





3 9077 04069425 2

Abraham C. Bangs
Tummersville

PSALMS, HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS,
SELECTED FOR THE USE OF
THE UNITED CHURCHES OF CHRIST,
COMMONLY CALLED
FREEWILL BAPTIST,
AND FOR
Saints of all Denominations.

BY JOHN BUZZELL,
Minister of the Gospel.

“I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.”...1 Cor. xiv. 15.

SECOND NEW-YORK EDITION.

ROCHESTER:
PRINTED BY HOYT, PORTER & CO.

1831.

Edwin Sy 6-9-38 R.VB

P R E F A C E.

TO THE READER.

THE frequent and repeated solicitations of my brethren and friends, for several years past, to publish a Hymn Book for the use of the United Churches of Christ, (commonly called Freewill Baptist,) and for the use of saints in general; together with their liberal subscriptions for the same, has induced me to make and publish the following selection. And as it is intended as a standard work, not only for the use of the present, but if God shall please to bless it, for future generations, I have taken special care to make the selection from the most learned as well as the most pious authors; among whom, I have had particular recourse to the writings of the learned and pious Drs. Watts, Doddridge, Hart, Prude, Newton, and Belknap, together with those of the pious Allen, whose characters as poets have been long established, and whose names alone seem to be a sufficient recommendation of their works. I have also taken some from almost all the late collections, and have added a few original ones, which have been written with good intention by an unpolished pen. In making the

IV

PREFACE.

selections, I have, without respect of persons, chosen such Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, as appear to me to be the most spiritual and the most scriptural. I have also, in some instances, where the original was very long, made some abridgments, where I could do it without changing the sense of the author, for the sake of rendering the exercise more short and agreeable.— Long singing, like very long praying, long and powerless sermons and exhortations, frequently prove burdensome to waiting congregations, and render the instituted means irksome; which, if rightly used, and rightly timed, would always prove edifying and animating. In other cases, where the original was short, and the subject not fully explained, I have made some additions, so as to render it more conspicuous; and, in a few cases, where the subject was very good, and badly explained, I have taken the liberty to alter the phraseology in general, so as to make the sense plain and the subject clear to the understanding. I have also carefully avoided all unscriptural words and phrases, which excite animosity among Christians; and have substituted in their room, words more agreeable to scripture, and more congenial with the experience and feelings of saints in general.

For the accommodation of ministers, I have arranged the occasional hymns, so that on each occasion a number upon the same subject may be found near together. And for the accommodation of singers, I have marked the keys at the head of each hymn

PREFACE.

v

Sacred music, and social singing, have been practiced by the pious ever since the morning stars sang together; and the practice will doubtless be continued by saints and angels, when time shall be no longer. And where it is rightly performed in public assemblies or religious families, it forms a very noble and delightful part of the worship of God.

The lead of singing in public congregations should always, if possible, be among the brethren and sisters, and those whom they admit into the seat with them should be persons of good moral character and of decent behaviour at other times. And, whether the persons be professors or not, if they allow themselves to practice those enormities which God has forbidden in his word, such as drunkenness, profane swearing, lewdness, or allow themselves to make sport of religion, or of religious people, I should give it as my opinion, that it would not be best for them to go into the singing seats in public, till they repent of those sins. But I see no harm in admitting any person of good morals and decent behavior, who has a desire to join with the people of God in this noble exercise.

I should, however, recommend it to all who sing those solemn words, to strive to do it with all that awe and reverence of the Divine Being they are capable of.

With the above remarks, and my most fervent prayers to God, for his blessing, I now dedicate the following work to the public and private use of my

VI

PREFACE.

dear brethren and sisters of the United Churches of Christ, and to the pious of all denominations; ardently praying, that God may bless it, with every other means of grace, till his watchmen shall see eye to eye, and sing together in the heights of Zion, and the whole earth be full of his praise. J. B.

NOTE.—The Psalms taken from Dr. Watts, are generally referred to at the close of their title, and as they generally contain ascriptions of praise to Jesus Christ, they are ranked under the general title of Hymns, to prevent the inconvenience of setting the title at large at the head of each page.

N. B.—Psalms and Hymns adapted to the Sharp Key, are marked thus (*)—the Flat Key thus (b).

☞ For the accommodation of those who may wish to use Dr. Watts' Hymn Book, we have made a reference at the head of those Psalms and Hymns which are taken from his composition.—Thus, a. b. c. refer to the Books, in order, and the figures direct to the Hymns.

N O T I C E,

Another edition of this Hymn Book being required, the subscribers were appointed a Committee to superintend its publication by the Holland Purchase Freewill Baptist Minister's Annual Conference; in whose behalf it is published, and the profits of the same are to be at the disposal of said Conference for the support of itinerant Preachers in said connexion.

JAMES BIGNALL, HERMON JENKINS, SAMUEL WIRE, THOMAS PARKER, HIRAM WHICHER,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
--	---	-------------------

Note.—These Books may be obtained at HOYT, PORTER & CO'S BOOKSTORE, Rochester, and of the greater part of the FREEWILL BAPTIST PREACHERS in the State of New-York. Price, established by the Conference, 50 cents

H Y M N S.

HYMN 1. L. M. b. 47.

(*)

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake my soul, awake my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless praise proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God:
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes,
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

10

HYMN 2.

6 Oh may I live to reach the place.
 Where he unveils his lovely face !
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name on harps of gold.

HYMN 2. S. M. a. 3.

(*)

The nativity of Christ. Luke, i. 30, &c.—
 Luke, ii. 10.

1 **B**EHOOLD ! the grace appears ;
 The promise is fulfill'd ;
 Mary, the wond'rous virgin, bears,
 And Jesus is the child.

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 3.

11

- 7 "Glory to God on high !
 " And heavenly peace on earth ;
 " Good will to men, to angels joy, ,
 " At their Redeemer's birth."

HYMN 3. C. M.

(*)

The same.

- 1 " **S**HEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,
 " And send your fears away ;
 " News from the regions of the skies,
 " Salvation 's born to-day.
- 2 " Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
 " Comes down to dwell with you ;
 " To-day he makes his entrance here,
 " But not as monarchs do.
- 3 " No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
 " Nor royal shining things ;
 " A manger for his cradle stands,
 " And holds the King of kings.
- 4 " Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 " And see his humble throne ;
 " With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 " Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
 The heavenly armies throng :
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song :
- 6 " Glory to God, who reigns above,
 " Let peace surround the earth ;
 " Mortals shall know their Maker's love.
 " At their Redeemer's birth."

12

HYMN 4—5.

HYMN 4. C. M.

(*)

The same.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
All seated on the ground ; {by night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 “ Fear not,” said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind ;)
“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
“ To you and all mankind.
- 3 “ To you, in David's town, this day,
“ Is born of David's line,
“ A Savior, who is Christ the Lord ;
“ And this shall be the sign :
- 4 “ The heavenly babe you there shall find,
“ To human view display'd,
“ All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
“ And in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the seraph and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God,
And thus address'd their joyful song.
- 6 “ All glory be to God, on high,
“ And to the earth be peace :
“ Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
“ Begin and never cease.”

HYMN 5. P. M.

(*)

The same.

- 1 **H**ARK! glad tidings to the shepherds,
Joyful news the angels bring :

HYMN 5.

“ God himself in flesh hath enter’d,
 “ Jesus is the new-born King !
 “ Hail all glory ! hail all glory !
 “ Let the whole creation sing.”

2 Shepherds start from midnight slumber,
 See the glory shining round ;
 Gazing on the blaze, they wonder !
 ‘Till they ‘re prostrate on the ground.
 Hallelujahs, Hallelujahs,
 By the seraphs doth resound.

3 “ Fear not, shepherds,” saith the angel,
 “ Banish sorrow from your eyes :
 For in Bethlehem’s coarse manger,
 God, a spotless infant lies !
 See Jehovah ! see Jehovah !
 Veil’d in flesh below the skies.

4 Haste away, ye eastern sages,
 See the star proclaims your God ;
 Fear not Herod, tho’ he rages,
 Sending peals of death abroad ;
 Rachel mourning, Rachel mourning,
 For her children he destroy’d.

5 Sinners roar and saints rejoices,
 At the great Redeemer’s birth ;
 Angels join with cheerful voices,
 Loud proclaiming “ Peace on earth ;”
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Glory in the Savior’s birth.

6 “ Let all people have salvation,”
 Say the angels from above ;
 Sound his name through every nation,

Teach the world redeeming love ?

“Go, ye shepherds, Go, ye shepherds,

“Spread his name where'er you rove.”

- 7 Jesus, spread thy gospel glory,
 Save poor dying souls from hell;
 Till all nations bow before thee,
 Love thy name and with thee dwell;
 Haste ye heralds, haste ye heralds,
 Your Redeemer's name to tell.

HYMN 6. P. M.

(b)

Christ's sufferings.

- 1 **T**HROUGHOUT our Savior's life we
 trace
 Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,
 No period else was seen,
 'Till he a spotless victim fell,
 'Tasting in soul a painful hell,
 Caus'd by the creature's sin.
- 2 On the cold ground, methinks I see
 My Savior kneel and pray for me :
 For this I'll him adore :
 Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
 Blood drops did force their passage out
 Through every opening pore.
- 3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
 His back with lashes all was tore,
 Till one the bones might see !
 Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
 Marking his way with blood and tears,
 While going to the tree.

HYMN 7.

15

- 4 Thus up the hill he heavy came,
 Round him they mock'd and made their
 At length his cross they rear ; [game ;
 And can you see the mighty God,
 Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
 Without one thankful tear ?
- 5 Thus bearing our iniquity,
 He dies with anguish on the tree ;
 What tongue his grief can tell ?
 The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
 The morning sun refused to shine,
 When the Redeemer fell.
- 6 Shout, brethren, shout with songs divine,
 He drank the gall to give us wine,
 To quench our parching thirst ;
 Seraphs, advance your voices higher ;
 Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
 To praise your precious Christ.

HYMN 7. C. M. b. 9.

(b)

*Godly sorrow, arising from the sufferings of
 Christ.*

- 1 **A** LAS ! and did my Savior bleed ?
 Did my Redeemer die ?
 Would he devote that sacred head,
 For such a worm as I ?
- 2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
 And bathed in its own blood,
 While all exposed to wrath divine,
 The glorious suff'rer stood !]
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the tree ?

Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree.

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

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

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

HYMN 8. L. M. b. 4. (b. or c.)

Salvation in the Cross.

1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus ! nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my soul away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;
Resolv'd, (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, here to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear,
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?

HYMN 9.

17

Thy vengeance will not strike me here ;
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim :
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honors to his name.

HYMN 9. C. M. (b. or *)

The thief converted. Luke, xxiii. 42.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled, and died ;
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
Who languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes with inward grief and shame.
The penitent confess'd ;
'Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd :
- 3 " Jesus, thou Son and Heir of Heaven.
" Thou spotless Lamb of GOD,
" I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
" And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 " Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
" In triumph thou shalt rise,
" Burst through the gloomy shades of death.
" And shine above the skies.
- 5 " Amidst the glories of that world,
" Dear Lord, remember me ;
" And in the vict'ries of thy death,
" Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus heard,
And instantly replies.

“To day thy parting soul shall be
 “With me in paradise.”

HYMN 10. L. M. (b. or *)

Christ's death and resurrection.

- 1 **H**E dies, the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two.
 For him who groan'd beneath your load :
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for man !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see ;
 Jesus the dead revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise,)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
 How high your great Deliv'rer reigns
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell ;
 And led the monster death in chains !
- 6 Say, “ Live for ever, wond'rous King !
 “Born to redeem, and strong to save !”
 Then ask the monster—“ Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?”

HYMN 11—12.

19

HYMN 11. C. M. b. 79.

(*)

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace,
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw—and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh ! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Savior's praises speak.
- 5 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.

HYMN 12. C. M. b. 29.

(*)

Redemption by price and power.

- 1 **J**ESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part :
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,

And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital blood :

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul,
From satan's heavy chains,
And sent the dragon down to howl,
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

HYMN 13. L. M. a. 128. (b)

The Apostles' commission. Mark, xvi. 15, &c.
Mat. xxviii. 18, &c.

1 “ **G**O, preach my gospel,” saith the Lord,
“ Bid the whole earth my grace re-
ceive ;

“ He shall be sav'd that trusts my word ;

“ He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 [“ I'll make your great commission known,
“ And ye shall prove my gospel true,
“ By all the works that I have done,
“ By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 “ Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,

“ Go cast out devils in my name ;

“ Nor let my prophets be afraid,

“ Tho' Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme.]

4 “ Teach all the nations my commands ;

“ I'm with you till the world shall end :

“ All power is trusted in my hands,

“ I can destroy and I defend.”

HYMN 14—15.

21

- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode ;
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 14. P. M.

(*)

The year of Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come :
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Savior's face !
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return to your eternal home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The sin atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood,
 Throughout the world proclaim ;
 The year of jubilee is come :
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 15. C. M. a. 7.

(*)

*Invitation of the gospel, or spiritual food and
 clothing. Isa. lv. 1, &c.*

- 1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice ;

The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

- 2 “Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls,
“ Who feed upon the wind,
“ And vainly strive with earthly toils
“ To fill an empty mind :
- 3 “ Eternal wisdom has prepared
“ A soul reviving feast,
“ And bids your longing appetites
“ The rich provision taste.
- 4 “ Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
“ And pine away and die ;
“ Here you may quench your raging thirst
“ With springs that never dry.
- 5 “ Rivers of love and mercy here,
“ In a rich ocean join ;
“ Salvation in abundance flows,
“ Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [“ Ye perishing and naked poor,
“ Who work with mighty pain,
“ To weave a garment of your own,
“ That will not hide your sin ;
- 7 “ Come, naked, and adorn your souls
“ In robes prepar'd by God ;
“ Wrought by the labors of his Son,
“ And dy'd in his own blood.”]
- 8 Dear God ! the treasures of thy love,
Are everlasting mines ;
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sin !

HYMN 16.

23

- 9 The happy gates of gospel grace,
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 16. C. M.

(*)

Invitation to the gospel feast.

- 1 **C**OME to the glorious gospel feast,
Ho ! every one that will ;
O come, ye starving souls, and taste,
Those joys that none can tell.
- 2 Arise ye mortals, that are sad,
And bordering on despair ;
Lo ! there is balm in Gilead,
And a Physician there.
- 3 Look to the Savior's bleeding side,
Behold the purple gore !
It was for wounded souls he died,
The sin-sick to restore.
- 4 Behold him on the shameful tree,
With arms extended wide ;
For sinners such as you and me,
The bleeding Saviour died.
- 5 "'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And conquer'd death and hell ;
That rebels, doom'd to endless death,
Might in his bosom dwell.
- 6 Come, then, receive his grace, and tell
The wonders of his love ;
Till we arrive, with him to dwell,
In the bright world above.

7 No sin nor foe shall enter there
 To wound our peaceful breast ;
 But boundless love, unmingled joy,
 And everlasting rest.

HYMN 17. L. M.

(*)

The name of Christ is ever sweet.

- 1 **T**HAT name to me sounds ever sweet.
 Where grace and truth do always meet;
 Where righteousness doth peace embrace,
 And open wide the door of grace.
- 2 A meeting place it is indeed,
 Where mercy meets the sinner's need,
 And opens wide the gracious store
 Sufficient to relieve the poor.
- 3 Hark ! don't you hear the heavenly call ?
 It soundeth loud, it is to all—
 'To high—to low—to bond and free—
 That none may say, " 'Tis not for me."
- 4 " Ho ! every one that thirsts," he cries,
 " Here's wine and milk, and large supplies ;
 " Come now to me and drink your fill,
 " 'Tis free, for whosoever will.
- 5 " Come now, receive, I ask no pay,
 " But freely give it all away,
 " To all who do my word believe,
 " And freely now my grace receive."

HYMN 18.

25

HYMN 18. C. M.

(•)

The gospel is powerful, and its provision copious.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow :
It 's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer d to the prince,
The poor may take a share ;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.
- 4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room,
For rebels such as you.
- 5 His doctrine is almighty love ;
There's virtue in his name,
To turn a raven to a dove—
A lion to a lamb.
- 6 O could we raise a song of praise,
Half equal to his love,
The heavens would ring, while' we should
sing,
Through all the courts above,

HYMN 19. L. M.

(*)

Freedom of the human will.

- 1 **K** NOW then, that every soul is free,
To choose his life, and what he'll be :
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven.
- 2 He'll draw, persuade, direct him right,
Bless him with wisdom, love and light ;
In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never force the human mind.
- 3 Freedom and reason make us men ;
Take these away, what are we then ?
Mere animals, and just as well,
The beasts might think of heaven or hell.
- 4 May we no more our powers abuse ;
But ways of truth and goodness choose ;
Our God is pleas'd when we improve
His grace, and seek the world above.
- 5 'Tis God's free grace me to receive,
It's my free will for to believe :
To stubborn willers this I'll tell,
It's all free grace and all free will.
- 6 Those that despise grow harder still,
Those that adhere, he turns their will ;
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear in glory dwell.
- 7 But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode,
Our God is clear, and we shall know
We've plung'd ourselves in endless wo.

HYMN 20—21.

27

HYMN 20 L. M.

(*)

Strong persuasions to accept of free grace.

- 1 **O** SINNERS ! fly to Jesus' arms,
Enjoy his everlasting charms ;
He calls you to a heavenly feast,
O come, poor starving souls, and taste !
- 2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this heavenly Jesus rest ?
He'll save you from all sin and pain,
And you shall in full glory reign.
- 3 Say now, poor souls, what will you do ?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?
Make now the choice, and halt no more,
For Christ is knocking at your door.
- 4 He waits, he woos, he 's loath to leave,
And will you not his word believe ?
Why will you let this Jesus go,
And choose the road that leads to wo ?
- 5 Once more I'll ask you in his name,
(I know his love is still the same,)
Will you be sav'd from endless wo ?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

HYMN 21. L. M. Ps. 51.

(b)

A penitent, pleading for pardon.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning grace be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death :
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 22. L. M. a. 127. (b or *)

Christ's invitation to penitent sinners.—Matt. xi.
28, &c.

- 1 “ **C**OME hither all ye weary souls,
“ Ye heavy laden sinners, come,
“ I'll give you rest from all your toils,
“ And raise you to my heavenly home,
- 2 “ They shall find rest that learn of me :
“ I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;

HYMN 23.

29

- “ But passion rages like the sea,
 “ And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 “ Blest is the man whose shoulders take
 “ My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
 “ My yoke is easy to his neck,
 “ My grace shall make the burden light.”
- 4 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.

HYMN 23. C. M.

(*)

The joys of a new-born soul.

- 1 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice
 In him, my Savior and my God,
 I hear his joyful voice.
- 2 I need not go abroad for joy,
 I have a feast at home;
 My sighs are turned into songs,
 The Comforter is come.
- 3 Down from above, this blessed Dove
 Is come into my breast ;
 To witness God's eternal love,
 This is my heavenly feast.
- 4 This makes me, Abba, Father, cry,
 With confidence of soul ;
 It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
 And that without control.

30

HYMN 23.

5 There is a stream which issues forth,
 From God's eternal throne,
 And from the Lamb a living stream.
 Clear as the crystal stone.

6 This stream doth water paradise,
 It makes the angels sing ;
 One cordial drop revives my heart ;
 Hence all my joys do spring.

7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
 And full of glory too ;
 Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
 As worldlings do not know.

PAUSE.

8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
 What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
 And hast to me revealed.

9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
 I taste thy sweetest love ;
 My soul doth leap, but O for wings—
 The wings of Noah's dove.

10 Then would I fly far hence away,
 Leaving this world of sin ;
 Then would my Lord put forth his hand,
 And kindly take me in.

11 There would my soul with angels feast,
 On joys that always last ;
 Bless'd be my God, the God of joy,
 Who gives me here a taste.

HYMN 24—25.

31

HYMN 24. L. M.

(*)

The new-born soul not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise—
Whose goodness shines through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Twas midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning star, bade darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No, when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more adore his name.
- 5 His institutions will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise—
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

HYMN 25. S. M. a. 98.

(b)

Christ our wisdom and righteousness.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of heaven ;
 But in his righteousness array'd,
 We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways ;
 His hands infected nature cure
 With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain ;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks their cursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways
 To bring us home to God :
 Thy saving power, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

HYMN 26. C. M. Ps. 126. (*)

The joys of a remarkable conversion.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And chang'd my mournful state,
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess :
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
 And own'd the power divine :

HYMN 27.

33

“Great is the work,” my heart replied.

“And be the glory thine.”

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come ;
They shall confess their sheaves are great ;
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope ;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

HYMN 27. C. M. a. 101. (•)

*Joy in Heaven over a repenting sinner.—Luke,
xv. 7—10.*

1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born.

2 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.

3 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.

HYMN 28. C. M.

(•)

Coronation of Christ.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name :
 Let angels prostrate fall !
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from the altar call :
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
 And feel your sin and thrall ;
 Now join with all the hosts above,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 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 29—30.

35

HYMN 29. C. M. b. 65.

(*)

The hope of heaven, our support under trials.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 30. C. M.

(*)

The name of Jesus is always sweet to a believer.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place ;
 My never failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest and King :
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought :
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 31. S. M a. 10. (*)

The beauty and blessings of the gospel dispensation.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
 Who stands on Zion's hill ;
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
 How sweet their tidings are !
 " Zion, behold thy Savior King,
 " He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound !

HYMN 32.

37

Which kings and prophets ~~wanted~~ for,
And sought, but never found.

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

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

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

HYMN 32. C. M. b. 88.

(*)

The joyful sound of salvation.

1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound ;
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A healing balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

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

38

HYMN 33.

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

HYMN 33. L. M.

(b)

Christ's love to poor sinners.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the chariot of thy word
 Ride forth with power thy name to
 Give speed unto thy gospel sword, [spread,
 Through these dark regions of the dead.
- 2 “Lo,” saith the Savior, “here I am,
 “With all my vesture dipp’d in blood ;
 “The Free-Physician is my name ;
 “I seek to do the needy good.
- 3 “I love to feed the hungry poor,
 “To heal the sick, and raise the dead :
 “I love to see them crowd my door,
 “That I my boundless grace may spread.
- 4 “I love to set these pris’ners free
 “Who are in debt, and nought to pay ;
 “No guilty soul that comes to me
 “Shall ever go condemn’d away.
- 5 “Now where’s your guilty, weak, and poor,
 “Your sick, your deaf, your dead, your blind ?
 “Call each by name around my door,
 “And they shall all a helper find.”

HYMN 34.

39

HYMN 34. L. M.

(*)

Christ's majesty and love to sinners.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, is passing by,
Girt with his sword upon his thigh;
Doth like a prince in grandeur tread—
His sword a flame—his garments red.
- 2 “I’ve died,” (the mighty Savior cries,)
A willing and full sacrifice;
Behold, the blood my vesture stains,
Tokens of love from all my veins!
- 3 “And now, behold, I’m passing by,
My grace is free, my power is nigh;
I ever was, and still the same,
My nature’s love, and love’s my name.
- 4 “They shall find health that come to me,
The deaf shall hear, the blind shall see,
The lame shall walk, the dead I’ll raise,
And turn their sighs and groans to praise.
- 5 “Their greatest foes I will destroy,
And slaves releas’d shall leap for joy;
Poor souls, who’ve long been bound in chains,
Shall rise and sing immortal strains.
- 6 “My name it is the Prince of Peace,
I love to make all sorrow cease;
I love to do the needy good,
And wash the guilty in my blood.”

The inquiring mourner.

- 1 **W**HERE (saith the mourner) is this
Christ,
“That calls the hungry to a feast?
Where is that grace proclaim’d so free?
Say, herald, point the way to me.
- 2 “If, as you say, he spilt his blood
To bring poor sinners home to God;
Then tell me, tell me where to go,
To find if this be true or no.”
- 3 The Savior answers, “Here I be,
Where is the soul inquires for me?
I by my Spirit now declare,
My grace is free, and you may share.”
- 4 “O!” saith the soul, “I would receive,
Speak, Lord, and help me to believe;
And since thou say’st thy grace is free,
O! give one precious drop to me.”
- 5 “I wait, saith Jesus, at your door,
With love that knows no bound or shore;
And far more free I am to give,
’Than you are willing to receive.
- 6 “If you will now submit to God,
And walk with me the narrow road,
My grace to you is freely given,
And you shall reign with me in heaven.”

HYMN 36—37.

41

HYMN 36. C. M. a. 125. (*)

Christ's compassion on the weak and tempted.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 37. L. M.

(b)

A call to sinners.

- 1 **S**INNERS, attend, the Savior's come,
And calls for wretched souls like you :

- He brings the worst of rebels home,
 Forgives their sins, and loves them too!
- 2 Come to the feast, without delay,
 Before the gospel call is o'er :
 Embrace the Savior's grace to-day,
 Lest he should go, and call no more.
- 3 Ten thousand souls have enter'd in,
 And found a soul-reviving feast ;
 Come then, poor souls, with all your sins,
 And you shall all be welcome guests.
- 4 Those happy souls, who 've gone before,
 Were once in sin as vile as you ;
 O doubt the Savior's love no more ;
 But come and taste his goodness too.

HYMN 38. C. M. Ps. 51. (b)

Repentance, and faith in the blood of Christ.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, hear my call,
 My load of guilt remove ;
 Break down this separating wall
 That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Grant me the presence of thy grace,
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
 For sin could e'er atone ;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.

HYMN 39—40.

43

- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
 My God will ne'er despise :
 A humble groan, a broken heart,
 Is our best sacrifice.

HYMN 39. C. M. a. 103. (*)

Not ashamed of Christ and his gospel.

- 1 **I** 'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause—
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name ;
 His name is all my trust :
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I 've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the New Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 40. C. M. Ps. 116. (b or *)

Recovery from sickness, and deliverance from the fears of hell.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord : he heard my cries,
 And pitied every groan ;
 Long as I live, when troubles rise.
 I'll hasten to his throne.

- 2 I love the Lord : he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away ;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead ;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 " My God," I cried, " thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just ;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bade my pains remove :
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dri'd my falling tears :
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

HYMN 41. C. M. b. 89. (*)

The blessedness of those who hear and know the gospel.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;

HYMN 42.

45

His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor satan dares condemn.

- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN 42. L. M.

(3)

Sinners called to the gospel supper.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of the Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son:
Ready your loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony heart to move;
T' apply the witness of his blood,
And wash, and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

- 6 Come then, ye sinners, to the Lord,
To Paradise in Christ restor'd ;
His offer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

HYMN 43. C. M.

The young convert.

- 1 **H**ARK ! hear the sound on earth is found,
My soul delights to hear ;
Of dying love, that 's from above,
And pardon bought so dear.
- 2 God's ministers, like flames of fire,
Are passing through the land ;
The voice is, " Hear, repent and fear,
King Jesus is at hand !"
- 3 God's chariots they no longer stay,
They 're mounted on the truth :
The saints in prayer, cry, " Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth !"
- 4 Young converts sing, and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name ;
While older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.
- 5 God grant a shower of saving power
On every aching heart,
Who sincerely to God do cry,
That they may have a part.
- 6 Come, lovely youth, embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord ;
And use your tongues while you are young,
In praising of the Lord.

HYMN 44.

47

HYMN 44. L. M.

(b)

The Prince of peace, and only Physician of souls.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy gospel armor gird,
To spread abroad thy gracious fame,
Ride in the chariot of thy word,
And teach the dying world thy name.
- 2 Triumph in mercy through our land,
And cause the poor dry bones to move ;
Display thy power, make bare thine hand,
And teach poor dying souls thy love.
- 3 Here 's some immers'd in shades of night ;
And some involv'd in deep distress ;
O send some ray of sacred light,
And every mourning sinner bless.
- 4 Here's some that's deaf, and some that's blind,
And some that 's wounded with their sins ;
They mourn and rove some help to find,
Yet do but more increase their pains.
- 5 Here 's some who feel their heavy chains,
And others senseless of their wo ;
Some captive souls, where satan reigns,
Are lost, and know not where to go.
- 6 Some much in debt, with nought to pay,
Condemn'd and into prison cast,
And wall'wing in their filth they lay,
All hopes and helps but thine are lost.
- 7 Here 's some who mourn a stupid mind,
And some that 's lame. and some that 's dead,

Some sick, and can no comfort find,
While others beg for crumbs of bread.

PAUSE.

8 Come in, thou great Physician, come,
Thou who delight'st to help the poor ;
Get to thyself a glorious name,
At thy expense work every cure.

9 "I come," saith Jesus, "lo, I come,
To help the poor is my delight ;
Love is my nature, love's my name,
My help is free both day and night.

10 "Bring all your needy now to me,
Your weak, your wounded, bound and
poor,
Rebels and pris'ners I will free,
The worst of all diseases cure.

11 "I'll labor at my own expense,
Cancel all debts, and pay all costs ;
And give my bond for their defence,
That not one patient shall be lost.

12 "I'm bound by my own love to be
Physician and a Father too ;
A friend to all eternity,
What more can I propose or do ?"

13 Enough, O Lord, and we adore
Thy wisdom, pity, and thy love :
Thou giv'st thyself, we ask no more,
O may we reign with thee above !

HYMN 45.

49

HYMN 45. C. M.

(*)

There is yet room at the gospel feast.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold the royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms,
Inviting you to come ;
Guilt holds you back, while fear alarms ;
But still there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love :
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united hearts and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In extacies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 46. C. M. a. 62. (*)

*Saints and angels join in ascribing worthiness
to the Lamb.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 “Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“To be exalted thus :”
“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“For he was slain for us.”
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 47. C. M. Ps. 71. (*)

Christ is the friend and trust of the believer.

- 1 **M**Y Savior, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore :
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

HYMN 48.

51

- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road :
 And march with courage in thy strength,
 To see my Savior God.
- 4 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,
 With this delightful song ;
 And entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

HYMN 48. C. M. Ps. 84. (*)

*Delight in religious worship ; or, God present
 in his churches.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts !
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
 Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Maker of the skies
 His saving power displays ;
 And light breaks in upon our eyes,
 With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly dove
 Descends and fills the place,
 While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
 And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
 The secrets of thy will ;
 And still we seek thy mercy there.
 And sing thy praises still.
- 5 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
 And hear thy gracious voice,

HYMN 49.

Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

6 Lord at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

7 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

HYMN 49. L. M. . b. 15. (b)

Met for worship.

1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world be
gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Savior see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In blooming rows at thy right hand:
And in sweet murmurs by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer our souls with sacred wine.]

5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!

HYMN 50.

53

Never did angels taste above,
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

- 6 Hail ! great Immanuel, all divine !
 In thee thy Father's glories shine :
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
 That eyes have seen or angels known.

HYMN 50. L. M. b. 16.

(*)

Heaven beaming in the face of Christ.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heaven of saving grace,
 Shines through the beauties of thy face,
 And lights our passions to a flame,
 Lord how we love thy charming name !
- 2 When I can say, my God is mine,
 When I can feel thy glories shine,
 I tread the world beneath my feet,
 And all the earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
 Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
 Here we could sit and gaze away
 A long, and everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
 To the fair coasts of perfect light;
 Then shall our joyful senses rove
 O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 There we shall drink full draughts of bliss,
 And pluck new life from heavenly trees ;
 Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
 A drop of heaven on worms below.

54

HYMN 51—52.

HYMN 51. C. M.

(b)

Jesus, the way, the truth, and the life.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the way, the truth, and life,
In whom I now believe;
As taught by thee, I pray in faith,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always bow around thy throne,
And glory in thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
And with the noblest powers I have,
Thy sweet commands fulfil.
- 4 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Then shall thy will be my delight,
And I shall act my part.

HYMN 52. C. M.

[b]

When met for worship.

- 1 **J**ESUS, let not thy grace delay
To meet us with thy love;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our doubts remove.
- 2 Come in with power to every soul,
O thou celestial Dove;
Make every wounded spirit whole
With thy redeeming love.
- 3 We long to meet our God to-day,
And taste thy grace divine;

HYMN 53.

55

That every soul, with joy may say,
 "My Lord, my God, is mine."

- 4 What do we here without thy grace,
 O blessed Lamb of God!
 'T will be a dark and tiresome place,
 Unless we feel thy word.
- 3 Jesus, inspire each heart and tongue
 To laud thy precious name;
 Redeeming love shall be our song,
 And we thy grace proclaim.

HYMN 53. C. M. Ps. 63. [v]

*For the Lord's day morning, when the brethren
 meet early.*

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face:
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath the burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
 Through all thy temple shine;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well;
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.

- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheering voice,
 As thy forgiving love.
- 8 Thus till my last expiring day,
 I'll bless my God and King :
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

HYMN 54. P. M. Ps. 84.

(*)

The soul aspiring to dwell with God.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are !
 To thine abode my heart aspires,
 With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young
 With pleasure seeks a nest,
 And wandering swallows long
 To find their wonted rest :
 My spirit faints, with equal zeal
 To rise and dwell among thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ; and happy they
 That find the way to Zion's hill

HYMN 55.

57

- 4 They go from strength to strength,
Trough this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat, where God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet.
- 5 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.

HYMN 55. L. M.

(*)

Rejoicing in Christ, and cleaving to him.

- 1 **J** OIN all who love the Savior's name,
To sing his everlasting fame ;
Great God ! prepare each heart and voice,
In him for ever to rejoice.
- 2 Of him, what wond'rous things are told !
In him, what glories I behold !
For him, I gladly all things leave ;
To him, my soul, for ever cleave.
- 3 In him, my treasure 's all contain'd ;
By him, my feeble soul 's sustain'd ;
From him, what favors I receive !
Through him, I shall for ever live.
- 4 With him, I daily love to walk ;
Of him, my soul delights to talk ;
On him, I cast my every care ;
Like him, one day I shall appear.

- 5 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.
- 6 Take him for strength and righteousness,
 Make him thy refuge in distress !
 Love him above all earthly joy,
 And let his will be thine employ.
- 7 Praise him, in cheerful, grateful songs ;
 To him thy highest praise belongs ;
 'T is him, who glory doth prepare,
 And him I 'll praise for ever there.

HYMN 56. C. M. a. 44.

(*)

Brotherly love. See Psal. 133.

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining sight
 Are brethren who agree !
 Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
 In bands of piety !
- 2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
 Descend to every soul,
 And heavenly peace with balmy wing,
 Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 'T is like the oil, divinely sweet,
 On Aaron's reverend head,
 The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
 And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'T is pleasant as the morning dews,
 That fall on Zion's hill,
 Where God his mildest glory shews,
 And makes his grace distil.

HYMN 57—58.

59

HYMN 57. P. M. Ps. 133.

(*)

The same.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant 't is to see
Kindred and friends agree ;
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.
- 2 'T is like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet !
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes and bless'd his feet.
- 3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills ;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like morning dew distils.

(Repeat the first stanza, if you please.)

HYMN 58. L. M.

(*)

*My presence shall go with thee, and I will give
thee rest. Exod. xxxiii. 14.*

- 1 **T**HUS, to each saint, while here below,
God has his love express'd ;
“ My presence still with thee shall go,
“ *And I will give thee rest.*

- 2 “ This as thy comfort thou shalt know,
 “ The sweetest and the best ;
 “ My presence shall e’er with thee go,
 “ *And I will give thee rest.*
- 3 “ Though with affliction’s swelling tide
 “ Thou sorely art oppress’d,
 “ My presence shall with thee abide,
 “ *And I will give thee rest.*
- 4 “ Though sore temptations round thee flow,
 “ And fears thy soul infest ;
 “ Still shall my presence with thee go,
 “ *And I will give thee rest.*
- 5 “ Through all thy pilgrimage below,
 “ Thou surely shalt be blest ;
 “ Thus shall my presence with thee go,
 “ *And I will give thee rest.*
- 6 “ When death to call thee shall appear ;
 “ Still lean upon my breast ;
 “ My presence shall support thee there,
 “ *And I will give thee rest.”*
- 7 Then let his praise be our employ,
 Till we ’re of heaven possessed ;
 His presence there we shall enjoy,
And there he’ll give us rest.

HYMN 59. L. M.

(*)

*Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye
 shall find. Matt. vii. 7.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, take courage from the Lord ;
 Believe, and plead his holy word ;

HYMN 60.

61

- 'To him alone do thou complain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 2 Upon him call in humble prayer ;
 Thou still art his peculiar care ;
 He 'll surely turn and smile again,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 3 However sinful, weak, and poor,
 Still pray and wait at mercy's door ;
 Faithful Jehovah must remain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 4 Though the wild tempter's hellish rage
 Will with his darts thy soul engage ;
 God through the fight shall thee sustain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 5 Though the corruptions of thy heart
 Daily new cause of grief impart ;
 Pray that thy lusts may all be slain ;
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 6 Though sharp afflictions still abound,
 And clouds and darkness thee surround,
 Still pray, for God will all explain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 7 In him, and him alone, confide,
 Still at his throne of grace abide,
 Eternal vict'ry thou shalt gain ;
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

HYMN 60. L. M.

(b or *)

The soul thirsting for purity.

- 1 **C**OME, Savior, Jesus, from above !
 Assist me with thy heavenly grace ;

62

HYMN 61.

Empty my heart of all earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

- 2 O ! let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free ;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to walk with thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
No other good would I pursue ;
I 'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering toys, adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I 'll seek,
In which my Savior's footsteps shine ;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul :
Possess it, thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

HYMN 61. S. M. b. 93.

(*)

God's presence is heaven to the believer.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all

HYMN 61.**63**

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell :
'T is paradise if thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'T is heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Could make a heavenly place ;
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee I daily fly,
By prayer, with warm desire ;
And yet how far from thee I lie !
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

64

HYMN 62—63.

HYMN 62. C. M. b. 48. (b)

The vanity and uncertainty of creaturely enjoyments.

1 **H**OW vain are all things here below,
 How false and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flatt'ring light;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense!
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Savior! let thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food:
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

HYMN 63. C. M. (c)

The soldier of the cross.

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

HYMN 64.

65

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me home to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints all in this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith's interior eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 64. S. M.

(27)

Christ's soldiers called to duty.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
In his almighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus t~~hat~~
Is more than conqueror.

66

HYMN 65.

- 2 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his grace endued,
 And take to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God ;
 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.
- 3 Stand then against your foes,
 In close and firm array :
 Legions of wily fiends oppose
 Throughout the evil day :
 But meet the sons of night,
 And mock their vain design ;
 Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
 Of righteousness divine.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul :
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole ;
 But above all, lay hold
 On faith's victorious shield :
 Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
 You 're sure to win the field.

HYMN 65. L. M.

Jesus is the way.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fixed my hopes upon :
 His track I see, and I 'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view,

HYMN 66.

67

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment :
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late, I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt take me to thee, as I am ;
Nothing but sin I can thee give,
Nothing but love would I receive.
- 6 Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God !"

HYMN 66. S. M. Ps. 133. (*)

Communion of saints ; or, love in family worship.

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;

68

HYMN 67.

Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

HYMN 67. L. M.

(b)

Christ our example.

1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er our angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes.
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild and ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love:

HYMN 68.

69

Then, if we bear the Savior's name,
By his example let us move.

- 6 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are !
How frail, how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care ;
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Savior, daily more like thee.

HYMN 68. L. M. Ps. 15. (b)

The virtues of a godly man.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy holy place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man who loves religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the things they mean ;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
- 3 He will not trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbor's hurt ;
Sinners of state he can despise ;
But saints are honor'd in his eyes.
- 4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good ;
Nor will he change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

70

HYMN 69.

- 5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold ;
If others vex and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.
- 6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face,
And doth to all men still the same,
That he could hope or wish from them.
- 7 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone ;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 69. C. M.

(*)

The Savior's come.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound ! The Savior's
come !
The Savior promis'd long ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him, the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom, and power, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes through thickest films of vice,
To clear a mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken soul to heal,
The bleeding heart to cure ;

HYMN 70.

71

And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

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

6 The gospel trumpet loud proclaims
The Lord's accepted year ;
Our debts by him are cancell'd, now
Our heritage is clear.

7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 70. C. M. a. 1.

(*)

Christ in his glorified state.

1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne :
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

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

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise ;
JESUS is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

72

HYMN 71.

- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on thy head.
- 5 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.
- 6 The worlds of nature and of grace,
 Are put beneath thy pow'r ;
 Then shorten these delaying days,
 And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN 71. C. M.

(*)

Christ's kingdom shall become universal.

- 1 **O**'ER mountain tops, the mount of God,
 In latter days, shall rise
 Above the summits of the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this, the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
 "Up to the mount of God." say they,
 And to his house they'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill,
 Shall lighten every land ;
 The King, who reigns in Salem's towers,
 Shall the whole world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,
 His judgments truth shall guide ;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And crush the sinner's pride.

HYMN 72.

73

- 5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
 Disturb those happy years ;
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords.
 To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,
 Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
 They 'll lay their martial trumpets by,
 And study war no more.

HYMN 72. L. M. (b or *)

Sinai and Zion.

- 1 **T**HAT God who once to Israel spoke,
 From *Sinai's* top, in fire and smoke,
 In gentler strains of gospel grace,
 Invites us now to seek his face.
- 2 He wears no terrors on his brow,
 He speaks in love from *Zion* now ;
 It is the voice of *Jesus' blood*,
 That calls us wand'ers back to God.
- 3 God's servant, *Moses*, quak'd and fear'd,
 When *Sinai's* thundering voice he heard !
 But gospel grace, with accents mild,
 Speaks to the sinner as a child.
- 4 Hark ! how from *Calvary* it sounds,
 From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds ;
 " Pardon and grace I freely give,
 " Then, sinner, look to me and live."
- 5 What other arguments can move
 The heart that slights a Savior's love ?
 O *Jesus*, may thy power be felt,
 And cause the stony heart to melt.

6 Else how shall we thy presence bear,
 When as our Judge thou shalt appear?
 When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
 And the whole earth like Sinai burn.

HYMN 73. C. M.

(*)

Room at the gospel feast.

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board,
 Not paradise with all its joys
 Could such delights afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given !
 And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
 In sin's dark mazes, come ;
 Come from the hedges and highways,
 And grace will find you room.
- 4 Thousands of souls in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here,
 And thousands more still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come ;
 Nor could the wide assembling world
 O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready, enter in ;
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Come take your places at the feast,
 And bless the donor's name.

HYMN 74—75.

75

HYMN 74. L. M.

(b)

Brotherly love.

- 1 **O** GOD, our Father and our King,
Of all we have, or hope, the spring;
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with holy love.
- 2 May we from every act abstain,
That hurts, or gives our brother pain,
And every secret wish suppress,
Which would abridge his happiness.
- 3 And may we feel our hearts inclin'd
To act the friend to all mankind;
And seek their safety and their ease,
Their virtue and eternal peace.
- 4 With pity may our hearts o'erflow,
When we behold a wretch in woe;
And bear a sympathizing part
With all who are of heavy heart.
- 5 Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, tho' faint, of thine;
Thus may we his disciples prove,
Who came to manifest his love.

HYMN 75. C. M. a. 105.

(*)

The holiness and happiness of heaven.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd
For those that love the Son,

76

HYMN 76.

- 2 But the good spririt of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace :
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Not the malicious or profane,
The covetous or proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers shall obtain,
The kingdom of our God.
- 5 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there
But foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 6 He keeps his Father's book of life,
There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

HYMN 76. L. M.

(·)

*Desiring not only the name, but the likeness and
nature of Christ.*

- 1 **O** FOR a taste of life divine,
To feed this hungry soul of mine ;
I want the Son of God to know,
And taste of heaven while here below.
- 2 If I were sure that I should have
A crown of joy beyond the grave,

HYMN 77.

- Yet that alone won't do for me ;
I want, while here, with God to be.
- 3 Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
I want those joys of heaven to know ;
I want the power of sin subdu'd,
And feel my precious soul renew'd.
- 4 I do not want a Christian's name,
Without the nature of the Lamb ;
I want to bid all loves adieu,
But Christ my Lord, and him pursue.
- 5 Dear Savior ! thou my all must be ;
O, give me strength to walk with thee ;
Without a rival, rule my heart,
And never let me from thee part.

HYMN 77. S. M.

Let us walk in love.

- 1 **L**ET strife for ever cease,
And envy quit the field ;
Come, join and live in love and peace,
And to the gospel yield.
- 2 Let bitter words no more
Among the saints remain ;
Let every member, every hour,
Submit to Jesus' reign.
- 3 One Lord we have to fear,
One faith we all confess,
And all to one baptism adhere,
And magnify free grace.

78

HYMN 78.

- 4 Then why should we contend
 For meat, and drink, and dress;
 And crucify the Lord again,
 And pierce his wounds afresh?
- 5 When bitter words arise,
 Then satan has his ends,
 We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
 Amidst his chosen friends.
- 6 No more we'll feed the flame,
 Nor judge ourselves too wise;
 But search with care to find the beam
 That lurks within our eyes.
- 7 Then to the world we'll prove
 That we disciples are;
 When they behold us *walk in love*,
 They'll say, "The Lord is there."

HYMN 78. L. M. a. 126. (b)

Charity is the bond of perfectness.

- 1 **N**OT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress,
 Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
 But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
 Faith, and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker brethren we despise,
 We do the gospel mighty wrong;
 For God, the gracious and the wise,
 Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
 Meekness and love our souls pursue;
 Nor shall our practice give offence
 To saints, the Gentile or the Jew,

HYMN 79—80.

79

HYMN 79. L. M. a. 130.

(b)

Saints should always love one another.

- 1 **N**OW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, and dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.
- 2 Clamor, and wrath, and war begone,
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the saints, the sons of peace.
- 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN 80. L. M.

(*)

Christ's ambassadors praying sinners to be reconciled to God.

- 1 **S**INNERS, this day the Savior stands
With crowns and pardons in his hands;
O be entreated to receive
What the Redeemer waits to give.
- 2 All those who have embrac'd the call,
Have found the Savior all in all;
And O! he stands as free for you,
Come, sinners, share his goodness too.

- 3 He 's pluck'd us from the jaws of hell ;
 In paradise we soon shall dwell :
 O, bid your idols all adieu,
 And go with us to glory too.
- 4 He 's wash'd us in his precious blood ;
 Seats us among the sons of God ;
 And you with us may have a seat,
 And with us all in glory meet.
- 5 His blessed ways are ways of peace,
 Nor will his goodness ever cease ;
 O come, poor sinners, taste and see
 How happy all his children be.
- 6 Say, will you with us pilgrims join,
 And share those joys which are divine ?
 Immortal glories are for you,
 If you will now be pilgrims too.

HYMN 81. L. M. a. 106.

(b)

Believe and be saved.

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men,
 Did Christ the Son of God appear
 No weapons in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He lov'd the race of man so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Savior's word,
 Trust in his mighty name and live ;
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

HYMN 82—83.

81

- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse his grace ;
Who God's eternal Son despise ;
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN 82. C. M.

(•)

Glad tidings.

- 1 **G**LAD tidings to mankind is come,
O wretched sinners, hear ;
Good news from Jesus I proclaim ;
The sinner's friend is near !
- 2 Hark ! how he calls, and calls for you,
O hear his charming voice ;
Bid all your carnal joys adieu,
And in his name rejoice.
- 3 Cast all your righteousness away,
And come with all your guilt ;
Jesus will be your help and stay,
For you his blood was spilt.
- 4 If e'er you hope to reign in heaven,
And share the joys above,
Come now, and have your sins forgiven,
And taste redeeming love.

HYMN 83. C. M.

(•)

Free Grace !

- 1 **O** SINNERS, make the Savior room,
And all your bars remove ;
To-day with boundless grace he's come,
And courts you with his love.

- 2 Free grace, the Christians all declare,
 And Christ declares the same ;
 Free grace we've found, and you may share :
 Fly, sinners, to the Lamb !
- 3 Eternal life is worth your choice,
 Why will you go to hell ?
 O hear this day the Savior's voice,
 And in his bosom dwell !

HYMN 84. C. M. Ps. 118. (b)

Christ the foundation of the church.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation stone
 Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heavenly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 And saints adore his name :
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribes and priests,
 Reject it with disdain ;
 Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise ;
 'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
 And marv'llous in our eyes.

HYMN 85—86.

83

HYMN 85. C. M.

(*)

Amazing grace.

- 1 **A** MAZING grace ! how sweet the sound,
That sav'd a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now I 'm found,
Was blind, but now I see !
- 2 When press'd with unbelief and fear,
'T was grace my soul reliev'd ;
How glorious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd !
- 3 “ Grace ! grace ! free grace,” my soul ex-
“ Enough for all mankind !” [claim'd.
“ Whoever will,” my tongue proclaim'd,
“ May share the grace divine.”
- 4 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;
'T is grace that 's brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 5 And when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

HYMN 86. C. M.

[* or b]

*The soul desiring to be delivered from the last
remains of sin.*

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

84


HYMN 87.

- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless ;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear ;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve ;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee our living head,
 Let us in all things grow ;
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive thy ready bride ;
 Give us in heaven a happy lot,
 With all the sanctified.

HYMN 87. C. M. a. 144.

[b]

The soul desiring the witness of the Spirit.

- 1  HY should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring
 Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven ;

HYMN 88.

85

- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 88. C. M. a. 145.

[*]

The priesthood of Christ and Aaron compared.

Taken from Heb. vii. & ix.

- 1 **J**ESUS, in thee our eyes behold
 A thousand glories more
 Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
 The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt off'rings brought,
 To purge themselves from sin ;
 Thy life was pure without a spot,
 And all thy nature clean.
- 3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
 Was on their altar spilt :
 But thy one off'ring takes away
 For ever all our guilt.
- 4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
 For mortal was their race :
 Thy never-changing office stands
 Eternal as thy days.
- 5 Once, in the circuit of a year,
 With blood, but not his own,

86

HYMN - 89.

- Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.]
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill,
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face ;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 89. L. M. Ps. 72.

[*]

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
'Their early blessings on his name.

HYMN 90.

87

- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns :
 He frees the pris'ners from their chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 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.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat a long *Amen*.

HYMN 90. L. M. Ps. 69. [bar *]

Christ's passion and our salvation.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our lord ;
 Behold the rising billows roll,
 To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath;
 While hosts of hell and powers of death,
 And all the sons of malice join,
 To execute their curst design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
 Have made the curse a blessing prove ;
 Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son,
 Aton'd for crimes which we have done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
 The honors of thy law restor'd ;

His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

- 5 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live ;
The lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

HYMN 91. L. M.

(*)

*An exhortation to lay hold on the hope set before
us in the gospel.*

- 1 **C**OME let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures by his word ;
He is our Shepherd, we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 2 Come let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his word obey ;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 3 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face ;
A faithless, unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.
- 4 Thus saith the Lord, " how false they prove!
Forget my power, abuse my love ;
Since they despise my rest, I swear,
Their feet shall never enter there."
- 3 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead ;
Receive the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

HYMN 92.

89

- 6 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates ;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

HYMN 92. C. M. Ps. 96.

[*]

Christ's first and second coming.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His late discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, " Jesus reigns,"
God's own almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea :
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord a way.
- 5 Behold, he comes ! he comes to bless
The nations as their God :
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But, when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,

How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear !

HYMN 93. L. M.

[*]

Messiah's coming.

- 1 **WE** 'VE found the Great Messiah, come,
The Savior, sent to bring us home ;
The glorious Lord we now adore
And love, and long to love him more.
- 2 We 've found the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who came the lost ones all to seek ;
Who died to save their souls from hell,
And bring them home with him to dwell.
- 3 We 've found the Lord of all below,
Before him ev'ry knee shall bow ;
And ev'ry tongue to him confess
His dreadful justice, or his grace.
- 4 We 've found the glorious hiding place
In which we 're safe in all distress ;
The rock that hides us from the wind,
And streams which cheer the fainting mind.
- 5 We 've found the way which leads to God,
The way that all the prophets trod ;
'The way which gives true peace and rest ;
The way in which our souls are blest.
- 6 We 've found the Lamb whose blood was spilt
To save our souls from sin and guilt ;
The Lamb who open'd all the seals,
And thus his Father's will reveals.

HYMN 94—95.

91

HYMN 94. C. M.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1 **I** SING the mighty power of God,
Who bade the mountains rise ;
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 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.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fill'd the earth with food ;
Who form'd the creatures by his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.
- 5 There 's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
The clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 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.

HYMN 95. C. M.

Christ precious in life and death.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy glorious name,
'T is music to my ear ;

- Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heaven and earth might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My treasure and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold but sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The richest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its fears.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then speechless give my soul to thee,
Thou conqueror of death.

HYMN 96. L. M. Ps. 85. [*]

Salvation is nigh to such as trust and fear God.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav-
By his obedience, so complete, [en;
Justice is pleas'd and peace is given.

HYMN 97.

93

- 3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
 Religion dwell on earth again,
 And heavenly influence bless the ground,
 In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
 To give us free access to God ;
 Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
 But mark his steps and keep the road.

HYMN 97. L. M. Ps. 87. [b or *]

*Family and public worship ; or, the church the
 birth place of saints.*

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temples lays
 Foundations for his heavenly praise ;
 He likes the tents of Jacob well,
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
 That pay their night and morning vows ;
 But makes a more delightful stay,
 Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were described of old !
 What wonders are of Zion told !
 Thou city of our God below,
 Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
 Shall there begin their lives anew ;
 Angels and men shall join to sing
 The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
 Of natives in his holy mount.

'T will be an honor to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

HYMN 98. L. M. Ps. 84. (*)

Grace and glory.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield; he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

HYMN 99. L. M. (*)

The loving kindness of the Lord.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;

HYMN 100.

95

- He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose ;
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Savior to depart ;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O ! may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness through the skies.

HYMN 100. C. M.

(*)

Encouragement to trust and love God.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of
In trouble and in joy, [life,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast
Till all, who are distress'd,

96

HYMN 101.

- From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 O make a trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in the Lord confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight ;
Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
'The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supplied.

HYMN 101. L. M.

(b or ^)

Pray without ceasing.

- 1 **P**RAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designed to give;
Long as they live, should Christians pray ;
For only while they pray they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart his pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within ;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

HYMN 102.

97

- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
 When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
 My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
 Arise, and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay;
 If guilt deject, if sin distress;
 The remedy 's before thee, *pray*.
- 5 'T is prayer supports the soul that 's weak,
 Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
 Pray, if thou canst, or cannot speak;
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 6 Depend on him, thou cannot fail;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known;
 Fear not; his merits must prevail:
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HYMN 102. C. M.

(*)

The heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end?
 My joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold!
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl;
 Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
 My study long have been;
 Such sparkling light, by human sight
 Has never yet been seen.

98

HYMN 103.

- 4 If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence !
 What folly 't is, that I should dread
 To die and go from hence !
- 5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths never end.
- 6 My stay below is wearisome,
 Lord Jesus, take me home ;
 Where I may sit and sing thy praise,
 For wonders thou hast done.
- 7 When we 've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We 've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first begun.

HYMN 103. P. M.

(b)

*The awakened sinner having a prospective view
 of eternity.*

- 1 **L**O ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
 Yet how insensible !
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell !
- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me ere it be too late,
 Wake me to righteousness !

HYMN 104.

99

- 3 Before me place, in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou in clouds shall come,
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom ?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure !
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
- 5 Then, Savior, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above ;
 There shall I see thy glories bright,
 Enjoy in thee supreme delight,
 And ne'er from thee remove.

HYMN 104. L. M.

(b)

This is said to be composed by THIRISHNU, the first Hindoo who broke the chains of the caste, and was baptized at Bengal—now a preacher.

- 1 **O** THOU, my soul, forget no more
 The Friend who all thy misery bore ;
 Let every idol be forgot,
 But, O my soul, forget him not.
- 2 Jesus for thee a body takes,
 Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,

100

HYMN 105.

- Discharging all thy dreadful debt ;—
And canst thou e'er such love forget ?
- 3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this more sure relief ;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and he himself is thine ;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget ?
- 5 Ah ! no—till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
And lisping this, from earth I 'll rise,
And join the chorus in the skies.
- 6 Ah ! no—when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

HYMN 105. P. M.

(*)

Finished redemption.

- 1 **H**ARK ! 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 ! ” “ It is finish'd ! ”
Hear the dying Savior cry.
- 2 It is finish'd ! O what pleasure
Doth these charming words afford !

HYMN 106.

101

Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

It is finish'd ! It is finish'd !

Saints the dying words record.

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law !

Finish'd, all that God had promis'd ;
Death and hell no more shall awe :

It is finish'd ! It is finish'd !

Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;

All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name ;

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

HYMN 106. P. M.

(*)

The union.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love ?

It fastens our souls in such ties,
As nature and time can't remove.

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

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

- 4 O, why then so loath for to part,
 Since we shall ere long meet again?
 Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
 At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
 And join with the angels above,
 Leaving these vile bodies of clay,
 United with Jesus in love :
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glory shall see,
 And sing, Hallelujah, Amen,
 Amen ! even so let it be.

HYMN 107. C. M. Ps. 116. (*)

Vows. made in trouble, and paid in the church.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God,
 For all his kindness shown?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
 My off'rings shall be paid ;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God !
 How dear thy servants in thy sight !
 How precious is thy blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !

HYMN 108.

103

My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 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.

6 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.

HYMN 108. C. M. (b or *)

Redemption.

1 **J**ESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom heavenly powers obey,
The bosom of his Father left,
And enter'd human clay !

2 Into our sinful world he came,
The messenger of grace ;
And on the shameful tree expir'd,
A victim in our place.

3 Transgressors of the deepest stain,
In him salvation find ;
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His Spirit heals the mind.

4 Our Jesus saves from sin and death,
His promises are sure ;
And on this rock our souls may rest
Immoveably secure.

- 5 O let these tidings be receiv'd
 With universal joy !
 And let the high angelic strains
 Our tuneful powers employ.
- 6 Glory to God, who gave his Son
 To bear our pain and shame ;
 Hence, peace on earth, and grace to men,
 Through all succession reign.

HYMN 109. L. M.

(b)

The church offers her tribute of praise.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,
 Accept the tribute which we bring :
 Accept the well deserv'd renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
 Like that blest hour, when from above,
 We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;
 Let not our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 May every minute, as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys ;
 Till we be rais'd to sing thy name,
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 110—111.

105

HYMN 110. C. M.

(*)

Christ and his church made one by spiritual union: He the head, and they the members.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
That calls such worms thy own;
Gives us among thy saints a place,
And brings us near thy throne.
- 2 When join'd to thee, our vital head,
Our virtues grow and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead,
Though it may seem alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
All join in sweet accord;
The body's one in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may our humble faith receive
Thy Spirit with delight;
Then, time and death in vain shall strive
The bond to disunite.

HYMN 111. L: M.

(*)

Weary souls invited to the promised rest.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes to God;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

- 3 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 !
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling ; yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Great Savior, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove :
May that sweet influence in our breast,
Prepare us for thy heavenly rest.

HYMN 112. L. M. c. 12. (*)

The gospel feast consists of the richest provisions.

- 1 **H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord !
Thy table furnish'd from above ;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board ;
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast ;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste !
- 3 We were the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh ;
Yet, at the gospel call, we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,

HYMN 113.

· 107

Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

5 What shall we pay our heavenly Friend,
Who left his Father's blest abode,
And did to this low world descend,
To bring us wand'ers back to God.

6 Our everlasting love is due
To Him, who pitied sinners lost !
And paid our ransom when he knew
His precious life must be the cost !

HYMN 113. C. M. (b or *)

Heavenly treasure in earthen vessels !

- 1 **H**OW rich thy bounty, King of kings,
Thy favors how divine !
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine !
- 2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare ;
How mean ! when set against those joys
Thy poorest servants share.
- 3 Yet all those treasures of thy grace
Are lodg'd in urns of clay,
And the weak sons of mortal race
The heavenly gifts convey.
- 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the vict'ry gives :
Quickly they moulder back to earth,
But still the gospel lives.

108

HYMN 114.

- 5 Such wonders, power divine effects,
 Such trophies, God can raise ;
 His hand, from crumbling dust erects
 His monuments of praise !

HYMN 114. S. M.

(b)

Impostors detected, and God's servants known.

- 1 **I**MPOSTORS shrink from light,
 And dread the curious eye ;
 But godly men to test invite,
 They bid us “ search and try.”
- 2 A meek inquiring mind,
 Lord, help us to maintain ;
 That growing knowledge we may find,
 And growing virtue gain.
- 3 With understanding blest,
 Created to be free,
 Our faith on man we dare not rest,
 Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Give us the light we need,
 Our minds with knowledge fill ;
 From noxious error guard our creed,
 From prejudice, our will.
- 5 The truth thou shalt impart,
 May we with firmness own ;
 Abhorring each evasive art,
 And fearing thee alone.

HYMN 115—116.

109

HYMN 115. L. M. a. 135. (*)

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys which cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

HYMN 116. L. M. a. 132. (*)

Practical holiness.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

110

HYMN 117.

- 5 Religion bears our spirits up,
 Whilst we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 117. L. M.

(*)

Jesus hath done all things well.

- 1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
 With all the saints, I'll join to tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
 His wisdom all his works express;
 But O, his love, what tongue can tell?
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 I spurn'd his grace—I broke his laws,
 And yet he undertook my cause,
 To save me, though I did rebel;
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 4 And since my soul hath known his love,
 What blessings hath he made me prove;
 Mercy, which doth all praise excel,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 5 Whene'er my Savior and my God
 Hath on me laid his gentle rod;
 I know in all that has befall,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms shall lose my breath;
 Then, then my happy soul shall tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

HYMN 118.

111

- 7 And when to that bright world I rise,
 And join the anthems in the skies,
 Above the rest, this note shall swell,
 “My Jesus hath done all things well.”

HYMN 118. L. M. a. 71. (b or *)

Christ found, and brought to the church.

- 1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night,
 Jesus, my love, my soul's delight;
 With warm desire, and restless thought,
 I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise and search the street,
 Till I my Lord and Savior meet;
 I ask the watchmen of the night,
 “Where did you see my soul's delight?”
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
 Directed by a heavenly ray;
 I leap for joy to see his face,
 And hold him fast in my embrace.
- 4 [I bring him to my mother's home;
 Nor does my Lord refuse to come
 To Zion's sacred chambers, where
 My soul first drew the vital air.
- 5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
 Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
 I give my soul to him, and there
 Our loves their mutual tokens share.]
- 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
 Approach not to disturb my joys;
 Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
 Nor cause my Savior to depart.

HYMN 119. S. M.

[b]

*The sheep are always safe, while they keep with
the Shepherd.*

1 **J**ESUS, great Shepherd of thy sheep,
To thee for help we fly ;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
Whene'er the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear and slay ;
And seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us, into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm ;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can do no harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his rav'ning power,
While by our Shepherd's side ;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O, do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree ;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us near to thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

HYMN 120—121.

113

HYMN 120. S. M. a 108.

(*)

Christ unseen and yet beloved.

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love to read his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 121. L. M. b. 23.

(*)

The sight of God and Christ in heaven.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things :
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll ;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne ;

There sits our Savior, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While on their golden harps they sing;
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King.
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face and sing thy love?

HYMN 122. C. M. Ps. 39. (*)

*Time a narrow space, and the vain pursuits of
men.*

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

- 1 **M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my
years,
Fly rapid like the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole ;
Time like a tide its motion keeps,
Till I shall launch these boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly—
Unthinking man, remember this,
“Thou, ’midst thy sublunary bliss,
“Must groan, and gasp. and die!”
- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall :

And thou must take thy flight
 Beyond the vast expansive blue.
 To love and sing as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.

- 4 Eternal bliss, eternal wo,
 Hangs on this inch of time below,
 On this precarious breath ;
 The God of nature only knows
 Whether another year shall close,
 Ere I expire in death.
- 5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,
 I may be buried under ground,
 And there in silence rot :
 Alas ! one hour may close the scene,
 And ere twelve months shall roll between,
 My name be quite forgot.
- 6 But will my soul be then extinct,
 And cease to live, or cease to think ?
 It cannot—cannot be ;
 Thou, my immortal, cannot die ;
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
 When death shall set thee free ?
- 7 Will mercy then its arms extend ?
 Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
 And heaven thy dwelling place ?
 Or shall insulting fiends appear,
 To drag thee down to dark despair,
 Beyond the reach of grace ?
- 8 A heaven, or hell, and these alone,
 Beyond this mortal life are known ;
 There is no middle state :

HYMN 124.

117

To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine ;
Or it may be too late.

9 O do not pass this life in dreams ;
Vast is the change, whate'er it seems
To poor unthinking man !
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience tell me plainly now,
What it will tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose that better way
Which leads to joys on high :
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live
Such as I dare not die.

HYMN 124. L. M. a. 88. (b)

Life, the only day of grace, and space for repentance.

1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 [Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

- 4 [Their hatred and their love are lost,
 Their envy buried in the dust ;
 They have no share in all that 's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 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.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
 In the cold grave, to which we haste :
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 125. C. M. b. 58. (b)

The shortness of life and goodness of God.

- 1 **T**IME ! what an empty vapor 't is !
 And days how swift they are !
 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting star.
- 2 The present moments just appear,
 Then slide away in haste ;
 That we can never say, they 're here ;
 But only say, they 're past.
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh ;
 The moment that our lives begin,
 We all begin to die.
- 4 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
 Thy lasting favors share ;
 And with the bounties of thy grace,
 Thou load'st the rolling year.

HYMN 126.

119

- 5 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
 And when we close our eyes,
 Let the next age thy praise prolong,
 Till time and nature dies.

HYMN 126. C. M. b. 32. (b)

*Life short, and the affairs of the soul vast and
 important.*

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life !
 How vast our soul's affairs !
 Yet senseless mortals vainly strive,
 To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days ran thoughtlessly along,
 Without a moment's stay ;
 Just like a story, or a song,
 We pass our lives away.
- 3 God, from on high, invites us home,
 But we march heedless on ;
 And, ever hastening to the tomb,
 Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
 That slight such joys above !
 What chains of vengeance should we feel,
 That break such cords of love !
- 5 Draw us, O God, with saving grace,
 And lift our thoughts on high,
 That we may end this sinful race,
 And see salvation nigh.

126

HYMN 127—128.

HYMN 127. C. M.

(*)

The child of grace is happy.

- 1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
“This earth,” he cries, “is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven:
- 2 “A country far from mortal sight:
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint’s delight,
The heaven prepar’d for me.”
- 3 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate the day:
- 4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life’s in Christ conceal’d:
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessel’s fill’d.
- 5 O would he more of heaven bestow!
Then, when the vessels break,
Our ransom’d spirits hence shall go,
To view the God we seek.

HYMN 128. L. M.

(*)

The church called to awake to duty.

- 1 **A**WAKE! Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garments of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

HYMN 129.

121

- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes ;
Arise, and struggle into light,
Thy great Deliv'rer calls, " Arise."
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair ;
Zion, assert thy liberty :
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captives free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of Grace,
Be purg'd from ev'ry sinful stain ;
Be like your Lord, his word obey,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on ;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

HYMN 129. S. M.

(*)

To be sung at meeting, after long separation.

- 1 **A**ND are we yet alive,
To see each other's face ?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace !
Preserv'd by power divine,
To feel salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.
- 2 What troubles have we seen !
What conflicts have we past !
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last :

122

HYMN 130.

But out of all, the Lord
 Has brought us by his love ;
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hides our life above.

- 5 Then let us make our boast
 Of his redeeming power,
 Which saves us to the uttermost,
 In every trying hour :
 Let us take up our cross,
 Till we the crown obtain,
 And gladly reckon all things loss,
 So we but Jesus gain.

HYMN 130. L. M.

(b)

Self-examination.

- 1 **T**HOU vain, intruding world, depart ;
 No more allure or vex my heart ;
 Let every vanity be gone :
 I would be peaceful and alone.
- 2 Here let me search my inmost mind,
 And try its real state to find ;
 The secret springs of thought explore,
 And call my words and actions o'er :
- 3 Reflect how soon my life will end,
 And think on what my hopes depend ;
 What aim my busy thoughts pursue,
 What work is done, and what to do.
- 4 Eternity is just at hand ;
 And shall I waste the ebbing sand,
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my fleeting time away ?

HYMN 131.

123

- 5 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Savior's blood,
A pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 6 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

HYMN 131. L. M. b. 122. (b)

Retirement and meditation.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One gracious word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

124 HYMN 132—133.

HYMN 132. L. M. a. 67. (* or b)

*Christ is the good Shepherd, and feeds his sheep
in a sweet pasture.*

- 1 **T**HOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joys, and earthly love;
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
Which from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them keep.
- 3 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures, here they be:
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans and tears.
- 4 His sacred flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to this feast my soul shall come,
Till my beloved lead me home.

HYMN 133. L. M. (*)

*The heavens declare the glory of God, and the
firmament his handy works.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,

HYMN 134.

125

And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale :
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
“ The hand that made us is divine !”

HYMN 134. L. M. a 76. (*)

*Christ dwells in heaven, but is present with his
saints upon the earth. Solomon's Song. vi.
&c.*

- 1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Savior dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 My best beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown :

- But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.
- 3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand ;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.
- 4 He has engross'd my warmest love ;
No earthly charms my soul can move ;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]
- 5 He takes my soul ere I 'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are ;
No chariot of Amminadab
The heavenly rapture can describe.
- 6 O may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies ;
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.

HYMN 135. C. M. (b or *)

The man of charity.

- 1 **T**HE man of charity extends
To all his liberal hand ;
His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,
His pity may command.
- 2 He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain ;
With tender heart delights to bless.
And lessen all their pain.

HYMN 136.

127

- 3 The sick, the pris'ner, poor and blind,
 And all the sons of grief,
 In him a benefactor find ;
 He loves to give relief.
- 4 'T is love that makes religion sweet,
 'T is love that makes us rise.
 With willing mind and active feet,
 To yonder happy skies.
- 5 Then, let us all in love abound,
 And charity pursue ;
 Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,
 And love as angels do.

HYMN 136. C. M.

(*)

*The effect of divine love is to unite and connect
 its subjects.*

- 1 **I**F we indeed are what we say,
 All foll'wers of the Lamb,
 All children of the glorious day ;
 May love our souls inflame.
- 2 Love, only love, in word and tongue,
 Will ne'er endure the fire ;
 We all must bear that test ere long ;
 In love, O be entire.
- 3 Love, love, pure love fulfils the law,
 Love purifies the heart ;
 Love will us into union draw ;
 Love will not let us part.
- 4 Then love, my brethren, let us love,
 And show the world that we

128

HYMN 137.

Are trav'ling to the world above,
All bound in unity.

- 5 Love all the hosts above inspire ;
In love they all agree ;
To live in love be our desire,
And love eternally.

HYMN 137. L. M.

(1)

The reward of God's faithful ministers.

- 1 **T**HERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
And God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord,
As brilliant stars for ever shine ;
Surprising honor ! large reward !
Conferr'd on them by love divine.
- 3 How happy then the truly wise,
Who learn and keep the heavenly road !
How happy they whom Christ employs
To turn rebellious men to God !
- 4 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;
And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus wrought and God approves.
- 5 No fancied joy beyond the sky,
Nor fair delusion is reveal'd ;
'T is God that speaks, who cannot lie,
And all his word must be fulfill'd.
- 6 Happy those servants of the Lord,
Who thus their Master's will obey !

HYMN 138.

129

With thrones and crowns he'll them reward,
And they shall reign in endless day.

HYMN 138. L. M.

(*)

The commission which Christ gave to preach the gospel.

- 1 **T**HUS spake the Savior, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word,
(Who through the world obedient went,
And spread the gospel of their Lord.)
- 2 “Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;
The gospel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.
- 3 “The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 4 “Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;
And let your whole deportment show
That you're commission'd from above.
- 5 “Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
Freely in love to others give :
Thus shall your doctrine be believ'd,
And by your labors sinners live.
- 6 “All power is trusted in my hands,
I will protect you and defend ;
And while you follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end.”

130

HYMN 139—140.

7 Then let us trust a faithful Lord,
The work pursue, his truth proclaim,
To every creature preach his word,
Till all shall bow to Jesus' name.

HYMN 139. L. M. a. 116. (b)

Love to God and man.

1 **T**HUS saith the first and great command,
“Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigor and delight.

2 “Then shall thy neighbor, next in place,
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him.”

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this, the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love,

4 But Oh! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN 140. L. M. a. 87. (b)

God delights to dwell with the humble.

1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,
“I sit upon my holy throne:
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

HYMN 141.

131

- 2 “ But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too ;
The humble spirit and contrite,
Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 “ The humble soul my words receive ;
I bid the mourning sinner live ;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 “ When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they 've been :
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.”
- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die ;
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.

HYMN 141. C. M.

(2)

“ Lord, increase our faith.”

- 1 **M**ORE of that faith, O God, I need,
Which purifies the heart,
Then shall my soul from chains be freed,
And every foe depart.
- 2 'T is faith that brings me near to thee,
And makes my soul rejoice ;
'T is faith that doth thy footsteps see,
And faith that hears thy voice.
- 3 When I have faith, then I can tell
The wonders of thy grace ;

132

HYMN 142.

By faith, I all my fears repel,
And run the Christian race.

- 4 'Tis faith that conquers all my foes,
And triumphs over death ;
'Tis faith alone surmounts my woes,
O Lord ! increase my faith.
- 5 Faith looks with joy within the veil,
And views eternal things ;
Darkness, and doubts, and sorrows fail,
When faith extends her wings.

HYMN 142. S. M.

(*)

Heaven and glory must begin below.

- 1 **I**F God so lov'd our race,
To give his only Son,
Lord, let me feel thy heavenly grace,
And know the gift my own.
- 2 It 's not a heaven to come,
My soul can satisfy ;
Nor can I feel myself at home,
But with my Savior nigh.
- 3 O God, thy heavens bow,
These parting walls remove,
Let me begin my glory now,
And here enjoy thy love.
- 4 Shine, O thou morning Star,
And bring celestial day ;
Far from my soul, O Jesus, far
Expel these clouds away.

HYMN 143.

133

- 5 Scenes of immortal joy
 Is my supreme desire ;
 To live and die in thine employ,
 Then join the heavenly choir.

HYMN 143. L. M.

(b)

“ The kingdom of God is within you.”

- 1 **W**HILE others their salvation rest
 On outward forms, or distant heaven,
 I want God's kingdom in my breast,
 And there to feel my sins forgiven.
- 2 Some make their boast of cancell'd sin,
 Before the world or they were made ;
 And while they have a hell within,
 Imagine God their heaven decreed.
- 3 While others think the law fulfill'd
 By Jesus, when he bled and died,
 Has freed their souls from endless guilt,
 Although his blood be not applied.
- 4 But I can trust to no decree,
 Or law fulfill'd by Jesus Christ,
 But that which works a change in me,
 And brings me to the gospel feast.
- 5 I am by nature dead in sin,
 My soul bound down with heavy chains ;
 Then Christ must be my life within,
 Or else my soul in death remains.
- 6 Then in my heart, O Jesus, reign,
 With thy blest kingdom all divine :

Remove my death, break every chain,
And make my spirit pure as thine.

- 7 Then shall I be for ever blest,
From all my sins and sorrows free;
A peaceful kingdom in my breast,
And I for ever reign with thee.

HYMN 144. C. M. a. 123. (* or b)

The repenting prodigal. Luke, xv. 13, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and
wine
Has wasted his estate :
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.
- 2 “ I die with hunger, here,” he cries,
“ I starve in foreign lands :
My father’s house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 “ I ’ll go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face ;
Father, I ’ve done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace.”
- 4 He said ;—and hasten’d to his home,
To seek his father’s love ;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac’d and kiss’d his son ;
The rebel’s heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

HYMN 145.

135

- 6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
 (The father gave command,)
 "Dress him in garments white and clean,
 With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 "A day of feasting I ordain;
 Let mirth and joy abound:
 My son was dead, and lives again!
 Was lost, and now is found!"

HYMN 145. C. M. a. 20.

(*)

*The robe of righteousness and garments of sal-
 vation.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my heart, arise my tongue,
 Prepare a tuneful voice;
 In God, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Twas he adorn'd my naked soul,
 And made salvation mine;
 Upon a poor polluted worm
 He made his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
 Should on my soul be found;
 He took the robe the Savior wrought,
 And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
 What earthly princes wear!
 These ornaments, how bright they shine!
 How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
 And hope, and every grace;

But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd,
By the great sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

HYMN 146. C. M. b. 34.

[b]

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel hear' below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 147.

137

HYMN 147. C. M.

(*)

The Jubilee.

- 1 **W**HAT heavenly music do I hear !
 Salvation sounding free !
 Ye souls in bondage lend an ear ;
 This is the jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly doth the tidings roll
 All round from sea to sea ;
 From land to land, from pole to pole ;
 This is the jubilee.
- 3 Good news ! good news to Adam's race !
 Let Christians all agree
 To sing redeeming love and grace ;
 This is the jubilee.
- 4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
 To all in misery,
 And bids them welcome home to peace ;
 This is the jubilee.
- 5 Jesus is on the mercy seat,
 Before him bend the knee ;
 Let heaven and earth his praise repeat ;
 This is the jubilee.
- 6 Sinners, be wise, return, and come,
 Unto the Savior flee ;
 His Spirit bids you welcome home ;
 This is the jubilee.
- 7 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
 With songs of harmony,
 While on the road to heaven, sing,
 " This is the jubilee."

The believer's spiritual voyage.

- 1 **J**ESUS! at thy command
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all to sleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I'll trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in each trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks, and quick-sands deep,
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And every boist'rous storm out-ride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless bliss,
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O! may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;

HYMN 149.

139

For more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destin'd place;
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave this world and sin behind.

HYMN 149. C. M.

[*]

Perseverance.

- 1 **G**O on, my brethren, while below,
In the sure paths of peace;
Determin'd nothing else to know,
But Jesus and his grace.
- 2 Observe your Leader, follow him,
He through this world has been;
Oft times revil'd, but, like a lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.
- 3 O take the pattern he hath given,
And love your enemies;
And learn, the only way to heaven
Through self-denial lies.
- 4 Contend for nothing but the fruit
That feeds the immortal mind;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.
- 5 Remember, you must watch and pray
While journeying on the road;

140

HYMN 150.

- Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.
- 6 Go on, rejoicing, night and day ;
Your crown is yet before ;
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.
- 7 Soon we shall reach the promis'd land,
With all the heaven-born race ;
With rapture join the glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.

HYMN 150. L. M. b. 146.

[b]

The desires of the soul are capacious.

- 1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires ;
He burns within with restless fires ;
Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind ;
We try new pleasures—but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side, by turns ;
And 't is a poor relief we gain,
We change the place but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst—
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN 151.

141

HYMN 151. C. M. b. 17.

[*]

God's eternity.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the
ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound,
To praise the eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne ;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime ;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And *ever* is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past ;
He fills his own eternal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come ;
The creatures—look ! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flames melt down the skies ;
My God shall live an endless day
When old creation dies.

142

HYMN 152—153.

HYMN 152. C. M. b. 19.

[b]

Our bodies frail, and God our preserver.

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble worms we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to the Almighty name
That raised us from the dust.
- 5 He spoke—and straight our hearts and brains,
In all their motions rose;
“Let blood,” said he “flow round the veins,”
And round the veins it flows.
- 6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs.
Or they would breathe no more,

HYMN 153. C. M. Ps. 71.

(b)

The aged saint's prayer and song

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days;

HYMN 154.

143

- I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous grace.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death,
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.
- 5 When I lie buried in the dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

HYMN 154. L. M. Ps. 34.

[b]

An invitation to children to attend upon religious instruction.

- 1 **C**HILDREN, in years and knowledge
young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,

144

HYMN 155.

Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eye of God regards his saints,
His ear is open to their cries ;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh ;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, and counts their groans ;
His Son redeems their souls from death ;
His Spirit heals their broken bones ;
They in his praise employ their breath.

HYMN 155. C. M. Ps. 34. [b or ♯]

The same.

1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord ;
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practice love,
Pursue the works of peace ;
Thus shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry ;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

HYMN 156.

145

- 4 What though the sorrows here they taste,
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead,
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeems their souls.

HYMN 156. L. M. a. 91.

(b)

Advice to youth.

- 1 **N**OW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God ;
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, " My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know how frail I am :

And if my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 157. P. M.

(b)

An address to youth, by a converted young man.

- 1 **Y**OUNG people, all, attention give,
While I address you in God's name;
You who in *sin* and *folly* live,
Come, hear the counsel of a friend.
I sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And rang'd th' alluring scenes of life;
But never found substantial joys,
Until I heard my Savior's voice.
- 2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And swept my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the glorious way.
And now, with trembling sense, I view
Dread billows roll beneath your feet,
While death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel grace.
- 3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
In rolling years, or sudden death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And ye in darkness grope beneath:
Your sparkling eyes, and blooming cheeks,
May wither like the blasted rose:
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 4 Ye heedless youth, who wildly rove,
The grave will soon become your bed;

HYMN 158.

147

Where darkness reigns, and vapors move
 In solemn silence round your head ;
 Your friends will pass the lonely place,
 And with a sigh, move slow along ;
 Still gazing on the spires of grass,
 That o'er your bodies shall be grown.

5 But oh ! the soul, where vengeance reigns,
 Must sink in groans and ceaseless cries,
 And move amidst the burning flames,
 In endless woes and agonies !
 There, swallow'd up in darkest night,
 Where devils howl, and thunders roar,
 To rage in keen despair and guilt,
 When thousand thousand years are o'er.

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

HYMN 158. L. M.

(b)

Thoughts on death.

1 **S**OON I shall hear the solemn call,
 (Prepar'd or not) to yield my breath,
 And this poor mortal frame must fall
 A helpless prey to cruel death.

2 Then look, my soul, look forward now,
 And anchor safe beyond the flood ;

148

HYMN 159.

Bow to the Savior's footstool, bow,
And get a life secure in God.

3 Before these fleeting hours are gone,
I'll bid this mortal world adieu ;
And to the Lord I'll now resign
My life, my breath, and spirit too.

4 Then welcome death, with all its force,
No more I'll fear the gaping grave ;
Jesus, my Lord, my last resource,
Will reach his arm my soul to save.

5 He will not hide his smiling face,
Nor leave me in that trying hour ;
I'll trust my soul upon his grace,
And cheerful leave this mortal shore.

HYMN 159. C. M. b. 66. (*)

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

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

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

3 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
Through fear to launch away.

HYMN 160.

149

- 4 O could we make these doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unbecclouded eyes :
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er ;
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 160. L. M.

[*]

Sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 SINNERS, behold ! the Savior stands,
 With crowns and pardons in his hands,
 To court you from the jaws of hell,
 That you might in his bosom dwell.
- 2 His Spirit, with its healing power,
 Stands knocking, pleading at your door ;
 He 'll bind the wounds that sin has made ;
 He 'll heal the sick and raise the dead.
- 3 O ! don't reject his heavenly voice,
 But hear, and in his name rejoice ;
 Attend the call, his love embrace,
 And freely now be sav'd by grace.
- 4 He 'll be your Father and your friend,
 Your heart shall leap, your sorrows end ;
 He 'll feed you with immortal love,
 And you shall reign with him above.

150

HYMN 161—162.

HYMN 161. L. M. [* or b]

A call to awakened sinners.

- 1 **C**OME, trembling souls, forget your fear,
For your eternal Friend is near ;
Come now, and bow before his face,
And you shall share his saving grace.
- 2 Long time he 's call'd your souls in vain,
And yet, behold ! he calls again :
Once more in love he 's come to try,
Say, sinner, will you live or die ?
- 3 Though long you have his grace abus'd,
And all his calls of love refus'd,
Yet, even now, he will forgive,
O sinners, hear his voice and live.
- 4 Or will you crowd him from your door,
That he may never call you more ?
Think then, O souls, how can you bear
To sink in death and long despair ?
- 5 O sinners, hear, he calls again,
And do not linger on the plain ;
Leave all, and fly to Jesus' arms,
And taste, O taste his heavenly charms.

HYMN 162. C. M.

(*)

Grace abounding to the chief of sinners.

- 1 **A**MAZING sight ! the Savior stands,
And knocks at every door ;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
For to supply the poor,

HYMN 163.

151

- 2 “Behold !” saith he, “I bled and died,
To bring poor souls to rest :
Hear, sinners ! while I’m passing by,
And be for ever blest.
- 3 “Not to condemn your guilty race,
Have Lin judgment come ;
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home.
- 4 “May I not save your wretched souls
From sin, from death, and hell ?
Wounded, or sick, I’ll make you whole,
And you with me shall dwell.
- 5 “Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven ?
Or will you make a wretched choice,
And bar your souls from heaven ?
- 6 “Come now, poor souls, before I go,
While I am passing by :
Say, will you bow to me, or no ?
Say, will you live, or die ?”

HYMN 163. L. M.

(b)

*The awakened sinner lamenting the hardness of
his heart.*

- 1 **O** FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take my heart of stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;

152

HYMN 164.

- Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
4 And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.
- 6 Thus saith the Lord, "My voice obey!
I'll take the heart of stone away;
'Thy mourning soul with grace refresh,
And give thee a new heart of flesh."

HYMN 164. C. M. a. 19. [*]

The song of Simeon. Luke, ii. 27, &c. To be sung at the opening of a meeting for worship.

- 1 **L**ORD! at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Savior here;
O make our joys the same.
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly, in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the Holy Child!

HYMN 165.

153

- 3 “Now I can leave this world,” he cried ;
 “Behold thy servant dies ;
 I’ve seen thy great salvation, Lord,
 And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 “This is the light prepar’d to shine
 Upon the Gentile lands ;
 Thine Israel’s glory, and their hope,
 To break their slavish bands.”
- 5 Jesus, the vision of thy face
 Hath overpowering charms !
 Scarce shall I feel death’s cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then, while ye hear my heart strings break,
 How sweet the minutes roll !
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.

HYMN 165. L. M. a. 15. [* or b]

As the day is, so shall thy strength be.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Savior say,
 “Strength shall be equal to thy day,”
 Then I’ll rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all sufficient grace.
- 2 I’ll glory in infirmity,
 That Christ’s own power may rest on me ;
 When I am weak, then am I strong,
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
 All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with my pains,
 While his left hand my head sustains

154

HYMN 166.

- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt to work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.
- 5 So Sampson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines at his cost ;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.
- 6 May we by Sampson warning take,
And not the Lord our God forsake ;
His cov'nant keep, and ne'er betray
Our head, in which our strength doth lay.

HYMN 166. C. M. a. 9. [b or *]

*The emptiness of earthly enjoyments, and fulness
of divine grace.*

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind ;
The choicest blessings earth can yield,
Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meet,
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace ;
He gives, by cov'nant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.
- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,

HYMN 167.

155

In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 And lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again ;
His Spirit shall bedew our souls,
Like purifying rain.

6 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law ;
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

HYMN 167. C. M. a 8.

(*)

The safety of Zion, and fall of Babylon.

1 **H**OW honorable is the place
Where we adoring stand !
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates
The doors wide open fling ;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace :
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

156

HYMN 168.

- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.
- 6 What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave,
Their lofty heads shall bow
- 7 On Babylon our feet shall tread,
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

HYMN 168. L. M.

(9)

The glory and safety of the church.

- 1 **O** HAPPY church! celestial bride!
Thy Husband shall with thee abide;
With matchless glory thou shalt shine,
In robes of honor all divine.
- 2 Of purest gold thy shining dress,
Truth, meekness, love and righteousness,
Holy without, and pure within,
Free from the guilt of reigning sin.
- 3 Thy laws and doctrine just and right;
Thy priests, the ministers of light;
Thine order from the courts above,
And all thy service done in love.
- 4 Thy discipline, the written word;
Thy head and ruler is the Lord;
Thy sons and daughters all agree
To live in peace and harmony.

HYMN 169.

157

- 3 Thy journey is the holy way
Which leads to everlasting day ;
And thine eternal sure reward,
A crown of glory with the Lord.

HYMN 169. C. M.

(*)

The ways of wisdom.

- 1 **H**APPY the man who daily hears
Instruction's faithful voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 Her treasures are of more esteem
'Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days ;
Riches, with splendid honors join'd,
Her left hand full displays.
- 4 She guides the youth, with innocence
In peaceful paths to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

158

HYMN 170—171.

HYMN 170. L. M.

[b or ♯]

The soul longing for heaven.

- 1 **O** COULD I soar to worlds above,
That blessed state of peace and love!
How gladly would I mount and fly
On angels' wings, to joys on high!
- 2 But ah! still longer I must stay,
Ere darksome night is chang'd to day;
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
Expos'd to trials, pains and care.
- 3 Well, let these troubles still abound;
Let thorns and briers fill the ground!
Let storms and tempests dreadful come,
Till I arrive at heaven my home.
- 4 My Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest;
To him, I cheerful give my all,
Go where he leads, and wait his call.
- 5 When he commands my soul away,
Not kingdoms then shall tempt my stay;
With rapture, I shall wake and rise,
To join my friends above the skies.

HYMN 171. C. M. a. 39.

[*]

God's love to his church.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

HYMN 172.

159

- 2 God on his thirsty Zion's hill
 Some mercy drops has thrown,
 And solemn oaths have bound his love
 To shower salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
 Suspicions and complaints?
 Is he a God, and can his grace
 Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
 The infant of her womb?
 Among a thousand tender thoughts,
 Her suckling have no room?
- 5 "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
 And mothers monsters prove,
 Zion still dwells upon the heart
 Of everlasting love.
- 6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
 I have engrav'd her name;
 My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
 And build her broken frame."

HYMN 172. C. M. a. 110. (b)

Having a desire to depart and be with Christ.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal and on high;
 And here my spirit waiting stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolv'd and fall;

160

HYMN 173.

- Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'T is he by his Almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But whilst the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present Lord, with thee.

HYMN 173. C. M.

Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O melodious sound,
To wretched, dying men!
Salvation, which from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 What, rescu'd from eternal hell,
From darkness, fire, and chains?
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love with glory reigns?
- 3 The lustre of so bright a scene
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

HYMN 174.

161

- 4 My Savior God, no voice but thine
 My dying hopes can raise ;
 Speak to my soul one saving word,
 And turn my tears to praise.
- 5 Then shall my weak and stam'ring tongue,
 Thy boundless love proclaim ;
 And call on all my fellow men,
 To love and praise thy name.

HYMN 174. S. M. b. 104.

(*)

The grace of God in Christ.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs .
 To an immortal tune ;
 Let the wide earth resound the deed
 Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love,
 Its chief beloved chose ;
 And bid him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
 No terror clothes his brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 But mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by ;
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease :
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offer'd peace.

8 Lord, we obey thy call,
 And lay a humble claim
 To the salvation thou has wrought,
 And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 175. C. M.

(7)

Early religion.

1 **H**APPY is he, whose early years
 Receive instruction well ;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord,
 Is pleasing in his eyes ;
 A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'T is easier work, if we begin
 To serve the Lord betimes ;
 While sinners, who grow old in sin,
 Are harden'd in their crimes.

4 It saves us from a thousand fears,
 To mind religion young ;
 With joy it crowns succeeding years,
 And renders virtue strong.

5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
 Our hearts we now resign ;
 'T will please us, to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

6 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy praise,
 Whilst we have life and breath ;
 Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for earlier death.

HYMN 176—177.

163

HYMN 176. L. M. b. 133. (b)

The influences of the divine Spirit.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace!
Thy power conveys the blessings down,
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thy inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy gentle influence works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin;
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
It makes the broken heart rejoice;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 177. L. M.

(*)

Divine goodness displayed.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ;
Whilst in thy temple we appear,
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the earth and planets roll,
Thy hand supports and cheers the whole;
By thee, the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

164

HYMN 178.

- 3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
 Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
 The summer rays with vigor shine,
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.
- 5 O, may our more harmonious tongues,
 In worlds above, pursue the songs ;
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 178. L. M.

(*)

The excellency of the gospel.

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes all his love and mercy known ;
 And sinners of a humble frame
 May taste his grace, and learn his name.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
 'T inform our minds, and cheer our hearts ;
 Its influence bids the sinner live,
 And makes the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
 And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
 It guides us all our journey through,
 And brings a better world in view.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie
 Close to my heart, and near my eye ;
 To life's last hour my soul employ,
 And fit me for the heavenly joy.

HYMN 179—180.

165

HYMN 179. L. M. a. 48. (*)

The Christian race. Isa. xl. 28, 31.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, (away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone!)
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 't is a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While those who trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 180. C. M. b. 10. (*)

*The soul parting with all carnal joys for the sake
of the kingdom of heaven.*

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes all vain delights,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dust beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

166

HYMN 181.

- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more ;
The happiness that I approve,
Lies not within your power.
- 3 There 's nothing round this spacious earth,
That suits my large desire ;
To boundless joys and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd ;
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th' almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great ;
Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I 'd climb the heavenly road ;
There sits my Savior dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 181. C. M.

[*]

Farewell to all but Christ.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, vain world, I bid adieu,
Your glories I despise ;
Your friendship I 'll no more pursue,
Your flatt'ries are but lies.
- 2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy ;
Your highest pleasures turn to pain,
And all your treasures die.

HYMN 182.

167

- 3 Had I the Indies east and west,
And riches of the sea ;
Without my God I could not rest,
For he is all to me.
- 4 Then let my soul rise far above ;
By faith I'll take my wing,
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.
- 5 There's love and joy that will not waste,
There's treasures that endure ;
There's pleasures that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 182. P. M. (b or *)

The inquiry of a doubting Christian.

- 1 'T IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Savior's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is darkness, vain, and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

168

HYMN 183.

- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do :
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 'Tell me—is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
 Should I mourn for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Should I joy the saints to meet,
 Choose the way I once abhor'd,
 Find at times the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide this doubtful case,
 Thou who art thy people's sun ;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If indeed it is begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray :
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin this day.

HYMN 183. P. M.

(*)

The beggar's prayer.

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy word
 Of promise to the poor,
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door ;
 No hand nor heart,
 Dear Lord, but thine,
 Can help or pity
 Wants like mine.

HYMN 183.

169

- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
 (Relief from men to gain,)
 If offer'd unto thee,
 I know thou wouldst disdain ;
 But those that move
 Thy gracious ear,
 Are such as men
 Would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
 That though I now am poor,
 Yet once there was a day,
 When I possessed more ;
 Thou knowest
 From my very birth,
 I've been the poorest
 Wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor dare I to profess,
 As beggars often do,
 Though great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few ;
 If thou shouldst leave
 My soul to starve,
 It would be what
 I should deserve.
- 5 Nor dare I to pretend
 I never begg'd before,
 And if thou now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more ;
 Thou often hast
 Reliev'd my pain,
 And often I
 Must come again.

170

HYMN 184.

- 6 Though crumbs are much to good
 For such a wretch as I,
 No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy ;
 O do not frown,
 And bid me go,
 I must have all
 Thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be,
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others, who like me,
 Their want and hunger feel ;
 I'll tell them of
 Thy mercy's store,
 And try to send
 Ten thousand more.
- 8 Thy ways, thou only wise,
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
 Above this earth extend ;
 Such pleas as mine,
 Men would not hear ;
 But God accepts
 A beggar's prayer.

HYMN 184. L. M.

(b)

“ Pray without ceasing.”

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
 In coming to the mercy seat ?
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?

HYMN 185.

171

- 2 Pray'r makes the darkest clouds withdraw.
And climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright,
And satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness he fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Were half our breath that's vainly spent,
To God in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would often be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me !

HYMN 185. C. M.

(*)

*To be sung at the opening of a meeting for
worship.*

- 1 **H**ERE in the presence of our God,
We've met to seek thy face ;
O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace.
- 2 O may this be a happy hour,
To every mourning soul ;
Display thy love, reveal thy power,
And make the wounded whole.
- 3 O may a spark of heavenly fire,
Each stupid soul inflame ;
And sacred love our tongues inspire,
To praise thy worthy name.

172

HYMN 186—187.

- 4 Let every soul the Savior see,
And taste his love divine ;
And every heart for ever be
United, Lord, with thine.

HYMN 186. S. M.

(*)

The name of Jesus.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we love thy name,
And thee we will adore ;
And when we feel this heavenly flame,
We long to love thee more.
- 2 Thy name is all our trust ;
Thy name gives life and peace ;
Thy name shall be for ever blest,
When other names shall cease.
- 3 Then, ravish'd with thy name,
We never more shall rove ;
But sound thine everlasting fame,
And solace in thy love.
- 4 Thy name shall be our praise ;
Thy name shall be our joy :
Thy name, through everlasting days,
Shall countless throngs employ.

HYMN 187. C. M.

[b]

A parting hymn.

- 1 **T**HROUGH thee, we now together came,
In singleness of heart ;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

HYMN 188.

173

- 2 We part in body, not in mind ;
 Our minds continue one :
 And each to each in Jesus join'd,
 We hand in hand go on.
- 3 Subsist as in us all, one soul ;
 No power can make us twain ;
 Though mountains rise, and oceans roll,
 They sever us in vain.
- 4 Present we still in spirit are,
 And intimately nigh ;
 While on the wings of faith and prayer,
 We to each other fly.
- 5 Our life is hid in Christ with God ;
 Our life shall soon appear ;
 And spread his glory all abroad,
 In all his members here.
- 6 Our bodies then like his shall shine ;
 Immortal we shall rise ;
 And in his image, all divine,
 As one, we 'll take the prize.

HYMN 188. C. M. Ps. 92.

(•)

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

- 1 **J**OY to the world ! the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 3 Joy to the earth ! the Savior reigns !
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make the blessing flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

HYMN 189. L. M. Ps. 103. (b)

Praise offered to God for his abounding goodness.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy tho'ts which rove abroad ;
 Let all the pow'rs within me join
 In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
 His favors claim thy highest praise ;
 Why should the wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
- 3 'T was he, my soul, who sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
 And cures the pains that nature feels ;
 Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
 Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.
- 5 Our youth, decay'd, his power repairs ;
 His mercy crowns our growing years ;

HYMN 190.

175

He satisfies our mouths with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,
And often gives the suff'ers rest ;
But will his justice more display,
In the last great rewarding day.

[His power he show'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands ;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

Let the whole earth his power confess ;
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join,
In work and worship so divine.]

HYMN 190. L. M. b. 158. [*]

The broad and narrow way compared.

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 the heavenly 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

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
 Create my heart entirely new ;
 Which hypocrites did ne'er attain,
 And false apostates never knew.

HYMN 191. C. M. b. 156. (b)

The various temptations of satan, by which he leads men to presumption, or drives into despair.

1 **I** HATE the tempter and his charms ;
 I hate his flattering breath ;
 The serpent takes a thousand forms,
 To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
 Or kills with slavish fear ;
 And holds us still in wide extremes,
 Presumption or despair.

3 He now persuades, "how easy 't is
 To walk the road to heaven ;"
 Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
 "They cannot be forgiven."

4 He bids young sinners "yet forbear
 To think of God or death ;
 For prayer and devotion are
 But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "they must die,
 And 't is too late to pray ;
 In vain for mercy now they cry,
 For they have lost their day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
 By mischief and deceit ;

HYMN 192—193.

177

And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

- 7 Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 192. L. M.

(b)

To be sung at prayer meeting.

- 1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their heavenly Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise :
- 2 “ There,” saith the Savior, “ I will be,
Amidst the little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.”
- 3 We ’ve met at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send thy spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

HYMN 193. L. M.

(b)

The same.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear our prayers for Zion’s peace,
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad ;
Thy gifts abundantly increase ;
Enlarge and fill our souls with God.

178

HYMN 194.

- 2 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd go ;
 And guide into thy perfect will ;
 Cause each thy heavenly voice to know ;
 The work of faith in us fulfil.
- 2 Help us to make our calling sure ;
 O let us be thy saints indeed !
 And make us pure, as thou art pure,
 Conform'd in all things to our head.
- 4 Take the dear purchase of thy blood ;
 Thy blood can wash us white as snow ;
 Present us sanctified to God,
 And perfect in thy love below.

HYMN 194. C. M. b. 54.

(*)

God's presence is light in darkness.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
 My dawning is begun !
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,
 And he my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
 And whispers—I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At that transporting word ;
 Run up, with joy the shining way,
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.

HYMN 195.

179

- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe ;
 The wings of love. and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conq'ror through.

HYMN 195. C. M. b. 55.

[b]

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name !
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase ;
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath which first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick, through all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things ;
 Th' eternal state. of all the dead,
 Upon life's feeble strings !
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
 Attends on every breath ;
 And yet, how unconcern'd we go,
 Upon the brink of death !

180

HYMN 196.

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road ;
 And if our souls are harried hence,
 May we be found with God.

HYMN 196. C. M. b. 52. (b)

Death either dreadful or delightful.

- 1 **D**EATH ! 't is a melancholy day
 To those that have no God,
 When the poor soul is forc'd away
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes ;
 But guilt, a heavy chain,
 Still drags her downward from the skies,
 To darkness, fire and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell ;
 Let stubborn sinners fear ;
 You must be driven from earth, and dwell
 A long FOR EVER there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
 And flashes in your face :
 And thou, my soul, look downward too,
 And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
 Then come the joyful day :
 Come, death, and some celestial band,
 To bear my soul away.

HYMN 197.**181****HYMN 197. C. M. b. 59.****(*)***Heaven on earth.*

- 1 **G** LORY to God, who walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through ;
Who tells the saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.
- 2 When Christ with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'T is a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.
- 3 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wide desert springs ;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.
- 4 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows :
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.
- 5 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down ;
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.
- 6 Glory to God, who stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see 't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down,
Around his sacred feet.

182 . HYMN 198—199.

HYMN 198. L. M. b 11. (*)

A dismissal of earthly joys.

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away ;
 Away ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
 Down to the gulf of black despair ;
 And while I listen'd to your song,
 Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
 Which warn'd me of that dark abyss ;
 Which drew me from those treach'rous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above,
 I stretch my hands and glance my eyes ;
 O for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
 Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;
 'There would I fix my last abode,
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 199. S. M. (b)

“ Little children, love on. another.”

- 1 **L**ET party zeal no more
 The Christian world o'erspread :
 Gentile and Jew, the bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.

HYMN 200.

183

- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found,
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,
 Be banished far away ;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who would the Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where streams of pleasure always flow,
 And fill each heart with love.

HYMN 200. C. M. a. 133. (b or *)

Charity is the bond of perfectness.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem,
 Their faith and zeal declare :
 All their religion is a dream,
 If love be absent there.
- 2 Love suffers long, with patient eye,
 Nor is provok'd in haste ;
 She lets the present inj'ry die,
 And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
 She quenches with her tongue ;
 Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
 Though she endures the wrong.
- 4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
 The scandals of the time ;
 Nor looks with pride on those below,
 Nor envies them that climb.

184

HYMN 201.

- 5 She lays her own advantage by,
 To seek her neighbor's good :
 So God's own Son came down to die,
 And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace which keeps its power
 In all the realms above ;
 There faith and hope are known no more,
 But saints for ever love.

HYMN 201. C. M.

(*)

Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

- 1 **O** 'T IS a lovely sight to see
 A man of prudent heart ;
 Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree,
 To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and wars begin,
 In little angry souls ;
 Mark, how the sons of peace come in
 And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
 Nor does their anger rise ;
 Nor passions move their lips to speak,
 Nor pride exalt their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence, mix'd with love,
 Good works employ their day ;
 They join the serpent with the dove,
 But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Savior of mankind :
 Such practice he pursu'd ;
 His manners gentle and refined,
 His soul divinely good.

HYMN 202.

185

- 6 Then let professors mark the road
 Their dear Redeemer trod ;
 Employ their time in doing good,
 And trust a faithful God.

HYMN 202. L. M. a. 79

(*)

Morning hymn.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice
 To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east,
 The circuit of his race begins ;
 And without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
 Th' appointed duties of the day ;
 With ready mind and active will,
 March on and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 [But I shall rove and lose my race,
 If God, my sun, should disappear,
 And leave me in this world's wide maze,
 To follow every wand'ring star.]
- 5 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.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss :
 All my desires and hopes beside,
 Are faint and cold, compar'd with this

186

HYMN 203—204.

HYMN 203. L. M.

(*)

For the morning.

- 1 **O** COULD my soul this morning rise,
And feel that life that never dies;
I'd praise that hand, with all my powers,
That guarded my unguarded hours.
- 2 'T is he who gives me life divine;
In him eternal joys are mine;
Then rouse, my soul, bid sloth adieu,
Thy Jesus love, and him pursue.
- 3 Haste on to that immortal shore,
Where night and sleep are known no more;
There shall I soon in glory rise,
With seraphs, in a sweet surprise.
- 4 There shall I raise a morning song,
With all the vast angelic throng;
Sailing in everlasting peace,
My morning song shall never cease.

HYMN 204. C. M. b. 6.

(*)

For the morning.

- 1 **O** NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
To Him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

HYMN 205.

187

- 3 'T is he supports my mortal frame ;
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,
 And I could ne'er withstand ;
 Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
 But mercy held thy hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
 Since the last setting sun ;
 And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 205. C. M.

(*)

For the morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning I will send
 My cries to reach thine ear ;
 Thou art my Father and my Friend,
 My help for ever near.
- 2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
 Near thee, in perfect peace ;
 Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
 To pray and never cease.
- 3 I know my roving feet will err,
 Unless thou be my guide ;
 Warn me of every foe and snare.
 And keep me near thy side.

188

HYMN 206.

- 4 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 My faith, my hope, trust and relief,
 Shall be in thee alone.

HYMN 206. C. M. Ps. 5.

(*)

For the Lord's day morning.

- 1 **L**ORD ! in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To pay my homage there ;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Sprit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness :
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

HYMN 207—208.

189

HYMN 207. C. M.

(*)

Awaking from sleep. A morning song.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and meet the day ;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes :
And burst the pond'rous chain, that loads
Thine active faculties.
- 2 God's guardian shield was round thee spread
In thy defenceless sleep ;
Let him have all thy wakeful hours
Who doth thy slumbers keep.
- 3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And fill my soul with grace ;
That I may rise and pay my vows,
And run the Christian race.
- 4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise,
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide thou my bewilder'd soul
To everlasting day.

HYMN 208. L. M.

(*)

Another.

- 1 **H**AIL ! happy morn, I gladly rise
With thee, to soar above the skies !
With Jesus I'll begin my race,
Run on, and sing redeeming grace !
- 2 All hail ! a brighter morning near,
When heaven's bright Sun shall once appear !
All suns and stars shall cease to shine,
But this eternal Sun of mine.

190

HYMN 209.

3 Far, far from interposing night,
 Awake in uncreated light,
 My raptur'd soul with all the throng,
 Shall join in heaven's eternal song.

HYMN 209. C. M. Ps. 118. (*)

For the Lord's day morning.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made;
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And satan's empire fell;
 To-day his saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna, to the annointed King,
 To David's Holy Son!
 Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heaven in which he reigns;
 Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN 210—211.

191

HYMN 210. S. M. b. 14.

[*]

For the Lord's day.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,
Where my dear Lord is seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 211. L. M. Ps. 92.

(*)

For the Lord's day.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word ;

192

HYMN 212.

Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die !
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joys are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor satan break my peace again.

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

HYMN 212. L. M. a. 80. [*]

For the evening.

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

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

HYMN 213.

193

- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace be the pillow for my head ;
 While well appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth and hell
 Tell me a thousand frightful things ;
 My God in safety makes me dwell
 Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait his voice to rouse my tomb
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN 213. C. M. Ps. 4. (*)

For evening, before prayer.

- 1 **L**ORD, 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.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and business free,
 'T is sweet communing on my bed,
 With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith and hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
 I'll close mine eyes in sleep ;
 Thou hast in safety kept my days,
 And will my slumbers keep

194

HYMN 214—215.

HYMN 214. S. M.

(b)

Another.

- 1 **A** NOTHER day is past,
The hours for ever fled ;
And time is bearing me in haste,
To mingle with the dead.
- 2 Perhaps my closing eyes
No more may hail the light ;
Seal'd up before the morning rise,
In everlasting night.
- 3 This mortal frame must lie
Unconscious in the tomb ;
But O, where will my spirit fly,
And what will be her doom ?
- 4 Jesus, if thou art mine,
O let thy heavenly voice
Confirm my hope with love divine,
And make my soul rejoice.
- 5 Then shall my closing eyes
Contented sink to rest :
Then, if to-night this body dies,
My spirit shall be blest.

HYMN 215. S. M.

(b)

Another.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone ;
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

HYMN 216.

195

- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest ;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears ;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
 And view the unwearied sun ;
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove ;
 O may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 216. C. M.

(b)

Evening or morning song, for the backslider in heart.

- 1 SWEET was the time, when first I felt
 The Savior's pard'ning blood
 Appli'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
 His praises tun'd my tongue ;
 And when the evening shades prevail'd,
 His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles ;
 The world no more could charm :

196

HYMN 216.

I lived upon my Savior's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine :
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 'Then, to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done ;
But now, my heart is almost broke
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My prayers are but a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But does not reach my case.

8 Now satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey,
O Lord, have mercy on my soul,
And come, without delay !

9 Remove these bars of unbelief ;
My inbred lusts destroy ;
Then shall I find a sweet relief,
And praise my powers employ,

HYMN 217—218.

197

HYMN 217. L. M. Ps. 89. [7]

Men are mortal, but hope for a glorious resurrection.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short our date !
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death ?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
“ Must death for ever rage and reign ?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain ?
- 3 “ Where is thy promise to the just ?
Are not thy servants turn’d to dust ? ”
But faith forbids those mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that heavenly day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away ;
And clears the honors of thy word ;
Awake ! our souls, and bless the Lord.

HYMN 218. L. M. Ps. 90. (b)

God, the refuge and rest of his people.

- 1 **T**HROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, and safe abode ;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reign’d ere time began,
Or dust was fashion’d into man ;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

198

HYMN 219.

- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
 Made up of dust and vanity ;
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
 “Return ye sinners, to the dust.”
- 4 A thousand of our years amount
 Scarce to a day in thine account ;
 Like yesterday’s departed light,
 Or the last watch of ending night.
- 5 Yet, gracious God, in thee we trust,
 That thou wilt raise our sleeping dust,
 Immortal, never more to die ;
 But live with thee, and dwell on high.

HYMN 219. C. M. a. 5. [b]

Submission to afflictive providences. Job, i. 21.
For funeral.

- 1 **N**AKED, as from the earth we came,
 And crept to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favors borrow’d now,
 To be repaid anon.
- 3 ’Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave ;
 He gives, and blessed be his name !
 He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then ;
 Let each rebellious sigh

HYMN 220.

199

Be silent at his righteous will,
And every murmur die.

- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread :
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 220. C. M. b. 3. [*]

The death, burial, and resurrection of a saint.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'T is but a voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head !
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

200

HYMN 221--222.

- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake, ye nations under ground;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 221. C. M. b. 68. [b]

Funeral thought.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
 Mine ears attend the cry;
 "Ye living men, come view the ground,
 Where you must shortly lie."
- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers;
 The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
 Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure!
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepar'd no more!
- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 222. C. M. b. 28. [b]

Meditation on death.

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that used to
 Converse a while with death; [rise,
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath.

HYMN 223.

201

- 2 His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
His pulse are faint and few ;
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world " adieu."
- 3 But oh, the soul that never dies !
When once it leaves the clay !
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there ;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair !
- 5 And must this body faint and die ?
And must this soul remove ?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear my soul above.
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust ;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

HYMN 223. L. M. b. 31. [*]

Christ's presence makes a death-bed easy.

- 1 **W**HY should we start and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

- 3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste;
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 224. P. M.

[*]

On baptism.

- 1 **S**ALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
 In ancient time to Jordan came,
 All righteousness to fill;
 'T was there the ancient baptist stood.
 Whose name was John, a man of God.
 To do his Master's will.
- 2 The holy Jesus did demand
 His right to be baptized then,
 The baptist gave consent;
 On Jordan's bank they did prepare,
 The baptist and his Master dear,
 Then down the bank they went.
- 3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
 The baptist led the holy Lamb,
 And there did him baptize;
 Jehovah saw his darling Son,
 And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
 And own'd him from the skies.
- 4 'Tb' opening heaven now complies,
 The Holy Ghost like lightning flies.

HYMN 224.

203

Down from the courts above ;
 And on the holy, heavenly Lamb,
 The Spirit lights, and does remain,
 In shape like a fair dove.

5 “This is my Son,” Jehovah cries,
 The echoing voice from glory flies,
 “O children, hear ye him ;”
 Hark ! ’t is his voice ; behold he cries,
 “Repent, believe, and be baptiz’d,
 And wash away your sin.”

6 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
 Salem’s bright King has mark’d the way,
 And has a crown prepar’d ;
 O then arise, and give consent,
 Walk in the way that Jesus went,
 And have the great reward.

7 Believing children gather round
 And let your joyful songs abound,
 With cheerful hearts arise :
 See here is water, here is room,
 A loving Savior calling, “Come,
 O children, be baptiz’d.”

8 Behold, his servant waiting stands,
 With willing heart, and ready hands,
 To wait upon his bride ;
 Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
 And let us join in solemn prayer,
 Down by the water side.

204

HYMN 225—226.

HYMN 225. C. M.

1-1

Baptism.

- 1 **I**N pleasure sweet, here we do meet,
Down by the water side ;
And here we stand, by Christ's command,
To wait upon his bride.
- 2 Here we do bid the world "farewell,"
To practice his command ;
It is the road that leads to God,
The way to Canaan's land.
- 3 Now we will sing to Christ our King ;
Our souls shall give him thanks ;
Who came to Jordan unto John,
And went down Jordan's banks.
- 4 Come, sinners, all obey the call,
"Repent, and be baptis'd ;"
Forsake your sins, and follow him,
Till you in glory rise.
- 5 We 've found the road that leads to God,
The way of holiness ;
We 'll follow him, where he has been,
For all his paths are peace.

HYMN 226. S. M.

(*)

Baptism.

- 1 **I**N such a grave as this,
The dear Redeemer lay,
When he our souls to seek and save,
Learn'd humbly to obey.

HYMN 227.

205

- 2 See how the spotless Lamb
Descends into the stream,
And teaches us to imitate
What him so well became.
- 3 Let sinners wash away
Their sins of crimson dye ;
Buried with him, their vilest sins
Shall in oblivion lie.
- 4 Rise and ascend with him,
A heavenly life to lead ;
Who came to ransom guilty men,
And raise them from the dead.
- 5 Lord, see the sinner's tears !
Hear his repenting cry !
Speak, and his contrite heart shall live,
Speak, and his sins shall die.
- 6 Send down the heavenly Dove,
Which lit upon the Lamb,
In witness of a Savior's love,
And all our souls inflame.

HYMN 227. L. M.

(4)

Baptism.

- 1 **D**O 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.
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death ;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies ;

- 3 No more let sin and satan reigu
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 228. P. M.

[*]

The practice of ancient Christians.

- 1 **N**EVER does truth more shine
With beams of heavenly light,
Than when the scriptures join
To prove it plain and right;
Than when each text doth each explain,
And all unite to speak the same.
- 2 Thus Peter, who obey'd
What Jesus said, was wise,
And preach'd as he was bid,
“Repent and be baptiz'd;”
Thus Philip did t' the eunuch say,
“If you believe in Christ, you may.”
- 3 Paul preach'd the word of grace,
Whole households did believe,
And were baptiz'd to Christ,
Whose gospel they receiv'd;
Thus Christians did of ancient date,
As sacred history does relate.
- 4 We see 't is no new thing,
To teach, and then baptize;
So Christians first began
This ord'nance to practise;
This makes us cheerfully obey,
And walk as they have led the way.

HYMN 229.

207

HYMN 229. P. M.

(2)

Follow Christ in baptism.

- 1 **O** YE blood-wash'd ransom'd sinners,
Highly favor'd of the Lord!
Now ye prove your love to Jesus,
By regarding thus his word;
Rise and follow—rise and follow—
Rise and follow Christ your Lord.
- 2 See his wat'ry grave before you,
Hear him saying, "Follow me;"
For beneath the stream of Jordan
Christ your great Redeemer lay.
Rise and follow—rise and follow—
Rise and follow him to-day.
- 3 Yes—beneath those honor'd waters,
Great Immanuel was baptiz'd;
Out of which he then ascended,
And the Father was well pleas'd:
Rise and follow—rise and follow—
Rise and follow Christ your head.
- 4 Love constrains you all to follow
Jesus to his liquid grave;
Now look up, expect his presence,
Which he promis'd you should have.
Rise and follow—rise and follow—
Enter now the wat'ry grave.
- 5 Jesus, come, thine approbation
May we gladly see and feel;
Cause, O cause the heaven to open,
And thy wondrous love reveal.
Send thy Spirit—Send thy Spirit—
Each believer now to seal.

HYMN 230. P. M.

[*]

An invitation to follow the Lamb.

1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of revelation,
 Tread the path that Jesus trod:
 Flee to him your only Savior,
 In his mighty name confide;
 In the whole of your behavior,
 Own him as your only guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
 Listen to his gracious voice;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice,
 Jesus says, let each believer
 Be baptized in my name;
 He himself in Jordan's river
 Was immers'd beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay;
 Gladly his commands embracing,
 Lo! your Captain leads the way.
 View the rite with understanding;
 Jesus' grave before you lies;
 Be interr'd at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

HYMN 231. L. M.

[*]

The mode of baptism, clearly seen from the example of Christ.

1 **W**HEN we baptize, we see the mode
 In honor'd Jordan's swelling flood;

HYMN 232.

209

- We 're deaf to error's impious voice ;
 The way Christ chose becomes our choice :
- 2 Down in the stream they both descend,
 And John immers'd the sinner's Friend ;
 Out of the water straightway came
 The church's Head, the obedient Lamb.
- 3 Now, ye believing souls, regard
 Th' example of your glorious Lord :
 Walk in his honor'd paths, and prove
 How greatly his commands you love.
- 4 Now, gracious God, in love come down,
 And this thine institution own ;
 And on these converts pour thy grace,
 While Christ the Lord they now confess.

HYMN 232. L. M.

[F.]

A baptismal hymn.

- 1 **S**EE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod !
 And follow through his liquid grave,
 The meek and lowly Son of God.
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
 And to a heavenly life aspire ;
 Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd ;
 They shine in clean and white attire.
- 3 O sacred rite, by thee, to own
 The name of Jesus we begin ;
 This is our resurrection pledge—
 Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

- 4 Glory to God on high be given,
 Who shows his grace to sinful men :
 Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
 In concert join their loud Amen.

HYMN 233. L. M.

(*)

Baptism.

- 1 **B**EHOLD 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!
- 2 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Come and obey the sacred word ;
 He died and rose again for you ;
 What more could the Redeemer do ?
- 3 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 On these baptismal waters move ;
 That we through energy divine,
 May have the substance with the sign.
- 4 All ye that love Immanuel's name,
 And long to feel th' increasing flame,
 'Tis you, ye children of the light,
 The Spirit and the bride invite.

HYMN 234. P. M.

[*]

For baptism, when administered in the winter.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS, if your hearts be warm,
 Ice and snow can do no harm ;
 If by Jesus you are priz'd,
 Now arise and be baptis'd.

HYMN 235.

211

- 2 Jesus drank the gall for you ;
 Bore the curse to mortals due ;
 Children, prove your love to him,
 Never fear the frozen stream.
- 3 Never shun the Savior's cross ;
 All on earth is worthless dross ;
 If the Savior's love you feel,
 Let the world behold your zeal.
- 4 Fire is good to warm the soul ;
 Water purifies the foul ;
 Fire and water both agree,
 Winter soldiers never flee.
- 5 Every season of the year,
 Let your worship be sincere ;
 If the storm prevent your roam,
 Serve your gracious God at home.
- 6 Read his sacred word by day ;
 Ever watching, always pray ;
 Meditate his truth by night,
 This will give you sweet delight.
- 7 When the storm of life is o'er,
 Then you 'll meet to part no more ;
 There with pleasure you will see
 God, in spotless purity.

HYMN 235. C. M.

[4]

After baptism.

- 1 " **P**ROCLAIM," saith Christ, " my won-
 drous grace,
 To all the sons of men ;

He that believes, and is baptiz'd,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance
And run the Christian race ;
And through the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

HYMN 236. L. M.

[*]

*To be sung after baptism, or when received into
fellowship.*

1 **T**HESE honor'd saints, redeem'd by
blood,

Now join the happy church of God ;
Drawn by the cords of love and grace,
In Zion now they take their place.

2 With pleasure we these lambs behold,
Ent'ring the great Redeemer's fold ;
May we with them for ever prove
A gospel church, a house of love.

3 Hosanna ! let each member join
To praise the Lamb with songs divine ;
Who gave his life, and spilt his blood,
To bring our precious souls to God.

4 O may we keep the heavenly road
Which leads us to his blest abode ;
And each his footsteps daily trace,
Till we shall reach that holy place.

HYMN 237.

213

5 There in sweet chorus we shall join,
 Where saints and angels all combine *
 To praise the Lamb, (who ever reigns,)
 On harps of gold, in endless strains.

HYMN 237. L. M. Ps. 132. [*]

A church embodied.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we go to seek and find
 A habitation for our God ;
 And dwelling for th' eternal mind.
 Amongst the sons of flesh and blood ?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
 Of Zion, for his ancient rest ;
 And Zion is his dwelling still,
 His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 " Here will I fix my gracious throne,
 And reign for ever," saith the Lord ;
 " Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
 And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 " Here will I meet the hungry poor,
 And fill their souls with living bread ;
 Sinners that wait around my door,
 With sweet provisions shall be fed.
- 5 " Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
 My priests, my ministers shall shine ;
 Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
 Made an appearance so divine.
- 6 " The saints, unable to contain
 Their inward joys, shall shout and sing ;

The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King."

- 7 Jesus shall see a numerous seed
Born here t' uphold his glorious name ;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.

HYMN 238. C. M. Ps. 132. [*]

A church established or embodied.

- 1 **N**O sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David could afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there :
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.
- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad ;
Where'er the saints assemble now,
'There is a house for God.

PAUSE.

- 4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest !
Lo ! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word,
All that the ark did once contain ;
Could no such grace afford.

HYMN 239.

215

- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows ;
 Here let thy praise be spread ;
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 And fill the poor with bread.
- 7 Here let the Son of David reign ;
 Let God's annointed shine ;
 Justice and truth his court maintain,
 With love and power divine.
- 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
 And as his kingdom grows,
 Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
 And shame confound his foes.

HYMN 239. C. M.

(8)

*Before joining hands in token of church cove-
 nant.*

- 1 **W**E now receive the grace divine,
 And all, with one accord,
 In a perpetual cov'nant join
 Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' pow'r,
 His name to glorify ;
 And promise, in this sacred hour,
 For him to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make,
 Be ever kept in mind ;
 We will no more our God forsake,
 Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
 Who hears our solemn vow ;

And if thou, Lord, art pleas'd to hear,
Come down and bless us now.

5 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keeps us to that day.

HYMN 240. C. M.

[M]

After embodying.

- 1 **O**UR souls by love together knit,
United all in one ;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'T is heaven on earth begun.
- 2 We 're soldiers, fighting for our God ;
Tho' trembling cowards fly,
We 'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die.
- 3 Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We 'll fight our passage through ;
Tho' foes unite, and friends desert,
We 'll seize the prize in view.
- 4 The little cloud increases fast,
The heav'ns are big with rain ;
We wait to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.
- 5 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
And pours a mighty flood ;
O'erturn the nations, King of kings,
Till all proclaim thee God !
- 6 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown ;

HYMN 241.

217

When all the sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee, thine own :

7 May we, this little loving band,
We sinners, sav'd by grace,
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 241. L. M. c. 1. [b]

The Lord's supper instituted.

- 1 **T** WAS on that dark and doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose,
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes ;
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and break :
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin ;
Receive and eat the living food :"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine ;
" 'T is the new cov'nant of my blood."
- 4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge and felt the thorn :
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt ;
When for black crimes of biggest size;
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 “Do this,” he cried, “till time shall end,
In mem’ry of your dying Friend :
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your ascended Lord.”

HYMN 242. S. M. c. 2. [†]

Communion with Christ and with saints.

- 1 **J**ESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon’d rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh ;
He bids us drink his blood :
Amazing favor ! matchless grace
Of our descending God !
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one !
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but sev’ral parts
Of the same broken bread :
The body with its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.
- 6 Let all our pow’rs be join’d,
His glorious name to raise :
Pleasure and love till every mind,
And every voice be praise.

HYMN 243.

219

HYMN 243. C. M. c. 4.

[*]

Christ's dying love ; or, our pardon bought at a dear rate.

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our mis'ry reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Savior knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.
- 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record ;
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we 've pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN 244. L. M. c. 7. [*]

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spread o'er his body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 245. L. M. c. 19. [*]

Glory in the cross ; or, not ashamed of Christ crucified.

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast ;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns the board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

HYMN 246.

221

- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
 And trusts for life in one that died ;
 We hope for heavenly crowns above,
 From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shaine,
 And fling their scandals on the cause ;
 We come to boast our Savior's name,
 And make our triumph in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
 He who was dead has left the tomb ;
 He lives above their utmost rage,
 And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN 246. C. M. c. 23. (*)

Grace and glory by the death of Christ.

- 1 **S**ITTING around our Father's board,
 We raise our tuneful breath ;
 Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
 And dooms our sins to death.
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
 Whence all our pardons rise ;
 The sinner views th' atonement made,
 And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
 Procure us heavenly crowns ;
 Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
 Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 Oh ! 't is impossible that we,
 Who dwell in feeble clay,
 Should equal suff'rings bear for thee.
 Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN 247. L. M.

[*]

"This do in remembrance of me."

- 1 **T**HIS do in mem'ry of your Friend,
Was the Redeemer's last request;
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever blest.
- 2 Thus we'll record thy matchless grace,
Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends!
Thy dying love, the noblest praise
Of vast eternity transcends.
- 3 'T is pleasure, more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see!
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But oh! what vast transporting joys,
Shall fill our breasts, and tongues inspire,
When join'd with the celestial train,
Thy love and goodness to admire!
- 5 When these vile bodies all refin'd,
Shall rise in likeness to thine own;
Then we shall in sweet chorus join,
And bow around thy sapphire throne.

HYMN 248. L. M. a. 77.

[*]

The love of Christ to his church.

- 1 **N**OW, in the gall'ries of his gracé,
Appears the King, and thus he says:
"How fair my saints are in my sight,
My love how pleasant for delight."

HYMN 249.

223

- 2 Kind is thy language, glorious Lord,
 'There's heavenly grace in ev'ry word ;
 From thy dear mouth a stream divine
 Flows, sweeter than the choicest wine.
- 3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip
 Of saints that were almost asleep,
 To speak the praises of thy name,
 And make our cold affections flame.
- 4 These are the joys he lets us know,
 In fields and villages below ;
 Gives us a relish of his love,
 But keeps his noblest feast above.
- 5 In Paradise, within the gates,
 A higher entertainment waits ;
 Fruits new and old, laid up in store,
 Where we shall feast, and thirst no more.

HYMN 249. C. M.

[*]

A travelling preacher's farewell.

- 1 **I** HEAR the gospel's joyful sound ;
 An organ I shall be,
 To sound aloud redeeming love,
 To souls in misery.
- 2 Loving brethren, fare you well :
 My Jesus doth me call ;
 I leave you here with God, until
 I meet you once for all.
- 3 My dear connexions I forsake,
 My family and my house ;
 And to the wilderness betake,
 To pay the Lord my vows.

- 4 Here I forsake my chiefest mate
That nature can afford ;
And wear the shield into the field
To wait upon the Lord.
- 5 Now through the wilderness I 'll run,
Preaching the gospel free ;
Until my work is fully done,
The Lord will comfort me.
- 6 And if, through preaching, I should gain
True subjects to my Lord ;
'T will more than recompense my pain,
To see them love his word.
- 7 Farewell, my friends, I must be gone,
My Savior's love to tell ;
O dwell in love, like those above,
And then, you 'll all fare well.

HYMN 250. L. M.

[*]

The holy war.

- 1 **I** 'VE listed in the holy war,
To fight for life and endless joy ;
And grace more boundless than the sea,
Is the rich wages I receive.
- 2 Under my Captain, Jesus Christ.
I am enlisted during life,
To fight against the powers of hell,
In favor of Immanuel.
- 3 My general is the great I AM,
Against whose sword no one can stand ;

HYMN 250.

225

- But all before his word must fall,
For he has power to conquer all.
- 4 My Captain is both mild and meek;
And kindly favors all the weak;
His servants all are chosen peers,
And all his soldiers volunteers.
- 5 From day to day, with living bread
And rich provisions I am fed,
Which I draw from free grace's store,
Together with ten thousand more.
- 6 Arm'd with my helmet, sword and shield,
I'll never quit the glorious field,
For Christ, my Lord, the vict'ry's won;
Then, O my soul, put courage on.
- 7 I'm listed, and I mean to fight
Till all my foes are put to flight;
Though satan rage, and wars increase,
I soon shall reach a land of peace.
- 8 I'll God adore, obey his laws,
Nor coward prove in his good cause;
But in his service firm abide,
Fighting upon Immanuel's side.
- 9 I've fought through many battles sore,
And ready stand to fight through more,
Trusting in Jesus' sacred name;
None in this holy war are slain.
- 10 I have a sword, which when I wield,
The stoutest foe must quickly yield;
The word of God must e'er prevail;
Eternal truth can never fail.

11 Come, sinners, then, enlisted be,
 And Christ our King shall make you free;
 Come, try his service, trust the Lord,
 And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 251. P. M.

[*]

*The fall of Babylon, by the preaching of the
 gospel.*

- 1 **C**OME, brethren, let us join and sing
 The growing empire of our King,
 Who spilt his precious blood;
 His life a ransom gave for all,
 That he might save our souls from thrall,
 And bring us home to God.
- 2 He rides victorious through the land,
 His saints rejoice, his heralds stand,
 And they aloud do call:
 "Sinners repent, to Jesus fly,
 While he in mercy passes by,
 And offers grace to all!"
- 3 The work of God is going on:
 Souls daily flee from Babylon,
 And on the Lord do call:
 Old formalists do madly gaze,
 And Babel's merchants stand amazed,
 To see their mother fall.
- 4 The wilderness doth sweetly ring,
 With prayers, and praises to the King,
 Who sits on Zion's hill;
 The towns and cities hear the voice,
 The sinners mourn, the saints rejoice,
 With praise the streets are fill'd

HYMN 252.

227

5 Ride on, all-conquering King, ride on,
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done;
 Let heaven and earth agree,
 To sound aloud thy worthy fame;
 Till all our souls shall be on flame
 To rise and reign with thee.

HYMN 252. P. M.

[*]

The happiness of the obedient.

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

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the Savior divine,
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart first believed,
 What a joy I receiv'd,
 What a heaven in Jesus's name!

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

4 Jesus all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song,
 O that all his salvation might see:
 "He hath lov'd me," I cried,

228

HYMN 253.

“He hath liv’d and hath died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.”

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All my sins, and temptations, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve;
That I ever should suffer again.

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

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

HYMN 253. P. M. [b or *]

“Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be
born again.” Bible.

1 **W**AK’D by the gospel’s powerful sound,
My soul in sin and thrall I found
Expos’d to dreadful wo;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
“The sinner must be born again;
Or down to ruin go.”

HYMN 253.

229

- 2 Surpris'd, indeed, I could not tell
Which way to shun the gate of hell,
To which I then drew near !
I strove, alas ! but all in vain ;
" The sinner must be born again,"
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 I to the law then ran for help ;
But still I felt the weight of guilt,
And no relief I found :
While sin my burden'd soul did pain,
" The sinner must be born again,"
Did loud as thunder roar !
- 4 God's justice then I did behold,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul ;
It was a dreadful load ;
This solemn truth did still remain,
" The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God."
- 5 I heard some tell, how Christ did give
His life to let the sinner live ;
But him I could not see :
I read my Bible, it was plain
The sinner must be born again,
Or die eternally.
- 6 But as my soul with dying breath,
Lay gasping near the second death,
Christ Jesus I did see !
Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd !
I trust I then was born again
In gospel liberty.
- 7 Not angels in the world above,
Nor saints could glow with greater love.

Than what I then enjoy'd ;
 My soul did mount on eagle's wings,
 And glory, glory, I did sing,
 To Jesus, my dear Lord !

8 Now with the saints I 'll join to tell
 How Jesus sav'd my soul from hell,
 To sing redeeming love :
 Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
 The sinner now is born again,
 To dwell with Christ above !

HYMN 254. P. M.

[*]

The experimental union.

- 1 **A**TTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell,
 The wonders of Immanuel ;
 Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And feel a blessed union.
- 2 At first he saw me from on high,
 Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
 And looked on me with pitying eye,
 And said to me as he pass'd by,
" With God you have no union."
- 3 I then began to mourn and cry,
 I look'd this way and that to fly ;
 It griev'd me sore that I must die ;
 I strove salvation for to buy :
But still, I had no union.
- 4 But when I gave up all my sin
 And self to him, he took me in ;

HYMN 234.

231

And with his blood he wash'd me clean ;
 And oh ! what seasons I have seen
 E'er since I felt *this union*.

5 I prais'd the Lord, both night and day,
 From house to house I went to pray ;
 And if I met one on the way,
 I always found something to say
 About this blessed *union*.

6 I wonder why old saints don't sing,
 And praise the Lord upon the wing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 With loud hosannas to their King,
 Who brought their souls *to union*!

7 O come, backsliders, come away,
 And learn to do as well as say ;
 And mind, and watch, as well as pray ;
 And bear your cross from day to day,
 And then you 'll feel *the union*.

8 Soon we shall break all nature's ties ;
 On wings of love our souls shall rise,
 And shout salvation through the skies,
 And gain the mark, and win the prize ;
 And feel *a heavenly union*.

9 Then every saint that 's here below,
 Will leave these climes of pain and wo ;
 And they will home to glory go !
 And there they 'll see, and hear and know,
 And feel *a perfect union*.

10 There we the glorious Lamb shall see,
 Who groan'd and died upon the tree,
 For sinners, such as you and me,
 That we might his salvation see,
 And feel *eternal union*.

Love and union ; or, hatred conquered by love.

1 **F**ROM whom doth this love and this union arise ?

That knits and so fastens our souls in such ties,

That hatred and malice are conquer'd by love ;

So that nature and distance those ties can't remove ?

2 In the garden of nature it cannot be found ;
It grows and increases on Immanuel's ground ;
From the veins of the Savior it flows ever sweet,

And we drink it most plenty at Jesus's feet.

3 When in heavenly places together we sit,
Where the elders, and brethren, and sisters are met,

This love glows so sweetly in every heart,
We feel so united we're loath for to part.

4 The time so unnoticed passes away,
We scarcely can miss a whole night or a day,

The union we feel, and the love here enjoy'd,
Are such that our souls can never be cloy'd.

5 We preach and we pray, and we talk and we sing ;

We tell our experience again and again ;

We talk about parting, but still we remain
In love so united we cannot contain.

HYMN 256.

233

6 Each brother and sister, their tithes must
 bring in ;
 Each one then doth tell of some wonderful
 thing ;
 Our love then increases to a glorious flame,
 And we give all the glory to God and the
 Lamb.

HYMN 256. P. M.

[*]

The firm foundation.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
 What more can he say than to you he hath
 said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition, in sickness and health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home or abroad, on the land or the sea,
 As thy day may demand, shall thy strength
 ever be.
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
 I now am thy God, and will still give thee
 aid ;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
- 4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow ;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

234

HYMN 257.

- 5 When through fiery trials thy path-way shall
lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
- 6 Even down to old age, all my people shall
prove
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

HYMN 257. P. M.

[*]

The soul longing for Christ.

- 1 **L**OVE divine , all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
Pure unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
- 3 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast ;

HYMN 258.

235

- Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.
- 4 Take away the power of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith and its beginning,
 Set our souls at liberty.
- 5 Come, Almighty, to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temple leave.
- 6 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
 Love and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 7 Finish now thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless may we be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by thee.
- 8 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN 258. P. M.

[4]

The heavenly mariner.

- 1 **T**HROUGH tribulation deep
 The way to glory is :
 This stormy course I keep
 On these tempestuous seas :
 By winds and waves I'm toss'd and driven,
 Freighted with grace, and bound to heaven.

- 2 Sometimes temptations blow
 A dreadful hurricane ;
 And high the waters flow,
 And o'er the sides break in ;
 But still my little ship outbraves
 The blust'ring winds and surging waves.
- 3 When I in my distress,
 My anchor, hope, can cast
 Within the promises,
 It holds my vessel fast :
 She safely then at anchor rides,
 'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.
- 4 If a dead calm ensues,
 And heaven no breezes give,
 The oar of prayer I use,
 I tug, and toil, and strive ;
 Through storms and calms for many a day,
 I make but very little way.
- 5 But when a heavenly breeze
 Springs up and fills my sail,
 My vessel goes with ease
 Before the pleasant gale,
 And runs as much an hour, or more,
 As in a month or two before.
- 6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
 'The sun doth not appear,
 Nor can I in the night,
 Behold the moon or star ;
 Sometimes for days, or weeks, or more,
 I cannot see the sky or shore.
- 7 As at the time of noon,
 My quadrant, faith, I take.

HYMN 258.

237

To view my Christ, my sun,
 If he the clouds should break ;
 I'm happy when his face I see !
 I know then where about I be.

8 The Bible is my chart,
 By it the seas I know ;
 I cannot with it part,
 It rocks and sands doth show ;
 It is a chart and compass too,
 Whose needle points for ever true.

9 I keep aloof from pride,
 That rock I pass with care ;
 And studiously avoid
 The whirlpool of despair :
 Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
 Near them I do not choose to run.

10 When through a strait I go ;
 Or near some coast am drove ;
 The plummet forth I throw,
 And thus my safety prove ;
 The scripture is the line, which I
 Fathom the depth of water by.

11 My vessel would be lost,
 In spite of all my care,
 But that the Holy Ghost
 Himself vouchsafes to steer :
 And throughout all my voyage, I will
 Depend upon my steersman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heav'n's coast,
 I must a gulph pass through,
 Which dreadful proves to most,

238

HYMN 259.

For all this passage go :
 But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
 If God himself is at my helm.

- 13 When through this gulph I get,
 Though rough, it is but short,
 The pilot angels meet,
 To bring me into port ;
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe for evermore.

HYMN 259. P. M.

[*]

The soul longing for heaven.

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above ;
 And from that flowing fountain
 Drink everlasting love ?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in ?

- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before ;
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er ;
 If I continue faithful,
 A righteous crown he'll give ;
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

- 3 Through grace I am determin'd
 To conquer, though I die ;
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love I'll fly—

HYMN 259.

239

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I'll bid them all adieu—
 Then, O my friends prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 And when you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 Then cast your cares on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray :
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love ;
 And when the combat 's ended,
 He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your friend ;
 And if you want more knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend ;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Tho' oft'ner you request ;
 He'll give you grace to conquer ;
 And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last loud trumpet
 Shall rend the vaulted skies,
 And bid the entomb'd millions
 From their cold beds to rise ;
 Our ransom'd dust revived,
 Bright beauties shall put on,
 And soar to the blest mansions
 Where our Redeemer 's gone.

7 Our eyes shall then with rapture
 The Saviour's face behold !

Our feet no more diverted,
 Shall walk the streets of gold ;
 Our ears shall hear with transport
 The hosts celestial sing !
 Our tongues shall chaunt the glory
 Of our immortal King !

HYMN 260. P. M.

[*]

Blind Bartimeus' prayer.

- 1 “ **M**ERCY, O thou Son of David !”
 Thus blind Bartimeus pray’d ;
 “ Many by thy grace are saved,
 O ! wilt thou vouchsafe thine aid.”
- 2 For his crying men did chide him ;
 But he cried the louder still,
 Till the gracious Savior bade him
 “ Come, and ask me what thou wilt.”
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging us’d to live ;
 But he ask’d, and Jesus granted
 Alms, which none but Christ could give.
- 4 “ Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Turn my darkness into day ;”
 Straight he saw, and drawn by kindness,
 Follow’d Jesus in the way.
- 5 Then, methinks, he soon was praising,
 Publishing to all around ;
 “ Friends, is not this grace amazing ?
 What a Savior I have found !
- 6 “ O that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advis’d by me :

HYMN 261.

241

“ Surely, they would come unto him,
And he 'd cause them all to see !”

HYMN 261. P. M. (b or *)

The good physician.

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul :
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave ;
I'll tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save !
- 2 The worst of all diseases,
Is light compar'd with sin .
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within :
'T is palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combin'd :
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this prov'd more distressing.
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me ;
Some gave me up for lost ;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great Physician
(How matchless is his grace !)

Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me light to see him,
 For sin mine eyes had seal'd ;
 Then bade me look unto him ;
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A risen, living Jesus,
 Seen by an eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death :
 Come, then, to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition—
 'T is only, " Look and live !"

HYMN 262. P. M.

(1)

" What think ye of Christ ? Whose son is he ?"
 Bible.

1 **W**HAT think ye of Christ ? is the test,
 To try both your state and scheme :
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him :
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is beloved or not ;
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most ;
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost :
 So guilty and helpless am I,
 I dare not confide in his blood ;

HYMN 263.

243

Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I believed him God.

- 3 Some call him a Savior in word,
But mix their own works with the plan ;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can :
If doings prove rather too light,
(A little they own they may fail,)
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.
- 4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
And say he 's the fountain of joys ;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys.
Like Judas, the Savior they kiss,
And, while they salute him, betray :
Ah ! what will profession like this
Avail in the terrible day ?
- 5 If ask'd, what of Jesus I think ?
(Though still my best thoughts are but poor ;)
I say, he 's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store ;
My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
My Savior from sin and from thrall ;
My hope, from beginning to end,
My Lord, and my God, and my All.

HYMN 263. P. M.

[b]

The harvest ; or, the end of the world.

- 1 **T**HE fields are all white, the harvest is near,
When the reapers shall with their sharp
sickles appear,

To reap down the wheat and gather it in
barns,

While the wild plants of nature are left for
to burn.

2 Come then, O my friends, meditate on that
day,

When all things in nature shall fade and
decay ;

When the trumpet shall sound and the angels
appear,

To reap down the earth, both the wheat and
the tare.

3 Then, O wretched sinners, look up and espy
The glorious Redeemer, marching down the
sky,

In a chariot of fire, to the earth he is bound,
With a guard of bright angels attending him
down.

4 Oh ! hear the sad cry that ascends to the
sky,

Of those in distress, who have no where to
fly ;

They'll call for the rocks and the mountains
to fall

On their wretched souls, and to hide them
withal :

5 But 't will all be in vain, the mountains will
flee,

The rocks fly like hail stones, and will no
more be ;

HYMN 263.

245

- The earth it shall quake, and the seas shall
 retire,
 And this solid world then shall all be on fire.
 6 Hark ! hear the great Judge on that dread
 alarm,
 Say, " Gather my saints, and bring them to
 my arms,
 That the seven last plagues may be pour'd
 out on those
 Who have blasphem'd my name, and my
 saints have oppos'd.
 7 " Come hither, ye nations, your sentence re-
 ceive ;
 No longer my Spirit shall strive and be
 griev'd ;
 My judgment is right, and my sentence is
 just,
 Come hither, ye blest, but depart all ye
 curst."
 8 O sinners, take warning and seek ye the
 Lord ;
 I have not been jesting. 't is Jesus' own word,
 That those that believe in glory shall stand,
 While all unbelievers are sure to be damn'd.
 9 Now farewell, I leave you to ponder your
 way,
 May the Lord seal instruction from what I
 now say ;
 'That your souls to God's throne may be
 pour'd out in prayer,
 'That we may all be prepar'd to meet Christ
 in the air.

The evangelizing minister's farewell.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my brethren in the Lord ;
 The gospel sounds a jubilee ;
 My stammering tongue shall sound aloud,
 From land to land, from sea to sea ;
 And as I preach from place to place,
 I'll trust alone in God's free grace.
- 2 Farewell, in bonds and union dear,
 Like strings you twine about my heart ;
 I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
 Till we shall meet no more to part ;
 Till we shall meet in heaven above,
 Encircled in eternal love.
- 3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
 Though all so kind and dear to me ;
 My Jesus calls, and I must go,
 To sound the gospel jubilee ;
 To sound the joys and bear the news,
 To Gentiles and the royal Jews.
- 4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
 While God shall grant me breath to breathe,
 I'll pray to the eternal ALL,
 That your dear souls in Christ may live ;
 That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
 To dwell in bliss eternally.
- 5 Farewell, to all below the sun ;
 And as I pass in tears below,
 The path is straight my feet shall run,

And God will keep me as I go—
 And God will keep me in his hand,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

- 6 Farewell, farewell! I look above;
 Jesus, my Friend, to thee I call;
 My joy, my crown, my only love,
 My safeguard here, my heavenly ALL;
 My theme to preach, my song to sing,
 My only hope till death—Amen.

HYMN 265. P. M.

See Christ on the cross.

- 1 **S**EE the Lord of glory dying,
 See him gasping, hear him crying,
 See his burden'd bosom heave;
 Look, ye sinners, ye who hung him,
 Look, how deep your sins have stung him,
 Dying sinners, look and live!
- 2 See the rocks and mountains shaking,
 Earth unto her centre quaking,
 Nature's groans awake the dead:
 View all heaven struck with wonder,
 While the peals of legal thunder
 Smite the blest Redeemer's head.
- 3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
 Chanting through the blissful regions,
 Cease to thrill the quiv'ring string:
 Songs seraphic, all suspended,
 'Till the mighty war was ended—
 By the all victorious King

- 4 Hell and all the powers thereof,
 Vanquish'd by the King above,
 (When he pour'd the vital flood,)
 By his groans which shook creation;
 Lo! we sound the proclamation,
 "Peace and pardon through his blood."
- 5 Shout, ye saints, with admiration,
 Fill with songs the wide creation;
 Since he's risen from the grave!
 Shout with joy and acclamation,
 To the Rock of your salvation,
 Who alone has power to save!
- 6 Bear with patience tribulation,
 Overcoming all temptation,
 Till the glorious jubilee:
 Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder,
 Then shall we adore and wonder,
 Singing on the highest key.
- 7 See the blissful scene before us,
 Join in universal chorus,
 Bid the flowing numbers rise:
 Songs immortal sweetly sounding,
 Notes angelic loud rebounding,
 Thrilling through the vocal skies.

HYMN 266. P. M.

(*)

The death of Christ proclaims free grace.

- 1 **A** WAKE, O guilty world, awake,
 Behold the earth's foundations shake,
 While the Redeemer bleeds for you!
 His death proclaims to all your race,

HYMN 267.

249

Free grace, free grace, free grace, free grace,
To all the Jews and Gentiles too !

2 Come, guilty mortals, come and see
Your Savior on the shameful tree,
For you all dress'd in purple gore ;
His weight of wo has veil'd the sun ;
'T is done, 't is done, 't is done, 't is done,
That men might live for evermore.

3 See how the wounded Lamb of God
Extends his bleeding arms abroad,
To save a fallen world from death !
Behold him in his agonies !
He dies, he dies, he dies, he dies,
And yields his last expiring breath.

4 He dies, and triumphs over death,
To give the dead immortal birth,
And spread the wonders of his name ;
Shout, mortals, shout, with cheerful voice ;
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
And give the glory to the Lamb.

HYMN 267. L. M.

[*]

So I will go unto the king, which is not according to law ; and if I perish, I perish.—Esther, iv. 16.

1 **S**INNERS, expos'd to dreadful wo,
Arise and to King Jesus go ;
Your guilt confess, his favor seek,
And wait to hear what God will speak.

- 2 Fear not the law, 't is grace that reigns,
 Jesus the sinner's cause maintains ;
 He ransom'd rebels with his blood,
 And now he intercedes with God.
- 3 To him approach with fervent prayer,
 And if you perish, perish there ;
 Resolv'd at Jesus' feet to lie,
 Sueing for mercy till you die.
- 4 Like Esther, venture near the throne,
 And make your supplication known,
 Tell him the cause of all your grief,
 And he will grant you quick relief.
- 5 Thrice happy souls, who thus address
 The God of love and boundless grace ;
 Jesus will such completely save,
 And life eternal they shall have.

HYMN 268. P. M.

(*)

The Lord is come into his garden.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his garden comes ;
 The spices yield their rich perfumes ;
 The lilies grow and thrive :
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,
 From Jesus flow to every vine,
 Which make the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground
 In springs of water may abound,
 A fruitful soil become !
 The desert blossom as a rose,
 And Jesus conquer all his foes,
 And make his people one.

HYMN 268.

251

- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is ;
I taste and see that pardon 's free
For all mankind as well as me ;
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior, pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive !
None are too late who will repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went ;
Jesus did him relieve.
- 5 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our trials and our troubles here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high :
It comes like floods—we can 't contain ;
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.
- 7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We 'll drink a full supply ;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains, where they flow,
Which never will run dry.
- 8 There we shall reign, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,

When all the saints get home ;
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 We soon shall meet together there,
 Where Jesus bids us come.

- 9 Amen, amen, my soul replies ;
 I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there ;
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in the heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.
- 10 There on that peaceful happy shore,
 We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er,
 In sweet redeeming love :
 We'll shout, and praise our conquering King,
 Who died himself, that he might bring
 Us rebels near to God.

HYMN 269. L. M.

(*)

The new-lights.

- 1 **C**OME, all who are New-lights indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed ;
 From Egypt's land we've took our flight,
 For God has giv'n us a new light.
- 2 Long time we with the wicked trod,
 And madly ran the sinful road :
 Against the gospel we did fight,
 Scar'd at the name of a New-light.
- 3 At length the Lord in mercy call'd,
 And gave us strength to give up all ;

- He gave us grace to choose aright,
A portion with despis'd New-lights.
- 4 Despised by men, belov'd by God,
We 're marching on the heavenly road,
Loud hallelujahs we will sing,
To Jesus Christ, the New-lights' King.
- 5 Though by the world we are disdain'd,
And have our names cast out by men ;
Yet Christ, our Captain, for us fights,
Nor death, nor hell, can hurt New-lights.
- 6 Come, sinner, with us New-lights join,
And taste the joys that are divine ;
Bid all your carnal mirth adieu ;
Come join, and be a New-light too !
- 7 Your carnal mirth you 'll count a toy,
If once you know the heavenly joy,
No solid joys are known below,
But such as New-lights feel and know.
- 8 I know not any sect nor part,
But such as are New-lights in heart ;
If in Christ Jesus you delight.
I can pronounce you a *New-light*.
- 9 For, since in Christ we all are one.
My soul would fain let strife alone ;
No prejudice can any bear,
Nor wrath, in those who New-lights are.
- 10 Thus guarded by the Lord we stand,
Safe in the hollow of his hand ;
Nor do we scorn the New-lights' name :
The saints are all **New-lights**, Amen.

11 Amen, amen, so let it be,
 Glory to God, this light we see ;
 New light from Christ to us is given.
 New light will be our light in heaven.

HYMN 270. P. M.

(*)

The royal proclamation.

1 **H**EAR the royal proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation ;
 Published to every creature
 Of the ruin'd sons of nature—

Jesus reigns !

He reigns, victorious,
 Over heaven and earth, most glorious,
 Jesus reigns !

2 See the royal banner flying ;
 Hear the standard bearers crying,
 “ Rebel sinners, royal favor
 Now is offer'd by the Savior : ”

Jesus reigns ! &c.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
 Ye, who 've wrought your own undoing ;
 Here is life and free salvation,
 Offer'd to the whole creation :

Jesus reigns ! &c.

4 'T was for you that Jesus died,
 And for you was crucified ;
 Conquer'd death and rose to heaven,
 Life eternal through him given :

Jesus reigns ! &c.

HYMN 270.

255

- 5 Turn unto the Lord most holy :
 Shun the paths of vice and folly :
 Turn, or you are lost for ever !
 Oh, now fly unto the Savior—
 Jesus reigns ! &c.
- 6 For this love, let rocks and mountains,
 Purling streams and crystal fountains,
 Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
 Shout the great Messiah's praises :
 Jesus reigns ! &c.
- 7 Here is wine, and milk and honey ;
 Come and purchase, without money ;
 Mercies flowing like a fountain,
 Streaming from the holy mountain—
 Jesus reigns ! &c.
- 8 Shout ye tongues of every nation,
 Christ has died for your salvation !
 Shout with joyful acclamation,
 Sound aloud the proclamation—
 Jesus reigns ! &c.
- 9 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention
 Of him who wrought out your redemption,
 Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
 The Almighty King of Zion—
 Jesus reigns ! &c.
- 10 Now our souls have caught new fire ;
 Brethren, raise your voices higher ;
 Angels shout the joyful story,
 Through all the bright world of glory—
 Jesus reigns ! &c.

*The vision of angels appearing to the Shepherds
of Bethlehem.*

- 1 **H**ARK! whence that voice?
Hark! hear the joyful shouting;
See! see what splendor spreads its beams
around us,
Turning dark midnight into noon-tide glory,
As it approaches.
- 2 With pomp majestic
See the heavenly vision!
Slowly descending, whilst attending angels
Pour acclamations, and celestial chanting,
Wake our attention.
- 3 “Fear not, ye shepherds,
’Tis the Prince of Peace comes,
Full of compassion, full of love and pity;
Bringing salvation for the lost of mankind,
For ruin’d sinners.
- 4 “Go pay your homage
To your infant Savior,
Laid in a manger, see the Lord of glory!
Meanly attended, yet the great Redeemer;
Yon star shall guide you.”
- 5 Give God the glory,
All ye hosts celestial;
Peace dwells on earth, and men enjoy God’s
favor;
Rais’d from death’s dungeon, heirs to life
eternal,
Through a Mediator.

HYMN 272.

257

- 6 O may impressions
 Of his boundless mercy
 Ever remind me of my grateful duty ;
 Sweet the employment to proclaim his goodness,
 And sing his praises.

HYMN 272. P. M. [b]

Wretched sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with power ;
 He is able, he is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money, without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not satan make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness Christ requires,
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you, this he gives you,
 'T is the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all :

258

HYMN 273.

Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

- 5 View him grov'ling in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
“ It is finish'd, it is finish'd,”
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo, the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name :
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 273. P. M.

[*]

Jesus the fountain of every blessing.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of every blessing,
'Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for notes of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Raise the mount, O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

HYMN 274.

259

- 3 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'll come ;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 5 Oh ! to grace, how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring soul to thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, --
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.
- 7 Oh ! that day when freed from sinning,
 I shall see my Savior's face ;
 Cloth'd in his blood-wash'd linnen ;
 Then I'll sing redeeming grace.
- 8 I'll surmount whate'er opposes,
 And to thine embrace I'll fly ;
 Speak the word thou spake to Moses,
 Bid me, "get me up and die."

HYMN 274. P. M.

Submission to Christ.

- 1 **O** JESUS, my Savior, to thee I submit,
 With joy and thanksgiving fall down
 at thy feet ;

In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh and blood,
 Thou art my Redeemer, my Lord and my
 God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee my love;
 I love thee, my Savior, I love thee my Dove;
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost
 know,
 But how much I love thee I never shall
 show.

3 All human expressions are empty and vain;
 They cannot unriddle this heavenly flame;
 I'm sure if the tongue of an angel were
 mine,
 I could not this myst'ry completely define.

4 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
 My days are immortal, I stand on the mount;
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
 With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

5 O Jesus, my Savior, with thee I am blest!
 Thou art my salvation, my joy and my rest!
 Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my
 song,
 Thy grace shall inspire my heart and my
 tongue.

6 O who 's like my Jesus? he 's Salem's bright
 King!

HYMN 275.

261

He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me
to sing ;
I 'll praise him, I 'll praise him with notes
loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

HYMN 275. L. M.

(*)

The Redeemer lives.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting Head.
- 2 He lives triumphant from the grave !
He lives eternally to save ;
He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need.
- 4 He lives and grants me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives to crush the powers of hell,
He lives that he may in me dwell,
He lives to heal and make me whole,
He lives to guard my feeble soul.

- 6 He lives to silence all my fears,
 He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
 He lives to calm my troubled heart,
 He lives all blessings to impart.
- 7 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."

HYMN 276. P. M.

[*]

The believer's warrant.

- 1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail, and dangers
 affright,
 Though friends all should fail, and foes all
 unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures us, "*The Lord will pro-
 vide.*"
- 2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are
 fed,
 From them let us learn to trust in our Head;
 His saints, what is fitting shall ne'er be de-
 nied,
 So long as it's written, "*The Lord will pro-
 vide.*"
- 3 We all may like ships by tempests be toss'd,
 On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost;
 Tho' satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 'The scripture engages, "*The Lord will pro-
 vide.*"

- 4 His call we'll obey, like Abram of old,
We know not the way, but faith makes us
bold ;
For though we are strangers, we have a sure
guide,
And trust in all dangers, "*The Lord will pro-
vide.*"
- 5 When satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has
tried)
This heart-cheering promise, "*The Lord will
provide.*"
- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain :
But when such suggestions our graces have
tried,
This answers all questions, "*The Lord will
provide.*"
- 7 No strength of our own, or goodness we
claim,
Our trust is alone in Jesus' name ;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, The Lord will pro-
vide.
- 8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us
through,

Not fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our
side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will pro-
vide !

HYMN 277. P. M.

[*]

*Christ, the true Shepherd, is the delight and
hope of his people.*

1 **O** THOU, in whose presence
My soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call ;
My comfort by day,
And my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation and all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide
Resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pastures of love ?
For why in the valley
Of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

3 O why should I wander
An alien from thee ?
Or cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice,
When my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion,
Declare, have ye seen
The star that on Israel shone ?
Say, if in your tents
My beloved has been,
Or where with his flock he is gone ?

HYMN 277.

265

- 5 This is my beloved,
 His form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around ;
 The locks of his head
 Are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 Like the fair rose of Sharon,
 Or lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
 On his cheeks does the beauty
 Of excellence glow—
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 7 His voice, as the sound
 Of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death ;
 The cedars of Lebanon
 Bow at his feet,
And the air is perfum'd with his breath.
- 8 His lips as a fountain
 Of righteousness flow,
And waters the garden of grace ;
 From thence their salvation
 The Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 9 Love sits on his eyelids,
 And scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high ;
 Their faces the cherubim
 Veil in his sight,
And praise him with fulness of joy.

266

HYMN 278.

10 He looks, and ten thousands
 Of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word !
 He speaks, and eternity,
 Fill'd with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

HYMN 278. L. M. b. 144. (*)

*The effusion of the Spirit ; or, the success of the
 gospel.*

- 1 **G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met ;
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave,
 And power to give and power to save !
 Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
 From east to west, from south to north,
 " Go, and assert your Savior's cause ;
 Go, spread the mystery of his cross."
- 4 These weapons of the holy war—
 Of what almighty force they are,
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low.
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heavenly arms subdued ;
 While satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.

HYMN 279.

267

6 **Great King** of grace, my heart subdue ;
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 279. L. M. b. 77. (*)

The believer's warfare.

- 1 **STAND** up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armor on ;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where thy great Captain-Savior's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
 But hell and sins are vanquish'd foes ;
 Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 [What though the prince of darkness rage,
 And waste the fury of his spite ?
 Eternal chains confine him down,
 To fiery deeps and endless night.
- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel ?
 'T is but a struggling gasp for life ;
 The weapons of victorious grace
 Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.]
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heav'nly gate ;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 280. L. M. b. 138.

[·]

The power of the gospel.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above ;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This heav'nly balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The 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.
- 4 Where satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light ;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
- 5 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.
- 6 May but this 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.

HYMN 281—282.

269

HYMN 281. L. M. b. 137. [*]

Christ's miracles, death and resurrection.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive !
Behold, the dead awake and live !
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like a hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son :
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ! the heavens in mourning stood ;
He rises, and appears a God !
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die !
- 4 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.

HYMN 282. L. M. b. 139. [*]

The example of Christ, to be followed by believers.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word :
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal—
Such def'rence to thy Father's will—
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

270

HYMN 283.

- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
 Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer ;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 'Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
 Amongst the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN 283. L. M. b. 131. (*)

The excellency of the religion of Christ.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my Savior and my Lord ;
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,
 And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 What if we trace the globe around,
 And search from Britain to Japan,
 There shall be no religion found,
 So just to God, so safe to man.
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
 Some solid ground to rest upon ;
 With long despair the spirit breaks,
 Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 4 How well thy blessed truths agree !
 How wise and holy thy commands !
 Thy promises, how firm they be !
 How firm our hope and comfort stands !
- 5 Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss,
 Could raise such pleasures in the mind ;
 Nor does the Turkish paradise,
 Pretend to joys so much refin'd.

HYMN 284.

271

6 Should all the forms that men devise,
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
 I'd call them vanities and lies,
 And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN 284. C. M. b. 103. [']

Christ's commission. John, iii. 17.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God,
 With new melodious songs;
 Come, tender to almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pitied dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son
 To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging rod;
 No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry;
 Trust in the mighty Savior's name,
 And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
 Accept thine offer'd grace;
 We bless the great Redeemer's name,
 And give the Father praise.

HYMN 285. L. M.

(7)

Christ's ambassador, inviting souls to the gospel feast.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by the Lord, on you I call ;
The invitation is to all—
Come, all the world—come, sinner, thou !
All things in Christ are ready now !
- 3 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ and live !
O let his love your hearts constrain ;
Nor let him suffer death in vain !
- 4 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd—
Ye weary laborers, after rest—
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 5 His love is mighty to compel ;
His saving grace consent to feel :
Yield to his love's attracting power,
And fight against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes !
Behold the bleeding sacrifice !
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.
- 7 This is the time, no more delay !
This is the glorious gospel day !

Come in this moment at his call,
And live to him, who died for all.

HYMN 286. L. M. b. 118 [*]

*The blood of Abel cries for vengeance ; but the
blood of Jesus speaks peace.*

- 1 **B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the skies ;
“ Revenge,” the blood of Abel cries ;
But the dear streams, when Christ was slain,
Spoke peace as loud from every vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by !
And rebels who deserve his sword,
Become the fav’rites of the Lord.
- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice :
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN 287. L. M. b. 125. [†]

*Justification by faith ; or, condemnation by un-
belief.*

- 1 **L**IFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they’ve
done ;
Children of wrath made heirs of heav’n,
By faith in God’s eternal Son.
- 2 They see their sins on Jesus laid,
And feel his rising pow’r within ;

They love and own him as their Head—
 Their Priest—their Prophet—and their King.

- 3 Wo to the wretch that never felt
 The inward pangs of pious grief;
 But adds to all his crying guilt,
 The damning sin of unbelief.
- 4 The law condemns the sinner dead,
 Under the wrath of God he lies;
 He seals the curse on his own head,
 And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN 288. L. M.

[4]

“As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.”

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw
 near—

Thy Savior's gracious promise hear;
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That “As thy day thy strength shall be.”

- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
 “How shall I stand the trying day?”
 He has engag'd, by firm decree,
 That “*as thy day thy strength shall be.*”

- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see,
 That “*as thy day thy strength shall be.*”

- 4 If faith is weak and foes are strong,
 And if the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
 For, “*as thy day thy strength shall be.*”

HYMN 289.

275

- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, "*as thy day thy strength shall be.*"
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,
He comes thy spirit to set free,
And, "*as thy day thy strength shall be.*"

HYMN 289. P. M.

(b)

The sufferings and resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE 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,
Accused by each lying tongue ;
And thus the Lamb of God was hung
Upon the shameful tree.
- 2 'Twas thus the glorious suff'rer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood ;
From every wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain :
His bitter groans all nature shook ;
And at his voice the rocks were broke ;
The sleeping saints their graves forsook :
Yet spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
And laughed at his pain.
- 3 Th' astonish'd heaven, and earth, and skies,
Blush'd to behold his agonies ;

While on the cross the Savior dies.

Expiring on the tree :

The radiant sun refus'd his light ;

The azure cloth'd in robes of night,

Refus'd to see the shameful sight ;

All nature mourn'd and stood affright,

While Christ the Lamb was slain.

4 Of men or angels there were none

To aid or help the suffering Son :

He trode the wine-press all alone,

And spilt his precious blood :

In lamentation hear him cry,

“ Eloi, lama sabachthani !”

But though death clos'd his languid eyes,

He soon did mount the upper skies—

The conqu'ring Son of God.

5 The Jews and Romans, in a band,

With hearts like steel, around him stand,

And mocking, say, “ Come save the land—

Come try thyself to free ;”

A soldier pierc'd him when he died,

A stream of blood flow'd from his side,

And thus my Lord was crucifi'd ;

Stern justice then was satisfi'd,

Sinners, for you and me.

6 'T is done, the dreadful debt is paid ;

The great atonement now is made ;

Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,

For you he spilt his blood—

For you his tender soul did move ;

For you he left the courts above,

That you the length and breadth may prove,

HYMN 290.

277

And height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your smiling God.

7 Behold, he mounts the throne of state,
And fills the mediatorial seat,
While millions bowing at his feet,
With loud hosannas tell,
How he endur'd exquisite pains,
And led the monster death in chains;
Ye seraphs, raise your highest strains,
And chant his praise through heaven's plains;
He's conquer'd death and hell!

8 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And reigns enthron'd above the sky;
Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
Glory to him be given:
While heaven with his praise resounds,
O Zion, sing, his grace abounds;
Rich blessings flow from all his wounds;
He'll save us here and give us crowns,
When we arrive at heaven.

HYMN 290. L. M.

(7)

Marriage hymn.

1 **M**AY Jesus bless these mutual bands,
And heav'nly wisdom bind your hands,
By love divine made one in heart,
Till death all mortal ties shall part.

2 Then to the realms of perfect light,
May you both take your joyful flight;

Find Christ your Husband and your Friend,
When earthly friends and lovers end.

3 Then one you 'll be with Christ in heav'n;
None married there; nor marriage given;
But like the angels of the Lord,
To feast around his heav'nly board.

4 There shall our joys be all divine;
The waters all be turn'd to wine;
And each be found a welcome guest,
To join the everlasting feast.

HYMN 291. C. M.

[*]

Marriage.

1 **M**YSTERIOUS rite! by God ordain'd,
This sacred truth to prove,
The bliss which mortals here enjoy,
Must flow from virtuous love.

2 Though Adam made by God's own hand,
And in his image form'd,
His happiness was not complete,
Till love his bosom warm'd.

3 Eden, with all its beauteous groves,
And fruits of richest taste,
To one for social bliss design'd
Prov'd but a lonely waste.

4 But when his lovely bride appear'd
In native graces drest,
The latent spark burst into flame,
And love inspir'd his breast.

HYMN 292.

279

- 5 What wise provision thou hast made,
Great Parent of mankind,
That all thine offspring may enjoy
The bliss for them design'd !
- 6 Then may we join our hearts and hands
In bonds of virtuous love ;
And whilst we live in peace below,
Prepare for bliss above.

HYMN 292. L. M.

(*)

*Marriage. To be sung when the parties joined
have both experienced religion.*

- 1 **O** LORD, this wedded pair inspire
With heavenly love, that sacred fire ;
From this blest moment may they prove
The bliss divine of marriage love.
- 2 O may they both increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind ;
Happy together may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.
- 3 To you, blest pair, your God hath given
To taste the love which reigns in heaven ;
This gift with all your powers improve,
And cultivate that virtuous love.
- 4 So, may you live as truly one ;
And when your work on earth is done,
Rise, hand in hand, to heaven, and share
The joys of love for ever there.

New-Year hymn.

- 1 **O**NCE more the rolling sun,
Revolving round the sphere,
His steady course has run,
And brings another year ;
He rises, sets,
But goes not back,
Nor ever quits
His destin'd track.
- 2 Hence let believers learn
To keep a forward pace ;
Be this their main concern,
'To finish well their race ;
Backsliding shun,
With patience press
Toward the Sun
Of righteousness.
- 3 What now shall be our task ?
Or rather, what our prayer ?
What good thing shall we ask
To prosper this new year ?
With one accord
Our hearts we'll lift,
And ask our Lord
Some New-Year gift.
- 4 No trifling thing, or small,
Should friends of Christ desire ;
Rich Lord, bestow on all
Pure gold, well tried in fire ;

HYMN 294.

281

Faith that stands fast
 When devils roar,
 And love that lasts
 For ever more.

HYMN 294. P. M.

[*]

A call to sailors.

- 1 **Y**E sons of the main, ye that sail o'er the
 flood,
 Whose sins, big as mountains, have reach'd
 up to God;
 Remember your short voyage of life soon will
 end,
 Now come, brother sailor, make Jesus your
 friend.
- 2 Look astern! on your life, see your wake
 mark'd with sin;
 Look ahead! see what torments you'll soon
 flounder in:
 The hard rocks of death soon will beat out
 your keel,
 And your vessel and cargo will all sink to
 hell.
- 3 Lay aside your old compass, 't will do you no
 good—
 It ne'er will direct you the right way to
 God;
 Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall
 asleep—
 Watch and pray night and day, lest you sink
 in the deep.

- 4 Spring your luff, brother sailor, the breeze
now is fair,
Trim your sails to the wind, and those tor-
ments you 'll clear ;
The leading star, Jesus, keep full in your
view,
You 'll weather the danger, he 'll guide you
safe through.
- 5 Renounce your old captain, the devil, straight-
way,
The crew that you sail with, will lead you
astray ;
Desert their black colors, come under the
red—
Where Jesus is Captain, to conquest he 'll
lead.
- 6 His standard 's unfurl'd, see it wave through
the air,
And volunteers coming from far off and
near ;
Now's the time, brother sailor, no longer de-
lay,
Embark now with Jesus, good wages he 'll
pay.
- 7 The bounty he 'll give when the voyage doth
begin—
He 'll forgive your trangressions and cleanse
you from sin ;
Good usage he 'll give while you sail on the
way,
And soon you will anchor in heaven's broad
bay—

HYMN 295.

283

- 8 In the harbor of glory for ever you 'll ride,
 Free from quicksands and dangers, and sin's
 raging tide,
 Where the waves of death cease, and the
 tempest is o'er,
 And the hoarse breath of Boreas dismast thee
 no more.
- 9 Thy tarpaulin jacket no longer you 'll wear;
 But robes wrought in heaven, all white, clean
 and fair;
 A crown on thy head, that would dazzle the
 sun,
 And from glory to glory eternally run.

HYMN 295. L. M.

[b]

Prayer answered by crosses.

- 1 **I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
 In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace:
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'T was he who taught me thus to pray;
 And he I trust has answer'd prayer;
 But it has been in such a way,
 As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
 At once he 'd answer my request;
 And by his love's constraining power,
 Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this he made me feel
 The hidden evils of my heart,

284

HYMN 296.

- Let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds and laid me low.
- 6 “ Lord, why is this ? ” I trembling cried,
“ Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ? ”
“ 'T is in this way,” the Lord replied,
“ I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 “ These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free ;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me.”

HYMN 296. L. M. [* or b]

“ *These things I command you, that ye love one another.* ” John, xv. 17.

- 1 **A** M I indeed born from above ?
Do I partake of Jesus' love ?
Then let me all my duty know,
And love by my obedience show.
- 2 Fain would I love my Savior more,
And God in all his works adore ;
O may he all my soul inflame
With love to all that love his name.
- 3 Wherever I his image see,
O let those souls be dear to me ;
Dear as the purchase of his blood,
Dear as the favorites of God.

HYMN 297

285

- 4 Jesus to saints his love doth show,
And bids them love each other too ;
But, O how *little love* sincere,
Is found in *great professors* here !
- 5 What anger, pride, and malice swell ?
Those breasts, where love alone should
dwell !
O ! why should satan thus devour
Religion's glory and its power ?
- 6 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love ;
That we may prove to all around,
We 're heaven born, and heaven bound.

HYMN 297. P. M.]

[b]

*Death-bed reflections of one who had neglected
the great salvation, and slighted the calls of
the gospel.*

- 1 **H**EARKEN, ye sprightly ! and attend ye
vain ones ;
Pause in your mirth, adversity consider ;
Learn from a friend's pen, sentimental,
painful,
Sick-bed reflections.
- 2 Healthful and gay, like you, I spent my mo-
ments ;
Boldly my heart said, " Joy shall last for ev-
er !"
But I 'd forgotten man has no enjoyment
But by permission.

286

HYMN 297.

- 3 Sudden and awful, from the height of pleasure,
By pain and sickness, thrown upon a down
bed ;
Vain is its softness, to assuage the pain of
Raging disorder.
- 4 Kindest attention of my friends most humane,
With the profound skill of my kind physician,
All still are baffled, while distressing anguish
Torture my whole frame.
- 5 Vain are my groanings, all my efforts fruitless ;
Changing my place cannot abate my fever ;
Here, like a reptile on a bed of embers,
Turning I languish.
- 6 Hopes of recovery, my fond heart indulged,
Till my physician to my great amazement,
Kindly inform'd me that my case was desperate,
Death swift approaching !
- 7 Wonders on wonders to my view now open ;
Life is receding ; to the grave I'm hastening ;
Am I prepared ? this dread moment must I
Meet my Creator ?

HYMN 297.

287

8 Twenty-five years I've spent without con-
sidering

Man was a mortal, pendant on a moment ;
Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.

9 Oft have I listen'd while death-bells were
tolling,

Seen the graves open'd, with spectators
mourning ;

But was myself, in spite of all these war-
nings,

Long life expecting.

10 Counsels I slighted ; warnings I neglected ;
In my gay moments, thoughts of death I
banish'd ;

When grown gray-headed, I have oft resolv-
ed

Death to prepare for.

11 Time in advance to me seem'd moving
slowly,

Days without number I propos'd for plea-
sure ;

But they are blasted ; now behold the end of
Procrastination !

12 Tortur'd in body, not a limb escapes it ;
No sweet composure to direct one prayer ;
All is disorder'd ; yet my state eternal,
Now is depending.

13 Oh ! ghastly death ! pray stop one single
moment,

288

HYMN 298.

While I give warning to my gay companions ;

No time is granted for expostulation :
Shun my example.

HYMN 298. P. M.

(*)

God is good in all his dispensations.

- 1 **G**OOD is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in a storm of
thunder ;
Mercies and judgments both proceed from
kindness—

Infinite kindness.

- 2 Infinite goodness teaches us submission ;
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings ;
Never repining, but for ever praising
God our Creator.
- 3 Well may we praise him, all his ways are
equal ;
Though a resplendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals
Struck blind by lustre.
- 4 Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors ;
Nor am I anxious what form he comes in,
If I'm prepared.
- 5 Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all I have or wish for ;
Sweetly as babes sleep, will I give my life up,
When call'd to yield it.

HYMN 299.

289

6 Then, death, I'll dare thee, clad in all thy horrors,
 Christ my Redeemer will be thy destruction;
 I shall be raised from thy gloomy mansion.
 T' praise him for ever.

HYMN 299. P. M.

[*]

*Elijah fed by ravens; or, the saints may leave
 all their cares with God.*

- 1 **E**LIJAH'S example declares
 Whatever distress may betide,
 The saints may commit all their cares
 To him who will always provide.
- 2 When rain long withheld from the earth
 Occasion'd a famine of bread;
 The prophet, secur'd from the dearth,
 By ravens was constantly fed.
- 3 More apt for to rob than to feed,
 Are ravens which fed upon prey:
 But where the Lord's people have need,
 His goodness can find out a way.
- 4 Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,
 Though greedy and selfish their mind,
 If God has a servant to feed,
 Against their own wills can be kind.
- 5 And satan, the raven unclean,
 Which croaks in the ears of the saints,
 O'errul'd by a power unseen,
 Administers oft to their wants.

290

HYMN 300.

- 6 God teaches them how to find food
 From all the temptations they feel ;
 'The raven which thirsts for my blood,
 Has help'd me to many a meal.
- 7 This instance to those may seem strange
 Who know not how faith can prevail ;
 But sooner all nature shall change,
 Than one of God's promises fail.
- 8 He, ravens and lions can tame ;
 All creatures obey his command ;
 'Then let me rejoice in his name,
 And leave all my cares in his hand.

HYMN 300. P. M.

[*]

*The minister's farewell, when parting to sound
 salvation in different directions.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, the time
 is at hand,
 That we must be parted from this social
 band ;
 Our sev'ral engagements now call us away,
 Separation is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, loving brethren, farewell for a
 while ;
 We shall soon meet again, if kind heaven
 smile :
 And while we are parted, and scatter'd
 abroad,
 We 'll pray for each other, and wrestle with
 God.

HYMN 300.

291

- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you 'll soon be dis-
charg'd ;
The war will be ended, your treasure en-
larg'd ;
With singing and shouting, to heaven you 'll
soar,
And join in sweet anthems, t' be parted no
more.
- 4 Farewell, dear young converts, who 've listed
for war,
Sore trials await you ; but Jesus is near ;
And though you must walk through this dark
wilderness ;
Your Captain 's before you, he 'll lead you to
peace.
- 5 The world, flesh, and satan and hell all unite ;
And bold persecutors will strive to affright,
Yet Jesus stands for you, he 's greater than
they ;
Let this animate you to press on your way.
- 6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with you we must
part ;
O haste unto Jesus, and choose the good
part ;
He 's full of compassion, and mighty to save ;
His arms are extended, your souls to re-
ceive.
- 7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you we do
mourn,
To see your sad danger, and you uncon-
cern'd ;

- You 're bound to a judgment, where all must
appear,
Whether righteous or wicked their sentence
to hear.
- 8 Your frolics and pastime, in which you de-
light,
Will serve to torment you in that dreadful
night;
You 'll think on the sermons which you've
heard in vain,
When hope's gone for ever, of hearing
again.
- 9 Farewell, faithful pilgrims, farewell all
around;
If we never should meet till the last trumpet
sound,
To meet you in glory, I 'll give you my hand,
The Savior to praise in a pure social band.

HYMN 301. C. M. Ps. 65. (*)

Praise to God for temporal mercies.

- 1 'T IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 The morning light and evening shade,
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

HYMN 302.

293

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
 Heaven, earth and air are thine;
 When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
 The Author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns of the sky,
 Borne by the winds around,
 With wat'ry treasures well supply
 The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
 And ranks of corn appear;
 Thy ways abound with blessings still,
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

HYMN 302. P. M.

[*]

A call to sinners to attend to the gospel message.

1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message,
 Sent by Jesus from above?
 Every sentence—O how tender!
 Every line is full of love;
 Listen to it—listen to it,
 Every line is full of love.

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

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
 Broken hearts, they quell your fears;
 And with news of consolation

Wipe away your falling tears :
 Mourning sinners, mourning sinners,
 Christ for your relief appears.

4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you,
 Take the warnings from the Lord ;
 We entreat you, we entreat you,
 Take the warnings from the Lord.

5 Who hath our report believed ?
 Who 's receiv'd the joyful word ?
 Who 's embrac'd the news of pardon
 Offer'd to you by the Lord ?
 O receive it ! O receive it !
 Offer'd to you by the Lord.

6 Now the angels, hovering round us,
 Wait the tidings to convey
 To the blissful courts of heaven,
 That a soul is born to-day :
 Wait, ye seraphs, wait, ye seraphs !
 Sinners, come, without delay !

7 Brethren, raise your humble voices ;
 Lift your cries to Zion's King ;
 Zion travels : heaven rejoices,
 Saints and angels join to sing,
 " All is ready, all is ready !
 Come to Christ, your tribute bring."

8 Jesus waits with free salvation,
 Stands and knocks at every door ;
 Now believe the proclamation ;
 Doubt the Savior's love no more ;

HYMN 303.

295

None but Jesus, none utb Jesus,
Can a sin-sick soul restore,

HYMN 303. S. M. b. 94. [*]

God, the portion and happiness of his people.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all !
I 've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There 's nothing here deserves my joys ;
There 's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright and burning sun
Scatters his feeble light ;
'T is thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 't is night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'T is morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee ;
Or what 's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me

- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
 And call'd the stars my own ;
 Without thy graces and thyself,
 I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore ;
 Grant me the visits of thy grace,
 And I desire no more.

HYMN 304. L. M. a. 102. [*]

The beatitudes. Matt. v. 3—12.

- 1 **B**LEST are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest 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.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war ;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness ;
 They shall be well suppli'd and fed,
 With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
 And melt with sympathy and love :
 From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
 Like sympathy and love again.

HYMN 305.

297

- 6 Blest are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the suff'ers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN 305. P. M.

[1]

Jesus, the soul's best lover.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly ;
While the nether waters roll —
While the tempest still is high.
- 2 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past :
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
- 3 Other refuge have I none :
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone !
Still support and comfort me.
- 4 All my hopes on thee are stay'd ;
All my help from thee I bring ;

Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 5 Just and holy are thy ways ;
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 6 Plenteous grace in thee I've found ;
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing stream abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
- 7 Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 306. L. M.

[*]

Thirsty souls invited to the living waters.

- 1 “**H**O! every one that thirst, draw nigh ;”
 (’T is God invites the fallen race,)
“ Mercy and free salvation buy ;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.”
- 2 Come to the living waters, come ;
Sinners, obey your Maker’s call ;
Return, ye weary wand’ers, home,
And find his grace reach’d out to all,
- 3 See from the Rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burden’d sin-sick souls.

HYMN 307—308.

299

- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
 Leave all you have and are behind ;
 Freely the gift of God receive.
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

HYMN 307. S. M.

(*)

The Holy Spirit invoked.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
 With energy divine ;
 And on my poor benighted soul
 With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,
 Life, light and joy dispense ;
 And may I daily, hourly feel
 Thy quick'ning influence.
- 3 Melt, melt my frozen heart ;
 My stubborn will subdue ;
 Each evil passion overcome,
 And form my soul anew.
- 4 Mine will the profit be ;
 But thine shall be the praise ;
 And unto thee I will devote
 The remnant of my days.

HYMN 308. C. M.

(b)

Let the wicked forsake his ways, &c.

- I **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard.
 'T is mercy speaks to-day ;
 He calls you by the gospel word
 From sin's destructive way.

300

HYMN 309.

- 2 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo.
- 3 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace :
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him, your gracious Lord,
And learn his will divine.
- 5 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
He pardons like a God ;
He will forgive your num'rous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

HYMN 309. C. M.

(*)

God is love.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus the gift of gifts appears,
To show that God is love.
- 3 In all his doctrine and commands,
His counsels and designs—
In every work his hands have fram'd.
His love divinely shines.

HYMN 310.

301

- 4 Angels and men the news proclaim,
 Through earth and heaven above—
 The joyful and transporting news,
 That God the Lord is love!

HYMN 310. C. M.

(*)

Gratitude for divine protection.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I 'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 Or hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear ;
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 While in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
 It gently clear'd my way ;
 Preserv'd my life, maintain'd my breath,
 To see this glorious day !

302

HYMN 311.

7 Now Lord, to thee I offer up
 This sacrifice of praise ;
 And in thy service mean to spend
 The remnant of my days.

HYMN 311. C. M.

[*]

The traveller's psalm.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest bore
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea, that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.
- 5 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.

HYMN 312.

303

HYMN 312. L. M.

[*]

The traveller returned to his house in safety, and finding all well. A song of praise.

- 1 **T** WAS God who kept me by his power,
His goodness, O my soul, adore !
Preserv'd by him, to him I'll raise
This monument of grateful praise.
- 2 Many go out and ne'er return,
But leave their families to mourn
The sad and fatal, mournful blow,
Hasty, and vast, and awful too.
- 3 Others, return'd in safety, find
Fled from the earth some lovely friend ;
Embrace in vain the breathless clay,
And grieve, and wish themselves away.
- 4 What woes, beyond my power to count,
What sorrows to unknown amount,
Might have occur'd to wound my heart,
And bid my brightest scenes depart.
- 5 But God (his name my soul shall bless)
Still crowns my house with life and peace ;
My life he crowns with every good,
And will be known a gracious God.
- 6 What can I do but ask his grace,
Still to enhance my debt of praise ?
Jesus, my all to thee I bring,
Thou art my Prophet, Priest and King:

304

HYMN 313—314.

HYMN 313. C. M.

[*]

Thanksgiving for deliverance in a storm at sea.

- 1 **O**UR little bark, on boist'rous seas,
By awful tempests toss'd,
Without a single beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost.
- 2 We to the Lord in humble prayer
Breath'd out our sad distress ;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begg'd his saving grace.
- 3 The stormy winds then ceas'd to blow,
The waves no more did roll ;
And soon again a placid sea
Spake comfort to each soul.
- 4 O may our grateful trembling hearts,
Sweet hallelujahs sing,
To him who hath our lives preserv'd,
Our Savior and our King.
- 5 Let us proclaim to all the world,
With heart and voice again,
And tell the wonders he hath wrought
For us, the sons of men.

HYMN 314. C. M.

(*)

A desire to walk with God.

- 1 **O**FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame :
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 315.

305

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When I first saw the Lord—
 Where is that soul refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
 How sweet their mem'ry still !
 But now I find an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O heavenly Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship none but thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 And purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 315. S. M.

[1]

Brotherly love.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in heavenly love ;
 'This fellowship in kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers :
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

306

HYMN 316.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathysing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But yet we still are join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage on the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 When from our toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And in pure love and friendship reign
To all eternity.

HYMN 316. C. M.

[*]

Zeal and fortitude.

- 1 **D**O I believe what Jesus saith,
And think the gospel true ?
Lord, make me bold to own my faith
And practice virtue too.
- 2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heavenly zeal,
That I may glorify thee here,
And works of praise fulfil.
- 3 If men should see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the power, the praise is thine,
My Savior and my God.

HYMN 317.

307

4 Thus, when the saints in glory meet,
 Their lips proclaim his grace ;
 They cast their honors at his feet,
 And own their borrow'd rays.

HYMN 317. C. M.

[b]

True and false zeal contrasted.

- 1 **Z**EAL is that pure and heavenly flame,
 The fire of love supplies ;
 While that which often bears the name,
 Is self, in a disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
 Can pity and forbear,
 The false is headstrong, fierce and wild ;
 And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
 He knows the worth of peace ;
 But self contends for names and forms,
 Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
 Its end is satisfied,
 If sinners love the Savior's name ;
 Nor seeks it ought beside.
- 5 But self, however well employ'd,
 Has its own ends in view,
 And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
 " Come, see what I can do."

HYMN 318. P. M.

[b]

Prayer for a revival.

- 1 **S**AVIOR ! visit thy plantation ;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd ;
Ev'ry plant look'd gay and green ;
'Then thy word our spirits nourish'd ;
Happy seasons we have seen.
- 4 [But a drought has since succeeded ;
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love and truth ;
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth.
- 6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted ;
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 7 Younger plants—to sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost hath nipp'd them in the bud.]

HYMN 319.

309

- 3 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 O permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain :
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers :
 Let each one esteem thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 319. L. M.

(*)

At the opening of a church meeting for conference.

- 1 **N**OW we are met in holy fear,
 To hear the happy saints declare
 The free compassion of a God,
 The virtue of a Savior's blood.
- 2 Jesus, assist them now to tell
 What they have felt, and *now* do feel ;
 O Savior, help them to express
 The wonders of triumphant grace.
- 3 While to the church they freely own
 What for their souls the Lord hath done :
 We join to praise redeeming love,
 Which heightens all the joys above.

310

HYMN 320—321.

HYMN 320. L. M.

[*]

To be sung at the opening of a meeting of the church, for the choice of a deacon.

- 1 **F**AIR Zion's King, we suppliant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys!
Her holy deacons are thine own,
With all the gifts thy love employs.
- 2 Up to the throne we lift our cries
For wisdom to direct our choice
Of such, whose generous, prudent zeal
Shall make thy humble saints rejoice.
- 3 Happy in Jesus their own Lord,
May they his sacred table spread—
The table of their pastor fill,
And fill the holy poor with bread.
- 4 By purest love to Christ and truth,
O may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smiles of thine and thee.
- 5 And when the work to them assign'd—
The work of love—is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

HYMN 321. L. M.

[b]

To be sung by the church when their minister is sick.

- 1 **O** THOU before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down;
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And what our trembling lips would tell.

HYMN 322.

311

- 2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorr'wing hearts relief;
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,
Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.
- 4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the gloomy way.
- 6 Around him may thine angels stand,
Waiting the signal of thy hand;
To bid his happy spirit rise,
And bear him to their native skies.

HYMN 322. L. M.

(*)

*A destitute church seeking to God for direction
in the choice of a minister.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servant's groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right;

Our drooping hearts, O God sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

- 3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn ;
May our bless'd eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.
- 4 Lord, send us one of heavenly birth,
Possess'd of love and living faith—
To whom a dispensation 's given,
To feed and guide our souls to heaven.

HYMN 323. L. M.

[*]

The way to win souls.

- 1 **I**F you would win a soul to God,
Then tell him of a Savior's blood—
Tell him how Jesus' bowels move
Towards him with redeeming love.
- 2 And tell him how the streams did glide
From Jesus' hands, and feet, and side ;
And how his head with thorns was crown'd ;
And how his soul with grief was drown'd.
- 3 Ah ! tell him how He suffer'd death,
And freely yielded up his breath,
And died, and rose, with God to plead,
That rebels might from sin be freed.
- 4 Tell him 't is free and saving grace,
Which teaches men to seek his face ;
And helps them choose the better part,
And brings salvation to the heart.

HYMN 324.

313

- 5 Explain to him that liberty
 Wherewith Christ Jesus makes us free ;
 And the sweet joys of sins forgiven,
 As earnest of the joys of heaven.
- 6 Then tell him, he that does believe
 And is baptized shall be sav'd :
 But, he that slights the Lord's command,
 And disbelieveth, shall be damn'd.

HYMN 324. L. M.

(*)

To be sung at elder's conference.

- 1 **B**EFORE thy throne, eternal King,
 Thy ministers their tribute bring,
 Their tribute of united praise,
 For heavenly news and peaceful days.
- 2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,
 And publish loud thy healing word ;
 While angels sound thy glorious name,
 Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various service we esteem
 Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme ;
 And while we feel thy heavenly love,
 We burn like seraphim above.
- 4 No seraphs there can ever raise
 With us, an equal song of praise :
 They are the noblest work of God :
 But we the purchase of his blood.
- 5 Still in thy work we would abound ;
 Still prune the vine, or plough the ground,
 Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
 And watch them with unwearied heed.

314

HYMN 325.

6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
 Our guide below, our crown above ;
 Thy praise shall be our best employ,
 Thy presence our eternal joy.

HYMN 325. C. M.

[b]

New year, or the swiftness of time.

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
 Of the revolving year ;
 How swift the weeks complete their round !
 How 'short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that 's done in mortal life,
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
 The swift revolving year ;
 And study artful ways t' increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
 Its great concerns to see ;
 That I may act a Christian's part,
 And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my waiting soul
 To joys beyond the skies.

HYMN 326.

315

HYMN 326. C. M.

[b]

A hymn for a general fast in time of danger.

- 1 **W**HEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with a humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued.
- 2 With what success and wondrous grace
Was his petition crown'd !
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a gift obtain ?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 Our country, guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast ;
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost ?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now, as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes ?
- 6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode ;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land ;
Forsake us not, O God !

316

HYMN 327—328.

HYMN 327. L. M.

(*)

Praise for national peace.

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
One word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise ;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reigns,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plains ;
- 3 Thy watchful eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
Thy word the angry nations own ; [power ;
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing ;
Reviving commerce spreads her sails ;
The fields are green, and plenty sings
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.
- 5 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore ;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

HYMN 328. L. M.

[b]

*When national judgments are deprecated, and
national mercies pleaded for.*

- 1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty Land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword ;
O ! whither shall the helpless fly,
To whom but thee direct our cry ?

HYMN 329.

317

- 2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears ;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall ;
And is there no deliv'rance there ?
Or must we perish in despair ?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our offended God we turn ;
O spare our guilty country, spare !
And spare thy church that 's planted here.
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God :
We plead thy Son's atoning blood ;
We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas ?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands, in helpless wo ;
Let them prevail, to save us now.

HYMN 329. S. M.

(*)

The expiring saint.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the pleasant bed,
Where lies the dying saint ;
Though in the icy arms of death,
He utters no complaint.
- 2 His aspect is serene ;
He smiles in joyful hope ;
He knows that arm on which he rests
Is an unfailing prop.

318

HYMN 330.

- 3 He lifts his eyes in love
To his almighty Friend,
Whose power from every fear secures,
And guards him to the end.
- 4 He speaks of dying love,
Which his kind Lord display'd,
And trusts, though conquer'd now by death,
He shall like him be made.
- 5 He knows his Savior died,
And from the dead arose ;
He looks for victory o'er the grave,
And death, the last of foes.
- 6 His happy soul is wash'd
In sin-atoning blood :
Exulting in eternal love,
He wings his way to God.

HYMN 330. C. M.

[*]

Our present state compared with that of the ancient church in the wilderness.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found (though 't was a barren land)
A sure resource in God.
- 2 A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,
And screen'd them from the heat ;
From the hard rock the water flow'd,
And manna was their meat.
- 3 Like them we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers ;

HYMN 331.

319

- Like them we pass the desert too,
But Israel's God is ours.
- 4 Yes, in this barren wilderness
He is to us the same,
By his appointed means of grace,
As once he was to them.
- 5 His word a light before us spreads,
By which the path we see ;
His love a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.
- 6 Jesus, the bread of life is given,
To be our daily food ;
We drink a wondrous stream from heaven,
'T is water, wine and blood !

HYMN 331. L. M. [* or b]

Christ crucified.

- 1 **W**HEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.
- 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart;
In every groan I bear a part ;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes ;
But Oh ! he bows his head and dies.
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, all bath'd in blood !
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here !

320

HYMN 332.

- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;
 I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
 Only this fountain head above,
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 O, that I thus could always feel !
 Lord, more and more thy love reveal,
 Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
 The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
 Revives my heart, and charms my ear,
 Affords a balm for every wound,
 And satan trembles at the sound.

HYMN 332. P. M.

[*]

*Joseph made known to his brethren ; or, Jesus re-
 vealed to the soul.*

- 1 **W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
 Afflicted and trembling with fear,
 His heart with compassion was fill'd ;
 From weeping he could not forbear :
 A while his behavior was rough,
 To bring their past sins to their mind ;
 But when they were humbled enough,
 He hasten'd to show himself kind.
- 2 How little they thought it was he
 Whom they had ill-treated and sold !
 How great their confusion must be,
 As soon as his name he had told !
 " I 'm Joseph your brother," he said,
 " And still to my heart you are dear ;
 You sold me, and thought I was dead,
 But God for your sakes sent me here."

HYMN 332.

321

- 3 'Though greatly distressed before,
 When charg'd with purloining the cup,
 They now were confounded much more,
 Not one of them durst to look up.
 "Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
 Forgive us the evil we did?
 And will he our household maintain?
 O, this is a brother indeed!"
- 4 Thus, dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
 When laden with guilt, to the Lord,
 Surrounded with terror and shame,
 Unable to utter a word.
 At first he look'd stern and severe;
 What anguish then pierced my heart!
 Expecting each moment to hear
 The sentence, "Thou cursed, depart!"
- 5 But Oh! what surprise, when he spoke,
 While tenderness beam'd in his face!
 My heart then to pieces was broke,
 O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace;
 "Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
 By thee I was sold and was slain:
 But I died to redeem thee from hell,
 And raise thee in glory to reign.
- 6 "I 'm Jesus whom thou hast blasphem'd,
 And crucified often afresh;
 But let me henceforth be esteem'd
 Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh:
 My pardon I freely bestow;
 Thy wants I will fully supply;
 I'll guide thee and guard thee below;
 And soon will remove thee on high.

7 “Go publish to sinners around,
 (That they may be willing to come,)
 The mercy which now you have found,
 And tell them that yet there is room.”
 Oh, sinners, the message obey !
 No more vain excuses pretend ;
 But come, without further delay,
 To Jesus, your Brother and Friend.

HYMN 333. P. M.

[*]

*Hannah's prayer answered ; or, encouragement
 to the distressed to pray.*

- 1 **W**HEN Hannah, press'd with grief,
 Pour'd out her soul in prayer,
 She quickly found relief,
 And left her burden there :
 Like her, in every trying case,
 Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,
 Her heart was pain'd and sad,
 But ere she went away,
 Was comforted and glad :
 In trouble, what a resting place
 Have they who prove the throne of grace !
- 3 Though men and devils rage,
 And threaten to devour ;
 'The saints from age to age
 Are safe from all their power :
 Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
 By waiting at the throne of grace.
- 4 Eli her case mistook ;
 How was her spirit mov'd

HYMN 333.

323

By his unkind rebuke ?
 But God her cause approv'd ;
 We need not fear a creature's face,
 While we are at the throne of grace.

5 She was not fill'd with wine,
 As Eli rashly thought ;
 But with a faith divine,
 And found the help she sought :
 Though men despise, and call us base,
 Still let us try the throne of grace.

6 Men have no power or skill
 With troubled souls to bear ;
 Though they express good will,
 Poor comforters they are :
 But swelling sorrows sink apace,
 When we approach the throne of grace.

7 Numbers before have tried,
 And found the promise true ;
 No one has been denied,
 Then why should I or you ?
 Let us, by faith, their footsteps trace,
 And visit oft the throne of grace.

8 As fogs obscure the light,
 And taint the morning air,
 But soon are put to flight,
 If the bright sun appear :
 Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,
 By shining from the throne of grace.

HYMN 334. P. M.

[b]

The soul under trials, praying for succor.

- 1 **S**AVIOR, shine and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive;
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive;
 Speak the word, and set me free,
 Let me live alone to thee.
- 2 Shall I sigh and pray in vain?
 Wilt thou still refuse to hear?
 Wilt thou not return again?
 Must I yield to sad despair?
 'Thou hast taught my heart to pray,
 Canst thou turn thy face away?
- 3 Once I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
 Then thy grace was all my song,
 Then my soul was fill'd with love;
 Those were happy golden days;
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
- 4 When my friends have said, "Beware,
 Soon or late you'll find a change;"
 I could see no cause of fear,
 Vain their caution seem'd and strange;
 Not a cloud obscur'd my sky,
 Could I think a tempest nigh?
- 5 Little then myself I knew,
 Little thought of satan's power;
 Now I find their words were true,
 Now I find a trying hour!
 Sin has put my joys to flight,
 Sin has turn'd my day to night.

HYMN 335.

325

6 Satan asks, (and mocks my wo,)
 “Boaster, where is now your God?”
 Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
 Let him know I'm bought with blood;
 Tell him, since I love thy name,
 Though I change, thou art the same.

HYMN 335. C. M.

(*)

The sin-sick soul.

- 1 **P**HYSICIAN of the sin-sick soul,
 To thee I bring my case;
 My raging malady control,
 And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Pity the anguish I endure,
 See how I mourn and pine;
 For never can I hope a cure
 From any hand but thine.
- 3 I would disclose my whole complaint,
 But where shall I begin?
 No words of mine can fully paint
 That worst distemper, sin.
- 4 It lies not in a single part,
 But through my frame is spread;
 A burning fever in my heart
 And palsy in my head.
- 5 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
 And impotent and lame;
 And overclouds, and fills my mind
 With folly, fear and shame.

326

HYMN 336.

- 6 A thousand evil thoughts intrude
 Tumultuous in my breast ;
 Which indispose me for my food,
 And rob me of my rest.
- 7 Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
 And set my spirit free :
 Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
 Who longs to live to thee ?

HYMN 336. P. M.

[[#]]*The Lord is my banner.*

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught
 To aim the deadly blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low ?
 No sword nor shield the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'T was Israel's God and King,
 Who arm'd him for the fight ;
 And gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
 To storm the invader's camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp ?
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh, I have seen the day,
 When with a single word,

HYMN 337.

327

Being able for to say
 My strength was in the Lord,
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

3 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapons from my side?
 But David's God, and Gideon's Friend,
 Will help his servants to the end.

HYMN 337. P. M.

(2)

*The charms of the angelic band at the birth of
 Christ.*

1 **O** HOW charming! O how charming
 Is the radiant band of music!
 Music—Music—Music—Music,
 O how charming, is the radiant band
 Of music playing through the air;
 Angelic armies tune their harps—
 Angelic armies tune their harps;
 Enraptur'd spirits play their parts;
 Angelic armies tune their harps;
 Shout—Shout—

The great Messiah's come to men!

2 Gabriel descending—Gabriel descending;
 Brings the joyful news;
 Oh! joyful—joyful—joyful—
 Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's
 birth,
 The great Messiah's come to earth!
 Good will to men I now proclaim—

HYMN 337.

Good will to men I now proclaim—

'The Savior 's born in Bethlehem ;

Good will to men I now proclaim ;

Shout—Shout—

'The great Messiah 's come to reign !

3 See his star arising—See his star arising,

In the eastern sky ;

Now rising—rising—rising—rising,

See his star arising in the eastern sky ;

The day-spring opening from on high :

The types and shadows flee away—

The types and shadows flee away,

And now begins the gospel day ;

The types and shadows flee away—

Shout—Shout—

The King of glory 's born to day !

4 Shepherds adore him—Wise men have found
him

By the rising star ;

O, glory—glory—glory—glory,

Wise men have found him by the rising
star,

And come to worship from afar ;

Their golden gifts they now present,

Their golden gifts they now present,

And spices of the sweetest scent—

Their golden gifts they now present ;

Shout—Shout—

The King of glory to earth is sent !

5 Jews and Gentiles join'd in concert,

To praise their infant King;

O praise him—praise him—praise him—

HYMN 338.

329

Jews and Gentiles praise their infant King,
 And loud hosannas sweetly sing :
 With Gabriel and the shining host—
 With Gabriel and the shining host—
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost :
 With Gabriel and the shining host,
 Shout—Shout—

The King of glory 's come to reign !

6 I am happy—I am happy,
 Glory be to God :

O, glory—glory—glory—glory,
 I am happy, glory be to God,
 My soul 's on flame for the realms above ;
 I feel the bliss his wounds impart—
 I feel the bliss his wounds impart—
 I feel my Savior in my heart ;
 I feel the bliss his wounds impart ;
 Shout—Shout—

The King of glory 's come and reigns.

HYMN 338. P. M.

(*)

The Prince of peace is come.

1 **T**HE Prince of peace is come,
 And cloth'd himself in clay ;
 Whoever finds him room,
 He 'll take their guilt away ;
 Ye souls distress'd,
 In him believe,
 And you shall live
 For ever blest.

2 This is the slaughter'd Lamb,
 Who freely spilt his blood,

330

HYMN 339.

To bear the sinner's shame,
 And bring him home to God ;
 Unbounded grace
 To sinners given ;
 And soon in heaven
 Immortal bliss.

3 Sinners, receive his love,
 And let your souls rejoice ;
 A crown of life above,
 For all who hear his voice ;
 O flee from hell—
 Enjoy his love ;
 In realms above
 For ever dwell.

4 O God, my soul divest
 Of ev'ry power but thine ;
 Thy love shall make my breast
 A kingdom all divine ;
 When time is o'er,
 O let me be
 Wrapp'd up in thee
 For evermore.

HYMN 339. C. M. b. 96. [*]

God's love to mankind.

1 **D**OWN headlong from their native skies,
 The rebel angels fell,
 And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
 Pursu'd them down to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss,
 Rebellious man was hurl'd ;

HYMN 340.

331

- And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 Oh, the love of infinite degree !
Unmeasurable grace !
Must heaven's eternal darling die,
To save our sinful race.
- 4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher ?
- 5 Oh, for this love, let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
Loud hallelujahs sing.

HYMN 340. S. M. b. 30.

[*]

Heavenly joy on earth.

- 1 **C**OME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known :
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place :
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope do grow,

362

HYMN 341.

- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields.
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 341. L. M.

(*)

The song of pilgrims bound to glory.

- 1 **WE** pilgrims, Lord, implore thy hand,
To lead us through this wretched land;
And let us often feel thy love,
Till we shall reach the realms above.
- 2 We need thy Spirit here below,
Where storms from the dark regions blow.
O let us see thy smiling face,
'To cheer us on our Christian race.
- 3 We've bid the world and all adieu,
And hand in hand we'll thee pursue ;
Inspire our hearts with love divine,
To tread each footstep, Lord, of thine.
- 4 We feel sometimes a glimm'ring ray
Of thy bright sun, immortal day ;

HYMN 342.

333

Our hearts awake, we long to be
In the meridian blaze with thee.

HYMN 342. L. M.

[*]

Another.

- 1 **P**ILGRIMS, with pleasure let us part,
Since we are all bound up in heart,
No length of days, nor distant space,
Shall ever break these bands of grace.
- 2 Parting, with joy we 'll join to sing
The wonders of our heavenly King :
Our bodies distant may remove,
But nothing shall divide our love.
- 3 In vain may earth and hell combine,
To quench that love which is divine ;
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool, when we are cold in death.
- 4 And now in love with Jesus' name,
Let bodies part to spread his fame,
That other souls may leave their wo,
And share with us in glory too.
- 5 A few more days, or months, or years,
Shall bring a period to our tears ;
And we shall reach the blissful shore,
Where parting hours are known no more.
- 6 There shall our souls adore the hand
That led us through this desert land ;
Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,
And join in everlasting strains.

334

HYMN 343—344.

HYMN 343. C. M.

[b]

The pilgrim's parting hymn.

- 1 **N**OW, pilgrims, let us go in peace,
While through this world we rove,
Till all these parting moments cease,
And we shall meet above.
- 2 Though trials here our souls annoy,
And foes beset the road,
We're hast'ning to eternal joy,
Where we shall rest with God.
- 3 Let us rejoice in God our King,
While pilgrims here we rove,
And join with heart and voice to sing
The wonders of his love.
- 4 Soon we shall reach the heavenly land,
And tread the peaceful shore,
Where we shall join the glorious band,
Our Jesus to adore.
- 5 Oh, the transporting scenes of bliss,
Our souls shall then enjoy !
For if we be where Jesus is,
There's nothing can annoy.

HYMN 344. L. M.

[*]

Usefulness of the scriptures.

- 1 **H**OW precious is thy word, O God,
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven

HYMN 345.

335

- 2 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
Then quickens its inactive powers ;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right :
Displays thy love, and kindles ours :
- 3 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
Its doctrine is divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 4 Ye favor'd lands, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power---
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his abounding grace adore.

HYMN 345. C. M.

(2)

The light and glory of the word.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,

336

HYMN 346.

As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love ;
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 346. P. M.

[b]

The day of judgment.

- 1 **D**AY 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 con-
found !
- 2 See the judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
Gracious Savior, own me in that day for
thine !
- 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature shaken,
By his looks prepare to flee :
Careless sinner, what will then become of
thee ?
- 4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation.

HYMN 347.

337

“Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with satan and his angels have thy
part!”

- 5 Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all 's at stake.
- 6 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, “Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever shall my love and glory know.
- 7 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise:
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise;
We shall triumph when the world is in a
blaze.

HYMN 347. C. M. a. 27. (*)

*A saint prepared to die; having fought the good
fight, and finished his course.—2 Tim. iv. 6,
7, 8, 18.*

- 1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow.
Nor my deliv'rer come?

338

HYMN 347.

- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
 The battles of the Lord,
 Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
 And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me
 A crown which cannot fade ;
 The righteous Judge, at that great day,
 Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone ;
 But all that love, and long to see
 Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
 From every ill design ;
 And to his heavenly kingdom take
 This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is mine everlasting aid,
 And hell shall rage in vain ;
 To him be highest glory paid,
 And endless praise. AMEN.

THE END.

A TABLE

TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.



A	Page.
AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near	274
Alas! and did my Savior bleed	15
All hail the power of Jesus' name	34
Am I a soldier of the cross	64
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound	83
Amazing sight! the Savior stands	150
Am I indeed born from above	284
And is the gospel peace and love	68
And are we yet alive	121
Another day is past	194
As on the cross the Savior hung	17
At thy command, our dearest Lord	220
Attend, ye saints, and hear me tell	230
Awake, Jerusalem, awake	120
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	94
Awake, my soul, and meet the day	189
Awake, our souls, away our fears	165
Awake, my heart, arise my tongue	135
Awake, O guilty world, awake	248

340 TABLE OF HYMNS.

Page.

B

Behold, the grace appears	-	-	-	10
Behold the glories of the Lamb	-	-	-	71
Behold the sure foundation stone	-	-	-	82
Behold the grave where Jesus lay	-	-	-	210
Behold the wretch, whose lust and wine				134
Behold, the blind their sight receive			-	269
Behold the pleasant bed	-	-	-	317
Before thy throne, eternal King	-	-	-	313
Blest are the souls that hear and know			-	44
Blest are the sons of peace	-	-	-	67
Blest are the humble souls, that see	-	-	-	296
Blest be the tie that binds	-	-	-	305
Bless, O my soul, the living God	-	-	-	174
Blood has a voice to pierce the skies			-	278
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	-	-	-	21
Broad is the road that leads to death			-	175
By whom was David taught	-	-	-	326

C

Come, all who are New-lights indeed			-	252
Come, brethren, let us join and sing			-	226
Come, children, learn to fear the Lord			-	144
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell			-	109
Come hither, all ye weary souls	-	-	-	28
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	-	-	-	136
Come, let us join our cheerful songs			-	50
Come, let our souls address the Lord			-	88
Come, happy souls, approach your God			-	271
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast	-	-	-	272

TABLE OF HYMNS.

341

Page.

Come to the glorious gospel feast	-	-	23
Come, trembling souls, forget your fear	-	-	150
Come, thou fount of every blessing	-	-	258
Come, weary souls, with sin distress'd	-	-	105
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	-	-	257
Come, Holy Spirit, come	-	-	299
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord	-	-	300
Come, we that love the Lord	-	-	331
Children, in years and knowledge young	-	-	143
Christians, if your hearts be warm	-	-	210

D

Day of judgment, day of wonders	-	-	336
Death, 't is a melancholy day	-	-	180
Death may dissolve my body now	-	-	337
Deep in our hearts let us record	-	-	87
Descend from heaven, immortal Dove	-	-	113
Do we not know that solemn word	-	-	205
Do I believe what Jesus saith	-	-	306
Down headlong from their native skies	-	-	330

E

Early, my God, without delay	-	-	55
Elijah's example declares	-	-	289
Encourag'd by thy word	-	-	168
Eternal Spirit, we confess	-	-	163
Eternal source of every joy	-	-	163

F

Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone	-	-	52
Farewell, vain world, I bid adieu	-	-	166
Farewell, my brethren in the Lord	-	-	246

			Page.
Farewell, my dear brethren, &c.	-	-	290
Fair Zion's King, we suppliant bow	-	-	310
From whence doth this union arise	-	-	101
From whom doth this love, &c.	-	-	232
G			
Go on, my brethren, while below	-	-	139
Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord	-	-	20
God in his earthly temples lays	-	-	93
God, in the gospel of his Son	-	-	164
God of the morning, at whose voice	-	-	185
Good is Jehovah, in bestowing sun-shine	-	-	288
Great God, attend while Zion sings	-	-	94
Great was the day, the joy was great	.	.	266
Great Ruler of the earth and skies	-	-	316
Glad tidings to mankind are come	-	-	81
Glory to God, who walks the sky	-	-	181
H			
Hail, happy morn, I gladly rise	-	-	189
Happy the man who daily hears	-	-	157
Happy is he whose early years	-	-	162
Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound	-	-	200
Hark ! glad tidings to the shepherds	-	-	12
Hark ! hear, the sound on earth is found	-	-	46
Hark ! the voice of love and mercy	-	-	100
Hark ! the glad sound, the Savior's come	-	-	70
Hark ! whence that voice	-	-	256
He dies, the friend of sinners dies	-	-	18
Hear the royal proclamation	-	-	254

TABLE OF HYMNS.

343

Page.

Hearken, ye sprightly, &c.	-	-	-	285
Here, at thy cross, my dying God	-	-	-	16
Here, in the presence of our God	-	-	-	171
How beauteous are their feet	-	-	-	36
How heavy is the night	-	-	-	1
How happy every child of grace	-	-	-	120
How honorable is the place	-	-	-	155
How pleasant 't is to see	-	-	-	59
How condescending and how kind	-	-	-	219
How firm a foundation, ye saints, &c.	-	-	-	233
How lost was my condition	-	-	-	241
How rich are thy provisions, Lord	-	-	-	106
How rich thy bounty, King of kings	-	-	-	107
How short and hasty is our life	-	-	-	119
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	-	-	-	35
How vain are all things here below	-	-	-	64
How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord	-	-	-	302
How precious is thy word, O God	-	-	-	334
Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh	-	-	-	298
Humble souls who seek salvation	-	-	-	208

I

I ask'd the Lord that I might grow	-	-	-	283
If God so lov'd our race	-	-	-	132
If we indeed are what we say	-	-	-	127
If you would win a soul to God	-	-	-	312
I hate the tempter and his charms	-	-	-	176
I hear the gospel's joyful sound	-	-	-	223
I know that my Redeemer lives	-	-	-	261

344 TABLE OF HYMNS.

	Page.
I love the Lord, he heard my cries	43
I'm not asham'd to own my Lord	43
Impostors shrink from light	108
In pleasure sweet here we do meet	204
In such a grave as this	204
In vain we lavish out our lives	154
I sing the mighty power of God	91
I send the joys of earth away	182
I've listed in the holy war	224
J	
Jerusalem, my happy home	97
Jesus, at thy command	138
Jesus, and shall it ever be	31
Jesus, I love thy glorious name	91
Jesus, in thee our eyes behold	85
Jesus invites his saints	218
Jesus, great Shepherd of thy sheep	112
Jesus, let not thy grace delay	54
Jesus, my all, to heaven has gone	66
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	86
Jesus, the Lord, is passing by	39
Jesus, the way, the truth, and life	54
Jesus, the eternal Son of God	103
Jesus, thy blessings are not few	25
Jesus, thy gospel armor gird	47
Jesus, thou everlasting King	104
Jesus, we love thy name	172
Jesus, we sing thy matchless grace	105

TABLE OF HYMNS.

345

Page

Jésus, with all thy saints above	-	-	19
Jesus, lover of my soul	-	-	297
Join, all who love the Savior's name	-	-	57
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	-	-	173

K

Know then that every soul is free	-	-	26
-----------------------------------	---	---	----

L

Let every mortal ear attend	-	-	21
Let everlasting glories crown	-	-	270
Let others boast how strong they be	-	-	142
Let me but hear my Savior say	-	-	153
Let party zeal no more	-	-	182
Let Pharisees of high esteem	-	-	183
Let strife for ever cease	-	-	77
Life and immortal joys are given	-	-	273
Lord, at thy temple we appear	-	-	152
Lord, hear our prayers for Zion's peace	-	-	177
Lord, in the chariot of thy word	-	-	38
Lord, in the morning I will send	-	-	187
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear	-	-	188
Lord of the worlds above	-	-	56
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray	-	-	193
Lord, what a heaven of saving grace	-	-	53
Life is the time to serve the Lord	-	-	117
Lo! what an entertaining sight	-	-	58
Lo! on a narrow neck of land	-	-	98
Love divine, all loves excelling	-	-	234

		Page.
M		
Man has a soul of vast desires	- -	140
May Jesus bless these mutual bands	- -	277
Mercy, O thou Son of David	- -	240
More of that faith, O God, I need	- -	131
My God permit me not to be	- -	123
My God, the spring of all my joys	- -	178
My God, my life, my love	- -	62
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	- -	269
My days, my weeks, my months, &c,	- -	115
My Savior, my almighty Friend	- -	50
My soul, how lovely is the place	- -	51
My soul, take courage from the Lord	- -	60
My soul forsakes all vain delights	- -	165
My soul doth magnify the Lord	- -	29
My God, my portion, and my love	- -	295
Mysterions rite! by God ordain'd	- -	278
N		
Naked as from earth we came	- -	198
Never does truth more shine	- -	206
No sleep nor slumber to his eyes	- -	214
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard	- -	75
Not diff'rent food nor diff'rent dress	- -	78
Not to condemn the sons of men	- -	80
Not with our mortal eyes	- -	113
Now by the bowels of my God	- -	79
Now in a song of grateful praise	- -	110
Now in the heat of youthful blood	- -	145

TABLE OF HYMNS.

347

			Page.
Now in the gall'ries of his grace	-	-	222
Now shall my inward joys arise	-	-	158
Now to the Lord a noble song	-	-	9
Now we are met in holy fear	-	-	309
Now, pilgrims, let us go in peace	-	-	334
O			
O'er mōuntain tops the mount of God	-		72
O could I soar to worlds above	-	-	158
O could my soul this morning rise		-	186
O for a taste of life divine	-	-	76
O for a glance of heavenly day	-	-	151
Often I seek my Lord by night	-	-	111
O God, our Father and our King	-	-	75
O God of mercy, hear my call	-	-	42
O happy church, celestial bride	-	-	156
O how happy are they	-	-	227
O how charming, &c.	-	-	327
O Jesus, my Savior, &c.	-	-	259
O Lord, this wedded pair inspire	-	-	279
Once more the rolling sun	-	-	280
Once more, my soul, the rising day		-	186
O sinners, fly to Jesus' arms	-	-	27
O sinners, make the Savior room	-	-	81
O 't is a lovely sight to see	-	-	184
O thou in whose presence, &c.	-	-	264
O for a closer walk with God	-	-	304
O thou, before whose gracious throne		-	310
O thou, my soul, forget no more		-	99
Our souls by love together knit	-	-	216

	Page.
Our little bark, on boist'rous seas	304
O when shall I see Jesus	238
O ye blood-wash'd, ransom'd sinners	207
P	
Pilgrims, with pleasure let us part	333
Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair	19
Prayer was appointed to convey	96
Proclaim, (saith Christ,) &c.	211
Physician of the sin-sick soul	325
R	
Raise your triumphant songs	161
Remember, Lord, our mortal state	197
Remark, my soul, the narrow bound	314
Rise, rise, my soul, and leave, &c.	141
S	
Salvation! O the joyful sound	37
Salvation! O melodious sound	160
Salvation is for ever nigh	92
Salem's bright King, Jesus by name,	202
Savior, shine and cheer my soul	324
Savior, visit thy plantation	308
See the Lord of glory dying	247
See how the willing converts trace	209
Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes	11
Shepherd of Israel, bend thine ear	311
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive	27
Sinners, attend, the Savior's come	41
Sinners, obey the gospel word	45

TABLE OF HYMNS.

349

Page.

Sinners, this day the Savior stands	-	79
Sinners, behold the Savior stands	-	149
Sinners, expos'd to dreadful wo	-	249
Sinners, will you scorn the message	-	293
Sinners, the voice of God regard	-	299
Sitting around our Father's board	-	221
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands	-	89
Soldiers of Christ, arise	-	65
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	-	267
Stoop down, my thoughts, &c.	-	200
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	-	191
Sweet was the time, &c.	-	195

T

Teach me the measure of my days	-	114
That name to me sounds ever sweet	-	24
That God who once to Israel spoke	-	73
The King of heaven his table spreads	-	74
The spacious firmament on high	-	124
The man of charity extends	-	126
The fields are all white, &c.	-	243
The Lord into his garden comes	-	250
The Son of man they did betray	-	275
The day is past and gone	-	194
The Prince of peace is come	-	329
The Spirit breathes upon the word	-	335
Thee we adore, eternal name	-	179
There is a glorious world on high	-	128
There is a land of pure delight	-	148

	Page.
These honor'd saints, redeem'd, &c.	212
This is the day the Lord hath made	190
This do, in memory of your Friend	222
This is the word of truth and love	268
Thou vain, intruding world, depart	122
Thou whom my soul admires above	124
Though troubles assail, &c.	262
Through all the changing scenes, &c.	95
Through thee we now together came	172
Through every age, eternal God	197
Through tribulation deep	235
Throughout our Savior's life we trace	14
Thus to each saint, while here below	59
Thus spake the Savior, when he sent	129
Thus saith the first, &c.	130
Thus saith the high and lofty One	130
Thus far the Lord hath led me on	192
Time, what an empty vapor 't is	118
'T is a point I long to know	167
'T is by thy strength the mountains, &c.	292
Try us, O God, and search the ground	83
'T was on that dark, &c.	217
'T was God who kept me by his power	303

W

Wak'd by the gospel's, &c.	228
We now receive the grace divine	215
We pilgrims, Lord, implore thy hand	332
Welcome, sweet day of rest	191

TABLE OF HYMNS.

351

	Page.
We've found the great Messiah come	90
What heavenly music do I hear	137
What think ye of Christ? is the test	242
What various hindrances we meet	170
What shall I render to my God	102
Where two or three, with sweet accord	177
Where shall we go to seek and find	213
Where, saith the mourner, is this Christ	40
When God reveal'd his gracious name	32
When I can read my title clear	35
When strangers stand, &c.	125
When we baptize, we see the mode	208
When I survey the wondrous cross	220
When Israel, by divine command	318
When all thy mercies, O my God	301
When Abrah'm, full of sacred awe	315
When on the cross my Lord I see	319
When Joseph his brethren beheld	329
When Hannah, press'd with grief	322
While others their salvation rest	133
While shepherds watch'd, &c.	12
While o'er our guilty land, O Lord	316
Who can describe the joys that rise	33
Why should the children of a king	84
Why do we mourn departing friends	199
Why should we start, and fear to die	201
With joy we meditate the grace	41
Y	
Ye sons of the main, &c.	281

352

TABLE OF HYMNS.

	Page.
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor	49
Young people all, attention give	146
Z	
Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame	307



3 9077 04069425 2