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PSALMS, HYMNS,

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

Original and Selected.

COMPILED BY

A. CAMPBELL, W. SCOTT, B. W. STONE, AND
J. T. JOHNSON,

ELDERS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

With Numerous and Various Additions and Emendations.

ADAPTED TO

PERSONAL, FAMILY, AND CHURCH WORSHIP.

BY

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

Our brethren, in collective bodies as well as in private circles, have expressed a desire for a larger compilation of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, as well as for a greater variety of subjects. To meet their wishes, and to redeem our promises, we have now modified and enlarged our Hymn Book, and subjected it to a severe revisal. We have spent much time and reflection upon the subject, and have examined the best Psalmody of Protestant Christendom in our own country, with very considerable care and attention. We flatter ourselves that we have in this volume the cream of the most evangelical and scriptural poetic compositions now extant, and on such a variety of subjects and occasions as will meet all the wants and circumstances of the Christian community, as individuals, families, and congregations.

We have made the divinely inspired psalmody of the sweet Psalmist of Israel our *beau ideal* of Christian psalmody, with the mere difference of dispensation, believing that the materials of the Psalms of David furnish a perfect standard of the

proper materials of all praise, whether contemplated as psalms, hymns, or spiritual songs.

These distinctions respect the subjects, and not the forms of Christian praise or prayer. Lyric poetry is equally apposite to them all. They differ in matter and not in form.

In our former compilations tunes were prefixed as a guide to the appositeness of the sound or tune to the sense.

This prefixing of a tune to each composition has been objected to for two reasons. The taste of musicians and of those who select tunes differs. Some prefer one tune and some another; and in the judgment of one preceptor, the tune named at the head of the composition is not so suitable as another which he would prefer.

Again, the tunes named are not universally known. For these objections or reasons we have left every one to choose for himself. Our Hymn Book being used in every State of the Union, and in the British provinces, we have given no index to any song as to the tune most appropriate. In this, as in all things merely circumstantial, let every community judge for itself. It is infinitely more important that we should have one pure speech and one evangelical psalmody than one and the same tune.

Again, in this selection we have had respect to another fact. All the compositions in a hymn-book will be read, but not all sung. Indeed, my observation goes to prove that in no one community are there more than some one or two scores of favorite songs: I mean songs or hymns frequently sung. In all my travels, and they are not within narrow limits, I find only one or two dozen universal favorites, sung almost daily, especially at large public meetings.

This fact is not confined to what are called human compositions. I remember it obtained in Europe in my youth when the psalms of David were sung in Scotland and in Ireland. A score of these were universal favorites, and almost weekly or monthly sung. But the synods occasionally enacted that they should be first explained and then sung. Hence the one hundred and fifty were generally sung in some churches once in two or three years.

But on the hypothesis that only a tithe of all the compositions in our hymn-books would be sung, they should contain, both in number and variety, an adequate supply for all persons, conditions, and circumstances, and on all subjects of praise or prayer for another and a great purpose.

The hymn-book of a Christian commu-

nity, next to the Bible, is most generally read, and much and often read by all true Christians. It is assumed that it does, and certainly it ought, to contain the marrow and the fatness of the gospel and the exercises of the Christian heart on all the themes of Christian faith, hope, and love. It is the best substitute in the world for what is usually called a confession of faith, an exhibit of Christian doctrine and Christian instruction.

It is, moreover, a sort of stereotyped preached gospel, and to unconverted persons it is the next thing to a sermon or an exhortation on the great themes of Christian salvation. On this account it may, without any offence against good taste and good sense, contain various compositions which may be regarded as not so apposite to be sung as to be read. But even these may be sung in obedience to an apostolic injunction:—"Teach and admonish one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with gratitude in your hearts to the Lord." We may, therefore, sometimes sing the gospel to sinners as well as preach it to them.

This object is not lost sight of in the following selection. But for this and other matters we solicit an attentive perusal of the following introduction.

INTRODUCTION.

"TEACH and admonish one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with gratitude in your hearts to the Lord:" so Paul exhorted the Christians to whom he wrote letters. What was precisely intended by *psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs,* has often been inquired after, but not often satisfactorily answered.

The result of our inquiries upon this subject is as follows:—

1. Psalms are historic compositions, or poetic narratives.

2. Hymns are songs of praise, in which the excellencies, glories, and gracious acts of some persons are extolled.

3. Spiritual songs are either songs, the matter of which was immediately suggested by the Holy Spirit; or sentimental songs, composed on the divine communications to men.

Spiritual songs embrace a wider range of subjects than both the former; for such songs as are of a *mixed nature,* partly psalms and partly hymns, may be ranked among those which are properly called spiritual songs.

Other compositions, both in scripture and elsewhere, have been called *psalms,* which do not exactly correspond with the true import of this word in its ancient usage. The reason is obvious: The first psalms being all, or chiefly, of one species of poetry, other songs in the same

kind of verse were called by the same name, because of a coincidence in poetic measure, though they were quite different in substance and design. In one sense the design of all sacred poetry is the praise of God. Hymns directly address God in praise; psalms and spiritual songs indirectly praise him, and are sometimes specially designed for the edification of men.

The general design of all religious worship is to praise God and to edify men. But sometimes we sing for the sole purpose of praising God: on other occasions, for the information or edification of men. In the former case we sing hymns; in the latter, psalms or spiritual songs,—as best adapted to our end in view.

Such is the plain and obvious difference between psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs; which ought to be, in some measure, apprehended by all who feel any obligation upon them, arising from the command of the apostle. In singing any of them in the presence of others, we, in some measure, may, and often do, contribute to their edification.

No exercise of social worship is more delightful, solemn, or sublime, than singing the praises of the Lord. And when we address him in sacred song, care should be taken that the substance and form, or the matter and manner of our song, be such as will be acceptable to him.

Seeing, then, that we ought to sing psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; and seeing that the matter of them ought, as well as the matter of our prayers, to be according to the revelation of God; we proceed to make a few brief remarks on the selection or composition of our psalms,

hymns, and spiritual songs. And here we observe, that sectarianism and a speculating philosophy have contaminated the fountains of this, as of every other part of Christian worship. Our hymns, our tunes, and our manner of singing them, are inspired with the spirit of our speculating and schismatic systems. Our Christian psalters are in general a collection of every thing preached in the range of the system of the people who adopt them. In other words, they are our creed in metre, while it appears in the prose form in our confessions.

This, we presume to say, is founded upon an idea that we are to praise God by singing our *opinions* and our *controversies*, as well as the works, and wonders, and excellencies of the Lord our God. To examine this assumption, it is necessary to inquire, *What is worthy of our song?* And briefly we shall reply as follows:—

In originating the exercise of singing in the worship of God, nothing more was done than to give direction to faculties before possessed, and before employed on objects unworthy of them. Thus our heavenly Father turns every thing to good account in the economy of salvation. Our tongues, lips, hands, feet, and voices, together with all our more noble powers, are employed in the *new service*. In the *old service* they were all employed as instruments of unrighteousness. Now he consecrates the whole of them to his service, and has graciously conferred the honor upon our hands, feet, and tongues, our lips, our voices, of being employed in his service; and as much to his acceptance as the powers of Gabriel.

This is a gracious development of his condescending favor. To think that the great God should give birth to a system of things in which it is possible for the tongue of an infant to achieve honor to his Majesty, as well as the wings of a seraph, is what has long been extolled in heaven and admired on earth. Is it not admirable, Christian reader, that the Majesty of Heaven should condescend to employ the hands and feet, the tongues and lips of infants to perfect praise! What a system of perfection that puts it into the power of all to be happy in honoring Jehovah, and which derives a proportional revenue of glory from the finances of a pauper, and the resources of a heavenly principality.

But what we have in view is this: The powers and faculties of the *man* are neither lost nor metamorphosed in the *Christian*. They are all consecrated. They are now instruments of righteousness. We sing now as formerly—the same voice, the same tune; but a different song. And this brings us just to the inquiry, What are the subjects on which *men* are disposed to sing? Love-songs, the praises of heroes, and the triumphs of wars. These are the chapters comprehending the chief topics deemed *worthy of song*. No *man* thinks the weaving of a web, the planting of a cornfield, or the sweeping of a house worthy of a song. Why, then, have we so many *mean* topics—so many childish and frivolous songs—sung by *Christians?* In consecrating our singing powers, God has not degraded them. He has rather exalted them. Still the subjects worthy of Christian song are specifically of the same kind as those worthy of the songs of *men*.

The *Christian*, as well as the *man*, has his love-songs—the praises of his hero, the Captain of his salvation—the triumphs of his glorious warfare. These, then, are worthy of sacred song. And thus, in general terms, the question is answered, *What is worthy of the Christian's song?* Psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs should, therefore, be founded upon such noble themes. Let the love of God our Father, the praises of the character, and the glories of the achievements of the Captain of our salvation, animate our strains. Let our sentimental songs be of the same exalted character with the subjects of faith, hope, and love; and let not the little, low, selfish, schismatical, and sectarian topics find a place in this sublimest of all exercises known among men. Let not the rhapsodies of enthusiasm, nor the moonshine speculations of frigid abstraction, characterize what we, as Christians, call the praises of our God:

"To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong."

In order, however, that singing may answer the purposes of edification for which it was designed, attention must be paid not only to the subject-matter of hymns, but to the manner in which they are sung, and the style or character of the tunes employed. The "grave sweet melody," the "joyful strains," and the mournful sounds of "harps hung upon the willow trees," ought to correspond with the meaning of the song and the occasion. To hear a joyful tune sung to the song,

"Why do we mourn departed friends?"

Or a mournful air to the words,

"*Rejoice, O Earth, the Lord is King,*"

is so unharmonious and discordant, that half the world feels the incongruity as they would frost in August, or solstitial heat in December. But every approach to these extremes is to be guarded against, as well as the extremes themselves. Hence the necessity of good taste and sound judgment in selecting appropriate tunes for every theme, and for all occasions of this delightful exercise of the understanding and the affections.

Besides the selecting of appropriate tunes, and singing these according to the ordinary rules of music, there are other points relating to the manner of singing deserving of remark. Not only should the words be distinctly pronounced that the sentiment may be understood by others, but a proper emphasis should be given to such passages as require it. To sing the verse commencing

"*What though the spicy breezes*
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,"

with the same force and expression as the one which immediately follows,

"*Shall we whose souls are lighted*
By wisdom from on high," &c.

indicates either a deficiency of taste, or that the singer is so engrossed with the music as to be inobservant of the sentiment. When, on the contrary, the former is sung with a soft and plaintive expression; and the latter with a greater degree of energy, the transition leads

the mind at once to the sentiment by which it was occasioned, and secures the primary object of the exercise, viz. edification. This, indeed, it should be borne in mind, is the most important point in relation to Christian psalmody, and every thing else should be made secondary and subservient to the great purpose of singing with the spirit and understanding.

The psalmody and the public prayers of a Christian community are the most unequivocal and infallible exponents of its piety and spiritual intelligence. Indeed, the sacred song and the social prayer are but the express image and living form of the pious emotions, religious taste, spiritual discernment, and holy affections of those who unite in them. If the Christian can best exhibit his faith by his works, he can also most satisfactorily verbally demonstrate his piety and humanity in the praises which he sings, and in the prayers and thanksgivings which he offers.

The Christian Hymn Book, next to the Bible, moreover, wields the largest and mightiest formative influence upon the young and old, upon saint and sinner, and of any other book in the world. Poetry, and especially good religious and moral poetry, emanates full as much from the heart as from the head, and partakes so much of the spirit of its author, that it insinuates itself into the soul with more subtlety and power than any other language of mortals, either pictured to the eye, or presented to the ear. "Allow me," said some one, "to write the ballads for a nation, and I care not who enacts its laws." Permit me, I also say, to dispense the psalmody of a community, and I care not

who dictates its creed or writes out its catechism. If the hymn-book is daily sung in the family, and in the social meetings of the brethren, it must imbue their souls with its sentiments more than all the other labors of the pulpit or of the press.

For these reasons, no book ought to be got up with more religious care and consideration than the volume of psalmody. No task requires a more cultivated spiritual taste—a more enlarged and comprehensive mind—a more intimate acquaintance with the spirit of the Bible and the hallowed breathings of its saints, than the psalmody of a Christian church.

These considerations have influenced us to repudiate altogether some hymns and songs (though very popular) and to reform others. If we have not every psalm, hymn, and spiritual song which might be sung with acceptance and with propriety, it ought not to be thought a defect in our selection, any more than the not having every flower and shrub in the garden (provided every species be there) should be an objection against the good taste or judgment of the keeper in making his selections. We think we have culled the most useful and beautiful flowers from all the books in use; and if we have not every individual song, we have some of every species of poetry, and on every subject which rightfully claims a place in the sacred psalmody of the Christian society.

A. CAMPBELL.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PSALMS.

NATIVITY OF CHRIST..... 33
JOHN'S BAPTISM..... 40
CHRIST'S OWN BAPTISM..... 42
TRANSFIGURATION..... 48
PUBLIC ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM... 49
AGONY IN THE GARDEN..... 51
DEATH..... 53
THE LAST SCENES..... 57
RESURRECTION..... 61
ASCENSION..... 74
DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT..... 80
REIGN..... 81

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

HIS CORONATION AND GLORY..... 85

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

NATURE.....129
THE BIBLE.....139

PROVIDENCE.....144
AFFLICTIONS.....165
PUBLIC WORSHIP.....176
BAPTISM.....204
THE LORD'S SUPPER.....224
CHRISTIAN UNION and COMMUNION..232
LOVELINESS AND EXCELLENCY OF JESUS.....238
EXHORTATORY SONGS.....267
EVANGELIZING AND RECRUITING SONGS.....284
MISSIONARY HYMNS.....325
LORD'S-DAY MEETINGS.....339
MORNING SONGS.....347
EVENING SONGS.....357
OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.....372
JUDGMENT.....374
CHRISTIAN'S HOPE, RANK, HONORS, AND FUTURE GLORY.....377
SONGS FOR CHRISTIAN CHILDREN...401
MISCELLANY.....411
BAPTISMAL SELECTIONS.....502

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Page
A FRIEND there is,—your voices join	164
A host of spirits round the throne	202
Again the Lord of light and life	339
Again our earthly cares we leave	344
Again from calm and sweet repose	350
All hail the power of Jesus' name	87
All other sounds discordant seem	453
All power is given unto me	502
All you that have confess'd	478
Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound!)	479
Among the mountain trees	443
Am I a soldier of the cross	287
And did the holy and the just	51
And is the gospel peace and love	271
And now another day is gone	403
And now, my soul, another year	465
Angels, roll the rock away	70
Another day is past	360
Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!	330
Asham'd of Christ! our souls disdain	263
Assembled at thy great command	455
As on the cross the Saviour hung	53
Awake, and sing the song	267
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	441
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	422
Awake, my tongue; thy tribute bring	136
Awake, O Zion's daughter! rise	49
Awake, our drowsy souls	71
Awake, you saints, and raise your eyes	282
BAPTIZ'D into our Saviour's death	214
Before Jehovah's awful throne	176
Behold th' amazing gift of love	378
Behold the blind their sight receive	53

Page
Behold the bright morning appears..... 68
Behold the glories of the Lamb.....112
Behold the mountain of the Lord.....197
Behold the sure foundation stone.....191
Behold the well of life appears..... 46
Behold the woman's promis'd seed..... 38
Behold what witnesses unseen.....268
Believing souls, of Christ beloved.....222
Beneath our feet and o'er our head.....365
Beyond the glitt'ring starry sky..... 77
Bless'd are the humble souls that see.....381
Bless'd be the everlasting God.....391
Bless'd be thy name for ever.....357
Bless'd is the man who shuns the place.....381
Blest be the tie that binds.....234
Blest morn, whose early dawning rays..... 72
Blow you the trumpet, blow.....284
Bright and joyful was the morn..... 83
Broad is the road that leads to death.....315
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....409

CHILDREN of old, hosannas sung.....406
Christians, keep your armour bright..... 88
Christ the Lord is risen to-day!..... 63
Come, all you sons of God, and view.....209
Come, children of Zion, and help us to sing.....100
Come, Christian brethren, ere we part.....185
Come, ev'ry pious heart.....230
Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb.....205
Come hither, all ye weary souls.....320
Come, humble sinners, in whose breast.....273
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; O come.....220
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; Stranger.....221
Come in, ye blessed of the Lord.....228
Come, let our hearts and voices join.....243
Come, let us anew.....466
Come, let us join the hosts above.....401
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....109
Come, let us join in songs of praise.....115
Come, let us join with one accord.....339
Come, let us sing the coming fate.....482

6115

Page
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart.....472
Come, O thou King of all thy saints.....342
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast.....301
Come, tell me, wandering sinner.....295
Come to the house of prayer.....341
"Come unto me," the Saviour cries.....453
Come, weary souls with sin distress'd.....293
Come, we that love the Lord.....186
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord.....431
Come, you poor and thirsty sinners.....311
Come, you redeemed of the Lord.....210
Come, you sinners, poor and needy.....285
Come, you that love the Saviour's name..... 91
Come, you that love the Lord, indeed.....280
Come, you weary sinners, come.....304
Consider all my sorrows, Lord.....165
Crown his head with endless blessings.....103

DARK was the night, and cold the ground..... 51
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness.....336
Day of judgment, day of wonders.....376
Dear as thou wert, and justly dear.....370
Dear brethren, come draw near to God.....421
Dear Refuge of my weary soul.....477
Death cannot make our souls afraid.....364
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near.....305
Descending down into the flood.....208
Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....412
Didst thou, Lord Jesus, suffer shame.....250
Do we not know that solemn word.....210

EARTH has a joy unknown in heaven.....389
Eternal God of love and power.....361
Eternal Source of every joy!.....155
Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise.....134
Exalted Prince of Life, we own..... 92

FAR from these narrow scenes of night.....398
Father, how wide thy glory shines.....119

9115

Page
Father, I know thy ways are just.....174
Father, is not thy promise pledg'd.....333
Father of all, thy care we bless.....150
Father of all, we bow to thee.....419
Father of Mercies, in thy word.....140
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....175
Few are thy days and full of wo.....371
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands.....102
For me, oh did my Saviour bleed.....270
Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound.....377
Fountain of mercy, God of love.....459
Friend after friend departs.....369
From all that dwell below the skies.....121
From every stormy wind that blows.....172
From Greenland's icy mountains.....337
From the cross uplifted high.....322
From the regions of love..... 35
From whence does this union arise.....235

Glorious things of thee are spoken.....195
Glory, glory everlasting.....107
Glory, glory to our King!.....106
Glory to thee, my God, this night.....359
Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim.....231
Go on, you pilgrims, while below.....272
Go with thy servant, Lord.....326
God from the dead has rais'd his Son.....415
God, in the gospel of his Son.....319
God is the fountain whence.....163
God moves in a mysterious way.....144
God of my life, my morning song.....352
God of the morning, at thy voice.....349
God struck the first-born dead.....439
God with *us!* O glorious name.....245
Grace! 'tis a charming sound.....479
Great God, the nations of the earth.....430
Great God, thy penetrating eye.....372
Great God, to thee my ev'ning song.....359
Great God, we sing that mighty hand.....467
Great God, where'er we pitch our tents.....423
Great is the Lord our God.....203
Great was the day, the joy was great..... 80

Page
HAD I ten thousand gifts beside.....238
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews.....448
Hail, gracious heav'nly Prince.....402
Hail, mighty Jesus! how divine.....105
Hail! morning known among the blest!.....480
Hail to the Lord's anointed..... 43
Hail to the Prince of Life and Peace..... 86
Hail the blest morn..... 34
Hail the day that saw him rise.....417
Hail, thou long expected Jesus..... 44
Happy the child whose tender years.....401
Happy the city where their sons.....158
Happy the saints whose lot is cast.....184
Happy the souls to Jesus join'd.....194
Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds!.....484
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices.....110
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes..... 39
Hark! the herald angels sing..... 42
Hark! the voice of love and mercy..... 56
Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you.....315
Hear the royal proclamation.....297
Heaven has confirm'd the dread decree.....366
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies..... 55
He who on earth as man was known.....485
Here, at thy table, Lord, we meet.....225
Here, Saviour, we would come.....212
Hosanna! let us join to sing..... 73
Hosanna to our conquering King.....110
Hosanna to the Church's Head.....426
Hosanna to King David's Son.....443
Hosanna with a cheerful sound.....160
How are thy servants blest, O Lord.....148
How beauteous are their feet.....325
How blest the righteous when he dies.....371
How bright these glorious spirits shine.....396
How bless'd are they who always keep.....406
How charming is the place.....181
How firm a foundation.....171
How free and boundless is the grace.....288
How happy are they who their Saviour obey.....379
How happy is the child who hears.....410
How happy is the Christian's state.....380

Page
How happy they who know the Lord.....167
How honour'd is the place.....185
How much the drooping hearts revive.....274
How painfully pleasing the fond recollection.....501
How pleased and blest was I.....345
How pleasing to behold and see.....227
How precious is the Book Divine.....140
How shall I my Saviour set forth.....486
How shall the young secure their hearts.....408
How short and hasty is our life.....468
How still and peaceful is the grave.....450
How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight.....232
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....487
How tender is thy hand.....167
How vain are all things here below.....433
How various and how new.....159
Ho! ye that thirst, a living fount.....309
Hungry, and faint, and poor.....181
Humble souls, who seek salvation.....211

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives.....282
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....183
If life's pleasures charm you.....276
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.....489
I'm not asham'd to own my Lord.....267
Immortal God! on thee we call.....427
In all my Lord's appointed ways.....481
In all my ways, O God.....149
In ev'ry trouble sharp and strong.....171
Infinite excellence is thine..... 90
In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands..... 42
In thy name, O Lord, assembling.....180
I sing th' almighty power of God.....446
Israel the desert trod.....384
It is the Lord, enthron'd in light.....165
I would not live always.....278

JEHOVAH reigns: he dwells in light.....137
Jehovah reigns: his throne is high.....161
Jerusalem my happy home.....400

Page
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....279
Jesus cometh from Galilee to Jordan.....504
Jesus, great Shepherd of thy sheep.....269
Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory.....108
Jesus has died that I might live.....247
Jesus, I love thy charming name.....258
Jesus, in thy transporting name.....240
Jesus invites his saints.....224
Jesus is gone above the skies.....228
Jesus, lover of my soul.....451
Jesus, mighty King in Zion.....213
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....249
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace.....255
Jesus, my love, my chief delight.....241
Jesus, once for sinners slain..... 99
Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne.....103
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun..... 81
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend.....239
Jesus, thy blessings are not few.....290
Jesus, we hail thee Israel's King..... 89
Join all the glorious names.....253
Join, all who love the Saviour's name.....254
Join, ev'ry tongue, to praise the Lord.....457
Joy is a fruit that will not grow.....452

Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake.....219
King Jesus, reign for evermore..... 90

Let Avarice from shore to shore.....142
Let all the earth their voices raise.....454
Let Christians all agree.....233
Let children that would fear the Lord.....405
Let ev'ry mortal ear attend.....289
Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts.....386
Let others boast their ancient line.....388
Let plenteous grace descend on those.....215
Let thoughtless thousands choose the road.....421
Let us sing the King Messiah.....112
Life is the time to serve the Lord.....294
Lift up your heads, eternal gates..... 76

Page
Light of them that sit in darkness.....329
Like Noah's weary dove.....307
Like sheep we went astray..... 60
Lo! he comes with clouds descending.....374
Lo! the stone is roll'd away.....437
Lo! Wisdom stands with smiling face.....308
Lo! what a glorious sight appears.....395
Long as I live I'll praise thy name.....261
Look, ye saints:—the sight is glorious.....104
Lord, all I am is known to thee.....245
Lord, am I thine—entirely thine.....216
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.....492
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.....188
Lord, in thy presence here we meet.....432
Lord, let thy goodness lead our land.....462
Lord, now we part in thy blest name.....185
Lord of my life, O may thy praise.....347
Lord, send thy servants forth.....457
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray.....333
Lord, we adore thy conqu'ring grace.....280
Lord, we adore thy vast designs.....161
Lord, we come before thee now.....343
Lord, we expect a day.....424
Lord, what a wretched land is this.....175
Lord, what is man? Extremes how wide.....444
Lord, when together here we meet.....182
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high..... 77
Lord, while for all mankind we pray.....461

May the grace of Christ our Saviour.....497
Mistaken souls that dream of heaven.....418
Morning breaks upon the tomb..... 61
Mortals! awake, with angels join..... 37
My Christian friends in bonds of love.....397
My God, how endless is thy love.....350
My God, my heart with love inflame.....495
My God, my portion, and my love.....422
My gracious Redeemer I love.....260
My helper, God, I bless his name.....157
My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide.....252
My Son, know thou the Lord.....451

Page
My spirit looks to God alone.....176
My times of sorrow and of joy.....166

Not all the blood of beasts.....119
Not all the nobles of the earth.....428
No change of time shall ever shock.....124
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard.....471
Not to the terrors of the Lord.....193
Now be my heart inspired to sing.....111
Now begin the heav'nly theme.....262
Now for a song of lofty praise..... 74
Now is the accepted time.....300
Now from the altar of our hearts.....360
Now let each happy guest.....226
Now let our cheerful eyes survey.....114
Now let our mournful songs accord..... 59
Now may the God of peace and love.....341

O bless the Lord, my soul.....242
O for a heart to praise my God.....413
O for a shout of sacred joy..... 75
O God of Bethel by whose hand.....145
O God! our help in ages past.....146
O God, thy gifts of tender love.....357
O happy children who follow Jesus.....236
O happy is the man who hears.....314
O happy they who know the Lord.....244
O how divine, how sweet the joy.....216
O how I love thy holy law.....143
O in the morn of life when youth.....408
O Jesus, the giver of all we enjoy..... 96
O, Jesus! the glory, the wonder, and love.....117
O land of rest, for which I sigh.....413
O Lord, and will thy pardoning love.....205
O Lord! thy mercy, and sure hope.....125
O Lord, we in thy footsteps tread.....214
O Lord! when faith with fixed eyes.....251
O love, beyond conception great.....320
O love divine, how sweet thou art!.....490
O praise the Lord! and thou, my soul.....127

22294

Page
O render thanks to God above.....124
O that the Lord's salvation.....456
O thou Fount of ev'ry blessing.....264
O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight.....500
O thou to whom all creatures bow.....122
O thou my light, my life, my joy.....440
O thou, who once on Israel's ground.....456
O turn you! O turn you, for why will you die.....317
O what a blessed morn..... 33
O what amazing words of grace.....287
O when shall I see Jesus.....265
O where shall rest be found.....470
O with what pleasure we behold.....218
O you immortal throng..... 79
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.....194
Our fathers! where are they.....469
One glance of thine, eternal Lord.....373
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....385
Our Lord is risen from the dead..... 74
Once more before we part.....340
Once more, my soul, the rising day.....349
Our souls are in the Saviour's hand.....277
Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave.....480
Our souls by love together knit.....236
Our spirits join to praise the Lamb.....225
On Tabor's top the Saviour stood..... 48
On thee, each morning, O my God.....354
On the mountain's top appearing.....474
Onward, onward, men of heaven.....338
Onward speed thy conquering flight.....475
One there is above all others.....256
On Zion's glorious summit stood.....393
On Zion, his own holy mount.....299

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair.....390
Praise you the Lord.....126
Proclaim, says Christ, my wondrous grace.....208

RAISE your triumphant songs.....121
Rejoice, believers in the Lord.....429

Page
Rejoice, my soul, still in the Lord.....246
Rejoice, O Earth! the Lord is King..... 93
Rejoice—the Lord is King..... 94
Remark, my soul, the narrow bound.....156
"Remember thy Creator".....411
Return, O wand'rer, now return.....309
Reform, and be immers'd.....206
Rise, gracious God, and shine.....325
Rise, O my soul! pursue the path.....277
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....420
Roll on, thou mighty ocean.....476

Safely through another week.....179
Salvation! O, the joyful sound!.....116
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.....361
See how the rising sun.....356
See the leaves around us falling.....464
See what a living stone.....192
Serene I laid me down.....353
Shout, for the blessed Jesus reigns..... 98
Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing.....201
Since all the varying scenes of time.....163
Since I can read my title clear.....275
Sing to the Lord a new-made song..... 82
Sinners, come and taste with me.....305
Sinners, hear your Lord and Saviour.....306
Sinners, turn—why will you die.....303
Sinners, will you scorn the message.....323
So let your lips and lives express.....328
Softly now the light of day.....362
Stand up and bless the Lord.....327
Stern Winter throws his icy chains.....464
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think.....302
Swell the anthem, raise the song.....458
Sweet the moment, rich in blessing.....435

That glorious day is drawing nigh.....198
Teach me the measure of my days.....468
Teach us in time of deep distress.....173
The angels that watch'd round the tomb..... 62

Page
The Book of Nature open lies....129
The chariot! the chariot!....434
The day is past and gone....358
The food on which thy children live....415
The God of harvest praise....459
The happy morn is come.... 71
The icy chains that bound the earth....153
The King of heav'n his table spreads....291
The Lord is ris'n indeed.... 69
The Lord is the fountain of goodness and love....313
The Lord Jehovah reigns....101
The Lord of glory is my light....168
The Lord of lords and King of kings....491
The Lord, who rules the world's affairs....152
The man is ever blest....423
The morning light returns....365
The Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding....316
The Prince of salvation is coming—prepare....200
The race that long in darkness pined.... 45
The rich memorials of thy grief....229
The Saviour ris'n to-day we praise.... 67
The Saviour! O what endless charms....128
The Son of Man they did betray....494
The spacious firmament on high....131
The true Messiah now appears.... 40
There is a calm for those that weep....367
There is a fountain fill'd with blood....387
There is a God—all nature speaks....138
There is an hour of peaceful rest....416
There is an hour of hallow'd peace....473
There is a land of pure delight....399
There is a land of pleasure....493
There is a place where my hopes are stay'd....442
There is no path to heav'nly bliss....243
There is a world of perfect bliss....471
There's no name among men nor angels so bright...385
There's not a star whose twinkling light....133
There's joy in heav'n, and joy on earth....217
This is a precious book indeed....403
This is the day the first ripe sheaf.... 65
This is the word of truth and love....318
This Lord is the Lord we adore....102

Page
This world can never give.....425
Thou art gone to the grave.....411
Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!.....184
Thou art the Way—to thee alone.....249
Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream...445
Thou that dost my life prolong.....351
Though troubles assail.....148
Through all the dangers of the night.....488
Through endless years thou art the same.....135
Thus far the Lord has led me on.....362
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess.....137
Thy kingdom, Lord, for ever stands.....162
Thy presence, everlasting God.....158
Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea.....150
Thy worthiness is all our song.....113
Time is winging us away.....437
'Tis done, the great transaction's done.....215
"'Tis Finish'd," the Redeemer cries.....427
'Tis God the Father we adore.....212
'Tis darkness here, but Jesus smiles.....496
'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow..... 52
'Tis not the law of ten commands.....257
'Tis religion that can give.....429
To Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue.....178
To-day, if you will hear his voice.....296
To God the mighty Lord.....438
To Him from whom our blessings flow.....460
To Him that lov'd the sons of men..... 85
To Him who did salvation bring..... 97
To our Redeemer's glorious name.....246
To praise the ever bounteous Lord.....154
To spend one sacred day.....190
To thee let my first off'rings rise.....152
'Twas God who fix'd the rolling spheres.....135
'Twas on that night when doom'd to know..... 57
'Twas on that night, that doleful night..... 58
'Twas the commission of our Lord.....207

Unto our God, on Judah's hills.....335
Upon the banks of Jordan stood..... 40

Vital spark of heavenly flame.....364

Page
WANDERER from God, return, return.....321
We bless the Prophet of the Lord.....118
We love thy name, we love thy laws.....211
Welcome, thou well-beloved of God.....218
We sing the Saviour's wondrous death..... 54
Weeping sinners, dry your tears.....324
We've no abiding city here.....435
What could your Redeemer do.....293
What equal honours shall we bring.....107
What glory gilds the sacred page.....139
What poor, despised company.....382
What, poor sinner, means this sadness.....306
What shall I render to my God.....189
What though no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe.....146
When all thy mercies, O my God.....151
When blooming youth is snatch'd away.....368
When brighter suns and milder skies.....463
When Israel through the desert pass'd.....141
When I survey the wondrous cross.....22[illegible]
When languor and disease invade.....176
When marshall'd on the nightly plain.....449
When overwhelmed with grief.....169
When the King of kings comes.....392
When verdure clothes the fertile vale.....462
When we the sacred grave survey..... 61
Where'er a sinner turns to God.....292
While humble shepherds watch'd their flocks..... 36
While in this sacred rite of thine.....404
While thee I seek, protecting power.....414
While we the empty tomb survey.....347
Who can describe the joys that rise.....219
Who has our report believed?.....498
Why do we mourn departing friends.....367
Why should we start and fear to die.....447
Why stand you here idle, my friends, all the day...312
With earnest longings of the mind.....168
With glory clad, with strength array'd.....125
With Israel's God who can compare?.....121
With joy we meditate the grace.....248
With my substance I will honour.....256
With one consent let all the earth.....177
With songs of grateful praise.....331

Page
With thee, great God, the stores of light.....348
With willing hearts we tread.....204
Wisdom divine ordain'd the plan.....300
Within thy house, O Lord, our God.....345

Ye men and angels, witness now.....223
Ye servants of the Lord.....329
Ye that obey th' immortal King.....188
Ye who in his courts are found.....322
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor.....310
Yes, the Redeemer rose..... 66
Yes, we trust the day is breaking.....473
You boundless realms of joy.....132
You glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu.....259
You messengers of Christ.....334
You servants of God.....332
Young children once to Jesus came.....404

Zion stands with hills surrounded.....202

PSALMS.

PSALM 1. 6's, 8's.

O, WHAT a blessed morn
That brought the news from heav'n!
To us a child is born,
To us a son is giv'n!
The sweetest news that ever came,
We'll sing, though all the world should
blame.

The long-expected morn
Has dawn'd upon the earth;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing his birth:
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

O 'tis a lofty theme,
Supplied by angels' tongues!
All other subjects seem
Unworthy of our songs.
This sacred theme has boundless charms,
It fills, it captivates, it warms.

Now sing of peace divine,
Sing of good-will to man;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
Could form the gracious plan;
Could find a way to save the lost,
Thyself not ceasing to be just.

Give praise to God on high,
With angels round his throne;
Give praise to God with joy;
Give praise to God alone;
'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

PSALM 2. P. M.

Hail the blest morn! when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger;
Lo! for your guide the bright angel attends!

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thy aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

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

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

PSALM 3. P. M.

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 a manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bled for our pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan!

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 hallelujahs, while heaven rejoices!

Now glory to God in the highest be giv'n,
All glory to God is re-echoed from heav'n;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.

O Jesus! ride on, thy kingdom is glorious;
Over sin, death, and hell, thou'lt make us victorious!
Thy banner unfurl—let the nations surrender,
And own thee their Saviour, their Lord, and Defender! [*Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.*

PSALM 4. C. M.

WHILE humble shepherds watch'd their
In Bethlehem's fields by night, [flocks
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
And fill'd the fields with light.

"Fear not," he said, (for great alarm
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:—

"The heav'nly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; and thus
Address'd their joyful song:—

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will abounds to men below,
That never more shall cease!"

PSALM 5. C. M.

Mortals! awake, with angels join,
And chant the cheerful lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.

The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue;
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song,
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heav'nly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete--
Jesus was born to die!"

Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail!
Redeemer—brother—friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

PSALM 6. L. M.

Behold the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the Prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

Abrah'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd—
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

Predictions in abundance join
To pour their witness on his head:
Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
And own thee as the promis'd seed.

PSALM 7. C. M.

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour's come!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest shades of night
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And from the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

PSALM 8. C. M.

The true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

Now smoking sweets, and bleeding lambs,
And kids, and bullocks slain,—
Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God's own Son comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And pleads for us above.

PSALM 9. C. M.

JOHN'S BAPTISM.

Upon the banks of Jordan stood
The great reformer, John,
And pointed to the Lamb of God,
The long-expected one.

He loud proclaim'd the coming reign,
And told them to reform,
If they God's favor would obtain,
And shun the gath'ring storm.

He bade all those who did repent,
Forthwith to be immers'd,
Assuring them that God had sent
The message he rehears'd.

Forsake your sins, the Baptist said,
That you may be forgiv'n;
Forsake them now, and be immers'd,
For near's the Reign of heav'n.

Thus did the man of God prepare
A people for the Lord;
To him did all the Jews repair,
Who trusted in his word.

But now the reign of God has come,
That reign of grace below,
And Jesus reigns upon God's throne,
Remission to bestow.

He bids all nations look to him,
As Prince of Life and Peace;
And offers pardon to all them
Who now accept his grace.

PSALM 10. *6 times* 8.

HIS BAPTISM.

In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave!

But, lo! from yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like the Holy Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head:
Amaz'd they see the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

Then does the Father loud proclaim,
In audience of the wond'ring crowd;
Attend, all nations; hear the name
His Father gave: he spoke aloud:
This is my well-beloved Son!
I see well pleas'd what he has done!

PSALM 11. 7's.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all you nations, rise,
Join the triumph in the skies,
With the heavenly host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hail! thou heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail! thou Sun of Righteousness,
Ris'n with healing in thy wings,
Life and light thy rising brings.

PSALM 12. 7's, 6's.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression;
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

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.

He shall come down like showers
  Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
  Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
  Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
  From hill to valley flow.

To him shall pray'r unceasing
  And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
  A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
  His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever:
  That name to us is—Love.

PSALM 13. 8's and 7's.

Hail, thou long-expected Jesus,
  Born to set thy people free;
Thou from sin and fear releas'd us,
  Make us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
  Hope of all thy saints thou art;
Long desired of ev'ry nation,
  Joy of ev'ry waiting heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet Christ the King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thy word and blessed Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thy all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Now we wait for thy appearing,
From the realms of bliss above;
With thy word each other cheering,
Save us, Prince of Peace and Love

Mighty God! Eternal Father!
Now we glorify thy name;
Lord of all created nature,
Men and angels' noblest theme.

PSALM 14. C. M.

The race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is giv'n!
Him shall the tribes of earth obey—
Him, all the hosts of heav'n.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power, increasing, still shall spread—
His reign no end shall know—
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

PSALM 15. L. M.

Behold the well of life appears,
Sought for by men four thousand years!
Tell all mankind—let ev'ry gale
Bear round the earth the pleasing tale.

Bid each diseased soul come here;
You lame, you blind, you sick, draw near!
Behold, this true medic'nal stream
Heals maladies of ev'ry name!

The blind rejoice to see the sun,
The lame lay by their crutch and run;
Hark! from the dumb man's loosen'd tongue
Breaks forth the raptur'd, grateful song!

The deaf too taste, and wond'ring hear,
The joyful sound salutes their ear;
The feeble drink the healing stream,
And vigor shoots through all their frame.

This stream shall all our wants supply;
Impoverish'd souls, why should you die!
The Spirit says, "Whoever will,
May hither come and drink his fill."

Let the glad tidings reach the dead;
This river runs through death's dark shade:
Where'er it comes, this living spring
Gives life and health to every thing.

You thirsty souls, no more complain;
Our God has smote the rock again;
At Calvary the stream ran down
From the pierc'd side of God's own Son!

While through life's barren waste we stray,
This stream shall follow all the way!
Best flow'rs shall spring where'er it flows,
And deserts blossom as the rose!

What though the desert's heat annoy,
These waters still renew our joy;
And while we drink this cheering spring,
Upon its bank we sit and sing.

PSALM 16. C. M.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

On Tabor's top the Saviour stood
With Peter, James, and John;
And while he talk'd of Calv'ry there,
His face resplendent shone.

While on his suff'rings he convers'd,
And spoke of griefs to come,
His countenance assum'd a light
Much brighter than the sun.

In dazzling brightness all array'd
Jesus transfigur'd stands,
From heav'n descends the man who gave
To Israel God's commands.

Elijah, too, of burning zeal,
Who did that law restore,
Appear'd with Moses on this mount
And talk'd his suff'rings o'er.

Transported with this glorious scene,
The witnesses exclaim,
'Tis good, Lord, with such guests to dwell:
Here let us still remain.

Three tents with joyful hands we'll raise,
And place them side by side,
For these celestials, and for thee,
And here let us abide.

While thus they spoke, a cloud descends
And takes them from their sight;
But Jesus yet remains with them,
The Father's chief delight.

This is my Son, his voice declares,
Hear him in all he says,
Not Moses nor Elijah now
Shall guide you in my ways.

With joy this more illustrious guide
Henceforth we'll glad obey,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of an eternal day.

PSALM 17. L. M.

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

AWAKE, O Zion's daughter! rise;
Shake off your dust, no more repine;
Let gladness sparkle in your eyes,
In all your fairest garments shine!

Behold, your King, expected long,
In humble pomp at length appears;
Amidst yon praising infant throng
His meek, majestic head he rears.

No fiery steed he rides: he sways
No tinsel rod of earthly reign;
A colt, ne'er us'd till now, conveys
To you your lowly Prince divine.

Here's no vain crowd, no gaudy show;
Babes taught of Heav'n resound his praise,
His path the Galileans strow
With branches of triumphant peace.

The blind and lame, by him reliev'd,
His saving light and strength proclaim;
His foes with shame and spite are griev'd
To see his works and hear his fame.

Hosanna! thronging myriads shout,
Jehovah brings salvation nigh!
Hosanna! ev'ry babe cries out,
Jehovah, send posterity!

To him who, in Jehovah's name,
Draws nigh to save, all praise belongs,
Peace reigns in heaven, with every beam
Of glory in the highest ones.

Salvation sing to David's Son!
All blessings sing to Israel's King!
His kingdom blessed be alone,
And bless'd the people of his reign.

In all the earth how worthy is,
O Lord our God, thy glorious name!
From infant lips thou perfect'st praise,
Thy strength, to put thy foes to shame!

PSALM 18. C. M.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he pray'd,—
"Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

PSALM 19. C. M.

AND did the holy and the just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust
That guilty man might rise!

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high;
Surpassing mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die.

He took the dying rebel's place,
And suffer'd in our stead;
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled!

O Lord! what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy most precious blood?
By this are sinners sav'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

PSALM 20. L. M.

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight; and, from all remov'd,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

PSALM 21. L. M.

Behold the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

Thus doth the Holy Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

He dies: the heav'ns in mourning stood;
He rises by the power of God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

PSALM 22. C. M.

As on the cross the Saviour hung,
And groan'd, and bled, and died,
He look'd with pity on a wretch
That languish'd by his side.

The dying thief in Jesus saw
A majesty divine;
While scoffing Jews around him stood,
And ask'd him for a sign!

The kingdom, Lord, is thine, he said;
'Tis thine o'er men to reign:
Thy wondrous works thy lordship prove;
These pains thy love proclaim:

Honors divine await thee soon,
A sceptre and a crown:
With shame thy foes shall yet behold
Thee seated on a throne.

Then, gracious Lord, remember me!
Is not forgiveness thine?
My crimes have brought me to thy side—
Thy love brought thee to mine!

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

PSALM 23. C. M.

We sing the Saviour's wondrous death—
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
His praises to record;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your victorious Lord.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise!

PSALM 24. L. M.

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

Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
How high our 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?"

PSALM 25. 8's, 7's, 4's.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
It is finish'd!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heav'nly pleasures without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord;
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the once unfinish'd law!
Finish'd all that God had promis'd,
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finish'd!
Saints, from this your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, you seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

PSALM 26. L. M.

THE LAST SCENES.

'Twas on that night when doom'd to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:

My broken body thus I give
To you, my friends; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred feast renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.

Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.

My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

This cup is fraught with love to men;
Let all partake who love my name;
Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

PSALM 27. L. M.

'Twas on that night, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against God's Son, his chief delight,
And he betray'd was to his foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and broke;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spoke!

This is my body broke for sin:
Receive, and eat the living food:
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine—
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

Do this, he said, till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

Jesus, thy love we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb!

PSALM 28. L. M.

Now let our mournful songs record
The sorrows of our dying Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken by his God.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn:
"He rescu'd others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save.

"This is the man did once pretend
God was his Father and his friend;
If God the blessed lov'd him so,
Why does he fail to help him now?"

O! savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power!

They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

But God his Father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 29. S. M.

Like sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in a different way,
But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head.

How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

But God hath rais'd his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And made him see a num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.

"I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong,
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

PSALM 30. 7's.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph! through the skies
See the glorious Saviour rise.

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

Christian, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

PSALM 31. L. M.

WHEN we the sacred grave survey,
In which the Saviour deign'd to lie,
We see fulfill'd what Prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.

This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death;
Sure pledge that all who trust his name
Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

Our surety freed declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd:
In his release our own we see,
And joy to see Jehovah pleas'd.

Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

Then, though in dust we lay our head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
Our flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave!

PSALM 32. 8's.

The angels that watch'd round the tomb
Where low the Redeemer was laid,
When deep in mortality's gloom
He hid for a season his head;

That veil'd their fair face while he slept,
And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ,
Have witness'd his rising, and swept
The chords with the triumphs of joy.

You saints, who once languish'd below,
But long since have enter'd your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast.

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.

O sweet is the season of rest,
  When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over its west,
  The last ling'ring ray of its sun!

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.

Then welcome the last rending sighs,
  When these aching heartstrings shall
    break,
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
  And moisten with dew the pale cheek!

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.

PSALM 33. 7's.

CHRIST *the Lord is risen to-day!*
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, you heav'ns, and earth reply!

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.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has open'd Paradise.

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?

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.

What though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Better life we now receive—
In our heav'nly Adam live.

Hail, thou Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both are giv'n;
Thee we greet, triumphant now—
Hail! the resurrection Thou.

PSALM 34. C. M.

THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
  Before the Lord was wav'd,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
  Was from the dead receiv'd.

He rose for them for whom he died,
  That, like to him, they may
Rise when he comes, in glory great,
  That ne'er shall fade away.

This is the day the Spirit came
  With us on earth to stay—
A comforter, to fill our hearts
  With joys that ne'er decay.

His comforts are the earnest sure
  Of that same heav'nly rest
Which Jesus enter'd on, when he
  Was made for ever blest.

This day the Christian church began,
  Form'd by his wondrous grace;
This day the saints in concord meet,
  To join in prayer and praise.

To nourish faith, and hope, and love,
  His death they do show forth,
His resurrection they record,
  And glory in his worth.

This joyful day let us observe;
Redemption's work is done;
The Jewish Sabbaths are no more;
The earthly rest is gone.

To heaven's rest we'll follow Him,
(His death has pav'd the way,)
And there in nobler anthems sing
The glad redemption day.

PSALM 35. 6's, 4's.

Yes, the Redeemer rose:
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er his hellish foes
High raised his conqu'ring head:
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

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.

Then back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air:
Their anthems say,
Jesus who bled
Has left the dead—
He rose to-day!
You mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry,
Jesus who bled
Has left the dead
No more to die!
All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'd us by thy blood;
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou reigning Son of God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And kingdoms gain
Beyond the skies.

PSALM 36. C. M.

The Saviour ris'n to-day we praise
In concert with the blest;
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.

On this first day a brighter scene
  Of glory was display'd
By the Creating Word, than when
  The universe was made.

He rises who mankind has bought
  With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
  'Twas greater to redeem.

How vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
  Naught can forbid his rise:
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
  And opens Paradise.

Let us his righteousness disclose;
  His death and rising show;
Till he return to banish woes,
  And bless his saints below.

PSALM 37. 8's.

Behold, the bright morning appears,
  And Jesus revives from the grave;
His rising removes all our fears,
  And shows him almighty to save.

How strong were his tears and his cries!
  The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect is his sacrifice,
  Who rose, though he suffer'd for sin.

The man that was crowned with thorns,
The man that on Calvary died,
The man that bore scourging and scorns,
Whom sinners agreed to deride—

Now blessed for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head;
Heav'n sings of the Lamb that was slain.

Believing, we share in his joy;
By faith we partake in his rest;
With this we can cheerfully die,
For with him we hope to be blest.

We wait for his coming again,
To raise us to honour and fame;
This glory his saints shall obtain;
His foes shall be clothed with shame.

PSALM 38. S. M.

"The Lord is ris'n indeed;"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

"The Lord is ris'n indeed;"
The grave has lost its prey;
With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

"The Lord is ris'n indeed;"
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our ris'n Lord.

PSALM 39. 7's.

Angels, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See he rises from the tomb—
Rises with immortal bloom.

'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise:
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres;
Praise him in your noblest songs;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

PSALM 40. H. M.

THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

Who now accuseth them,
For whom their ransom died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our vict'ry won:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

PSALM 41. H. M.

AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confin'd:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And he amid their shouts ascends.

All hail, triumphant Lord;
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
"Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

Gird on, great Prince, thy sword;
Ascend thy conq'ring car;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

PSALM 42. C. M.

Blest morn, whose early dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

A silent pris'ner in the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord in vain:
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

PSALM 43. L. M.

Hosanna! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising King;
Recount his deeds of might, and tell
How Jesus triumph'd when he fell.

Soon as the morning's early ray
Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
Behold the angels cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

With strength immortal forth he comes,
And pow'r and life from God resumes;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall for ever last.

Hosanna! sons of men, record
The glories of your rising Lord;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died, and conquer'd when he fell.

PSALM 44. L. M.

Now for a song of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's only Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above:
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;—
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the Lord, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

PSALM 45. L. M.

ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates!
You everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in!

Who is the King of glory?—Who?
The Lord, who all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates!
You everlasting doors, give way!

Who is the King of glory?—Who?
The Lord, of boundless might possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
Lord over all, for ever blest!

PSALM 46. C. M.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To Christ the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus, our Lord, ascends on high;
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

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.

Speak forth his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

PSALM 47. C. M.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see, he comes
With his celestial train.

"Who is this King of glory?—Who?"
The Lord, for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty,—o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see, he comes
With all his shining train.

"Who is the King of glory?—Who?"
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM 48. L. M.

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 49. C. M.

Beyond the glitt'ring starry sky,
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.

Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine
At his right hand, with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.

Hail, Prince! they cry, *for ever hail!*
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms
And royalties above!

While from the sons of men on earth
He suffer'd rude disdain,
They threw their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

Through all his travels here below
They did his steps attend;
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at length
This scene of love would end.

They heard him in the garden groan,
And saw his sweat of blood;
They saw his pierced hands and feet
Nail'd to the cursed wood.

They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before,
And rise in conq'ring majesty,
To stoop to death no more.

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
And with a shout exulting cried,
The glorious work is done!

PSALM 50. H. M.

O you immortal throng
  Of angels round the throne!
Join with our feeble song
  To make the Saviour known;
On earth you knew his wondrous grace;
In heav'n you view his beauteous face.

You saw the heav'nly child
  In human flesh array'd,
All innocent and mild,
  While in a manger laid;
And praise to God, and peace on earth,
Proclaim'd aloud, for such a birth.

You in the wilderness
  Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in ev'ry dress,
  In ev'ry combat foil'd:
And joy'd to crown the Victor's head,
Before his frown when Satan fled.

Around the bloody tree
  You press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see—
  The Lord of life expire!
And could your eyes have known a tear,
In sad surprise had dropp'd it there.

Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch you keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then roll'd the stone, and all ador'd
With joy unknown, our rising Lord.

When, all array'd in light,
The shining Conq'ror rode,
You hail'd his rapt'rous flight
Up to the throne of God;
Your golden wings you wav'd around,
And struck your strings of sweetest sound.

The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise,
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise.
And you, my heart, with equal flame,
Perform your part with joy the same.

PSALM 51. L. M.

DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Great was the day, the joy was great,
When the belov'd disciples met;
And on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles he gave!
The power to kill, the power to save,
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From East to West, from South to North:
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause—
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross!

These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

The Greeks and Jews, the learn'd and rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

PSALM 52. L. M.

REIGN OF CHRIST.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

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

Blessings abound! Where'er he reigns
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
All grateful honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud *Amen!*

PSALM 53. C. M.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.

The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise;
And all, with universal joy,
Resound their Maker's praise.

Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all the seas contain;
The earth, and her inhabitants,
Join concert with the main.

With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,
To spreading torrents they;
And echoing vales from hill to hill
Redoubled shouts convey;

To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

PSALM 54. 7's.

Bright and joyful was the morn
When to us a child was born;
From the highest realms of heav'n
Unto us a Son was giv'n.

On his shoulder he shall bear
Pow'r and majesty—and wear
On his vesture and his thigh
Names most awful—names most high.

Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ th' incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

HYMNS.

HYMN 1. C. M.

To Him that lov'd the sons of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honors rais'd our heads,
And made us priests to God:

To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn,
In anguish and dismay.

Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
Time centres all in Thee;
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And evermore shalt be.

HYMN 2. L. M.

HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
The sov'reign power becomes him well.

In shame and torment once he died;
But now he lives for evermore;
Bow down, you saints, around his seat,
And all you angel bands, adore.

Live, live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice
That thy dominion never ends.

Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule our mortal lives,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

When death thy servants shall invade,
When pow'rs of hell thy church annoy,
Controll'd by thee, their rage shall aid
The cause they labor to destroy.

For ever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth thy name be known;
And call our longing souls to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

HYMN 3. C. M.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

You 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.

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

Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

HYMN 4. C. M. D.

CHRISTIANS, keep your armor bright,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
In union strong together fight;
Hosanna to our King!
Come, laud and magnify his name,
Nor let his praises cease;
His ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all his paths are peace.

We will not act the coward's part,
But onward all proceed;
Our Captain shall his grace impart
In ev'ry time of need.
Great peace have they who love his cause,
And on his word rely;
From such as keep his holy laws
The enemy will fly.

The world and sin may grieve us sore,
And rouse our weakest fears;
Our march is but a few days more
Through this dark vale of tears.

Death may assail, and Satan too,
With his opposing pow'rs;
But let us prove our valor true,
The victory is ours.

CHORUS.

O it will be glorious,
With crowns and palms victorious,
And Jesus reigning over us,
When our sad warfare's o'er.

HYMN 5. L. M.

JESUS, we hail thee Israel's King,
And now to thee our tribute bring;
Nor do we fear to bow to thee—
They worship God who worship thee.

Hail, Israel's King, enthron'd in light!
Whose glory never shone more bright,
Than when (by treach'rous friends betray'd)
Thy foes insulting homage paid.

Then did admiring angels see
Divine forbearance, Lord, in thee;
With emphasis pronounce thee GOOD,
And heav'n and earth contrasted stood.

An object of contempt beneath,
And judg'd by men to suffer death;
By angels own'd, admir'd, ador'd,
The great, the everlasting Lord.

Reign, mighty King, for ever reign!
Thy cause throughout the world maintain;
Let Israel's King his triumphs spread,
And crowns of glory wreath his head!

HYMN 6. L. M.

KING JESUS, reign for evermore,
Unrivall'd in thy courts above;
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heav'n shall hear us shout thy grace.

We'll sing along the heav'nly road
That leads us to thy blest abode;
Till with the vast unnumber'd throng
We join in heav'n's triumphant song—

Till with pure hands and voices sweet,
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing of everlasting love
In never-ending strains above.

HYMN 7. C. M.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and praise ascend—
In thee their wishes meet.

Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odors spread,
And purest joys abound.

Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

Thou art their triumph and their joy:
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

HYMN 8. C. M.

Come, you that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round
How bright these glories shine.

Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have seen his lovely face,
Can you forbear his praise?

When in the earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate our strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

O happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN 9. L. M.

Exalted Prince of Life, we own
The royal honors of thy throne;
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

Exalted Saviour, we confess
The mighty triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey;
Wide let thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love!

HYMN 10. P. M.

Rejoice, O Earth! the Lord is King!
To him your humble tribute bring;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory!

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

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

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

A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suff'ring scenes below,
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And give to Jesus glory!

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

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

HYMN 11. H. M.

REJOICE—the Lord is King!
The Prince of Life adore;
O Zion! shout and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns;
His character is love;
When he had purg'd our sins,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour giv'n:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice.

He all his foes shall quell,
Shall death itself destroy,
And all his people fill
With pure celestial joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, *Rejoice!*

HYMN 12. 11's.

O Jesus, the giver of all we enjoy!
Our lives to thy honor we wish to employ;
With praises unceasing we'll sing of thy name!
Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll proclaim.

With joy we remember the dawn of that day,
When cold as December in darkness we lay;
The sweet invitation we heard with surprise,
And witness'd salvation to flow from the skies.

The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and King,
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove;
His name is salvation—his nature is Love.

We now are enlisted in Jesus' bless'd cause,
Divinely assisted to conquer our foes;
His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.

And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout through the skies,
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give him the glory, and honor, and praise.

In this blest employment our spirits shall rest,
In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus' own breast,
We'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above.

HYMN 13. P. M.

To him who did salvation bring,
Wake ev'ry tuneful power, and sing
A song of sweetest praise:
His grace diffuses, as the rains
Crown nature's flow'ry hills and plains
And spread a thousand ways.

Salvation is the noblest song,
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue,
And all repeat, *Amen!*
The Lord will come from heav'n to earth
To give his people second birth,
And make them one again.

We feel redemption drawing near;
We soon in glory shall appear,
And be for ever bless'd:
His promise never can delay,
Our Jesus, on th' appointed day,
Will give his people rest.

By faith we view him coming down,
With angels hov'ring all around;
He smiles upon his saints:
He cries aloud in melting strains,
I come to save you from your pains,
And end your sore complaints.

The smiling millions rise and sing,
All glory! glory to our King!
The Grand Assize is come!
You everlasting doors, fly wide,
The church is glorious as a bride,
And Jesus takes her home.

In all the heav'ns there's not a tear,
Nor in the realms of bliss a fear,
But pleasures yet unknown:
From heav'n to heav'n we sound the bliss,
O what a blest abode is this,
For ever round the throne!

The joys of heav'n will never end;
All glory to the sinner's Friend!
Roll on, you happy scenes!
You winged seraphs, help us praise
The Author of eternal joys!
Our Jesus ever reigns.

HYMN 14. L. M.

Shout, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs spread,
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.

He calls his chosen from afar,
They all at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By reigning grace are made alive.

Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their off'rings bring,
And unconstrain'd their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

O, may his holy church increase,
His word and spirit still prevail;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories hail!

Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

HYMN 15. 7's.

Jesus, once for sinners slain,
From the dead was rais'd again!
And in heav'n is now sat down
With his Father on his throne.

There he reigns, a King supreme;
We shall also reign with him;
Feeble souls, be not dismay'd;
Trust in his almighty aid.

He hath made an end of sin;
And his blood has wash'd us clean;
Fear not; he is ever near;
Now, e'en now, he's with us here.

Thus assembling, we, by faith,
Till he come, show forth his death;
Of his flesh this loaf's the sign,
And we view his blood in wine.

Saints on earth, with saints above,
Celebrate his dying love:
And let every ransom'd soul
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

HYMN 16. 11's.

Come, children of Zion and help us to sing
Loud anthems of praises to Jesus our King,
Whose life once was given our souls to redeem,
And bring us to heaven to dwell there with him.

Not angels in glory, nor seraphs above
Can fathom the ocean of infinite love:
Their wisdom can't reach it; they cannot tell why
The Sov'reign of angels for sinners should die.

In regions of darkness, death, sorrow, and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood,
The ransom provided to bring us to God.

O, why should we linger in regions below,
When rivers of pleasure in Paradise flow?
So sweetly they glide through the regions above,
And stream ever fresh from the fountain of love.

Come, then, my dear brethren, count all things
but loss;
Your treasure's in heaven—don't shrink from the
cross;
Ye fav'rites of heaven, dear lambs of the fold,
Though demons surround you, be faithful and
bold.

Consider the dangers that lie in your way,
What snares and temptations in this evil day;
All this you must suffer, and patient endure
Till Jesus shall take us where suff'rings are o'er.

Then with him in glory we ever shall reign,
Deliver'd from sorrow, temptation, and pain,
To join with the angels, and spirits divine,
In Jesus' own image eternally shine.

HYMN 17. S. M.

The Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants wait,
Swift to fulfil his word.

In Zion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

How holy is his name!
How fearful is his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all the works of grace.

HYMN 18. C. M.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My love, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honor is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast:
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

HYMN 19. 8's.

THIS Lord is the Lord we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 20. C. M.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy saving grace.

Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

HYMN 21. 8's and 7's.

CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.

Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee,—
Thee, our Saviour,—thee, our God;
From thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

Now, ye saints, his pow'r confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

HYMN 22. 8's, 7's and 4's.

Look, ye saints:—the sight is glorious;—
See the man of sorrows now;
From the fight return'd victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of pow'r enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

HYMN 23. C. M.

Hail, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

How deep the wounds thine arrows give!
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

And, when thy vict'ries are complete,—
  When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
  To sing thy conq'ring grace,—

O, may my humble soul be found
  Among that glorious throng:
And I with them thy praise will sound
  In heav'n's immortal song.

HYMN 24. 7's and 6's.

Glory, glory to our King!
  Crowns unfading wreathe his head;
Jesus is the name we sing—
  Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus, Victor of the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

Now behold him high enthron'd,
  Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels own'd,
  God of holiness and grace:
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

Jesus, on thy people shine;
  Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,—
  Share their bliss, and swell their songs:
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be thine for evermore.

HYMN 25. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

GLORY, glory, everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross,
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserv'd by us:
Sound his glory
While our heart with transport glows.

Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded;
'Tis too vast to comprehend;
Praise the Saviour;
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

HYMN 26. L. M.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life, that groan'd and died,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched man!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, "Amen."

HYMN 27. 8's and 7's.

JESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heav'nly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honor, pow'r, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
  Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
  Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 28. C. M.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
  With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
  But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
  To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
  For he was slain for us!

Jesus is worthy to receive
  Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
  Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all who dwell above the sky,
  On earth, in air, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
  And speak thy endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
  To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
  And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 29. C. M.

HOSANNA to our conq'ring King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN 30. 8's and 7's.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

King of glory, reign for ever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

HYMN 31. L. M.

Now be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

Thy Throne, O Lord, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy thy delight.

Let endless honors crown thy head;
Let ev'ry age thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know thy word,
And ev'ry tongue confess thee Lord.

HYMN 32. C. M.

Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne,
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head!

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

HYMN 33. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

Let us sing the King Messiah,
King of Righteousness and Peace;
Hail him, all his happy subjects,
Never let his praises cease!
Ever hail him,
Let his honors still increase!

How transcendent are thy glories!
Fairer than the sons of men,
While thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again!
Bless'd Redeemer,
How we triumph in thy reign!

Gird thy sword on, Mighty Hero,
Make thy word of truth thy car,
Prosper in thy course triumphant,
All success attend thy war!
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before thee bow!

Bless'd are all that touch thy sceptre,
Bless'd are all that own thy reign!
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from his galling chain!
Saints and angels,
All who know thee bless thy name!

HYMN 34. *6 times* 8.

Thy worthiness is all our song,
O 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.

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.

To him who lov'd us, and has wash'd
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!

HYMN 35. C. M.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

Though rais'd to heav'n's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crown'd—

The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he has lost his part.

Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Have moulder'd down to dust.

So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy lov'd name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

HYMN 36. C. M.

Come, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He enter'd heav'n with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

On earth he wash'd our guilt away
By his atoning blood;
And now he sits upon the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

What though while here we oft must feel
Temptation's keenest dart,
Our tender High Priest feels it too,
And will appease the smart.

Cloth'd with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

Nor time nor distance e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
Nor is less kind above.

O may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to wear his name!
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our mouths his praise proclaim!

HYMN 37. C. M.

Salvation! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

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

O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay
To celebrate thy praise!

HYMN 38. P. M.

O, JESUS! the glory, the wonder, and love
Of angels and glorified spirits above,
And saints who behold thee not, yet dearly love,
  Rejoicing in hope of thy glory!
Thou only and wholly art lovely and fair,
Who robb'st not the Father with him to compare;
The Father's own image glows in thee—shines there
  In visible bodily glory.
    Worthiness dwells in thee; excellent dignity,
    Beauty and majesty; glory environs thee:
Power, honor, dominion, and life rest on thee,
  O thou chiefest among the ten thousands!

Wherever we view thee, new glories arise:
The man that's God's fellow, who rides on the skies:
Made flesh, dwelt among us, brought God near our eyes,
  In grace and truth show'd all his glory.
Thou spak'st to existence the heav'ns and their hosts,
The earth and its fulness, the seas and their coasts;
Time hangs on thy word, and eternity boasts
  To crown and adorn thee with glory.
    Worthiness dwells in thee; excellent dignity,
    Beauty and majesty; glory environs thee:
Power, honor, dominion, and life rest on thee,
  O thou chiefest among the ten thousands!

Still lovelier thou, when, with infant cries,
And childhood, thou meet'st us in that dear disguise!
Thy loves, past all knowledge, with raptures surprise,
  And ravish our hearts with thy glory.

In thy blessed body, on the cursed tree,
Thou bear'st all our sins, while thy God frown'd
on thee,
Expiring in blood for our life; and, lo! we
Exult in thy merit and glory!
Worthiness dwells in thee; excellent dignity,
Beauty and majesty; glory environs thee,
Power, honor, dominion, and life rest on thee,
O thou chiefest among the ten thousands!

Thy birth all divine, from the grave back again,
Brought thee, King of glory! O Lamb that was
slain!
First-born from the dead, crown'd with honor
supreme,
Thy throne is establish'd in glory.
There reign in thy glory, whom all saints adore,
Till under thy feet thy foes crush'd, be no more;
Thy pleasure shall speedily all things restore,
And eternity blaze with thy glory.
Worthiness dwells in thee; excellent dignity,
Beauty and majesty; glory environs thee:
Power, honor, dominion, and life rest on thee,
O thou chiefest among thé ten thousands!

HYMN 39. C. M.

We bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,
  Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
  By pleading with our God.

We honor our exalted King;
  How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
  By his almighty hands.

HYMN 40. S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts,
  On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
  Or wash away its stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
  Bears all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
  And richer blood than they.

Believing, we rejoice
  To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
  And sing his dying love.

HYMN 41. C. M.

Father, how wide thy glory shines!
  How high thy wonders rise;
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
  By thousand through the skies.

These mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
  Their motion speaks thy skill;
And, on the wings of ev'ry hour,
  We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name most glorious stands
  On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labors of thy hands,
  The impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy grand design
  To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
  In their divinest forms—

Our thoughts are lost in rev'rent awe,
  We love and we adore;
The brightest angel never saw
  So much of God before.

Here thy great name appears complete
  And thought can never trace
Which of the glories brighter shine—
  The justice or the grace!

Though language fails, we must proclaim
  Jehovah's wondrous ways,
And through eternity the same
  Shall be our theme of praise.

HYMN 42. L. M.

With Israel's God who can compare?
Or who, like Israel, happy are?
O people saved by the Lord,
He is our shield and great reward!

Upheld by everlasting arms,
We are secure from foes and harms;
In vain their plots, and false their boasts—
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts!

HYMN 43. L. M.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry 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.

HYMN 44. S. M.

Raise your triumphant songs
To tell of vict'ry won;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

Sing how Eternal Love
His Chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

He shows his Father's love,
To raise our souls on high;
He came with pardons from above
For rebels doom'd to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 45. C. M.

O THOU to whom all creatures bow
Upon this earthly frame!
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Through thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng
That thee and thine oppose.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondrous sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light—

What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and state
O'er all thy works to reign.

They jointly own his pow'rful sway—
The beasts that prey or graze,
The bird that wings its airy way,
The fish that cuts the seas.

O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Upon this earthly frame!
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

HYMN 46. L. M.

No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad—
At home my safeguard and my tow'r

To thee I will address my pray'r,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

HYMN 47. L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise!

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

HYMN 48. L. M.

O LORD! thy mercy, my sure hope,
  Above the heav'nly orbs ascends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
  Beyond the spreading sky extends.

Thy justice like the hills remains;
  Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
  The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
  With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
  And saints to thy protection trust.

Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
  To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
  Of joys that shall for ever last.

With thee the springs of life remain;
  Thy presence is eternal day:
O let thy saints thy favor gain,
  And upright hearts thy truths display!

HYMN 49. L. M.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
  The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
  And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change nor period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

HYMN 50. L. M.

Praise you the Lord! Our God to praise,
My soul her utmost power shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

His works for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

By precepts he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record
That good and gracious is the Lord.

HYMN 51. C. M.

O PRAISE the Lord! and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his name;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.

Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn
And there neglected lie;
And all their thoughts and vain designs
Together with them die.

Then happy he who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

HYMN 52. C. M.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow;
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd, with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Blest Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

On thee, alone, my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Nature.

PRAISE the Lord. Praise the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights. Praise him, all his angels; praise him, all his hosts. Praise him, sun and moon; praise him, you heaven of heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord; for he commanded, and they were created. He has also established them for ever and ever; he has made a decree which they shall not pass. Praise the Lord from the earth, you dragons, and all deeps; fire and hail; snow and vapour; stormy wind fulfilling his word; mountains and hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl; kings of the earth, and all judges of the earth; both young men and maids; old men and children. Let them praise the name of the Lord; for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

[*David, the sweet Psalmist of Israel.*]

SONG 1. C. M.

THE Book of Nature open lies,
With much instruction stor'd;
And when the Lord anoints our eyes,
Its pages light afford.

Philosophers have por'd in vain,
And guess'd from age to age;
For reason's eye could ne'er attain
To understand a page.

Though to each star they give a name,
Its size and motions teach,
The truths which all the stars proclaim
Their wisdom cannot reach.

With skill to measure earth and sea,
And weigh the subtile air,
They cannot, Lord, discover thee,
Though present ev'rywhere.

The knowledge of thy saints excels
The wisdom of the schools;
To them his secrets God reveals,
Though man account them fools.

To them the sun and stars on high,
The flowers that paint the field,
And all the artless birds that fly,
Divine instruction yield.

The creatures on their senses press,
As witnesses to prove
Their Saviour's power and faithfulness,
His providence and love.

Thus may we study Nature's Book,
To make us wise indeed!
And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read.

SONG 2. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!

SONG 3. H. M.

You boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame:
You cherubim, your voices raise;
And, seraphim, shout loud his praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
You glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
You heavens above, his praise declare,
And clouds that move in liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came:
From changes free, you all shall last;
His firm decree stands ever fast.

Let earth her tribute pay;
Praise him, you dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales;
And misty air, fire, hail, and snow,
And winds that where he bids them blow.

By hills and mountains, all
In grateful concert join'd;
By cedars stately, tall,
And trees for fruit design'd;
By creeping things, and ev'ry beast,
And fowl of wings, his name be blest.

Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler name,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim:
Let youths with maids, in this design,
And hoary heads with children join.

United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise:
His power obey, earth's utmost ends;
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favors Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh:
Your grateful voice, O therefore raise,
And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

SONG 4. C. M.

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

There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

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

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And pow'r with goodness blends.

SONG 5. C. M.

Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee all thy creatures sing;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, ring.

Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And deck'd with sparkling gold.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

Almighty pow'r, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And here adore his love.

SONG 6. C. M.

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

SONG 7. C. M.

'TWAS God who fix'd the rolling spheres,
And stretch'd the boundless skies,
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfin'd;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

He speaks,—all nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round;
The mountains melt; each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

Ye worlds, and ev'ry living thing,
Fulfil his high command;
Pay grateful homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

SONG 8. L. M.

Awake, my tongue; thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise Him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heav'nly flames.

Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

But in redemption, O, what grace!
Its wonders, O, what thought can trace!
Here, wisdom shines for ever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

SONG 9. L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns: he dwells in light,
Array'd with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.

For ever shall his throne endure;
His promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

SONG 10. C. M.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;—
A spring whose blessings never fail;
A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest
In ev'ry golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heav'n.

SONG 11. L. M.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;
Bow down before him, and adore.

The Bible.

SONG 12. C. M.

What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to ev'ry age—
It gives, but borrows none.

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

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

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

SONG 13. C. M.

How precious is the Book Divine,
By inspiration giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

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

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

SONG 14. C. M.

FATHER of Mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines!

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

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

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

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

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

Divine Instructor! gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

SONG 15. L. M.

When Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.

It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens our inactive pow'rs;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

Its promises rejoice our hearts:
Its doctrine is divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

SONG 16. C. M.

Let avarice from shore to shore
Her idol wealth pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy
Are open to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

Here light descending from above,
  Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heav'nly love
  Our ardent wishes meet.

Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
  And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
  Is in this book denied.

For these inestimable gains,
  That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
  Assur'd that we shall find.

SONG 17. C. M.

O HOW I love thy holy law!
  'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
  Divine advice by night.

My waking eyes prevent the day,
  To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
  To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Thy heav'nly words my heart engage,
  And well-employ my tongue,
And, through my weary pilgrimage,
  Yield me a heav'nly song.

When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

Providence.

SONG 18. C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

You fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

SONG 19. C. M.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led—

Our vows, our pray'rs we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each succeeding path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

SONG 20. C. M.

WHAT though no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no food supply—

Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be—

Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy!
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

SONG 21. C. M.

O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
  And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
  Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
  Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
  With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward with the flood,
  And lost in foll'wing years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
  Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
  Dies at the op'ning day.

O God! our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
  And our eternal home!

SONG 22. P. M.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture 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 may, like the ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, *The Lord will provide.*

His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, *The Lord will provide.*

No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim;
But since we have known the Saviour's great 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.*

SONG 23. C. M.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide—
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

SONG 24. S. M.

In all my ways, O God!
I would acknowledge thee;
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring
Of humble pray'r and praise.

Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

SONG 25. L. M.

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

To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

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

SONG 26. C. M.

THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

SONG 27. C. M.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

SONG 28. L. M.

The Lord, who rules the world's affairs,
For me a well-spread board prepares;
My grateful thanks to him shall rise;
He knows my wants: those wants supplies.

And shall I grudge to give his poor
A mite from all my plenteous store?
No, Lord, the friends of thine and thee
Shall always find a friend in me.

SONG 29. C. M.

To thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his glad'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsaf'd before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

If bliss thy providence impart,
For which, resign'd, I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And thus thy love repay.

Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that glorious end,
May I the means endure!

Be this and ev'ry future day
Still wiser than the past,
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

SONG 30. C. M.

The icy chains that bound the earth
Are now dissolv'd and gone;
Wak'd by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts its new liv'ry on.

Teeming with life, th' advancing sun
Protracts the falling day;
Grand light of heav'n! he seems to wish
To make a longer stay.

In clouds of gold behind him set,
Beyond the west he flies;
Short is his mighty course, and soon
He gilds the eastern skies.

My soul, in ev'ry scene admire
The wisdom and the pow'r;
Behold thy God in ev'ry plant,
In ev'ry op'ning flow'r.

Yet in his word, the word of grace,
He wrote his fairer name;
The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest song shall claim.

With warmest beams, thou God of grace,
Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into spring,
And be the glory thine!

SONG 31. C. M.

To praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers;
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

Well pleas'd, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.

Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop,
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

SONG 32. L. M.

Eternal Source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee, Sov'reign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flow'ry spring at thy command
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

Here in thy house let incense rise,
And days of gladness bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

SONG 33. C. M.

Remark, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

Yet, like an idle tale we pass
The swift revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

Arrest, O Lord, my wand'ring heart,
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joys beyond the skies.

SONG 34. L. M.

My helper, God, I bless his name;
The same his pow'r, his grace the same;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

I midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far his arm has led me on:
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

My grateful soul on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

SONG 35. L. M.

THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our thankful vows:
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

SONG 36. L. M.

HAPPY the city where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set—
And daughters bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

Happy the country where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn have large increase:
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

Happy the nation thus endow'd;
  But most divinely blest are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
  Himself, with all his grace bestows.

SONG 37. S. M.

How various and how new
  Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
  Each night thy truth record.

Thy goodness, like the sun,
  Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
  To form our lips to praise.

Each object we beheld
  Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
  In bands of sweet surprise.

But pleasures more refin'd
  Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind
  And chas'd our sins away.

How new thy mercies, then!
  How sov'reign and how free!
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
  Were made alive to thee.

SONG 38. C. M.

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

That was a most amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word;
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
We lean upon the Lord.

The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry breath we draw.

God is our Sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his cov'ring wings.

SONG 39. L. M.

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

When thou dost clothe thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile,
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolves to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through

SONG 40. L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join;
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

SONG 41. C. M.

Thy kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining pow'r.

Holy and just in all thy ways
Thy providence divine;
In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

The praise of God—delightful theme!—
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

SONG 42. S. M.

God is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To him my life, my health, and friends,
And every good, I owe.

The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to his glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

SONG 43. C. M.

Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

Good when he gives,—supremely good,—
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resign'd.

SONG 44. C. M.

A FRIEND there is—your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name—
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.

When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer pray'r.

When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.

And, if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still.

Our sorrows in the scales he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys;
His word its rage restrains.

SONG 45. C. M.

It is the Lord, enthron'd in light
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

It is the Lord who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

It is the Lord, my faithful God,—
Thrice blessed be his name,—
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.

And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be faithless, or repine?
No, gracious God; take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

Afflictions.

SONG 46. C. M.

Consider all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Affliction made me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

SONG 47. C. M.

My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

SONG 48. S. M.

How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
For ever be his name ador'd,
For there is none beside.

SONG 49. C. M.

How happy they who know the Lord,—
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He cheers and guides them by his word;
His arm supports them well.

His presence sweetens all their cares,
And makes their burdens light;
A word from him dispels their fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

SONG 50. C. M.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One blessing, Lord, my heart desires;
O, grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

SONG 51. C. M.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

But why, my soul, sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

SONG 52. S. M.

When, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

SONG 53. C. M.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains
And long to fly away:

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upwards to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home:

Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay;
Till, from her sin-worn cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

SONG 54. C. M.

In ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God,
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

SONG 55. 11's.

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

In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home, and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

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

When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply:
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your 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 has lean'd for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!

SONG 56. L. M.

From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

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.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring souls no Mercy Seat?

There! there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our soul to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat!

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

SONG 57. C. M.

TEACH us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

In ev'ry changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

Then may we close our eyes in death,
Without a fear or care;
For death is life, and labor rest,
If thou art with us there.

SONG 58. C. M.

FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sov'reign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

SONG 59. C. M.

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

Give me a kind and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

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.

SONG 60. C. M.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply—
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!

Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.

There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.

Eternal glory to the King
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

SONG 61. L. M.

My spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

Public Worship.

SONG 62. L. M.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, 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.

We are his people—we his care—
  Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
  Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
  High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
  Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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!

SONG 63. L. M.

With one consent let all the earth
  To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
  And sing before him songs of praise:

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
  From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
  The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O! enter, then, his temple gate,
  Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
  And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

SONG 64. C. M.

To Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring;
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heav'nly train.

He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

SONG 65. 7's.

Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us each a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

While we seek supplies of grace
Through the blest Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

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

May the gospel's joyful sound
  Conquer sinners—comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
  Bring relief to all complaints:
Thus let all our worship prove,
Till we join thy courts above.

Glory be to God on high—
  God, whose glory fills the sky;
Glory to the Lamb be giv'n—
  Glory in the highest heav'n:
Wisdom, riches, praise, and pow'r,
Be to God for evermore.

SONG 66. 8's, 7's, and 4's

In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
  We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
  O that we this day may hear—
    Hear with meekness—
  Hear thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
  May we give them, Lord, to thee!
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
  We would run, nor weary be,
    Till thy glory
  Without clouds, in heav'n we see.

There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss for evermore.

SONG 67. S. M.

Hungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
O! hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

SONG 68. S. M.

How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

Here, on the Mercy Seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

To him their pray'rs and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

Give me, O Lord, a place,
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

SONG 69. C. M.

Lord, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.

Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With ev'ry one remain!

Thus let all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we, around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above:

Where sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then for ever fly,
And not one thought that we shall part
Once intercept our joy.

SONG 70. S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

SONG 71. C. M.

THOU art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
The children of thy grace.

May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet with us all above,
And we and they in heav'n appear,
The children of thy love.

SONG 72. L. M.

HAPPY the saints whose lot is cast
Where oft is heard the gospel sound;
The word is pleasing to their taste,
A healing balm for ev'ry wound.

With joy they hasten to the place,
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

This favor'd lot, my friends, is ours;
May we the privilege improve,
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnests of the joys above.

SONG 73. L. M.

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

Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

SONG 74. L. M.

LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

Teach us, in life and death, to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love!

SONG 75. S. M.

How honor'd is the place,
  Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
  And beauty of the land.

Bulwarks of grace defend
  The city where we dwell;
While walls of strong salvation made,
  Defy th' assaults of hell.

Lift up th' eternal gates,
  The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, that obey
  The statutes of your King.

Here taste unmingled joys,
  And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
  And ventur'd on his grace.

Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
  And banish all your fears,
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
  Eternal as his years.

SONG 76. S. M.

Come, we that love the Lord,
  And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
  And thus surround the throne.

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

Let those refuse to sing
  Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
  May speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high,
  And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
  And manages the seas—

This mighty God is ours,
  Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
  To carry us above.

There shall we see his face,
  And never, never sin:
There, from the river of his grace,
  Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
  To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
  Shall constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
  Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
  From hope and faith may grow.

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

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching o'er this hallow'd ground
To fairer worlds on high.

SONG 77. C. M.

Ye that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his name,
And sing his wondrous grace.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And raise your thanks on high;
Send your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

The God of Zion cheer your hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace:
'Tis he that spreads the heav'ns abroad,
Whose presence fills the place.

SONG 78. C. M.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye:

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.

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.

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

SONG 79. C. M.

What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

Among the saints who fill thy house,
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul, in anguish, made.

How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

Now I am thine,—for ever thine,—
  Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
  And bound me with thy love.

Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
  And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
  If I forsake the Lord.

SONG 80. H. M.

To spend one sacred day
  Where God and saints abide
Affords diviner joy
  Than thousand days beside:
    Where God resorts,
    I love it more
    To keep the door
    Than shine in courts.

God is our sun and shield,
  Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd;
  We draw our blessings thence:
    He will bestow
      On Israel's race
      Peculiar grace,
    And glory too.

The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,—
From pure and upright souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

SONG 81. C. M.

Behold the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise!

Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

The foolish builders, scribe, and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

SONG 82. S. M.

See what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

The scribe, and angry priest,
Reject God's only Son,
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, you saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

We bless thy Holy Word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

SONG 83. C. M.

Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

But we are come to Zion hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Where faith is turn'd to sight!

Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n!

Saints here, and those in Jesus dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever bless'd.

Increase of the Church.

SONG 84. C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heav'n on earth begun.

The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

SONG 85. 8's and 7's.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze:
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jub'lee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
  Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
  Once obtain'd on Calvary:
    Let the gospel
  Loud resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
  Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
  May the morning chase the night!
    And redemption,
  Freely purchas'd, win the day.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
  Win and conquer! never cease!
May thy lasting wide dominion
  Multiply and still increase!
    Sway thy sceptre,
  Saviour, all the world around!

SONG 86. 8's and 7's.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
  Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
  Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
  What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
  Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
  Springing from Eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
  And all fear of drought 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.

Round each habitation hov'ring,
  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.

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
  With himself to reign as kings;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
  Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

Saviour, since 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 treasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know.

SONG 87. C. M.

Behold the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go!

The beam that shines from Zion hill
Illume shall ev'ry land!
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer host encount'ring host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come, then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

SONG 88. C. M.

That glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.

The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's foundations bend;
A bride adorn'd, Jerusalem
All glorious shall descend.

The King who wears the splendid crown,
The azure flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down
To bless his church below.

When Zion's bleeding, conq'ring King
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars shall join to sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

The holy, bright, angelic band,
Who sing on harps of gold,
In glorious order then shall stand
Fair Salem to behold.

Descending with sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore;
Such shouts thro' earth's extended plains
Were never heard before.

Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;
Though saints are feeble, frail, and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong.

He is their shield and hiding-place,
A covert from the storm;
A fountain in the wilderness,
And their eternal home.

The crystal stream comes down from heav'n,
It issues from the throne;
The floods of strife away are driv'n,
The church becomes but one:

That peaceful union we shall know,
And live upon his love,
And sing and shout his name below,
As angels do above.

A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete;
Call'd by the last loud trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour's face to meet:

With joy they meet him in the sky,
Whom here their souls ador'd;
And live in worlds of bliss on high,
For ever with their Lord.

SONG 89. 11's.

THE PRINCE of salvation is coming—prepare
A way in the desert his blessings to share;
He comes to release us from sins and from woes,
And make the rude wilderness bloom like the rose.

His reign shall extend from the east to the west,
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest;
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.

The brute-hearted temper of man shall grow tame,
The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb;
The bear with the kine shall contentedly feed,
And children their young ones in harmony lead.

No more shall the sound of the warwhoop be heard,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd;
The tomahawk buried shall rest in the ground,
And peace and good-will to the nations abound.

All spirit of war to the gospel shall bow,
The bow lie unstrung at the foot of the plough;
To prune the young orchard the spear shall be bent,
And love greet the world with a smile of content.

Slight tinctures of skin shall no longer engage
The fervor of jealousy, murder, and rage;
But white men and red shall in friendship be join'd,
Wide spreading benevolence over mankind.

Hail! scenes of felicity, transport, and joy,
When hatred and passion shall cease to annoy;
Rich blessings of grace from above shall be giv'n,
And life only serve as a passage to heav'n.

Roll forward, blest Saviour, roll forward the day,
When all shall submit, and rejoice in thy sway;
When men of all nations, united in praise,
One vast hallelujah triumphant shall raise.

SONG 90. P. M.

Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!
ZION, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest how lowly his birth!
The brightest of angels in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee—he reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!

Tell how he cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round,
How free to the sinner he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.
Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
You angels, the full hallelujah be singing—
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies!
Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!

SONG 91. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

Zion stands with hills surrounded—
  Zion kept by pow'r divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
  Though the world in arms combine:
    Happy Zion,
  What a favor'd lot is thine!

Ev'ry human tie may perish;
  Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
  Heav'n and earth at last remove;
    But no changes
  Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
  Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
  Thou art precious in his sight:
    God is with thee—
  God, thine everlasting light.

SONG 92. C. M.

A host of spirits round the throne
  In humble posture stand,
On ev'ry head a starry crown,
  A palm in ev'ry hand.

From diff'rent regions of the globe
These happy spirits came;
In Jesus' blood they wash'd their robes,
And triumph'd in his name.

One glorious body now they make,—
More glorious far their head;
Their souls to rapt'rous joys awake;
Their sorrows all are fled.

Without a jarring note, they join
In ceaseless songs of praise,
And to the sacred Three in One
Loud hallelujahs raise.

SONG 93. S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces.

When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

Baptism.

SONG 94. S. M.

With willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely;
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee:
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

SONG 95. L. M.

COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who lov'd our race e'er time began,
Who veil'd his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

Baptiz'd by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his wat'ry grave;
Heav'n own'd the deed, approv'd the way,
And bless'd the place where Jesus lay.

Come, all who love his precious name;
Come tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

SONG 96. C. M.

O LORD, and will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd?

Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?

O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

SONG 97. H. M.

Reform, and be immers'd,
Says our redeeming Lord;
You all are now assur'd
That 'tis your Saviour's word;
Arise! arise without delay,
And his divine command obey.

You sin-convicted race,
Now fall at Jesus' feet;
He'll save you through his grace;
Come, to his will submit;
And be immers'd without delay—
O come, and wash your sins away!

Come, you believing train,
No more this truth withstand;
No longer think it vain
To honor God's command;
But haste, arise, without delay,
And come and wash your sins away.

Jesus! thou Prince of Peace!
To thy great name we pray;
May converts to thy grace
This ordinance obey;
And may thy love their souls allure,
Their peace and pardon to secure!

SONG 98. L. M.

'Twas the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize;"
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands;
And sends his cov'nant, with its seals,
To bless the distant pagan lands.

"Reform and be immers'd," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins,"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what the gospel means.

Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

SONG 99. L. M.

DESCENDING down into the flood,
We his great suff'rings there behold,
Who in deep waters for us stood,
While floods of wrath upon him roll'd.

And when beneath the waters laid,
Our breath suspended in their womb,
We call to mind how Jesus died,
And buried lay within the tomb.

As from the wat'ry grave we rise,
We see him from death's prison freed,
Discharg'd from sin, crown'd with the prize
Of endless life for all his seed.

This sign does to our faith declare
Our part in him who once was dead;
For into death immers'd we are,
And with him buried as our head.

And as the Father's glorious power
Did life eternal to him give,
So by this pledge he makes us sure
That as he lives we'll also live.

SONG 100. C. M.

PROCLAIM, says Christ, my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes and is immers'd,
Salvation shall obtain.

Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in his word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That Jesus is their Lord.

With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

SONG 101. L. M.

COME, all you sons of God, and view
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you:
Behold him sink with heavy woes,
And give his life to save his foes.

Here in the pure baptismal wave,
You see the emblem of his grave;
Come, all who would his laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.

When from the wat'ry tomb restor'd,
Then call to mind your rising Lord;
You saints, lift up your joyful eyes;
Exulting see your Saviour rise.

You, too, are buried with your Lord,
Who in the water own his word,
And joyfully receive therein
Remission of your former sin.

Ascending from the stream, behold
An emblem of his life restor'd;
Hence live to him who died for you,
And all his just commandments do.

SONG 102. L. M.

COME, you redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey the sacred word:
He died and rose again for you—
What more could your Redeemer do?

We to this place have come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe:
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

Almighty Lord, be present still,
Thy ancient promise to fulfil,
That they who on thy name believe
May peace and pardon here receive.

SONG 103. L. M.

Do we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And live to God above the skies.

No more let sin or Satan reign
Within our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

SONG 104. 8's and 7's.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his heav'nly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.

Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

SONG 105. L. M.

WE love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

And as we rise, with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

SONG 106. S. M.

HERE, Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way;
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.

O, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee;
And may we find that as our day
Our strength shall also be.

SONG 107. C. M.

'TIS GOD the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaim'd the Son divine.

The Father own'd him; let our breath
In answ'ring praise ascend,
As in the image of his death
We own our heav'nly Friend.

We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path he trod:
Receive us in the hallow'd wave,
Thou holy Son of God.

Let earth and heav'n our zeal record,
And future witness bear,
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

O that our conscious souls may own,
With joy's serene survey,
Inscrib'd upon his judgment throne,
The transcript of this day.

SONG 108. 8's and 7's.

JESUS, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our Guide shalt be:
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but thee.

As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.

Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

SONG 109. C. M.

Baptiz'd into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair,
Yet owns himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.

Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies,—
And be our hearts above.

But earth and sin will draw us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong, attractive pow'r
To fix our souls on high.

SONG 110. C. M.

O Lord, we in thy footsteps tread,
With joy thy cause maintain;
Like Jesus number'd with the dead,
Like him we rise and reign.

Down to the hallow'd grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We're buried with the Lord.

'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in:
O may we rise to live anew,
And only die to sin.

SONG 111. C. M.

Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

SONG 112. L. M.

'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Rejoic'd to own the call divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
Here have I found a nobler part;
Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.

High Heav'n, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

SONG 113. L. M.

LORD, am I thine—entirely thine?
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine?
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

Thee my new master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord, let me live and die in thee;
Be mine through all eternity.

SONG 114. C. M.

O HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan:
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

SONG 115. C. M.

THERE's joy in heav'n, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

"Come, saints, and hear what God hath done,"
Is a reviving sound;
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around!

Often, O sov'reign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day,
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey!

Great God! the work is all thine own;
Thine be the praises too:
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Give thee the glory due.

SONG 116. C. M.

O WITH what pleasure we behold
Sinners to Canaan move,
Leaving the fleeting things of earth
For greater things above.

These, having openly confess'd
The great Immanuel's name,
With sacred pleasure we receive
As lovers of the Lamb.

Lord, may they ever live to thee,
And grow in heav'nly love!
Still may they fight the fight of faith,
Till crown'd with thee above.

SONG 117. L. M.

WELCOME, thou well belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;
Welcome with us thine hand to join,
As partners of our lot divine.

With us the pilgrim's state embrace—
We're trav'ling to a blissful place;
The Holy Spirit knows the way,
And he'll conduct from day to day.

Take up thy cross and bear it on;
It shall be light, and not be long;
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

SONG 118. L. M.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

SONG 119. L. M.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns, for us.

We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below,
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And long to see the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

SONG 120. L. M.

"COME in, thou blessed of the Lord;"
O, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands
Within the book of life above;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.

Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count each brother's case our own.

Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

SONG 121. C. M.

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord:
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heav'nly bread we break,—
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,—
Freely of us partake.

In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual pow'rs.

Come with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the vict'ry won.

And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

SONG 122. L. M.

Believing souls, of Christ belov'd,
Who have yourselves to him resign'd,
Your faith and practice, both approv'd,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

Now sav'd from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scorning world abhorr'd,
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles;
Come in, ye ransom'd of the Lord.

In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.

Do Thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with thy blessing crown;
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

SONG 123. C. M.

Ye men and angels, witness now,—
Before the Lord we speak,
To him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break,—

That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to pray'rs,
Turn thou our pray'rs to praise.

The Lord's Supper.

SONG 124. L. M.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride!

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

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

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

SONG 125. S. M.

Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

This holy bread and wine
  Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
  And int'rest in his death.

Let all our pow'rs be join'd
  His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill ev'ry mind,
  And ev'ry voice be praise.

SONG 126. L. M.

Our spirits join to praise the Lamb;
  O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
  And melting as his dying love!

Was ever equal mercy found?
  The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
  To ransom guilty man from death.

In vain our mortal voices strive
  To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
  A thousand lives should all be thine.

SONG 127. C. M.

Here, at thy table, Lord, we meet,
  To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
  Thy precious blood the wine.

Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
O, what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

Deep was the suff'ring he endur'd
Upon th' accursed tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'Twas all endur'd for me."

Sure there was never love so free—
Blest Saviour, so divine:
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

SONG 128. S. M.

Now let each happy guest
The sacred concert raise,
To close the honors of the feast,
And sing the Master's praise.

His condescending love
First calls our wonder forth,
He left the blessed realms above,
To dwell with men on earth.

His precepts, how divine,
How suited to our state!
How bright his acts of mercy shine,
His promises how great!

Redemption's glorious plan,
How wondrous in our view!
The salutary source to man
Of peace and pardon too.

SONG 129. L. M.

How pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around the sacred board
As members of one common Lord.

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.

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.

To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in ev'ry land;
For all are one in Christ our head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

Here, by the bread and wine, we view
What boundless curses were our due;
But through the off'ring of our Lord,
More than was lost is now restor'd.

Let wrath and strife, those seeds of hell,
Ne'er in the Christian bosom dwell;
But love and union, by his blood,
Prove us the chosen heirs of God.

SONG 130. L. M.

Come in, ye blessed of the Lord,
Ye that believe his holy word;
Come, and receive his heav'nly bread,
The food with which his saints are fed.

Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
And feast on his redeeming love;
Come, all ye happy souls that thirst,
The last is welcome as the first.

Come to his table, and receive
Whate'er a pard'ning God can give;
His love through ev'ry age endures;
His promise and himself are yours.

SONG 131. L. M.

Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face,
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

The Lord of life his table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
We taste the wine and bless our God.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare for us a place;
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

Our eyes look upward to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait his chariot's awful wheels
To fetch our longing spirits home.

SONG 132. C. M.

The rich memorials of thy grief,
The suff'rings of thy death,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *faith*.

The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *hope*.

The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *love*.

Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, blest Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

Increase our faith, and hope, and love,
Lord, give us all that's good;
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

SONG 133. H. M.

Come, ev'ry pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest pow'rs exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above and all below
The debt of love to him you owe.

Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What angels could not do:
His ev'ry deed of love and grace
All words exceed, all thoughts surpass.

He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conq'ror rode,
And reigns on high the Son of God.

From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

SONG 134. C. M.

Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

What though your arduous task may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path:

Yet, with determin'd courage, go;
And arm'd with pow'r divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

He who has call'd you to the war
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conq'ring car
Mountains shall sink to plains.

Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

Christian Union and Communion.

SONG 135. C. M.

How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil the word.

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:

When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:

When love in one delightful stream
Through ev'ry bosom flows,
When union sweet and dear esteem
In ev'ry action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

SONG 136. S. M.

Let Christians all agree,
And peace among them spread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

Among the saints on earth
Let fervent love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With common blessings crown'd.

Let envy (child of hell!)
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
  Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
  And ev'ry heart is love.

SONG 137. S. M.

Blest be the tie that binds
  Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
  Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
  We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
  Our comforts and our cares.

When we asunder part,
  It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
  And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
  Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
  And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
  And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
  Through all eternity.

SONG 138. 8's.

From whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance nor time can remove.

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

My friends so endear'd unto me,
Our souls so united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

Why then so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall soon meet again?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

And then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' kind love.

With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see:
Then sing hallelujahs—Amen!
Amen! Even so let it be!

SONG 139. P. M.

O HAPPY children who follow Jesus
Into the house of pray'r and praise,
And join in union while love increases,
Resolv'd this way to spend our days:
Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
By the flesh and such as love not God:
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons
We ofttimes find on Canaan's road.

Since we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
We've felt some strength come from above,
Our hearts have burn'd with holy rapture,
We long to be absorb'd in love:
Let us sing praises for what is giv'n,
And trust in God for time to come:
Sure we shall find the way to heav'n;
So farewell, brethren—we're going home.

And as we go let us praise our Saviour,
And pray for those who spurn his grace,
Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,
And ne'er enjoy his smiling face.
Now here's my hand and my best wishes,
In token of my Christian love,
In hopes with you to praise my Jesus;
So farewell, brethren—we'll meet above.

SONG 140. P. M.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, join'd in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice—
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.

Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stoop'd and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.
A Saviour, let creation sing!
A Saviour, let all heaven ring!
He's God with us, we feel him ours;
His fulness in our souls he pours!
'Tis almost done,
'Tis almost o'er;
We're joining them who've gone before;
We soon shall meet to part no more.

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 Satan rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Though foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the prize in view.
A Saviour, &c.

The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain;
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
Now pours the mighty flood—
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee Lord!
A Saviour, &c.

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

May we, the little band of love,
We, sinners sav'd by grace,
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold thy lovely face.
A Saviour, &c.

Loveliness and Excellency of Jesus.

SONG 141. C. P. M.

Had I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there giv'n
On which to place my hopes of heav'n,
But Christ, the corner stone.

Possessing Christ, I all possess,
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And holiness complete;
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

There is no path to heav'nly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road;
O may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!

The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
The Saviour just and true;
O may we still his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do!

As he above for ever lives,
And life to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine;
O may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then, sav'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine!

SONG 142. C. M.

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

Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy promises,
And then remember me.

Thou mighty Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me!

I own I'm guilty—own I'm vile;
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me!

Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me!

And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, Lord,
I pray remember me!

SONG 143. C. M.

Jesus, in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme—
The wonder of the skies!

Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile rebellious foes?

Victorious love! can language tell,
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour!

What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take this heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine!

SONG 144. L. M.

JESUS, my love, my chief delight;
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the bus'ness of the day.

When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distress'd;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

Since I can say this gift is mine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

The precious jewel I will keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never shall from thence depart!

SONG 145. S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

SONG 146. C. M.

COME, let our hearts and voices join
To praise the Saviour's name;
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love is still the same.

When most we need his gracious hand,
This friend is always near;
With heav'n and earth at his command,
He waits to answer pray'r.

His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.

SONG 147. C. P. M.

THERE is no path to heav'nly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road;
O may we tread the sacred *way*,
By faith rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Till we sit down with God.

The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
The Saviour kind and true;
O may we still his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.

As he above for ever lives,
And *life* to dying mortals gives,
Eternal and divine;
O may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then, sav'd from sin, and death and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

SONG 148. C. M.

O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

To them in each distressing hour
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and pow'r,
He stands engag'd to hear.

His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To worship thee above.

SONG 149. 7's.

God with *us!* O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite—
O mysterious depth and height!

God with *us!* Amazing love
Brought him from his courts above:
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

God with *us!* O wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

SONG 150. C. M.

Lord, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

Thy all-observing eye surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou knowest all I mean.

O let thine arms surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

SONG 151. C. M.

Rejoice, my soul, still in the Lord,
Who makes my cause his own,
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset my road;
And feeble is my arm,
My life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as I am, I shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die!
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid me from on high.

Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have I to fear?

SONG 152. C. M.

To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may his love, (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

Blest Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

SONG 153. C. M.

JESUS has died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable:
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

Give me thyself—from ev'ry boast,
From ev'ry wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be giv'n;
Thy presence makes my paradise;
And where thou art is heav'n.

SONG 154. C. M.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above,
His heart is made of tenderness;
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy divine,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

SONG 155. C. M.

Thou art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conq'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

SONG 156. L. M.

Jesus my all to heav'n has gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His path I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

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.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief and burden long had been,
That I had not been sav'd from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul—I am the way."

Then glad I came to him, blest Lamb!
And made confession of his name:
Myself alone had I to give;
Nothing but love did I receive.

Now will I tell to sinners round
What a rich Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—Behold the way to God.

SONG 157. C. M.

Didst thou, Lord Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

Inspire my soul with love divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

Say to my soul, Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Saviour, ever near,
Will guide thee in the way.

O how my soul would rise and run
At this transporting word;
Nor any painful suff'rings shun
To follow thee, my Lord.

Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

SONG 158. L. M.

O LORD! when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
The flowing tears and crimson sweat,
The bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.

The sorrow, shame, and death were *thine*,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the pardon, life, and bliss;
What love can be compar'd to this!

SONG 159. P. M.

My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

My great High Priest, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross,
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause:
In thee I trust, thee would I love,
And imitate the blest above.

My King supreme, to thee I bow
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit;
My Saviour King this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above.

SONG 160. H. M.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

Great Prophet of my God!
My tongue would bless thy name,
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.

Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now he pleads before the throne.

My dear and mighty Lord,
My Conq'ror and my King;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing.
Thine is the pow'r; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

SONG 161. L. M.

JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame:
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In him for ever to rejoice.

Of him what wondrous things are told!
In him what glories I behold!
For him I gladly all things leave;
To him, my soul, for ever cleave.

In him my treasure's all contain'd,
In him my feeble soul's maintain'd;
From him what favors I receive!
Through him I shall for ever live!

With him I daily love to walk;
Of him my soul delights to talk;
On him I cast my ev'ry care;
Like him I shall one day appear.

Bless him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust him to lead thee on thy way;
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With him, O never, never part.

Take him for strength and righteousness;
Make him thy refuge in distress;
Love him above all earthly joy,
And him in every thing employ.

Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs;
To him your highest praise belongs!
Bless him who doth your heav'n prepare,
And whom you'll praise for ever there.

SONG 162. C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the world is thine?

But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

In them, thou mayst be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd,
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice be heard.

Thy face with rev'rence and with love,
We, in thy poor, would see;
O let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee.

SONG 163. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

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

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God.
Hallelujah!
Reconcil'd in him to God.

When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Hallelujah!
He rejoices in the same.

SONG 164. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

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.

While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his saints of ev'ry station
Gladly join to spread his fame:
Hallelujah!
Gifts we offer to his name.

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.

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.

SONG 165. C. M.

'Tis not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heav'n.

'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

And thus on yonder mountain side
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and died,
Short of the promis'd land.

Israel, rejoice, now Joshua leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

SONG 166. C. M.

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

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

All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

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

I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath,
And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

SONG 167. C. M.

You glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.

Away, unworthy of my cares,
You specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

Jesus, to multitudes unknown—
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blest.

Blest Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise that love inspires,
Since I can call thee mine!

SONG 168. 8's.

My gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.

To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

You palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.

The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

SONG 169. C. M.

LONG as I live I'll praise thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy work of grace repeat.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known—
Thy arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state
With public splendor shown.

The world is manag'd by thy hand,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thy eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

SONG 170. 7's.

Now begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
You who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

You, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on you move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

You, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above—
Nothing but redeeming love.

He subdued th' infernal pow'rs—
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

SONG 171. C. M.

Asham'd of Christ! our souls disdain
The mean, ungen'rous thought;
Shall we disown that friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

With the glad news of love and peace
From heav'n to earth he came;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

To his command let us submit
Ourselves without delay;
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.

Each faithful foll'wer Jesus views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear—their death
Is precious in his sight.

To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honor this!
Who nobly suffers for him now
Shall reign with him in bliss.

But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus, the Judge, before the world
The traitors will deny.

SONG 172. 8's and 7's.

O THOU Fount of ev'ry blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy praise;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from thy fold, O God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Did redeem me by his blood!

O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee!

Never let me wander from thee,
  Never leave thee whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
  Till I reach thy courts above.

SONG 173. 7's and 6's.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
  And dwell 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?

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.

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 both adieu:
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

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 heav'nly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

O! do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

Now to the Lord be glory
For his redeeming love!
We'll sing the wondrous story
In brighter worlds above.
We'll shout his hallelujahs,
And join the heav'nly song
With Noah, Job, and Daniel,
And all the holy throng.

SONG 174. C. M.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honors of his word,
The glory of his cross.

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.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

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

Exhortatory Songs.

SONG 175. S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

Sing of his dying love!
Sing of his rising pow'r!
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore!

Sing on your heav'nly way,
You ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, the glorious King.

Soon shall you hear him say,
"You blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

SONG 176. C. M.

Behold what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around,
Men once like us with suff'rings tried,
But now with glory crown'd.

Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
Pursue the Christian race;
And, freed from each encumb'ring weight,
Their holy footsteps trace.

Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path—
Jesus, at once the finisher
And author of the faith.

He for the joy before him set
(So gen'rous was his love,)
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And now he reigns above.

If he the scorn of wicked men
With patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he died
To murmur and complain?

No—let our hearts no more despond,
Our hands be weak no more;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
His wisdom still adore.

SONG 177. C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of thy sheep,
To thee for help we fly,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For O! the wolf is nigh.

He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

O do not suffer him to part;
The souls that here agree:
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign in worlds on high!

SONG 178. C. M.

For me, O did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!

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

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

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

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.

SONG 179. L. M.

And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

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.

O 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.

To do his heav'nly Father's will
Was his enjoyment and delight;
Humility, and love, and zeal,
Shone through his life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love—
O! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

But ah! how blind, how weak we are!
How frail, how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care;
O may thy Spirit be our guide!

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.

SONG 180. C. M.

Go on, you pilgrims, while below,
In the sure path of peace,
Determin'd nothing else to know
But Jesus and his grace.

Observe your leader, follow him;
He through this world has been;
Often revil'd; but like a lamb
Did ne'er revile again.

O! take the pattern he has giv'n,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heav'n
Through self-denial lies.

Remember you must watch and pray
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

Contend for nothing but the fruit
That feeds th' immortal mind;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.

Go on rejoicing night and day;
Your crown is yet before,
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

Soon we shall meet the promis'd land,
With all the ransom'd race,
And join with all the glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.

There shall we meet to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in redeeming grace;
So, brethren, fare you well.

SONG 181. C. M.

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

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose;
His kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

Humbly I'll bow at his command,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll own I am a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee,
For yet, he says, there's room.

I cannot perish if I go;
I am resolv'd to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

SONG 182. C. M.

How much the drooping hearts revive
Of those who fear the Lord,
When sinners dead are made alive
By his reviving word!

The servants of the Lord rejoice,
When souls receive the word—
When ransom'd sinners hear his voice,
Return and love the Lord.

The church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing;
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.

In heav'n above, th' angelic throng
Around the throne rejoice;
But sinners sav'd should swell the song
With loudest, sweetest voice.

SONG 183. C. M.

SINCE I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

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

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

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

SONG 184. P. M.

If life's pleasures charm you, give them not your heart,
Lest the gift ensnare you from your God to part;
His favor seek, his praises speak;
Fix here your hope's foundation;
Serve him, and he will ever be
The Rock of your Salvation.

If distress befall you, painful though it be,
Let not grief appal you—to your Saviour flee;
He ever near, your pray'r will hear,
And calm your perturbation;
The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow
The Rock of your Salvation.

When earth's prospect fail you, let it not distress,
Better comforts wait you—Christ will surely bless;
To Jesus flee—your prop he'll be,
Your heav'nly consolation;
For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
The Rock of your Salvation.

Dangers may approach you, let them not alarm;
Christ will ever watch you, and protect from harm.
He near you stands, with mighty hands
To ward off each temptation;
To Jesus fly; he's ever nigh,
The Rock of your Salvation.

Let not death alarm you, shrink not from his blow;
For your God shall arm you, and victory bestow
For death shall bring to you no sting,
The grave no desolation:
'Tis sweet to die with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of your Salvation.

SONG 185. C. M.

Rise, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquer'd ev'ry foe;
And to his pow'r and matchless grace
Their crowns and honor owe.

Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast giv'n,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heav'n.

SONG 186. C. M.

Our souls are in the Saviour's hand,
And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
O! what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

O! what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array:
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay!

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home:
Come, O Redeemer! come away!
O Jesus! quickly come!

SONG 187. 11's.

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

I would not live always: no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus has lain there, I'll enter its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live always 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?

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

SONG 188. L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee:
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days!

Asham'd of Jesus! Sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Asham'd of Jesus! Just as soon
Let morning be asham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Asham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ăsham'd of me!

SONG 189. L. M.

Lord, we adore thy conq'ring grace,
Which crowns the gospel with success,
Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
And bringing to the fold thy flock.

May those who have thy truth confess'd,
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
From day to day still more increase
In faith, in love, in holiness!

As living members may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear,
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

From all temptations now defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end;
While in thy house they still improve,
Until they join the church above!

SONG 190. L. M.

Come, you that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.

CHORUS.

We're all united heart and hand,
Join'd in one band completely;
We're marching through Immanuel's land,
Where waters flow most sweetly.

Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage and vent its spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

That happy day will soon appear,
When Michael's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth—yea, down to hell,
And call the nations great and small.

Behold the world in burning flames!
The trumpet louder still proclaims:
The world must hear and know her doom;
The separation day has come.

Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come,
While Christ the Judge these words proclaims,
"Here come my saints—I own their names!"

"You everlasting gates, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;
You harps of heav'n, now sound aloud,
Here come the ransom'd by my blood!"

In grandeur see the royal line,
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine!
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.

They stand, and wonder, and look on:
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their soul on fire.

SONG 191. C. M.

AWAKE, you saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day
Welcome each closing year!

Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

You wheels of nature, speed your course;
You mortal pow'rs, decay;
Fast as you bring the night of death,
You bring eternal day.

SONG 192. L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head!

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

He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King!

He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same!
O the sweet joy this sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Evangelizing or Recruiting Songs.

SONG 193. H. M.

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

Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Propitiation made:
You weary spirits, rest,
You mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come:
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

You 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, you ransom'd sinners, home.

You bankrupt debtors, know
The wondrous grace of heav'n;
Though sums immense you owe,
A free discharge is giv'n:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

You who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
And, sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

SONG 194. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

Come, you sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r:
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

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 Saviour's rising beam.

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

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

Lo! the rising Lord, ascending,
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners now his love proclaim.

SONG 195. C. M.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

Come then with all your wants and wounds;
Your ev'ry burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
A deep celestial spring!

Whoever will (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake!

Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace!
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

SONG 196. C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

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?

Since I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

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

SONG 197. C. M.

How free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God!
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of ev'ry blood.

The mightiest king, the meanest slave,
May his rich mercy taste;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Come to the gospel feast.

None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.

Come, then, you men of ev'ry name,
Of ev'ry tribe and tongue:
What you are willing to receive
May unto you belong.

SONG 198. C. M.

Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice:—

Ho! all you hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho! you that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here may you quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Great God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

SONG 199. C. M.

Jesus, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow:
'Tis not confin'd to sex nor age,
The lofty nor the low.

Come, all you wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

His doctrine is almighty love,
There's virtue in his name
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

Come, then, accept the offer'd grace,
And make no more delay;
His love will all your guilt efface,
And soothe your fears away.

SONG 200. C. M.

The King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delights afford.

Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heav'n.

You hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

Millions of souls in glory now
  Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way
  Around the board appear.

Yet are his heart and house so large,
  That millions more may come:
Nor could the whole assembled world
  O'erfill the spacious room.

All things are ready: come away,
  Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
  And bless the Founder's name.

SONG 201. L. M.

WHENE'ER a sinner turns to God,
  With contrite heart and flowing eyes,
The happy news makes angels smile,
  And tell their joys above the skies.

Well may the church below rejoice,
  And echo back the heav'nly sound;
This soul was dead, but now's alive;
  This sheep was lost, but now is found.

Glory to God on high be giv'n,
  For his unbounded love to men;
Let saints below and saints above
  In concert join the loud Amen!

SONG 202. L. M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the proffer'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppress'd with guilt, a heavy load,
O! come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless thy kind inviting voice.

SONG 203. 7's.

WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he has done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all this flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

Turn, he cries, O sinner, turn!
By his love your God makes known
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

Sinners, turn while God is near!
He has left you naught to fear:
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands:
Cries, "You will not happy be,
No, you will not come to me;
Me, who life to none deny—
Why will you resolve to die?"

Can you doubt that God is love,
Who thus calls you from above?
Will you not his word receive?
Will you not his oath believe?
See, the suff'ring Lord appears:
Jesus weeps—believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry
"Why will you resolve to die?"

SONG 204. L. M.

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

Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n,
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

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

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

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

SONG 205. 7's and 6's.

Come, tell me, wand'ring sinner,
Say whither do you roam,
O'er this wide world a stranger—
Have you no Saviour known?

He calls you to his bosom,
But, ah! you still delay:
He'll fit your soul for heaven,
And guide you in the way.

Now angels are attending
To waft the news above,
Your Saviour still presenting
The joys of pard'ning love;
O! come, accept the offer
Of pardon and free grace,
And own his mighty power
In songs of love and praise.

He will remove your sorrow,
And grace and peace bestow;
Then leave not till to-morrow
The joy he offers now.
This is the time accepted:
O may redeeming love,
No more by you rejected,
Your lasting solace prove.

SONG 206. L. M.

To-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?

Make now your choice, and halt no more;
He now is waiting for the poor:
Say, now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

Fathers and sons for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

Matrons and maids, we look to you:
Are you resolv'd to perish, too?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?

Once more we ask you in his name,
(We know his love remains the same,)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

SONG 207. P. M.

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

See the royal banners flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."

Hear, O sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here are life and free salvation
Offer'd to the whole creation.

'Twas for you that Jesus died,
And for you was crucified,
Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven;
Endless life through him is given.

Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money,
Mercy like a flowing fountain
Streaming from the holy mountain.

For this love let rocks and mountains,
Silver streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

Shout, you tongues of ev'ry nation,
To the bounds of the creation,
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion.

Shout, O saints! make joyful mention,
Christ has purchas'd our redemption;
Angels, shout the joyful story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

CHORUS—*Jesus reigns, &c.*

SONG 208. C. M.

On Zion, his own holy mount,
God has a feast prepar'd,
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Have in the banquet shar'd.

Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows;
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance giv'n!
See rebels by adopting grace
Sit with the heirs of heav'n!

The pain'd, the sick, the dying now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The dainties of the board.

But O! what pleasant draughts unknown,
What dainties shall be giv'n,
When with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heav'n!

There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul;
And springs of life, that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

SONG 209. S. M.

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

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

Now is th' accepted time,
  The gospel bids you come;
And ev'ry promise in his word
  Declares there yet is room.

SONG 210. L. M.

Wisdom divine ordain'd the plan
To save rebellious, fallen man;
Attend, you sons of men, give ear;
The righteousness of God is near.

The Saviour sends the heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
Go preach to all—to Israel first,
Believe, repent, and be immers'd.

In spirit Peter preach'd aloud
To the astonish'd, list'ning crowd;
Convinc'd, they cry—What shall we do
T' escape from everlasting wo?

Reform, he cried—in Jesus' name
Be all immers'd, despise the shame;
Remission full the Lord will give,
The Spirit, too, you shall receive.

This is the way ordain'd by God
To enter his divine abode—
His church on earth—come, enter in,
No longer serve the tyrant, sin.

Haste and escape the threat'ning storm,
Believe in Jesus, and reform;
Rise—be immers'd without delay,
And wash your num'rous sins away.

SONG 211. L. M.

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;
You need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.

Hark! 'tis the Saviour's gracious call,
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world—come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

Come, all you souls by sin oppress'd,
You weary wand'rers after rest;
You poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

The message, as from God, receive,
You all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to call in vain.

This is the time—no more delay;
The Saviour calls you all to-day:
O may his call effectual prove!
Accept the offers of his love!

SONG 212. 7's and 6's.

Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

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

Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
Who 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 who come shall be denied,
He says, "There still is room."

SONG 213. 7's.

SINNERS, turn—why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

Sinners, turn—why will you die?
Christ, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He, who died that you might live.

Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why—you ransom'd sinners—why
Will you slight his grace and die?

Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Oh! you dying sinners, why—
Why will you for ever die?

SONG 214. 7's.

Come, you weary sinners, come—
All who feel your heavy load;
Jesus calls the wand'rers home;
Hasten to your pard'ning God.

Come, you guilty souls, oppress'd,
Answer to the Saviour's call;
Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and be deliver'd all.

Hear the great Redeemer call you;
Cease to heave the plaintive sigh;
Let not guilt or fear enthral you;
Come, and you shall never die.

If by sin or sore temptation
You are weary and oppress'd,
Hear the Saviour's invitation,
"Come, and I will give you rest."

SONG 215. 11's.

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 purchas'd—salvation is free.

Delay not, delay not! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord!
A fountain is open'd; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd 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 griev'd and resisted, entreats thee to come;
Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

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 pow'r, then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

SONG 216. 7's.

SINNERS, come and taste with me
Consolation rich and free,
From our wealthy Father's board
With the rarest dainties stored.

Wherefore should we feast alone?
God invites you ev'ry one;
All that come of free good will,
Make the banquet sweeter still.

Come, O come to mercy's door;
Christ receiveth all the poor;
Jesus gives a glorious share;
To his banquet, then, repair.

SONG 217. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

What, poor sinner, means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his blest name.

Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus never will forget thee;
Only turn and follow him:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

SONG 218. 8's and 7's.

Sinners, hear your Lord and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your vain behaviour;
O repent, return, obey!

O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife;
Endless joy or endless anguish
Turns upon th' events of life.

Open, now, your case before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
O receive him! O adore him!
Take a full discharge from sin.

Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more;
O you blind, you lame, you needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store!

SONG 219. S. M.

Like Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found,—

O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There safe thou shalt abide,
  There sweet shall be thy rest,
And ev'ry longing satisfied,
  With full salvation blest.

And when the waves of ire,
  Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
  Then rest on Zion's hill.

SONG 220. C. M.

Lo! WISDOM stands with smiling face,
  And courts us to her arms!
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
  And slight her pow'rful charms?

She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight
  Riches which shall endure;
Nor sparkling rubies half so bright,
  Nor finest gold so pure.

Eternal pleasures fill her train,
  Pleasures that never cloy;
Come, drink of bliss unmix'd with pain,
  And taste celestial joy.

Immortal crowns she now displays,
  And thrones beyond the skies;
Accept her blessings while she stays,
  And seize the glorious prize.

SONG 221. C. M.

Ho! ye that thirst, a living fount
For you is open'd wide—
The fount that gush'd on Calv'ry's mount
From our Redeemer's side.

Come, seek salvation through the blood
So freely pour'd for you;
O leave the broad and downward road
That leads to endless woe.

Come, ye who long in vain have sought
True happiness to find,
In all the joys of earth there's naught
Can fill th' immortal mind.

Come, and partake the blessed feast
That Christ for you has spread;
Not all the treasures of the east
Can buy this living bread.

Come, join the humble, happy band,
That sing redemption's lay;
With them, united heart and hand,
Pursue the heav'nly way.

SONG 222. C. M.

RETURN, O wand'rer, now return!
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

Return, O wand'rer, now return!
  He hears thy humble sigh!
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
  When no one else is nigh.

Return, O wand'rer, now return!
  Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
  How freely he'll forgive.

Return, O wand'rer, now return!
  And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn,
  'Tis love invites thee near.

SONG 223. C. M.

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
  Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
  For ev'ry humble guest.

See, Jesus stands with open arms;
  He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
  But see, there yet is room:

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
  There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
  That trembles at his feet.

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

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

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

SONG 224. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

Come, you poor and thirsty sinners,
To the living waters come;
Jesus bids you come and welcome,
And declares he'll cast out none:
Give him credit;
He's Jehovah's faithful Son!

Hearken to the Bride and Spirit,
Seize the promises divine;
Without money, price, or merit,
Buy of Jesus milk and wine;
His rich bounty
Freely take: he makes it thine.

Wherefore toil ye still for nothing,
Spend your strength and treasure too?
Joyfully receive the blessing
Which his lib'ral hands bestow;
All his goodness
Let your souls delight to know.

SONG 225. 11's.

WHY stand you here idle, my friends, all the day?
Your moments, so fleeting, will soon pass away;
All things are provided for sinners undone,
And you are invited and welcome to come.

Here mercy and pardon, here love and free grace;
Here strong consolation, here great joy and peace;
Here hope for the hopeless—the weary find rest;
Here all things are plenty for sinners distress'd.

Here wine, milk, and honey, are plenty in store,
Sufficient for thousands, yea, millions, and more;
Here balm for the wounded, here strength for the weak;
Here cordials divine are prepared for the sick.

Here armor and weapons for soldiers to wield;
A breastplate, a helmet, a sword and a shield;
The poor receive riches, a crown for the head,
Eternal salvation and life from the dead.

O come, all ye needy, ye poor and distress'd,
Partake of his grace, and then ever be bless'd;
O come without money to Jesus and buy;
Then love him, and praise him, for ever on high.

SONG 226. 11's.

THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,
Which flowing in Eden, in streams from above,
Refresh'd ev'ry moment the first happy pair
Till sin stopp'd the current and brought in despair.

O wretched condition! what anguish and pain;
They thirst for the fountain, and seek it in vain;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief;
They drink, but the draught still increases their grief.

Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we complain!
Our Jesus has open'd the fountain again:
Now mingled with mercy, and rich with free grace,
From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.

How happy the prospect! how pleasant the road,
When led down the stream by the angel of God;
Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last
A river so boundless it cannot be pass'd.

Come, sinners! poor sinners! tis boundless and free,
In Eden once flowing 'twas open'd for thee,
This water has virtue to heal all complaints;
Come, drink, ye distress'd, and rejoice with the saints.

Say not—"I'm a sinner and must not partake;"
For this very reason the Lord bids you take;
Say not—"Too unworthy, the vilest of all;"
For *such*, not the *righteous*, the Lord came to call.

Come, all the dead sinners, here life you may find;
Come, all ye poor beggars, ye halt, and ye blind;
The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you too;
Come, call all your neighbors, they're welcome
with you.

SONG 227. C. M.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasure greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than all the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

She guides our youth with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

SONG 228. L. M.

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

"Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord, let my hopes be not in vain,
Create my heart entirely new:
This hypocrites could ne'er attain;
This false apostates never knew.

SONG 229. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste—accept the Saviour,
E'er the hand of justice falls:
Hear, O sinner—
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

See the storm of vengeance gath'ring
O'er the path you dare to tread;
The reward which God is meas'ring,
Soon shall fall upon your head:
Turn, O sinner,
Lest the lightning strike you dead.

Haste and flee to Christ the 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.

SONG 230. 12's, 11's, and 8's.

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 darkness of earth's gloomy regions,
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 ev'ry knee bending,
Adore thee with off'rings of praise.

"Thy sword and thy buckler shall save and de-
liver
The poor and the needy, from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish for ever
The Prince and the legions of hell.

"Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Sa-
viour;
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 lays."

SONG 231. 11's.

O TURN you! O turn you, for why will you die,
When God in his mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
The brethren 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,
Here streams of salvation are flowing most free.

Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive;
O, how can you question, since now you believe?
Since sin is your burden, why will you not come?
He now bids you welcome—he now says there's
room.

In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction or banish your pain;
To bear up your spirit 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.

SONG 232. L. M.

This is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

This remedy did Wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

This gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice and live,
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lusts its wondrous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb,
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

Still may his grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me, does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

SONG 233. L. M.

God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just—immensely good.

Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye—
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

SONG 234. L. M.

O LOVE, beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man.

There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains—
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
In Christ they both harmonious meet;
He paid to justice all her due;
And now he fills the mercy seat.

SONG 235. L. M.

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

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

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

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

SONG 236. L. M.

WAND'RER from God, return, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face;
Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

Wand'rer from God, return, return;
Thy Father hears that deep-felt sigh;
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn;
And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.

Wand'rer from God, return, return;
Renounce thy fears; thy Saviour lives;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely, fully he forgives.

SONG 237. 7's.

YE who in his courts are found
List'ning to the joyful sound,
Lost and hopeless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View his bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

SONG 238. 7's.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravish'd ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

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

"Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stor'd;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Yet again a child confess'd,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

"Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

SONG 239. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

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

Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
O how gracious!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

Who hath our report believed?
Who receiv'd the joyful word?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

O ye angels, hov'ring round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven;
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

SONG 240. 7's.

WEEPING sinners, dry your tears;
Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
Bids you his salvation sing.

Peace he brings you by his death,
Peace he speaks with ev'ry breath;
Can you slight such heav'nly charms?
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

Missionary Hymns.

SONG 241. S. M.

Rise, gracious God, and shine
In all thy saving might;
Now prosper ev'ry good design
To spread thy glorious light.

O bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise;
Thy word let all the heathen hear,
And learn thy holy ways.

Send forth thy glorious pow'r;
All nations then shall see,
And earth present her grateful store,
In converts born to thee.

SONG 242. S. M.

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of grace reveal.

How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

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

How blessed are our eyes
That see the heav'nly light!
Prophets and priests desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

You watchmen, join your voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem, break forth in songs;
Ye deserts, learn the joy.

O Lord, make bare thy arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Glory to God on high!
And peace o'er all the earth!
Good-will to men—to angels joy
At our Redeemer's birth.

SONG 243. S. M.

Go with thy servant, Lord,
His ev'ry step attend;
All needful help to him afford,
And bless him to the end.

Preserve him from all wrong:
  Stand thou at his right hand:
And keep him from the sland'rous tongue
  And persecuting band.

May he proclaim aloud
  The wonders of thy grace;
And do thou, to the list'ning crowd,
  His faithful labors bless.

Farewell, dear lab'rer, go;
  We part with thee in love;
And if we meet no more below,
  O may we meet above.

SONG 244. S. M.

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.

O for the living flame,
  From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
  And raise to heaven our thought.

God is our strength and song,
  And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
  With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore,
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

SONG 245. L. M.

So let your lips and lives express
The holy gospel you profess;
So let your works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall you best proclaim abroad
The honors of your Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Your flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Your inward piety approve.

Religion bears your spirits up,
While you expect that blessed hope—
And bright appearance of the Lord—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Welcome, then, brethren of the Lord;
The rest his word and church afford
Accept, and may his grace divine,
Cause you in deeds of love to shine.

SONG 246. S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight;
For awful is his name.

Watch! 'tis the Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crown'd.

SONG 247. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

LIGHT of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing on thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before him
Serve the living God alone!
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word: at thy command
Let thy truth and faithful heralds
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord, be with them
Always to the end of time.

SONG 248. L. M.

Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

Let Zion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home!
And let our wand'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In ev'ry land, of ev'ry name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

SONG 249. P. M.

With songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat;
The goodness of his ways
Through all the earth repeat;
His mercy rose
Ere time was known,
And from his throne
Eternal flows.

He bids his light arise,
And sends his gospel forth;
From east to west it flies,
And fills the south and north;
His mighty grace
Its power imparts,
And willing hearts
His truth embrace.

Then far as isles extend,
To the vast ocean's bound,
Let kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their off'rings round;
Arabia, raise
The songs divine;
And Afric, join
T' exalt his praise.
Let India's fertile shore
Its gifts and honors bring,
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel, King;
Remotest lands
The homage pay,
Till all obey
His high commands.

SONG 250. 5's and 6's.

You servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name:
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol:
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
Christ ruleth on high,
Almighty to save:
And still he is nigh—
His presence we have:

The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

Salvation to Him,
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:
Our Saviour's praises
The angels proclaim,
They fall on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

Him let us adore,
And give him his right;
And glory and power
And wisdom and might:
All honor and blessing
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing
For infinite love.

SONG 251. C. M.

FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
  Shall their Redeemer own,
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
  And bow before his throne?

When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
  A dark, bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
  And learn and feel his grace?

Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
  Under th' expanse of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son
  Without exception giv'n?

From east to west, from north to south,
  Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
  Hosannas to the Lord!

Asia and Africa, resound
  From shore to shore, his fame;
And thou, America, in songs
  Redeeming love proclaim!

SONG 252. S. M.

You messengers of Christ,
  His sov'reign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads—
  And peace attend your way.

The Master whom you serve
  Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promis'd aid,
  With sacred courage go.

Mountains shall sink to plains,
  And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
  In spite of all his foes.

Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
  And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and deprav'd
  Of Adam's num'rous race.

We wish you in his name
  The most divine success;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
  Will your endeavors bless.

SONG 253. L. M.

Unto our God, on Judah's hills,
  Be songs of holy joy once more;
Let Canaan's rocks and sparkling rills
  The King of heav'n and earth adore.

For he hath set the captive free,
  Hath rent the proud oppressor's chain,
And from the isles of ev'ry sea
  Brought Israel to his fold again.

The Holy City's ruin'd spires
And crumbling walls again shall rise,
Love shall relight her altar fires,
And clouds of incense sweep the skies.

There, 'neath the fig tree and the vine,
Shall Judah's daughters peaceful rest,
And gray-hair'd fathers safe recline
On sacred Calv'ry's hoary breast.

Those tuneful harps that hung so long
Upon the weeping willow's stem,
Shall swell again old Zion's songs,
Within thy gates—Jerusalem.

SONG 254. 11's.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow 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 pursued them,
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Daughter of Zion, the pow'r that hath sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

SONG 255. 7's and 6's.

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.

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

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft—waft, you winds, his story,
And you, you 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.

SONG 256. 8's and 7's.

Onward, onward, men of heaven;
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given—
Star of ev'ry pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hardy forest ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow;
India marks its lustre stealing;
Shiv'ring Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to ev'ry creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to ev'ry nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

Lord's-Day Meetings.

SONG 257. C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risen Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.

This is the day which God has bless'd,
The brightest of the sev'n,
Type of the everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heav'n.

Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten on that day,
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

Not one, but all our days below,
Our hearts his praise employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

SONG 258. C. M.

AGAIN the Lord of light and life
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

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!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand diff'rent lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

SONG 259. S. M.

Once more before we part
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart,
Sing, ev'ry tongue, his fame.

Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow:
Go seek the knowledge of the Lord,
And practise what you know.

And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful shore
To which all saints are bound.

SONG 260. C. M.

Now may the God of peace and love,
Who, from th' impris'ning grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save—

Through the rich merits of that blood
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built,—

Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace
T' accomplish all his will,
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil.

O for the great Messiah's sake,
Accept our humble lay;
With glory let his name be crown'd
Through heav'n's eternal day.

SONG 261. S. M.

Come to the house of pray'r,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

Ye young, before his throne
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the pow'r to praise.

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,—
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heav'n on earth be won.

SONG 262. C. M.

Come, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While, with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.

How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls on wings of love
Mount upward to the skies!

But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How dim the sacred passion glows
Till thou the heart inspire!

Blest Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heav'n on earth appear.

SONG 263. 7's.

LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

SONG 264. C. M.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour here.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

SONG 265. C. M.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach ev'ry heart.

Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthron'd in ev'ry breast.

Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble pray'r arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In realms beyond the skies.

SONG 266. S. P. M.

How pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

Here David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here;
He bids the saints be glad;
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

SONG 267. L. M.

WHILE we the empty tomb survey,
We sing the triumphs of this day:
The Saviour rose! He broke death's chain,
And all our hellish foes are slain!

The barren grave, on this blest morn,
Brought forth our Saviour, her first-born;
Soon shall she feel a second throe,
And bring forth all his brethren too.

The life which wrought in Christ our head
Secures our rising from the dead:
This faith does all our fears control,
This gives a Sabbath to the soul.

Our risen Lord all things obey,
E'en death and hell must own his sway:
While saints with one accord proclaim
The glory of his endless fame.

Morning Songs.

SONG 268. C. M.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest pow'rs,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

Preserv'd by thine almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.

O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

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

SONG 269. C. M.

With thee, great God, the stores of light
And stores of darkness lie;
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

And when with welcome slumbers press'd
We close our weary eyes,
Thy pow'r unseen secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.

To thee, great God, in thankful songs
Our morning thoughts arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
A grateful sacrifice.

SONG 270. C. M.

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

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

How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

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

SONG 271. L. M.

GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heav'nly way.

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
  Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
  Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsels for my guide,
  And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
  Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

SONG 272. L. M.

My God, how endless is thy love!
  Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
  Gently distil like early dew.

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 pow'rs.

I yield my pow'rs to thy command;
  To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
  Demand perpetual songs of praise.

SONG 273. C. M.

Again, from calm and sweet repose,
  I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes unclose,
  To view the smiling morn.

Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
And watch'd me while I slept.

Glory to thee, eternal Lord;
O teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
To guide me through the day.

Let ev'ry thought and word accord
With thy most holy will;
Each deed the precepts of thy word
With pious aim fulfil.

From danger, sin, and ev'ry ill,
My constant Guardian prove;
O sanctify my heart, and fill
With thoughts of holy love.

SONG 274. 7's.

Thou that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song:
Thankful from my couch arise,
To the God that rules the skies.

Thou didst hear my ev'ning cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh:
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

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

Still my feet are prone to stray;
O preserve me through the day:
Dangers ev'rywhere abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.

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

SONG 275. C. M.

God of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene. and safe from ev'ry harm,
To see the morning light.

While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And woke from sweet repose.

O let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend:
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

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

SONG 276. S. M.

SERENE I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept—and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

O how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A vast eternity.

SONG 277. C. M.

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

That was a most amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.

Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's most righteous law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry breath we draw.

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

SONG 278. C. M.

On thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys,
And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
The sacrifice of praise.

When ev'ning slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

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

At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still
The pleasing work pursue,
And thee alone will praise, to whom
All praise is ever due.

SONG 279. S. M.

The morning light returns,
The sun begins to shine;
Now let our souls in haste arise,
To run the race divine.

We praise the Father's love,
Who kept us through the night;
O may his kindness be our song,
His pleasure our delight.

While passing through this day,
Lord, we implore thy care,
To guide us on the heav'nly way,
And guard from ev'ry snare.

And when our life shall close,
O may it be in peace;
May we lie down in sweet repose,
And wake in endless bliss.

SONG 280. S. M.

See how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

Thus would my rising soul
Its heav'nly Parent sing;
And to its great Original
An humble tribute bring.

O may I grateful use
The blessings I receive:
And ne'er in thought, in word, or deed,
His Holy Spirit grieve!

May all my days and pow'rs
Be sacred, Lord, to thee:
And in thy presence may I spend
A blest eternity!

Evening Songs.

SONG 281. 7's and 8's.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver;
Thou dost guard thy children sleeping,
Ever safe while in thy keeping.

We have seen thy wondrous might
Through the shadows of the night;
Thou who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest,
Bless'd are they thou kindly keepest.

God of ev'ning's yellow ray,
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea,
Like breathings of eternity—

Thine the flaming orbs of light;
Thine the darkness of the night;
Thine are all the gems of even—
God of angels, God of heaven.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Dwell for ever in my heart;
God of life that end shall never,
Glory to thy name for ever.

SONG 282. C. M.

O GOD, thy gifts of tender love
Are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night
To guard our sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And wakes the drowsy pow'rs.

We yield ourselves to thy command,
To thee devote our days;
For constant blessings from thy hand
Demand our constant praise.

SONG 283. S. M.

The day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

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

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from ev'ry fear,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appear.

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

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

SONG 284. L. M.

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

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

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

SONG 285. L. M.

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

My days, unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry gentle, fleeting hour,
Be monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and pow'r.

In this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake to praise thy holy name.

SONG 286. C. M.

Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.

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

New time, new favor, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

SONG 287. S. M.

Another day is past,
The hours for ever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stay'd!
Nor shall they be in life alarm'd,
Nor be in death dismay'd.

SONG 288. C. M.

ETERNAL God of love and pow'r,
I will thy praise resound,
And tell how ev'ry passing hour
Is with thy goodness crown'd.

Throughout the day, thy tender care
Has all my wants supplied,
And deign'd from ev'ry baneful snare
My erring steps to guide.

Now, while mine eyes are clos'd in sleep,
Wilt thou my Guardian be,
And deign my wearied frame to keep
From ev'ry danger free?

SONG 289. 8's and 7's.

SAVIOUR, breathe an ev'ning blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

SONG 290. L. M.

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.

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.

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

SONG 291. 7's.

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

Soon for us the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

SONG 292. C. M.

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

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

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

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

Mournful Scenes.

SONG 293. C. M.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die, as Moses did.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

SONG 294. P. M.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

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

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

SONG 295. C. M.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning giv'n;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heav'n.

Death rides on ev'ry passing breeze,
And lurks in ev'ry flow'r;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Turn, sinner, turn; thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

Turn, Christian, turn: thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heav'n or hell.

SONG 296. C. M.

Heav'n has confirm'd the dread decree
That Adam's race must die:
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

Ye living men, the tomb survey
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In ev'ry fun'ral knell!

Once you must die, and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heav'n or hell depends
On that important day.

Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

SONG 297. 8's and 4's.

THERE is a calm for those that weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer ev'ning's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

Then, trav'ler in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

Thy soul, renew'd by grace divine,
In God's own image, freed from clay,
In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

SONG 298. C. M.

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

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

Why should we tremble to convey
  Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
  And left a long perfume.

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

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

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
  And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
  Ye saints, ascend the skies.

SONG 299. C. M.

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

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

Let this vain world engage no more:
  Behold the op'ning tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour:
  To-morrow death may come.

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

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

SONG 300. S. H. M.

Friend after friend departs:
  Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
  That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

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.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A vast eternity of love,
Home of the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away:
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heav'n's own light.

SONG 301. C. M.

Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee:
One thought shall check the starting tear;
It is, that thou art free.

And thus shall faith's consoling pow'r
The tears of love restrain:
O who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breath'd in thy expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.

Thy passing spirit gently fled,
  Sustain'd by grace divine;
O may such grace on us be shed,
  And make our end like thine.

SONG 302. L. M.

How blest the righteous when he dies!
  When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
  How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

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.

A holy quiet reigns around,
  A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
  Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
  Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
  "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

SONG 303. C. M.

Few are thy days and full of woe
  O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
  And shalt to dust return."

Behold the emblem of thy state
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

The mighty flood, that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.

So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light.

O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length
And mingle with the blest!

Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
When death shall set me free.

Omnipresence of God.

SONG 304. C. M.

GREAT GOD! thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost pow'rs;
With awe profound my wond'ring soul
Falls prostrate and adores.

To be encompass'd round with God,
The Holy and the Just,
Arm'd with omnipotence to save,
Or crush me to the dust.

O how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impress'd,
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast!

Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

SONG 305. C. M.

ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through;
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is open to thine eyes.

Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou see'st my inward frame;
To thee I always stand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am.

Since, therefore, I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile, how black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee!

But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dyed in blood,
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen
When I approach to God.

Thus, though a sinner, I am safe;
He pleads before the throne
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.

What wondrous love—what mysteries
In this appointment shine!
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

Judgment.

SONG 306. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!

Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air,
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

Lord, thy bride says by thy Spirit,
Hasten thou the gen'ral doom!
Promis'd glory to inherit,
Take thy weary pilgrims home!
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

Yes—Amen! Let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thy own,
O! come quickly!
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come!

SONG 307. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

Day of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round;
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This Lord is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

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!

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

But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, you blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

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

The Christian's Hope, Rank, Honors, and Future Glory.

SONG 308. L. M.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
You seraphs, shout it from the sky!

'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, outmeasuring ev'ry crime;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

For this stupendous love of Heav'n,
What grateful honors shall we show!
Where much transgression is forgiv'n
Let love in equal ardors glow.

By this inspir'd, let all our days
With gospel holiness be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

SONG 309. C. M.

Behold th' amazing gift of love
The Father has bestow'd
On us, the sons of sinful men,
To call us sons of God.

Conceal'd as yet his honor lies,
By this dark world unknown—
A world that knew not when he came,
E'en God's beloved Son.

High is the rank we now possess,
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes.

We know, we all, when he appears,
Shall bear his image bright;
And all his glory full disclos'd
Shall open to our sight.

A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure,
And purify our souls from sin,
As Christ himself is pure.

SONG 310. P. M.

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 the Saviour's love!

This comfort is mine, since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb:
Since the truth I believ'd what a joy I've receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' blest name!

'Tis a heav'n 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;
O that all to this refuge may fly!
He has lov'd me, I cried, he has suffer'd and died
To redeem such a rebel as I!

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 find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd, I am perfectly bless'd,
Being fill'd with the fullness of God!

Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise
Who has died me from sin to redeem:
Whether many or few, all my years are his due;
They shall all be devoted to him.

What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold, with believers enroll'd—
With believers to live and to die!

SONG 311. C. M.

How happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiv'n;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

SONG 312. L. M.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

Bless'd are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the glowing coals of strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord:
Glory and joy are their reward.

SONG 313. C. M.

BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

His eyes behold the path they tread
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

SONG 314. C. M.

What poor, despised company
Of travellers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?

Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And, lo! for joy they sing.

Why do they, then, appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?—
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not appriz'd.

But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread—
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed!

But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

Why must they shun that pleasant path
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the way to death;
The open road to hell.

What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God;
None other can be found.

Then let us in this way rejoice,
And in the truth abound,
Till Jesus with his angels comes,
And Michael's trump shall sound.

Then we shall mount on wings of love,
And meet in realms on high,
And saints and angels join in praise
Through all eternity.

SONG 315. S. M.

Israel the desert trod,
Sustain'd by pow'r divine,
While wondrous mercy mark'd the road
With many a mystic sign.

When Moses gave the stroke,
From Horeb's flinty side
Issued a river, and the rock
The Hebrews' thirst supplied.

But O! what nobler themes
Does gospel grace afford!
From Calv'ry spring superior streams—
There hung the smitten Lord!

Of ev'ry hope bereft,
Sinners, to Jesus go;
Behold the Rock of Ages cleft,
And living currents flow.

Here may our spirits bathe,
Here may our joys abound!
Till (pass'd the wilderness and death)
We tread celestial ground.

SONG 316. 11's.

THERE's no name among men nor angels so bright,
As is the name Jesus, the Father's delight;
The joy of his children, they speak of this name,
And sweetly its praises in songs they proclaim.

In all Christian churches this name is ador'd,
As their shield and glory, with cheerful accord;
And there 'tis declar'd the help of distress'd,
The hope of the hopeless, and ease of oppress'd.

The church of the first-born, with angels of light,
Shall sound forth its praises with endless delight;
But fully unfolded it can be by none,
Save Jesus among them, the Father's own Son.

SONG 317. C. M.

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

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

There gen'rous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er these wide, extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

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

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!

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

SONG 318. C. M.

Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts
Be troubled or dismay'd:
But trust in God your Father's care
And trust my gracious aid.

I to my Father's house return;
There num'rous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.

I go your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your friend, am there.

Thence shall I come when ages close,
To take you home with me;
There shall we meet to part no more,
Where sorrows ne'er shall be.

I am the Way, the Truth, the Life;
No son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
Shall see my Father's face.

SONG 319. C. M.

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

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

O Lamb of God! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd sons of God
Be sav'd—to sin no more.

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.

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

SONG 320. P. M.

Let others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honors here I crave,
Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

Jesus, my elder brother, lives;
With him I, too, shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.

When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou, too, my soul, shall shine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough!—I wait th' appointed day—
Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away!

SONG 321. L. M.

Earth has a joy unknown in heav'n—
The new-born joy of sins forgiv'n!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
O angels! never dimm'd your sight.

You saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
You know where morn exulting springs,
And ev'ning folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands you fulfil;
Or, thron'd in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

Loud is the song—the heav'nly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
You on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine shall bear.

SONG 322. C. M.

Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eye the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

Down from his shining throne above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

SONG 323. C. M.

Bless'd be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

What though the first man's sin requires
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away!

Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall take us home.

SONG 324. P. M.

WHEN the King of kings comes,
When the Lord of lords comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the nations broken down,
And kingdoms once of great renown,
And saints now suff'ring wear the crown,
When the King of kings comes.

When the trump of God calls,
When the last of foes falls;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the saints rais'd from the dead
And all together gathered,
And made like to their glorious Head,
When the King of kings comes.

When the foe's distress comes,
When the church's rest comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the New Jerusalem,
Its fulness and its matchless frame,
Surpassing all report and fame,
When the King of kings comes.

When the world's course is run,
When the judgment is begun;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:

To see the sons of God well known,
All spotless to their Father shown,
And Jesus all his brethren own,
When the King of kings comes.

When the Lord of heav'n comes,
When the host of heav'n comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the righteous cause prevail,
And all debates decided well,
And all mouths stopp'd which lies do tell,
When the King of kings comes.

When our Lord in clouds comes,
When he with great power comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see all things by him restor'd,
And God himself alone ador'd
By all the saints with one accord,
When the King of kings comes.

SONG 325. L. M.

On Sion's glorious summit stood
A num'rous host redeem'd by blood;
They hymn'd their King in strains divine:
I heard the song, and strove to join.

Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss for ever new
Rise in succession to their view.

Here Mary and Manasseh view,
The dying thief, and Abrah'm too;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy, their song the same.

O sweet employ to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!

O what a sweet, exalted song,
When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there!

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And praise my great Redeemer there.

SONG 326. C. M.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes!
The former seas have pass'd away,
The former earth and skies.

From heav'n the New Jerus'lem comes,
All worthy of its Lord;
See all things now at last renew'd,
And Paradise restor'd.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!

The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
He dwells with men; his people they,
And he his people's God.

His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.

O may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
With blessings on our head!

SONG 327. C. M.

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from suff'rings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb that sits upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

SONG 328. L. M.

My Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweet union prove;
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

Your presence' sweet, our union dear,
What joys we feel together here!
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath are we 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 pilgrims in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.

My Christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on;
Press on, and soon you'll win the prize—
A crown of glory in the skies.

A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

O blessed day! O glorious hope!
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

SONG 329. C. M.

Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Celestial land! could our weak eyes
But half thy charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more:

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no place obtains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns!

No cloud these blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of ev'ry woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

SONG 330. C. M.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints in glory reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

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

Yet tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

When I ascend where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Can fright me from the shore.

SONG 331. C. M.

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

Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

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

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

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

Songs for Christian Children.

SONG 332. C. M.

Happy the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young,
Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
And make our virtues strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

O let the work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath:
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

SONG 333. C. M.

Come, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youngest days,
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

His Majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

He loves to be remember'd thus,
And honor'd for his grace;
Out of the mouth of babes like us,
His wisdom perfects praise.

Glory to God, and praise, and pow'r,
Honor and thanks be giv'n!
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heav'n.

SONG 334. S. M.

Hail, gracious heav'nly Prince!
To thee let children fly:
And on thy kindest providence
O may we all rely.

Jesus will take the young
Beneath his special care;
And he will keep their youthful days
From ev'ry woe and snare.

He knows their tender frame,
Nor will their youth contemn;
For he a little child became,
To love and pity them.

Nor does he now forget
His youthful days on earth:
Nor would we ever cease our praise
For the Redeemer's birth.

SONG 335. C. M.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

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

SONG 336. L. M.

This is a precious book indeed!
Happy the child that loves to read!
'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n
To show our souls the way to heav'n!

It tells us how the world was made;
And how good men the Lord obey'd;
Here his commands are written, too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die:
It points to heav'n, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

But, what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us Jesus died!
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

Be thankful, children, that you may
Read this good Bible ev'ry day:
'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n
To show your souls the way to heav'n.

SONG 337. C. M.

YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy seat.

For, when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
And so he says to me.

Though now he is not here below,
But on his heavenly hill,
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleas'd that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smil'd;
O, then, he will not frown on me,
Because I am a child.

For, as so many years ago,
Poor babes his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

Then, while this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessings pour,
Lord Jesus, on my head!

SONG 338. C. M.

Let children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say,
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

Have we not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him who breaks his father's law
Or mocks his mother's word?

But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG 339. C. M.

Children of old hosannas sang
To praise the Saviour's name;
We too would join our infant song,
To celebrate his fame.

Chief priests and scribes were sore displeas'd
That children thus should sing;
But Jesus own'd their early praise,
And we our praises bring.

We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, and food, and friends:
We bless him for the word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.

God's sacred word we learn to know,
Where heav'nly wisdom lies;
Here, too, are kind instructions giv'n,
That teach us to be wise.

SONG 340. C. M.

How bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!

How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been!
And have with fervent, humble zeal
His favor sought to win!

Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will!
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide.

Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinc'd with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill;
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learned thy will.

So to thy sacred law shall I
All due observance pay;
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away!

SONG 341. C. M

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

SONG 342. C. M.

O IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—

Deep in thy soul, before its powers
  Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
  And character engrav'd ;—

Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
  The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
  Encompass all thy ways ;—

Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
  With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
  That now return no more.

True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
  In age will give thee rest ;
O, then, improve the morn of life,
  To make its evening blest.

SONG 343. C. M.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
  How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
  Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
  The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
  Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

SONG 344. C. M.

How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

SONG 345. 7's and 6's.

"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,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

"Remember thy Creator,"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear:
He cries who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

Miscellany.

SONG 346. 12's and 11's.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Tho' darkness and sorrow encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love was thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave, and we no longer
deplore thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side:
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
thee,
And this is our hope since the Saviour has died.

Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to
deplore thee,
When Christ was thy ransom, thy guardian, and
guide;
He bought thee, he took thee, and soon will re-
store thee,
Where death has no power, since thy Saviour
has died.

SONG 347. S. M.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from ev'ry eye.

The Son of God in tears,
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

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

SONG 348. C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me.

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Confiding, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy presence, gracious Lord, impart,
Direct me from above,
May thy dear name be near my heart,
That dear, best name is Love.

SONG 349. C. M.

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

No tranquil joys on earth I view,
No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe—
This world is not my home.

To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for refuge to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

When by affliction sorely tried
I view the open'd tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

SONG 350. C. M.

While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour,
With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy guiding hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

My lifted eyes, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see,
My steadfast heart, without a fear,
Shall find repose in thee.

SONG 351. L. M.

God from the dead has rais'd his Son;
Death and the pow'rs of hell are spoil'd;
Justice declares the work is done,
And God and man are reconcil'd.

Christians, for whom the Lord was slain,
Give to his name the glory due;
O let his love your hearts constrain
To live for him who died for you.

Earth's empty toys no more esteem,
Your minds from worldly thoughts remove;
Let your affections rise with him,
And set your hearts on things above.

SONG 352. L. M.

The food on which thy children live,
Great God, is thine alone to give;
And we, for grace receiv'd, would raise
A sacred song of love and praise.

How fast, how full, how rich, how free,
Bless'd Jesus, thy rich treasures be!
To the full fountain of our joys,
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

For this we wait upon thee, Lord;
For this we listen to thy word;
Descend like gentle show'rs of rain,
Nor let our souls attend in vain.

SONG 353. 8's and 6's.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a tear for souls distress'd,
A balm for ev'ry wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
When storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heav'n.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees ev'ning shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn—of heav'n.

SONG 354. 7's.

Hail the day that saw him rise,
Ravish'd from his people's eyes;
Christ, a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n.
There the splendid triumph waits—
"Lift your heads, you heav'nly gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in."

He, whom highest heav'n receives,
Ever loves the friends he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls his saints his own;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Near himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

Taken from our eyes to-day,
Master, hear us when we pray;
See thy needy servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee:

Grant, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Follow thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when the Lord shall come,
Longing, reaching after home;
There for ever to remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

SONG 355. C. M.

MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

How vain are all our fancy's flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

This faith shall ev'ry fear control
By its celestial pow'r;
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

SONG 356. C. M.

FATHER of all, we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd,
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

For ever hallow'd be thy name
By all beneath the skies;
And let thy kingdom still advance
Till grace to glory rise.

A grateful homage let us yield,
With hearts resign'd to thee;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still;
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented with thy will.

Our sins before thee we confess;
O may we be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from heav'n!

Still let thy grace our lives direct,
From evil guard our way,
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

SONG 357. 7's.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids 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!

SONG 358. L. M.

Let thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, blest Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him my life, my all receive;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.

Christ is my everlasting all;
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my ev'ry want supply
In time and through eternity.

Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain;
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

SONG 359. C. M.

Dear brethren, come, draw near to God,
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And just are all his ways.

All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonder of his love.

He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

SONG 360. C. M.

My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

SONG 361. C. M.

Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands your zeal,
And an immortal crown.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To mine aspiring eye.

A cloud of witnesses around
Holds thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet
We'll lay our honors down.

SONG 362. C. M.

GREAT GOD, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.

To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

SONG 363. S. M.

THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Amidst their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.

But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Throughout the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near its root,
Fresh as a leaf his name shall live;
His works are heav'nly fruit.

Not so th' ungodly men;
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff,
Before the driving wind.

How will they bear to stand
Before the judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go,
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

SONG 364. S. M.

LORD, we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away,
To realms of light and bliss.

There rapt'rous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And ev'ry pain, and tear and sigh,
Be drown'd in endless night.

Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness!
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In ev'ning shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

SONG 365. S. M.

This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years;
And all *that* life is love.

There is a death whose pang
  Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
  Around that awful death!

Lord God of truth and grace,
  Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
  And evermore undone.

SONG 366. L. M.

Hosanna to the Church's Head,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in sweat and blood!

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood;
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood.

Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey his sacred word;
He died and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

SONG 367. L. M.

IMMORTAL GOD! on thee we call,
The great original of all!
Through thee we are, to thee we tend,
Our sure support, our glorious end.

We praise thy wise, mysterious grace,
That pitied our revolted race,
And Jesus, our great cov'nant head,
The Captain of salvation made.

Thy justice doom'd that he should die,
Who for our sins would satisfy;
His death was therefore fix'd of old,
And in thy word of truth foretold.

A scene of wonders here we see,
Worthy thy Son, and worthy thee;
And while this theme employs our tongues,
All heav'n unites its sweetest songs.

SONG 368. L. M.

"'TIS FINISH'D," the Redeemer cries,
Then lowly bows his fainting head;
And soon th' expiring sacrifice
Sinks to the regions of the dead.

'Tis done—the mighty work is done!
For men or angels much too great;
Which none but God's almighty Son,
Or would attempt, or could complete.

'Tis done—old things are pass'd away,
And a new state of things begun;
A kingdom which shall ne'er decay,
But shall outlast the circling sun.

A new account of time begins;
Now our dear Lord resumes his breath;
Charg'd with our sorrows and our sins,
Our lives to ransom by his death.

Once he was dead, but now he reigns,
He lives, he lives, he lives again;
Let's tell our joys in pious strains,
And spread the glory of his name.

SONG 369. L. M.

Not all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

To them the privilege is giv'n
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n;
Sons of God, who reigns on high,
And heirs of God beyond the sky.

On them, a happy, chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace;
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.

Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

If I've the honor, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow
To call thee Abba, Father, too.

So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love;
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

SONG 370. 7's.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

SONG 371. C. M.

Rejoice, believers in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid in Christ your God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.

As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

SONG 372. C. M.

Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

But, Lord, thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till ev'ry tribe and ev'ry soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

O when shall Afric's sable sons
  Enjoy the heav'nly word,
And vassals, long enslav'd, become
  The freemen of the Lord?

When shall the untutor'd heathen tribes,
  A dark, bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
  And learn and see his grace?

Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform
  Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
  The vulture to a dove!

Smile, Lord, on ev'ry effort, made
  To spread the gospel rays,
And build on sin's demolish'd thrones
  The temples of thy peace!

SONG 373. C. M.

Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
  And lift your souls above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord
  To sing that God is love.

This precious truth this world declares,
  And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears
  To show that God is love.

Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
  Thunders his dreadful name!
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
  The honors of the Lamb.

In all his doctrines and commands,
  His counsels and designs,
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd,
  His love supremely shines.

Angels and men the news proclaim,
  Through earth and heav'n above,
The joyful and transporting news,
  That God, the Lord, is love!

SONG 374. C. M.

Lord, in thy presence here we meet;
  May we in thee be found!
O make the place divinely sweet,
  O let thy grace abound!

To-day the order of thy house
  We would in peace maintain;
We would renew our solemn vows,
  And heav'nly strength regain.

Thy spirit, gracious Lord, impart;
  Our faith and hope increase;
Display thy love in ev'ry heart,
  And keep us all in peace.

Let no discordant passions rise
To mar the work of love;
But hold us in those heav'nly ties
That bind the saints above.

With harmony and union bless,
That we may own to thee
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis,
When brethren all agree.

May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do,
May glorify thy name.

SONG 375. C. M.

How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair;
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

Blest Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

SONG 376. 11's.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo! self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

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

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.

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

SONG 377. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

SWEET the moment, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the dying sinner's friend;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
From the dying sinner's friend.

Truly blessed is our station,
Low before his cross we lie;
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

May we still enjoy this feeling,
Still to our Redeemer go,
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly known,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
From the dying sinner's friend.

SONG 378. L. M.

WE'VE no abiding city here:
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

We've no abiding city here;
Sad truth were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here:
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name; we'll soon be there;
It shines with everlasting light.

Zion! Jehovah is her strength!
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

O sweet abode of peace and love!
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to thee and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

SONG 379. 7's.

Lo! the stone is roll'd away;
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

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

Ev'ry note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumphs tell;
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king?

Let Immanuel be ador'd,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let th' eternal praise resound.

SONG 380. 7's and 6's.

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
Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb!
But the children shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

SONG 381. 6's and 8's.

To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God doth prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.

To Him whose wondrous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.

By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns at his command
Were to perfection brought.

He spreads the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand.

Through heav'n he does display
His num'rous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.

He does the food supply
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give:
For God will prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.

SONG 382. 6's and 8's.

God struck the first-born dead
Of Egypt's stubborn land;
And thence his people led
With his resistless hand:
For God doth prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.

By him the raging sea,
As if in pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle way,
Through which his people went.

Where soon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his host,
Who, daring to pursue,
Were in the billows lost.

Through deserts vast and wild
He led the chosen seed;
And famous princes foil'd,
And made great monarchs bleed.

Sihon, whose potent hand
Great Ammon's sceptre sway'd;
And Og, whose stern command
Rich Bashan's land obey'd.

And, of his wondrous grace,
Their lands whom he destroy'd
He gave to Israel's race,
To be by them enjoy'd.

He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favor thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought:
For God will prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.

SONG 383. C. M.

O THOU my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all this wilderness.

'Tis thine outstretch'd and pow'rful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of ev'ry day.

For such compassion, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassion I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

SONG 384. L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing my great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!

Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death !

Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies !

SONG 385. 9's and 8's.

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

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.

There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode ;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell;
For there is the palace of God !

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.

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.
That blissful place, &c.

SONG 386. L. M.

Hosanna to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth!

Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage,
Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

SONG 387. P. M.

Among the mountain trees
The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of woe;
A voice of grief was on the gale,
It came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

It was the Saviour's prayer
That on the silence broke,
Imploring strength from heav'n to bear
The sin-avenging stroke,
As in Gethsemane he knelt,
And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

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 rais'd his voice to God.

The chosen three that stay'd
  Their nightly watch to keep,
Left him through sorrows deep to wade,
  And gave themselves to sleep:
Meekly and sad he pray'd alone;
Strangely forgotten by his own.

Along the streamlet's banks
  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.

Among the mountain trees
  The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
  Were harmonies of woe,
For cruel voices fill'd the gale
That came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

SONG 388. L. M.

LORD, what is man? Extremes how wide
  In this mysterious nature join!
The flesh to worms and dust allied,
  The soul immortal and divine.

Divine at first, a holy flame
Kindled by heav'n's inspiring breath;
Till sin, with pow'r prevailing, came;
Then follow'd darkness, shame, and death.

But Jesus, O amazing grace!
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

Now what is man when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood!
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth and walks with God.

And what, in yonder realms above,
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be!
With honor, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.

Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
While wand'ring angels round him throng
And swell the chorus of his praise.

SONG 389. 11's.

Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam;
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
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 beholding, amaz'd at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.

O garden of Olives! thou dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!

Come saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

SONG 390. C. M.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eyes,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the skies.

There's not a plant or flow'r below
  But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
  By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
  Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
  But God is present there.

In heav'n he shines with beams of love;
  With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
  And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard:
  He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
  Who is for ever nigh.

SONG 391. L. M.

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

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

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

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

SONG 392. L. M.

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name—

If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

SONG 393. L. M.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring 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.

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.

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 peril's o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

SONG 394. C. M.

How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed place, by Heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at last.

There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

All, levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth
To meet their final doom.

O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head.

SONG 395. 7's.

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 is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

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 defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of Peace and Righteousness;
Most unworthy, Lord, I am,
Thou art full of love and grace.

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

SONG 396. S. M.

My Son, know thou the Lord;
Thy Father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian care by day.

Call, while he may be found;
O seek him while he's near!
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry,
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heav'n,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiv'n.

SONG 397. C. M.

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable—divine!

These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind,
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

No more, believer, mourn thy lot;
O thou who art the Lord's!
Resign to those who know him not
Such joys as earth affords.

SONG 398. L. M.

All other sounds discordant seem,
Compar'd with mercy's heav'nly song;
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along.

O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience rest;
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest.

May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with chords of love!
Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

SONG 399. C. M.

"Come unto me," the Saviour cries,
All ye by sin oppress'd;
Confess my name before the world,
And I will give you rest.

Assume my mild and easy yoke,
And by obedience prove
Your heart's devotion to my cause,
Your gratitude and love.

In meekness strive to do my will,
All other teachers flee;
Lay ev'ry earthly trust aside,
And learn alone of me.

The stores of wisdom all are mine,
And to each trustful heart,
Treasures of knowledge, deep and pure,
I gladly will impart.

I am of meek and lowly heart,
And those who follow me
Must cast all lofty pride away,
And learn humility.

Through life, then, humbly follow on;
In death, lean on my breast;
Fear not the dark and gloomy grave,
Beyond it lies your rest.

SONG 400. L. P. M.

Let all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

He fram'd the globe; he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

SONG 401. L. M.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand:
The voice that marshall'd ev'ry star
Has call'd thy people from afar.

We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

Our pray'rs assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wand'ring spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

SONG 402. 7's and 6's.

O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!

How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her wall again.

Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fetter'd heart.

Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

SONG 403. L. M.

O THOU, who once on Israel's ground
A homeless wanderer wast found,—
Redeemer, on thy heav'nly throne,
Still call those ancient tribes thine own.

Bid their departed light return;
Thy holy splendor round them burn;
From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
A living temple to thy praise.

SONG 404. S. M.

LORD, send thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east and west, from south and north,
Let all the wand'rers come.

Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid ev'ry creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

An off'ring to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
And wash'd with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.

With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the promises fulfill'd,—
Thy family complete.

SONG 405. L. M.

JOIN, ev'ry tongue, to praise the Lord
All nature rests upon his word;
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.

Seasons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Enrich'd with fruit, and dress'd in flow'rs.

Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
In all the earth thy glories shine;
Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

SONG 406. 7's.

Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heav'nly King.

Blessings from his lib'ral hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,—
Never feel oppression's rod,—
Ever own and worship God.

Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

SONG 407. 6's and 4's.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forest and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

SONG 408. C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

SONG 409. C. M.

To HIM from whom our blessings flow,
Who all our wants supplies,
This day the choral song and vow
From grateful hearts shall rise.

'Twas he who led the pilgrim band
Across the stormy sea;
'Twas he who stay'd the tyrant's hand,
And set our country free.

When shiv'ring on a strand unknown,
In sickness and distress,
Our Fathers look'd to God alone,
To save, protect, and bless.

Be thou our nation's strength and shield,
In manhood as in youth;
Thine arm for our protection wield,
And guide us by thy truth.

SONG 410. C. M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of ev'ry clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

O guard our shores from ev'ry foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosp'rous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

SONG 411. L. M.

LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

Let ev'ry public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let ev'ry peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

SONG 412. C. M.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heav'nly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

SONG 413. C. M.

When brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the op'ning year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their off'ring raise.

The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heav'n's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

No winter there, no shades of night,
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

SONG 414. 8's and 7's.

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—

"Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

"What though yet no losses grieve you,—
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place."

On the tree of life eternal
Let your highest hopes be stay'd:
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

SONG 415. C. M.

Stern Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

Return, O blissful sun, and bring
  Thy soul-reviving ray:
This mental winter shall be spring,
  This darkness cheerful day.

O happy state! divine abode,
  Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
  Fills all the heav'nly plains.

Great Source of light, thy beams display,
  My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
  Where winter frowns no more.

SONG 416. C. M.

And now, my soul, another year
  Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
  And this may be my last.

Much of my hasty life is gone,
  Nor will return again:
And swift my passing moments run,
  The few that yet remain.

Awake, my soul; with utmost care
  Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
  What is thy great concern?

Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

SONG 417. 5's and 12's.

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

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.

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

SONG 418. L. M.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The op'ning year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God:
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

SONG 419. C. M.

How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
We, like a story, or a song,
Do pass our lives away.

God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

Draw us, O God, with thy rich grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

SONG 420. C. M.

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

A span is all that we can boast;
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

What can I wish, or wait for then,
From creatures—earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

SONG 421. S. M.

Our fathers! where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares,
Their wealth and honor, gone!

But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

Of all the sainted dead,
  May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
  We dwell before thy face.

SONG 422. S. M.

O WHERE shall rest be found—
  Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
  Or pierce to either pole.

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.

Beyond this vale of tears
  There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years;
  And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang
  Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
  Around the second death!

Lord God of truth and grace,
  Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
  And evermore undone.

SONG 423. C. M.

Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love his Son.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace:
No wanton lip, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
And none shall gain admittance there
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

SONG 424. C. M.

There is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies;
Oppress'd with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes.

'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppress'd,
Is tranquil and serene.

Discord and strife are banish'd thence,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

Farewell to earth and earthly things:
In vain they tempt my stay;
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.

SONG 425. C. M.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart;
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love;
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heav'nly choir.

SONG 426. C. M.

THERE is an hour of hallow'd peace
For those with care oppress'd,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hush'd to rest.

'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

SONG 427. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

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

While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Ev'ry language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

O 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlight'ning
Who in death and darkness lay.

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

SONG 428. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well belov'd.

God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

SONG 429. 7's and 5's.

ONWARD speed thy conqu'ring flight;
Angel, onward speed;
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy,
Spread the gospel's holy trust,
Spread the gospel's joy.

Onward speed thy conq'ring flight;
Angel, onward haste;
Quickly on each mountain's height
Be thy standard plac'd;
Let thy blissful tidings float
Far o'er vale and hill,
Till the sweetly-echoing note
Every bosom thrill.
Onward speed thy conq'ring flight;
Angel, onward fly;
Long has been the reign of night;
Bring the morning nigh:
'Tis to thee the heathen lift
Their imploring wail;
Bear them Heaven's holy gift,
Ere their patience fail.
Onward speed thy conq'ring flight;
Angel, onward speed;
Morning bursts upon our sight—
'Tis the time decreed:
Jesus now his kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall,
And the joyous song awakes,
"God is all in all."

SONG 430. 7's and 6's.

Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To ev'ry land below.

Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destin'd shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's deep shade no more.

O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm.

O be thy presence with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
O be they still with thee!

SONG 431. C. M.

Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For ev'ry pain I feel.

But, O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

SONG 432. S. M.

All you that have confess'd
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people join'd yourselves,
According to his word:—

In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your pray'r.

With humbleness of mind,
Among her sons rejoice:
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God of highest price.

Never offend, nor grieve
Your brethren by the way;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

In all your Saviour's ways
With willing footsteps move;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

SONG 433. C. M.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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.

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

SONG 434. S. M.

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

Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace led our wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

SONG 435. L. M.

Hail! morning known among the blest!
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heav'nly peace and holy rest;
Pledge of the endless rest above.

Bless'd be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead has brought his Son!
Hope to the lost was then restor'd,
And everlasting glory won.

Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day!

Mercy look'd down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high,
And hope with gladness rais'd her head.

God's goodness let us bear in mind,
Who to his saints this day has giv'n,
For rest and serious joy design'd,
To fit us for the bliss of heav'n.

SONG 436. C. M.

In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, you much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

Through trials and through suff'rings too,
I'll go at his command:
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
Hinder me not—come, welcome death—
I'll gladly go with thee.

SONG 437. 8's and 6's.

COME, let us sing the coming fate
Of mystic Babylon the Great—
Her doom is drawing near:
Jesus now comes on earth to reign,
His cause and people to maintain—
For them he'll soon appear.

Before him flows a fiery stream,
The heav'ns above with lightnings gleam,
A thousand thunders roar:
A heav'nly host with him descends,
His voice to all the earth extends,
His saints now grieve no more.

Eclips'd by glory so divine,
Sun, moon, and stars refuse to shine,
The spheres now cease to roll:
Earth, wrapt in darkness deep as night,
With horror stricken at the sight,
Now quakes from pole to pole.

Angels of light, at his command,
Ten thousand times ten thousand, stand
Waiting his voice to hear:
The fiery cherubs spread their wings,
The heav'n with loud hosannas rings,
While all his saints draw near.

The day of recompense has come,
His people all are gath'ring home,
With joy they hear his voice:
The promis'd curse, the threaten'd woes
Combin'd, now fall upon his foes,
The martyrs all rejoice.

She who the Twelve Apostles griev'd,
And by her sorceries deceiv'd
All nations of the world,
Now looks with anguish at their bliss,
Then sinks into the vast abyss,
To endless ruin hurl'd.

The living saints, and all the dead,
Now gather round their glorious head,
And reign with him below,
An endless age of perfect peace,
Of love, and joy, and righteousness,
Exempt from ev'ry woe.

Then let us keep the end in view,
And ever on our way pursue,
The crown is yet before:
A few short days the conflict's done,
The battle's fought, the prize is won,
And we shall toil no more.

SONG 438. 8's and 4's.

HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the earth the echo bounds!
For Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God;
And guides them safely by his word,
To endless day.

Hail! all-victorious, conq'ring Lord!
Be thou by all thy works ador'd!
Who undertook for sinful men,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might ever reign
In endless day.

Fight on, you conq'ring souls, fight on
Until the conquest you have won!
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
In endless day.

There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

SONG 439. C. M.

He who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The Lord of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide
With sure, unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sov'reign will.

While harps unnumber'd sound his praise
In yonder worlds above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

This land through which his pilgrims go
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.

When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this high Rock for rest they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious he, how happy they
In such a gen'rous friend,
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

SONG 440. 8's.

How shall I my Saviour set forth?
  How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
  Or what his chief dignities are?

His angels can never express,
  Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace—
  No—this is a secret unknown.

In him all the fulness of God
  For ever transcendently shines!
Though once like a mortal he stood
  To finish his gracious designs.

Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
  Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
  Eternal his kingdom shall be.

O sinners! believe and adore
  This Saviour so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
  The treasures of goodness in him.

Come, all you who see yourselves lost,
  And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd;
  Obey, and your peace shall begin.

He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here's pardon, here's grace—yea, and more,
Here's glory eternal at last.

SONG 441. C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd:
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

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.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath,
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

SONG 442. C. M.

Through all the dangers of the night,
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.

Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

Let us ne'er turn away from thee;
Blest Saviour, hold us fast,
Till, with immortal eyes, we see
Thy glorious face at last.

SONG 443. *6 times* 8.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
  Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
  And immortality endures.

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' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
  And none shall find his promise vain.

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 pris'ner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he gives me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
  Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
  And immortality endures.

SONG 444. 8's and 6's.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my wand'ring heart
All taken up in thee!
O may I daily live to prove
The sweetness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

God only knows the love of God;
O may it now be shed abroad
To cheer my fainting heart!
I want to feel that love divine;
This heav'nly portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice.

O that I might with happy John
Recline my weary head upon
The bless'd Redeemer's breast!
From care, and fear, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

SONG 445. L. M.

The Lord of lords and King of kings
In realms of bliss exalted reigns;
Ah! who can touch the trembling strings,
And hymn his praise with equal strains?

The grandeur of his works may show,
In beams of lasting, heav'nly light,
To all who love their radiant glow,
The wisdom of his boundless might.

But, Zion, on thy portals fair,
His wondrous name resplendent shines,
And ev'ry child of wisdom there
Shall read it in the clearest lines.

Yes, there we learn that God is love!
The lucid truth let angel choirs
(Circling the shining throne above)
Resound upon their golden lyres.

With deep astonishment they saw
Immanuel, the Virgin's son!
And heard, with fix'd and sacred awe,
The Lord of glory cry, 'Tis done!

But quit the endless theme, my soul,
And wait resign'd a brighter day,
Above mortality's control,
To wake a more enraptur'd lay.

The crown of life, the harp of gold,
And palm of vict'ry, all proclaim,
That nobler songs shall yet unfold
The glories of Jehovah's name.

SONG 446. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heav'n,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day.

SONG 447. 7's and 8's.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where peace and joy for ever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since the Saviour found me,
A lamp has shone along my way.

My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God,
And like a faithful soldier,
I'll march along the heav'nly road:
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the host of Satan,
Until I reach the heav'nly field.

Jordan shall not affright me,
Although 'tis deeper than the grave;
If Jesus stand beside me,
I'll smoothly ride upon its wave.
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His word has cheer'd the gloomy vale;
O may this friend be with me
When through the gates of death I sail.

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

SONG 448. 8's and 6's.

The Son of Man they did betray;
He was condemn'd, and led away,
Think, O my soul, on that dread day,
Look on Mount Calvary;
Behold him, lamb-like, led along
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accus'd by ev'ry lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.

Now, hung between the earth and skies,
Behold! in agony he dies;
O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
Come, see his tort'ring pain!
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refus'd to view the sight,
The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd, and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

All glory be to God on high,
Who reigns enthron'd above the sky;
Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
Glory to him be giv'n:
While heav'n above his praise resounds,
O Zion, sing—his grace abounds;
I hope to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love that knows no bounds,
When glorified in heav'n.

SONG 449. L. M.

My God, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice.

No more let my ungrateful heart
One moment from thy praise depart;
But live and sing, in sweet accord,
The glories of my sov'reign Lord.

Jesus! thou hope of glory, come,
And make my heart thy constant home;
Through all the remnant of my days,
O let me speak and live thy praise!

In thine embrace I then would die,
And rise to worlds of endless joy,
When Christ the Lord in clouds shall come,
And Michael's trump shall rend my tomb.

SONG 450. L. M.

'Tis darkness here, but Jesus smiles,
His presence ev'ry pain beguiles;
He has the wine that cheers the soul,
The oil that makes the wounded whole.

While silence reigns as in the tomb,
And midnight spreads her deepest gloom;
Come, let our tongues an anthem raise,
And sing our great Physician's praise.

Though fast our feet within these stocks,
Our hands secur'd with num'rous locks,
No iron chains our thoughts can bind,
There are no fetters for the mind.

Though we are bound, the word is free,
The truth cannot imprison'd be;
The word shall visit ev'ry land,
Though kings and people all withstand.

The word of life which Jesus sent,
Jails, chains, and swords cannot prevent;
Man cannot keep the world in night,
For God has said, Let there be light.

To Jesus let our praise ascend,
His care for us shall never end;
He felt our griefs, he bore our pains,
His blood has wash'd us from our stains.

No—'tis our choice to bear his cross;
For him all things we count but loss;
Our joy, for him to suffer shame;
Our honor, still to bear his name.

One smile from him all pain repays,
One word of peace all grief allays;
With him in glory to appear
Will compensate our suff'rings here.

His presence now this prison cheers,
Relieves our pains, dispels our fears;
His presence, then, our heads will crown
With endless glory and renown.

SONG 451. 8's and 7's.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

SONG 452. P. M.

WHO has our report believed?
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own;
Promis'd branch from root of Jesse,
David's offspring sent to bless you,
Comes too lowly to be known.

Tell me, O you favor'd nation!
What is your fond expectation—
Some fair-spreading, lofty tree?
Let not worldly pride confound you;
'Mong the lowly plants around you,
Mark the lowest—that is he!

Like a tender plant that's growing,
Where no waters friendly flowing,
No kind rains refresh the ground;
Drooping, dying, you shall view him,
See no charms to draw you to him;
There no beauty will be found.

Lo! Messiah unrespected!
Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected!
Wounds his form disfiguring:
Marr'd his visage more than any;
For he bears the sins of many,
All our sorrows carrying.

No deceit his mouth had spoken,
Blameless—he no law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the worst;
For, because the Lord would grieve him,
You who saw it did believe him
For his own offences curs'd.

But while him your thoughts accused,
He for our offence was bruised;
Yes, for us the victim bled,
With his stripes our wounds are cured,
By his pains our peace secured,
Purchas'd with the blood he shed.

Death our portion, slaves in spirit,
He redeem'd us by his merit
To a glorious liberty;
Dearly first his goodness bought us,
Truth and love then sweetly taught us,
Truth and love have made us free.

Glory be to God who gave us—
Freely gave—his Son to save us!
Glory to the Son who came!
Honor, blessing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
Be to God and to the Lamb!

SONG 453. 11's and 8's.

O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep
To feed on the pastures of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

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

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

This is my beloved; his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow
That water the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

Love sits on his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

SONG 454. 12's and 11's.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
When bless'd 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 rang'd on each hand;
And that richest of books, which excell'd ev'ry other,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand:
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at ev'ning could yield us delight;
And the pray'r of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety thro' night:

Our hymn of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of the family band,
Has rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the stand:
The old-fashion'd 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 I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand!
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand;
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

Baptismal Selections.

(From the Baptist Psalmist.)

All power is given unto me
in | heaven . . and in | earth;
Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations,—
baptizing them in the name of the Father,—
and of the | Son . . and | Ho . . ly | Ghost.

Repent, and be baptized, every | one . . of | you,
In the name of Christ,
| for the . . re- | mission . . of | sins.

He that believeth and is baptized,
shall be saved;—
And now why | tarri..est | thou?
Arise, and be baptized,—and wash away
thy sins,—calling on the
name of the Lord;—for thus it
becometh | us..to ful- | fil..all | righteous-
ness.

They who gladly received the
word | were..bap- | tized;
And they of Jerusalem—were baptized in the
river | Jordan,..con- | fessing..their | sins.

Buried with Christ by baptism into death,—
they rise in the likeness
of his | res..ur- | rection,
To walk in newness of life,—
and | go..on their | way..re- | joicing.

For as many as have been baptized into Christ,
—have | put..on | Christ.
Therefore glorify God in your body,—
and in your | spirit,..which | are= | God's.

Blessed are they
that | do..his com- | mandments.
Great peace have they who love thy law,—
and nothing | shall..of- | fend= | them.

Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations to observe
all things, whatsoever I have
com- | mand..ed | you.
And lo! I am with you always,—
even | unto..the | end..of the | world.

2.

JESUS cometh from Galilee to Jordan,—
unto John, to | be . . bap- | tized . . of | him.
And Jesus, when he was baptized,—went
up | straight . . way | out . . of the | water.

See, here is water;—what doth
hinder | me . . to | be . . bap- | tized?
If thou believest
with | all . . thy | heart, . . thou | mayest.

Can any man forbid water,
that | these . . should not | be . . bap- | tized,
Which have received the
Holy | Ghost . . as | well . . as | we?

When they believed the things
concerning the kingdom of God,—
and the | name . . of | Je . . sus | Christ,
They were
bap- | tized, . . both | men . . and | women.

3.

WHILE in this sacred rite of thine,
We | yield . . our | spir . . its | now,
Shine o'er the waters, love divine,
And | seal . . the | cheer . . ful | vow.

All glory be to Him whose life
For | ours . . was | free . . ly | given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And | makes . . us | meet . . for | heaven.

O may we die to earth and sin,
Be- | neath . . the | mys . . tic | flood;
And when we rise, may we begin
To | live . . a- | new . . for | God.

4.

Our Saviour bow'd beneath the wave,
And meekly | sought..a | wa..t'ry | grave:
Come, see the sacred path he trod—
A path well | pleas..ing | to..our | God.

Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless | glo..ries | round..him | shine;
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of | God,..for | sin..ners | slain.

THE END.

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