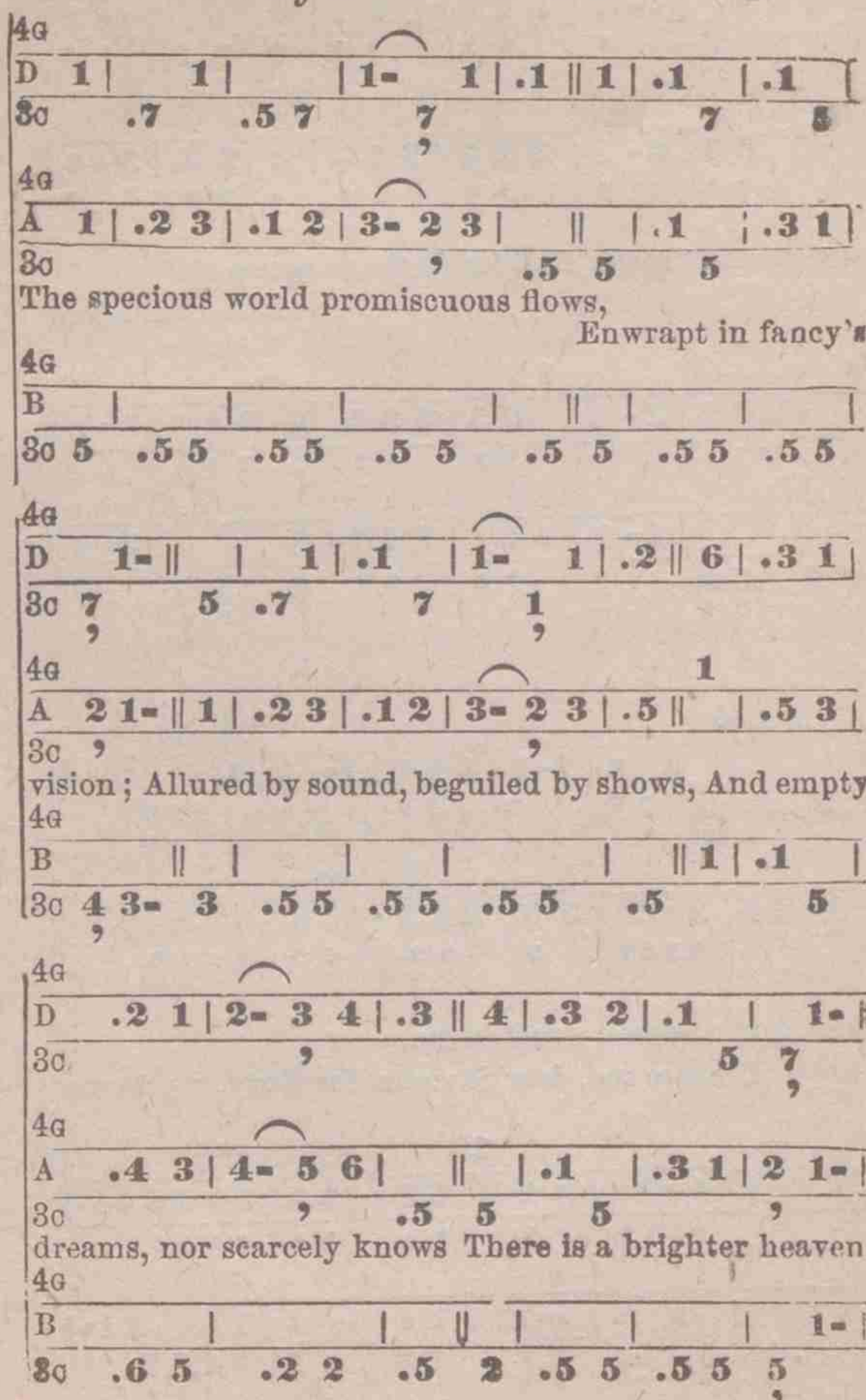




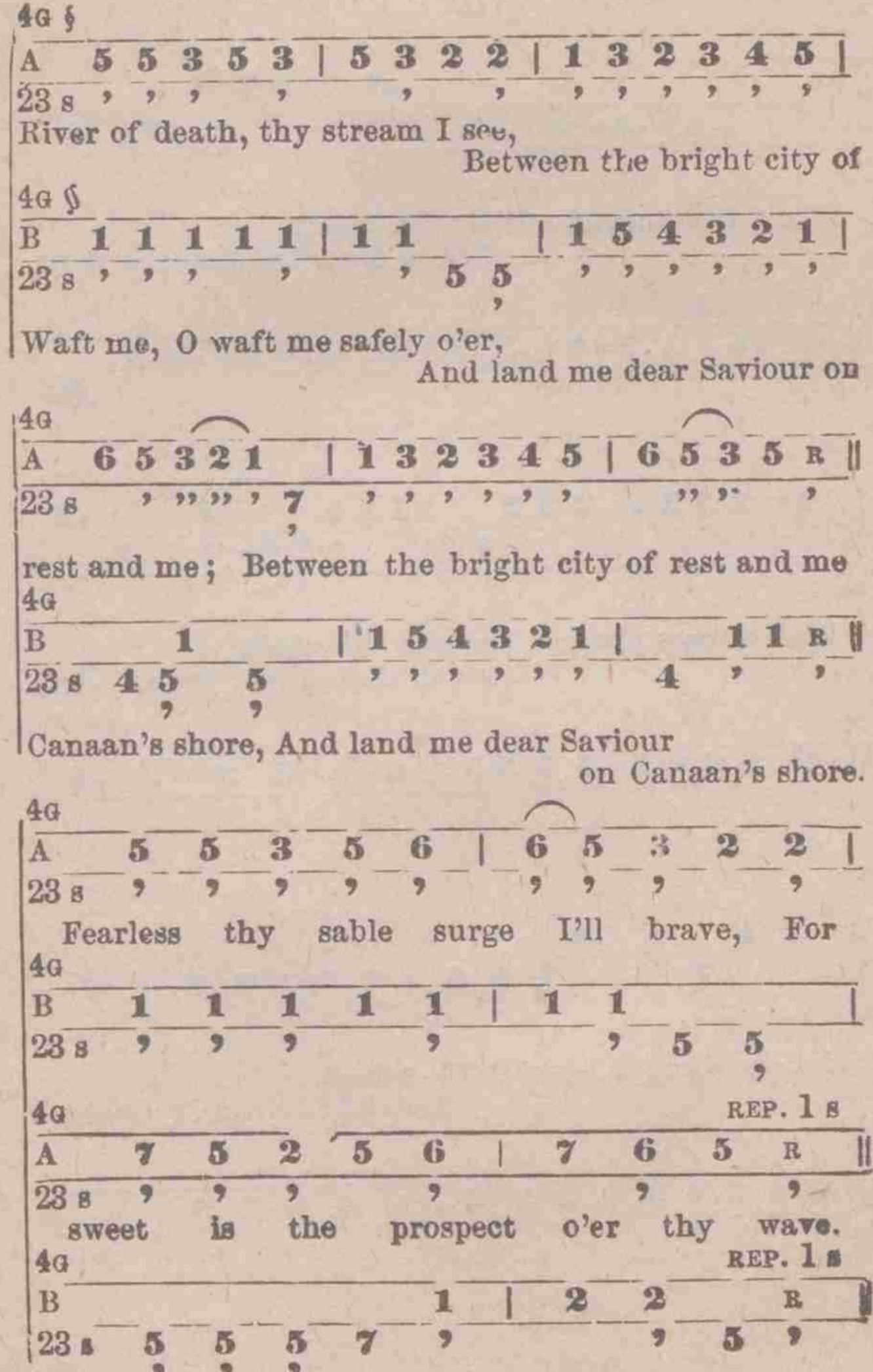
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.



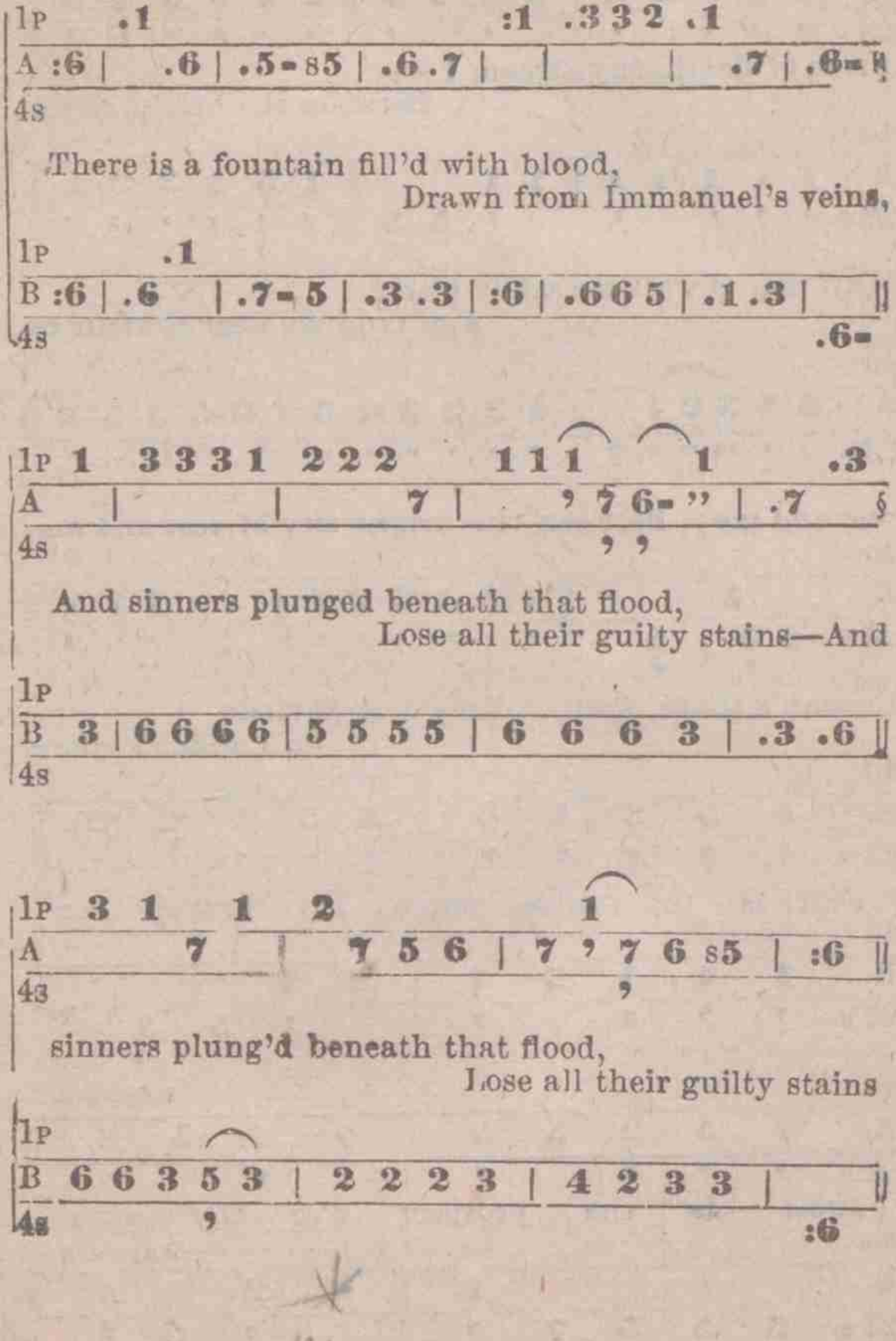
The Peaceful Home. 3 8s & 2 7s.



River of Death.



Fairfield. C. M.



M
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