J. N. ANDREWS

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HYMNS

FOR THOSE WHO KEEP

THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD,

AND

THE FAITH OF JESUS.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. Eph. v, 19.

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

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
PUBLISHED AT THE ADVENT REVIEW OFFICE.
1855.

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PREFACE.

This work is prepared for the use of the Church of God scattered abroad, and is designed to promote, not only public worship, but also social and family devotions.

It has required much care to prepare Hymns adapted to the faith of those who "keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." Our object has been to select those of worth and poetic merit, which express the faith and hope of the Church, as set forth in the Scriptures of truth, and which are free from the prevailing errors of the age. Singing is an important part of the worship of God; and, certainly, those who would worship him "in spirit and in truth," should seek to express truthful sentiments in all their songs of praise. As most Hymns sustain some one or more of the popular "fables" of the times, it will be seen that our task in selecting has been difficult. That this collection is free from defects, and will be received by all without some objection, is too much to expect; but from the

patience that has been manifested towards our infirmities, we may hope that its defects will be excused.

The music introduced into this Hymn Book will greatly promote uniformity and correctness in singing among the scattered Churches, which is very desirable. Nearly every Hymn can be sung in some one of the pieces of music.

To the Church of God, waiting for the coming and kingdom of Christ, is this Book commended, humbly hoping that it may be blest of Heaven to our present and eternal good, and prove a means of increasing our love to God, his word and his worship, and aid us in the preparation to associate with the redeemed, to sing the "new song" on Mount Zion.

PUBLISHER.

Rochester, April, 1855.

HYMNS.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1. C. M.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me.

5 He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

2. L. M.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

3. C. M.

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

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

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

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

4. 6 *lines* 8s.

1 LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

5. 7s.

1 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 descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 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.

6. C. M.

1 JESUS let not thy grace delay
To meet us with thy love;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

2 Come in with power to ev'ry soul,
O thou, immortal Dove;
Make every wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.

3 We long to meet our God to-day,
And taste his grace divine;
That every soul with joy may say,
My Lord, my God we're thine.

4 What do we here without thy grace
O, blessed Lamb of God?
'Twill be a dark and tiresome place,
Unless we feel thy word.

7. L. M.

1 COME, dearest Lord! descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By the true church, through Christ, the Son.

8. C. P. M.

1 OH! could I speak the matchless worth,—
Oh! could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, brother friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

9. C. M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear.
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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

3 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

10. C. M.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight:
Help me to love its Author more;
To seek thee day and night.

4 O let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

11. S. M.

1 HOW happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

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

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

12. 7s.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;

Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

13. L. M.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts on things above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To each thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

14. 8 & 7s.

1 PRAISE to Him by whose kind favor
Heavenly truth has reached our ears;
May its sweet reviving savor
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.

2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.

3 What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart;
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's part.

15. L. M.

1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for ever more.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

5 O, then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for ever more.

16. C. M.

1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end;

Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is king;
The king is now our friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to prove,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

17. 7s.

1 HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine, art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

18. L. M.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

19. C. M.

1 THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous gifts are here redrest;
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

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

20. C. M.

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

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

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

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

21. C. M.

1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus, thy word with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

22. L. M.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word—and must endure.

23. C. M.

1 WHAT is the chaff, the word of man,
When set against the wheat?
Can it a dying soul sustain,
Like that immortal meat?

2 Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread
The children doth supply;
And those who by thy word are fed,
Their souls shall never die.

24. S. M.

1 HOW perfect is thy word,
Thy judgments all are just;
And ever in thy promise, Lord,
May man securely trust.

2 I hear thy word in love;
In faith thy word obey;
O send thy Spirit from above,
To teach me, Lord, thy way.

3 Thy counsels all are plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
And long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.

4 O may my soul with joy,
Trust in thy faithful word;
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

25. C. M.

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

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

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

26. L. M.

1 I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode,
It gives me wings and bids me fly.

2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord:
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love:
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

27. C. M.

1 GREAT God! with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been:
And from thy gospel let me draw
Forgiveness for my sin.

3 Here I would learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

4 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
To read by day these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

28. 11 & 12s.

1 O GIVE me my Bible—the statutes of heaven—
Its great constitution I know to be pure;
All ten of its precepts in justice are given,
And all is divine, and unalterably sure.
I know when I read them, in love they were blended,
Nor one disannulled since the time they were framed,
No foul legislation has ever amended
One jot or one tittle that therein is named.
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lies on the stand.

2 Tho' thousands have written a substitute for them,
To sway over others the sceptre and sword;
Yet ever unaltered these laws lie before them;
Unchanged and immutable—word of the Lord.
Then give me my Bible, and let me obey it,
Instead of the statutes and doctrines of men;
Aside for a moment, forbid I should lay it,
To listen and argue for dogmas again.
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lies on the stand.

29. C. M.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight:
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives—but borrows none.

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

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

30. S. M.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God to thee I pray:
O, bring me now while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 O, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
Come, Saviour, dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

31. C. M.

1 A GLORY in the word we find,
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
And vailed the heavenly light.

2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
The Author is divine.

3 How blest are we, with open face
To view thy glory, Lord,
And all thy image here to trace
Reflected in thy word!

4 O teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,

That we may long to see and know
Thy glorious face above.

32. C. M.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book:
Great God! if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look.

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conducts to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

33. C. M.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

34. C. M.

1 LIGHT of the world, shine on our souls,
Thy grace to us afford;
And while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, Lord.

2 As once thou didst thy word expound
To those that walked with thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its blest fullness see;

3 Its richness, sweetness, power and depth,
Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace
By blest experience learn.

4 Help us each other to assist;
Thy Spirit now impart;
Keep humble, but with love inflame
To thee and thine, each heart.

5 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day;
And as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

35. L. M.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy day thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

36. 11s.

1 HOW firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 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.

5 The soul that on Jesus doth lean 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.

THE LAW OF GOD.

37. C. M.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice,

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am thine—for ever thine;—
Oh! save thy servant, Lord!

Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

38. C. M.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just:
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,—
How sweet thy comforts be!
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compared with mine.

39. C. M.

1 OH! that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still;
Oh! that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Oh! send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Or act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off 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've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

40. C. M.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face;
Oh! let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace!
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh, with holy trembling, fears,
The judgments of the Lord.

5 My God! I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;

While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

41. C. M.

1 OH! that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind:
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;—
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

42. C. M.

1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,—
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express,—
The thoughts that throng my mind,—
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

43. C. M.

1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practice thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law,
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

44. L. M.

1 WHEN ancient Israel met the foe,
That aimed at them a deadly blow,
Though oft their prospects seemed most dark,
They triumphed when they had the Ark.

2 The Ark when borne to Jordan's tide,
Caused its deep waters to divide;
They need no boat in which t' embark;
They cross—because they have the Ark.

3 They march around old Jericho,
Its towering walls are laid full low—
Hear ye that mighty shouting? hark!
They triumph, for they have the Ark.

4 Where was the strength by which it wrought,
And to its bearers victory brought?
It was a chest of wood—but mark!
The law of God was in the Ark.

5 When men oppose that law of love,
They lack the wisdom from above;
Deluded souls! They're in the dark,
Without the truth—without the Ark.

6 The remnant in these latter days
Will triumph sure; give God the praise!
They, of the beast, refuse the mark,
They keep God's law—they have the Ark.

45. C. M.

1 WHEN God confirmed his law to men,
To Israel's waiting flock,
He spoke aloud his precepts ten,
And graved them in the rock.

2 Within the tent's most holy place
The law of God was laid:
Within the sacred Ark's embrace
It was deposited.

3 But God well knew perdition's son
Would ne'er his precepts love;
He gave a duplicate alone,
And kept his own above.

4 There in the tabernacle true,
Pitched not by hands of men,
The sacred law is kept in view,
The holy precepts ten.

5 And when the seventh trump's behest
Withdrew the vail between
The holy and the holiest,
The precious Ark was seen.

6 Then let us serve the law of love,
And in it take delight:
By day, obedience to prove,
And meditate by night.

THE SABBATH.

46. L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall sieze my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every hour find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

47. L. M.

1 DELIGHTFUL day! first gift of Heaven
To man, of Eden then possessed,
Jehovah's Rest-day, kindly given,
That all his creatures might be blessed.

2 Memorial of Creation's King,
We welcome now thy glad return;
And while his praise we join to sing,
Our hearts with love and rapture burn.

3 We bless thy name Almighty Lord,
We love the keep-sake thou hast given;
Our voices raise with one accord,
In honor of the King of Heaven.

4 All praise to Jesus, by whose blood
We are redeemed from sin and death;
Give glory to the Son of God—
Praise him all creatures that have breath.

5 By sin we were exposed to wrath—
He died for us, that he might draw
Our wandering feet to virtue's path,
Where we may keep God's holy law.

6 That law shall still be our delight,
The holy Sabbath is a part,
And when we gain that world so bright,
All flesh will keep it with one heart.

48. L. M.

1 THIS is the day of sacred rest,
Which God has sanctified and blest,
When on his throne the Almighty stood,
And viewed his works, and called them good.

2 The heavenly hosts their harps employ,
The sons of God gave shouts of joy;

Through heaven and earth his praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

3 Come, then, ye weary souls oppressed,
Come and enjoy this holy rest;
Let humble songs like incense rise,
And prayer and praise ascend the skies.

49. L. M.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
No sin nor death can reach that place,
No tears shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarm of raging foes,
No cares to break their long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O, long expected day begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would I leave this weary road,
And go to meet my blessed Lord.

50. 7s.

1 IN thy house while now we sing,
Tune our hearts, O heavenly King.
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord, our Righteousness.

2 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend:
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads:
Hear,—for Jesus intercedes.

3 While we hear thy word with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love,
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

4 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn:
This, at evening, we shall say,—
We have walked with God to-day.

51. L. M.

1 THUS far we're spared again to meet
Before Jehovah's mercy-seat;
To seek his face, to praise and pray,
And hail another Sabbath day.

2 Let every tongue its silence break,
Let every tongue his goodness speak;
Who deigns his glory to display,
On each returning Sabbath day.

52. L. M.

1 AWAKE my heart! my soul arise!
This is the day believers prize;
Improve this Sabbath, then, with care;
Another may not be thy share.

2 O solemn thought! Lord give me power,
Wisely to fill up every hour;
O for the wings of faith and love
To bear my heart and soul above!

3 Jesus assist, nor let me fail
To worship thee within the vail;
To glorify thy matchless grace;
To see the beauties of thy face.

4 Be with me in thy house to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray;
Command thy word to fall like dew,
Refreshing, quick'ning all anew.

5 Call forth my thoughts and let them rove
O'er the green pastures of thy love;
O let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.

53. L. M.

1 WE'VE entered now on holy time,
God's blessed Rest-day all divine;
The labors of the week are past,
Now let earth's cares aside be cast.

2 O, let us help repair the breach,
And all of God's commandments teach;
Calling his Rest-day our delight,
Thus walking blameless in his sight.

3 This holy Rest to us is given,
To call our minds from earth to heaven;
That we may not forget the Lord,
And trample down his holy word.

4 The faith of Jesus, too we need,
For thus the flying angel said,
Commands of God and Jesus' faith,
Will shield us in the day of wrath.

54. L. M.

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

55. C. M.

1 DEAR Lord, we would thy praises sing,
On this thy holy day;
With grateful hearts our tribute bring,
And to thee homage pay.

2 This day, which thou for us hast blest,
And set apart as thine;
This day, when God himself did rest,
Hath honors all divine.

3 Lord, we would turn away our feet
From this thy holy day,
And call its rest and worship sweet,
Not doing our own way.

4 That we may thus restore the breach,
Which in thy law is made;
We need thy grace our hearts to teach,
We need thy Spirit's aid.

5 O give us wisdom from above,
To worship thee aright;

Till we shall meet Him whom we love,
And faith is lost in sight.

56. C. M.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the hours that close
The labors of the week!

2 How sweet to hail the Sabbath day—
The day of holy rest;—
From earth's wild cares to soar away,
To regions pure and blest.

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

57. C. M.

1 HOW sweet, upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!

2 How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven!
With filial confidence to say,
Father, who art in heaven.

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear
From him to whom 'tis given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!

4 Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to Heaven!

58. S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest;
The day believers prize;
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, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

59. L. M.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2 Now met to pray and bless thy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease,
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 We love thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord:
A nobler rest thou wilt afford;
O that we might that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.

4 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

60. L. M.

1 TRUTH is the gem for which we seek,
O, tell us where shall it be found;
For this we search and pray and weep,
That truth may in our hearts abound.

2 We want the truth on every point;
We want it too to practice by:
Do thou, O Lord, our eyes anoint
With a fresh unction from on high.

3 Were not the ten commandments given
By the great source of light and truth,
For all who tread the path to heaven
From the dark wilderness of earth?

4 Then as we would our God obey,
In letter and in spirit too,
O let us keep the seventh day,
For it is plainly brought to view.

61. L. M.

1 THIS day the Lord has called his own;
O let us, then, his praise declare;
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face with fervent prayer.

2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,
Which bids the burdened soul be free,
And with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our groveling thoughts employ,
But Faith be taught to stretch her wings,
In search of heaven's unfading joy.

4 O let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
Be to our lasting welfare blest;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for eternal rest.

62. 7s.

1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare.

2 Gracious Lord! we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word;
When we sing thy praise, and pray;
Earth can no such joys afford.

3 But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths,—happier days,
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,—
Endless joys, and endless praise.

63. C. M.

1 HOW bright a day was that, which saw
Creation's work complete!
All nature owned her Maker's law,
And worshiped at his feet.

2 The world, arranged by power divine,
In perfect order stood;
And, resting from his great design,
God saw that all was good.

3 Not such a Sabbath now appears,
For sin has ruined all;

No longer man with pleasure hears
A gracious Father's call.

4 Yet, Lord, bring back the reign of peace,
Let brighter days begin;
And teach vain creatures how to cease
From folly and from sin.

5 Let sinners be again made thine,
Though once with vengeance cursed;
And let the Holy Sabbath shine,
As glorious as at first.

64. H. M.

1 THE God that made the earth,
And all the worlds on high,
Who gave all creatures birth,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
After six days in work employed,
Upon the seventh a rest enjoyed.

2 The Sabbath day was blest,
Hallowed and sanctified;
It was Jehovah's rest,
And so it must abide.
'Twas set apart before the fall,
'Twas made for man, 'twas made for all.

3 And when from Sinai's mount,
Amidst the fire and smoke,
Jehovah did recount,
And all his precepts spoke,
He claimed the Rest-day as his own,
And wrote it with his law on stone.

4 The Son of God appeared,
With tidings of great joy;
God's precepts he revered,
He came not to destroy;

None of the law was set aside,
But every tittle ratified.

5 Our Saviour did not die
To render null and void,
The law of the Most High,
Which cannot be destroyed;
But bruised for us, our stripes he bore—
We'll go in peace and sin no more.

6 Blessed are they that do
The Father's just commands;
They shall the City view,
Made not by human hands;
Its gates will open to the blest,
And they will share that glorious rest.

65. C. P. M.

1 HAIL, peaceful morn, thy dawn I hail,
How do thy hours my mind regale
With feasts of heavenly joy;
Nor can I half thy blessings name,
Which kindle in my soul a flame,
And all my powers employ.

2 How shall I best improve thy hours?
Lord on me shed in copious showers
Thy Spirit, and thy grace;
That when thy sacred courts I tread,
My soul may eat the heavenly bread,
And sing Jehovah's praise.

3 Thou hallowed season of repose,
Thou balm to soothe the throbbing woes,
Of this care-stricken breast;
Thy sacred hours I'll ever greet,
And with the faithful will I meet,
To taste thy holy rest.

4 Thus may the Sabbath pass away,
My best, my holiest, happiest day,
The sweetest of the seven;
But yet a rest for saints remains,
The Sabbath free from ills and pains,
Eternal, and in heaven.

66. 7 & 6s.

1 THINE holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see,
And, with devotion burning,
Ascend, great God, to thee.
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
O, God, of Sabbath day!
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay.
Thy richest mercies sharing—
Inspire us with thy love;
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

67. 6 *lines* 8s.

1 COME peaceful Day! divinely blest!
Sweetly thy glories would we sing—
Memorial of that sacred Rest
Of Creation's mighty King.
This hallowed time to man was given—
A foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

2 Ye saints awake, with joyful lay,
Behold its rising light, divine;
To God your grateful homage pay,

Its radiant beams around us shine.
Welcome the day he calls his own,
And fervent worship at his throne.

3 Hark! through the shining courts above,
What rapturous praises echo now!
Around that holy law of love,
Seraphs in adoration bow.
Let earth, responsive to the strain,
Exalt alone Jehovah's name.

4 All hail! thou bright immortal day!
When at His temple all adore
His scepter's universal sway—
Observed in glory evermore;
When Zion shall in triumph reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again.

68. 10s.

1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;
When like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
Through life our surest guardian and friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

69. 6 *lines* 8s.

1 SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in;
When with the still, expiring day,

The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin:
How grateful to the anxious breast,
The sacred hours of holy rest!

2 Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and labors cease;
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace:
Delightful season, kindly given
To turn our wandering thoughts to heaven.

70. S. M.

1 THY holy Sabbath, Lord,
Thy people hail with joy;
And while we wait to hear thy word,
Let praise our hearts employ.

2 With sweet delight, the day
That thou hast called thine own,
We hail, and all our homage pay
To thy exalted throne.

3 O, may thy saints be blest;
Assist us while we pray;
May we enjoy a holy rest,
And keep the sacred day.

71. H. M.

1 WELCOME, the Sabbath hour,
The holy and the blest!
With sweet, subduing power,
It calms the soul to rest.
And hope and love spring up anew,
To cheer us on, our journey through.

2 Our only care and aim
Throughout this hallow'd day,
To glorify thy name,

And grateful honors pay;
Advance the glory of thy cause,
And vindicate thy righteous laws.

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
E'en while we wait and sing;
Come from the throne of love,
With healing on thy wing.
With ardent zeal each heart inspire,
The saints baptize with holy fire.

72. S. M.

1 THE light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away;
What record will it for us leave,
To crown the closing day.

2 Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroyed?
Or have these moments to us lent,
Been sacredly employed.

3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
O may we never dare;
Nor desecrate with words of ours
These sacred days of prayer.

4 But may our Sabbaths here
Inspire our hearts with love;
And prove a blessed foretaste clear,
Of that sweet rest above.

73. 7s.

1 WELCOME, welcome, day of rest,
To the world in kindness given;
Welcome to this humble breast,
As the beaming light from heaven.

2 Day of calm and sweet repose,
Gently now thy moments run;
Balm to soothe our cares and woes,
Till our labor here is done.

3 Holy day, that most we prize,
Day of solemn praise and prayer;
Day to make the simple wise,
O, how great thy blessings are!

4 Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
With thy influence all divine;
May thy hallowed hours be blest,
To this feeble heart of mine.

74. L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds:
A blessed antepast is given,
On this day more than all the seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the best pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

REPENTANCE.

75. S. M.

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

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

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

76. S. M.

1 HOW will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n, before the Judge,
Astonished, shrink away!

2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of the cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

77. P. M.

1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee!
Black clouds are gathering fast!
In awful power thy God has come,
Thy days of mirth are past.

2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Red flames are bursting round;
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,
How shakes the trembling ground!

3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Behold, the Judge appears;
Unnumbered millions throng around,
Raised from the dust of years.

4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Sinner, behold thy doom;
Destruction opens wide for thee
Thy chosen, final home.

5 Yet stay—the vision lingers;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits;
This hour to Jesus fly.

78. S. M.

1 SINNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace;
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race.

2 To shelter the distressed
He did the cross endure;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesus' wounds secure.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defense is nigh,
Our help is in the Lord.

4 Or if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our sure defense.

79. 7s.

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
See, his mighty arm is bared;
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

2 At his presence nature shakes;
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax;
What will then become of thee?
Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

80. L. M.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting sinner live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the guilty trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!

3 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

81. L. M.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O, come and spread your woes abroad!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful hearts,
The hopes thy gracious word imparts:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;

And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

82. S. M.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From day to day my helpless soul
Hath waited for a cure.

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

3 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.

4 Still then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try.
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

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

83. L. M.

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint;
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

84. C. M.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

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

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

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

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;

So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

85. C. M.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O, wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O, wanderer, return;
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O, wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

86. C. M.

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

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

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

87. S. M.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

88. L. M.

1 AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep:
Beneath a weight of woes oppress'd,
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.

2 Now, from thy throne of grace above,
Look down upon my soul in love;—
That smile shall sweeten all my pain,
And make my soul rejoice again.

3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruin'd nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

89. C. M.

1 LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

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

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

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may rejoice in Jesus' grace—
In Jesus crucified.

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

90. S. M.

1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,—
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,—
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart,
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

91. C. M.

1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art;
Whisper within, thou love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

92. L. M.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

93. L. M.

1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will, thy will, my God, be done.

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will, thy will, my God, be done.

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends belov'd no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will, thy will, my God, be done.

4 If thou should'st call me to resign,
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield thee what was thine.
Thy will, thy will, my God, be done.

5 Should pining sickness waste away,
My life in premature decay—

In life or death, teach me to say,
Thy will, thy will, my God, be done.

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
Thy will, thy will, my God, be done.

FAITH.

94. C. M.

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
By truth restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

95. C. P. M.

1 AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry;
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live;
Open mine eyes to see thy face.
Work in my heart thy saving grace,
And life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the vail remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine;
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Be it according to thy word!
Now let me find my pardoning Lord;
Let what I ask be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
Make me a child of heaven.

96. C. M.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 O, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

5 O, would he all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.

6 On him with rapture then I'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

97. C. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

3 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above;

Thy goodness thankfully adores,
And sure I taste thy love.

4 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

98. L. M.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face;

2 But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no;
I never will give up my shield.

3 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,

4 The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

5 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin, is here;

6 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

99. C. M.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand;
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That trusts the Almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Fair Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

100. H. M.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Saviour stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood was shed for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that rebel sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I'm a child of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

101. C. M.

1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint:
My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's powers may faint.

2 My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove;
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love.

3 What though my griefs are not removed?
Yet why should I despair?
For, if my Saviour's arm support,
I can the burden bear.

4 O thou, my Saviour and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
I all things can perform,
And, smiling, triumph in thy name
Amid the raging storm.

102. L. M.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way,
With joy we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray.

103. C. M.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead!
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 Faith shows the promise fully sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power,
With holy triumph fill the soul
In strong temptation's hour.

BAPTISM.

104. 8, 7, 4.

1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
Take thy cross and follow me;
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from thy burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter;
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee;
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;

Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

105. 8s & 7s.

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

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

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

106. C. M.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints to-day;
Their ardent zeal express,
And in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain—
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

107. C. P. M.

1 SALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize:
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased in what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.

3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries;
On him to rest the Spirit flies;
Oh, children, hear ye him!
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold he cries—
Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And Christ will save from sin.

4 Come, children! come, his voice obey;
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared;
O then, arise and give consent;
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

108. C. M.

1 BURIED with Christ! yes, thus we lie
Immersed beneath the wave;
So he, the Saviour from on high,
Found on this earth his grave.

2 We rise with him! to live anew
A holy life of faith;
Believing what this brings to view,
And what the Scripture saith.

3 The glorious resurrection morn!
When Jesus from the skies
Descending, whence he now hath gone,
Shall bid the sleeping rise.

4 Eternal life we then receive
From him our blessed Lord;
Help us, O Father, to believe,
And trust thy holy word.

109. 7 & 6s.

1 'TIS down into the water
Where we believers go,
To serve our Lord and Master
In righteous acts below;
We lay our mortal bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of the Saviour,
When he laid in the grave.

2 The light of truth is spreading,
And shining now for thee;
And sweet its notes are sounding
To set the captive free.
And while this glorious message
Is circulating round,
Some souls exposed to ruin,
Redeeming grace have found.

3 And of that happy number,
I hope that I am one,
And Jesus he will finish
The work he has begun;
He'll cut it short in righteousness,
And I'll for ever be
A monument of mercy,
To all eternity.

4 Come all ye elder brethren,
Who're soldiers of the cross,
Who for the sake of Jesus
Have counted all things dross,
Come, let us take new courage,
That we may travel on,
Till Jesus comes in glory,
To take his children home.

110. S. M.

1 DOWN to the sacred wave,
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

111 S. M.

1 HERE Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way;
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.

2 O, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee;
And may we find that as our day
Our strength may also be.

112. L. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath the mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

113. C. M.

1 I COME, the great Redeemer cries,
To do thy will, O Lord!
At Jordan's flood, behold, he seals
The sure prophetic word.

2 Thus it becomes us to fulfill
All righteousness, he said;
He spake obedient, and beneath
The yielding wave was laid.

3 Hark! a glad voice; the Father speaks,
From heaven's exalted height;
This is my Son, my well-beloved,
My joy, my chief delight.

4 Jesus, the Saviour, well-beloved!
His name we will profess,
Like him, desirous to fulfill
Each law of righteousness.

5 No more we'll count ourselves our own,
But his in bonds of love;
O may such bonds for ever draw
Our souls to things above!

114. C. M.

1 WHILE in this sacred rite of thine,
Ourselves we offer now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

2 All glory be to him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

4 O, may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God.

115. C. M.

1 O LORD, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my Lord?

4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

116. 8, 7s, 4.

1 GRACIOUS Saviour, we adore thee;
Purchased by thy precious blood,
We present ourselves before thee,
Now to walk the narrow road:
Saviour, guide us—
Guide us to our heavenly home.

2 Thou didst mark our path to duty;
Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
From the semblance of the grave:
May we follow
In the same delightful way.

117. C. M.

1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair;
Yet owns himself our brother still,
And our forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies,—
And be our hearts above.

4 But earth and sin will draw us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong, attractive power
To fix our souls on high.

LORD'S SUPPER.

118. L. M.

1 THY broken body, gracious Lord!
Is shadowed by this broken bread;
The wine which in this cup is poured,
Points to the blood which thou hast shed.

2 And while we meet together thus,
We show that we are one in thee:
Thy precious blood was shed for us,
Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.

3 We have one hope—that thou wilt come:
Thee in the air we wait to see:
When thou wilt give thy saints a home,
And we shall ever reign with thee.

119. C. M.

1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,
Thy suff'rings and thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with faith.

2 The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with hope.

3 The pledges thou wast pleased to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with love.

4 Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us every good:
We would thy great salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

120. S. M.

1 WITH Jesus in our midst
We gather round the board;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

2 Our sins were laid on him
When bruised on Calvary;
For us he died and rose again,
A pledge of victory.

3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.

4 Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish every pain.

5 Then let our powers unite,
His glorious name to raise;
And holy joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

121. 7s.

1 COMING Saviour, now in faith,
We remember still thy death;
Thou wast broken—thou hast died;
For us thou wast crucified.

2 While in faith we drink the wine,
Of thy blood we see the sign,
Wash us pure from every stain,
Thou that comest soon to reign.

3 Lord, we thus remember thee;
But we long thy face to see—
Long to reach our heavn'ly home,
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

4 Quickly, thou thyself wilt come,
Thou wilt raise us to thy throne,
And thy glories here display
To a never ending day.

122. 6 *lines* 8s.

1 In that sad memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betrayed,
He left his death-recording rite:
He took, and blest, and brake the bread;
And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent expressed:—

2 Take, eat, this is my body, given
To purchase life and peace for you,—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven;
Do this, my dying love to show:
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember me.

3 He took into his hands the cup,
To crown the sacramental feast,
And, full of kind concern, looked up,
And gave to them what he had blest:
And,—Drink ye all of this,—he said,—
In solemn mem'ry of the dead.

4 This is my blood, which seals the new
Eternal cov'nant of my grace:
My blood, so freely shed for you,
For you and all the sinful race:
My blood, that speaks your sins forgiven
And justifies your claim to heaven.

123. 7s.

1 JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear;
Come, and meet thy foll'wers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoined,
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare:
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls for ever thine.

124. S. M.

1 GLORY to God on high,
Our peace is made with Heaven;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin:
Remember this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son, his flesh and blood:
The Spirit seals; and faith puts on,
The righteousness of God.

125. L. M.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son, of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

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

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

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

126. L. M.

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

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

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

4 The rising Son 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 your great deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains!

6 Say, live for ever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory boasting grave?

127. L. M.

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

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one who died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on thy cause;

We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left the tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

128. C. M.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord!
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,—
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

129. C. M.

1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place:

2 We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;

We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace, is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers;
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

130. C. M.

1 PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced,
To look on thee and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice;
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
The Saviour died for me!

131. L. M.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

4 O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

SLEEP OF THE SAINTS.

132. L. M.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to rest
In hope of being ever blest.

3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Soon to rise,
When the last trump shall rend the skies;
Then burst the fetters of the tomb,
To wake in full, immortal bloom.

133. L. M.

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

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes

Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blessed saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

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

134. L. M.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek:
They tell us of his hope on high,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness.

135. C. M.

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My great Redeemer ever lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy wondrous grace
With pleasure and surprise.

136. L. M.

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life!
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark realms of night, and gloom
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4. Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake,
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;

Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

137. C. M.

1 WHY should we tremble to convey
The Christian to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

2 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

3 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

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

138. C. M.

1 HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

4 We hear the voice, Ye dead, arise!
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 How shall our joy and wonder rise
When our returning King
Shall bear us upward to the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

139. C. M.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,—
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake,—

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupt arise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled;
And Death yields up his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quits the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing:—
O Grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O Death, thy sting.

140. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deep'ning gloom,
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast;
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

4 And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears:
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

5 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

141. S. M.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine?

4 Accept, O Lord, the praise
Of these our humble songs,

Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

142. C. M.

1 O JESUS! in the dust we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our immortal state—
To life in Paradise.

2 Since thou wouldst have us free indeed,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy kingdom in,
And perfect us in love.

3 The counsel of thy word fulfill;
Come quickly gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

143. C. M.

1 UNCONSCIOUS now in peaceful sleep,
From all her cares at rest,
While friends around are called to weep,
She is divinely blessed.

2 Away from Satan's tempting snare,
Her faith's no longer tried:
In Jesus she is sleeping there;
For in bright hope she died.

3 The Lord descending from on high,
The archangel's trump will sound,
And all the faithful dead arise,
From out the opening ground.

4 The Lord in glorious form behold,
His shining face will see,
Receive their dazzling crowns of gold,
And immortality.

144. L. M.

1 HE sleeps in Jesus—peaceful rest—
No mortal strife invades his breast;
No pain, or sin, or woe or care,
Can reach the silent slumberer there.

2 He lived, his Saviour to adore,
And meekly all his sufferings bore.
He loved, and all resigned to God;
Nor murmured at his chastening rod.

3 Does earth attract thee here? they cried,
The dying Christian thus replied:
While pointing upward to the sky,
My treasure is laid up on high.

4 He sleeps in Jesus—soon to rise,
When the last trump shall rend the skies;
Then burst the fetters of the tomb,
To wake in full, immortal bloom.

5 He sleeps in Jesus—cease thy grief;
Let this afford thee sweet relief—
That, freed from death's triumphant reign,
In Heaven he will live again.

145. 8 & 4s.

1 SHE hath passed Death's chilling billow,
And gone to rest;
Jesus smoothed her dying pillow—
Her slumbers blest.

2 From the bitter cup that's given,
We should not shrink;
Since the mandate is from Heaven,
That bids us drink.

3 Sleep, dear Sister, kind and tender,
To friendship true,
While with feeling hearts we render
This tribute due.

4 When the morn of glory, breaking,
Shall light the tomb,
Beautiful will be thy waking,
In fadeless bloom,

5 Where no wintry winds are blowing,
No burial train,
Crowned with gems celestial, glowing,
We'll meet again.

FIRST RESURRECTION.

146. 6 & 7s.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And in his kingdom dwell,
Partake its rest eternal,
Its songs triumphant swell?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And, with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

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

3 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransomed dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our Redeemer's gone.

4 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold;
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King.

147. C. M.

1 O FOR the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave,
To see that Friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save.

2 Behold my glorious Leader nigh;
My Lord, my Saviour, lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 Lord, if in death I offered be,
Watch thou my sleeping dust;
My spirit I'll commit to thee;
Accept the sacred trust—

4 Till thou shalt in thy glory come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full, immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

148. C. P. M.

1 THE night is spent—the morning ray
Comes ushering in the glorious day,
The promised time of rest,
Hark! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear,
Its joyful notes burst on the ear
Proclaiming tidings blest.

2 Ah! see, the graves are opening now,
The saints come forth, and every brow
Beams with a radiant joy;
To life immortal they arise,
Inheritors of Paradise,
Where death cannot destroy.

3 Stupendous scene! those men of old—
Prophets, who have the story told
Of this transcendent day,
The patriarchs, apostles too,
Who lived and died with it in view,
Collect in bright array.

4 Now satisfied—for like their Lord,
Whose promise shines within the word,
His likeness they should wear;
A glittering host, like stars on high,
In glory and in majesty,
Upon the earth appear!

149. C. M.

1 AS Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead;
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

2 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go;
And dwell forever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

150. L. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
He lives, and on the earth shall stand,
And though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies numbered in his hand.

2 In this re-animated clay,
I surely shall behold him near,
Shall see him in the latter day,
In all his majesty appear.

3 I feel what then shall raise me up;
Th' eternal Spirit dwells in me;
This is my confidence and hope,
That God, I face to face shall see.

4 Mine own, and not another's eyes,
The King shall in his beauty view;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The starry crown to victors due.

SECOND ADVENT.

151. 8s, 7s, & 4.

1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here;
Christ to all believers precious,
Lord of lords shall soon appear,
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom!
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.

3 Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire,
Come for his elect below:
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow;
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow.

4 Yes, the prize shall soon be given;
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity.

152. 7 & 6s.

1 JESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend;
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall joyfully attend.

Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift and thunders loud;
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again.
We shall meet him in the air;
All caught up to heaven shall be;
Find, and love, and praise him there.
From death for ever free.

3 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unuttered we possess
In these reviving words;
Happy while on earth we live;
Higher bliss ordained to know;
When our King to his shall give
The kingdom here below.

153. L. M.

1 THE Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came—
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering and the dead.

2 The Lord will come; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

3 Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

4 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain-cleft in vain!
But faith victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, the Lord has come!

154. C. M.

1 OUR Saviour Christ will quickly come,
As lightning shines on high;
In clouds, with power and glory great,
Be seen by every eye.

2 The dead are raised, the living changed;
From every land they come;
And thus triumphant over death,
They now are gathered home.

3 O glorious hope! if Jesus be
Our Saviour and our Friend;
For we shall then be with our Lord,
In joys that never end.

4 O may we wait, and watch, and pray;
Free from tormenting fear;
Our life be all devotedness,
Till he our Lord appear.

155. 7s.

1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt, and restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye his chosen race;
Your redemption draweth nigh.

156. C. M.

1 BEHOLD I come! the Saviour cries;
On wings of love I fly.
So come, dear Lord, my soul replies,
And bring salvation nigh.

2 Come plead thy truth's much injured cause,
And make thy glory shine;
Unite us firmly in one band,
And our whole frame refine.

3 With winged speed, Redeemer dear,
Bring on th' illustrious day.
Come, lest our spirits droop and faint
Beneath thy long delay.

157. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 HARK! th'Archangel's trump is sounding,
Solemn tones break on the ear;
Louder now, its echoes bounding,
All the earth astonished hear:
Hallelujah!
Now Immanuel comes to reign!

2 See the righteous dead are waking,
Coming forth from dust anew;
Light resplendent o'er them breaking,—
Jesus Christ appears to view!
Hallelujah!
They arise no more to die.

3 Now the happy throng in union
Rise to meet their coming King;

Joyfully they hold communion,
And their great deliverance sing.
Hallelujah!
Ever with the Lord to reign.

4 Freed from aught of pain or sorrow
Every tear is wiped away;
No forebodings of a morrow
Dark and fearful—All is day!
Day for ever,
With the saints a blissful day.

158. 7s.

1 HARK! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and, through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad o'er sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice;
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See, the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints; he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go and be with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love,
Ever blessing, ever blest.

159. L. M.

1 HE comes to raise the sleeping just,
Who long have slumbered in the dust;
His voice will break their long repose,
And snatch them from the last of foes.

2 He comes to change the waiting ones,
Who now endure the world's cold frowns;
Their feet are planted on the rock;
They fear not, though a little flock.

3 Sinner! dost thou not dread thy doom?
The retribution hastens on,
Stern justice lifts th' avenging sword,
To slay the mocker of God's word.

4 O then repent ere the decree.
He that is filthy let him be,
From the stern Judge's lips shall fall,
And thou for rocks and mountains call.

5 Sweet Mercy still doth plead for thee;
O then to Jesus quickly flee;
His blood can wash thy sins away;
Then haste, 'tis fatal to delay.

6 God's perfect law no more despise,
But have his fear before thine eyes,
And keep the faith of his dear Son,
That thou may'st wear a glorious crown.

7 Eternal life! the prize is worth
Far more than all the wealth of earth;
Then on that treasure fix thine eyes,
Till thou shalt win the blessed prize.

160. C. P. M.

1 HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest;
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee,
Before the floods descend;
And while the bursting cloud comes down
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise;
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall, but lifts us up
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess;
The war proclaims thee Prince of Peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fullness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near.
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
Triumphant Lord, appear!

6 Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,
Thy word and mystery to fulfill,
Thy children to approve;
Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious, heavenly love.

161. L. M.

1 THE Lord is coming! let this be
The herald-note of Jubilee—
And when we meet, and when we part,
The salutation from the heart.

2 The Lord is coming! sound it forth
From East to West, from South to North,
Speed on! Speed on! the tidings glad,
That none who love him may be sad.

3 The Lord is coming! saints, rejoice!
We soon shall hear his glorious voice,
Majestic uttered from afar,
As on he hastes his conquering car.

4 The Lord is coming! vengeful, dire
Are all his judgments and his ire,
And none can hope t' escape his wrath,
Who walk not in the narrow path.

5 The Lord is coming! seas, retire!
Ye mountains melt to liquid fire!
Ye oceans cease to ebb and flow!
His stately steppings ye should know.

6 The Lord is coming! who shall stand?
Who shall be found at his right hand?
He that hath the white garments on
That Christ our Righteous King hath won.

7 The Lord is coming! watch and pray!
Watch ye, and haste unto the day,
So shalt thou then escape the snare,
And Christ's eternal glory share.

8 The Lord is coming! let this be
The herald-note of Jubilee,
And often as we meet and part,
The salutation from the heart.

162. 8, 7, 4.

1 LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain,
Countless angels him attending

Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! Come away!

4 Yea, amen! let all adore thee;
High on thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known,
O come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

WAITING FOR CHRIST.

163. C. M.

1 JESUS, our hope, our life, our heaven,
The lingering times have flown;
To thee the kingdom now is given;
Return and claim thine own.

2 And, as we wait, along the skies
Unearthly glory steals,
And our glad spirits seem to rise,
To haste thy chariot wheels.

3 Although they seem to linger, still
Thy retinue on high
Is marshalled, and awaits the will
That bids their myriads fly.

4 Then we will wait, nor deem too long
The closing hours of grace,
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,
Till we shall see thy face.

164. C. M.

1 WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,
In harsh disorder rise;

2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike my tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue.

3 I'll shout aloud, Ye thunders, roll,
And shake the sullen sky!
Your sounding voice from pole to pole
In angry murmurs try.

4 Let the earth totter on her base,
And clouds the heavens deform;
Blow, all ye winds, from every place
And rush the final storm.

5 Come quickly, blessed Lord! appear,
Bid thy swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

6 Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I'd bear a joyful part;

All hallelujah on my tongue,
All rapture in my heart.

165. C. P. M.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of heavenly love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings,

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my toilsome years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,—
A howling wilderness!

166. C. M.

1 DEAR Saviour, here we fainting lie,
And long to see thy face;
Descend, O Jesus, from on high,
In mercy to our race.

2 How long shall that bright hour delay?
When will our Lord appear?
We long to see the glorious day
When Jesus will draw near.

3 We long to hear the trumpet sound,
And see the just arise;
We long to see our Saviour crowned,
And meet him in the skies.

4 We wish to see our Lord descend,
Arrayed in robes of light;
To Satan's kingdom put an end,
And claim his proper right.

5 We long thy coming to behold,
That day of joy to see;
Our ardent longings can't be told;
Lord, let it quickly be.

167. C. M.

1 DEAR Saviour, we would know thy love,
Which yet no measure knows;
For us it led thee once to die,—
From thence salvation flows.

2 Fain would we strike the golden harp,
And wear the promised crown,
And at thy feet, while bending low,
Would sing what grace has done.

3 Then leave us not in this dark world,
As strangers long to roam;
Come, Lord, and take us to thyself,
Come, Jesus, quickly come!

168. C. M.

1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love
I see before me lie;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly.

2 I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

3 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.

5 O, come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me to the sky!
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Make haste and bring it nigh.

6 I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be for ever thine.

169. C. M.

1 O, WHAT hath Jesus bought for me?
Before my ravished eyes
Life's river all divine I see,
And trees of paradise.

2 I see immortal saints in light,
Who taste the pleasure there;
They are all robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?

5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eventful day!

170. 8 & 7s.

1 GRACIOUS Father, guard thy children
From the Foe's destructive power;
Save, O save them Lord, from falling
In this dark and trying hour.
Thou wilt surely prove thy people,
All our graces must be tried;
But thy word illumes our pathway,
And in God we still confide.

2 We are in the time of waiting;
Soon we shall behold our Lord,
Wafted far away from sorrow,
To receive our rich reward.
Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing,
Pure, unspotted, from the world;
Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us,
Till thy banner is unfurled.

3 With what joyful exultation
Shall the saints thy banner see,
When the Lord for whom we've waited,
Shall proclaim the Jubilee:—
Freedom from this world's pollutions;
Freedom from all sin and pain;
Freedom from the wiles of Satan,
And from Death's destructive reign.

171. C. M.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

172. C. M.

1 MY soul is happy when I hear
The Saviour is so nigh,
And longs to see his sign appear
Upon the opening sky.

2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray,
And trust his living Word,
And feel the coming of that day
No longer is deferred.

3 I do rejoice that life was given
In these last days to me,

That deathless I may rise to heaven,
And my Redeemer see.

4 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing—
He will not tarry long—
And fill with joy the hours that bring
The glory of our song.

5 Yes, he will come, no longer fear,
Though earth and hell assail;
His word attests the moment near,
And that can never fail.

173. S. M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait.
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight;
His coming thus proclaim:

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near—
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

174. S. M.

1 WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay—

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

4 Lord, let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

5 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven.

175. C. M.

1 HAIL glorious day! ere long to dawn
And set death's captives free;
Triumphant then will they come forth,
With shouts of victory.

2 And when my Saviour shall appear,
If in the grave I lie,
The last loud trumpet I shall hear
And live, no more to die.

3 It is enough, although I close,
In death, my weary eyes,
In that bright morn, my Lord to see,
And meet him in the skies.

4 'Tis then, and not at death, he'll give
To me th' unfading crown,

And not till then, I expect to live
Immortal with the Son.

5 'Tis not in death, I hope to share
The presence of my King,
Or while in death, receive the crown
Or with the blood-washed sing;

6 But in the Resurrection morn
I shall his face behold—
'Tis then my Lord to me will give
The starry crown of gold.

7 The righteous dead shall then awake,
And break the chains of death.
Their dark abodes with joy forsake,
Receive immortal breath.

8 Glory to God, hosannah sing
To Christ, our living Head—
He died and rose that he might bring
His children from the dead.

9 The living saints, that patient wait,
That do his just commands,
Will enter then the pearly gate
Made not by human hands.

10 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard
The joys they will behold,
When in the New Jerusalem
They strike their harps of gold.

176. L. M.

1 LONE Pilgrim, cease that mournful sigh—
Look up! redemption draweth nigh.
Have loved ones gone, does earth look drear?
Look up! shed not that bitter tear.

2 What though the heart is saddened now,
And shadows gather on thy brow,
And grief the bosom heaving still—
Look up! submit to Heaven's own will.

3 Do trials, unexpected, rise?
Look up! and view the glorious prize;
Let not life's sorrows press you down—
Look up! prepare to take the crown.

4 Lift up your head, rejoice and sing—
Look up! by faith behold your King.
He soon is coming, heed his call—
Look up! and make your God your all.

5 He'll come, all troubles here to end,
He'll come, a never-failing friend,
He'll come to take his children home—
Look up! and pray, Lord quickly come.

177. L. M.

1 WEEPING endures but for a night,
Joy cometh with the morning light;
Joy cometh of celestial birth,
Unsullied by the blight of earth.

2 Joy comes each faithful heart to thrill,
That fears of change no more will chill;
Transporting joy, that fills the soul,
While everlasting ages roll.

3 Then, mourning pilgrim, upward gaze,
Beyond this dark and thorny maze
A joy for every tear is found,
A healing balm for every wound.

4 No sorrow there shall dim the eye,
No wintry winds or storms are nigh,
No sighs borne on the fragrant air;
But all shall in the glory share.

5 Let hope thy bosom cheer, forlorn,
To boldly breast each rising storm;
For whatsoe'er thy grief may be,
The morning bringeth joy to thee.

6 Awake, for lo, not distant far,
The rising of the Morning Star;
O watch to catch the new-born ray,
That ushers in a cloudless day.

7 Hail! glorious morn! whose radiant light
Shall bid the darkness take its flight
Shall chase the shades of gloom away
And night be turned to endless day.

178. 11s.

1 O, LIFT up your heads, your redemption draws near,
Let nothing discourage, or cause you to fear;
Our Saviour is faithful, his promise is sure
To all who bear trials, hold fast and endure.

2 Well may you have courage, your cause is the Lord's,
Attested by signs, and with Scripture accords;
And though all the pow'rs of the Dragon assail,
The truth, it is mighty, 't will surely prevail.

3 Hold fast that rich treasure, nor e'er lay it down;
Endure to the end firm, that none take thy crown;
The spirits of darkness will seek to devour,
But Jesus and angels excel them in power.

4 Rich promise to all who shall now overcome!
To be a firm pillar in God's sacred dome,
Inscribed with his name, and the Son of his love,
And that of the City which comes from above.

THE JUDGMENT.

179. S. M.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

3 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down;

4 Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

180. S. M.

1 BEHOLD, with awful pomp
The Judge prepares to come;
The archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the general doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface;
The sun to darkness turns.

3 Horrors all hearts appall;
They quake! they shriek! they cry!
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall,—
But rocks and mountains fly.

4 'Tis time we all awake;
The dreadful day draws near;
Sinners, your proud presumption check,
And stop your wild career.

5 Now is th' accepted time,
To Christ for mercy fly;
O turn, repent, and trust in him,
And you shall never die.

6 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day;
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

181. C. M.

1 THAT awful day will surely come—
Th' appointed hour makes haste,—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, Depart.

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What! to be banished from my Lord,
To rocks and mountains cry!

And yet to them must call in vain;
For who his wrath can fly?

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

182. C. M.

1 THE angel comes; he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord;
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.

2 And who are they, in sheaves, to bide
The fire of vengeance, bound?
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride
Chokes the fair crop around.

3 And who are they, reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

4 O King of mercy! grant us power,
Thy fiery wrath to flee;
In thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to thee!

183. 7s.

1 COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.

2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
With thy holy train descend;
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Who for full redemption groan;
Hear us now, and save thine own.

4 Now destroy the Man of sin;
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear;
Speak the sacred number sealed;
Speak the mystery revealed.

6 Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign, when sin shall be no more;
Reign, when death no more shall be;
Reign to all eternity.

184. S. M.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;

Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

185. 8s, 7s, & 4.

1 LO! he comes; th' Archangel's trumpet,
Wakes to life the slumbering dead,
'Mid ten thousand thousand angels,
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him;
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3 Come, ye blessed of my Father;
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:
Hallelujah!
Welcome to your great reward.

186. 8, 7s, 4.

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

2 See the Judge, in grandeur nearing,
Clothed 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 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know.

187. L. M.

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

188. 8 & 7s.

1 GREAT God what do I see and hear!
The end of things created;
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Before his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

189. C. P. M.

1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Cause me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' insure—
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

4 Then, Father, then my soul receive
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

190. C. M.

1 A DAY of awful grandeur dawns,
And, lo, the Judge appears:
Ye heavens, retire before his face;
And sink, ye darkened stars.

2 The day approaches, O my soul,
The great, decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

3 Yet does one short, preparing hour—
One precious hour—remain:
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

191. L. M.

1 HE reigns! the Lord the Saviour reigns!
Sing to his name in lofty strains;
Let all the saints in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way 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.

192. C. P. M.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To call thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace!
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In that expected day.
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of endless grace.

193. S. M.

1 BEHOLD, the day is come;
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies:
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire
Attend him as he flies.

3 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

194. C. M.

1 THRONED on a cloud, the Judge will come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
Judgment will ne'er begin;
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppressed,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

195. C. M.

1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert,
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear;
Who, such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

196. L. M.

1 THY kingdom come! thus, day by day,
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
The meaning of the words he said?

2 Thy kingdom come! O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;
When hate and strife and war shall cease,
And man with man shall be at peace!

3 Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill,
And all the earth with glory fill;
His word shall Paradise restore,
And sin and death afflict no more.

4 Then bears and wolves, no longer wild,
Obey the leading of a child;
The lions with the oxen eat,
And dust shall be the serpent's meat.

5 God's holy will shall then be done
By all who live beneath the sun;
For saints shall then as angels be,
All changed to immortality.

197. 8s.

1 I LONG to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O, when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God?

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,—
For Jesus has spoken the word,—
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the side of my Lord.
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fullness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people whose home
Is found in the city of God!
As pilgrims no more they shall roam,
Nor travel a dangerous road.
Physician divine, unto me
Thy soul-healing blessing now give,
And keep me while waiting for thee,
And then to that city receive.

198. C. M.

1 ZION, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place!
The Saviour there has his abode,
And saints will see his face.

2 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die;
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,
The soul to satisfy.

3 Come, set your faces Zionward,
The sacred road inquire;
And let the city of the Lord
Be henceforth your desire.

4 The gospel shines to give you light,
No longer, then, delay;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.

5 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer;
Thy promise now fulfill;
And young and old by grace prepare
To dwell on Zion's hill.

199. L. M.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, from darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

200. L. M.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
All heaven reveres, all worlds obey,
Now make the Saviour's glory known,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands;
Angels submit to his commands;
His justice shall protect the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His righteous government shall last,
Till days, and years, and time be past.

201. L. M.

1 THE Saviour comes, his advent's nigh;
He soon will rend the azure sky,
Descending swift to earth again,
When God shall dwell indeed with men.

2 O happy day, when wars shall cease,
And ransomed earth be filled with peace,
When sin and death no more shall reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again!

3 Saints, lift your heads; that day is near,
When your Redeemer shall appear,
To take the kingdom and the crown,
And make his ransomed church his own.

4 Shall not his people sing for joy?
Shall not the church their songs employ?
Sing, ye who will; sing while ye may,
And shout for joy th' approaching day.

202. S. M.

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

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

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

203. L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

5 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blest.

204. C. M.

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

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

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

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

205. 8s.

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,—
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,—
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever has stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

206. 11 & 9s.

1 THE coming events of the kingdom of God,
Cast in glory their shadows before;
And my being would leap from its prisoned abode,
And the King in his beauty adore.

2 He comes, and the Spirit that lingers below,
In the hearts of the chosen and tried,
Is quickened, and tells in its mystical flow,
The approach of the Bridegroom and Bride.

3 The love, and the joy, and the peace of the blest,
Like the day-star, arise in the soul,
And we taste the first fruits of the Eden of rest,
And we hasten to enter the goal.

4 All glory, all glory to him that was slain,
Who hath washed and redeemed us to God;
For he cometh with power in his kingdom to reign,
And the earth to his sceptre is bowed.

207. C. M.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O, the transporting rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills and brooks and vale
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There Christ the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his kingdom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There on those high and flowery plains
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

208. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 Lord, help us by thy mighty grace,
To keep in view the prize,
Till thou dost come to take us home
To that blest paradise.

5 Jerusalem, my glorious home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

209. S. M.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts, and our cares.

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 joined 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
Through all eternity.

210. P. M.

1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree—
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'T is like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head—
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil through all the room
Diffused a rich perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distills.

211. 7s.

1 JESUS, we thy promise claim;
We are gathered in thy name;
In the midst do thou appear;
Manifest thy presence here.

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Come, and dwell within each heart,
Light, and life, and joy impart.

3 Make us all in thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

212. 7s.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, both in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us still in God abide;
May our daily life express
Constant love and holiness.

213. 7s.

1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet!
When (their theme of praise the same)
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove;

Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same;
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

214. C. M.

1 THE heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But Christ will to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.

2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

3 Him eye to eye we there shall see;
Our face like his shall shine;
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

4 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

5 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

215. S. M.

1 AND let our bodies part.
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart,
The friends of Jesus are.

2 Jesus the corner stone,
Did first our hearts unite;
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him aright.

3 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.

4 O, let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end!

5 Where all our toils are o'er.
Our suff'ring and our pain;
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

216. C. M.

1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove,
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all through Jesus' name
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet.

217. H. M.

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t' approve,
Thy providence t' obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each others' face;
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each others' pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renewed in perfect love?

4 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

218. C. M.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows!

219. 7s.

1 GOD of love that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care;
Who on thee alone depend,
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering Tempter's power,
From his unsuspecting wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of flesh remove;
Stay us on thy only love!

4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join;
Poison our simplicity;
Drag us from our trust in thee.

5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honors at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between:
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

220. 7s.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong:
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

221. S. M.

1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire—
Then rest on Zion's hill.

222. L. M.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love! what holy fear!
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place,
Where God reveals his smiling face:
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

223. L. M.

1 NOW we have met in Jesus' name,
To glorify our Lord we aim;
We strive each duty to fulfill,
With anxious hearts to do his will.

2 We've met in love and holy fear,
To hear the happy saints declare
The rich compassion of a God—
The virtues of a Saviour's blood.

3 O, Saviour help them to express,
The wonders of triumphant grace,
While to the church they freely own,
What for their souls the Lord hath done.

224. C. M.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring,
Descend on every soul;
And heavenly peace with balmy wing
Shades and revives the whole.

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And make his grace distill.

225. C. M.

1 BE perfect—holiness pursue;
In love be sure to dwell,
And God through Christ will comfort you,
So brethren all farewell.

2 Be of one mind—give God your hearts;
And of his mercies tell,
Which he through grace to you imparts,
So brethren all farewell.

3 Now live in peace and holy fear—
In love strive to excel;
For Christ our King will soon appear,
So brethren all farewell.

4 The God of love and peace adore,
And on his mercy dwell;
We hope to meet on Canaan's shore,
So brethren all farewell.

CHRISTIAN HOLINESS.

226. S. M.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove;
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

227. 7s.

1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light?
Only mighty in thy might?

3 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove,
All the depths of humble love.

228. L. M.

1 WHAT! never speak one evil word?
Or rash, or idle, or unkind?
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And till Christ's coming I will tell
Th' abundance of a loving heart.

229. C. M.

1 JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

230. S. M.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy willing servant I,
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

231. L. P. M.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,—
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are,

Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy! cries.

4 With faith, I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast.
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

232. L. M.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

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

3 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
Then if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

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

233. C. M.

1 EYE hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home,

3 Pure is the land the saints espy,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

234. C. M.

1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till thou art formed within;
Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin!

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

3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees when earthly glory dies,
True joy in heavenly things.

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

235. C. M.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!—

2 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;—

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine!
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

236. 7s.

1 BLESSED Jesus, heavenly Lamb,
Thine and only thine I am:
Take me, body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the sons of men!
Do not let me turn again—
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness.

4 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love:
Who thy depth of love can tell,
Infinite, unsearchable?

237. L. M.

1 EMPTIED of earth I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
Reserved for Christ that bled and died,
Surrendered to the Crucified.

2 Sequestered from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, the pride of life;
Prepared for heaven, my noblest care,
And have my conversation there.

3 Nothing save Jesus would I know;
My friend, and my companion, thou;
Constrain my soul thy sway to own;
Self-will, self righteousness dethrone.

4 Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.

238. C. M.

1 O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

239. C. M.

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

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

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

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

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

240. L. P. M.

1 AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne?
Shall I for ever dwell with thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its sharpest frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own;
What shame would fill me in that day
When thou thy glory shalt display!

3 And what is man, or what his smile?
The terror of his anger what?
Like grass he flourishes awhile,
But soon his place shall know him not;
Through fear of such an one, shall I
The Lord of heaven and earth deny?

4 No; let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me, if it will;
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still:
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content, if I can call thee mine.

241. L. M.

1 THE Christian warrior,—see him stand,
In the whole armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod:

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death and hell he tramples down,
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

242. C. P. M.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your burdens feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond the vale of tears,
To yon celestial hill:—

2 Look far beyond this narrow space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode,
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
Strong in the strength of God.

3 Who suffer with their Master here
Shall soon before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirit up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

243. C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'T is God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'T is he, whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun:
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet,
We'll lay our trophies down.

244. L. M.

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?

A man! An heir of death! A slave
To sin! A bubble on the wave!

5 Yes, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

245. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

246. C. M.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his Word
Shall ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though 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 every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defense;
What, then, have we to fear?

5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

247. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
Without thee we cannot go;
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low;
Let thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 Through a desert, waste and cheerless,
Though our destined journey lie;
Rendered by thy presence fearless,
We may every foe defy;
Naught shall move us,
While we see our Saviour nigh.

3 When we halt, no track discov'ring,
Fearful lest we go astray;
O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,—
Fire by night, and cloud by day,—
Shall direct us;
Thus we shall not miss our way.

4 When our foes in arms assemble,
Ready to obstruct our way;
Suddenly their hearts shall tremble;
Thou wilt strike them with dismay;
And thy people,
Led by thee shall win the day.

5 Then lead on, Almighty Victor;
Scatter every hostile band;
Be our guide and our protector,
Till on Canaan's shore we stand;
Shouts of victory
Then shall fill the promised land.

248. L. M.

1 MY Captain sounds the alarm of war,
Awake! the powers of hell are near,
To arms! to arms! I hear him cry,
'T is yours to conquer, or to die.

2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around,
Make haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, Faith 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 armed, I venture on the fight,
Resolved to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast;
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To victory, and the victor's crown.

249. L. M.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day,—
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER.

250. C. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

251. S. M.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.

3 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss:
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:

5 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

252. C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

253. L. M.

1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak:
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on Him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

254. C. M.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his Word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, Return;
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

255. L. M.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;—

2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unvail my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful Word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

256. S. M.

1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O, lead me to the rock,
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord!
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

257. C. M.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

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

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;

I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

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

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

258. L. M.

1 O THOU, insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

FAMILY DEVOTION.

259. L. M.

1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.

2 In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.

4 And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his Word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

260. C. M.

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

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

4 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God shall compass them
With favor as a shield.

261. C. M.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eye;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules on high.

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

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

262. C. M.

1 GIVER and Guardian of our sleep,
To praise thy name we wake:
Still, Lord, thy helpless servants keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

2 The blessing of another day
We thankfully receive:
O may we only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.

3 Upon us lay thy mighty hand;
Our words and thoughts restrain;
And bow our souls to thy command,
Nor let our faith be vain.

4 Pris'ners of hope, we wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring:
When all we are shall own thy power,
And call our Jesus, King.

263. L. M.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love;
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

264. L. M.

1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 O, like the sun may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;

With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

265. S. M.

1 SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy kingdom I would spend
A long eternity.

266. C. M.

1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

3 O let the same parental care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my moments as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

267. C. M.

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

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

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

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;

Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

268. C. M.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

1 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And, when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days
And will my slumbers keep.

269. L. M.

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

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
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 Thus if the night of death should come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

270. C. M.

1 HOW can we see the children, Lord,
In love whom thou hast given,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heaven?

2 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
And save our children dear:
Now send thy Spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

3 O, make them love thy holy law,
And joyful walk therein;
Their hearts to new obedience draw;
Save them from every sin.

271. S. M.

1 THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast.
He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blest.

2 Let them approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble claim:
The heirs of heaven are such as these;
For such as these I came.

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,

Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

272. S. M.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well,
The day of life draws near.

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

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

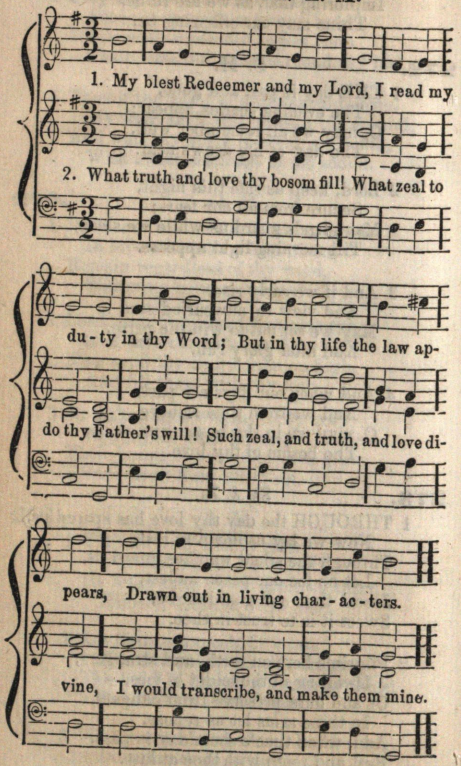
4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love.

273. 8s, & 7s.

1 THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest,
Jesus! thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,—
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms let us repose,
And, when time's short day is past,
Rest and reign with thee at last.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

The New Creation.

1 A MYSTERY doth the gospel show,—
We shall ere long be changed below;
When from the graves the saints shall rise,
And their loud songs salute the skies.

2 The earth, to its first form restored,
Shall glorify its mighty Lord;
And his blest children hail the place,
Where they may view him face to face.

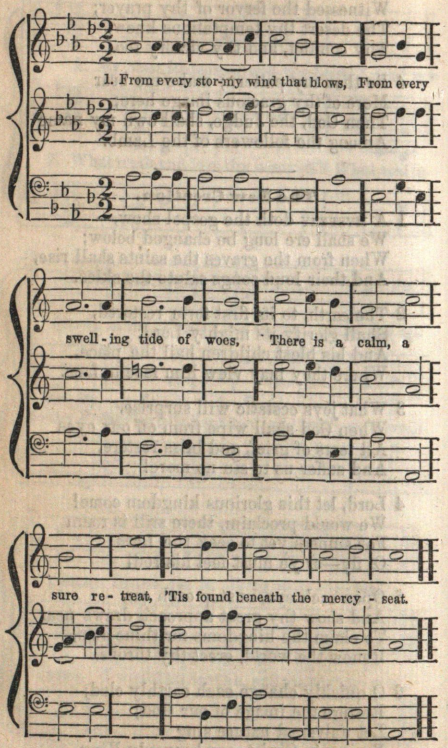
3 What joys ecstatic will surprise,
When God shall wipe from off our eyes
All tears of grief, and bliss restore,
And suffer us to sin no more!

4 Lord, let this glorious kingdom come!
We would proclaim, there still is room
For sinners yet to seek the Lord;
O, fly—or ye must feel his rod!

5 Open each eye, unstop each ear,
And show thy great approach draws near,
To claim the kingdoms for thine own,
Renew the world, erect thy throne.

6 O quickly change each earthly clod;
Restore the image of our God;
Let universal nature sing
Praises to Christ, our heavenly King.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither should we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat.

5 There, there on angel's wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
The Lord comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

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

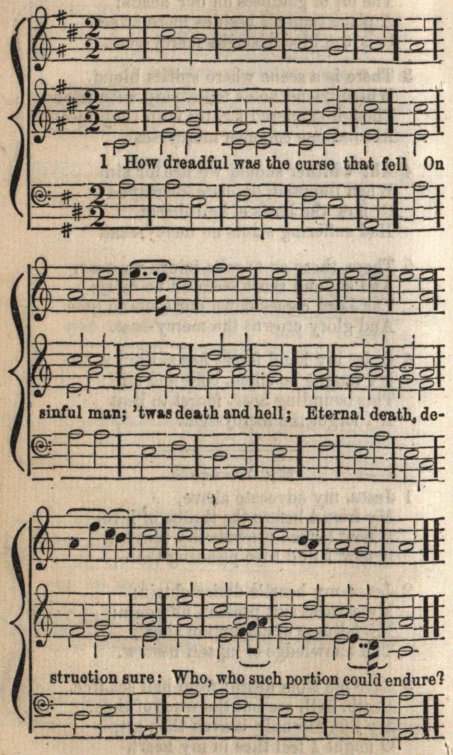
My Advocate.

1 Jesus, my advocate above,
My friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there;—

2 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain:
My fullness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

3 Save me from death; from hell set free,
Death, hell, are but the want of thee:
My life, my only heaven thou art;—
O might I feel thee in my heart.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



3 But glory be to God on high!
Redemption comes, Good news, they cry—
The holy throng—the Anointed one
Descends to earth, God's holy Son.

4 And dies for man, then lives again
A victor: He the foe hath slain;
Abolished death—O wondrous plan!
Salvation brought to fallen man.

5 The gift of God, like him, divine,
Here boundless love and mercy shine;
Eternal Life! In grateful lays
Resound his everlasting praise.

6 O may we be the truly wise,
Who seek with all our hearts this prize;
Contend no more for earth's renown;
But look for an immortal crown.

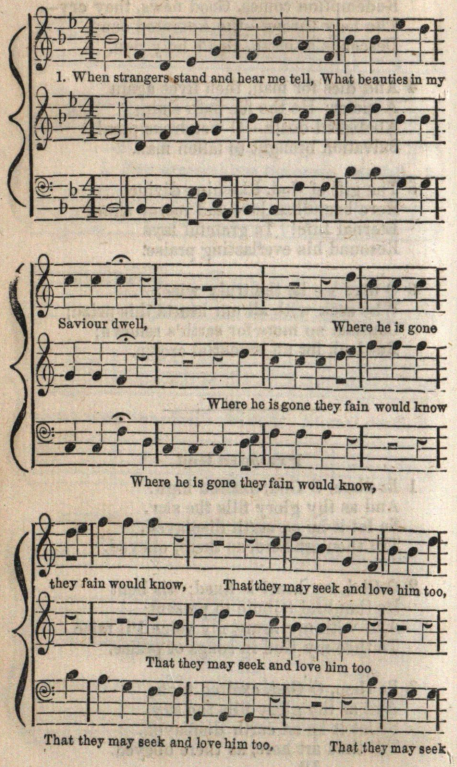
Praise to God.

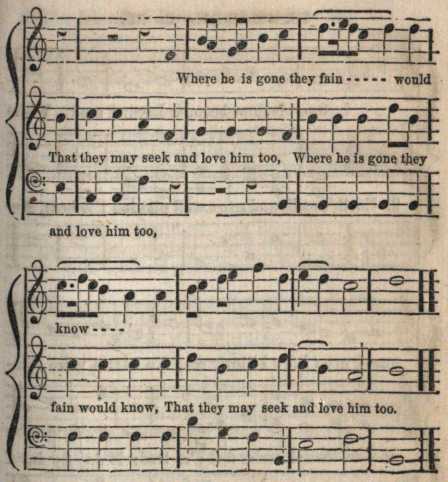
1 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee my God in songs of praise.

3 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there obeyed.

BUCKFIELD. L. M.



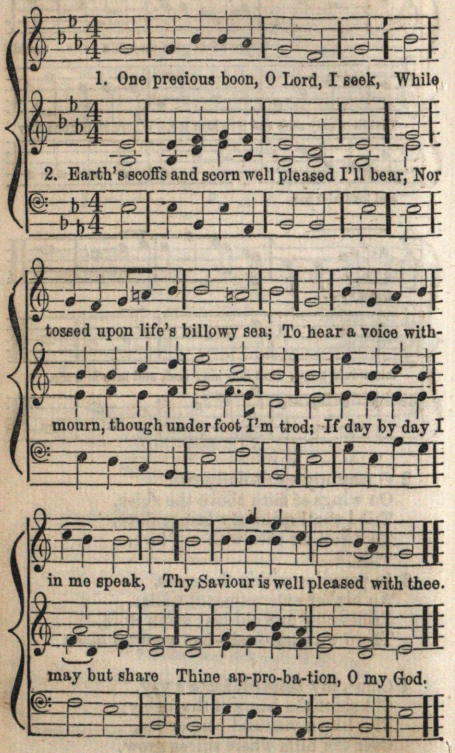


2 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till I shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.

3 In paradise within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
There we shall feed—but want no more.

4 Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.



3 The friends I love may turn from me,
Their words unkind may pierce me through;
But this my daily prayer shall be,
Forgive; they know not what they do.

4 Let me but know, where'er I roam,
That I am doing Jesus' will;
And though I've neither friends nor home,
My heart shall glow with gladness still,

5 To that bright, blest, immortal morn,
By holy prophets long foretold,
My eager, longing eyes I turn,
And soon its glories shall behold.

6 Then all the scoffs and scorn I've borne,
For His dear sake who died for me,
To everlasting joys will turn,
In glorious immortality.

Vows Renewed.

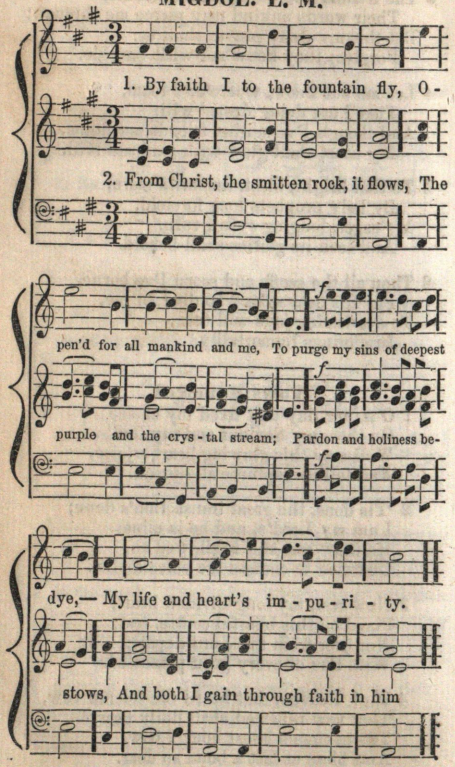
1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possessed.

4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in time's latest hour I bow,
And bless at last a bond so dear.

MIGDOL. L. M.



Not Ashamed of Christ.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Holy Aspirations.

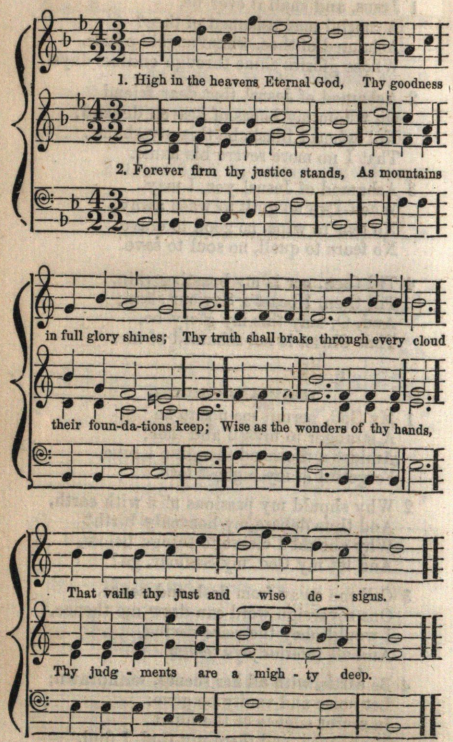
1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence,
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

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

AMES. L. M.



3 O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

4 In the provisions of thy house
We still shall find a sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Star of Our Hope.

1 Star of our hope! he'll soon appear,
The last loud trumpet speaks him near;
Hail him all saints, from pole to pole—
How welcome to the faithful soul!

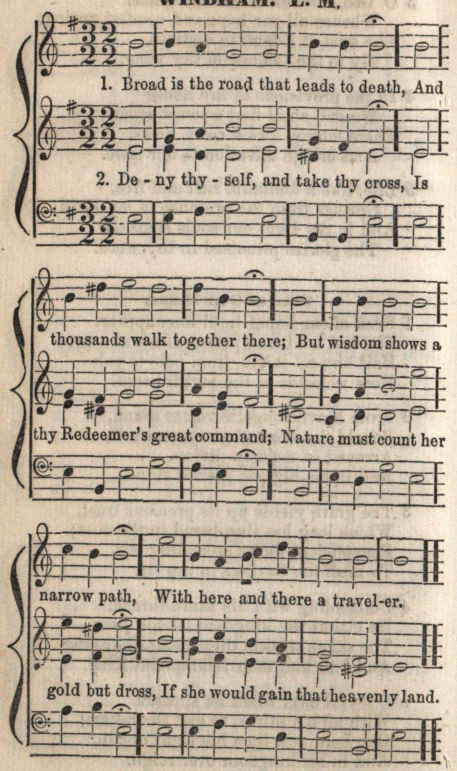
2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
Behold the Lord of glory crowned,
Arrayed in majesty divine,
And in his highest glories shine.

3 The grave yields up its precious trust,
Which long has slumbered in the dust;
Resplendent forms ascending fair,
To meet the Saviour in the air.

4 Descending with his azure throne,
He claims the kingdom for his own;
The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing,
And hail him their triumphant King.

5 O joyful day, when he appears
With all his saints, to end their fears;
Our Lord will then his right obtain,
And in his kingdom ever reign.

WINDHAM. L. M.



3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Let thy sweet Spirit me sustain,—
O, guide me all life's journey through.

Waiting at the Mercy-Seat.

1 From deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

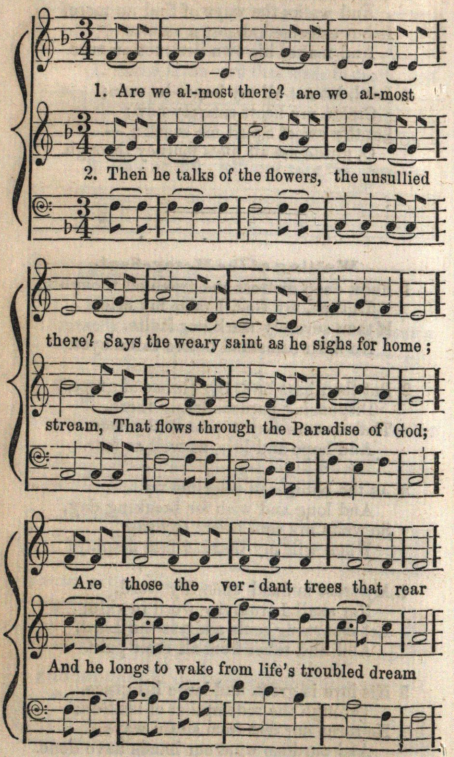
2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Dispensing pardons freely there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

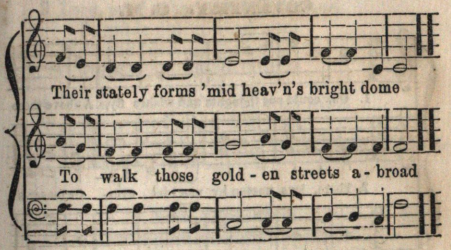
3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 His love is great, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

ALMOST THERE. L. M.





3 He is weary and sick of this world's rude strife,
And pants for a holy, peaceful clime;
To glow with the vigor of endless life,
And be compassed no more by the bounds of time

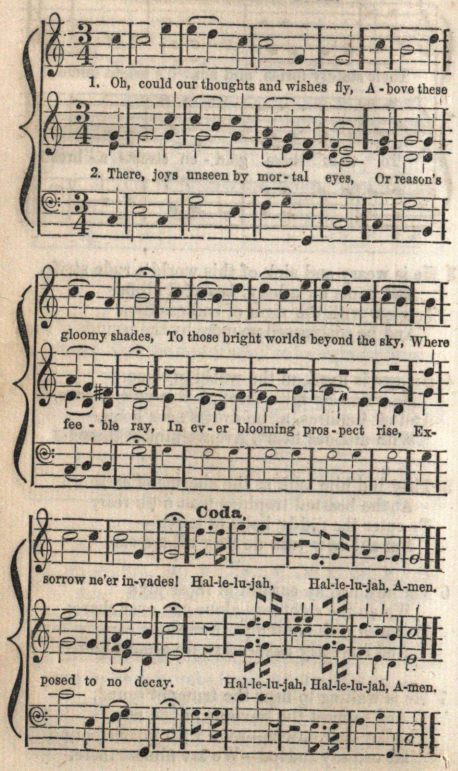
4 His eye is fixed on the world to come.
He walks by faith through this vale of care,
And oft inquires, as he draws near home,
With anxious heart, Are we almost there?

5 They bid him look at the charms of earth,
At the boasted trophies man doth rear;
To enter the giddy halls of mirth—
But ah! how vain do they all appear!

6 For he's had an earnest of those joys
Which the righteous alone can ever share;
He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,
And fervently asks—Are we almost there?

7 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,
And to meet the Saviour in the air;
The day-star dawns—soon with joyous bound
He can say indeed—We are almost there.

COVENTRY. C. M.



3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving look of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent souls shall rise,
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies.

New Jerusalem.

1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes;
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

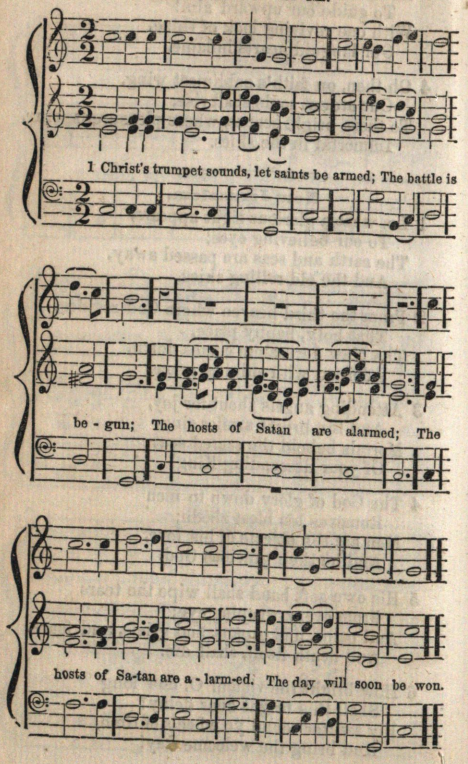
3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
Mortals behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!

4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men are the objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.

5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

6 How bright the vision! O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

CONWAY. C. M.



2 The glorious Captain, Jesus, sends
The heralds of his might,
To search and try who are his friends,
And who will 'list to fight.

3 The gospel calls for volunteers,
That come with heart and hand;
Come, brethren, banish all your fears,
And with your Saviour stand.

4 Our King is sure the day to gain;
His friends with him shall share;
Who suffer now with him shall reign;
But let his foes beware.

5 Dear Lord, accept my worthless name;
A soldier I would be;
Thy gracious promises I claim,
And give myself to thee.

Self-Denial.

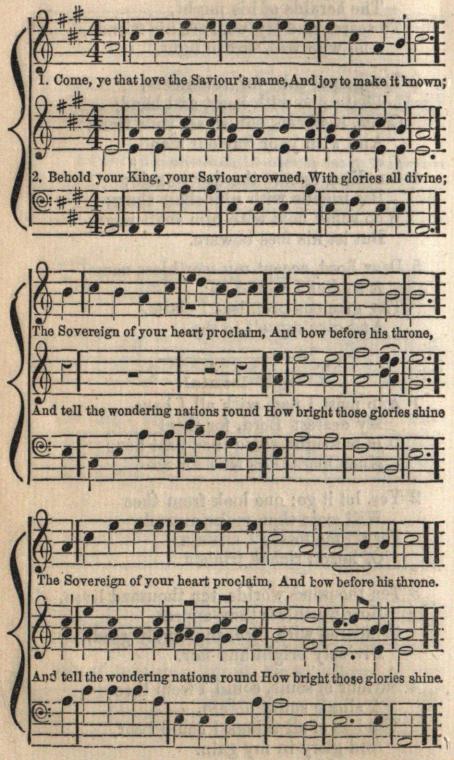
1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee!
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honor, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

CORONATION. C. M.



3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 While in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

Not Ashamed of Christ.

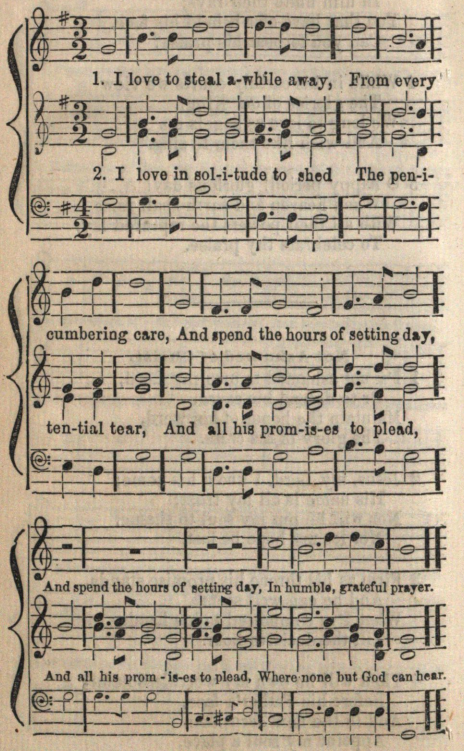
1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

WOODLAND. C. M.



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

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes to come;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here away from home.

Despised Pilgrims.

1 What poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?

2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

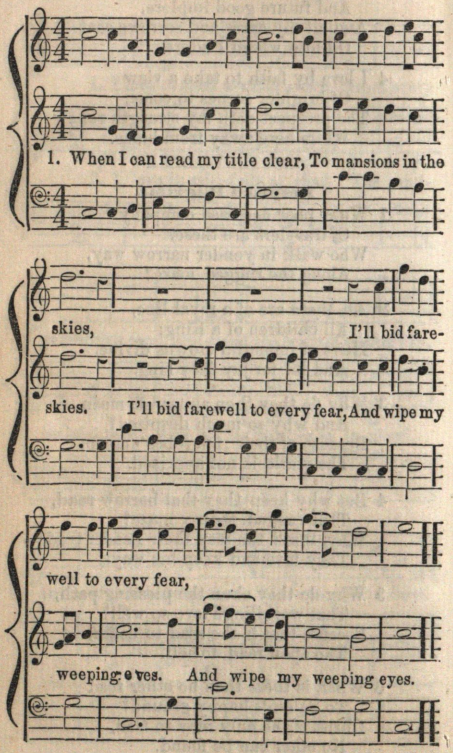
3 Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not apprized.

4 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod,—
They love and keep his ways.

5 Why do they shun the pleasing path,
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

6 What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.



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

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

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

Remember Me.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Jesus, remember me.

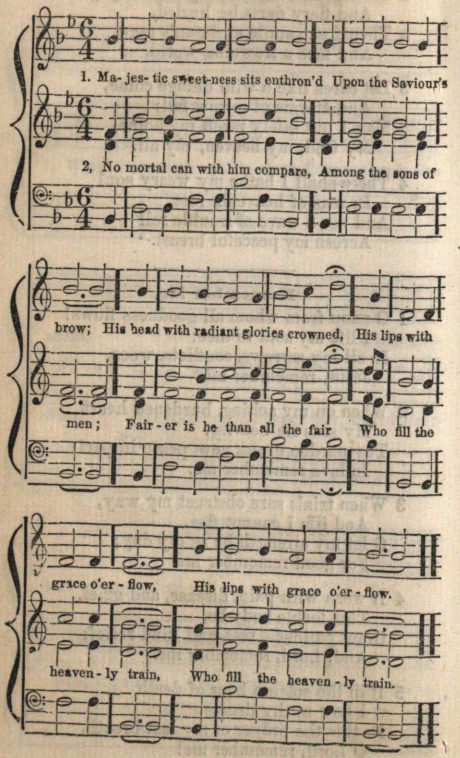
2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day;
For good remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
And, Lord, remember me.

5 If in the solemn hour of death
I bow to thy decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me!

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Bless the Lamb.

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

2 Thou wilt redeem us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
And make us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

Christ, the Way of Life.

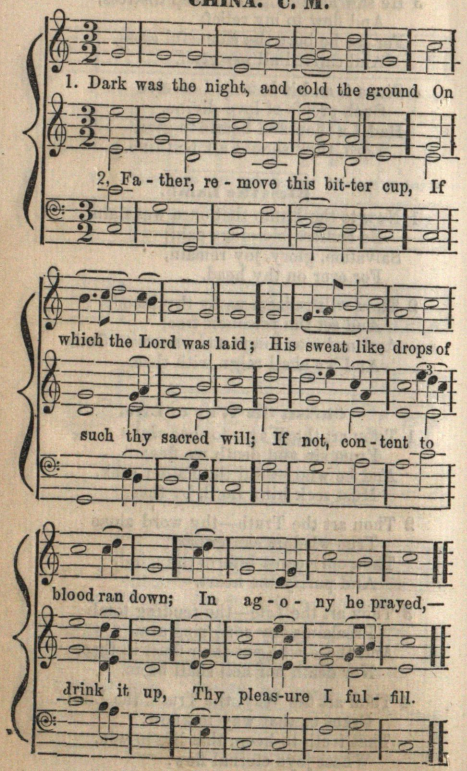
1 Thou art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conq'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

CHINA. C. M.



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

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

Peaceful Sleep.

1 JESUS made known the path of light,
Which righteous men shall tread;
He showed the way, the truth, the life,
In rising from the dead.

2 Then let these fleshly yearnings cease,
Let joy our hearts expand;
Death is to them a peaceful sleep,
Who keep their Lord's command.

3 This sleeping dust ere long shall rise,
And these dead bones awake;
When Christ in glory rends the skies,
And all the kingdoms shake.

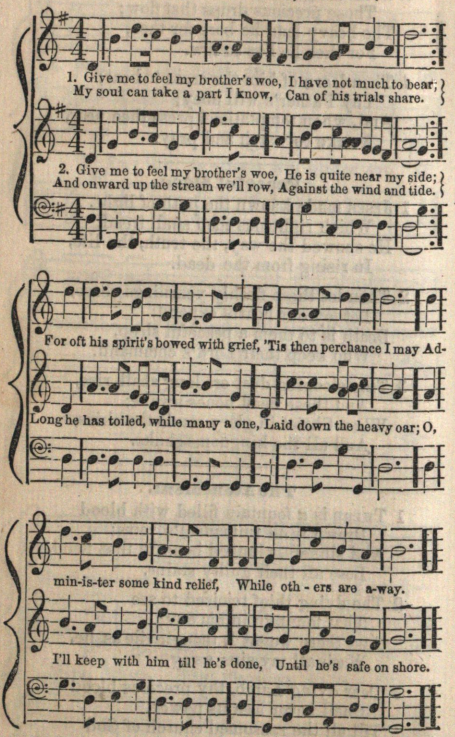
The Atonement.

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

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there would I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

FLORENCE. C. M., double.



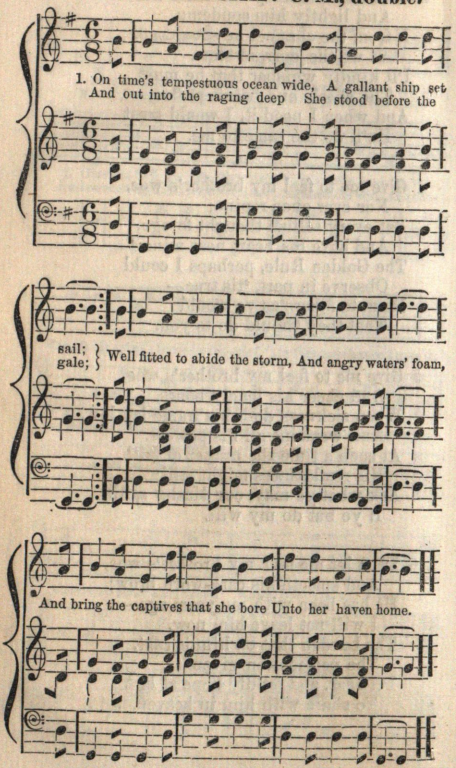
3 Give me to feel my brother's woe,
And lightly him condemn,
If from the channel he should go,
As we the current stem.
I'll kindly whisper that he must
The shoals and breakers flee;
And when I need it, I would trust
He'll do the same to me.

4 Give me to feel my brother's woe,
Nor ever once repine;
But every selfish thought forego,
And have his heart near mine.
The Golden Rule, perhaps I could
Observe in part, 'tis true—
Do unto others as ye would
That they should do to you.

5 Give me to feel my brother's woe,
And cheer his lonely hours,
When sickness doth his frame lay low,
And weakens all his powers.
At such a time the prayer of faith,
His restlessness might still:
Ask what ye may, our Master saith,
If ye but do my will.

6 Then let me feel my brother's woe,
And smooth his care-worn brow;
He has been with me years ago—
I will not leave him now.
The burden that on him is cast,
The persecution given
I'll bear, and fondly hope at last
To share with him in heaven.

THE GOSPEL SHIP. C. M., double.



2 Long was to be her voyage—the time,
Six thousand years almost—
Ere she would make the highland heights,
Along the heavenly coast;
Yet with her sails expanded wide,
On, on she swiftly flew;
Bearing with ardent hope and love
Her passengers and crew.

3 Oft tempests have assailed her round,
And stormy winds rose high;
And dark have been the mountain waves,
That bore her to the sky;
But o'er them all, with steady helm,
She onward pressed her way;
Her compass true unto the pole,
Guides her to endless day.

4 Long, long she has been out, and now
She nears her haven home;
A beacon light hangs o'er her bow,
And bids her thither come.
And voices joyful oft are heard,
And music swelling high;
The land! the land! the land ahead!
With rapture now they cry.

5 Now soon will she be safely moored
And anchored in the bay;
And all her passengers, on shore,
Will keep a festal day.
And long their songs of joy will rise,
Beneath high heaven's dome—
They've passed the stormy sea of time—
They've reached their haven home.

Babel's Streams.

1 Our silent harps o'er Babel's streams
Are hung on willows lone;
We'll mourn until our absent Lord
Returns to claim his own.
When 'neath the curse the groaning earth
Moans forth her plaintive prayer,
How can we sing with joy and mirth?
Oh no, her grief we'll share.

2 How can we sing when martyrs mourn—
How long, O Lord how long?
How can our souls gush forth in joy,
And swell with raptured song?
Then bid us not refrain from grief,
For we must still be sad;
Until the morning star arise,
We will no more be glad.

3 Thou Coming One our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.
Long as our fiery trials last—
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh, let our souls on thee be cast,
In all-prevailing prayer.

4 The power of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
Till then thy perfect love impart,
Till thou appear below,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.
Then let me on the mountain top,
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in joyful praise.

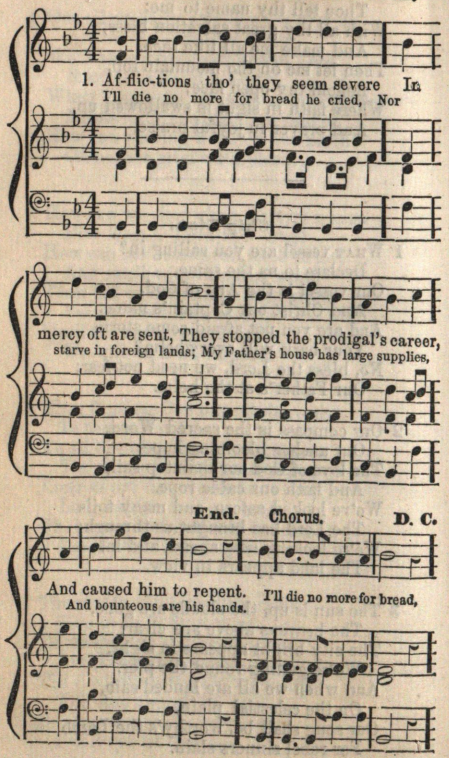
Ship Zion.

1 What vessel are you sailing in?
Declare to us the same.
Our vessel is the Ark of God,
And Christ our Captain's name.
And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
No, bless the Lord, we need not fear;
Our Father's at the helm.

2 Our compass is the sacred Word;
Our anchor blooming hope;
The love of God our maintop sail,
And faith our cable rope.
We've looked astern, and many toils
The Lord has brought us through;
We're looking now ahead, and lo!
The land appears in view.

3 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
The city bright appears in sight,
We're getting round the pier.
And when we all are landed safe,
On the celestial plain,
Our song shall be, worthy's the Lamb
For rebel sinners slain.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. C. M.



2 What have I gained by sin he said,
But hunger, shame and fear?
My Father's house abounds with bread
While I am starving here.
I'll die no more for bread, he cried,
Nor starve in foreign lands;
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.
I'll die no more for bread, he cried,
Nor starve in foreign lands;
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

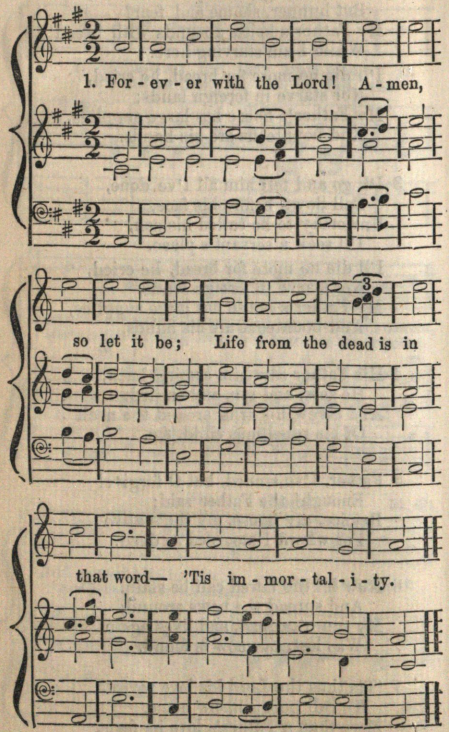
4 His Father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child, &c.

5 Father, I've sinned, but O forgive!
Enough! the Father said;
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive
For whom I mourned as dead.

6 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, and lives again
Was lost, but now is found.

7 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home,
More than a Father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul—how near
At times, to Faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

3 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

4 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

5 Anon, the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

6 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word,
E'en here, to me fulfill.

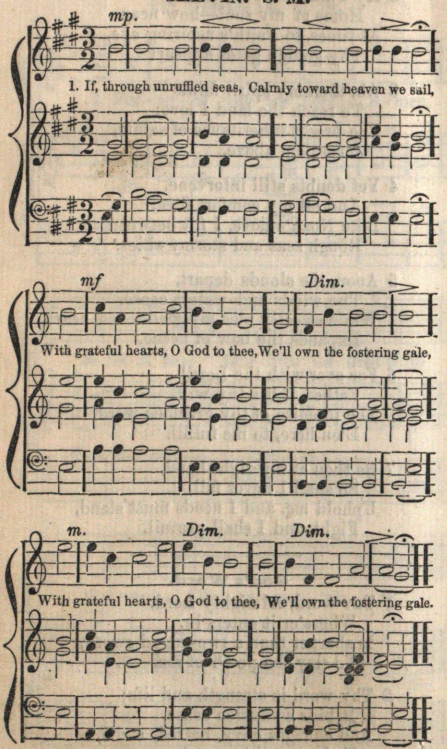
7 Be thou at my right hand,
So shall I never fail;
Uphold me, and I needs must stand,
Fight, and I shall prevail.

God's Word.

1 Thy word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the pow'r of sin.

2 Thy word is strength and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

SELVIN. S. M.



2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears,
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

To Whom should we Go?

1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?

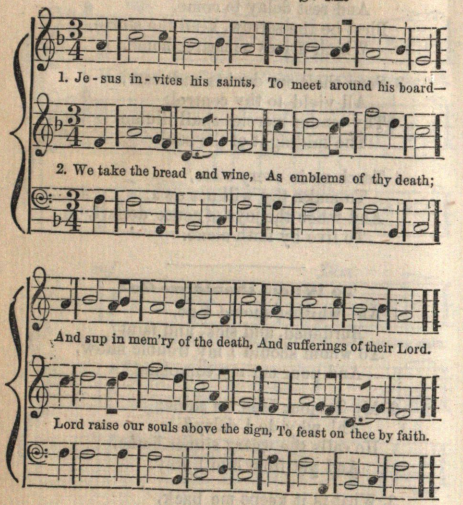
2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the vail away.

5 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine,
It looks beyond this scene of strife—
Unites us to the Vine.

4 Soon shall the night be gone,
Our Lord will come again;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Will usher in his reign.

The Change.

1 O WHAT a mighty change
Shall Jesus' foll'wers know,
When o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!

2 There all our griefs are passed;
There all our sorrows end;
We gain a peaceful rest at last,
With Jesus Christ our friend.

3 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy.

4 In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise:
There gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

The Sinner's Fate.

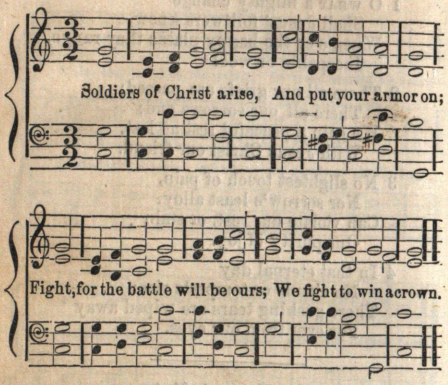
1 O SINNER, mark thy fate!
Soon will the Judge appear;
And then thy cries will come too late;
Too late for God to hear.

2 The day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,
The cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.

3 Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glittering sword;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.

4 One only hope I see—
Oh, sinner, seize it now:
The blood that Jesus shed for thee!
No other hope hast thou.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



2 We fight not against flesh;
We wrestle not with blood;
But principalities and powers,
And for the truth of God.

3 With wicked spirits too,
That on high places stand,
Perverting oft the word of God,
And say 'tis by command.

4 Put all the armor on;
Like valiant soldiers stand;
Let all your loins be girt with truth,
Waiting our Lord's command.

5 While Jesus is our friend,
The Spirit is our guide,
We'll march like valiant soldiers on;
We're sure to win the prize.

6 The battle's almost o'er;
The race is almost run:
Then with our glorious conq'ring King,
We'll sit down on his throne.

The Resurrection.

1 In expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes! The Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds, Awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

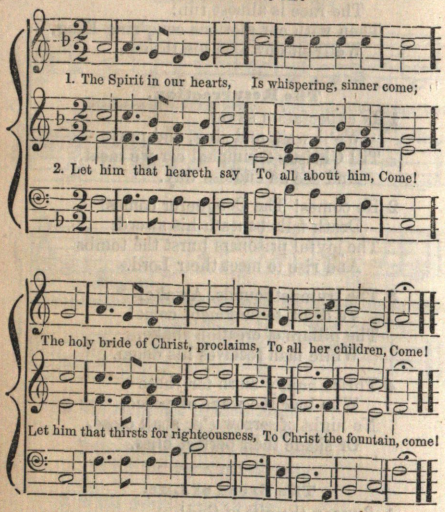
The Bread of Life.

1 Behold the gift of God!
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood—
Who bore the curse and shame.

2 Behold the living bread
Which Jesus came to give,
Entered the tomb among the dead,
That we might ever live.

3 The Lord delights to give;
He knows we've nought to buy:
To Jesus haste—this bread receive,
And we shall never die.

OLNEY. S. M.



3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come:
Lord, even so, we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

Love to the Saints.

1 I LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from every sin.

2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedlessly I err:
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care!

3 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight!
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ, the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

Ministers Encouraged.

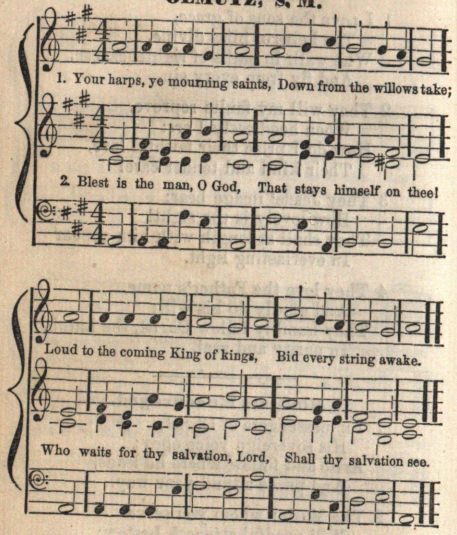
1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Go, spread the Saviour's name;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation, full and free,
To Adam's guilty race.

4 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success,
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

OLMUTZ, S. M.



3 Awake, the day-star bright,
Hath risen, and 'tis dawn!
The herald of the King of light
Hath come, awake, 'tis morn!

4 Swell loud the tuneful song,
He cometh! Angels sing!
He will not tarry very long,
Tune then each silent string.

5 Bid every heart awake!
'Tis surely death to sleep,
Oh, from the willows take the harp,
And faithful vigil keep.

6 Sing Jesus' dying love,
Sing that he rose again—
Sing now he comes to burst the tombs,
And with his saints to reign!

Praise to God.

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

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

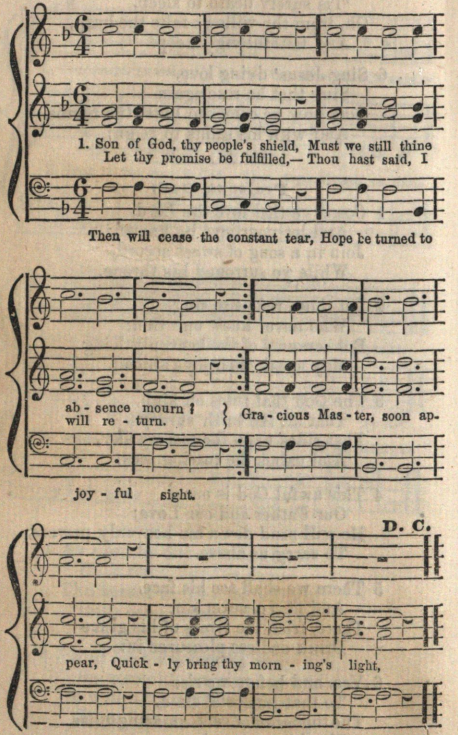
3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:

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

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

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

MARTYN. 7s.



2 As a woman counts the days,
Till her absent lord she sees,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So the church must long for thee.
Come, that we may see thee nigh;
Then the sheep shall feed in peace;
Hushed for ever trouble's sigh,
Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

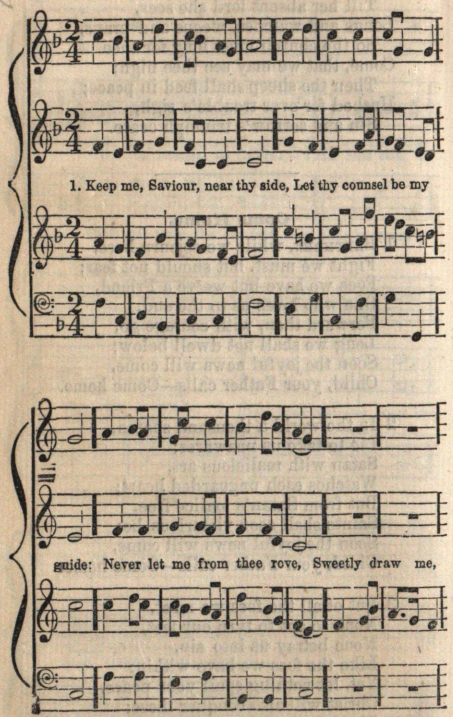
Come Home.

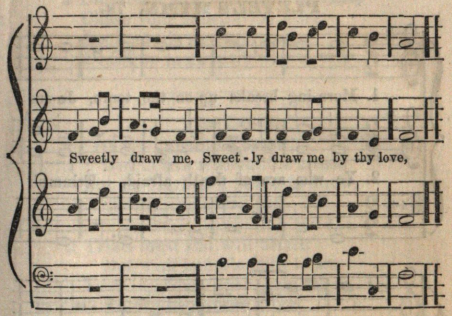
1 Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have but we've a Friend,
One who loves us to the end.
Forward then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within;
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

GRANVILLE. 7s.





2 Let me with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

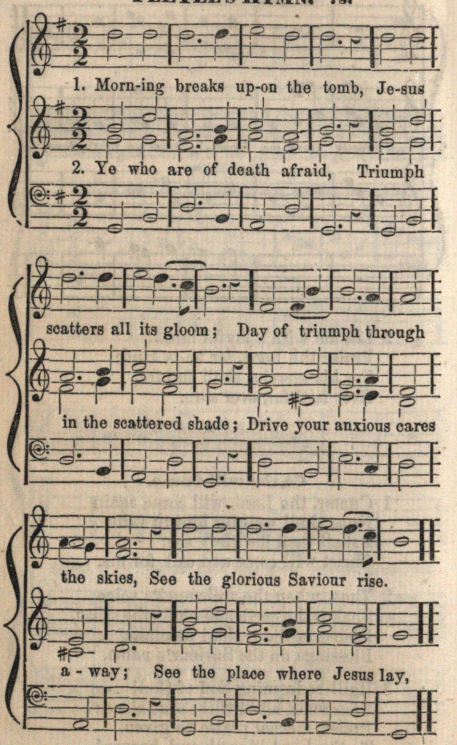
Christ will Come.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, will come again
None shall wait for him in vain;
I shall then his glory see;
Christ will come and call for me.

2 Then, when the archangel's voice
Shakes the earth and rends the skies,
Rising millions shall proclaim
Blessings on the Saviour's name.

3 Hail! redeeming Son of God!
Ransomed hosts will shout aloud:
Praise, eternal praise be given,
To the Lord of earth and heaven!

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



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

The Cross.

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

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

The Shut Door.

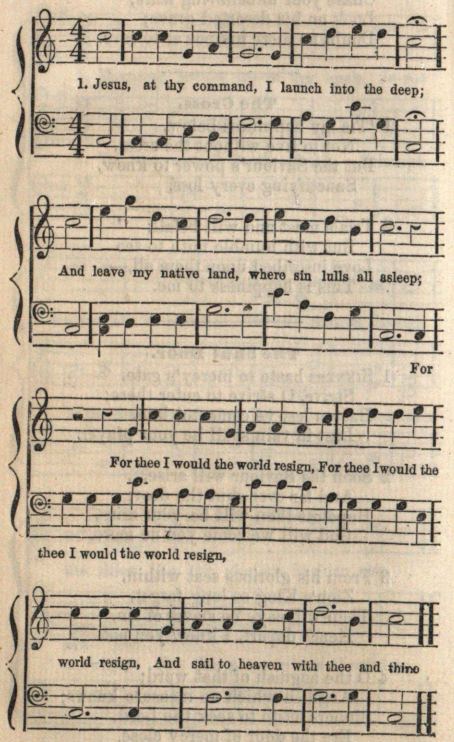
1 Sinners haste to mercy's gate,
Strive, O strive to enter there;
Hasten lest ye come too late,
Lest in vain shall be your prayer.

2 Soon the Saviour will arise,
And for ever shut the door;
Hopeless then will be your cries,
God will welcome you no more.

3 From his glorious seat within,
Zion's King so long forgot,
Then will say, Ye slaves of sin,
Hence depart, I know you not.

4 O the anguish of that word;
Anguish which no measure knows;
Sinners haste to seek the Lord,
Ere the door of mercy close.

LENOX. H. M.



2 Thou art my pilot—wise,
My compass is thy Word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord;
I'll trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

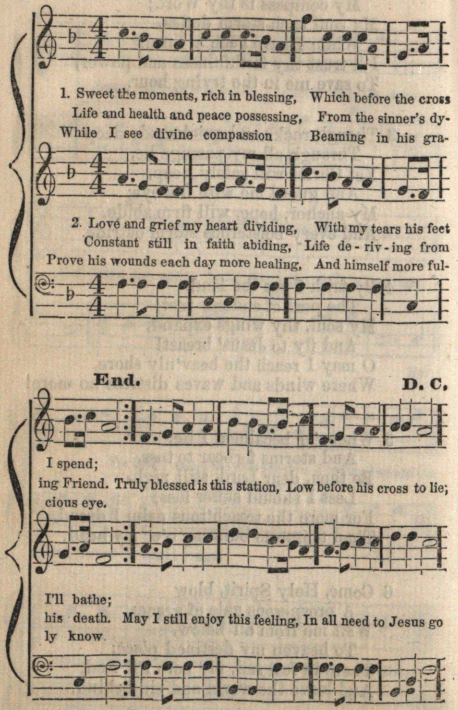
3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guard me with his eye;
My anchor, hope, will firm abide,
And every boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Spirit, blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven my destined place;
There in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s double.



The Scattered Flock.

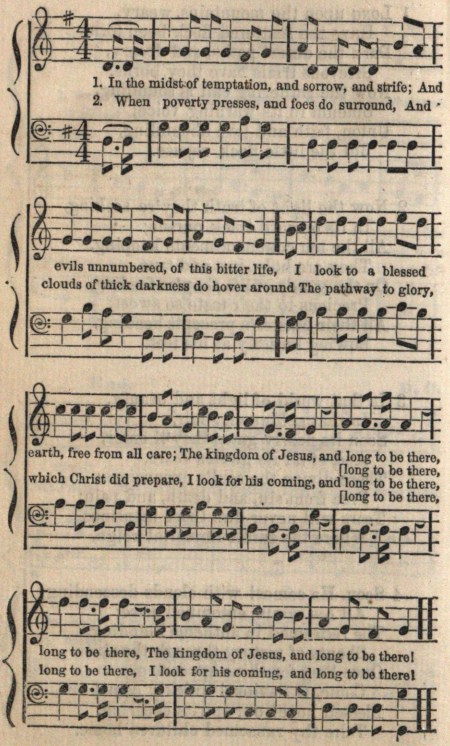
1 Long upon the mountains, weary,
Have the scattered flock been torn;
Dark the desert paths, and dreary,
Grievous trials have they borne.
Now the gathering call is sounding,
Solemn in its warning voice;
Union, faith and love abounding,
Bid the little flock rejoice.

2 Now the light of truth they're seeking,
In its onward track pursue;
All the ten commandments keeping,
They are holy, just and true.
On the words of life they're feeding,
Precious to their taste so sweet;
All their Master's precepts heeding,
Bowing humbly at his feet.

3 In that world of light and beauty,
In that golden city fair,
Soon its pearly gates they'll enter,
And of all its glories share.
There divine the soul's expansions;
Free from sin, and death, and pain;
Tears will never dim those mansions
Where the saints immortal reign.

4 Soon, He comes! with clouds descending;
All his saints, entombed arise;
The redeemed in anthems blending,
Shouts of victory through the skies.
O we long for thine appearing,
Come, O Saviour! quickly come!
Blessed hope! our spirits cheering,
Take thy ransomed children home.

I LONG TO BE THERE. 11s.



3 When this mortal body is racking with pain,
And demons are striving to trouble my brain,
I hope for the crown that the saints soon shall wear,
In the regions of glory, and long to be there!

4 When the wicked are scoffing, because I believe
The Saviour is coming, my pains to relieve,—
I weep for their folly, and bow in deep prayer,
For Christ's coming kingdom, and long to be there!

5 By the sweet flowing river of life I will sing
My triumph through Jesus, my Saviour and King,
And praise him who brought me, a sinner, to share
A feast of fat things,—O, I long to be there!

6 I long to be there! and the thought that 'tis near
Makes me almost impatient for Christ t' appear,
And fit up that dwelling of glories so rare,
The earth robed in beauty,—I long to be there!

Groaning Creation.

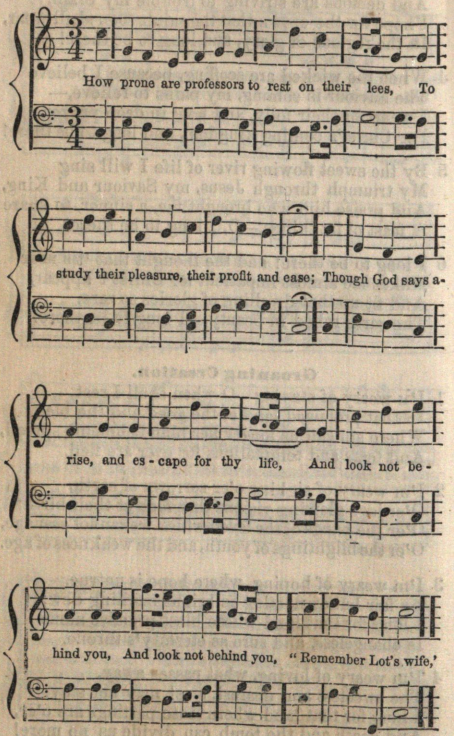
1 I'm weary of staying—O when shall I rest
In that promised land of the good and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations for ever are fled.

2 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joys glowing visions that fade at their birth;
O'er the pangs of the loved which we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

3 I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as bright morning dew;
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.

4 I'm weary of loving, what passes away,
The sweetest and dearest, alas! may not stay;
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide us no more!

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE.



2 Awake from thy slumbers, the warning believe,
'Tis Jesus that calls you, the message receive;
While dangers are pending, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife!

3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stay,
And tell you that lions are found in the way;
He means to deceive you, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife!

4 How many poor souls has the tempter beguiled!
With specious temptations how many defiled!
O, be not deluded, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife!

5 The ways of religion true pleasure afford,
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
Forsake then the world and escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife!

6 But if you determine the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to choose,
For hell, you will part with the blessings of life,
And then, if not now, you'll remember Lot's wife!

I Cannot go Back.

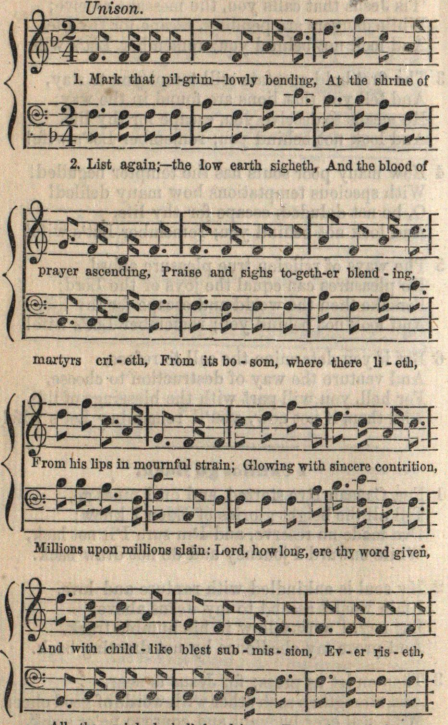
1 For Canaan I've started, and on I must go,
Till all the bright glories of Eden I know;
I've made no reserve, and I'm sure I'll not lack,
While onward I journey and do not draw back.

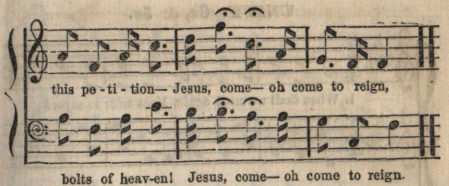
2 My soul is enkindled with rapture and love,
I fain would ascend to my Jesus above;
But nay, I must follow in his humble track,
And prove my obedience by not drawing back.

3 Then on let us press; for Jesus is near,
And strengthen each other with words of good cheer;
With zeal ever buoyant and courage ne'er slack,
Let's be true to our King and never draw back.

COME TO REIGN. 8s & 7s. (PECULIAR.)

Unison.



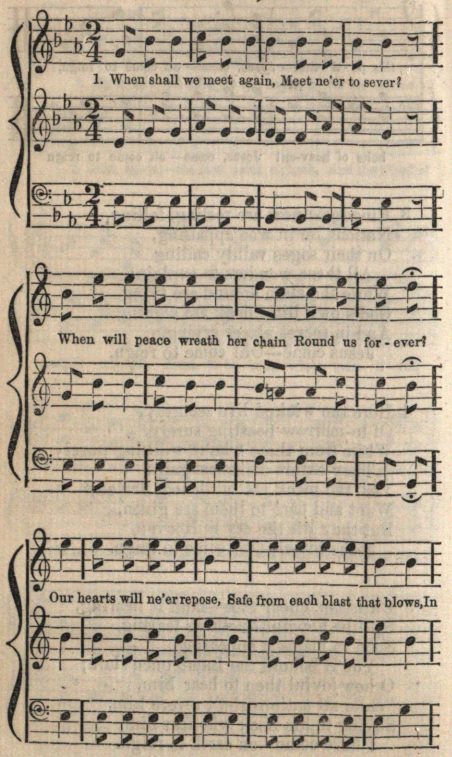


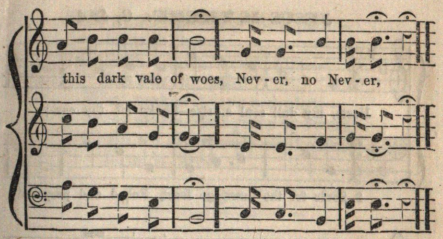
3 Kingdoms now are reeling, falling,
Nations lie in woe appalling,
On their sages vainly calling
All these wonders to explain;
While the slain around are lying,
God's own little flock are sighing,
And in secret places crying,
Jesus come—Oh! come to reign.

4 Here the wicked live securely,
Of to-morrow boasting surely,
While from those who're walking purely
They extort dishonest gain:
Yea, the meek are burdened, driven;
Want and care to them are given,
But they lift the cry to Heaven,
Jesus come—Oh! come to reign.

5 Christian, cheer thee—land is nearing,
Still be hopeful—nothing fearing,
Soon in majesty appearing,
You'll behold the Lamb once slain;
O how joyful then to hear him,
While all nations shall revere him,
Saying to his flock who fear him,
I have come—on earth to reign.

UNITY. 6s, & 5s.



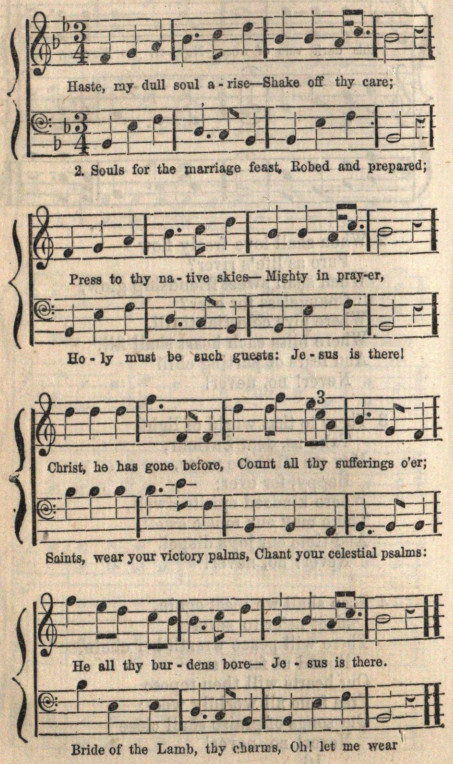


2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never! no, never!

3 There to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy, for ever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never! no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
There will peace wreath her chain,
Round us for ever:
Our hearts will then repose
Free from all worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never! no, never!

JESUS IS THERE. 6, & 4.



3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure—
Jesus is there!
Heaven's bliss is ever sure—
Thou art its heir.
What makes it joys complete—
What makes its hymns so sweet;
There we our friends shall greet—
Jesus is there.

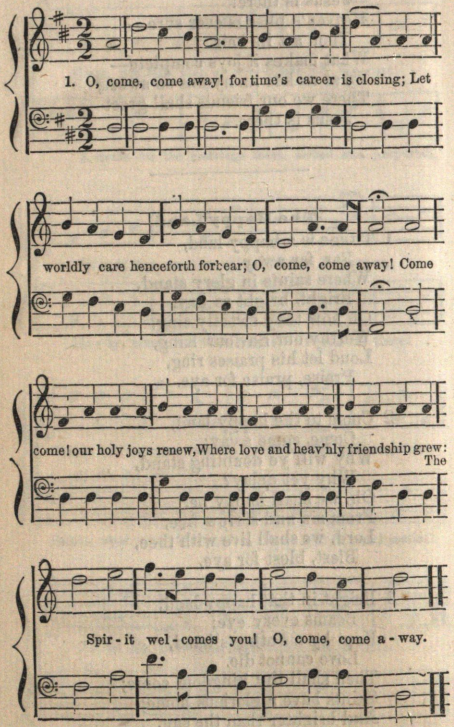
The Happy Land.

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to the happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why yet delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
From sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Then shall thy kingdom come;
Saints have a glorious home;
And brighter than the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

COME AWAY. 12, 5, 8.



2 Awake! ye awake! no time now for reposing;
The Lord is near! breaks on the ear,
O, come, come away!
Come, come where Jesus' love will be,
Who says, I meet with two or thee:
Sweet promise made to thee!
O, come, come away!

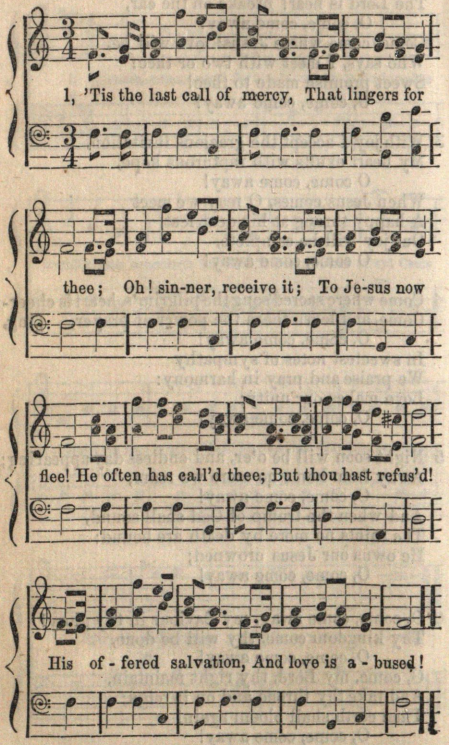
3 With joy I accept the gracious invitation,
My heart exults with rapturous hope,
O come, come away!
When Jesus comes, O may we meet
A happy throng at his dear feet,
Our joy will be complete,
O come, come away!

4 Come where sacred song the pilgrim's heart is cheering,
Come, and learn there the power of prayer,
O, come, come away!
In sweetest notes of sympathy
We praise and pray in harmony:
Love makes our unity;
O, come, come away!

5 Night soon will be o'er, and endless day appearing;
Away from home no more we roam;
O, come, come away!
And when the trump of God shall sound,
The saints no more by death are bound:
He owns our Jesus crowned;
O, come, come away!

6 O, come, come away, my Saviour in thy glory!
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
O, come, come away!
O, come, my Lord, thy right maintain,
And take thy throne and on it reign;
Then earth shall bloom again!
O, come, come away!

THE LAST CALL. 11s.



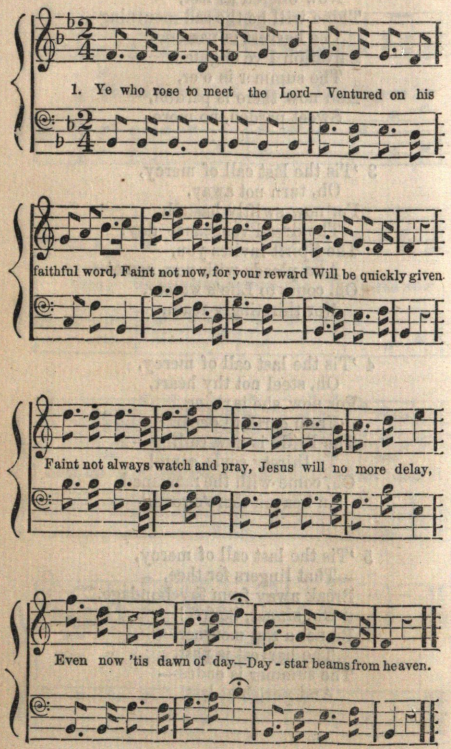
2 If thou slightest this warning
Now offered at last,
Thine will be the sad mourning—
The harvest is passed,
Salvation I've slighted,
The summer is o'er,
And now there is pardon,
Sweet pardon, no more.

3 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, turn not away,
For now swiftly hasteth
The dread vengeance day!
The Spirit invites you,
And pleads with you, come!
Oh, come to Life's waters,
Nor thirstingly roam.

4 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, steel not thy heart,
For now she is rising,
From earth to depart!
The Bride is now calling—
Ye thirsty souls, come!
Oh, come with the ransomed,
In heaven there's room!

5 'Tis the last call of mercy,
That lingers for thee,
Break away from thy bondage,
Oh, sinner, be free!
Be not a sad mourner—
The harvest is past,
The summer is ended—
And perish at last!

MORNING WATCH. 7s & 5,



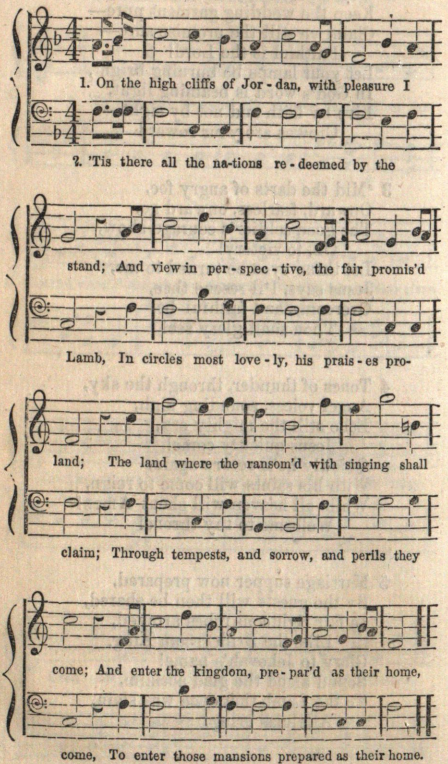
2 Would ye to the end endure?
Keep the wedding garment pure—
Claim ye still the promise sure—
Faithful is the Lord!
Let your lamps be burning bright,
In God's word is beaming light,
Live by faith and not by sight—
Crowns are your reward.

3 'Mid the darts of angry foe,
Onward, fearless, onward go,
The good soldier's courage show,
On, to victory!
Let thine eyes be turned to me,
Jesus says, I'll rescue thee,
Overcome, and faithful be,
Thou shalt glory see!

4 Tones of thunder, through the sky,
Angel voices, sounding high,
Echo still the mighty cry,
Jesus quickly come!
Quickly he'll return again,
With his saints will come to reign,
While all heaven will shout Amen!
Welcome to thy throne!

5 Marriage supper now prepared,
By the guests will then be shared,
In fair righteous robes arrayed,
Like the Bridegroom King.
Glory to Jehovah's name!
Sound aloud the glad acclaim,
To the Lamb that once was slain,
Alleluias bring!

PROMISED LAND. 11s.



3 All over those peaceful delectable plains,
The Lord our Redeemer in righteousness reigns;
His sceptre of empire he now doth assume,
And kindly doth welcome his followers home.

4 How bless'd are those regions, the realms of repose,
Where with fruit, O how grateful, the tree of life
The regions ambrosial for ever in bloom, [grows;
God's own habitation, the saints' happy home.

5 Those pleasures of glory, O when shall I share,
And crowns of celestial felicity wear;
And range o'er those landscapes exempt from a sigh,
The home of the faithful, now specially nigh.

I Would not Live Alway.

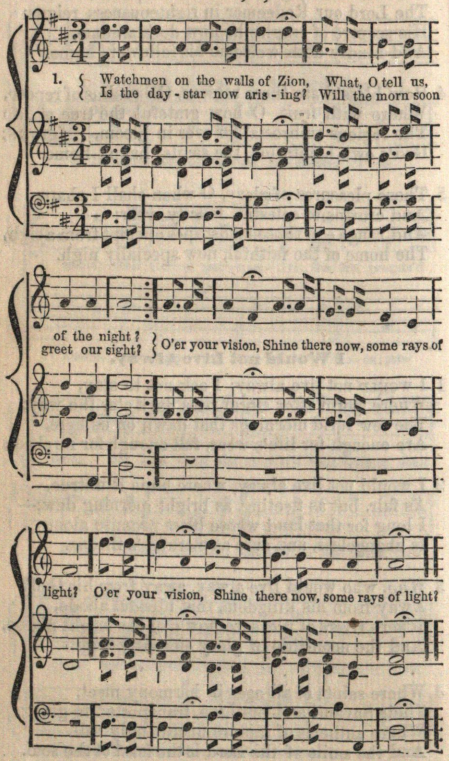
1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as bright morning dew;—
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from his kingdom, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns.

4 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
Where anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

ZION. 8, 7, 4.



2 Tell, O tell us, are the land-marks
On our voyage all passed by?
Are we nearing now the haven,
Can we e'en the land descry?
May we truly
On your guidance now rely?

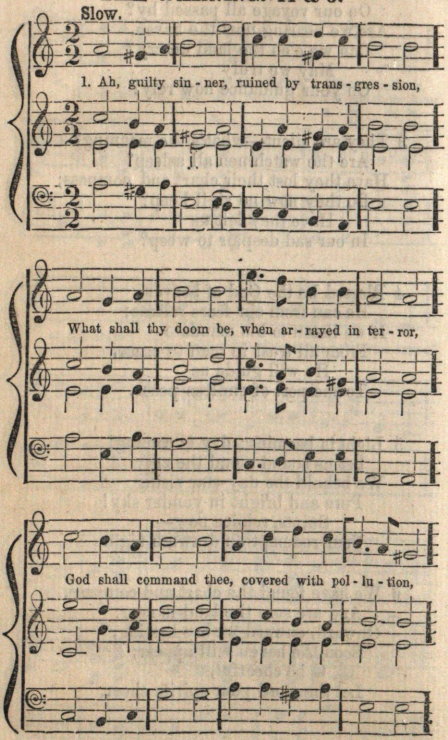
3 They are silent—what's the meaning?
Are the watchmen all asleep?
Have they lost their chart and compass;
Do they now no vigil keep?
Have they left us
In our sad despair to weep?

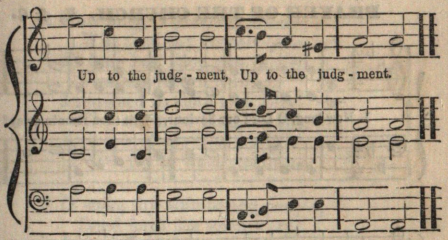
4 Blessed be the God of heaven,
He can from our fears release;
If we listen to his mandate
From all trust in man to cease,
He will guide us
To the port of endless peace.

5 Light is beaming; day is coming!
Let us sound aloud the cry;
We behold the day-star rising
Pure and bright in yonder sky!
Saints, rejoice now—
Your redemption draweth nigh.

6 We have found the chart and compass,
And are sure the land is near;
Onward, onward we are hasting,
Soon the haven will appear;
O be cheerful,
Let the word your spirits cheer.

THE WARNING. 11 & 5.





2 Oft he has called thee, but thou would'st not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted,
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded
Waits to embrace you.

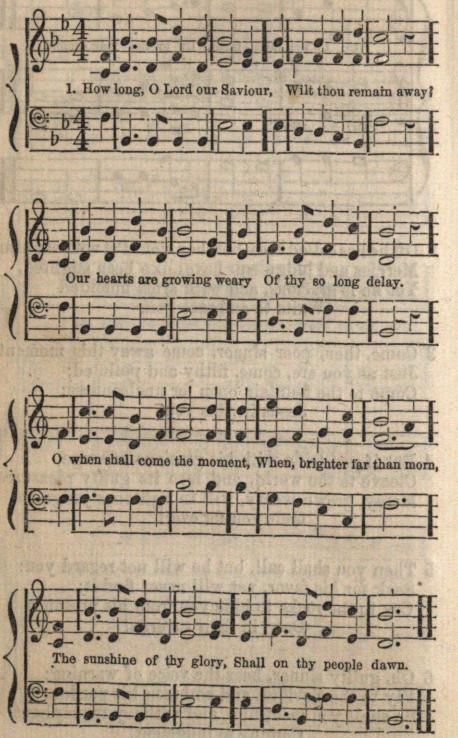
3 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment;
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted;
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness:
Jesus invites you!

4 But if you trifle with his gracious message;
Cleave to the world, and love its guilty pleasures;
Mercy, grown weary, will in righteous judgment
Quit you for ever!

5 Then you shall call, but he will not regard you:
Seek for his favor, yet will never find it;
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence
Deep in their caverns!

6 Oh, guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
So shall you meet him, and with joy triumphant,
Coming to judgment!

PRAYER OF THE CHURCH. 7, & 6.



2 How long, O gracious Master;
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe.
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

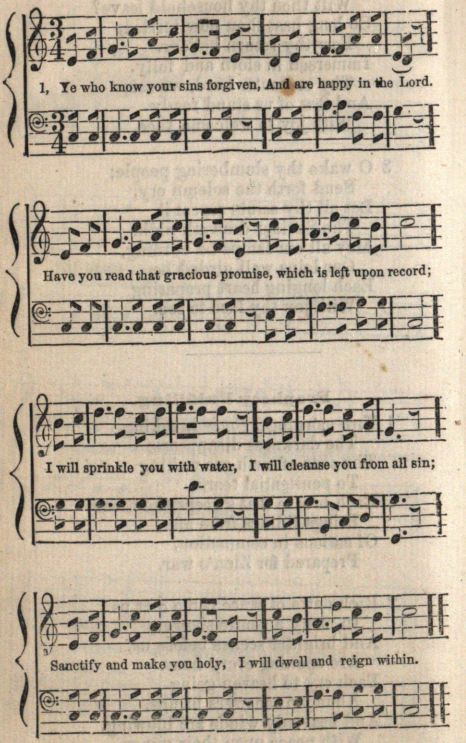
3 O wake thy slumbering people;
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all thy saints repeat it,
The Saviour draweth nigh!
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

Prophecy Fulfilling.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour.
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly winds are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

GOSPEL FREEDOM. 8 & 7.



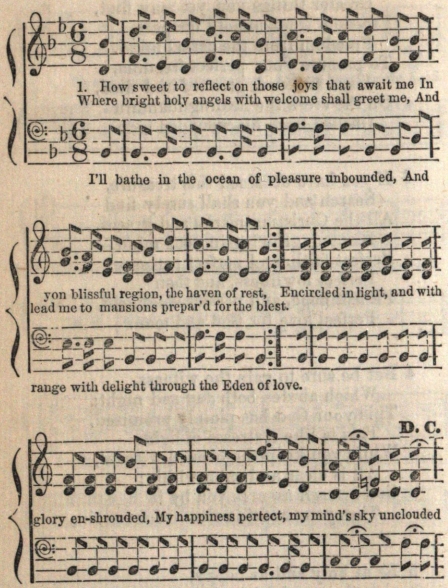
2 Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffered, groaned and died,
On the cross the healing fountain
Gushed from his wounded side.

3 If you have obtained this treasure,
Search and you shall surely find
All the Christian marks and graces,
Planted, growing in your mind,—
Perfect faith, and perfect patience,
Perfect lowliness, and then
Perfect hope, and perfect meekness,
Perfect love for God and man.

4 But be sure to gain the witness,
Which abides both day and night;
This your God has plainly promised,
This is like a stream of light.
While you keep the blessed witness,
All is clear and calm within;
God himself assures you by it
That your heart is cleansed from sin.

5 Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus, only Jesus know.
Wake up, brother; wake up, sister;
Seek, O seek this holy state;
None but holy ones can enter
Through the pure celestial gate.

EDEN. 11s.



2 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus' love.
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

Be Patient.

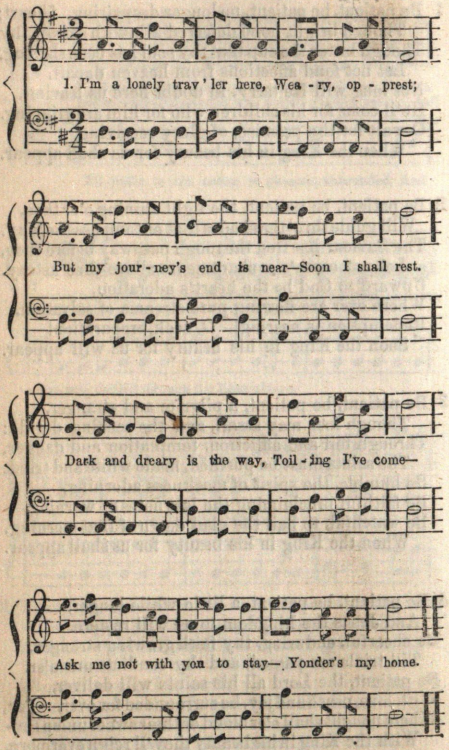
1 Be patient, be patient, no longer despairing, [heart;
Though bright hope deferred fills with sorrow thy
Though bitter the cup that thy soul has been sharing,
Let not fond affections from heaven depart.
Not long will He tarry, in doubt here us leaving,
He'll come for his children who for him are grieving.
O wait for the promise, of glory receiving,
When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.

2 Be patient, be patient, the light shining o'er thee,
Will guide thro' the shades that encompass the way.
The Saviour has trod the rough pathway before thee,
Let not earth's enchantments allure thee astray.
Upward to God be the heart's adoration,
Where ever are flowing pure streams of salvation.
Redemption is nearing! O, seek preparation!
Soon the King in his beauty for us will appear.

3 Be patient, be patient, a pilgrim and stranger,
Though foes may assail, and the scoffing deride:
Through toil and affliction, temptation and danger,
The saints must be purified, made white and tried.
Be humble, the spirit of meekness adorning,
Be faithful proclaiming the last notes of warning.
Be watchful, to hail the glad dawn of that morning,
When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.

4 Be patient, be patient, a little while longer,
And Jesus the kingdom to us will restore.
Be cheerful, enduring, thy faith growing stronger,
Till trials are passed, and thy conflicts are o'er.
Be patient, the Lord all his saints will deliver,
With love, peace and joy, be surrounded for ever, [er,
Where nought shall e'er cloud or their sweet union sev-
With the King in his beauty they'll reign evermore.

I'M A TRAVELER. 7 & 4,



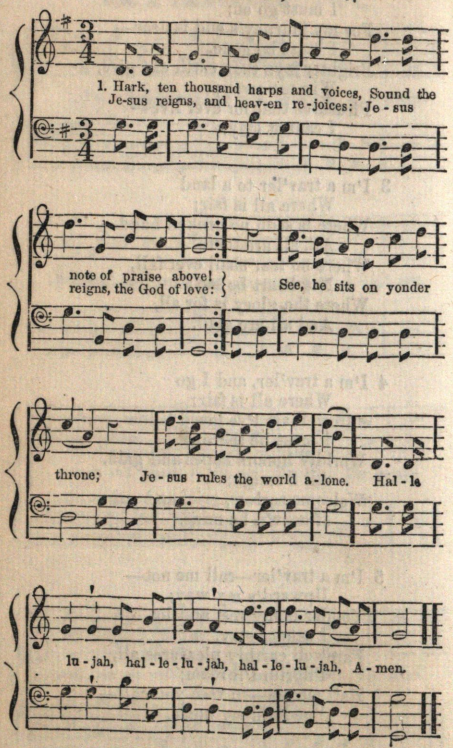
2 I'm a weary trav'ler here,
I must go on;
For my journey's end is near—
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that for ever live—
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors hopes and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
If heav'n be mine.

5 I'm a trav'ler—call me not—
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I cannot stay.
Farewell earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call—
Yonder's my home.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 7.



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

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

4 Saviour, hasten, thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
Glory, glory to our King, &c.

Christ a Friend.

1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

Abide With Us.

1 Blessed Jesus, meek and lowly,
With us here take thine abode;
We would fain like thee be holy,
Humbly walking with our God.
We would thy sweet Spirit cherish,
Welcome in our hearts thy stay;
Lest without thine aid we perish,
O, abide with us, we pray.

2 Guide us in the path to heaven,
Rugged though that path may be;
Let each bitter cup that's given,
Serve to draw us nearer thee.
In thy footsteps traced before us,
There we see earth's scorn and frown;
There is suffering ere the glory,
There's a cross before the crown.

3 In thy vineyard let us labor,
Of thy goodness let us tell;
All is ill without thy favor—
With thy presence all is well.
While the evening shadows gather,
Through this dreary night of tears,
Tarry with us, O my Saviour,
Till the morning light appears.

4 Then with thee may we for ever
Reign, with all the good and blest,
Where no sin from thee can sever,
Where the weary are at rest.
There to praise the matchless Giver,
There with angels to adore,
Him who did through grace deliver
Us from death for ever more.

Consecration.

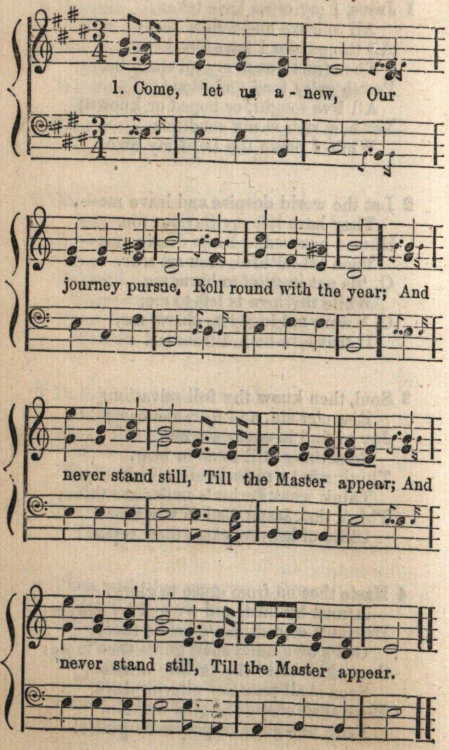
1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee:
All things else I have forsaken;
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
While I prove the Lord my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art faithful, thou art true.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
If that love be hid from me.

3 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise!

COME LET US ANEW. 10, 5, & 11.



2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O, that each in the day of his coming may say,
I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.

6 O, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

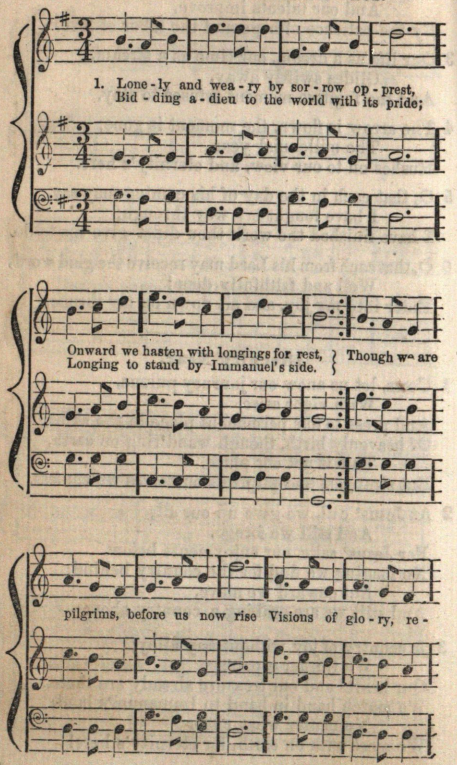
Eternity Near.

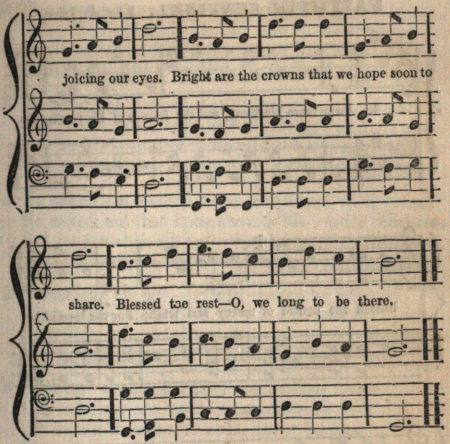
1 Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth, though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus' call, we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus' sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find for the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:—

3 A country of joy without any alloy;
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's here!

LONELY AND WEARY. 10s.

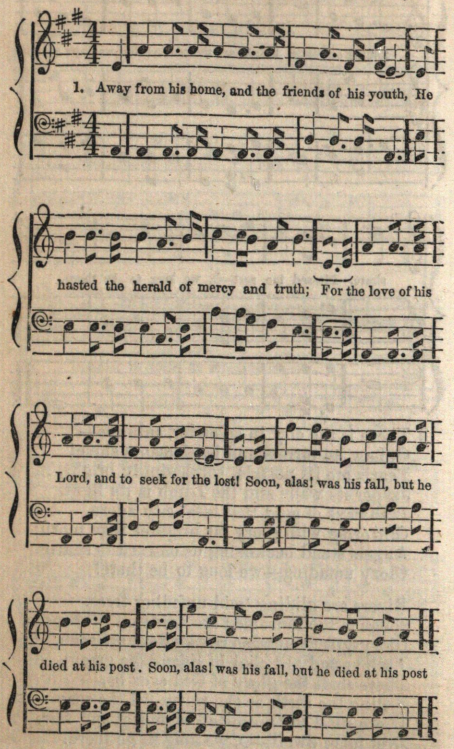




2 There is the city in splendor, sublime—
O, how its turrets and battlements shine!
Pearls are its portals, surpassingly bright,
Jasper its walls and the Lamb is its light.
Pathways of gold that blest city adorn,
Glittering with glory far brighter than morn;
Angels stand beckoning us onward to share
Glory unfading—we long to be there!

3 Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees,
Songs of the ransomed are borne on the breeze,
Glory-gilt mountains resplendent are seen,
Valleys and hill clad in Eden-like green;
There shall the glory of God ever be,
Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea;
There shall the ransomed immortal and fair,
Ever more dwell—O, we long to be there!

FAITHFUL SENTINEL. 11s & 12s,



2 The stranger's eye wept that in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb:
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done;
The battle was fought, and the victory won; [most,
But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the
Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post.

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—he will rise as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell; [coast,
He will join the redeemed, when they reach the bright
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6 And can we the words of our brother forget?
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so sacred shall never be lost,
If we fall in the work—we will die at our post.

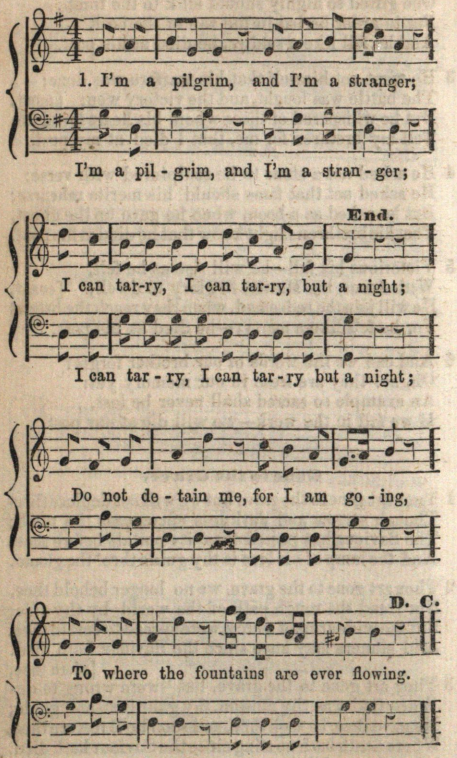
Gone to the Grave.

1 Thou art gone to the grave but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed thro' its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy, were spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Saviour hath died.
[plore thee,

3 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to de-
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and soon he'll restore thee,
Where death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

PILGRIM AND STRANGER.



2 There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night.

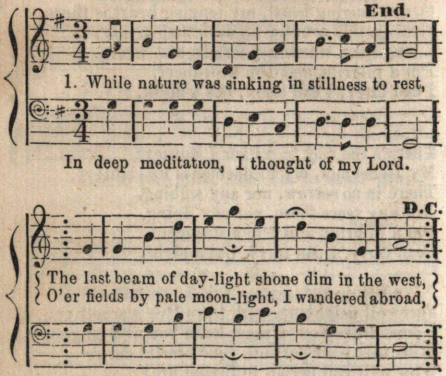
3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night.

4 Farewell neighbors, with tears I've warned you,
I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone!
With this your portion, your hearts' desire—
Why will you perish in raging fire?
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night.

5 Father, mother and sister, brother!
If you will not journey with me I must go!
Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
Should I too linger and with you perish?
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night.

6 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed;
He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee,
And then thy dread curse shall never more be.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

GETHSEMANE. 11s.



2 I passed near a garden: there fell on my ear
A voice of deep anguish from one that was there;
The tones of his agony melted my heart,
While earnestly pleading the lost sinner's part.

3 In offering to heaven his strong, matchless prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life as a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

4 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and [tears!
I wept to behold him, and asked his name;
He answered, 'T is Jesus—from heaven I came.

5 I am thy Redeemer—for thee I must die;
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by;

Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!

6 I heard with attention the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow,
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

7 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
Lord, save, or I perish! O, save, or I die!
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me, Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive.

8 How sweet was that language! it made me rejoice!
His smile, O, how pleasant! how cheering his voice
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad;
I shouted, Salvation! O, glory to God!

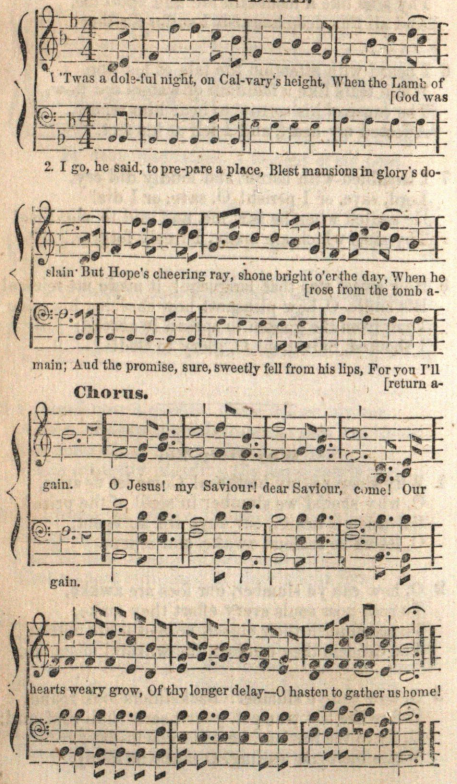
Why Sleep Ye.

1 Why sleep ye, my brethren! Come let us arise,
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,
O, let us be zealous, awake, and repent.

2 O, how can ye slumber, our foes are awake,
To ruin poor souls every effort they make;
To accomplish their object, no means are untried,
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.

3 O, how can ye slumber! Backsliders look round,
Before the last trumpet, your hearts shall confound;
O, fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day;
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.

LILLY DALE.



3 Through storm and night, so dark and drear,
In perils grief and pain,
Thy people have sighed for the promised day,
When thou wouldst return again!

4 How long, O Lord, shall we watch and weep,
For the rightful Heir to reign?
And the myriad saints in silence sleep,
Who wait thy return again?

5 See the signs fulfilled of his Advent near!
Soon he comes in his kingdom to reign!
Not long will the wheels of his chariot stay,
That brings his return again!

6 The soul that once bowed with its burden of woe,
Shall rejoice o'er the flowery plain,
And a dazzling crown deck the care-worn brow,
When the King in his beauty shall reign!

7 No tears or death shall await them more,
Who the better land attain;
O, we long to hail, with rapturous joy,
Thy glorious return again!

Hope of the Faithful.

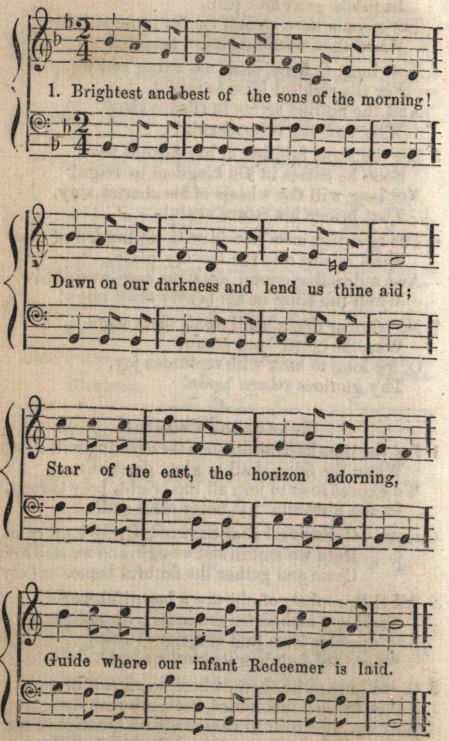
1 Lo! the time hastens on, soon the morning will dawn,
When the King shall in glory descend:
We expect soon to join all the bright, holy throng,
In the kingdom that never shall end.

CHORUS—O, Saviour! dear Saviour! O, Saviour, come!
Here we mourn and we sigh, and we still ever
Come and gather the faithful home. [cry,

2 All the prophets of old saw a beautiful world,
And they looked for the same with delight;
And apostles have told of a city of gold,
Where the Lamb is its glorious light.

3 O, we long to be there, where no sorrow or care
Can disturb that sweet, heavenly rest,
And we hope soon to share in those beauties so rare,
In reserve for the good and the blest.

RODMAN. 11s & 10s.



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

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

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

Heirs of the Kingdom.

1 Heir of the Kingdom, O, why dost thou slumber?
Why art thou sleeping so near thy blest home?
Wake thee, arouse thee, and gird on thine armour,
Speed, for the moments are hurrying on.

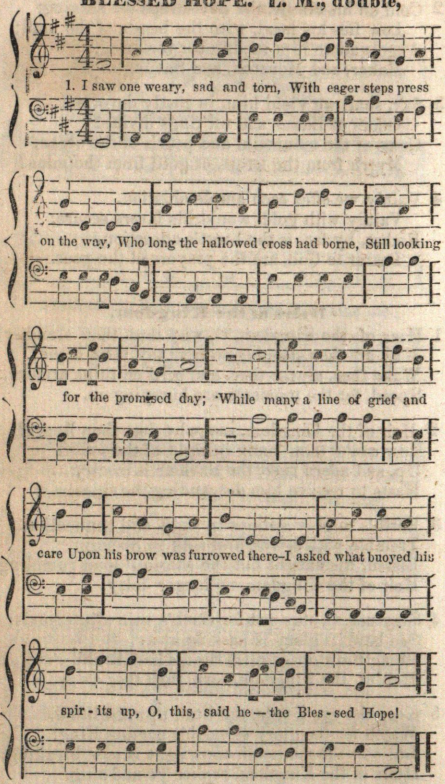
2 Heir of the Kingdom, say why dost thou linger?
How can'st thou tarry in sight of the prize?
Up, and adorn thee, the Saviour is coming,
Haste to receive him descending the skies!

3 Earth's mighty nations in strife and commotion,
Tremble with terror, and sink in dismay;
Listen, 'tis naught but the chariots' loud rumbling,
Heir of the Kingdom, no longer delay.

4 Stay not, O, stay not for earth's vain allurements;
See how its glory is passing away,
Break the strong fetters the foe hath bound o'er thee,
Heir of the Kingdom, turn, turn thee away.

5 Keep the eye single, the head upward lifted,
Watch for the glory of earth's coming King;
Lo! o'er the mountain-tops light is now breaking;
Heirs of the Kingdom, rejoice ye and sing.

BLESSED HOPE. L. M., double,



The Blessed Hope.

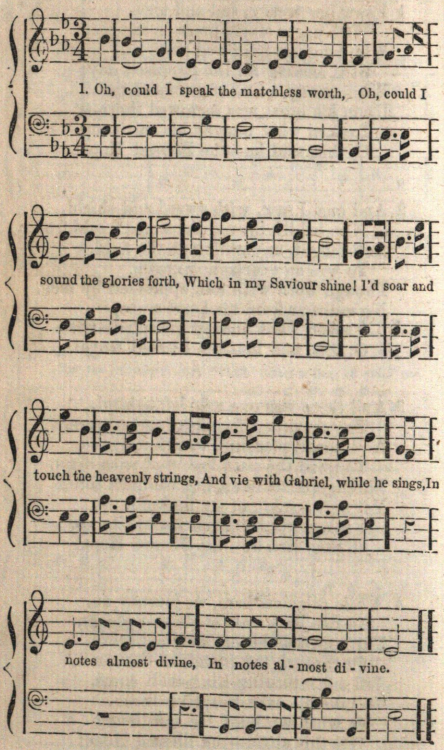
1 I saw one weary, sad and torn,
With eager steps, press on the way,
Who long the hallowed cross had borne,
Still looking for the promised day;
While many a line of grief and care
Upon his brow was furrowed there—
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

2 And one, I saw, with sword and shield,
Who boldly braved the world's cold frown
And fought, unyielding on the field,
To win an everlasting crown.
Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,
No murmur from his heart arose;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

3 And there was one who left behind,
The cherished friends of early years,
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned
To tread the path bedewed with tears.
Through trials deep, and conflicts sore,
Yet still a smile of joy he wore;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

4 While pilgrims here, we journey on,
In this dark vale of sin and gloom,
Through tribulation, hate and scorn,
Or through the portals of the tomb,
Till our returning King shall come,
To take his exiled captives home,
O, what can buoy the spirits up?
'Tis this alone—the Blessed Hope!

ARIEL. C. P. M.



2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

3 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

What Sound is This.

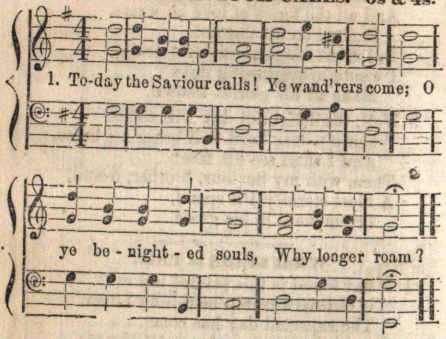
1 WHAT sound is this salutes my ear?
'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,
The expected day has come.
Behold the heavens, the earth, the sea,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
Return, ye exiles, home.

2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear.
Fair Zion rising from the tombs,
To meet the Bridegroom, lo! He comes
And hails the festive year.

3 My soul is striving to be there;
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road.
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things;
O, that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O, fly!
I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
Angelic joys to prove!
Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.



2 To-day the Saviour calls!
O, listen now;
Within these sacred walls,
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls!
For mercy flee,
For all the guilty soon
Must guilty be.

4 To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
Ruin is nigh.

5 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to its power:
O, grieve it not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

Desire to Depart.

1 When shall I see the day
That ends my woes;
When shall I victory gain
O'er all my foes.

2 When will the trumpet sound
That calls me home—
The grand, sabbatic year,
When will it come?

3 A crown of glory bright,
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light,
Prepared for me.

4 O, may I ever keep
The prize in view;
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

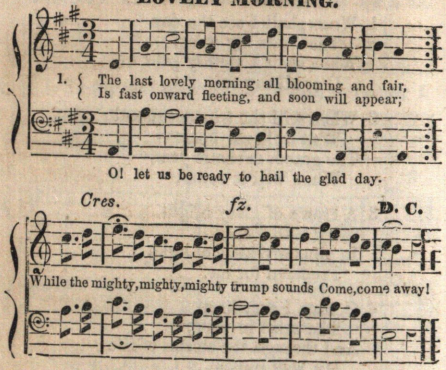
5 Jesus be thou my guide;
My steps attend;
O keep me near thy side;
Be thou my friend.

6 Be thou my shield and sun,
Be thou my guard;
And, when my work is done,
My great reward.

7 O how I long to see
That happy day,
When sorrow, sin and pain,
Shall flee away!

8 When all the heavenly tribes
Shall find their home!
The jubilee on earth
When will it come?

LOVELY MORNING.



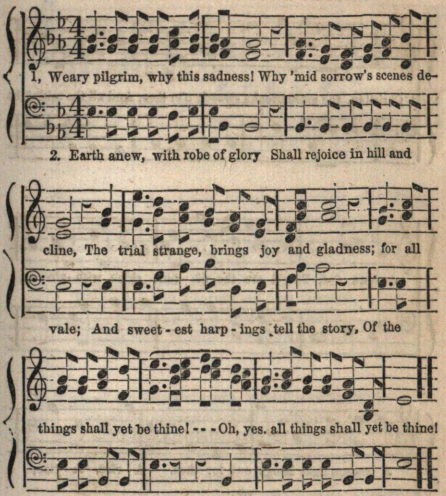
2 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone.

3 The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.

4 The graves will be opened,
The saints will arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies.

5 The saints then immortal,
In glory shall reign;
The Bride with the Bridegroom
For ever remain.

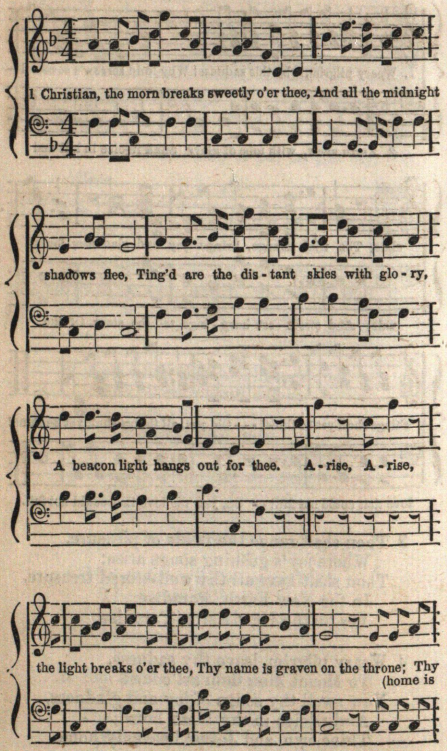
WHISPERING ANGELS

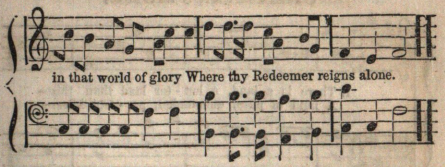


3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
Where joy's gushing songs arise;
Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure,
In the New Earth, Paradise;
Yes, in the New Earth, Paradise.

4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,
To Mount Zion thou art come!
Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,
And rejoice in thy blest home;
Thine own, and Jesus' heavenly home.

MORN SWEETLY BREAKING.



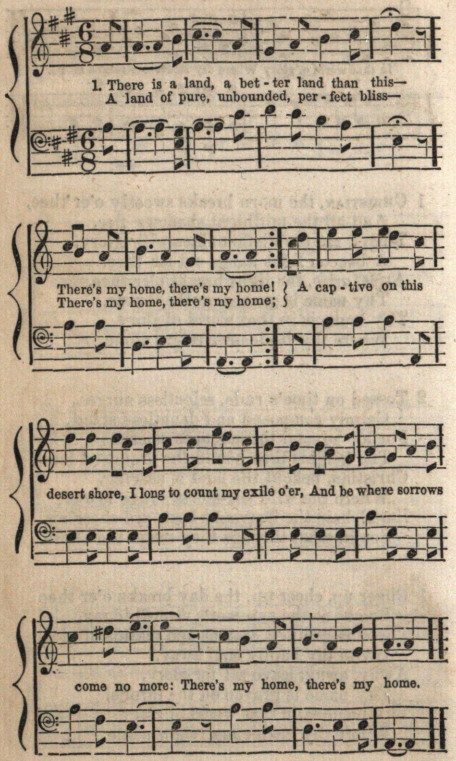


1 CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee,
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon light hangs out for thee.
Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,
Thy name is graven on the throne,
Thy home is in that world of glory
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly composed and dauntless stand,
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
The heights that bound the promised land.
Christian, behold the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
See in what throngs they range the shore.

3 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee
Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray,
The star-gemm'd crowns and realms of glory
Invite thy happy soul away.
Away, away, leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne,
Thy home is in that world of glory
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

CHRISTIAN'S HOME.



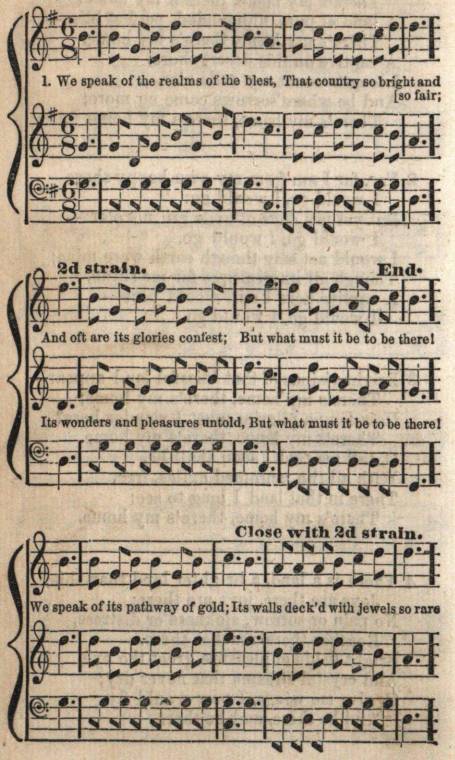
1 There is a land, a better land than this—
There's my home, there's my home!
A land of pure, unbounded, perfect bliss—
There's my home, there's my home.
A captive on this desert shore,
I long to count my exile o'er,
And be where sorrows come no more;
There's my home, there's my home.

2 Far, far I am from my own happy shore—
I would go, I would go:
But yet my days of exile are not o'er:—
I would go, I would go.
I would not stay though earth were mine;
Though all its treasures for me shine,
A captive here I still would pine—
I would go, I would go.

3 Bright visions of that blissful land appear—
There's my home, there's my home;
How long a pilgrim must I wander here?
There's my home, there's my home.
O, tell me that I soon shall be,
With all the ransomed exiles, free,
There in that land I long to see:
There's my home, there's my home.

4 There is a land, a brighter land than this;
Joys are there, joys are there:
No pain or sorrow, sickness or distress,
Reaches there, reaches there.
Bright fields of pleasure greet the eye,
And crystal streams that never dry;
O, give me wings, I now would fly,
And be there, and be there.

CONTRAST. 8s.



2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!
We speak of its service of love;
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
Of the church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there!

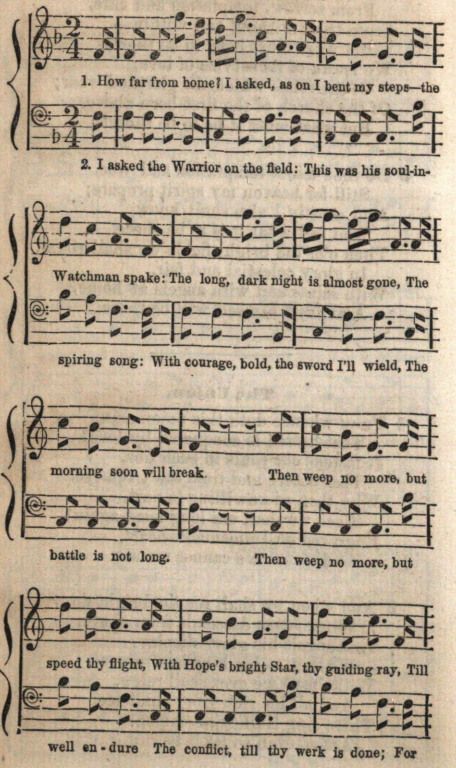
3 Do thou midst temptation and woe,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam,
In glory celestial and fair,
With saints and with angels at home,
And Jesus himself will be there.

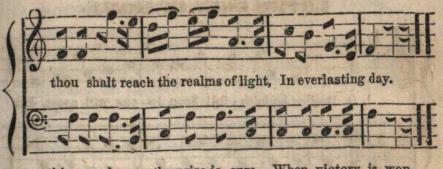
The Union.

1 From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.
Why then so unwilling to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

2 And when we shall see the bright day,
When Jesus descends from above,
And angels his glory display,
We then to his kingdom remove.
With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his rich glory shall see;
There sing Hallelujah, Amen!
Amen, even so let it be.

MIDNIGHT HOUR.



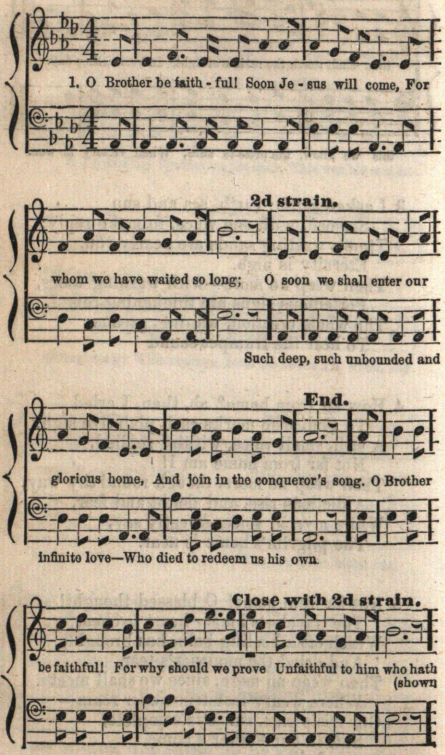


3 I asked again: earth, sea and sun
Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:
Time's wasting sands are nearly run,
Eternity is nigh.
Then weep no more—with warning tones,
Portentous signs are thickening round,
The whole creation, waiting, groans,
To hear the trumpet sound

4 How far from home? ah, then, I cried
To God, who marks each plaintive sigh:
A still, small voice, within, replied,
Not far from home am I!
Then weep no more, though round thy way,
Afflictions rise, and doubt and fear,
While myriad voices sweetly say,
The pilgrim's home is near.

5 Not far from home! O blessed thought!
The traveler's lonely heart to cheer;
Which oft a healing balm has brought,
And dried the mourner's tear.
Then weep no more, since we shall meet
Where weary footsteps never roam—
Our trials past, our joys complete,
Safe in our Father's home.

LOVED ONES AT HOME.



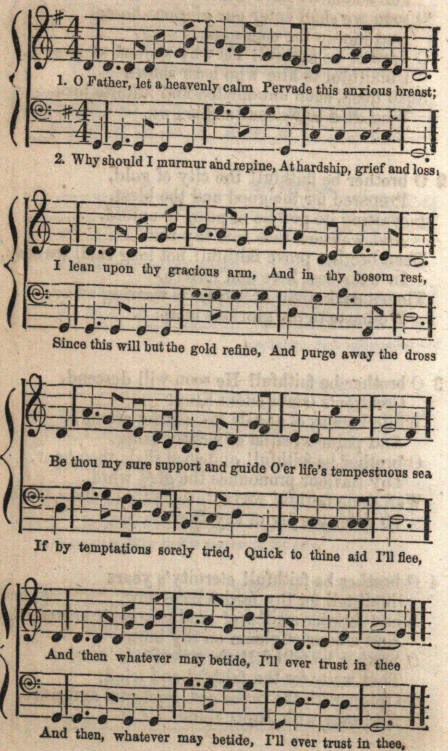
1 O BROTHER be faithful! soon Jesus will come,
For whom we have waited so long;
O soon we shall enter our glorious home,
And join in the conqueror's song.
O brother be faithful! for why should we prove
Unfaithful to him who hath shown
Such deep, such unbounded and infinite love—
Who died to redeem us his own.

2 O brother be faithful! the city of gold,
Prepared for the good and the blest,
Is waiting its portals of pearl to unfold,
And welcome thee into thy rest.
Then brother prove faithful! not long shall we stay,
In weariness here and forlorn,
Time's dark night of sorrow is wearing away,
We haste to the glorious morn.

3 O brother be faithful! He soon will descend,
Creation's Omnipotent King,
While legions of angels his chariot attend,
And palm-wreaths of victory bring.
O brother be faithful! and soon shalt thou hear,
Thy Saviour pronounce the glad word,
Well done faithful servant, thy title is clear,
To enter the joy of thy Lord.

4 O brother be faithful! eternity's years
Shall tell for thy faithfulness now, [tears,
When bright smiles of gladness shall scatter thy
And a coronet gleam on thy brow.
O brother be faithful! the promise is sure,
That waits for the faithful and tried;
To reign with the ransomed, immortal and pure,
And ever with Jesus abide.

THE PILOT.



3 Give me a soul inured to woe;
Resigned to every ill;
My chief delight while here below,
To do thy holy will.
Though friends forsake, and foes deride,
Thou shalt my portion be;
And then, whatever may betide,
I'll ever trust in thee.

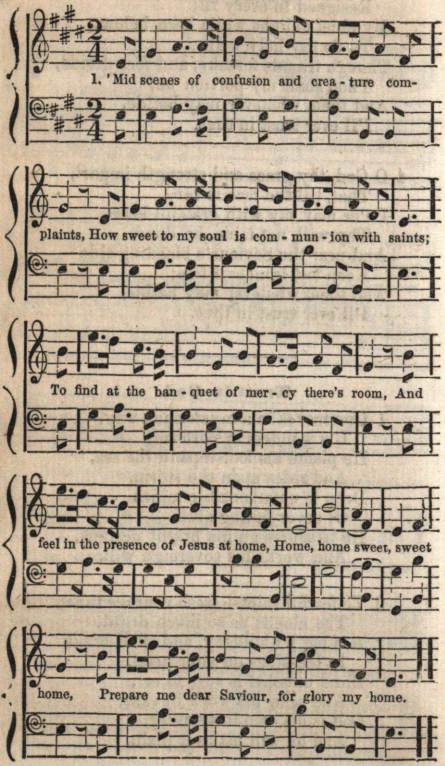
4 O God, thy grace and strength impart,
That, till the race is run,
I e'er may say with grateful heart,
Thy will, not mine, be done;
And near the Saviour's bleeding side
Keep me, from evil free;
And then, whatever may betide,
I'll ever trust in thee.

Trust in God.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

2 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

SAINTS' SWEET HOME.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory my home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in this valley of conflict I stay,
O, give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

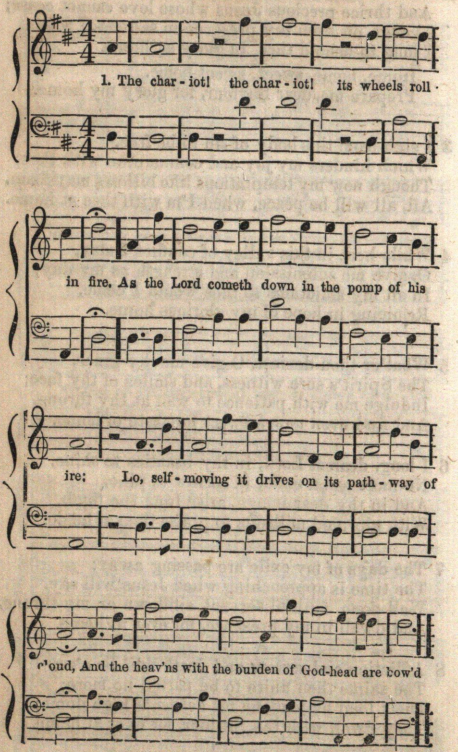
5 What'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

7 The days of my exile are passing away;
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, for ever at home.

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

THE CHARIOT. 12s.



2 The glory, the glory around him are poured,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the saints have all heard;
Lo, the depth of the stone-covered charnel are stirred;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south from the [north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children with love; [en,
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv-
May we find a reward and a mansion in heaven.

Glad Tidings.

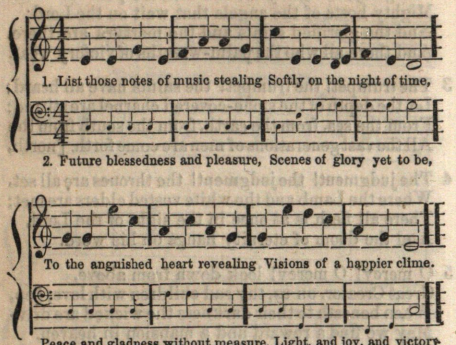
1 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near,
And our glorious deliverer will soon, soon appear;
In the clouds of bright glory to our rescue he'll come
And the angels will hail us to heaven our home.

2 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near,
On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear;
With harps tuned celestial, our voices we'll raise
To the Lord our Redeemer in accents of praise.

3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near,
And the voice of th' Archangel we shortly shall hear,
Deep confounding the nations, awaking the dead
From their cold dusty pillows where long they have [laid.

4 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near,
Then rejoice ye sad exiles, your triumph is near;
Lo, the promised possession we soon shall receive,
And with Jesus in glory eternally live.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.



3 Long the shades of night have bound thee,
Pilgrim on the desert waste;
Long the tempest bursting round thee,
Hurled its angry arrows past.

4 Yet with fearless firm endeavor,
Thou hast urged thine onward way;
Leaning on the promise ever,
Hoping, watching for the day.

5 Still their earnest eyes upraising
To the throne of light above,
See the remnant fondly gazing
For His coming whom they love.

6 Oft their cherished hopes lie bleeding,
Smit by sudden vengeance low;
From their grasp the prize receding,
Bids the tear of anguish flow.

7 Yet the word of patience keeping,
They their fainting strength renew;
Never on the watch-tower sleeping,
Loving the commands to do.

8 All the royal law fulfilling,
Striving like their Lord to be—
In his cause to sufier, willing,
Till they his salvation see.

9 Lo! it comes, the morn of gladness!
We its dawning light descry;
Flee the shades of grief and sadness,
Glory gilds the eastern sky.

10 Dry for aye the tear of sorrow,
All the night of weeping past;
Hail, the bright unending morrow,
Long expected—come at last!

Funeral Hymn.

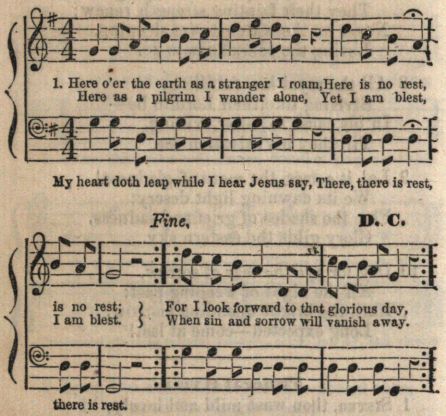
1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us!
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

HERE IS NO REST. 10, 7.



2 Here fierce temptations beset me around,
Here is no rest, is no rest;
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame;
I will go forward, for this is my theme;
There, there is rest, there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here is no rest, is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;
Yet I am blest, I am blest,
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They will be called to receive their reward;
Then there is rest, there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast;
Then there is rest, there is rest

Be of Good Cheer.

1 CHRISTIAN, thy warfare soon will be o'er;
Oh, do not fear, do not fear;
Soon thou shall rest where thy foes come no more,
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
What though the night be so dreary and long,
What though thy foes be unwearied and strong,
Soon thou shalt join in the conqueror's song—
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

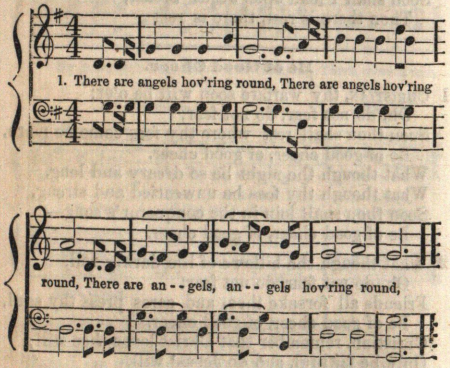
2 What though the billows of life darkly roll,
Oh, do not fear, do not fear;
Friends all forsake thee, and cares press thy soul,
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
Christian, remember that Christ loves thee still;
Only be faithful, and do Jesus' will,
Soon thou wilt stand with him on Zion's hill—
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

3 Christian, the angels will soon come for thee,
Oh do not fear, do not fear;
He whom thou lovest in glory thou'lt see,
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
Oh, if thou would'st to the end firm endure,
Keep thy robe holy, and spotless and pure,
Victorious faith will make Canaan sure—
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

4 Christian the shadows will soon flee away,
Oh, do not fear, do not fear;
Then thou wilt enter an eternal day,

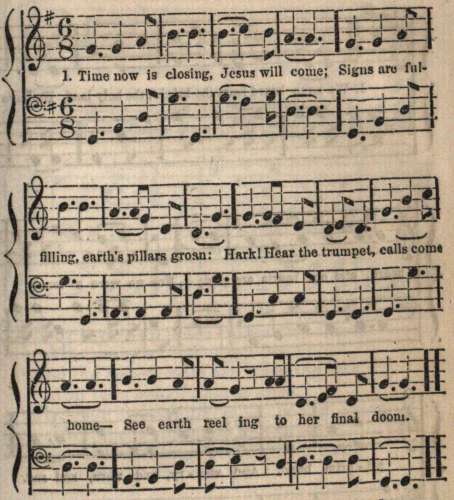
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
In the bright kingdom for ever to dwell,
Join angel choirs, and the rich anthem swell;
Bid to thy sorrow a long, long farewell—
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

ANGELS HOV'RING ROUND.



We are on our journey home;
To the New Jesusalem—
To meet the Lord in peace;
The Lord will soon appear—
With the New Jerusalem;
All Christians enter in—
To walk its golden streets;
And see the spotless Lamb—
The blessed Lamb of God;
And play on harps of gold
In praises to his name;
Now angels are hovering round—
To bear the saints all home;
To the New Jerusalem.

TIME CLOSING. L. M.

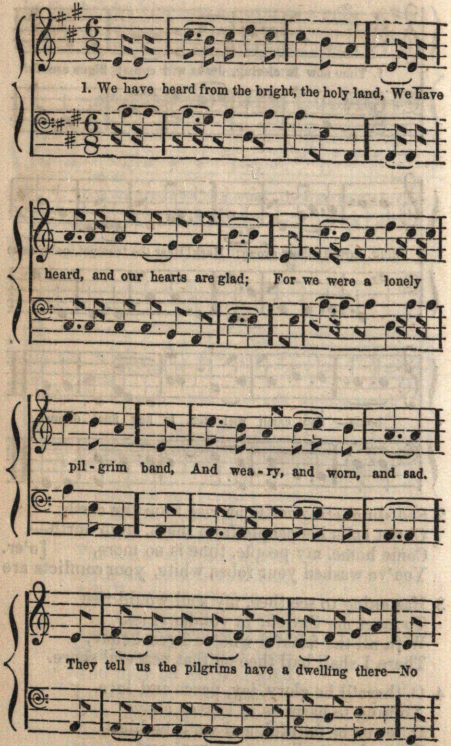


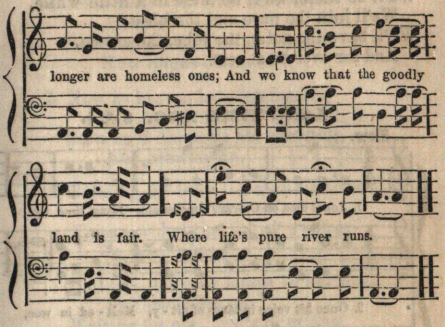
2 See slumbering millions rise from the earth;
Christ calls his people from south, from north—
Come home, my people, time is no more, [o'er.
You've washed your robes white, your conflicts are

3 Hastening to see thee, my soul would rise
To meet my Saviour in yonder skies;
With all the faithful who've lived before,
There I shall hail thee on that peaceful shore.

4 O, there'll be glory, joy, peace and love,
Nothing to harm us in heaven above:
O, let us be faithful, and we'll be blest,
When Jesus calls us to eternal rest.

THE BETTER LAND, P. M





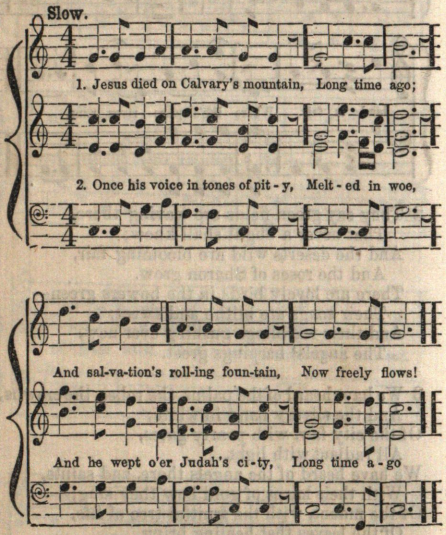
2 They say green fields are waving there,
That never a blight shall know;
And the deserts wild are blooming fair,
And the roses of Sharon grow.
There are lovely birds in the bowers green—
Their songs are blithe and sweet;
And their warblings gushing ever new,
The angels' harpings greet.

3 We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crowns,
And the silvery band in white;
Of the city fair, with pearly gates,
All radiant with light.
We have heard of the angels there, and saints,
With their harps of gold how they sing;
Of the mount, with the fruitful tree of life,
Of the leaves that healing bring.

4 The King of that country, he is fair,
He's the joy and light of the place!
In his beauty we shall behold him there,
And bask in his smiling face.

We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while,
We'll join the pure and the blest;
We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,
And for ever be at rest.

LONG TIME AGO. 8 & 4.



3 On his head the dews of midnight
Fell, long ago;
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight
Sits on his brow.

4 Jesus died—yet lives for ever,
No more to die—
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Now reigns on high!

5 Now in heaven he's interceding
For dying men;
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
And come again.

6 Budding fig-trees tell that Summer
Dawns o'er the land;
Signs portend that Jesus' coming
Is near at hand.

7 Children, let your lamps be burning,
In hope of heaven,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
At dawn or even.

8 When he comes, a voice from heaven,
Shall pierce the tomb—
Come ye blessed of my Father,
Children, come home.

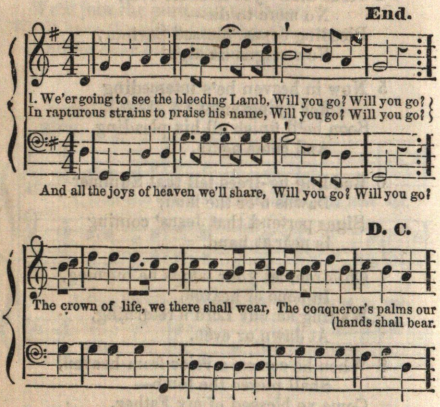
Jesus Loves.

1 There's a friend above all others,
O, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O, how he loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know him,
O, how he loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
O, how he loves!

3 Let us still this love be viewing,
O, how he loves!
And though faint, keep on pursuing.
O, how he loves!

WILL YOU GO?



2 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go? will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go? will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go? will you go?

3 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
Will you go? will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go? will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
Come, believe! Come, believe!

The Cross and Crown.

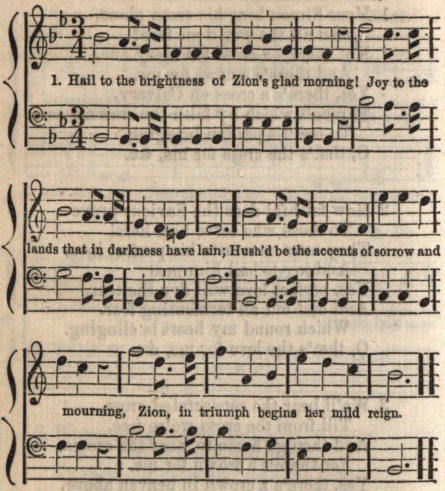
1 Must Simon bear his cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No! there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
Through which by faith the crown I see;
To me 'tis pardon bringing,
O, that's the cross for me, &c.

2 How faithful does the Saviour prove
To those who serve him here!
They may now taste his perfect love,
And joy to hail him near.
Yes, perfect love will dry the tear,
And cast out all tormenting fear,
Which round my heart is clinging.
O, that's the love for me, &c.

3 We'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the cross we're free,
And then go home to wear the crown,
For there's a crown for me.
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,
The purchase of my Saviour's love,
For me at his appearing.
O, that's the crown for me, &c.

4 There is a home for us above;
The Lord will soon appear;
His saints they will in glory rise
To meet him in the air.
Yes, there's a home in heaven prepared,
A house no wicked man has shared,
Where Christ is interceding.
O, that's the home for me, &c.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.



2 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

3 See, the dead risen from land and from ocean,
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Daughter of Zion.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Wake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Rise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
Scat'ring their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee
Praised with the harp and the timbrel shall be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

This World is not my Home.

1 FAREWELL! farewell! to all below,
My Jesus calls and I must go;
I'll launch my boat upon the sea,
This land is not the land for me.

This world is not my home;
This world is not my home;
This world is all a wilderness;
This world is not my home.

2 I found the winding path of sin
A rugged path to travel in;
Beyond this fading world I see
The land the Saviour bought for me.
This world is not my home, &c.

3 Farewell, my friends, I'll not stay here—
The home I seek will soon appear;
Where Christ is not I cannot be;
This land is not the land for me.
This world is not my home, &c.

4 Praise be to God, our hope's on high;
The angels sing and so do I:
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
O that's the land—the land for me.
This world is not my home, &c.

The Sanctuary. L. M.

1 There is a house in heaven built,
The temple of the living God,
The tabernacle true, where guilt
Is washed away by precious blood.

2 Long since, our High Priest entered there,
Who knows the frailties of our frame;
Who loves to hear his people's prayer,
And offer to our God the same.

3 The daily ministry he bore,
Till ended the prophetic days;
He opened then the inner door,
To justify the sacred place.

4 Before the ark of ten commands,
On which the mercy-seat is placed,
Presenting his own blood, he stands,
Till Israel's sins are all erased.

5 This work performed, the firm decree
Will pass on all the sons of men,
He that is filthy, let him be,
He that is holy so remain.

6 To Christ let living faith ascend,
Keep God's commandments, patient wait,
Till we shall see our dearest Friend,
And pass, with him, the pearly gate.

The Sanctuary.

1 Erected high in heaven stands,
The tabernacle true;
And Jesus there in mercy pleads,
For all the faithful few.

2 His blood he offers freely now,
For all who will receive,
For all, who to his truth will bow,
And in his word believe.

3 The Jewish priesthood, shadowed forth,
His ministration there,
The cleansing of the inner court,
His coming to prepare.

4 His work performed he leaves the seat,
Of mercy, where is found
The law of God, the ten commands,
And comes with glory crowned.

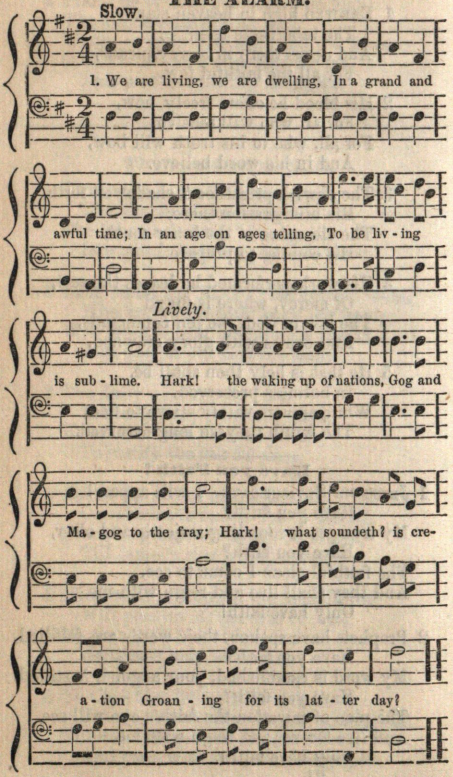
5 He that is holy then shall be,
In holiness preserved,
While sinners vainly strive to flee
The wrath they've long deserved.

Have you Faith?

1 Jesus our Saviour says—I will appear!
Have you faith?
My trumpet is sounding majestic and clear,
Have you faith?
The faithful alone I come to see,
And they shall live and reign with me,
Only have faith!

2 Prophets have spoken, their words are fulfilled,
Have you faith?
My word is established, your anguish is stilled,
Have you faith?
The plan of salvation the faith's eye will see,
And live forever and reign with me,
Only have faith!

THE ALARM.



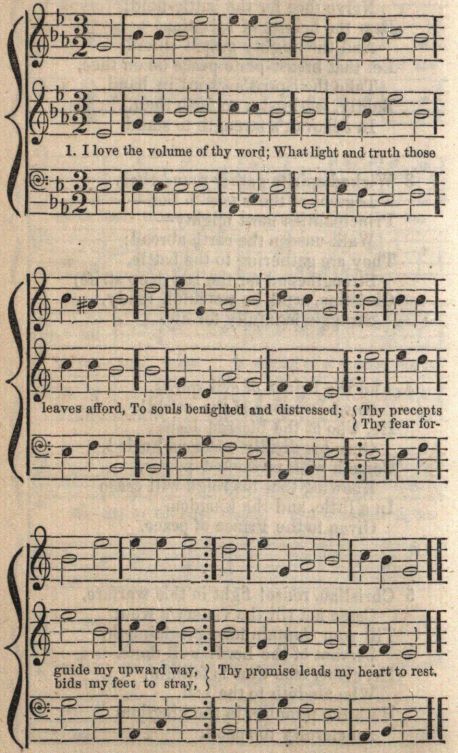
2 Christian, rouse and arm for conflict,
Nerve thee for the battle-field;
Bear the helmet of salvation,
And the mighty gospel shield:
Let that breast-plate peace be on thee,
Take the Spirit's sword in hand,
Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then,
In Jehovah's strength to stand.

3 Wicked spirits gather round thee,
Legions of those foes to God—
Principalities most mighty—
Walk unseen the earth abroad;
They are gathering to the battle,
Strengthened for the last deep strife;
Christian, arm! be watchful, ready,
Struggle manfully for life.

4 And the Prince of evil spirits,
Great Deceiver of the world!
He, who at the blessed Jesus
Once his deadly weapons hurled,
Cometh with unwonted power,
Knowing that his reign will cease
In a little, and the kingdom
Given to the Prince of peace.

5 Christian, rouse! fight in this warfare,
Cease not till the victory's won;
Till your Captain loud proclaimeth,
Servant of the Lord! well done.
He, alone, who thus is faithful,
Who abideth to the end,
Hath the promise, in the kingdom
An eternity to spend.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M., (OR 6 LINES 8s.)



Armageddon.

1 Hosannah! Hark, the melody,
Strikes sweetly on my ravished ear;
The constellations make reply
In echoes from each distant sphere,
Till all the wide expansion rings
With live for ever, King of kings.

2 He comes! He comes! The heavens rend!
Floods clap your hands! Ye mountains joy!
Forests in glad obeisance bend!
Earth, raise your hallelujahs high;
Let Zion wake the lofty strain—
Live, King of kings! forever reign!

3 Ripe is the vintage of the earth;
Its clustering grapes are round and full;
And vengeance, vengeance bursts to birth,
Sudden and irresistible!
Messiah comes to tread amain,
The wine-press of the battle-plain.

4 The cry is up, the strife begun,
The struggle of the mighty ones;
And Armageddon's day comes on,
The carnival of slaughter's sons;
War lifts his helmet to his brow:
O God, protect thy people now!

5 Yea, come, O king, and take the spoil;
With thy confederates share the prey:
Ha! ha! death grins a ghastly smile;
The morning dawns—and where are they?
The flames, the flames, great Autocrat,
Spread o'er thee in Jehosophat.

6 The graves are cleaved! the saints arise!
The resurrection of the just!
And now, unto their kindred skies,
Up leap the tenants of the dust!
They rise to meet their Lord in air,
And tune their hallelujahs there.

The Inquiry.

1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

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

3 Watchmen tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchmen! let thy wandering cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler! Lo, the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God has come!

The Three Messages.

1 Lo! An angel loud proclaiming,
With the gospel of good news,
To every kindred, tongue and people,
Fear the Lord, give glory due!
Proclamation
Of the hour of judgment near.

2 Lo! Another angel follows,
With another solemn cry,
Babylon the great is fallen!

Peals like thunder through the sky,
Let thy people
Now forsake her pois'nous creeds.

3 Yet, a third and solemn message
Now proclaims a final doom,
All who worship beast or image
Soon shall drink the wrath of God,
Without mixture—
Mercy now no longer pleads.

4 Here are they who now are waiting,
And have patience to endure;
While the dragon's hosts are raging,
These confide in God, secure;
Faith of Jesus
And commandments, keep them pure.

The Heavenly Temple. L.M.

1 Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling for our pains,
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, his agonies and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

Priesthood of Christ.

1 By living faith we now can see,
In the most holy place on high,
Jesus our advocate and friend,
Who gave himself for us to die.

2 Within the tabernacle true,
Our great High Priest now pleading stands;
For all who walk the narrow way,
And keep his Father's just commands.

3 A minister of holy things,
At God's right hand exalted high,
He pleads his own, his precious blood,
That chosen Israel may not die.

4 He entered not the earthly house,
Which as a type to man was given;
But in the presence of his God,
Entered the antitype in heaven.

5 Once was he offered, only once,
A sacrifice for guilty man—
What wondrous! what unbounded love,
Is seen throughout salvation's plan.

6 All glory to his holy name,
To those who love him will he come
The second time, all free from sin,
To take them to his glorious home.

The Lord's Coming.

1 Hear the glorious proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Hear the glorious proclamation,
Of the Saviour near.
While the choir of angels,
While the choir of angels,
While the choir of angels,
Shall be chanting through the sky.

2 Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
Jesus comes, the world controlling!
Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
Jesus comes to reign.

3 See the sign in heaven appearing,
And the blazing chariot nearing,
See the sign in heaven appearing,
And the Saviour there.

4 See the earth in terror shaking,
And the dead to life awaking,
See the earth in terror shaking,
And the saints arise.

5 Now on wings of light ascending
With a shining host attending,
Now on wings of light ascending,
See them mount the skies.

6 See, the banner waves in glory,
While ten thousand tell the story,
See, the banner waves in glory,
And the saints are there.

7 They are saved from death for ever,
Praise to him who did deliver,
They are saved from death for ever,
And to die no more.

Heavenly Music. 11s.

1 What heavenly music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses like sweet melody?
'Tis the voice of the angels borne soft on the air;
'Tis for me they are singing, their welcome I hear!

2 On the banks of old Jordan here gazing I stand,
And earnestly longing I stretch forth my hand;
Send a convoy of angels, dear Jesus, I pray—
Let me join that sweet music, come take me away.

3 Though dark are the waters, and rough is the wave,
If Jesus permit, the wild surges I'll brave;
For that heavenly music hath ravished me so,
I must join in the chorus, I'll go, let me go.

The Saint's Desire.

1 Farewell all earthly treasure,
I bid you all adieu:
Farewell all earthly honor,
I want no more of you.
I want my union grounded
On the eternal Son,
Beyond the power of Satan,
Where sin can never come.

2 I want my name engraven,
Among the righteous ones,
Crying, Holy, holy Father—
And wear a righteous crown.
For the sake of purer riches,
I'm willing to pass through
All earthly tribulation,
And count it my just due.

3 I'm willing to be cleansed,
And bear the daily cross:
I'm willing to be purged
From every kind of dross.

I see the fiery furnace,
And feel its cleansing flame;
The fruit of it is holy,
The gold will still remain.

4 All earthly tribulation
Is but a moment here;
And O, if we are faithful,
A crown of life we'll wear.
We shall be called holy,
And feed on angel's food,
Rejoicing in bright glory
Around the throne of God.

Fall of Babylon. 8 & 7s.

1 Hail the day so long expected,
Hail the year of full release;
Zion's walls are now erected,
And her watchmen publish peace;
Throughout Shiloh's wide dominion,
Hear the trumpet loudly roar,
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
Babylon is fallen to rise no more,

2 Come my people and forsake her,
Cast away your slavish fears;
Hear the voice from heaven proclaiming,
It's the end of all her years.
Raise your voices, she is fallen,
Lift your banners up on high,
Babylon is fallen, &c.

3 Now her plagues are surely coming,
And her merchants all shall mourn;
All their merchandise shall fail them,
And with fire it shall burn;
Cry aloud, ye kings and nobles,
Priest and people, rich and poor,
Babylon is fallen, &c.

4 Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion,
Christ will come the second time,
Ruling with a rod of iron,
All who now his foes combine:
Babel's garments we've rejected,
And the wedge of golden ore;
Babylon is fallen, &c.

Hail Happy Day.

1 O HAIL, happy day, that speaks our trials ended,
Our Lord has come to take us home;
O hail, happy day;
No more by doubts or fears distressed,
We now shall gain our promised rest,
And be forever blest; O hail, happy day.

2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over;
The jubilee proclaims us free;
O hail, happy day;
The day that brings a sweet release,
That crowns our Jesus Prince of peace,
And bids our sorrows cease; O hail, happy day.

3 O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows,
That brings us joy without alloy,
O hail, happy day;
There peace shall wave her sceptre high,
And love's fair banner greet the eye,
Proclaiming victory; O hail, happy day.

4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory;
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight,
O hail, happy day;
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our eyes,
The joys of Paradise; O hail, happy day.

5 Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile in gladness,
And Eden bloom o'er nature's tomb,
O hail, happy day;
Where life's pellucid waters glide,
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,
Forever we'll abide; O hail, happy day.

Groaning Earth.

1 THIS groaning earth is too dark and drear,
For the saints' eternal home;
But the City from heaven will soon appear,
We know that the moment is drawing near,
When she in her glory shall come.
Her gates of pearl we soon shall see,
And her music we soon shall hear,
Joyous and bright our home shall be,
And we'll walk in the shadow of life's fair tree,
With our Saviour for ever near.

2 We'll gladly exchange a world like this,
Where death triumphant reigns,
For a beautiful home in that land of bliss,
Where all is happiness, joy and peace,
And nothing can enter that pains:
There is no more sorrow and no more night;
For the darkness shall flee away,
The crucified Lamb is its glorious light,
And the saints shall walk with him in white,
In that happy eternal day.

3 O there the loved of earth will meet
Whom death has sundered here,
The Prophets and Patriarchs there we'll greet,
And all shall worship at Jesus' feet,
No more separation to fear.
Though trials and grief await us here,
The conflict will shortly be o'er.
This glorious hope our hearts doth cheer,
We know that our Saviour will soon appear,
And then we shall grieve no more.

Beautiful Home.

1 We are going home;—we've had visions bright
Of that holy land—that world of light,
Where the long, dark night of Time is past,
And the morn of eternity come at last.
There the weary saints no more shall roam,
But dwell in a sunny, peaceful home,
Where the brow with celestial gems is crowned,
And waves of bliss are dashing around.
O, that beautiful home, &c.

2 We are going home—we soon shall be
Where the skies are clear, and the soil is free;
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,
And the seraph's anthem blends with its strains;
Where the sun rolls down a brilliant flood
Of beams on a world that's fair and good;
And stars that dimmed at nature's doom,
Will sparkle and dance o'er the new earth's bloom.
O, that beautiful home, &c.

3 Where the tears and sighs which here are given,
Are exchanged for the gladsome songs of heaven;
And the beauteous forms that sing and shine,
Are guarded well by a hand divine.
Pure love's banner and friendship's wand
Are waving above that princely band;
And the glory of God, like a molten sea,
Bathes the immortal company.
O, that beautiful home, &c.

4 'Mid the ransomed throng—'mid the sea of bliss,
'Mid the Holy City's gorgeousness;
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid the angels' cheer,
'Mid the flowers that never of winter hear;
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
'Mid the endless years we then shall prove
The matchless depth of a Saviour's love.
O, that beautiful home, &c.

Triumph. 10s.

1 Joyfully, joyfully onward I roam,
Bound for the land of the bright world to come;
Angelic choristers, welcome me on,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Soon shall I pass from this dark vale of woe,
Home to the land of the righteous I'll go,
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherished, now sleep in the ground,
But they'll awake when the last trump shall sound;
Loosed from Death's fetters, and upward we'll soar,
Joyfully meeting to part never more.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
Harps of the blessed your voices I'll hear!
Ringing with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death with his weapons of war has laid low,
Many a pilgrim who feared not the blow;
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will they come home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Pure Testimony.

1 The pure testimony put forth in the Spirit,
Cuts like a sharp two-edged sword,
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,
Because they're condemned by the Word.
The pure testimony discovers the dross,
While wicked professors make light of the cross,
And Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.

2 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
And let the saints hear it again;
O come ye from Babylon, Egypt and Sodom,
And make your way over the plain.
Come, wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
And walk in the Spirit, as Jesus has done,
In the pure testimony you will overcome.

3 The world will not persecute those who are like them,
But hold them the same as their own;
The pure testimony cries out separation,
Which calls you, your lives to lay down;
Come out from their spirit and practices too;
The track of the Saviour keep full in your view,
The pure testimony will cut its way through.

4 The battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
The armies are gathering round;
The pure testimony and vile persecution
Will come to close battle ere long;
Then gird on your armor ye saints of the Lord,
And he will direct you by his living word;
The pure pure testimony will cut like a sword.

Jewels of the Lord. 7 & 6s.

1 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion joined;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrim,
And soon you'll win the prize.

2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumb'rous clay;

He'll polish and refine you,
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

3 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound;
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumbered throng;

Prayer. L. M.

1 What various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to the mercy seat;
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,

And fill your fellow-creatures' ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me!

Blest Tidings. P. M.

1 HARK! hark! hear the blest tidings;
Soon, soon, Jesus will come,
Robed, robed, in honor and glory,
To gather his ransomed ones home.
Yes, yes, O yes,
To gather his ransomed ones home.

2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,
Sing, sing glory to God:
Soon, soon Jesus is coming,
Publish the tidings abroad.

3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending,
Shouts, shouts, filling the air;
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,
Jesus our Lord will appear.

4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,
Shine, shine, visions to come,
Soon, soon, we shall behold them,
Cloudless and bright in our home.

5 Long, long, we have been waiting,
Who, who, love his blest name;
Now, now, we are delighting,
Jesus is near to proclaim.

6 Still, still, rest on the promise,
Cling, cling, fast to his word;

Wait, wait, if he should tarry,
Patiently wait for the Lord.

I Walk Alone. C. M., double.

1 I WALK a lonely pilgrim here
O'er life's uneven way;
But my aching heart keeps hoping on
For the bright, the better day;
A glorious home in the goodly land,
The blessed, heavenly rest;
And well I know that land is near,
The home of the pure and blest.

2 I walk alone, and oft am sad,
And falls the briny tear:
My heart is grieved with trials sore,
And pressed with many a care.
But the better land no sorrow knows—
There, hushed is every sigh;
The Saviour's hand in kindness wipes
The tear-drop from each eye.

3 I walk alone, and yet am glad
For the blessed promise given,
To cheer the heart of the lowly one,
In the narrow way to heaven.
The humble path my Saviour walked,
I scorn it not to tread;
Though the frowns and scoffs my Saviour bore
Shall fall upon my head.

4 For I stand upon his precious word,
And my soul rejoiceth free,
In the glorious light the gospel gives,
The light that shines for me.
Though I suffer now, I shall triumph then;
Though I die for my Master here,
In that better world shall I live again,
A conqueror's crown to wear.

True Joys. 5s & 6.

1 O, TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er.

2 A City I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determined
On this happy ground.

3 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour,
And bless the glad day.

Waiting.

1 LONG for my Saviour I've been waiting,
Long time have watched by night and day;
Feared, lest my faith and hope abating,
I should lose courage by the way.
Jesus soon is coming;
This is my song—
Cheers the heart when joys depart,
And foes are pressing strong.

2 Here in this vale of sin and sorrow,
I have been wandering many years;
Still looking for that happy morrow,
When God would wipe away my tears.
Jesus soon is coming, &c.

3 Oft times the Tempter comes in power,
Fain then would lead my steps astray;
But when the clouds begin to lower,
Hope turns the darkness into day.
Jesus soon is coming, &c.

4 O, it will be but little longer,
I must these many woes endure;
Then let my faith and hope grow stronger,
My Father's promise still is sure.
Jesus soon is coming, &c.

Reward in Heaven.

1 O, WANDERER o'er life's stormy main,
Who here an exile roam,
O, where is the harbor for thee to gain,
Where peace and happiness e'er remain,
O where, tell me where, is thy Home?
Where thy bark, no more by tempests driven,
Shall anchor where skies are clear—
A sweeter tone to his voice was given,
As he gently answering, said, in Heaven—
'Tis there—but never here.

2 O, Pilgrim through this vale of tears.
By care and woe oppressed;
Beset with anxious doubts and fears,
Where no reposing from toil appears,
O where, tell me where, is thy Rest?
Where the heart no more is sad and riven,
Or weary, with sorrow and fear—
A brighter light to his eye was given,
As he upward gazing, said, in Heaven—
'Tis there—but never here.

3 O, Christian in this world of woe,
Where pain and sin alloy;
Who a lonely pathway tread below,
And the scorn and frown of the wicked know,
O where, tell me where, is thy Joy?
That may not fade as the hues of even,
And nothing be left to cheer—
A kindlier glow to his brow was given,
As he sweetly smiling, said, in Heaven—
'Tis there—but never here.

4 O then for that better land I sigh—
That land where all is fair;
Where tears shall be wiped from every eye,
And the saints shall lay their armor by,
A crown of glory to wear.
I fain would leave these shades of even,
On this dreary and desolate shore—
For foretaste sweet to my soul is given,
Of the Home, the Rest, and the Joy in Heaven
When we meet to part no more.

Blessed are the Dead. C. M.

1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Freed from this world of toil and strife,
They're sleeping in the Lord,
Freed from the ills of mortal life,
They wait a rich reward.

Peaceful Sleep. C. M.

1 Sleep now, dear Brother, sweetly sleep,
And from thy labors rest,
Where mortal care, nor trouble's sigh
Shall seize thy peaceful breast.

2 Dear Brother, thou unconsious art,
While mourners weep around;
Thou waitest in thy grave to hear,
The trumpet's joyful sound.

'Tis All for the Best. 10s.

1 Through this dark valley of conflict and sin,
Trials without and temptations within,
Onward to glory, still urge thy lone way,
Joyful in hope of the long-promised day.
In every danger thou hast a sure guide:
To every cloud there is yet a bright side;
Falter then not at the sternest behest,
Ever remember—'tis all for the best.

2 Just as the eagle in teaching to fly,
Forceth her young from their covert so high;
Then if strength faileth, beneath them she flies,
On her wings beareth them safe to the skies;
So will the arm of Jehovah uphold;
In each affliction his mercies unfold;
Murmur then not that he stirreth thy nest,
Ever remember—'tis all for the best.

3 Never of Providence dare to complain;
Sunshine and storm both must ripen the grain;
Tried is the gold that the purest will shine:
Crushed is the vintage that yieldeth the wine.
He who the end from beginning can tell,
Works for thy good; for he doeth all well:
This that prepares for the mansions of rest—
Ever remember—is all for the best!

Rock of Salvation. 11s.

10 Let thy sweet Spirit descend from above,
Our hearts melt in humble contrition and love,
Cemented together in one let us be,
Thou Rock of Salvation, united in thee!
Let angels' bright pinions, now hovering nigh,
Bear upward the tidings, while to thee I cry,
O, cleanse in that fountain of blood spilt for me,
Thou Rock of Salvation—and hide me in thee!

2 The rough, thorny path, faint and worn we pursue,
Refreshed with thy presence, our strength we renew,
By those living waters that flow full and free
From the Rock of Salvation, rejoicing in thee!
Thou Friend and Supporter when troubles appear,
Preserver from evil, temptation and fear,
O, now to thine arms for protection I flee,
Thou Rock of Salvation—O, hide me in thee!

3 Thy judgments, O Lord, soon in wrath will descend
O'erwhelming with terror, the tempest will rend;
But firm a foundation, sure refuge I see
In the Rock of Salvation, above, cleft for me!
With all the redeemed, my glad voice would I raise,
And join in the songs to Immanuel's praise;
That at thine appearing I numbered may be,
Thou Rock of Salvation—O, hide me in thee!

Toil On.

1 Toil on a little longer here,
For thy reward awaits above,
Nor droop in sadness or in fear,
Beneath the rod that's sent in love;
The deeper wound our spirits feel,
The sweeter Heaven's balm to heal.

2 Faith lifts the vail before our eyes,
And bids us view a happier clime,
Where verdant fields in beauty rise,
Beyond the withering blast of time;
And brings the blissful moment near,
When we in glory shall appear.

3 What glory then shall fill the soul,
When parted friends again shall meet,
Beyond the reach of Death's control,
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet;
His matchless love and grace adore,
And never taste of sorrow more.

4 Then let us hope—'tis not in vain,
Though moistened by our grief, the soil,
The harvest brings us joy for pain,
The rest repays the weary toil;
For they shall reap, who sow in tears,
Rich glandess through the eternal years.

Humility. L. M.

1 Our Saviour, meek and lowly, came,
And taught his people here the same;
Who an example set, that they
All his precepts might obey.

2 For on that night he was betrayed,
He for us all a pattern laid—
Soon as his supper he did eat,
He rose and washed his brethren's feet.

3 He washed them all, tho' all were clean
Save Judas, who was full of sin;
May none of us, like Judas, sell
Our Lord for gold, and go to hell.

4 Said Peter, Lord, it shall not be;
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me:
Oh, that no Christian now may say,
I cannot Jesus' word obey.

5 Ye call me Lord and Master too;
Then do as I have done to you;
All my commands and sayings keep,
And show your love by washing feet.

6 Ye shall be happy, if ye know
And do these things, by faith below;
For I'll protect you till I come,
And then I'll take you to your home.

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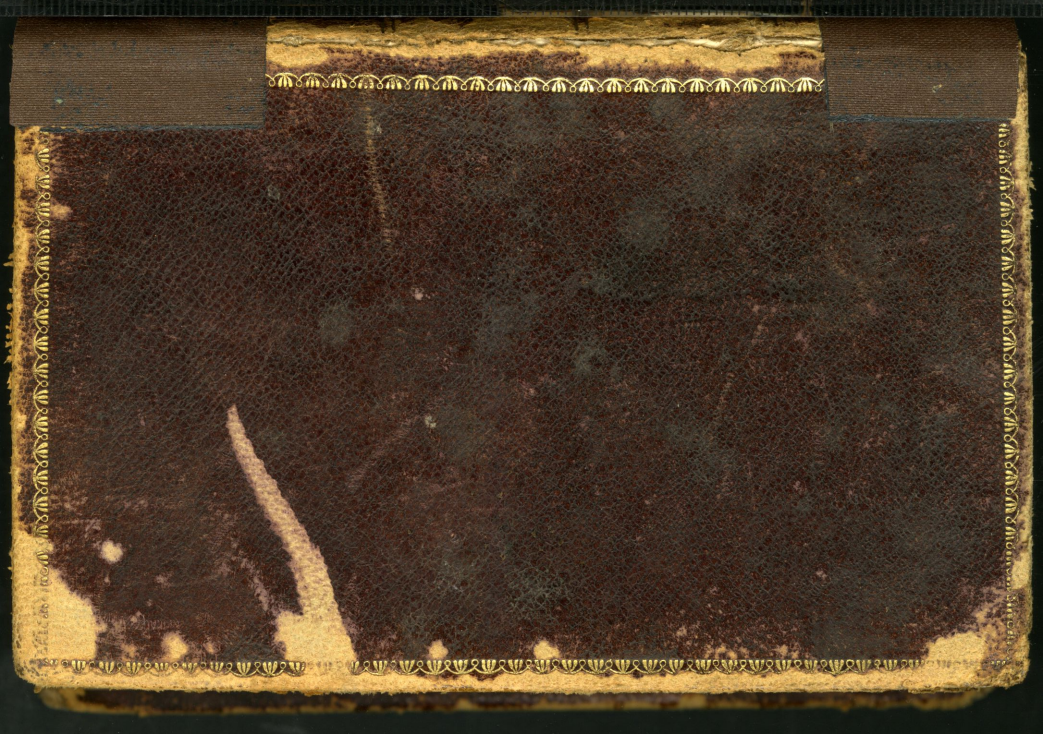

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