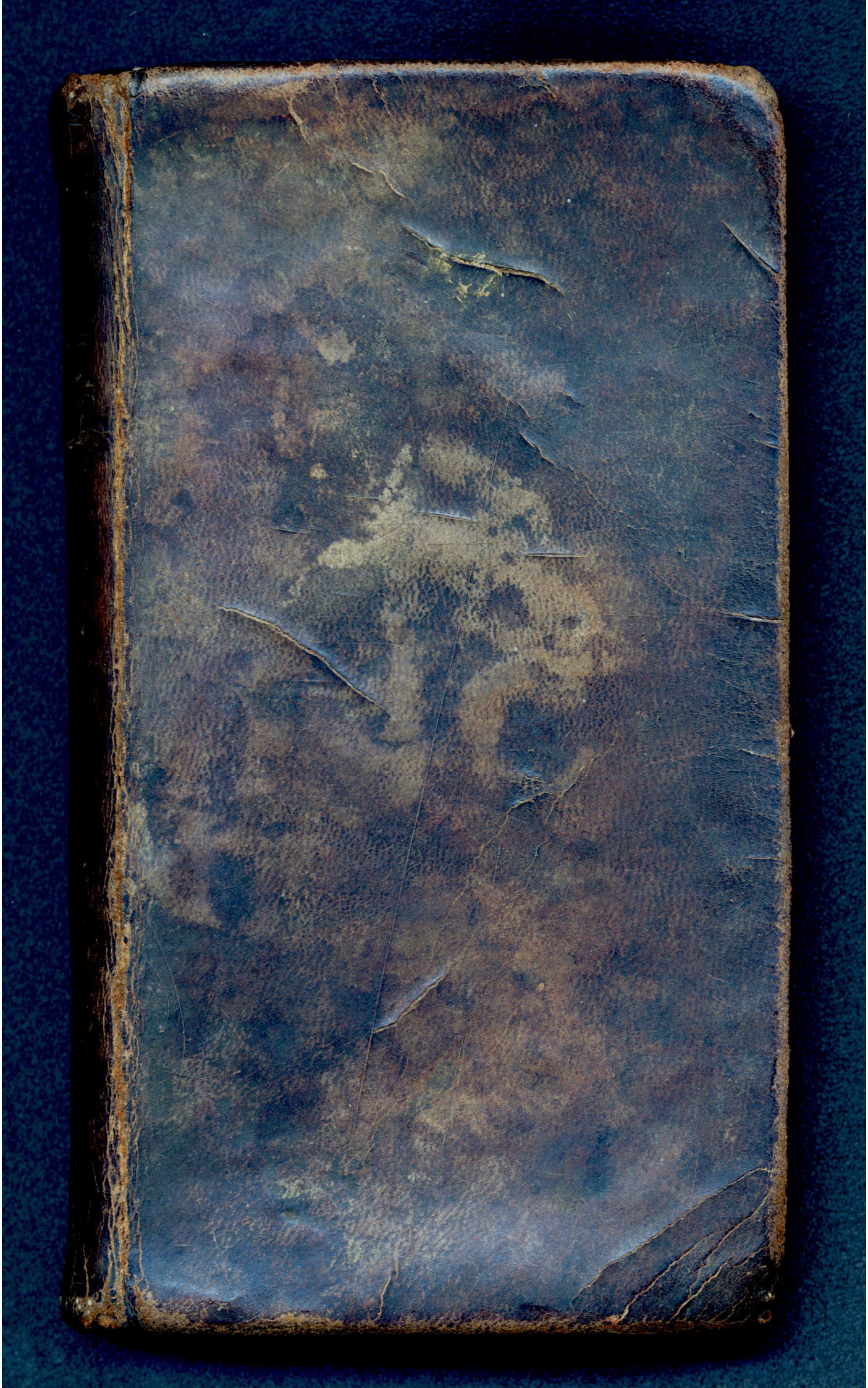

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HYMNS

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SPIRITUAL SONGS,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

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And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice,
His later wonders shew.

SECOND EDITION WITH MANY VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

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THE

LEXINGTON COLLECTION.

HYMN 1. Common Metre.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 6, 8, 9. 10, 12.

1 BEHOLD 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 odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand the sov'reign keys
Of heav'n and death, and hell!]

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

7 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.

8 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 2. Common Metre.

Submission to afflictive providences. Job i. 21.

1 NAKED 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 favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave,
He gives and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign 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 3 Common Metre.

The invitation of the gospel: Or. spiritual food and clothing. Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
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 labours 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 sins !

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 4. Short Metre.

The blessedness of gospel times : Or, the revelation of Christ *to* Jews *and Gentiles.* Isa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Math. xiii. 16, 17.

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

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
" *Zion*, behold thy savior King,
" He reigns and triumphs here."

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

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light ;
Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd 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
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold,
Their Savior and their God.

HYMN 5. Common Metre.

Victory over death. 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where the monster's sting?

3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
But *Christ* my ransom dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid.
Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die,
Through *Christ* our living head.

HYHN 6. Common Metre.

Spiritual apparel, viz. *the robe of righteousness, and garments of salvation.* Isa lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Savior wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly 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 in ev'ry grace;
But *Jesus* spent his life, to work
The robe of right'ousness.

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

HYMN 7. Long Metre.

Prayer for deliverance answered. Isa. xxvi. 8——20.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace:
Our souls desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My tho'ts are searching, Lord for thee;
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ing thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace
'Till the fierce storm be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

HYMN 8. Long Metre.

The christian race. Isa. xl. 28, 29, 30, 31.

1 AWAKE our souls (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
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 such as trust their native srength
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 heav'nly road.

HYMN 9. Short Metre.

Preserving grace. Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 10. Common Metre.

Christ Jesus *The Lamb of God worshiped by all the creation.* Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

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

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

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

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

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

HYMN 11. Long Metre.

Christ *appearing to his church, and seeking her company.* Solomon's Song, ii. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 THE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now through the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me:
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
Rise, sai'th my Lord, make haste away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,
The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
The sacred turtle dove we hear
Proclaim the new the joyful year.

5 Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root
Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit;
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rojoice and bless the vine.

6 And when we hear our *Jesus* say,
Rise up, my Love, make haste away!
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN 12. Long Metre.

The church the garden of Christ. Solomon's song, iv. 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot; inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand,
And all his springs in *Sion* flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Savior God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

5 [Let my beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast;
I come my spouse, I come, he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas,d to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.

7 Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
The blessings that my Father sends;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love.

8 *Jesus*, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongue can give.]

HYMN 13. Long Metre.

An evening hymn. Psalm iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6. and cxlii. 8.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.

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

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

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things:
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

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

HYMN 14. Long Metre.

God *far above creatures: Or, man vain and mortal.* Job iv. 17—21.

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?

2 Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie;
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty pow'r to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN 15. Long Metre.

God *dwells with the humble and penitent.*—
Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS 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.

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 revive,
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, dispair and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

HYMN 16. Long Metre.

Life the day of grace and hope. Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t'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 giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'en;
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 is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.]

4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd 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 divice, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long dispair
Reign in eternal silence there

HYMN 17. Common Metre.

Not ashamed of the gospel. 2 Tim. i. 12

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour 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 18. Common Metre.

A state of nature and grace. 2 Cor. vi. 10, 11

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'rers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

But we are wash'd in *Jesus'* blood,
We're pardon'd thro' his name,

And the good spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our frame.

4 O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 19. Common Metre.

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

1 BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Has wasted his estate,
He begs a share amongst 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.

6 "Take off his cloaths of shame and sin,
(The father gives command)

Dress him in garments white and clean
With rings adorn his hand.

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

HYMN 20. Long Metre.

The apostle's *commission: Or, the gospel attested by miracles.* Mark xvi. 15. Mat. xxviii 18, &c.

1 "GO preach my gospel, saith the Lord
Bid the whole earth my grace receive,
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, [pheme.]
Tho' *Grecks* reproach and *Jews* blas-

4 Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

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

HYMN 21. Long Metre.

Holiness and grace. Tit. ii. 10, 13.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtue 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 pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride:
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

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

HYMN 22. Common Metre.

The death and burial of a saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that *Jesus* sends
To call them to his arms.

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 ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

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

HYMN 23. Common Metre,
A Morning Song.

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

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

3 'Tis 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 pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead
But mercy held thine 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 24. Common Metre.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS! and did my Savior bleed!
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet *Jesus*, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd 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 dy'd
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 to tears.

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

HYMN 25. Common Metre.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight
And bids the world farewel ;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischiev'ous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more ;
The happiness that I approve
Lies not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire ;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross 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 sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete]

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road :
There sits my Savior drest in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 26. Short Metre.

The Lord's day: Or, delight in ordinances.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
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 27. Long Metre.

The enjoyment of Christ: *Or delight in worship.*

1 FAR 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 heav'nly love.

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

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

5 Bless'd *Jesus*, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

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

HYMN 28. Long Metre.

Part the second.

1 LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace,
Shines thro' 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 rapture'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 coast of perfect light:
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love. [bliss,

5 [There shall we drink full draughts of
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees?
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of Thee]

HYMN 29. Common Metre.

Our frail bodies and God our preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear:
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things 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 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name]
That rear'd us from the dust,

5 [He spoke, and strait 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 to use our tongues,
Our Maker w'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN 20. Common Metre.

Complaining of spiritual sloth.

2 MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive:
Yet we who have a heav'n t'obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above.

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good.
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit, and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:

With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN 31. Common Metre.

Death and Eternity.

1 STOOP down my thoughts that us'd [ris
Converse a while with death:
Think! how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feeble down,
His pulse is faint and few,
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, oh the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies
And track its wond'rous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above.

6 *Jesus*, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

HYMN 32. Short Metre.

Heavenly joy on earth.

1 [COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your 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 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

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

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 [The hill of *Sion* yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ery tear be dry ;
W're marching thro' *Immanuel's* groun
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN 33. Long Metre.

Christ's *presence makes death easy.*

1 WHY should we start and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying stri
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 hast
Fly fearless thro' 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 34. Short Metre.

Christ's *intercession.*

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood
The savior shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now, may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours sing,
Jesus, the priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
" *Hosanna* to the God of grace,
That lays his thunder by.]

6 On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above:"
But, lord, how weak our mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

7 [How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet savior, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

HYMN 35. Long Metre.

A sight of God *mortifies us to the world.*

1 [UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying *Christ*
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou can'st bear me where thou fly'st
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.

3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be
How despicable to my eyes ?]

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight and rage and rave
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing,
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN 36. Common Metre.

Delight in God.

1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand !

The courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!

2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upward tow'rd the skies
And tunes her warbling throat.

3 And we when in thy presence, Lord
We shout with joyful tongues;
Or sitting round our father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4 While *Jesus* shines with quick'ning grace
We sing and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint and tire and die.

5 Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring she flies through all the grove
And mourns her loving mate.

6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove;
Just so we droop and hang the wing
When *Jesus* hides his love.

HYMN 37. Long Metre.

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in *Jesus'* face,
The brightest image of his grace;

God in the person of his Son
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star:

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine 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 heav'ns reflect it to the ground!

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 38. Common Metre.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too:
And ev'ry 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 'em thence.

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

HYMN 39. Common Metre.

The pilgrimage of the saints: Or, earth and heaven.

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this!
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy?

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our souls shall tread the desart through
With undiverted feet:
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.

5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
A round the forest roam:
But *Judah's* Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world, to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

7 By glim'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road,, [snare
Through dismal deeps and dangerou
We make our way to God.

8 Our journey is a thorny m ze,
But we march upwards still :
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at *Zion's* hill.

9 [See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come ;
There *Jesus* the forerunner waits
To welcome trav'llers home.

10 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue
Nor trifles vex our ear ;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

12 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.]

HYMN 40. Common Metre.

GOD'S *presence is light in darkness.*

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,

The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns 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.

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

HYMN 41. Common Metre.

Frail life and succeeding eternity.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we?

2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where e'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 42. Common Metre,

The pleasures of a good conscience.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin ? [sea
Should storms of wrath shake earth and
Their minds have heav'n and peace within

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love :
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on
But fly not half so fast away ;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow,

And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys,
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the dust below;
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN 43. Common Metre.

A thought of death and glory

1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

3 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead;

4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this lead;
And long for ev'ning to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN 44. Common Metre.

A funeral thought.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry,
"Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs;
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 downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 45. P. M.

1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go;
O'erwhelm'd by sin and anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe.

2 I amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,

For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be born again—
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find:
This fearful truth renew'd my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
And whelm'd my tortur'd mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unweildy load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise:
All hail the Lamb! that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Will shout thine endless praise.

HYMN. 46. P. M.

1 HARK, the Jubilee is sounding,
Oh! the joyful news is come;
Great salvation is proclaimed,
In and through God's only son;
Now we have an invitation
To the meek and lowly Lamb;
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord is come to reign.

2 Come dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time;
Now the Savior is beginning
To revive his work again,
Glory, honor, &c. &c.

3 Now, let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ the way;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray;
Golden moments we've neglected,
Oh! the time we've spent in vain,
Glory, honor, &c. &c.

4 Now we'll run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ our Lord,
He whose throne shall stand forever,
And whose name shall be ador'd;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted King,
Glory, honor, &c. &c.

5 Come dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore,

May his precious love constrain us
To rejoice and to adore;
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain,
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

HYMN 47. P. M.

1 DARK and thorny is the Desert,
Thro' which Pilgrims make their way;
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day.
Fiends loud howling in the tempest,
Make them tremble as they go—
And the fiery darts of satan,
Often lay their courage low.

2 Oh! young soldiers do you murmur,
At the troubles of the way?
Do your hearts begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, shall defend you—
He shall lead you to his throne,
He that dy'd his garments for you,
And the wine press trode alone;

3 He whose thunder shakes creation—
He who bid the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole:
Round him see ten thousand Angels,
Ready to receive command;
They are ever watching round you,
Till you reach the Heavenly Land.

4 There on flow'ry fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest—

Joy and peace, and love, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint the scenes of Glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high—
Where the Golden Harps forever,
Sound redemption round the sky.

5 There a million flaming Seraphs,
Fly across the Heavenly Plain;
There they sing immortal praises,
Glory! glory! is their strain.
But methinks a sweeter concert,
Makes the chrystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion,
Which the Angels cannot sing!

6 See the heavenly host in rapture,
Gaze upon this shining band—
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hand.
There upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along—
While the splendid courts of glory,
Sweetly echo to their song.

7 But methinks, in whiter garments,
Some are marching on before; [kle—
Oh! their Crowns how bright they spar-
Such as monarchs never wore.
"There were shepherds in my pastures.
"Faithful in my cause below;
"They shall now, in peace forever,
"Sit on thrones as white as snow."

8 Round them see the lambs they gather'd,
See the flocks they fed with care;

Now thy're come to richer pastures;
Jesus is their shepherd there.
Hail! ye happy, happy spirits!
Death no more shall make you fear;
Sin and sorrow, pain and anguish,
Shall no more disturb you here.

9 Sinners here shall not deride you,
Tho' they vex'd you while below;
Now they're gone, and gone forever,
To the gulph of endless woe.
Clos'd in that eternal prison,
They can injure you no more;
Hell, alas! is all around them!
And eternity before!

10 There they find a God of justice,
Whom they once refus'd to fear;
There a lake of burning sulphur,
Tho' they disbeliev'd it here.
Hark! methinks I hear from tophet,
Cries more dreadful than the rest;
Some appear in greater angush,
And with sorer vengeance prest.

11 Ah! they cry, "we heard the Gospel,
"Where the Lord reviv'd his cause—
"Saw how numbers bow'd before him;
"Yet we still refus'd his laws.
"We rejected every warning—
Scorn'd the penitential tear;
"We despis'd the calls of mercy—
"Now we lie in fetters here."

12 Sinners, will you come to Jesus?
Oh! that you would come to-day;

Come, before the sword of vengeance,
Cuts you down upon the way.
Soon the harvest may be gather'd,
And the sheaves collected home;
Then, in vain, you'll call for mercy,
And, in vain, may wish to come

HYMN 48. P. M.

1 STOP! poor sinners, stop and think,
Before you further go:
Will you sport upon the brink,
Of everlasting woe?
Sin and Satan bind you fast,
In their awful iron chains,
And shortly your poor soul must land,
In everlasting pains.
Once again, I charge you stop!
For unless you warning take,
E're you are aware, you drop,
Into the burning lake!

2 Say have you an arm like God.
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod.
With which he breaks his foes!
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?
Once again, &c.

3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come,
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with dispair:

All your sins will round you croud—
Sins of a blood crimson die,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?
Once again, &c.

4 Tho' your hearts are made of steel—
Your forehead's lin'd with brass;
God, at length, will make you feel
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then, in vain, will call—
Tho' they now despise his grace,
Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
And hide us from his face.
Once again, &c.

5 But, as yet, there is a hope,
You may his mercy know;
Tho' his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus dy'd—
Sinners, he invites to come;
None, who comes, shall be denied—
He says there yet is room.
Once again, I charge you stop;
For unless you warning take,
E're you are aware you drop,
Into the burning lake!

HYMN 49. P. M.

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

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

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requires,
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you—
'Tis the spirit's glim'ring beam.

4 Come ye weary heavy laden'd,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
you will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus come to call.

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

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

7 Saints and Angels, Join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with the sound.

Hallelujah !
Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN 50. Long Metre.

1. I LONG to see the seasons come,
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To taste the heaven of Jesu's love,
And seek the joys that are above.

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

3. He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart—
To wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.

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

5. Come then dear sinners council take,
And all your sinful ways forsake ;
This world give o'er, leave friends behind—
In Christ you shall redemption find.

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

7. Then when the day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his jewels home :
On Zion's mount you then shall stand,
And join the bright celestial band.

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

HYMN 51. Long Metre.

1. SAY, now ye lovely social band,
Who walk the way to Canaan's land,
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain,
Say do you wish to turn again?
Oh! have ye ventur'd to the field,
Well arm'd with helmet, sword and shield?
And shall the world with dread alarms,
Compel you now to ground your arms?

2. Oh! come young soldiers, count the cost
And say, what pleasure have you lost?
Or what misfortune does it bring,
To have Jehovah for your king?
Shall sin entice you back again,
And bind you with its iron chain?
Has vice to you such lovely charms,
That you must die within its arms?

3. Is folly's way, the way of peace,
Where sin, and pain, and sorrow cease?
Does pleasure roll its living stream,
And is religion all a dream?
Say, do you envy those who stray,
And wander far from wisdom's way—
Oh! do you see their path descend,
Or know where sin at last will end?

4. Beware of pleasure's syren song,
Alas! it cannot soothe you long;
It cannot quiet Jordan's wave,
Nor cheer the dark and silent grave:

Oh! what contentment did you find,
When love of pleasure rul'd your mind?
No sweet reflection lull'd your rest,
Nor conscious virtue calm'd your breast.

5. Did you not dread that hast'ning day,
That soon must sweep your joys away.
When death shall sing in mournful strain,
"Let dust return to dust again!"
But now your thoughts delight to soar,
Where earth and time shall be no more;
They pass the grave and mount on high,
To the fair fields above the sky.

6. There on the hill of sweet repose,
You'll bid adieu to all your woes;
There shall you walk the flow'ry fields,
And taste the fruit which Zion yields:
No sin or pain shall venture nigh,
Nor fiends shall never rise so high;
There the angelic watchmen wait,
To keep secure the heav'nly gate.

7. There see the glorious hosts on wing,
And hear the heavenly seraphs sing,
The shining ranks in glory stand,
Or move like lightning at command:
There sits the Saviour on his throne,
And there Jehovah reigns alone;
There angels circle round his seat,
And armies worship at his feet.
8. But Oh! I see among the rest,
An host in whiter garments drest,
And nearer to the throne they stand,
With palms of vict'ry in their hands.

Oh ! who are those I now behold,
With blood-wash'd robes and crowns of gold ?
Say, is this glorious cause unknown
To Him who sits upon the throne.

9. Yes, now we know from whence this throng,
For—hark ! redemption is their song ;
From yonder vale of tears they come—
Welcome ye trav'lers—welcome home.
Oh ! now upon the peaceful shore,
You're met, at last, to part no more ;
Where flesh and sin shall not controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

HYMN 52. P. M

HARK ! ye sinners, now the trumpet !
O ! the solemn trumpet sounds !
Nature hears it to her centre,
And the lowest hell resounds !
Wake ye nations from your slumbers !
Let the silent world arise !
Death and hell give up your legions,
To the sovereign of the skies!

2. Now behold the heavenly armies !
See the banners all unfurl'd !
Christ the meek and lowly stranger,
Now is come to judge the world !
Ah ! ye sinners, are you ready ?
We'll prepar'd to meet your God ?
When he asks this awful question,
Tell me how you've us'd my blood ?

3. Tell me now, if thou hast lov'd me ?
Hast thou kept my just commands ?

Didst thou come, when I was offer'd,
To fulfil the law's demands?
Great were the demands against ye—
Heavy debts upon your soul;
Still my offers were neglected—
Go then sinner, pay the whole.

4. Hell's grim spectres hear the thunder!
And they fain would stand afar!
Hosts of Angels drive them onward,
To the awful judgement bar!
O! the solemn congregation,
Spread a thousand leagues abroad!
All the long, long race of Adam,
Stand this day before their God!

5. Now ye Kings, and mighty Captains,
Vainly you may try to fly;
Mountains, tho' they fall upon you,
Will not hide you from his eye:
Heroes here must stand defenceless!
Kings without their crowns appear!
Here the tyrant soul shall tremble,
When the sentence strikes his ear.

6. O! the dreadful crush of nature?
Mountains from their basis hurl'd!
Christ, the meek and lowly Saviour,
Now is come to judge the world!
Hark! the thunders roll around him!
Lightnings play beneath his feet!
Yet the Saints with joy and wonder,
May approach his awful seat.

7. Ah! ye sinners stand and tremble!
Hear the awful sentence pass'd!

One that makes the stoutest rebel,
And the boldest, stands aghast !
He, who once despis'd the Saviour—
He. who pierc'd him with the spear—
He, who on the cross despis'd him—
Now they all are standing here !

8. Down to the benighted regions,
All the wicked souls are cast !
And in streams of flaming sulphur,
Bound with iron fetters fast !
O ! who can describe the horror,
And the howlings of despair ?
None but God himself conceives it,
And the souls that now are there.

9. Now the throng of saints and angels,
March along the heavenly fields—
There they taste immortal pleasures,
And the fruits that Zion yields ;
Now begin the heavenly songsters—
Now they shout, their sufferings o'er—
Glory, honour and salvation,
There shall sound forever more.

HYMN 53. P. M.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons
Will the sinners heart confound !

2. See the judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine !"

Gracious Saviour,
Own me 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,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
"Thou with Satan,
"And his angels, have thy part !"

5. 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 forever
"Shall my love and glory know."

6. Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise !
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :
May we triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

HYMN 54. P. M.

SAVIOUR I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkl'd with atoning blood,
And my weary troubl'd spirit,
Now finds rest in thee my God ;

I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie ;
Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh :
Glory, g. g. g glory be to God on high,
Glory, g. g. g. sound his praises round the sky :
Glory, g. g. g. glory to the father give,
G. g. g. g sing his praises all that live.

2. Now I'll sing of Jesu's merit—
Tell the world of his dear name ;
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same—
He that asketh soon receiveth—
He that seeks is sure to find :
Come, for whosoe'er believeth,
He will never cast behind.
G. g. g. g. to Christ of heav'nly birth,
G. g. g. g. sing his praises round the earth,
G. g. g. g. g. to the spirit be,
G. g. g. g. praise the sacred one in three.

3. Now our advocate is pleading,
With his father, and our God ;
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood ;
Now methinks I hear him praying,
Father spare them, I have dy'd ;
And the father answer, saying,
They are freely justifi'd.
Worthy, w. w. w. w. is the Lamb of God.
Worthy, w. w. w. who lov'd and wash'd us in his blood ;
Holy, h. h. h. holy, is the Lord of hosts,
H. h. h. h. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 55. P. M.

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

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3. O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I am constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wonder, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

4. O that day when freed from sinning,
I shall see thy lovely face,
Richly clothed in blood wash'd linen,
How I'll sing thy sov'reign grace!
Come dear Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my raptur'd soul away;
Send thy angels down to carry
Me to realms of endless day.

5. If thou ever didst discover
To my faith the promis'd land;
Bid me now the stream pass over,
On the heav'nly border stand:
Now surmount what e'er opposes,
Lord, to thy embrace I fly;
Speak the word thou spak'st to Moses,
Bid me "get me up and die."

HYMN 56 Common Metre.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie,
O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

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

3. No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness, and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever bless'd?
When shall I see my father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

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

HYMN 57. P. M.

COME all ye weary souls,
Who seek rest in Jesus' love,
Come place your whole affections,
On things that are above ;
Let's join to sing his praises,
And hand in hand go on,
'Till we arrive at Canaan,
Where we no more shall mourn.

2. Behold how Satan rages,
Temptations they abound,
The world with persecutions,
Beset us all around ;
Our friends they all forsake us,
And call us low and mean,
Because we love the name of
The despised Nazarene.

3. The scriptures are fulfilling—
The love of some grows cold ;
They trample on their Saviour,
And worship dust and gold :
For riches, and for honor,
They from the Lord depart,
Which causes many sorrows,
To wound the troubled heart.

4. The wicked they grow bolder,
The righteous stand aside,
And many old professors,
Sink down in lust and pride;
But when some keen convictions,
Seizes upon their mind,
For fear of persecution,
They cast the Lord behind.

5. Arise beloved brethren,
Let's walk while it is day,
Lest darkness overtake us,
While lingering here we stay;
Surely if we prove faithful,
Sinners will follow on,
Backsliders be reclaimed,
Repenting and return.

6. A few more days in sorrow,
And Christ will call us home,
To walk the golden streets of
The new Jerusalem;
Until that happy hour,
Let's faithfully endure.
If we are found in Jesus,
We know our prize is sure.

7. Adieu to old companions,
We disregard your frowns,
Upon your foolish conduct,
With pity we look down:
Fain would we take you with us;
But if you'll not comply,
We leave you all to Jesus,
And to his bosom fly.

8. Unto your foolish pleasures,
We freely bid farewell,
By faith we view the mansions,
Where we must shortly dwell.
Our Saviour he invites us,
And holds us out a Crown,
To guard and to protect us,
The Angels hover round.

9. Let's join to sing his praises,
As long as we do live,
Until our blessed Saviour,
Our willing souls receive.
And he will land us safely,
On Canaan's happy shore,
We'll praise him there forever,
Where parting is no more.

HYMN 58. P. M.

THERE is a Heaven in yonder sky,
A Heaven where pleasures never die,
A Heaven I sometimes hope to see,
Again I fear 'tis not for me ;
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
O Hallellujah ! hallelujah ! ,
Jesus, Jesus, is my friend.

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

3. I'm trav'lling through a world of foes,
Thro' conflicts sore my spirit goes ;

The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
To reach fair Canaan's happy land.
But Jesus, Jesus, &c.

4. The way of dangers I am in,
Beset with devils, men and sin,
But in that wearied track I see,
And mark'd with blood it seems to be,
That Jesus, Jesus, &c.

5. These were the footsteps of my Lord,
When on the Cross he bore my load:
'Twas on that dark! that doleful day!
With streams of blood he mark'd the way
O Jesus, Jesus, &c.

6. Come life, come death, come then what
will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Thro' dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in Jesus' arms.
Sweet Jesus, Jesus, &c.

7. Then, O my soul arise and sing,
Behold thy Saviour, God and King,
With love and pleasure in his eyes,
He cries, press on, for here's thy prize.
Sweet Jesus, Jesus, &c.

8. Prove faithful yet a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and end your race.
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain.
Sweet Jesus, Jesus, &c.

9. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:

Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,
And in my Saviour's image rise.
Sweet Jesus, Jesus, is my friend,
O Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Jesus, Jesus, is my friend.

HYMN 59. P. M.

1. HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see !
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs
Have all lost their sweetness with me.
The mid-summer Sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.
His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should (were he always thus nigh)
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3. Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind;
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And Prisons would Palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

HYMN 60. P. M.

1. YE trav'llers to Paradise,
That happy, happy state,
Whose names, and ways, and spirits,
The wicked world doth hate;
Your highway lies before you,
And upward doth ascend,
And leads you on to glory
To see your dearest friend.

2. A friend that's nearer to you,
Than any brother here;
Your Lord and only Saviour,
Your great Redeemer dear;
Who once a human body
Upon himself did take,
Us, sinners, heirs of glory,
Eternally to make.

3. Who suffer'd, bled, and groan'd, and dy
Upon the Roman cross—
To make atonement for our sins,
And to retrieve our loss;
He gain'd our pardon, when he fell,
And so remov'd the curse,

And then ascended upon high,
To intercede for us.

4. Exalted there at God's right hand,
The loving Lamb doth sit,
And shews his wounded body,
His head, his hands and feet :
He pleads his matchless merit
Before his father's throne,
And sends us down his spirit,
And holds us out a crown.

5. Oh ! brethren look upon the crown,
And see how bright it shines,
Exceeding far in lustre,
Diana's silver shrines :
It's value does immensely
Surpass all human thought ;
So rich a crown was never yet,
For gold or silver bought.

6. A crown of life (of endless life,)
The sov'reign gift of God ;
To which we have a title,
Thro' faith in Jesus' blood ;
And if your title you would hold,
You still by faith must view,
"The Lamb was slain, yet lives again,
"To intercede for you."

7. Do not grow faint and weary,
As many a one hath done ;
But finish well your journey,
As you have well begun :
You're on a state of trial,
But that will shortly end,

And you'll ascend to glory,
To see your dearest friend.

3. Not transiently to visit,
And then again remove ;
But dwell forever near him,
And ever taste his love :
There sin shall cease to trouble you,
Temptations they'll be o'er.—
O brethren, keep a closer walk,
And love your Jesus more.

HYMN 61. P. M.

JESUS let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep,
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its freeness shewn ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2. Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me thro' thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart ;
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3. See me, Saviour from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye ;

Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4. Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was clos'd that we might live ;
"Father (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd) forgive !"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, 'Tis done!
O! my loving bleeding Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

HYMN 62. P. M.

JESUS drinks the bitter cup ;
The wine press treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan :
Lo! the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies,
The Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great Jehovah dies !

2. Dies the glorious cause of all,
The true eternal plan,
Falls to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man :
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the suff'rer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night,
When his Creator dies.

3. O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart !

See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too,
Look on him ye pierc'd and mourn,
For one, who bled for you.

4. Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love;
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above;
Lives our head to die no more
Pow'r is all to Jesus given,
Worship'd as he was before,
Th' immortal King of heav'n.

HYMN 63. P. M.

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple,
And saints array'd in white,
They serve the great Redeemer,
They dwell with him in light.

2 This is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows—
He banishes there care;
Their joys are still increasing—
Their songs are ever new:
They praise the eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.

3. The meanest child of glory
Out-shines the radiant sun ;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In God-like majesty ;
The elders fall before him—
The angels bend the knee.

4. Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemn'd by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war ?
He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoil'd the powers below,
And ransom'd many captives
From everlasting woe.

5. The hosts of saints around him,
Proclaim his works of grace,
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race ;
Some speak of fi'ry trials,
And tortures on their way—
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

5. Now with a holy transport,
They tell their suff'rings o'er—
Their tears and their temptations,
And all the pains they bore ;
They turn and bow to Jesus,
Who gain'd their liberty—
Amidst our fiercest dangers,
Our lives are hid in thee.

7. Long time was I invited
To gain that heav'nly rest,
Grace made no hard condition,
'Twas only to be bless'd;
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclin'd me long to stay—
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

8. But now it is my purpose,
The better way to find—
To serve my great Creator,
And leave my sins behind:
In guilt's seducing mazes,
I will no longer roam—
I'll give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransom'd home.

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

HMN 64. Long Metre.

God's gracious approbation of a religious care of our families. Genesis xviii. 19.

FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustain'd.

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

3. To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows :
Our servants there, and rising race
Be taught thy preceps, and thy grace.
4. O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name ;
While pleas'd, and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

HYMN 65. Long Metre.

Who is on the Lord's side ? Exod. xxxiii 26.

WHAT bosom mov'd with pious zeal
Doth for its God's dishonor feel ?
What heart with gen'rous ardor glows
To plead his cause against his foes ?

2. Great God, what bosom can be cold ?
What coward must not here grow bold ?
While honor, int'rest, truth and love,
Concur our inmost souls to move ?

3. Around thy standard, Lord, we press,
Thine injur'd honor to redress,
And with determin'd voice demand
The signal of thy conqu'ring hand.

4. Thou shalt these sacred weapons bless,
And lead through war to endless peace ;
Nor death itself our souls shall dread,
For thine own arm shall raise the dead.

HYMN 66. Common Metre.

God saying to the soul, that he is its salvation.

Psalm xxxv. 3.

SALVATION! O melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2. Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires and chains:
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love and glory reigns!

3. But O! may a degenerate soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4. The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5. My Savior-God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn its tears to praise.

6. *My Saviour-God*, this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim,
And call on all the Angelic harps
To sound so sweet a name.

HYMN 67. Common Metre.

God speaketh peace to his people. Psalm lxxxv. 8.

UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence, soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great sov'reign's feet.

2. Jehovah's awful voice is heard:
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3. Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey:
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4. By all its joys, I charge my heart,
To grieve his love no more;
But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

HYMN 68. Long Metre.

Beholding transgressions with grief. Psalm cxix. 136, 158.

ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils, which thou canst not heal.

2. See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;

The father wounded thro' the son ;
The world abus'd ; the soul undone.

3. See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames that no abatement know,
Tho' briny tears forever flow.

4. My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame

5. But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves,
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

HYMN 69. Short Metre.

Singing in the ways of God. Psalm cxxxviii. v. 5.

NOW let our voices join,
To form one pleasant song ;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2. How straight the path appears !
How open and how fair !
No lurking gins, t' entrap our feet
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flow'rs of paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4. See *Salem's* golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle thro' the skies.

5. All honor to his name,
Who drew the shining trace,
To him, who leads the wand'rers on,
And cheers them with his grace.

6 Reduce the nations, Lord,
Teach all their kings thy ways,
That earth's full choir the notes may swell
And heav'n resound the praise.

HYMN 70. Short Metre.

The meek beautified with salvation. Psalm cxiix. 4.

YE humble souls rejoice,
And cheerful triumphs sing;
Wake all your harmony of voice;
For *Jesus* is your king.

2. That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your souls have known,
Pledges the honor of his word
T' avow you for his own.

3. He brings salvation near,
For which his blood was paid:
How beauteous shall your souls appear
Thus sumptuously array'd!

4. Sing for the day is nigh,
When near your leader's seat

The tallest sons of pride shall lie,
The footstool of your feet.

5. Salvation, Lord, is thine;
And all thy saints confess,
The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sov'reign grace.

HYMN 71. Short Metre.

The Godly man's ark. Isaiah xxvi 20.

IT is my Father's voice:
And O! how sweet the sound!
It makes my inmost pow'rs rejoice,
My trembling heart rebound.

2. "Mark the black tempest lours,
And gathers round the sky;
Retire and shun the sweeping show'rs
Of indignation nigh.

3. "Come, my dear children, come,
And seek your father's arms;
There is your shelter, there your home,
'Midst all these dire alarms.

4. "Enter at his command;
Close in your ark remain;
And wait the signal of his hand
To call you forth again.

5. The moments to beguile;
A cheerful song begin,
Nor let the roaring thunders spoil
The harmony within.

6. "Ere long the sky shall clear,
The clouds be chas'd away,
And grace shall shine in radiance fair
Thro' an eternal day."

HYMN 72. Common Metre.

Christ, the Lord, our righteousness. Jerem. xxiii. 6.

SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
Thou art thine *Israel's* boast.

2. Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till *Jesus* stretch his gracious arm,
To bring the guilty nigh.

3. The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years,
Shall our great surety clear.

4. That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God,
One blemish shall be found.

5. Pardon and peace, and lively hope
To sinners now are giv'n;
Israel and *Judah* soon shall change
Their wilderness for heav'n.

6. With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down;

We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.

HYMN 73. Common Metre.

Seeking first the kingdom of God, &c. Matt. vi. 33.

NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly glories drest.

2. Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3. Away, each grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a christian's thought;
I spring to seize immortal joys;
Which my Redeemer bought.

4. Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in view.

HYMN 74. Short Metre.

The happiness and security of Christ's sheep. John x. 28.

MY soul, with joy attend,
While *Jesus* silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my shepherd speaks.

2. "I know my sheep (he cries)
My soul approves them well:
Vain is the treach'rous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3. I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love,
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams above.

4. Unnumber'd years of bliss
I to my sheep will give;
And, while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live.

5. This tried almighty hand
Is rais'd for their defence:
Where is the pow'r shall reach them there?
Or what shall force them thence?"

6. Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

HYMN 75. Common Metre.

Appeal to Christ for the sincerity of love to him. John xxi. 15.

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

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;

Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When *Jesus* cannot move.

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

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame.

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

HYMN 76. Long Metre.

Help obtained of God. Acts xxvi. 22.

For New Year's-Day.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:

The op'ning year thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it, till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest :
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper-GOD, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN 77. Long Metre.

GOD's fidelity in moderating temptations.
1 Cor. x. 13.

NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song :
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint ?

2 What tho' the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage ?

A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word he will display,
A strength proportion'd to our day ;
And, when united trials meet,
Will shew a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which *Jesus* ratified with blood :
Still is he gracious, wise and just,
And still in him let *Israel* trust.

HYMN 78. Short Metre.

Salvation by grace. Eph. ii. 5.

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

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Thro' everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 79. Long Metre.

Christ's service the fruit of our labours on earth. Phil i. 22.

MY gracious Lord, I own thy right!
To ev'ry service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To him, who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted *Eden* give
Such bliss, as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more:
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating pow'r.

HYMN 80. Common Metre.

Pressing on in the christian race. Phil. iii. 12—14.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:

Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

HYMN 81. Short Metre.

An immediate attention to GOD's voice required. Heb. iii. 15.

THE Lord Jehovah calls,
Be ev'ry ear inclin'd;
May such a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind.

2 If he in thunder speaks,
Earth trembles at his nod;
But gentle accents here proclaim
The condescending God.

3 O harden not your hearts,
But hear his voice to-day:
Lest, ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,
He calls your souls away

4 Almighty God, pronounce
The word of conqu'ring grace;
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
And scorners seek thy face.

HYMN 82. Common Metre.

Christ precious to the believer. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heav'n and earth should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last labr'ing breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN 83. Short Metre.

Communion with God and Christ. 1 John i. 3

OUR heav'nly father calls,
And *Christ* invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons ev'ry day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!

4 *Jesus*, my living head,
I bless thy faithful care;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my forerunner there.

5 Here, fix my roving heart:
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be compleat
In nobler scenes above.

HYMN 84. P. M.

The Lord will provide. Gen.

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

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

3 We may, like the ships,
By tempests be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost:
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey,
Like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold:
For tho' we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers
The Lord will provide.

5 When Satan ap stern and severe,
To stop up our pa then pierced my heart.
And fill us with moment to hear
We triumph by e, "Thou cursed depart!"
He cannot take
Tho' oft he ha at surprise when he spoke?
This heart tenderness beam'd in his face;
The Lord

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 spirits have ply'd
This answers all questions,
The Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.

Mine a[illegible] life sinks apace,
And [illegible] is in view,
Here[illegible]rd of his grace
Here[illegible]mfort us through :
Till the[illegible], or doubting,
In nobler [illegible] on our side,
[illegible] die shouting
The Lord will [illegible]ide.

THO' troubles assail, P. M.
And dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fa[illegible] his [illegible]en. Ge
And foes all unite.
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The scripture assures us, [illegible]n beheld;
The Lord will provide. fear,

His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear.
A while his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sin to their mind;
But, when they were humbled enough,
He hasted to shew 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 am 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."

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 houshold maintain?
O this is a brother indeed!"

4. Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came
And 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'er whelm'd and confounded by grace :
" Poor sinner I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain ;
But I dy'd 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* our brother and friend.

HYMN 86. Common Metre.

The bitter water. Exod. xv. 23—25.

BITTER indeed the waters are
Which in this desart flow ;
Though to the eye they promise fair,
They taste of sin and woe.

2. Of pleasing draughts I once could dream,
But now awake, I find,
That sin has poison'd every stream,
And left a curse behind.

3. But, there's a wonder working wood,
I've heard believers say,
Can make these bitter waters good,
And take the curse away.

4. The virtues of this healing tree
Are known and prized by few:
Reveal this secret Lord to me,
That I may prize it too.

5. The cross on which the Saviour dy'd,
And conquer'd for his saints;
This is the tree by faith apply'd,
Which sweetens all complaints.

6. Thousands have found the bless'd effect,
Nor longer mourn their lot;
While on his sorrows we reflect,
Our own are all forgot.

7. When they, by faith, behold the cross,
Tho' many griefs they meet;
They draw much gain from every loss,
And find the bitter sweet.

HYMN 87. P. M.

The LORD *my banner.* Exod. xvii. 15.

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

2. 'Twas Israel's God and king,
Who sent him to the fight,

Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

3. Who ordered Gideon forth,
To storm the invader's camp
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

4. Oh! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
My trust is in the Lord.
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

5. But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal,
My weapons from my side?
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

HYMN 88. Long Metre.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend? Sam. xvi. 17.

POOR, weak and worthless though I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controul'd ;
He found me ; wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies :
Oh ! what a friend is Christ to me.

4 But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns ;
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my friend can say.

6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask :
But I am strait'ned, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

7 Before the world that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame ;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8 Sure were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite !
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

HYMN 89. Common Metre.

Faith's review and expectation. Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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

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

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

HYMN 90. Common Metre.

The joy of the Lord is your strength. Neh. ix. 10.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine;
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable! divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But since you are the Lord's;
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

HYMN 91. Common Metre.

The name of Jesus. Sol. Song i. 3.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear?

It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build
My shield and hiding place;
My never failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with sin defil'd,
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 Jesus! my shepherd, brother, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end;
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Week 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.

7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 92. Sevens.

O Lord, I will praise thee. Isa. xii.

I WILL praise thee ev'ry day
ow thine anger's turn'd away!

Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Here in the fair gospel's field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise, ye then, his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raise again your joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round,
Zion shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

HYMN 93. Common Metre.

Peter sinning and repenting. Matt. xxvi. 73.

WHEN Peter boasted, soon he fell,
Yet was by grace restor'd;
His case should be regarded well
By all who fear the Lord.

2 A voice it has, and helping hand,
Backsliders to recall;
And cautions those, who think they stand,
Lest suddenly they fall.

3 He said, "Whatever others do,
With Jesus I'll abide;"

Yet soon amidst a murd'rous crew
His suff'ring Lord deny'd.

4 He, who had been so bold before,
Now trembled like a leaf;
Not only ly'd but curs'd and swore,
To gain the more belief.

5 While he blasphem'd, he heard the cock
And Jesus look'd in love;
At once as if by light'ning struck,
His tongue forbore to move.

6 Deliver'd thus from Satan's snare,
He starts, as from a sleep;
His Saviour's look he could not bear,
But hasted forth to weep.

7 But sure the faithful cock had crow'd
An hundred times in vain,
Had not the Lord that look bestow'd,
The meaning to explain.

8 As I like Peter vows have made,
Yet acted Peter's part;
So conscience, like the cock, upbraids
My base, ungrateful heart.

9 Lord Jesus, hear a sinner's cry,
My broken peace renew;
And grant one pitying look, that I
May weep like Peter too.

HYMN 94. Common Metre.

Prayer for a blessing.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;

And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows
Of pure and heavenly root:
But fairest in the youngest shews,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sov'reign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

5 For you the public pray'r is made,
Oh! join the public pray'r!
For you the secret tears is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear!

6 We pray that you may early prove
The spirit's pow'r to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus, whom we preach.

HYMN 95. P. M.

Prayer for a Revival.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
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.

2 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!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below,
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick, with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Dearest Saviour hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares:
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;

And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 96. Long Metre.

Exhortation to Prayer.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet, who that knows the worth of pray'r
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw!
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent;
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN 97. P. M.

Alarm.

STOP, poor sinner ! stop and think
Before you farther go !
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe ?
Once again I charge you, stop !
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you'll drop
Into the burning lake !

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

3 Pale fac'd death will quickly come
To drag you to his bar ;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair :
All your sins will round you croud,
Sins of a blood crimson dye ;
Each for vengeance crying loud ;
And what can you reply !

4 Tho' your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass :
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Tho' they now despise his grace)

Rocks and mountains on us fall
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope
You may his mercy know:
Tho' his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus dy'd,
Sinners he invites to come
None who come shall be deny'd,
He says, "There still is room,"

HYMN 98. Common Metre.

The effort.

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

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

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

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place!
That sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast dy'd."

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

6 " Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
My promis'd grace receive ;
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

HYMN 99. Common Metre.

Light shining out of darkness.

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

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing skill ;
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 100. Common Metre.

Submission.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign,
Life, health, and comfort to thy will
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee?
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN 101. Tens.

I will trust and not be afraid.

BEGONE, unbelief,
My Savior is near,

And for my relief
Will surely appear ;
By pray'r let me wrestle,
And he will perform,
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

2 Tho' dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his provide ;
Tho' cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken,
Shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review.
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite thro'.

4 Delighting to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death ;
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame ?

5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,

Temptation or pain ?
He told me no less ;
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live ?
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine ;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine ?
7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food ;
Tho' painful at present
'Twill cease before long,
And then, Oh ! how pleasant
The conqueror's song !

HYMN 102. Common Metre.

Felicity Above.

NO, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss ;
For bliss can ne'er be found
'Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.

2 There's nothing round these painted skies
Or round this dusty clod ;

Nothing, my soul! that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

3 'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace;
And all the heav'n I hope above
Is but to see his face.

4 Why move my years in slow delay?
O God of ages! why?
Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
To the superior sky.

5 Dear sov'reign! break these vital strings
That bind me to my clay;
O take me Uriel, on thy wings,
And stretch and soar away.

HYMN 103. Common Metre.

Salvation.

SALVATION! what a glorious plan;
How suited to our need!
The grace that raises fallen man.
Is wonderful indeed.

2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
To ransom us when lost;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

3 Strict justice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant seal'd;
And truth, and power, undertook
The whole should be fullfill'd.

4 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r and love,
In all their glory shone;
When Jesus left the courts above,
And dy'd to save his own.

5 Truth, wisdom, justice pow'r and love,
Are equally display'd;
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above
Our advocate and head.

6 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhor'd:
And yet the sinner lives by faith
And dares approach the Lord.

HYMN 104. Long Metre.

The Crucifixion.

1 NOW from the garden to the cross,
Let us attend the Lamb of God.
Be all things else accounted dross,
Compar'd with sin atoning blood.

2 See, how the patient Jesus stands,
Insulted in his lowest case:
Sinners have bound th' Almighty's hands;
And spit in their Creator's face.

3 With thorns his temples gor'd and gash'd,
Send streams of blood from every part;
His back with knotted scourges lash'd;
But sharper scourges tear his heart.

4 Nail'd naked to th' accursed wood,
Exposed to earth and heav'n above,

A spectacle of wounds and blood ;
A prodigy of injur'd love !

5 Hark how his doleful cries affright
Affected angels, while they view.
His friends forsook him in the night ;
And now his God forsakes him too.

6 O, what a field of battle's here !
Vengeance and love their powers oppose :
Never was such a mighty pair ;
Never were two such desp'rate foes.

7 Behold that pale, that languid face,
That drooping head, those cold dead eyes !
Behold in sorrow and disgrace
Our conqu'ring hero hangs, and dies !

8 Ye that assume his sacred name,
Now tell me, what can all this mean ?
What was it bruis'd God's harmless Lamb ?
What was it pierc'd his soul but sin ?

9 Blush Christian, blush ; let shame abound :
If sin effects thee not with woe,
Whatever spir't be in thee found,
The spi'rit of Christ thou dost not know.

HYMN 105. Short Metre.

LORD, send thy spirit down
On babes that long to learn,
Open our eyes ; and make us wise,
Thy body to discern,

2 'Tis by thy word we live,
And not by bread alone ;
The word of truth from thy blest mouth :
O, make it clearly known.

3 With what we have received
Impart thy quick'ning pow'r.
We would be fed with living bread,
And live forevermore.

HYMN 106. Long Metre.

Happiness.

HAPPY the men that fear the Lord,
They from the paths of sin depart;
Rejoice, and tremble at his word,
And hide it deep within their heart.

2 They in his mercy hope, thro' grace;
Revere his judgments, not contemn.
In pleasing him their pleasure's plac'd;
And *his* delight is plac'd in them:

3 This fear, a rich and endless store,
Preserves the soul from pois'nous pride.
The heart that wants this fear, is poor,
Whatever it possess beside.

4 This treasure was by Christ possest.
In this his understanding stood.
And ev'ry one that's with it blest,
Has free redemption in his blood.

HYMN 107. Sevens.

Ascension.

JESUS our triumphant head,
Ris'n victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory's gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.

2 Cherubs on the conqu'rer gaze.
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze.

Each bright order of the sky,
Hail him, as he passes by.

3 Saints the glorious triumph meet;
See their en'mies at his feet.
By his scars his toils are view'd,
And his garments roll'd in blood.

4 Heav'n it's king congratulates;
Opens wide her golden gates.
Angels songs of vict'ry sing;
All the blissful regions ring.

5 Sinners join the heav'nly pow'rs:
For redemption all is ours.
None but burden'd sinners prove
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.

6 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord;
Holy Lamb, incarnate word!
Hail, thou suff'ring son of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood.

HYMN 108. P. M.

The Gospel.

REPENT, ye sons of men, repent,
Hear the good tidings God has sent,
Of sinners sav'd, and sins forgiven,
And beggars rais'd, to reign in heav'n.
Beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars, rais'd to reign in heav'n.

2 God sent his son to die for us,
Die to redeem us from the curse;

He took our weakness bore our load ;
And dearly bought us with his blood.
Dearly, dearly, &c.

3 In guilt's dark dungeon when we lay ;
Mercy cried, "*spare*," and justice, "*slay*,"
But Jesus answer'd, "set them free :
And pardon *them* ; and punish *me* ;"
Pardon, pardon, &c.

4 Salvation is of God alone ;
Life everlasting in his son :
And he, that gave his son to bleed,
Will freely give us all we need.
Freely, freely, &c.

5 Believe the gospel and rejoice.
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
His goodness praise ; his wonders tell,
Who ransom'd all our souls from hell.
Ransom'd, ransom'd, &c.

HYMN 109. Long Metre.

At Dismission.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord.
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiss forgive ;
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good.
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood.
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release ;
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 110. Common Metre.

God's dominion and decrees.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your maker's nod;
The muse stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Th' almighty voice bid ancient night
Her endless realms resign,
And, lo! ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

4 Now wisdom, with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of being pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

5 He spake; the sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day:
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.

6 Lord of the armies of the sky,
He marshals all the stars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

7 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,

With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

8 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

9 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

10 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

11 My God, I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

12 In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the lamb.

HYMN 111. Common Metre.

The nativity of Christ.

1 SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the region 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 enterance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,
No 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 strait around
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :-

6 " Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth ;
Mortals shall know their maker's love,
At their redeemer's birth."

7 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise ?
O may we loose these useless tongues
When they forget to praise !

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn ;
We join to sing our maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN 112. Common Metre.

God glorious, and sinners saved.

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

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labor of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

5 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe;
We love and we adore;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before,

6 Here the whole deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

7 When sinners broke the father's law,
The dying son atones;
Oh, the dear myst'ries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

8 Now the full glories of the lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuels's name,
And try their choicest strains.

9 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song?
Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 113. Long Metre.

The penitent pardoned.

HENCE from my soul my sins, depart,
Your fatal friendship now I see;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence to eternal distance flee.

2 Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I caress'd your vip'rous brood,
And in my heartstrings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.

3 Black heavy thoughts, like mountains roll
O'er my poor breast, with boding fears,
And crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

4 Forgive my treasons, prince of grace,
The bloody Jews were trators too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race
"Father, they know not what they do."

5 Great advocate, look down and see
A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed;
O plead the same excuse for me!
For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

6 Peace, my complaints; let every groan
Be still, and silence wait his love;
Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
And through his inmost bowels move.

7 Lo, from the everlasting skies,
Gently as morning dews, distil,
The Dove immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
Sweet the relief to deep distress!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my pow'rs adore thy grace.

HYMN 114. Common Metre.

Death and Eternity.

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, death.

2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

3 These sculls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes?
These are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and so wise.

4 But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left their dying clay?

My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

5 O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or, fiery billows roar.

6 Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

7 There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcase thoughtless lies,
Amongst the silent graves.

9 Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say,
"These once were strong, as mine appear,
And mine must be as they."

Thus shall our mould'ring members teach
What now our senses learn:
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

HYMN 115. Common Metre.

A sight of heaven in sickness.

OFT have I sat in secret sighs
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud, with frighted eyes,
To view the tott'ring clay.

2 But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profit too:
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

3 My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

4 Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created skies.

5 Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

6 But now the everlasting hills
Through every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a pris'ner here.

7 The shines of heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws;
Visions of endless bliss are seen;
And native air she draws.

8 O may these walls stand tott'ring still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose!

9 Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,

'Till glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions through.

HYMN 116. Common Metre.

The atheist's mistake.

LAUGH, ye profane, and swell, and burst,
With bold impiety :
Yet shall ye live forever curs'd,
And seek in vain to die.

2 The gasp of your expiring breath
Consigns your souls to chains,
By the last agonies of death
Sent down to fiercer pains.

3 Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
And all beneath is hell ;
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep
Where the old serpent fell.

When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigour spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind !

5 Then you'll confess the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

6 Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues,)
When you exchang'd your souls away
For vanity and songs.

7 Behold the saints rejoice to die,
For heav'n shines round their heads;
And angel guards, prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting beds.

8 Their longing spirits part and rise
To their celestial seat;
Above these ruinable skies
They make their last retreat.

9 Hence, ye profane, I hate your way
I walk with pious souls;
There's a wide difference in our race,
And distant are our goals.

HYMN 117. Common Metre.

Remember your creator, &c. Eccles. xii.

CHILDREN, to your creator, God,
Your early honors pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

2 The mem'ry of his mighty name
Demands your first regard:
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame
'Till you have lov'd the Lord.

3 Be wise, and make his favour sure,
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more
And life and strength decays.

4 No more the blessings of a feast
Shall relish on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taste,
And pleasure of a song.

5 Old age with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years,
With sighs and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never spares.
6 What will you do when light departs,
And leaves your with'ring eyes
Without one beam to cheer your hearts
From the superior skies?
7 When nature's strong supporters bow,
And totter with their weight,
How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat?
8 Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence.
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the pris'ner hence?

9 The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

10 Laden with guilt, (a heavy load,)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n
The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from heav'n.

HYMN 118. Common Metre.

The welcome messenger.

LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death.

2 How could we e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!

We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.
3 Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away;
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

5 Oh! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

6 Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

7 I'd leap at once my three-score years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares
Amidst those heavenly charms.
8 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

HYMN 119. Short Metre.

Sincere praise.

ALMIGHTY maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!

Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame !

2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 In native white and red
The rose and lilly stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

4 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

5 My soul would rise and sing
To her creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my king,
And pay the worship due.

6 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

7 Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design ;
Some of thy favors I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

8 The very songs I frame,
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honors of thy name
To build their own applause !

9 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until its form'd again.

10 Descend celestial fire,
And seize me fom above,
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

11 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days;
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN 120. Common Metre.

Condescending grace.

In imitation of the 111th Psalm.

WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings!

2 Rides on a cloud disdainful by
A Sultan or a Czar,
Laughs at the worms that rise so high,
Or frowns them from afar;

3 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

4 Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?

Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

5 Mortals be dumb, what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

6 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign and all free;
Great God, how searchless is thy ways,
How deep thy judgments be!

HYMN 121. Long Metre.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

HE dies! the heav'nly lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heartstrings: deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground!

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God;
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 men!
But, lo, what sudden joys I see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;

Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

5 Say, "Live for ever, wondr'ous 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 122. Common Metre.

The song of angels above.

1 EARTH has detain'd me prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

2 Tir'd in my thoughts I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes,
Upward (my father) to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

3 There the dear man, my Saviour, sits,
The God how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

4 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

5 Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
Jesus, my love, they sing;
Jesus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

6 Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,

And speak in most magestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son.

7 How on the father's breast he lay,
The darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heavens begun to roll.

8 And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

9 O sacred beauties of the man!
(The God resides within)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

10 Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
What wond'rous things he said!
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
And tell what Jesus did.

11 At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

12 He shed a thousand blessings round
Where'er he turn'd his eye;
He spoke, and at the sovereign sound
The hellish legions fly.

13 Thus, while with an ambitious strife
Th' ethereal minstrels rove
Through all the labors of his life,
And wonders of his love;

14 In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprise ;
The rest in silence mourn their king,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

15 Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath ;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

16 Then all at once to living strains
They summons every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And show their rising Lord.

17 Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the skies,
With loud hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

18 In awful state the conqu'ring God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

19 Now let me rise, and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

20 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise :
Oh for some heav'nly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies !

21 There ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place

Amongst your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

22 I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the man I love.

HYMN 123. Long Metre.

The farewell.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss, that charms us so,
Be dark my eyes and deaf my ears.

2 Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are over-weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

Be gone for ever mortal things!
Thou *mighty* molehill earth, farwell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires;
My soul pursues the sovereign good:
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

HYMN 124. Common Metre.

Sovereignty and grace.

THE Lord! how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
Whilst, with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them, as he please.

4 Adoring angels round him fall,
In all their shining forms,
His sovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

5 His bowels to our worthless race
In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, love.

6 Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
We are his fav'rites still.

7 No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;

'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

HYMN 125. Long Metre.

The law and gospel.

" CURS'D be the man, for ever curs'd,
That doth one wilful sin commit;
Death and damnation for the first,
Without relief, and infinite."

2 Thus Sinai roars; and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance, flings;
But Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary. say gentler things.

3 " Pardon and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
And life and joys, and crowns above,
Dear purchas'd by a bleeding God."

4 Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips,) Forgive!
And ev'ry groan and gaping wound
Cries, " Father, let the rebels live."

5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there,
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

6 But I'll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

HYMN 126 Long Metre.

A preparatory thought for the Lord's Supper. In imitation of Isai. lxii. 1, 2, 3.

1 WHAT hea'vnly man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2 The Lord! the Saviour! yes 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agnoies and tears!

3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own those wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!

4 Whence flow these favors so divine?
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such early souls as mine
This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food?

5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love,
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

HYMN 127. P. M.

Converse with Christ.

I'M tir'd with visits, modes, and forms
And flatt'ries paid to fellow-worms;
Their conversation cloys;
Their vain amours, and empty stuff;
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

2 When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I Could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the darkness long.

3 There, while I hear my Saviour God
Count o'er my sins (a heavy load!)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame
And weep, and groan, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all for me.

4 Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet with the sympatehtic smart [heart
There's a strange joy beats round my
The cursed tree has blessings in't, and sweetest balm it bears.

5 I hear the glorious suff'rer tell,
How on the cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the pow'rs beneath:
Transported and inspir'd my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song;
How has the serpent lost his sting, and
where's thy vict'ry death?

6 But when he shows his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with
more intense desire.

7 Kindly he ope's to me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus, while I ease my burden'd heart,
In ev'ry woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my
drooping head sustains.

HYMN. 128 Common Metre.

The presence of God worth dying for:
or, the death of Moses.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;

Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heav'n repeats the song.

3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

4 Thy love, a sea with out a shore;
Spreads life and joy abroad:
O 'tis a heav'n worth dying for
To see a smiling God!

5 Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

6 Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wond'rous prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die;"
The prophet climb'd and d'yd.

7 Softly his fainting head he laid
Upon his Maker's breast,
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid flesh to rest.

8 In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

HYMN 129. Common Metre.

Longing for Christ's return.

O 'TWAS a mouruful parting day !
"Farewell, my spouse," he said,
(How tedious, Lord, is thy delay !
How long my love hath staid !

2 "Farewell ;" at once he left the ground,
And climb'd his father's sky :
Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down'
Or leap to thee on high.

3 Round the creation wild I rove,
And search the globe in vain ;
There's nothing here that's worth my love
Till thou return again.

4 My passions fly to seek their king,
And send their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing,
And mourn an absent God.

5 With inward pain my heartstrings sound,
My soul dissolves away ;
Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round,
And bring the promis'd day.

HYMN 130. Common Metre.

A rational defence of the Gospel.

SHALL *atheists* dare insult the cross
Of our incarnate *God ?*
Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood ?

2 What if he chose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults ?
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts ?

3 What if this gospel bids us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin ?
The prize is most divinely bright,
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the men, despis'd on earth,
Still of his grace partake ?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.

5 Do some that own this sacred truth,
Indulge their souls in sin ?
None should reproach the *Saviour's* name,
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith be firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word ;
Nor ever shun those holy men,
Who fear and love the *Lord*.

HYMN 131. Long Metre.

Faith connected with salvation. Rom. i. 16. Heb. x, 39.

NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven ;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven.

2 Not the best deeds that we have done,
Can make a wounded conscience whole ;

Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord,
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4 O may thy grace its power display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign:
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

HYMN 132. Common Metre.

Holy fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

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

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowrey beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

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

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

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

HYMN 133. Long Metre.

Gravity and Decency.

BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesu's blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day?

3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honors of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richest vest,
Peacocks and flies are better drest;
This flesh with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.

5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering toys by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

HYMN 134. P. M.

UNION.

COME Saints and Sinners hear me tell
The wonders of *Emanuel*,
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell;
And gave me heav'nly UNION.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
"With God you have no UNION."

3 Then I began to weep and cry,
I look'd this way and that to fly;
It griev'd me so I that must die—
I strove *salvation* for to *buy*,
But still I had no UNION.

4 But When I look'd to *Christ* the way,
I saw my sins all flee away!
Wash'd in his blood this very day!
And O! my God, is grace thus free!
Here is the heavenly UNION.

5 Glory to God, that took me in,
And sav'd my soul from hell and sin;
Praise to the Lamb that wash'd me clean—
And O! what seasons I have seen
Ever since I felt this UNION.

6 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray;
And if I met one on the way,
I always found I had something to say
About this heavenly UNION.

7 I wonder why the saints don't sing,
And praise their God upon the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who brought their souls to UNION.

8 Oh! come backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,
See that you watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this UNION.

9 We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit the climes of pain and woe;
And then we will to glory go,
There shall we see, and hear, and know,
And feel a perfect UNION.

10 Come heaven and earth unite your lays,
And give to Jesus endless praise;
And O my soul, look on and gaze—
He bleeds, he dies, your souls he saves,
And gives you heavenly UNION.

11 O could I, like an angel, sound
Salvation through the earth around,
The Devil's kingdom to confound,
I'd triumph o'er Emanuel's ground,
And spread this glorious UNION.

12 And then to heaven I would go,
Jesus to see, my God to know;
My love to him shall ever grow;
I'll sing and praise as angels do,
This is th' eternal UNION.

HYMN 135. Long Metre.

Justice and equity. Matt. vii. xii.

BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine—
"Never to deal with others worse,
Than we would have them deal with us."

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain:
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 'Tis written in each mortal breast,
Where all our tenderest wishes rest:
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.

4 Is reason ever at a loss?
Call in self-love to judge the cause:
Let our own fondest passions shew
How we should treat our neighbour too.

5 How bless'd would every nation prove
Thus rul'd by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

6 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
And take our envy, wrath and pride,
Those savage passions for our guide.

HYMN 136. Common Metre.

Sincerity and truth. Phil. iv. 8.

LET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil:

The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honor still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they swear :
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise ;
They know the God of truth can see
Thro' every false disguise.

4 They hate the appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears ;
Firm to the truth—and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo ! from afar the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down ;
He bids his saints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.

6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And guilty liar fly ?

HYMN 137. Long Metre.

A lovely youth falling short of heaven. Mark x. 21.

MUST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeless to salvation prove ?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn
The man whom Jesus deigns to love ?—

2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due;
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing now.

3 But mark the change; thus spake the Lord,
"Come, part with earth for heaven to-day:"
The youth astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.

4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure,
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure;

5 Ah foolish choice of treasure here!
Ah fatal love of tempting gold?
Must this base world be bought so dear?
And life and heaven so cheaply sold?

6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion governs me;
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

HYMN 138. Common Metre.

None excluded from hope.

JESUS, thy blessngs 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 Satain's rage,
Doth thy salvation flow;

'Tis 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 their share.
No mortal has a just pretence,
To perish in despair.

4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers;
But to his sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

5 Come all ye vilest sinners come,
He'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room,
For rebels such as you.

6 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name,
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

HYMN 139. Common Metre.

Christian morality, viz. a lovely carriage.

O 'TIS a lovely thing 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 let their fury rise :
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their frame is prudence mix'd with love :
Good works fulfil their day ;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

5 Such was the saviour of mankind,
Such pleasures he pursu'd :
His flesh and blood were all refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

6 Lord can these plants of virtue grow
In such a soul as mine ?
Thy grace can form my nature so,
And make my heart like thine.

HYMN 140. Common Metre.

Death of kindred improved.

MUST friends and kindred droop and die ?
Must helpers be withdrawn ?
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone.

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God,
Our helper and our friend :
Nor leave us, in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way,
Our pious fathers led !

While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be wean'd from all below;
Let hope our grief dispel;
Death will invite our souls to go,
Where our best kindred dwell.

HYMN 141. Common Metre.

Self-denial; or, taking up the cross. Mark viii. 38. Luke ix. 26.

ASHAM'D of Christ! my soul disdain
The mean ungenerous thought:
Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace
From heaven to earth he came:
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

3 At his command, we must take up
Our cross without delay:
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours
His love can ne'er repay.

4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
Are precious in his sight.

5 To bear his name, his cross to bear!
Our highest honour this!
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

6 But should we in the evil day
From our profession fly,
Jesus the judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

HYMN 142. Common Metre.

The converted thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That 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 pray'r address'd:

3 "Jesus, thou son and heir of heaven,
Thou spotless lamb of God,
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

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

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

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

HYMN 143. Short Metre.

The evil heart. Jer. xvii. 9. Mat. xv. 19.

ASTONISH'D and distress'd
I turn my eyes within ;
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there !
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty king of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue ;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise ;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN 144. Long Metre.

The loving-kindness of the LORD. Isa. lxiii. 7.

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free !

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' 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,
19. 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 Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

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

HYMN 145. Long Metre.

.7. *The power of God's glorious grace displayed.*

BLESS'D be the God of sovereign grace,
For mercy to the human race,
Through Christ, his best beloved son,
Who dy'd for crimes that men had done.

2 Bless'd be the God of truth and love,
Who pours his spirit from above,
To make his fainting church revive,
To make the dying sinner live.

3 His mighty pow'r now in these days,
With brighter glory he displays,
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And bless and save his heritage.

4 Jesus, the mighty saviour, now
Is pleas'd to make the haughty bow,
To raise the humble soul on high,
And bring the guilty sinner nigh.

5 Hear me, ye unbelieving race,
Warn'd by his word and works of grace,
You'll all be left without excuse,
If you the grace of God refuse.

6 Though Christ's the messenger of grace,
When he his powerful name displays;
Of this and all his ways you're shy,
And from his gracious presence fly.

7 Thus hate and dread the work of God,
And all on Satan's wings spread broad;
Now hasting with his willing prey,
To hell, you're borne without delay.

8 No longer rush the downward road,
Nor hate, nor shun the Saviour's blood;
Come trust his grace, his mercy try,
He'll hear the dying sinners cry.

HYMN 146. Long Metre.

God my happy portion.

BLESS'D be the loving Saviour's name,
I'll make it my delightful theme,
And call on all the angelic throng,
To sound his praise in heavenly song,

2 I was a rebel to his throne,
With sorrow and distress I own,
And had I gone my chosen road
My soul must perish'd far from God.

3 He sent his spirit from above
In mercy, and in tender love ;
Convinc'd me of my guilt and shame,
And made me own his sovereign name.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
And purifies my heart within ;
Yea more, he clasps me in his arms,
And bids me fear no dire alarms.

5 He shews me all his smiling face,
And makes me taste his richest grace :
My soul ! 'tis heaven on earthly ground,
My God my portion, I have found,

6 O how he leaps o'er mountains high,
Of guilt and sin to bring me nigh ;
My soul in wonder lost adores,
And all my guilty self abhors.

7 This empty world's no more my good,
Let sinful sweets no more be food ;
Be all my soul to Christ resign'd,
To serve him with a willing mind.

8 Behold I give him all I own,
He bought it with a dying groan ;
May all my house and friends be thine
In bonds of love, in bonds divine.

HYMN 147. Short Metre.

Love to the Brethren.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

Before our fathers throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts, and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love, and friendship reign
Thro' all eternity.

HYMN 148. P. M.

The Jubilee.

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

2 Exalt the lamb of *God*,
The sin atoning lamb;

Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the lands proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.

3 [Ye, who have sold for nought
The heritage above ;
Shall have it back, unbought,
The gift of *Jesus'* love :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.]

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in *Jesus* dwell,
And blest in *Jesus* live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 The gospol trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace :
Ye hapy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 *Jesus* our great high priest
Has full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits rest ;
Ye mournful souls be glad !
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 149. Sevens.

Rejoicing in hope. Isa. xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

CHILDREN of the heavenly king,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ your father's son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, submissive we will go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow the.

HYMN 150. Long Metre.

The happy soul bidding farewell to this world.

FAREWELL vain world I'm going home;
Hallelujah.
My Saviour smiles and bids me come,
Hallelujah.

Bright angels beckon me away,
O Hallelujah.
To sing God's praise in endless day.
O Glory Hallelujah.

2 I'm glad that I am borne to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly :
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to new Jerusalem.

3 And when to that new world I fly,
And join the anthems in the sky ;
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who once did join with me in prayer ;
Our mourning time will then be o'er,
When we do reach that happy shore.

5 Our suffering time will then begone,
When we do join that happy throng.
The blessed angels round the throne
Are looking out for us to come.

6 I'll praise my God while I have breath ;
I hope to praise him after death ;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

7 We soon shall hear the solemn sound,
"Awake ye nations under ground
Arise and drop your dusty shrouds,
And meet king Jesus in the clouds."

8 There shall I see my glorious God
And praise him in his high abode ;

My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

HYMN 151. P. M.

The pilgrim's farewell.

FAREWELL, farewell farewell, my friends, I must be gone
I have no house nor stay with you,
I'll take my staff and travel on
'Till I a better world can view;
Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, farewell, farewell my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal care or bliss,
I'll leave you here and travel on
'Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Farewell, farewell, farewell, &c.

3 Farewell, farewell, farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love,
We all believe his gracious word,
That we 'ere long shall meet above,
Farewell, farewell, farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, farewell, farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given;
Fight on, fight on, fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

5 Farewell, farewell, farewell, ye blooming
sons of God.
Sore conflicts yet remain for you,
But dauntless keep the heav'nly road
'Till Canaan's happy land you view;
Press on, press on, press on, till Canaan's
land you view.

6 Farewell, farewell, farewell, poor careless sinners too,
For you my heart is sore distress'd;
Eternal vengeance waits for you—
O turn and seek salvation blest'd
O turn, O turn, O turn, and find salvation
near.

HYMN 152. P. M.

The jubilee.

HARK! the jubilee is sounding,
O the joyful news is come,
Free salvation is proclaimed.
In and through God's only son,
Now we have an invitation
To the meek and lowly lamb!
Glory, honour, and salvation
Christ the Lord, is come to reign.

2 Come dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time:
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again.
Glory, honour, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ the way ;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray :
Golden moments we've neglected,
O the time we've spent in vain.
Glory, honour, &c.

4 Come let us run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his father and our God ;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted king.
Glory, honour, &c.

5 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him praise him evermore,
May his grace and love constrain us,
His great name now to adore :
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain.
Glory, honour, &c.

To you
We all h MN 153. P. M.

Finished redemption.

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

2 It is finish'd ! O what pleasure
Doth these charming words afford !
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd !
Saints, the dying words record.

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

4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food ;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd !
Christ has borne the heavy load.]

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasant theme ;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name !
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding lamb !

HYMN 154. Levens.

Exceeding great and precious promises.

2 Pet. i. 4.

HOW firm a foundation,
Ye saints of the Lord,

Is laid for your faith
In his excellent word!
What more could he say
Than to you he hath said!
You, who unto Jesus
For refuge hath fled.

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

3 "Fear not, I am with thee,
O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God,
And will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee,
And cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous
Omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters
I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe,
Shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee,
Thy troubles troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee,
Thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials
Thy pathway shall lie,

My grace all-sufficient
Shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee,
I only design
Thy dross to consume,
And thy gold to refine.

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

7 The soul that on Jesus
Hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not
Desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell
Should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no *never*—
No *never forsake.*"

HYMN 155. Long Metre.

The holy war.

I'VE listed in the holy war
Content with suff'ring soldier's fare ;
The banner o'er my head is love,
I draw my rations from above.

2 I've fought thro' many battles sore,
And I must fight thro' many more ;

I'll take my breast-plate, sword and shield,
And boldly march into the field

3 The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
Unite, and try what they can do;
On thee, my God, I humbly call;
Uphold me Lord, or I shall fall!

4 I've listed, and I mean to fight;
'Till all my foes are put to flight;
And when the vict'ry I have won,
I'll give the praise to God alone.

5 Come fellow christians, join with me,
Come face the foe and never flee:
The heavenly battle is begun,
Come take the field and win the crown.

6 With listing orders I have come,
Come rich, come poor, come old and young,
Here's bounty money shall be given,
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.

7 Our general is gone before,
And you may draw on grace's store;
But if you will not list and fight,
You'll sink in eternal night.

HYMN 156. Long Metre

The christian warfare.

MY captain sounds the alarm of war,
"Awake! the powers of hell are near!
To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,
"'Tis yours to conquer or to die."

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around ;
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith is my shield,
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield :
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight ;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust ?
His bleeding cross is all my boast ;
Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry and the victor's crown.

HYMN. 157. Sevens.

Redeeming love.

NOW begins the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name ;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the fathers grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin oppress,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought from him above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove,
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 He subdu'd the infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.

8 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string,
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 158. P. M.

Longing for the spreading of the gospel.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace,
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,

That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, a glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night.
And redemption
Freely purchas'd win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
From eternal darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name;
All the borders
Of the great Immanuels land.

5 Fly abroad thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour all the world around.

HYMN 159. P. M.

Supreme love to Christ.

1 JESUS my Saviour
To thee I submit,
Through love and thanksgiving
Fall down at thy feet;

Thy sacrifice offering
Of soul, flesh and blood ;
Thou art my Redeemer,
My Lord and my God.

2 I love thee, I love thee,
I love thee my Lord,
I love thee my saviour,
I love thee my God,
I love thee, I love thee,
And that thou dost know ;
But how much I love thee
I never can show.

3 All human invention
Is empty and vain,
I cannot unriddle
The heavenly flame,
I'm sure if the language
Of angels I own'd
I could not the mistery
Of heaven unfold.

4 I'm happy, I'm happy,
O wond'rous account,
My joys are immortal,
I stand on the mount,
And gaze on my treasure
And long to be there
With angels my kindred
And Jesus my dear.

5 O Jesus my Saviour
With thee I am bless'd,
My joy and my portion,
My life and my rest :

Thy name is my theme
And thy love is my song ;
Thy charms doth inspire
My heart and my tongue.

6 Thy goodness reveal
And thy promise fulfil—
Protect and direct me
To the heavenly hill ;
While wrapt in thine arms
And lost in thy charms,
With angels transported,
I'll rest from all harms.

7 O who's like my Saviour ;
He's Salem's bright king ;
He loves me and guides me,
And learns me to sing ;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him,
In notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure
My spirits doth fill.

HYMN 160. Long Metre.

Shouting God's praise.

O GOD my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice ;
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heav'nly arches ring ;
I'll sing and shout for evermore
On that eternal happy shore.

2 O Jesus, hope of glory, come,
And make my heart thy humble home ;
For the short remnant of my days,
I want to sing and shout thy praise ;
I want to pray and never cease,
And live rejoicing in thy peace,
And to give thanks in ev'ry thing,
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3 Lord, on my last, my dying day,
Then give me strength to sing and pray,
To praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my voice is lost in death :
Then sisters, brothers, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb,
And as you march the solemn road,
Sing loud, and shout the praise of God.

4 Then you below, and I above,
We'll sing and shout the God we love,
But on that great and awful day,
When Christ shall call our slumb'ring clay,
We from our dusty beds will spring,
And shout "O Death where is thy sting ?
O Grave where is victory ?"
We'll shout to all eternity.

5 Our race is run we've gain'd the prize,
"Well done !" the sovereign of the skies
Will smiling to his children say,
"Come reign with me in endless day ;"
Then on that happy, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout for evermore ;
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
And make all heav'n with praises ring.

HYMN 161. Common Metre.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear!
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness,
To me reach'd out I view;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promis'd land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see;
My hope is full, (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now this house of clay;
He shakes his future home:
O would'st thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come.

5 With me, I know, I feel thou art,
But this can not suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 My earth thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.

7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal!
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

8 Fulfil, fulfil, my large desires,
Large as infinity !
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee !

HYMN 162. P. M.

Passion.

O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store, [o'er ;
The time for such trifles with me now is
A country I've found,
Where true joys abound, [ground.
dwell I'm determin'd on that happy

2 The souls that believe,
In Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive ;
My soul dont delay,
He calls thee away, [day.
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad

3 No mortal doth know,
What he can bestow, [him go.
What life, strength, and comfort, go after
Lo ! onward I move,
To a country above, [will prove.
None guesses how wond'rous my journey

4 Great spoils I shall win,
From death, hell, and sin, [within.
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ
And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loy'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.
So this is the race,
I'm running thro' grace, [face.
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's

6 And now I'm in care,
My neighbours may share
These blessings; to seek them will none of
In bondage, O why, [you dare.
And death will you lie, [nigh?
When one here assures you free grace is so

HYMN 163. Long Metre.

Way to Canaan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 164. P. M.

Longing to see Jesus.

1 WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love;
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not to fear,
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer tho' I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu,
And you my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with trials,
And troubles on the way,
Cast all your cares on Jesus,
And dont forget to pray;
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend,
Nor will he yet upbraid you,
Tho' oft' times you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

HYMN 165. Common Metre.

Spiritual-mindedness; or, inward religion.
James 1. 27.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

More needful *this*, than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;

Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 *Religion* should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom,
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own!

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Thro' my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise:
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies!

HYMN 166. P. M.

On the Millenium.

THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall shine;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun;

The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's foundations bend;
The church triumphantly adorn'd,
All glorious shall descend.

2 The king that wears the glorious crown,
The azure flaming bow,
That holy city shall bring down,
To bless his saints below.
When Zion's bleeding conqu'ring king
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shouts for joy.

3 The holy bright musician band,
Who play on harps of gold,
In holy order see they stand,
Fair Salem to behold.
Ascending on such melting strains,
Jehovah's name they bear,
Such shouts thro' earth's extensive plains
Were never heard before.

4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reigning long,
The saints, tho' feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong.
He is their shield and hiding place,
A covert from the wind,
A fountain in the wilderness,
Throughout the weary land.

5 The chrystal streams run down from heav'n,
They issue from the throne,
The floods of strife away are driv'n,
The church becomes sa one—

That peaceful union we shall know,
And live upon his love,
And shout and sing of grace below,
As angels do above.

6 A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete,
Call'd by the joyful trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour Christ to meet—
They rise with joy, and mount on high,
They fly to Jesu's arms,
And gaze with wonder and delight,
On their beloved's charms.

7 Like apples fair, his beauties are,
To feed and cheer the mind,
No earthly fruit can so recruit,
Nor flaggons full of wine.
Their troubles o'er, they grieve no more,
But sing in strains of joy,
In raptures sweet, and bliss complete,
They feast and never cloy.

HYMN 167. P. M.

THE Lord is to his garden come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lillies grow and thrive;
Refreshing streams of grace divine,
From Jesus flows that living vine,
And makes the dead alive.

2 Now see this dry and barren ground
With streams of water all abound
A fruitful soil become;

The desert blossoms as the rose,
And Christ will conquer all his foes,
And make his people one.

3 The glorious day is rolling on,
The glorious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is.
I taste and know that grace is nigh;
O that all men, as well as I,
Would come and taste the bliss.

4 The worst of sinners now may find,
A Saviour merciful and kind,
Who will them all receive:
None are too vile who will repent;
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.

5 If sinners only knew the Lord,
Or would but taste his gracious word,
His sweet forgiving love;
They'd rush through storms of every kind
And leave all earthly cares behind,
To gain a crown above.

6 Come brethren dear, who know the Lord,
Who taste the comforts of his word,
In Jesu's ways go on:
Our poverty and trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

7 We feel that heaven is now begun;
The waters from the eternal throne,
From Jesu's throne on high,

Flow down in floods we can't contain;
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we soon are dry:

3 But when we rise to Christ above
And all behold the God we love?
We'll drink a full supply:
Jesus will lead his people there
To living fountains pure and clear,
Which never will run dry.

2 O then we'll shine, and shout and sing,
And make all heaven with praises ring;
When all the saints get home.
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

10 Amen, amen, my heart replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies;
Though I am weak and poor:
Now here's my heart and here's my hand
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 168. P. M.

Jesus, the soul of Music.

LISTED into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music alas! too long has been,
Press'd to obey the devil!

Drunken, or lewd or light they lay
Flows to the soul's undoing,
Widens and strews with flow'rs the way
Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise ?
Innocent mirth recover ?
Fly on the prey and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover ?
Strip him of ev'ry moving strain,
Ev'ry melting measure,
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Revive the holy pleasure.

Come let us try if Jesu's love
Cannot as well inspire us ;
This is the theme of them above,
This upon earth will fire us :
Try if your hearts are tun'd to sing ;
Is there a subject greater ?
Melody all its strains may bring,
Jesus's love is sweeter.

Jesus the soul of music is,
He is the noblest passion ;
Jesus's name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation ;
Jesus's name the dead can raise,
Shew us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
And carry us up to heaven.

Who hath a right like us to sing
Us whom his mercy raises ?
Merry our hearts for Christ is king,
Joyful are all our faces,

Who of his love doth once partake,
He in the Lord rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Harmony with our voices.

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

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

HYMN 169. P. M.

The dying Christain to his soul.

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

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

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

HYMN 170. Sevens.

The means of grace

COME and taste along with me,
Consolation running free;
From our Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey-comb.

2 Wherefore should we feast alone,
Two are better far than one;
The more comes in with free good will,
Makes the banquet sweeter still.

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

4 Goodness running like a stream,
Thro' the new Jerusalem;

And by constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Now my body doth its best,
For to keep me back from Christ;
I've a treasure coming in,
Which is opposite to sin.

6 Sinful nature, prone to vice,
Cannot stop the force of grace,
Whilst there is a God to give,
And a sinner to receive.

7 Saints in glory singing loud
In the praises of their God,
Now come in at heav'ns door,
Making still the number more.

8 Heav'ns here and Heav'ns there,
Comfort flowing ev'ry where,
This I boldly do confess,
That my soul has got a taste.

9 Now I'll go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume;
Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the seat of God.

10 O return ye sons of grace,
Turn and see God's smiling face;
Hark! he calls backsliders home,
Then from him no longer roam.

HYMN 171. Long Metre.

The Farewell.

FAREWELL my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds the 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 love 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 worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell my loving friends below,
Although so kind and dear to me;
My Jesus calls, and I must go
To sound the gospel jubilee,
To sound the joy, and bear the news
To Gentile worlds, and royal Jews.

4 Farewell young people, one and all,
While God will give 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 with God Eternally.

HYMN 172. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.

2 But in the statutes of Lord,
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

[3 He like a plant of gen'rous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so th' impious and unjust :
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff, before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well ;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

HYMN 173. Common Metre.

For the Lord's day morning.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;

To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

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

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

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

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

PAUSE

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray ;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy ;
While those that in thy mercy trust,
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;

The mighty God will compass them,
With favour, as a shield.

HYMN 174. Common Metre.

By nature all men are sinners

FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
"That all religion's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In ev'ry heart are found;

Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
'Till grace refine the ground.

HYMN 175. Long Metre.

The sinner's portion and saints hope; or, *The heaven of seperate souls, and the resurrection.*

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares;
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

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

5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;

Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN 176. P. M.

Friendship and love.

THE reason we love friendship
We will deny to no man,
How shall, how shall, how shall we
Who are thus form'd for happiness,
E'er slight a loving christian,
Since Jesus, Jesus, hath dy'd on the tree
To rescue sinful men
From violence and treason,
That we might love each other
And seek our soul's salvation,
'Twas love that mov'd the mighty God
To send our souls redemption,
That happy, happy, we might be.

2 On the feast day in ancient times,
Jesus stood thus crying,
"Whoso thirsteth let ev'ry one
Come unto me and freely drink,
And thus be sav'd from dying,
For surely, surely, there's nothing else can
Fill the immortal mind,
With strong desires now glowing;
Then come and taste the streams of grace
Which are so freely flowing,
Saying drink and never thirst again,
For you they now are flowing,
Then happy, happy you shall be.

3 Let us, who have begun to taste
The sweets of this salvation,
Follow, follow, let us follow on,
Believing we shall overcome,
Resisting all temptation,
Since Jesus, Jesus, since Jesus the son,
With out stretch'd arms expanded,
And voice that is inviting,
To purling streams of purest joys,
Is thus our souls exciting.
Let us impart to him our heart
By faith and love uniting.
Then happy, happy we shall be.

PART II.

THE sacred ties of friendship
Unite all loving christians,
In glory, in glory they shall live;
No time or place shall change them,
And death shall ne'er dissolve them,
United, united are they that believe,
When Gabriel's trumpet sounding,
And conquer'd death resigning,
The scatter'd dust uniting,
The soul and body joining,
All join the grand procession,
And glory realizing,
Then happy, happy we shall be.

2 The bliss exquisite flowing,
The friends of Jesus shouting;
Such raptures, raptures flow from his word!

The angels join in concert,
Whilst Jesus stands inviting,
Come on, come on ye blessed of the [Lord,
Behold the crowns of glory
And saints and angels meeting,
And living streams of purest joys
Forever are increasing;
In azure fields forever range,
And view a smiling Jesus,
Then happy, happy we shall be.

3 The sinner's now lamenting,
He sees the grand procession
A marching, marching to the dazzling [throne;
His frightful soul alarmed,
With startled eyes amazed,
Farewell, farewell, I am forever gone;
Behold a godly father!
And there a pious mother—
How did they pray together,
They float on streams of pleasure;
And I am lost forever,
On waves of endless sorrow,
Then torment, torment is forever mine.

HYMN 197. Long Metre.

The books of nature and scripture compared;
or, *The glory and success of the gospel.*

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy goodness shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n,
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n

HYMN 198. Short Metre.

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

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

HYMN 199. Common Metre.

The vanity of man as mortal.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

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.

4 Some walk in honour's guady show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall:
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

HYMN 200. Long Metre.

Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, hope *in affliction.*

MY spirit sinks with in me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
The rising waves drown all my joys,
And roll tremendous o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heav'nly Rock,

" Why doth thy love so long forget
" The souls that groans beneath thy
stroke."

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low ;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too ;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

5 My God, my most exceeding joy,
Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heav'nly hill.

HYMN 201. Long Metre.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

SHEW 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 pow'r and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love 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 judgment 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 202. Common Metre.

The morning of a Lord's day.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a 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 heav'nly 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 cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 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 203. Long Metre.

Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

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

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

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

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

HYMN 204. Long Metre.

Christ's passion, and sinner's salvation.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold, the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul!

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curs'd design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Has 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 honours 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 205. Common Metre.

God our portion here and hereafter.

GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,

Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counc ils, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race ;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me ;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life should break,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die ;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy praise abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

HYMN 206. Long Metre.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine.

2 But, oh, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
'Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain;
Their songs of softest harmony,
Are but a prelude to their pain.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

HYMN 207. Long Metre.

The pleasure of public worship.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;

But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Bless'd are the soul, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There to behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

HYMN 203. P. M.

Longing for the house of God.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring 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 love the way
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

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.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts our hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls;
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

HYMN 209. Long Metre.

Salvation by Christ.

SALVATION 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'n
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's greater 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 210. Long Metre.

Mortality and hope.

A Funeral Hymn.

REMEMBER, 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 strength 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 these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

HYMN 211. Long Metre.

An hymn for the Lord's day.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall teize my breast,
Oh 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;
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
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy 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 ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 212. Long Metre.

Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in everlasting strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;
But grace and truth supports his throne ;
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

HYMN 213. Long Metre.

The glory of God in creation and providence.

MY soul, thy great Creator praise ;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays ;
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed ;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires,
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundation by his hand
Is pois'd and shall for ever stand ;

He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with a flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound
And in their channels walk their round;
Refreshing streams, by secret veins,
Burst from the hills and drench the plains.

7 He bids the chrystal fountains flow,
And chear the valleys as they go;
There gentle herds their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink
The lark and linnet light to drink;
There songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

HYMN 214. Long Metre.

Intemperance punished and pardoned; or,
A psalm for the glutton and the drunkard.

VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies,
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active pow'rs are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3. The glutton groans, and lothes to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads oppress'd,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighted sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry! [breath,
He hears their groans, prolongs their
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cines could affect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

HYMN 215. Common Metre.

The wisdom of God in his works.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought
How glorious in our sight! [wrought
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How fair and beauteous nature's frame!
How wise the eternal Mind!

His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons
He fix'd his cov'nant sure ;
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name !

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ?
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

HYMN 216. Common Metre.

Thanks for private deliverance.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shewn ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints, that fill thine house,
My offering 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 their blood !

4 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !

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

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has 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 217. Short Metre.

An hosanna for the Lord's day; or, *a new song of salvation by Christ.*

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondr'ous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

HYMN 218. Common Metre.

Breathing after holiness.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn of my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I keep in mind thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

HYMN 219. P. M.

God our preserver.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower
To which I fly:
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since, God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

HYMN 220. Common Metre.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord.
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine,
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

HYMN 221. Common Metre.

The vanity of man, and the condescension of God.

LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?

His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or all his sinful race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

3 That God who darts his lightnings down
Who shakes the world above,
What terrors wait his awful frown,
How wond'rous is his love!

HYMN 222. P. M.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust;
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure;

He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well'
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN 223. Short Metre.

Universal praise.

LET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours when ye rise,
Or fall n show'rs, or snow;
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honors be express'd,
But saints, that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

HYMN 224. P. M.

FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove:
It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost,
It grows on Emmanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it has cost.

2 My friends are indeed to me dear,
Our hearts are united in love;
Where Christ is we soon shall appear,
In yonder blest mansions above:
O why so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again,

Engrav'd on Emmanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.
3 And when we shall see that bright day,
United with angels above,
No longer confin'd to our clay,
Overwhelm'd in the ocean of love:
O then with our Jesus we'll reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
And sing Allelulia, amen;
Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN 225. P. M.

HARK! brethren, don't you hear the sound,
The marshal trumpet now is blowing;
Men in orders listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing:
Bounties offer'd, joy and peace
To every soldier this is given;
When from toils of war they cease,
A mansion bright prepar'd in heaven.

2 Those, who long in sin have lain,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
Are all reliev'd from Satan's chain,
And they endow'd with large possessions;
The poor, the sick, the blind, the lame,
Their maladies are also healed;
Out law'd rebels, when they come,
Receive a pardon freely sealed.

3 The battle is not to the strong,
The burden's on our captain's shoulder;

None so aged, or so young,
  But may enlist and be a soldier.
Those who cannot fight or fly,
  Beneath his banner find protection;
None, who on his name rely,
  Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.

4 You need not fear, the cause is good;
  Come, who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
  Or shouted vict'ry in the fire.
In this cause let's follow on,
  And soon we'll tell the pleasing story
How by faith we gain'd the crown,
  And fought our way to life and glory.

5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
  Behold the armies now in motion;
Some by faith behold the crown,
  And almost grasp their future portion;
Hark! the victors singing loud,
  Emmanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling.
Mourners weeping through the croud,
  And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

6 Hark! ye rebels come and list,
  The officers are now recruiting;
Why will you in sin persist,
  Or spend your time in vain disputing?
All your cavils sure are vain;
  For if you do not sue for favor,
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
  To bear the wrath of God forever.

HYMN 226. P. M.

The Spirit of adoption. Rom. 8. 15.

THE Gospel's joyful sound
Is music in my ears,
In Jesus I have found
Relief from all my fears;
Darkness to light does now give place,
And all things wear another face.

2 To God I'm reconcil'd,
I fear no dire alarms;
He owns me for a child,
And clasps me in his arms:
Reliev'd from doubts and every sigh,
I boldly Abba, father cry.

3 I'm not afraid of sin,
Its power in me is void;
And all its base remains
Shall shortly be destroy'd.
While I my father's face behold,
He stamps his image on my soul.

4 I cannot fear the law,
Its thunders loud may roar;
Since I am sav'd from sin,
It can demand no more;
On wings of love I mount and fly,
And father, Abba, father cry,

5 Death too has lost its sting,
And wears a comely face,
I hope to shout and sing
Ev'n in his cold embrace;

He'll close my eyes, and stop my ears,
But cannot rouse my guilty fears.

6 Let Satan vent his spite,
While in the Lord I stand,
He can't my soul affright,
Or wrest me from his hand;
The woman's seed shall never die,
But still shall Abba, father cry.

7 When through the flaming sky
I see the judge descend,
I'll Abba, father cry,
And hail him as my friend;
While standing in the gospel light
There's nought that can my soul affright.

8 Now let my joyful eyes
Flow down in grateful tears,
Since free adopting grace
Has banish'd all my fears;
The cross I'll bear, myself deny,
And father Abba, father cry.

9 No more let me return
Beneath the galling yoke,
Or ever wear those chains,
Which grace divine has broke;
Let Abba, father be my cry,
In time and through eternity.

HYMN 227. Long Metre.

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up.
John iii. 14.

WHEN by the fiery serpent stung,
What anguish seiz'd both old and young;

No sinner then so vain and proud,
But would for mercy cry aloud.

2 When rack'd with pain and fill'd with fear,
A joyful sound salutes their ear,
"Lift up your eyes, and here behold,
This brazen serpent on the pole."

3 The prophet gave a common call,
The object too was free to all;
'Twas rais'd aloft in open light,
That nothing might obstruct the sight.

4 Some are with sudden virtue bless'd,
How swift they fly to the distress'd,
Raise up their heads, direct their face,
And point their finger to the place.

5 Such strange confusion oft takes place,
When God displays his mighty grace,
Yet many wonder what we mean,
And hasten from the noisy scene.

6 Law curses gives the killing smart;
For when they strike the sinner's heart,
The sins that in his bosom lurk,
Begin like poison then to work.

7 With violence now he draws his breath,
As in the very jaws of death,
Prostrate he rolls upon the ground,
And *Lord have mercy*, is the sound.

8 On wings of love the christians fly,
And *look to Jesus* is their cry;
The virtue flows—he shouts aloud,
And leaps into the joyful croud.

9 Here all believers feel and see
The love of Christ so rich and free;
They wonder at the unbelief
Of all who do not find relief.

10 Let every honest loving heart
To others act the faithful part;
Nor ever quit the house of pray'r,
While one distressed soul is there.

HYMN 228. Elevens.

THE Lord is the fountain
Of goodness and love,
Through Eden once flowing
In streams from above,
Refresh'd every moment
The first happy pair,
Till sin stopt the torrent
And brought on despair.

2 O wretched condition!
What anguish and pain!
They thirst for the fountain,
But cannot obtain;
To sins bitter waters
They fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught
Still increases their grief.

3 Glad tidings, glad tidings!—
No more we complain,
Our Jesus has open'd
This fountain again;
Now mingled with mercy,
Enrich'd with free grace,

From Zion 'tis flowing
To all the lost race.
4 How happy the prophet!
How pleasant his road!
When led down the stream
By the angel of God,
Though shallow at first,
Yet he found it at last,
A river so boundless
It could not be past.
5 Come sinner, poor sinner,
'Tis boundless and free,
You're welcome, take freely,
'Twas open'd for thee;
The Spirit invites you,
The bride calls you too,
Come, call all your neighbors,
They're are welcome with you.
6 Come all ye dead sinners,
Here life you will find,
Come all ye poor beggars,
The halt and the blind;
This water has virtue
To heal all complaints;
Come drink ye diseas'd
And rejoice with the saints.
7 Say not "I'm a sinner,
And must not partake,"
For this very reason
The Lord bids you take;
Say not "Too unworthy,
The vilest of all,"
For such, not the righteous,
The Lord came to call.

8 Make not your complaints
An excuse to delay,
Let not your transgressions
Affright you away ;
The worse your condition
The welcomer here ;
Come, come on dear sinner,
And cast away fear.

9 Come, christians, let's venture
Along down the stream,
The shallows are pleasant,
But O, let us swim ;
Let's bathe in the ocean
Of infinite love,
And wash and be pure
As the angels above.

10 Too long have we dreaded
To launch the great deep,
And lov'd near the threshold
Of Zion to keep :
But Jesus now calls us,
Arise let us go ;
O Glory transporting,
'Tis heaven below.

HYMN 229. P. M.

THE gloomy night of sadness,
Begins to flee away,
The reddening streaks of morning,
Proclaim the rising day ;
That welcome day of promise,
When Christ shall claim his right,

And on the world so darkness
Pour forth a flood of light.

2 Now truth, unveil'd, is shining,
With beams of sacred light,
The mourning pilgrims wonder,
And leave the paths of night :
Their glowing hearts in rapture—
All fill'd with joy divine,
Burst forth in shouting glory,
And like their master shine.

3 Now love unites the children,
And tears away the bars,
They lay aside their weapons,
And cease from strife and wars ;
All with united voices,
All join with one accord,
Ascribing free salvation
And glory to the Lord.

4 The beams of truth revealed,
Pervades the sinner's heart,
Aghast they fall and tremble,
As pierc'd with a dart,
Their earnest cries for mercy,
Sounds through the parting skies,
Their gracious Savior hears them,
And smiling bids them rise.

5 Now Satan roars with anguish,
His servants quake with fear,
His boasted kingdom totters,
Its fall we soon shall hear.
Go on victorious Savior,
Go on almighty king,

O chain the woful Dragon,
And cause the world to sing.

6 Come let's begin the anthems,
And join the choir above,
To praise our blessed Jesus,
And bless the God we love.
All glory, glory, glory,
Salvation to our God,
Hosanna to our Jesus,
Who wash'd us in his blood.

7 The courts of heav'n are rin ging,
With songs of highest strains,
And ceasless praise is rolling,
Along the flowery plains :
O could we rise triumphant,
And join with them above,
To shout and sing forever
Free grace and dying love.

8 There sits my smiling Jesus,
With light and glory crown'd,
There gazing hosts adoring
In blazing circles round ;
Come quickly, come Lord Jesus,
Come quickly, come, Lord, come,
And take our longing spirits
To their eternal home.

HYMN 230. Sevens.

LORD we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O ! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now decend,
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God, and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 231. P. M.

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

2 We have laid up our love
And our treasure above,
Tho' our bodies continue below;
Theredeem'd of the Lord,

We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

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

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

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

6 There, there at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more,
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Savior in glory adore.

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

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

HYMN 232. P. M.

COME let us anew
Our journey pursue,
With vigor arise, [skies:
And press to our permanent place in the

2 Of heavenly birth,
Tho' wand'ring on earth
This is not our place, [confess.
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we

3 At Jesus's call,
We give up our all,
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below:

4 No longing we find,
For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:

5 A country of joy
Without any alloy,
We thither repair, [there:
Our heart and our treasure already are

6 We march hand in hand
To Emmanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

7 The rougher our way,
Tho shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies!

8 The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue and hasten us [home.

HYMN 233. Common Metre.

Celestial prospects.

SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes:
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies!

2 All hail! ye fair celestial shores!
Ye lands of endless day!
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now,
My clouds and doubts are gone,
Fled is my former darkness too,
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the passage—short the space
Between my home and me;
There! there behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be!

5 Immortal wonders! boundless things!
In those dear worlds appear:
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

6 By faith I feel my spirit rise,
My heart begins t' ascend ;
I'll stretch and soar above the skies,
Where raptures never end.

HYMN 234. Long Metre.

The Gospel Jubilee. Psalm. lxxxix. 15.

LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round ;
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And bless the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely given ;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her bless'd inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore ;
No debt, but love immensely great,
Their joy still rises with their debt.

6 O happy souls that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,

And show the jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

HYMN 235. Common Metre.

Prayer for missionaries.

GREAT God the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine.
And in thy works by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
'Till every tribe, and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals long enslav'd, become
Th: freemen of the Lord.

5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Emmanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Haste sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tyger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread thy gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise!

HYMN 236. Common Metre.

Rejoicing in a revival of religion.

HARK! the glad sound, on earth 'tis found,
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love that's from above,
To drive away our fear.

2 God's ministers, like flames of fire,
Are passing thro' the land,
Their voice is, "hear, repent and fear,
King Jesus is at hand."

3 Young converts sing and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
Whilst older saints leave their complaints,
And joy to join the theme.

4 Convinc'd of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord;
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorn'd his word.

5 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth;
And saints in pray'r, cry Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on our youth.

6 Pour down a show'r of thy great pow'r
On ev'ry aching heart;

On all who try, and humbly cry,
That they may have a part.

7 Come lovely youth, obey the truth,
Agree with one accord;
And use your tongues, while you are young,
In praises to the Lord.

8 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
Come pray, and trust his word;
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

HYMN 237. Common Metre.

Praise to the Redeemer.

PLUNG'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 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls,
From everlasting pains.

5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries ;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.

6 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Savior's praises speak.

7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame ;
Hosanna round the spacious earth,
To thine adored name ?

8 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 238. Long Metre.

BE still my heart ! these anxious cares,
To thee are burdens, thorns and snares ;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want, if he provide ?
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?

3 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.

4. Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call;
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 Like David, thou may'st comfort draw,
Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw,
Goliah's rage I may defy,
For God, my Savior still is nigh.

6 He, who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journy thro';
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

7 Tho' rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heav'n will make amends for all.

HYMN 259. Common Metre.

REJOICE believer in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Tho' many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will daily strength supply.

4 Tho' sometimes unperceiv'd by sense
To faith he's always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have you to fear?

5 Cleave to the Savior's precious name
Your confidence hold fast;
And surely as he overcame,
You'll conquer too at last.]

HYMN 241. Common Metre.

THE king of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board,
Not paradise with all its joys
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n,
And the rich blood, that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes come:
Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions 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 assembl'd world
O'er fill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Croud to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

HYMN 242. P. M.

Supreme love to Christ.

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

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

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

4 No sorrow, nor sickness, or paine,
No sin, nor temptation, or fear,
Shall ever molest me again,
Perfection of glory reigns there.
This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.

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

HYMN 243. Short Metre.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give;
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive!
Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more;
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own the conqueror!

2 Though late I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love.

3 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know:
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below;
My life, my portion thou,
Thou all sufficient art,
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

HYMN 244. Common Metre.

Delight in God.

O LORD I do delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dry'd,
Thy fullness is the same;
And I with this am satisfy'd,
And glory is thy name!

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found—
But may be found in thee ;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me,

5 O that I had a stronger faith
To look within the vail,
To credit what my Savior saith,
Whose word can never fail !

6 He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide :
While Christ is rich can I be poor,
His own beloved bride !

O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

HYMN 245. P. M.

An experience.

1. COME all ye that labour
With sins heavy weight,
I pray give attention
To what I relate ;
Of all wretched sinners
I know I am chief,
Yet Jesus my Saviour
Has granted relief.

2. When first I received
The heavenly dove,
I thought I should always
Abide in his love ;

The fountain of mercy
Was boundless and free,
Just suiting the case
Of a sinner like me.

The plan of salvation
Was all my delight,
My vessel ran over
By day and by night;
I thought the whole world
Might his fullness receive,
And wonder'd why sinners
Refus'd to believe.

4 The free love of Christ
Was my joy and my song,
'Till some did persuade me,
My views were all wrong;
Such strong consolation
They deem'd a bad mark,
That christians were safest,
When most in the dark.

5 And more than all this,
That the doctrine of grace
Did only extend
To a part of our race;
The few chosen favorites,
For whom Jesus died,
Must grope in thick darkness,
To humble their pride.

6 A sinner they said,
Had no right to believe,
Till some special gift
He from heaven receive,

And when he receiv'd it
To doubt and repine,
Were needful to prove
That the gift was divine.

7 Can this be religion,
I thought with a sigh,
But surely the Levites
Know better than I;
Then founded my faith
On the wisdom of man,
And soon was induc'd
To embrace the whole plan.

8 Beneath a new banner
I soon did appear,
And foolishly try'd
To get others to fear:
Although living christians
Had once been my choice,
I now was unhappy
To hear them rejoice.

9 The spirit was grieved,
And soon did withdraw—
I let go the gospel,
And turned to the law;
The spirit of bondage
Soon brought me to doubt,
And under this bushel
My candle went out.

10 My former task-master
Resumed his throne,
And under his pressure
I often did groan;

My sin which had once,
By the gospel been slain,
Were brought by the law
Into action again.

11 Against my corruptions
I daily did strive,
But no peace of conscience
I thence could derive;
I labor'd in pain
With my burden of grief,
In hopes that kind death
Would soon give me relief.

12 The sound of a going
At length I did hear,
And soon was convinced
The bridegroom was near;
His presence awoke me,
But O how distress'd!
To find that his love
Had forsaken my breast.

13 While others around me
His presence did feel,
I stood like the son
That came out of the field;
The servants in raptures
Were lifting their voice,
I wanted a kid
With my friends to rejoice.

14 While sinners were pressing
In crouds to come in,
I groan'd with the weight
Of my indwelling sin,

I felt that my soul
Had gone farther astray,
Than sinners, who never
Had heard of the way.

15 I found that my legal
Endeavours were vain,
No service of mine
Could his favor obtain,
And since I had wilfully
Chosen to doubt
He justly had suffered
My lamp to go out.

16 I solemnly promis'd
If grace would return,
I never would quench it,
But still let it burn ;
My soul should forever
Resign to his will,
And follow with pleasure
His word to fulfil.

17 This humble submission
That Jesus should reign,
Soon open'd the windows
Of Heaven again ;
And though for his sake
I be counted a fool
I know that my heart
Has been made like a pool.

18 My own private interest
I cast at his feet,
And in his salvation
I know I'm complete ;

Since grace upon grace
I so freely receive,
I'll praise him, I'll praise him,
As long as I live.

19 I now live dependent,
On Jesus my head,
And out of his fulness
I daily am fed,
His faithfulness binds me
On him to believe;
I'll give him the glory
Of all I receive.

20 And now you have heard
The contents of my song,
Can such a dependance
On Jesus be wrong?
If scripture does plainly
Affirm it is right,
Lord grant you may instantly
Come to the light.

21 At once be persuaded
To give up your strife,
And come as you are
To the author of life;
Leap into the fountain
Of infinite love,
And shout like
The glorified spirits above.

HYMN 246. P. M

ALMIGHTY love! inspire
My heart with pure desire,

Untill the sacred fire
My soul does renew :
I love the blessed Jesus,
On whom all heav'n gazes,
And symphony increases
Above the ethereal blue.

CHORUS.

O give him glory !
O give him glory !
O give him glory !
For glory is his own.
I will give him glory,
I will give him glory,
I will give him glory,
For glory is his own.

2 My tender hearted Jesus,
Thy love my soul amazes,
Who came from heav'n to save us,
When lost and undone ;
No angel could redeem us,
No seraph could retrieve us,
No arm could relieve us,
But Jesus alone.
O give him glory, &c.

3 In him I have believed,
He has my soul retrieved,
From sin he has redeemed
My spirit, lost and dead.
And now I love my Savior,
For I am in his favor,
And hope with him forever
The golden streets to tread—
O give him glory, &c.

4 Yet here awhile I stay,
In hope of that glad day
When I am call'd away
To the mansions above:
There to enjoy the treasure
Of unconsuming pleasure,
And shout in highest measure,
Hallelujahs of love.
O give him glory, &c.

HYMN 247. P. M.

COME my christian friends and brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land,
Come, unite and walk together,
Christ our leader gives command.
Lay aside your party spirit,
Wound your christian friends no more,
All the name of Christ inherit,
Zion's peace again restore.

2 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
This to God alone is free,
Nor contend with one another,
But in Christ united be;
Here's the *word* the grand *criterion*;
This shall all our doctrines prove,
Christ the centre of our union,
And the bond is christian love.

3 Here's my hand, my heart, my spirit,
Now in fellowship I give,
Now we'll love and peace inherit,
Show the world how christians live:
We are one in Christ our Savior,
There is neither bond nor free,

Christ is *all in all* forever,
In his name we all agree.

4. Now we'll preach and pray together,
Praise, give thanks, and shout and sing,
Now we'll strengthen one another,
And adore our heavenly King ;
Now we'll join in sweet communion
Round the table of our Lord :
Lord, confirm our christian union
By thy Spirit and thy word.

5 Now the world will be constrained
To believe in Christ our king,
Thousands, millions be converted,
Round the earth his praises ring :
Blessed day ! O joyful hour !
Praise the Lord—his name we bless,
Send thy kingdom, Lord, with power !
Fill the world with righteousness.

HYMN 248. P. M.

1 COME children of Heaven,
And help us to sing
Loud anthems of praises
To Jesus our king :
His life it was given,
Our souls to redeem,
And bring us to glory,
To dwell there with him.

2 When we in the regions
Of darkness and pain,
We all lay in ruin,
In misery and chains,

But Jesus has bought us
With his precious blood,
He's a ransom provided,
To bring us to God.

3 Not angels in glory,
Nor seraphs above,
Can fathom the ocean
Of infinite love ;
Their wisdom can't search it,
They cannot tell why,
The sovereign of angels
For sinners should die.

4 Why then should we wish
For to stay here below,
Since rivers of pleasure
In Paradise flow ;
Perpetually springing,
In streams all divine ;
O we have a promise
In glory to shine.

5 Come then my dear brethren
And count all but loss
Come follow my Jesus,
Nor shrink from the cross ;
Ye favorites of Heaven,
Ye Lambs of the fold
Tho dangers surround you,
Be faithful and bold.

6 Consider the danger
That stands in our way
What snares and temptations
In the evil day ;

But here will we suffer
By patience endure
'Til Jesus shall save us
When dangers are o'er

7 There with him in glory,
We shortly shall reign,
Deliver'd from sorrow
Affliction and pain;
There join with the angels
And seraphs divine
In Jeus's image
Eternally shine.

HYMN 249. P. M.

The swiftness of Time.

MY days and weeks, my months, and years
Fly rapid as the whistling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time like the tide its motion keeps,
'Till I shall launch thro' boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle scene,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly!
Unthinking man, remember this!
Tho' fond of 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 sing and praise as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the woe!
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath—
The lord of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run its 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 betwen,
My name be quite forgot.

6 But will my soul be then extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think,
It cannot, cannot be;
Tho' my immortal cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free.

7 Will mercy then its arm extend,
Will Jesus be thy guard and 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 the present life are known,
There is no middle state:
To day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 Oh do not pass this day a dream,
Vast is the change what ere it seem!
To poor unthinking man;

Lord at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience tell me plainly now,
What it would tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose a better way,
That leads to joy and light;
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor ever let me dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.

HYMN 250. Long Metre.

Christian Fellowship.

HOW sweet is the cordial of love!
A balm for the sorrowful soul—
It flows from the fountain above,
And makes the disconsolate whole.

2 How happy the soul that is blest!
And sprinkled with Jesus's blood;
Who leans on Emmanuel's breast,
And lives in communion with God.

3 This heavenly sweetness below,
Is common to all that believe;
The joys of communion they know,
In bonds of affection they live.

4 While toiling to gain the blest shore,
They mutual succour afford;
They look to the haven before,
And follow their Captain and Lord.

5 The joys that on earth are begun
Will soon be compleated above:

Their labour below will be done,
When lost in the ocean of love.

6 Their shall the *ship's company* meet,
Who sail'd with their *Saviour* below;
Their union will there be complete,
And sorrow they never shall know.

7 In rapture beholding his face,
Whom Angels but dimly perceive;
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