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A CHOICE
COLLECTION

OF

H Y M N S

AND

Spiritual SONGS;

Intended for the Edification of sincere
CHRISTIANS, of all Denominations.

By SAMSON OCCOM,
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

THE SECOND EDITION:

Both young Men and Maidens, old Men, and Children—Praise the LORD.

PSAL. CXLVIII. 12

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

BY SAMSON O'NEILL

CHICAGO, ILL. THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, 1900

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THE
P R E F A C E.

HERE is great Engagedness, in these Colonies, to cultivate PSALMODY; and I believe it to be the Duty of Christians to learn the Songs of Zion, according to good Method or Rule; but the People ought not to be contented with the outward Form of Singing, but should seek after the *inward* Part:—There are two Parts of Singing as St. Paul informs us, in 1 Cor. 14, 15. (*I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also.*) To sing without the Spirit, (though with good Method) is like the Sound of a musical Instrument without Life. To sing with the Spirit, I understand Paul further to mean, to sing with spiritual Matter: And thus when we sing with the Understanding or Method, and with spiritual Matter, by the Influence of God's Spirit, we sing agreeable to God's Mind. St. Paul exhorts, in Col. 3. 16. *Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord.* The Songs of Zion, when they are sung with the Spirit of the Gospel, are very comforting, refreshing, and edifying to the Children of God—convincing to a carnal World—well pleasing to God, and destructive to the Kingdom of Satan. And it being a good Work, I am willing to contribute something towards promoting it. For this End I have taken no small

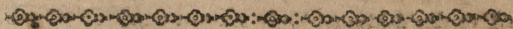
Pains to collect a number of choice Hymns, Psalms, and spiritual Songs, from a Number of Authors of different Denominations of Christians, that every Christian may be suited. I have, in the first Place, chose out some awakening and most alarming Hymns, next to them penitential, then inviting, and then consolating Hymns, and the last Part contains Hymns of the Birth, Death, Resurrection and Ascension of Christ, and his Appearance in the last Great Day. These Hymns are in various Metres, and especially the last Part are of uncommon Measures, for new Tunes and new Singers.

Here I present you, O Christians, of what Denomination soever, with cordial Hymns, to comfort you in your weary Pilgrimage; I hope they will assist and strengthen you through the various Changes of this Life, till you shall all safely arrive to the general Assembly Above, and Church of the First-Born, where you shall have no more need of these imperfect Hymns; but shall perfectly join the Songs of Moses and the Lamb; where all your imperfect Services shall forever be at an End; and you shall have open and full Vision and Fruition of GOD and the LAMB; shall sit down in perfect Harmony with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and with all the Saints and Angels in the New-Jerusalem; where all Sorrow, Grief, Trouble and Pain shall forever cease, and all Tears wiped away from your Eyes.





A C H O I C E
 C O L L E C T I O N
 O F
 H Y M N S, &c.



H Y M N I.

With G O D, is terrible Majesty.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God, that Reigns on high,
 How awful is thy thundering Hand !
 Thy fiery Bolts, how fierce they fly !
 Nor can all Earth or Hell withstand.
- 2 This the old Rebel Angels knew,
 And Satan fell beneath thy Frown.
 Thine Arrows struck the Traitor through,
 And weighty Vengeance sunk him down.
- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
 And roars beneath th' eternal Load :
 With endless Burnings who can dwell,
 Or bear the Fury of a God ?

A 3

4 Tremble

- 4 Tremble ye Sinners and submit ;
 Throw down your Arms before his Throne,
 Bend your Heads low beneath his Feet,
 Or his strong Hand shall crush you down.
- 5 And ye, blest'd Saints, that love him too,
 With Rev'rence bow before his Name ;
 Thus all his heav'nly Servants do :
 God is a bright and burning Flame.

H Y M N II.

The Sinner's Fears.

- 1 **A**LAS ! For I have seen the LORD,
 With a drawn Sword he stood,
 Now might he sheath it in my Flesh,
 And bathe it in my Blood.
- 2 I've dar'd him with my mighty Sins,
 As if he was too slow ;
 But now he comes both arm'd and girt,
 As an enraged Foe.
- 3 What shall a guilty Sinner do,
 When Justice does appear ?
 O whither shall I flee from him,
 Whose Place is ev'ry where ?
- 4 As I can neither stand nor fly,
 So neither can I bear
 The mighty Hand which grinds the Rocks,
 And doth Foundations tare.
- 5 My pale, my poor, my trembling Soul
 Does start at ev'ry Thing ;
 It hourly fears huge Hosts of Wrath
 From this incensed King.
- 6 Should he but his Commission grant,
 All Creatures would engage
 Against me as their Foe profess'd,
 With an united Rage.
- 7 My

- 7 My Fears are just ; I deserve Hell,
 And 'tis my proper hire ;
 But who can dwell ; O ! who can dwell
 With everlasting Fire ?

H Y M N III.

The Sinner's Self-Reflection.

- 1 **A**H Lord ! ah Lord ! what have I done ?
 What will become of me ?
 What shall I say, what shall I do ?
 Or whither shall I flee ?
- 2 By wand'ring I have lost my self,
 And here I make my moan :
 O whither, whither have I stray'd !
 Ah, Lord ! what have I done ?
- 3 Thy Candle searches all my Rooms,
 And now I plainly see,
 The num'rous Sins of Earth and Hell
 Are summed up in me.
- 4 The Seeds of all the Ills that grow,
 Are in my Garden sown,
 And Multitudes of them are sprung ;
 Ah, Lord ! what have I done !
- 5 I have been Satan's willing Slave,
 And his most easy Prey :
 He was not readier to command
 Than I was to obey :
- 6 Or, if at Times he left my Soul,
 Yet still his Work went on :
 I was a Tempter to my self ;
 Ah, Lord ! what have I done !
- 7 I puffed at all the Threats of Heaven,
 And slighted all its Charms :
 Nor Satan's Fetters would I leave
 For Christ's inviting Arms.

- 3 I had a Soul but priz'd it not ;
 And now my Soul is gone.
 My forced Cries do pierce the Skies ;
 Ah, Lord ! what have I done !

H Y M N IV.

The Pilgrims mutual Conference.

- 1 **H**AIL ! happy Pilgrims, whence came ye ?
 And whither are you bound ?
 We from the Land of Egypt flee,
 'Till Canaan we have found.
- 2 How came ye first to walk this Way ?
 Were you alarm'd with Fear ?
 A School-master appear'd one Day,
 With Countenance severe :
- 3 His Presence struck our Hearts with awe ;
 His Eyes appear'd like Flame :
 I am, said he, the holy Law ;
 And from Mount-Sinai came.
- Then lo, our Sentence he declar'd
 Was everlasting Death :
 For, 'till his Precepts were repair'd,
 We were expos'd to wrath.
- 4 At last a Messenger of Peace,
 Evangelist by Name,
 Appear'd and gave us sweet Release,
 : From that devouring Flame.
- 5 He pointed out the Lamb of God,
 In that distressing Day,
 And said, behold his precious Blood,
 That takes your Guilt away.
- 7 Thus were we from our Bondage freed,
 And set at Liberty.
 Come then, dear Brethren, well agreed,
 For thus redeem'd were we.

- 8 Come let us then together walk,
 Together let us sing :
 Be this the Subject of our talk,
 To Praise the Lamb our King.

H Y M N V.

GOD the Thunderer ; Or, the last Judgment and Hell

1 **S**ING to the LORD, ye heav'nly Hosts,
 And thou, O Earth, adore :
 Let Death and Hell through all their Coasts,
 Stand trembling at his Pow'r.

2 His sounding Chariot shakes the Sky ;
 He makes the Clouds his Throne ;
 There all his Stores of Light'ning lie,
 'Till Vengeance darts them down.

3 His Nostrils breathe out fiery Streams,
 And from his awful Tongue ;
 A sov'reign Voice divides the Flames,
 And Thunder roars along.

4 Think, O my Soul ! the dreadful Day,
 When this incensed God,
 Shall rend the Sky, and burn the Sea,
 And fling his Wrath abroad.

5 What shall the Wretch, the Sinner do ?
 He once defy'd the Lord,
 But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
 And sink beneath his Word.

6 Tempest of angry Fire shall roll,
 To blast the rebel Worm,
 And beat upon his naked Soul
 In one eternal Storm.

H Y M N VI.

The Death of a Sinner.

- 1 **M**Y Thoughts on awful Subjects roll,
Damnation and the Dead ;
 What Horrors seize the guilty Soul
 Upon a dying Bed !
- 2 Lingerin'g about these Mortal Shores,
 She makes a long Delay ;
 'Till like a Flood with rapid Force,
 Death sweeps the Wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery Coast,
 Amongst abominable Fiends,
 Herself a frighted Ghost.
- 4 There endless Crouds of Sinners lie,
 And Darknes makes their Chains :
 Tortur'd with keen Despair, they Cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer Pains.
- 5 Not all their Anguish and their Blood,
 For their old guilt atones,
 Nor the Compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their Groans.
- 6 Amazing Grace, that kept my Breath,
 Nor bid my Soul remove,
 'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's Death,
 And well ensur'd his Love ?

H Y M N VII.

Hell, or the Vengeance of GOD.

- 1 **W**ITH holy Fear, and humble Song,
 The dreadful GOD our Souls adore ;
 Rev'rence and awe becomes the Tongue
 That speaks the Terrors of his Pow'r.

- 2 Far in the Deep, where Darkneſs dwells,
The Land of Horror and Deſpair,
Juſtice has built a diſmal Hell,
And laid her Stores of Vengeance there.
- 3 Eternal Plagues and heavy Chains,
Tormenting Racks and fiery Coals,
And Darts t' inflict immortal Pains,
Dy'd in the Blood of damned Souls.
- 4 There Satan the firſt Sinner lies,
And roars, and bites his Iron Bands ;
In vain the Rebel ſtrives to riſe,
Crush'd with the Weight of both thy Hands.
- 5 There guilty Ghoſts of Adam's Race,
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy Rod ;
Once they could ſcorn a Saviour's Grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble my Soul, and kiſs the Son ;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call ;
Elſe your Damnation haſtens on,
And Hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

H Y M N VIII.

The GOD of Thunder.

- 1 **O** The immense ! th' amazing Height !
The boundleſs Grandeur of a God !
Who treads the Worlds beneath his Feet !
And ſways the Nations with his nod !
- 2 He ſpeaks ! and lo, all Nature ſhakes ;
Heaven's everlaſting Pillows bow ;
He rends the Clouds with hideous Cracks,
And ſhoots his fiery Arrows through.
- 3 Well, let the Nations ſtart and fly
At the blue Lightning's horrid glare ;
Atheiſts and Emperors ſhrink and die,
When Flame and Noiſe torment the Air.

4 Let

- 4 Let Noise and Flame confound the Skies,
 And drown the spacious Realms below,
 Yet will we sing the Thund'rer's Praise,
 And send our loud Hofannas through.
- 5 Cælestial King ! thy blazing Pow'r
 Kindles our Hearts to flaming Joys !
 We shout to hear thy Thunder roar !
 And echo to our Father's Voice.
- 6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
 And Lightnings round his Chariots play,
 Ye Lightnings, fly to make him Room,
 Ye glorious Storms, prepare his Way !

H Y M N IX.

The Sinner's Shame and Confusion.

- 1 **S**O foolish, so absurd am I,
 That nothing can be more ;
 Was ever such a Monster seen
 Upon the Earth before ?
- 2 I dare not look upon the Earth,
 The Witness of my Sin ;
 My Conscience is a Doom's-day Book,
 I dare not look within.
- 3 Upwards I durst not cast mine Eyes,
 For there my Judge doth sit :
 Nor downwards, whence the Smoke doth rise
 From the Infernal Pit.
- 4 How shall I answer at the Bar
 Of him who is most pure ?
 I cannot answer for my self,
 My self I can't endure.
- 5 And as my self I can't endure,
 My self I cannot fly :
 Thus Fools do sell themselves for Slaves,
 And what a Slave am I ?

- 6 My Heart the Seat of Folly is,
My Life a Life of Sin :
Surely I am more brutish far,
Than ever Brute hath been.
- 7 Is this my Wit ? Is this my Way ?
To make a glorious Name ?
Are these the Thanks I've paid to Heav'n ?
Ah, what a Beast I am ?
8. The Crown is fallen from my Head,
My royal Robes are gone ;
Confusion is my only Cloak,
And I must put it on.
- 9 And whilst I blush, and whilst I bleed,
Here will I sit alone :
And here I'll lead the Leper's Life,
And make my doleful Moan.
- 10 I am not worthy of the Earth,
Nor worthy of the Air,
Nor worthy of the wat'ry Drop,
But of the Damned's Fare.
- 11 O ! How it kills my Heart to think
Upon my foolish Ways !
Yet this I'll bear and bless the Lord,
Because Damnation stays.

H Y M N X.

R E P E N T A N C E.

- 1 **L**ORD I confess my Sin is great,
Great is my Sin, Oh ! gently treat
Thy tender Flow'r, thy fading Bloom,
Whose Life's still aiming at a Tomb.
- 2 Have mercy Lord, lo ! I confess,
I feel I mourn my Foolishness ;
O spare me, whom thy Hands have made,
A withering Leaf, a fleeting Shade.

3 Sweeten

- 3 Sweeten at length this bitter Bowl,
Which thou has pour'd into my Soul !
O tarry not ! if still thou stay,
Here sets in Death my short liv'd Day.
- 4 When thou for Sin rebukest Man,
His drooping Heart is fill'd with Pain ;
Blasted his Strength, his Beauty too,
Consumes away as morning Dew.
- 5 When will thou Sin and Grief destroy ?
That all the broken Bones may joy ;
And at thy all-reviving Word,
Dead Sinners rise, and praise the Lord.

H Y M N XI.

- 1 **W**EARY of struggling with my Pain,
Hopeless to burst my nature's Chain :
Hardly I give the Contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.
- 2 From my own Words at last I cease,
God that creates must seal my Peace ;
Fruitless my Toil and vain my Care,
And all my Fitness is Despair.
- 3 Lord I despair myself to heal,
I see my Sin but cannot feel ;
I cannot till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient Waters flow.
- 4 'Tis thine a Heart of Flesh to give,
Thy Gifts I only can receive :
Here then to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.
- 5 With simple Truth to thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my all :
I wait the moving of the Pool,
I wait the Word that speaks me whole.

6 Speak,

- 6 Speak, gracious Lord, my Sickness cure,
 Make my infected Nature pure :
 Peace, Righteousness, and Joy impart,
 And pour thyself into my Heart.

H Y M N XII.

All Men undone by Sin.

- 1 JESUS, the Sinner's Friend, to thee,
 Lost and undone for Aid I flee,
 Weary of Earth, myself, and Sin,
 Open thine Arms and take me in.
- 2 Pity and heal my Sin-sick Soul,
 'Tis thou alone canst make me whole :
 Fall'n, till in me thine Image shine,
 And curst I am till thou art mine.
- 3 Hear, Jesus, hear my helpless Cry,
 O save a Wretch condemn'd to die :
 The Sentence in myself I feel,
 And all my Nature teems with Hell.
- 4 When shall Concupiscence and Pride,
 No more my tortur'd Heart divide ?
 When shall this Agony be o'er,
 And the old Adam rage no more ?
- 5 Awake, the Woman's conquering Seed,
 Awake, and bruise the Serpent's Head :
 Tread down thy Foes, with Power controul,
 The Beast and Devil in my Soul.
- 6 The Mansion for thyself prepare,
 Dispose my Heart by ent'ring there ;
 'Tis this alone can make me clean,
 'Tis this alone can cast out Sin.
- 7 Long have I hop'd and vainly strove,
 To force my Hardness into Love ;
 To give thee all thy Laws require,
 And labour'd in the purging Fire.

8 Frail,

- 8 Frail, dark, impure I still remain,
 Nor hope to break my Nature's Chain;
 The fond self-emptying Scheme is past,
 And lo! constrain'd I yield at last.
- 9 At last I own it cannot be,
 That I should fit myself for thee;
 Here then to thee I all resign,
 Thine is the Work, and only thine.
- 10 No more to lift my Eyes I dare,
 Abandon'd to a just Despair,
 I have my Punishment in View,
 I feel a thousand Hells my Due.
- 11 What shall I say, thy Grace to move!
 Lord I am Sin, but thou art Love:
 I give up ev'ry Plea beside,
 Lord I am damn'd—but thou hast died!

H Y M N XIII.

*Invitation HYMNS to Sinners;**Christ calls burden'd Sinners.*

- 1 COME hither all ye weary Souls,
 Ye heavy laden Sinners come,
 I'll give you rest from all your Toils,
 And raise you to my heavenly Home.
- 2 They shall find Rest that learn of me,
 I'm of a meek and lowly Mind:
 But Passion rages like the Sea,
 And Pride is restless as the Wind.
- 3 Blest is the Man whose Shoulders take
 My Yoke, and bears it with Delight,
 My Yoke is easy to his Neck,
 My Grace shall make the Burden light.

4 Jesus

- 4 Jesus we come at thy Command,
With Faith and Hope, and humble Zeal,
Refig'n our Spirits to thy Hand,
To mould and guide us at thy Will.

H Y M N XIV.

Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 **H**O! every one that thirsts draw nigh;
('Tis God invites the fallen Race)
Mercy and free Salvation buy ;
Buy Wine and Milk, and Gospel Grace ;
- 2 Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners obey your Maker's Call,
Return ye weary Wanderers, home,
And hear the Gospel preach'd to all.
- 3 See from the Rock a Fountain rise !
For you in healing Streams it rolls :
Money ye need not bring nor Price,
Ye labouring, burden'd, Sin-sick Souls :
- 4 Nothing ye in Exchange shall give :
Leave all you have and are behind :
Frankly the Gift of God receive,
Pardon and Peace in Jesus find.
- 5 Your willing Ear, and Heart incline,
His Words believably receive,
Quicken'd your Soul, by Faith divine,
An everlasting Life shall live.

H Y M N XV.

INVITATION.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel Word ;
Haste to the Supper of your Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious Day,
All Things are ready, Come away !

E

a Ready

- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning Son ;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding Hands,
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Just now the stony Heart to move :
T' apply, and witness with his Blood,
And wash and seal you, Sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your blest Estate :
Tuning their Harps, they long to Praise
The wonders of redeeming Grace.
- 5 Come then, ye Sinners, to the Lord,
To Happiness, in Christ restor'd ;
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The plentitude of gospel Grace.

H Y M N XVI.

ANOTHER.

- 1 **C**OME Sinners, to the gospel Feast,
Let ev'ry Soul be Jesus' Guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all Mankind.
- 2 " Have me excus'd," why will you say ?
From Health, and Life, and Liberty ;
From all that is in Jesus given,
From Pardon, Holiness, and Heaven.
- 3 Come then ye Souls by Sin oppress'd,
Ye weary wanderers after Rest :
Ye Poor and Maimed, Halt and Blind,
In Christ an hearty Welcome find.
- 4 See him set forth before your Eyes,
Behold the bleeding Sacrifice ;
His offer'd Love let all embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by Grace.

- 5 Ye who believe his Record true,
 Shall sup with him and he with you ;
 Come to the Feast, be sav'd from Sin,
 For Jesus waits to take you in.
- 6 This is the Time, no more Delay,
 This is the glorious gospel Day ;
 Come in this Moment at his Call,
 And live to him, who dy'd for all.

H Y M N XVII.

The Prodigal. S.M.

- 1 **T**HE Prodigal's return'd,
 The Sinner lost is found ;
 He who was late an Heir of Wrath,
 Is now with Mercy crown'd.
- 2 His Soul has long been dead,
 In Trespasses and Sin ;
 But now in Christ, through Power divine,
 He's quick'ned, just, and clean.
- 3 The Angels raise their Voice,
 And hail the Sinner home ;
 And all the Saints of God rejoice,
 To see the Wand'rer come.
- 4 Jesus with open Arms,
 Him freely doth embrace ;
 And, lo, the Prodigal believes,
 He now is sav'd by Grace.
- 5 By Grace without his Work,
 Amazing Love indeed !
 Him Jesus reconcil'd to God,
 By suff'ring in his Stead.
- 6 The Heavens wond'ring stand,
 But still with Fury burns ;
 Whilst joyful to his Father's House,
 The Prodigal returns.

- 7 The Father sees afar,
The Prodigal return ;
Constrain'd by Love he runs to meet
His late rebellious Son.
- 8 His trembling Child he hears,
His num'rous Sins confess ;
And freely pard'ning, covers all,
In pity and in Grace.
- 9 Each Servant of the Lord,
With Joy and Mirth abound ;
For he who once was lost and dead,
Is now alive, and found.
- 10 The fatted Calf is slain,
The Lamb is crucify'd ;
The Robe of Righteousness is brought,
His Nakedness to hide.
- 11 The Ring is on him put,
(Earnest of Joys above,)
Salvation now adorns his Feet,
And all his Soul is Love.
- 12 He leans on Jesus' Breast,
Forgetting all his Pain ;
With him he enters into Rest ;
He now is born again.
- 13 He rolls his Soul in Love,
And drinks true Pleasure in ;
And says to others, now I prove
My Soul is sav'd from Sin.

H Y M N XVIII.

The humble Publican.

NOW see the Publican oppress,
With all his heinous Sins ;
Afar he stands, and smites his Breast,
And humbly thus begins.

- 2 Great God ! behold, and now extend,
Thy rich free Grace to me ;
Tho' nought I have to recommend
My guilty Soul to Thee.
- 3 I am a Sinner, I confess,
Polluted all, and vile ;
Yet, Lord, amidst my deep Distress,
In Mercy on me smile.
- 4 God heard his penitential Cry,
And answer'd his Request,
Pass'd all his black Offences by,
And eas'd his throbbing Breast,
- 5 While on the boasting Pharisee
He looks with angry Frown,
The humble Publican doth he
In tender Mercy own.
- 6 O Sinners ! here Example take,
To ply the Throne of Grace :
God surely will, for Jesus' sake
An Answer grant of Peace.

H Y M N X I X

Universal Praise.

- 1 **F**ROM all who dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praise arise.
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Thro' every Land by ev'ry Tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy Mercies Lord,
Eternal Truth attends thy Word ;
Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
Till Suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise him all Creatures here below :
Praise him above, ye heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N XX.

The repenting Prodigal.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Wretch whose Lust and Wine,
 Had wasted his Estate,
 He begs a Share amongst the Swine,
 To taste the Husks they eat !
- 2 I die with Hunger, here, he cries,
 I starve in foreign Lands ;
 My Father's House has large Supplies,
 And bounteous are his Hands.
- 3 I'll go and with a mournful Tongue,
 Fall down before his Face ;
 Father I've done thy Justice wrong,
 Nor can deserve thy Grace.
- 4 He said, and hastened to his Home,
 To seek his Father's Love :
 The Father saw the Rebel come,
 And all his Bowels move.
- 5 He ran and fell upon his Neck,
 Embrac'd and kiss'd his Son ;
 The Rebel's Heart with Sorrows break,
 For Follies he had done.
- 6 Take off his Cloaths of Shame and Sin,
 (The Father gives Command)
 Dress him in Garments white and clean,
 With Rings adorn his Hand.
- 7 A Day of Feasting I ordain,
 Let Mirth and Joy abound ;
 My Son was dead and lives again,
 Was lost and now is found.

H Y M N XXI

Godly Sorrow.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head,
 For such a Worm as I?
- 2 Thy Body slain, sweet Jesus thing,
 And Bath'd in its own Blood,
 While all expos'd to Wrath divine,
 The glorious Suff'rer stood!
- 3 Was it for Crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the Tree?
 Amazing Pity! Grace unknown!
 And Love beyond Degree!
- 4 Well might the Sun in Darkness hide
 And shut his Glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker dy'd
 For Man the Creatures Sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
 While his dear Cross appears,
 Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
 And melt my Eyes to Tears.
- 6 But drops of Grief can ne'er repay
 The Debt of Love I owe,
 Here Lord I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N XXII.

Look unto me, and be saved.

- 1 **L**ADEN'D with Guilt, Sinners arise,
 And view your bleeding Sacrifice,
 Each purple Drop proclaims there's Room,
 And bids the Poor and Needy come.

B 4

2 Beneath

- 2 Beneath your Crimes the Victim stood,
Sign'd your Acquittances in Blood,
Hereby stern Justice is pleas'd,
Sinners look up and be releas'd.
- 3 Mercy, Peace, Truth, and Righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's Face ;
Here look, till Love dissolve your Heart,
And bid your slavish Fears depart.
- 4 O quit the World's delusive Charms,
And quickly fly to Jesus' Arms ;
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

H Y M N XXIII.

The Pressure of Sin.

- 1 **O** THAT my Load of Sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesu's Feet to lay it down,
To lay my Soul at Jesu's Feet !
- 2 When shall mine Eyes behold the Lamb !
The God of my Salvation see !
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Rest for my Soul, I long to find ;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly Mind,
And stamp thine Image on my Heart.
- 4 I would, but thou must give the Power ;
My Heart from ev'ry Sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the happy Hour,
And fill me with thy heav'nly Peace.
- 5 Come Lord, the drooping Sinner cheer,
Let not my Jesus long delay ;
Appear, in my poor Heart appear ;
My God my Saviour, come away.

H Y M N

Joy in the HOLY GHOST,

- 1 **M**Y Soul doth magnify the Lord,
My Spirit doth rejoice
In God my Saviour and my God,
I hear his joyful Voice.
- 2 I need not go abroad for Joy
Who have a Feast at home ;
My Sighs are turned into Songs,
The Comforter is come.
- 3 Down from Above the blessed Dove
Is come into my Breast,
To witness God's eternal Love :
This is my heavenly Feast.
- 4 This makes me Abba, Father, cry,
With Confidence of Soul ;
It makes me cry, My Lord my God,
And that without controul.
- 5 There is a Stream which issues forth
From God's eternal Throne,
And from the Lamb, a living Stream,
Clear as the Crystal Stone.
- 6 The Streams doth water Paradise,
It makes the Angels sing :
One cordial Drop revives my Heart ;
Hence all my Joys do spring.
- 7 Such Joys as are unspeakable,
And full of Glory too ;
Such hidden Manna, hidden Pearls,
As Worldlings do not know.
- 8 Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,
From Fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd,

- 9 I see thy Face, I hear thy Voice,
I taste thy sweetest Love ;
My Soul doth leap : but O for Wings,
The Wings of Noah's Dove !
- 10 Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this World of Sin :
Then should my Lord put forth his Hand
And kindly take me in.
- 11 Then should my Soul with Angels feast
On Joys that always last :
Bless'd be my God, the God of Joy,
Who gives me here a Taste.

H Y M N XXV.

- 1 **A** WAKE sad Heart, whom Sorrows drown,
Lift up thine Eyes, and cease to mourn,
Unfold thy Forehead's settled Frown ;
Thy Saviour, and thy Joys return.
- 2 Awake sad drooping Heart, awake,
No more lament, and pine, and cry ;
His Death thou ever dost partake,
Partake at last his Victory.
- 3 Arise ; if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's Resurrection *thine* may be ;
O break not from the gracious Hand,
Which as it rises, raises thee.
- 4 Cheer'd by thy Saviour's Sorrows rise ;
He griev'd, that thou may'st cease to grieve :
Dry with his burial Cloaths thine Eyes ;
He dy'd himself that thou may'st live.

Tune

H Y M N XXIV.

Wretchedness

All Sinners miserable.

- 1 **W**RETCHED, helpless, and-distrest,
Ah ! whither shall I fly,

Ever

Ever gasping after Rest,
 I cannot find it nigh :
 Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
 Fast bound in Sin and Misery,
 Friend of Sinners, let me find
 My Help, my All in Thee.

2 Who my Misery can relate,
 My Depth of Woe reveal ?
 I have lost my first Estate,
 In helpless Adam fell.
 Driven out of mine Abode,
 I now have lost my perfect Bliss,
 Fallen, fallen out of God,
 And banish'd Paradise.

3 I am all unclean, unclean,
 Thy Purity I want ;
 My whole Heart is sick of Sin,
 And my whole Head is faint ;
 Full of putrifying Sores,
 Of Bruises and of Wounds, my Soul
 Looks to Jesus, Help implores,
 And gasps to be made whole.

4 In the Wilderness I stray,
 My foolish Heart is blind ;
 Nothing do I know : the Way
 Of Peace I cannot find.
 Jesus, Lord restore my Sight,
 And take, O take the Vail away ;
 Turn my Darkness into Light,
 My Midnight into Day.

H Y M N XXVII.

CHRIST *the Friend of Sinners.*

1 **W**HERE shall my wond'ring Soul begin ?
 How shall I all to Heav'n aspire ?

A Slave, redeem'd from Death and Sin ;
 A Brand pluck'd from eternal Fire.
 How shall I equal Triumphs raise,
 And sing my great Deliverer's Praise.

2 O how shall I thy Goodness tell,
 Father, which thou to me hast shew'd ?
 That I, a Child of Wrath and Hell,
 I should be call'd a Child of God !
 Should know, should feel my Sins forgiv'n ;
 Blest with this Antipast of Heav'n !

3 And shall I slight my Father's Love,
 Or basely fear his Gifts to own ?
 Unmindful of his Favours prove !
 Shall I, the hallow'd Cross to shun,
 Refuse his Right'ousness t' impart,
 By hiding it within my Heart ?

4 No—though the antient Dragon rage,
 And call forth all his Host to War ;
 Though Earth's self-righteous Sons engage,
 Them, and their God alike I dare ;
 Jesus, the Sinner's Friend proclaim ;
 Jesus, to Sinners still the same.

5 Out-casts of Men, to you I call,
 Harlots and Publicans and Thieves !
 He spreads his Arms, t' embrace you all !
 Sinners alone his Grace receives.
 No need of him the Righteous have,
 He came the Lost to seek and save.

6 Come all ye Madalins in Lust,
 Ye Ruffians fell in Murders old !
 Repent and live : Despair and Trust ;
 Jesus for you to Death was sold ;
 Though Hell protest, and Earth repine,
 He dy'd for Crimes like yours and mine.

7 Come,

- 7 Come, O my guilty Brethren, come,
 Groaning beneath your Load of Sin,
 His bleeding Heart shall make you Room,
 His open Side shall take you in.
 He calls you now, invites you home ;
 Come, O my guilty Brethren, come.
- 8 For you the purple Current flow'd,
 In Pardons from his wounded Side :
 Languish'd for you th' eternal God,
 For you the Prince of Glory dy'd.
 Believe, and all your Guilt's forgiv'n ;
 Only believe—and yours is Heav'n.

H Y M N XXVIII.

Praise for the Hope of Glory.

- 1 **I** SOJOURN in a Vale of Tears,
 Alas how can I sing !
 My Harp doth on the Willows hang,
 Distun'd in ev'ry String.
- 2 My Musick is a Captive's Chains ;
 Harsh Sounds my Ears do fill ;
 How shall I sing sweet Zion's Song,
 On this Side Zion's Hill ?
- 3 Yet lo ! I hear the joyful Sound,
 Surely I quickly come !
 Each Word much Sweetness doth distill,
 Like a full Honey Comb.
- 4 And dost thou come my dearest Lord ?
 And dost thou surely come ?
 And dost thou surely quickly come ?
 Methinks I am at Home.
- 5 Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,
 My sweetest, surest Friend ;
 Come, for I loath these *Kedar* Tents ;
 The fiery Chariot send.

- 6 What have I in this barren Land ?
 My Jesus is not here ;
 Mine Eyes will ne'er be blest until
 My Jesus doth appear.
- 7 My Jesus is gone up to Heav'n
 To get a Place for me ;
 For 'tis his Will, that where he is,
 There should his Servants be.
- 8 Canaan I view from Pisgah's Top,
 Of Canaan's Grapes I taste :
 My Lord, who sends unto me here,
 Will send for me at last.
- 9 I have a God that changeth not,
 Why should I be perplex't ?
 My God that owns me in this World,
 Will own me in the next.
- 10 My dearest Friends they dwell above,
 Them will I go to see ;
 And all my Friends in Christ below,
 Will soon come after me.

H Y M N XXIX.

Praise for the Peace of Conscience.

- 1 **M**Y God, my reconciled God,
 Creator of my Peace,
 Thee will I love, and praise and sing,
 'Till Life and Breath shall cease.
- 2 My Thoughts did rage, my Soul was tost,
 'Twas like a troubled Sea :
 But what a mighty Voice is this,
 Which Winds and Waves obey.
- 3 God spake the Word, Peace and be still,
 My Sins, those Mutineers,
 With Speed went off, and took their Flight,
 Where now are all my Fears ?

- 4 The World can neither give nor take,
Nor yet can understand,
That Peace of God which Christ hath brought,
And gives me with his Hand.
- 5 This is my Saviour's Legacy,
Confirm'd by his Decease :
Ye shall have Trouble in the World,
In me ye shall have Peace.
- 6 And so it is, the World doth rage,
But Peace in me doth reign :
And whilst my God maintains the Fort,
Their Batt'ries are in vain.
- 7 The burning Bush was not consum'd,
Whilst God remained there :
The three, when Christ did make the fourth,
Found Fire as meek as Air.
- 8 So is my Mem'ry stuffed with Sin,
Enough to make an Hell ;
And yet my Conscience is not scorch'd,
For God in me doth dwell.
- 9 Where God doth dwell, sure Heaven is there,
And singing there must be :
Since, Lord, thy Presence makes my Heaven,
Whom shall I sing but thee.
- 10 My God, my reconciled God,
Creator of my Peace,
Thee will I love, and praise, and sing,
Till Life and Breath shall cease.

H Y M N XXX.

A Sight of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from Heaven immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
And mount, and bear us far above,
The Reach of these inferiour Things,
2 Beyond,

- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower Sky,
Up where eternal Ages roll,
Where solid Pleasures never die,
And Fruits immortal feast the Soul.
- 3 O for a Sight, a pleasing Sight,
Of our Almighty Father's Throne:
There sits our Saviour crown'd with Light,
Cloath'd in a Body like our own.
- 4 Adoring Saints around him stand,
And Thrones and Powers before him fall:
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet Glories on them all.
- 5 O what amazing Joys they feel,
While to their golden Harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly Hill,
And spread the Triumphs of their King.
- 6 When shall the Day, dear Lord appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy Face, and sing, and love.

H Y M N XXXI.

God's Presence in Light.

- 1 **M**Y God, the Spring of all my Joys,
The Life of my Delights,
The Glory of my brightest Days,
And Comfort of my Nights.
- 2 In darkeſt Shades if he appear,
My Dawning is begun:
He is my Soul's ſweet Morning-Star,
And he my riſing Sun.
- 3 The op'ning Heavens around me ſhine,
With Beams of ſacred Blifs,
While Jeſus ſhews his Heart is mine,
And whiſpers, I am his.

- * My Soul would leave this heavy Clay;
 At that transporting Word :
 Run up with Joy the shining Way,
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- † Fearless of Hell, and ghastly Death,
 I'd break thro' every Foe :
 The Wings of Love, and Arms of Faith,
 Should bear me Conqu'ror thro'.

H Y M N XXXII

The Church a Garden.

- 1 **W**E are a Garden wall'd around,
 Chosen and made peculiar Ground ;
 A little Spot inclos'd by Grace,
 Out of the World's wide Wilderness.
- 2 Like spicy Trees, Believers stand,
 Planted by an Almighty Hand ;
 And all the Springs in Zion flow
 To make the young Plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heavenly Dove, and come,
 Blow on this Garden of Perfume :
 Spirit divine, descend and breathe,
 A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.
- 4 Make then our Spices flow Abroad,
 A grateful Incense to our God :
 Let Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
 And every Grace be active here.

H Y M N XXXIII.

Divine Supports.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my Title clear,
 To Mansions in the Skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry Fear,
 And wipe my weeping Eyes.

C

2 Should

- 2 Should Earth against my Soul engage,
 And hellish Darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,
 And face a frowning World.
- 3 Let Cafes 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.

H Y M N XXXIV.

A view of Heaven.

- 1 **T**HERE is a Land of pure Delights,
 Where Saints immortal reign,
 Infinite Day excludes the Night,
 And Pleasures banish Pain.
- 2 There everlasting Spring abides,
 And never with'ring Flowers :
 Death like a narrow Sea, divides
 This heavenly Land from ours.
- 3 Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordān roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous Mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow Sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the Brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh ! could we make our Doubts remove,
 Those gloomy Doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unbecloated Eyes !

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the Landskip o'er,
 Not Jordan's Stream nor Death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the Shore.

H Y M N XXXV.

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 **O**H! the Delights, the heavenly Joys,
 The Glories of the Place,
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams,
 Of his o'erflowing Grace!
- 2 Sweet Majesty and awful Love,
 Sit smiling on his Brow,
 And all the glorious Ranks above,
 At humble Distance bow.
- 3 Princes to his imperial Name,
 Bend their bright Sceptres down:
 Dominions, Thrones, and Powers rejoice,
 To see him wear the Crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty Praise,
 Thro' ev'ry heavenly Street,
 And lay their highest Honours down,
 Submissive at his Feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed Feet of his,
 That once rude Iron tore,
 High on a Throne of Light they stand,
 And all the Saints adore.
- 6 His Head, the dear majestic Head,
 That cruel Thorns did wound,
 See what immortal Glories shine,
 And circle it around!
- 7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
 Whom we unseen adore;
 But when our Eyes behold his Face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.

The Pilgrimage of the Saints.

- 1 **L**ORD what a wretched Land is this,
That yields us no Supply,
No cheering Fruits, no wholesome Trees,
Nor Streams of living Joy.
- 2 But pricking Thorns thro' all the Ground,
And mortal Poisons grow ;
And all the Rivers that are found,
With dang'rous Waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear Path to thine Abode,
Lies thro' this horrid Land :
Lord ! we would keep the heavenly Road,
And run at thy Command.
- 4 Our Souls shall tread the Deserts thro',
With undiverted Feet ;
And Faith and flaming Zeal subdue,
The Terrors that we meet.
- 5 A thousand savage Beasts of Prey,
Around the Forest roam ;
But Judah's Lion guards the Way,
And guides the Strangers home.
- 6 Long Nights and Darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling Ray,
But the bright World to which we go,
Is everlasting Day.
- 7 By glimm'ring Hopes, and gloomy Fears,
We trace the sacred Road,
Thro' dismal Deeps, and dang'rous Snares,
We make our Way to God.
- 8 Our Journey is a thorny Maze,
But we march upward still,
Forget these Troubles of the Ways,
And reach at Zion's Hill.

- 9 See the kind Angels at the Gates,
 Inviting us to come ;
 There Jesus the Forerunner waits,
 To welcome Trav'lers home.
- 10 There on a green and flow'ry Mount,
 Our weary Souls shall sit,
 And with transporting Joys recount,
 The Labours of our Feet.
- 11 Eternal Glories to the King,
 That brought us safely through :
 Our Tongues shall never cease to sing,
 And endless Praise renew.

H Y M N XXXVII.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey sweetly sing :
 Sing your Saviour's worthy Praise,
 Glorious in his Works and Ways !
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
 In the Way the Fathers trod :
 They are happy now, and ye,
 Soon their Happiness shall see.
- 3 O, ye banished Seed be glad !
 Christ our Advocate is made :
 Us to save, our Flesh assumes,
 Brother to our Souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little Flock, and blest,
 You on Jesu's Throne shall rest ;
 There your Seat is now prepar'd,
 There your Kingdom and Reward.
- 5 Fear not, Brethren, joyful stand,
 On the Borders of your Land :
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.

- 6 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only then our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Christ all in all.

- 1 **C**H R I S T Jesus is the chiefest Good,
 He has saved us by his Blood :
 Let us value Nothing but Him,
 No, Nothing else deserves Esteem.
- 2 Christ Jesus gives us Life and Peace,
 Faith, Life, and Love, and Holiness ;
 And ev'ry Blessing great or small,
 Christ Jesus for us purchas'd all.
- 3 Christ Jesus, therefore let us own ;
 Christ Jesus we'll exalt alone ;
 Christ Jesus has our Sins forgiven ;
 Christ Jesus' Blood has bought us Heaven.

H Y M N XXXIX.

*A Dialogue between Pilgrims.**M E N.*

- 1 **T**ELL us, O Women Travellers,
 Unto what Place ye go ?
 And why ye do not seem Content
 To stay on Earth below ?

W O M E N.

- 2 All Creatures here we empty find,
 They can't supply our Wants,
 We go to Christ above, our Life,
 To praise him with the Saints.

M E N.

M E N.

- 3 Have you not many Friends on Earth,
Who with you sympathize ?
Cannot your Earthly Comforts here
Your Hearts to stay entice ?

W O M E N.

- 4 We're Pilgrims here, Earth's not our Home,
Which makes us long to be,
Where Christ our Friend dwells with his Saints,
And they him glorify.

M E N.

- 5 Why don't you seek your Treasure here,
With others in the Land ;
Who seem well pleas'd with sensual Things,
And some Thing in their Hand ?

W O M E N.

- 6 Our Treasure Christ lay'd up above,
He dearly bought our Bliss,
His Blood's the Price ; nay, Christ himself,
Our blessed Treasure is.

M E N.

- 7 Since Christ your Teasure is in Heaven,
Your Heart must mount above :
Things Earthly will not suit your Minds.
You must be where you love.

W O M E N.

- 8 A Sight of Jesu's Love, and Blood,
Down streaming from the Cross,
Makes all Things to us here below,
Appear as Dung and Dross.

M E N.

- 9 Let Pilgrims here join Heaven's Host,
And Hallelujahs sing,
To him that sits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb our King.

W O M E N.

- 10 Hosanna's of the highest strain,
 To th' King of Kings be giv'n,
 Our Saviour God, who came to Men,
 With News of Peace from Heav'n.

H Y M N XL.

Christians rejoicing in Hope and Glory of God.

- 1 **L**: O! we are journeying home to God,
 Bid by the Spirit come ;
 And in the Way his Children trod,
 We seek our Father's Home.

- 2 We walk a narrow Path and rough,
 And we are tired and weak :
 Yet soon shall we have Rest enough,
 In those bless'd Courts we seek.

- 3 Nigh to the Country we appear,
 Stor'd with eternal Blis :
 We know we quickly shall be there ;
 In Sight our City is.

- 4 Upon Mount Zion's distant Top,
 A Lamb our Eyes behold :
 'Tis Jesus, look ye Children up,
 He calls us to this Fold.

- 5 We see him with his Raiment red,
 As tho' besmear'd with Blood,
 As newly slain he stands ; he bled,
 Us to redeem to God.

- 6 About him clad with snowy Vests,
 Appear a countless Throng :
 These are his Saints, his Kings, his Priests,
 Who sing th' eternal Song.

- 7 How blest, how more than happy these,
 Who thus their Lord attend ;
 We, Brethren, in their Hosts shall praise,
 We soon shall there ascend.

H Y M N LXI.

The Trial of Faith.

- 1 **S**AINTS, at your heavenly Father's Word,
 Give up your Comforts to the Lord ;
 He shall restore what you resign,
 Or grant you Blessings more divine,
- 2 So Abra'm, with obedient Hand,
 Led forth his Son at God's Command :
 The Wood, the Fire, the Knife he took ;
 His Arm prepar'd the dreadful Stroke.
- 3 " Abra'm forbear," the Angel cry'd,
 Thy Faith is known, thy Love is try'd ;
 Thy Son shall live, and in thy Seed,
 Shall the whole Earth be blest'd indeed.
- 4 Just in the last distressing Hour,
 The Lord displays deliv'ring Power :
 The Mount of Danger is the Place,
 Where we shall see surprising Grace,

H Y M N XLII.

Christ worthy of all Praise.

- 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 thro' all the Earth abroad,
 The Honours of thy Name,

- 3 Jesus, the Name that charms our Fears,
That bids our Sorrows cease ;
'Tis Musick in the Sinners Ears,
'Tis Life, and Health, and Peace.
- 4 He breaks the Power of cancel'd Sin,
He sets the Pris'ners free :
His Blood can make the Foulest clean,
His Blood avail'd 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 loosen'd Tongues empoly :
Ye Blind your Saviour's come,
And leap, ye Lame for Joy.
- 7 Look unto Him, ye Nations, own
Your God, ye fallen Race :
Look, and be sav'd thro' Faith alone,
Be justified by Grace,

H Y M N XLIII.

THANKSGIVING.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
Glory to our God and King ;
Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,
To rehearse his solemn Praise.
- 2 Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
Angels help the chearful Sound ;
Publish thro' the World abroad,
Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to Thee we give,
Gracious Thou our Thanks receive :
Holy Father, Sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd !

4 Thro'

- 4 Thro' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's Name,
Saviour, Thee we ever bless,
Thee our Lord and God confess.

H Y M N XLIV.

Hymn to the Trinity.

1 **H**AIL holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endless Praise to Thee!
Supreme, essential One ador'd,
In co-eternal Three.

2 Enthron'd in everlasting State,
E'er Time its Round began,
Who join'd in Council to create
The Dignity of Man.

3 To whom Isaiah's Vision show'd,
The Seraph's veil their Wings,
While thee Jehovah, Lord, and God,
Th' angelic Army sings.

4 To Thee by mystic Powers on high,
Were humble Praises given,
When John beheld with favour'd Eye,
Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.

5 All that the Name of Creature owns,
To Thee in Hymns aspire:
May we as Angels on our Thrones,
For ever join the Choir.

6 Hail holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endless Praise to Thee:
Supreme, essential One ador'd,
In co-eternal Three.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLV.

Leaving the WORLD.

- 1 **F**AREWELL vain World, I must be gone,
I have no Home or Stay in Thee ;
I'll take my Staff, and travel on
Till I a better World can see.
- 2 Why art thou loth, my Heart, O why,
Dost thou recoil within my Breast ?
Grieve not, but say, Farewell, and fly
Unto the Ark, my Dove, there's rest.
- 3 I come, my Lord, a Pilgrim's Pace ;
Weary and weak, I slowly move ;
Longing, but yet can't reach the Place,
The gladsome Place of Rest above.
- 4 I come, my Lord, the Floods here rise ;
These troubled Seas foam nought but Mire ;
My Dove back to my Bosom flies ;
Farewell poor World, Heav'n's my Desire.
- 5 Stay, stay, said Earth, whither fond one,
Here's a fair World, what would'st thou have
Fair World, O no ! thy Beauty's gone,
A heav'nly Canaan, Lord I crave.
- 6 Thus th' antient Travellers, thus they,
Weary of Earth, groan'd after Thee,
They are before, I must not stay
Till I both thee and them may see.
- 7 Put on, my Soul, put on with Speed,
Though th' Way be long, the End is sweet ;
Once more, poor World, Farewell, indeed :
In leaving thee, my Lord I meet.

H Y M N XLVI

*A brief Description of the Children of GOD, in a
DIALOGUE.*

- 1 **W**HAT poor despis'd Company
Of Travellers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow Way,
Along that 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 despis'd ?
Because of their rich Robes unseen,
The World is not appriz'd.
- 4 But some of them seem poor distress'd,
And lacking daily Bread ;
Ah ! they're of boundless Wealth possess'd,
With hidden Manna fed.
- 5 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.
- 6 Why must they shun the pleasant Path,
That Worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the Road to Death,
The open Road to Hell.
- 7 What is there then no other Road,
To Salem's happy Ground ?
Christ is the only Way to God,
None other can be found.

H Y M N XLVII.

Offices of Christ.

- 1 JOIN all the gracious Names,
Of Wisdom Love and Power,
That Mortals ever knew,
That Angels ever bore :
All are too mean
To speak his Worth ;
Too mean to set
Our Saviour forth.
- 2 But O ! what gentle Terms,
What condescending Ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly Grace :
My Soul, with Joy
And Wonder see,
What Forms of Love
He bears for Thee.
- 3 Great Prophet of our God,
Our Tongues would bless thy Name !
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came :
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiven,
Of Hell subdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.
- 4 Jesus our great high Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;
Thou guilty Sinner seek
No Sacrifice beside :
His pow'ful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

5 Thou dear almighty Lord !
 Our Conqu'ror, and our King !
 Thy Scepter, and thy Sword,
 Thy reigning Grace we sing ;
 Thine is the Pow'r :
 O may we fit,
 In willing Bonds,
 Beneath thy Feet.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Here I will dwell.

17 **A**H me, I'm never well but when
 I on my best Belov'd lean,
 Then I am never ill ;
 Crosses and Trials all are slight,
 And Pain is sweet, and Troubles light,
 Come whatsoever will.

2 Here I could wish my greatest Foe
 Might rest like me, and happy know
 The Riches of the Lamb :
 The Streets then would be full of Praise,
 Of Jesu's Blood, his gracious Ways,
 His Mercy and his Name.

3 If Jesus will permit me, I
 Will leaning on him live and die,
 And great the Blessing count :
 My Life, dear Lord, I'd live to Thee,
 My Death should also glorious be,
 Like Moses in the Mount.

4 My sweet Experience I'd proclaim
 To all the Followers of the Lamb.
 Hear me, my Friends, I say :
 For I am happy, I am well,
 Belov'd of God, unchangeable !
 And with him Night and Day.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLIX.

A new Year's Hymn.

- 1 **N**OW his the ever-rolling Year
 Complete his annual Circuit run.
 Hark ! hark ! the welcome Messenger ;
 Come, kneel ! before your Saviour's Throne.
 O joyful Hour !
 O glorious Day !
 That cheers our Eyes
 With heavenly Ray.
- 2 Now shall my chearful Steps attend
 The Worship of his holy Place ;
 My Soul with glad Devotion bend
 Low in the Temple of his Grace.
 Majestic Place !
 There Glories shine,
 There Mercy beams
 With Light divine.
- 3 Zion, that happy, happy Place,
 Once more shall cheer my longing Eyes ;
 Zion with heavenly Favours grac'd,
 Her God descending from the Skies,
 With Gifts divine,
 To bless the Throng,
 Warbling to Heaven
 The lofty Song.
- 4 Bright Center of united Praise
 To pious Tribes of heavenly Line ;
 Where Numbers pour from ev'ry Place,
 Their Souls inspir'd with Zeal divine,
 Ever to serve,
 And still adore
 Their Saviour God,
 As heretofore.

- 5 Fair Zion ! honour'd of the Sky
 To spread the Gospel Light around ;
 There David's Son, enthron'd on high,
 Sits with eternal Glory crown'd ;
 To rule his Saints,
 And wield the Sway,
 Long as the Sun
 Commands the Day.
- 6 Heavenly Salem ! royal Nurse
 To thy young Converts seated round ;
 While these are cheer'd with heavenly Grace,
 May Peace indulge the happy Ground,
 And every Bliss
 Enjoy'd below,
 May all thy Friends
 And Lovers know.
- 7 Sweet Peace, with all thy heavenly Train,
 Within thy Walls for ever dwell ;
 In every sacred Court of thine
 Her copious Hand with Plenty fill,
 Till all around
 Rich Bounty pours,
 As constant as
 The circling Hours.
- 8 O sacred Saints ! greatly blest,
 Seat of the high eternal King !
 May heavenly Peace, thy constant Guest,
 To all thy Courts her Favours bring ;
 And still to thee
 May Blessings flow ;
 Nor End nor Change
 Nor Measure know.

H Y M N L.

A Carol, or Redemption, the Wonder of Angels.

- 1 **B**EHOLD that Splendor, hear the Shout,
 Heav'n opens, Angels issue out,
 And throng the nether Sky:
 What solemn Tidings do they bring?
 Rapt at the Approach of Israel's King,
 They speak the Monarch nigh.
- 2 Why does the King approach our Land,
 Comes he with Thunder in his Hand?
 The Merit of our Crimes,
 Shepherds be glad, he comes with Peace,
 Not Wrath, but universal Grace,
 To bless ev'n distant Climes.
- 3 See Heav'n's great Heir, a Woman's Son!
 Behold a Manger is his Throne!
 Nay see him born to die!
 Yours is the Guilt, but his the Pain,
 His are the Sorrows, yours the Gain,
 Then let his Praise be high.
- 4 Come mighty King, the Grace enhance,
 A stable was thy Palace once,
 Dwell in these Hearts of ours,
 Teach us to praise the Father's Love,
 Till blest, transported, fir'd above,
 We sing with nobler Powers.

H Y M N L.

- 1 **M**OST gracious God of boundless Might,
 Supreme eternal King,
 Direct my Heart and voice aright,
 When I thy Praises sing.
- 2 Lord hear my Pray'r, accept my song,
 And sanctify my Mind,
 And grant I may, my whole Life long,
 Be virtuo'sly inclin'd.

- 3 That when Thou may'st my Soul require;
 And I must hence remove,
 I then may join the heav'nly Choir,
 And sing with faints above.

H Y M N LII.

The Counsels of Grace, a Carol.

- 1 **T**HE Eternal speaks, all Heaven attends;
 Who that unhappy Race defends,
 While Justice aims the Blow,
 See Nature tremble at their Fates,
 Death with his Iron Sceptre waits,
 Hell opes her adamantinè Gates,
 And triumphs at their Woe.
- 2 Which of the bright celestial Throng,
 With Love so warm, and Heart so strong,
 Dares languish on a Cross?
 Who can leave Liberty for Chains?
 Abandon Extacy for Pains?
 What Angel Fortitude sustains?
 Th' inestimable Loss!
- 3 He said, and Death-like silence reign'd,
 Deep was their Awe, the radiant Band,
 The mighty Task declin'd,
 At length Heav'n's Prince the Silence broke,
 And ardent thus the Sire bespoke,
 None but thy Son can ward the Stroke,
 Then let the Task be mine.
- 4 Mine be the feeble infant State,
 Mine in Return for Love be Hate;
 A Manger be my Throne:
 Pain when thy Glory calls, is Bliss;
 When Man's in Danger, Torture's Peace,
 Shame Praise, a Paradise th' Abyss,
 Then yield thy darling Son.

- 5 Th' Almighty Radiance smil'd Assent,
 Loud was the Shout that Ether rent,
 All Heav'n was in Amaze !
 Go my lov'd Image, said the Sire,
 Be born, in Anguish to expire,
 Earth triumph, Angels strike the Lyre,
 To everlasting Praise.

H Y M N LIII.

The Infant Saviour, a Carol.

- 1 **O** ! SIGHT of Anguish, view it near,
 What weeping Innocence is here !
 A Manger for a Bed,
 The Brutes yield Refuge to his Woe,
 Men the worst Brutes, no Pity shew,
 Nor give him friendly Aid.
- 2 Why do no rapid Thunders roll ?
 Why do no Tempests rack the Pole ?
 O Miracle of Grace !
 Or why no Angel on the Wing ?
 Warm for the honor of their King,
 T' exterminate all the Race.
- 3 Did He, that Infant bath'd in Tears,
 Call into Form the rolling Spheres ?
 Did Seraphs wait his Nod ?
 Helpless he calls, but Man delays ;
 The moral Chaos disobey,
 This offspring of a God.
- 4 Say, radiant Seraphs, thron'd in Light,
 Did Love e'er tow'r so high a Flight !
 Or Glory sink so low !
 This Wonder Angels scarce declare,
 Angels the Rapture scarce can bear,
 Or equal Praise bestow.

5 Redemption

5 Redemption 'tis a boundless Theme !
 Thou boundless Mind, our Hearts inflame,
 With Ardour from Above ;
 Words are but faint, let Joy express,
 Vain is meer Joy, let Actions bless
 This Prodigy of Love.

H Y M N LIV
 A FUNERAL Hymn. Job 19. 25.

I.

MY Life's a Shade, my Days, ^{they do} apace decline,
 My Lord is Life, he'll raise ^{sleeping} my Dust again,
 Sweet Truth to me, I shall arise, and with these Eyes
 My Saviour see.

II.

My peaceful Grave shall keep my Bones till that
^{then shall} I wake from Sleep, and leave my ^{mouldering} Clay
 Sweet Truth to me, I shall arise, and with these Eyes
 My Saviour see.

III.

My Lord, his Angels shall their golden Trumpets
 (sound,
 At whose most welcome call, my Grave shall be un-
 (bound.
 Sweet Truth to me, I shall arise, and with these Eyes
 My Saviour see.

IV.

I said sometimes with Tears, ah, me ! I'm loth to die,
 Lord, silence thou these Fears, my Life's with Thee
 (on high.
 Sweet Truth to me, I shall arise, and with these Eyes
 My Saviour see.

V.

What means my trembling Heart to be thus ^{(Death?} shy of
 My Life and I shan't part, tho' I resign my Breath.
 Sweet Truth to me, I shall arise, and with these Eyes
 My Saviour see.

D 3

Then

VI.

Then welcome harmless Grave, by Thee to Heav'n
 I'll go,
 My Lord, his Death shall save me from the Flames
 (below,
 Sweet Truth to me, I shall arise, and with these Eyes
 My Saviour see.

H Y M N LV.

Jerusalem June A N O T H E R.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high !
 Another has enter'd his Rest ;
 Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's Breast,
 The Soul of our Brother is gone
 To heighten the Triumph above ;
 Exalted to Jesus his Throne !
 Exalted by Jesus's Love !
- 2 How happy the Angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's Name !
 The Saints, whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the Feast of the Lamb !
 No longer imprison'd in Clay,
 Who next from this Dungeon shall fly ;
 Who first shall be summon'd away ?
 My merciful God—Is it I ?
- 3 O Jesus, if this be thy Will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy Council of Mercy reveal,
 And whisper the Call to my Heart :
 O give me a Signal to know
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull Body below,
 And fly to the Regions of Love.

H Y M N

Boldness in the Gospel.

- 1 SHALL I for Fear of feeble Man,
Thy Spirit's Course in me restrain ?
Or undismay'd, in Deed and Word,
Be a true Witness to my Lord ?
- 2 Aw'd 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 thy Anger bear ?
- 3 Shall I, to sooth th' unholy Throng,
Softens thy Truths, and smooth my Tongue ?
To gain Earth's gilded Toys, or flee,
The Cross, endur'd my God 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 Yea let Man rage ! since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing Wings around my Head :
Since in all Pain thy tender Love,
Will still my sweet Refreshment prove.
- 6 Saviour of Men ! thy searching Eye
Does all my inmost Thoughts descry :
Doth ought on Earth my Wishes raise,
Or the World's Favour, or his Praise.
- 7 The Love of Christ does me constrain,
To seek the wandering Souls of Men :
With Cries, Intreaties, Tears to save,
To snatch them from the gaping Grave.
- 8 For this let Men revile my Name,
No Cross I shun, I fear no Shame ;
All hail Reproach, and welcome Pain,
Only thy Terrors, Lord, restrain.

- 9 My Life, my Blood I here present,
 If for thy Truth they may be spent,
 Fulfil thy sovereign Counsel Lord!
 Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd.
- 10 Give me thy Strength, O God of Power!
 Then let Winds blow, or Thunders roar,
 Thy faithful Witness will I be,
 'Tis fix'd, I can do all thro' Thee.

H Y M N LVII.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
 Thy better Portion trace,
 Rise from transitory Things,
 Tow'rds Heav'n thy native Place.
 Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
 Time shall soon this Earth remove,
 Rise my Soul and haste away,
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the Ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their Course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their Source:
 So a Soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious Face;
 Upwards tends to his Abode,
 To rest in his Embrace.
- 3 Fly me Riches, fly me Cares,
 Whilst I that Coast explore;
 Flatt'ring World, with all thy Snares,
 Sollicit me no more.
 Pilgrims fix not here their Home;
 Strangers tarry but a Night,
 When the last dear Morn is come,
 They'll arise to joyful Light.

- 4 Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the Prize :
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the Skies ;
 Yet a Season and you know
 Happy Entrance will be given ;
 All our Sorrows cast below,
 And Earth exchang'd for Heaven.

H Y M N LVIII.

Delight in, and Praise for the Holy Scripture.

- 1 **I** BLESS the Lord,
 Who gives his Word,
 To rule and guide me right ;
 To hear him say,
 Love and obey,
 Affords supreme Delight.
- 2 A holy Joy,
 Without Alloy,
 With sacred Transports flows,
 From Truth divine,
 I feel it mine,
 To give my Soul repose.
- 3 With sacred Love,
 My Passions move,
 I burn with strong Desire :
 With holy Aim,
 And inward Flame,
 I feel my Soul on Fire.
- 4 By Grace refin'd,
 My Soul inclin'd,
 Shall consecrate my Days,
 As due to none
 But God alone,
 And give him all the Praise.

H Y M N

H Y M N LIX.

Calling to follow Christ,

1 COME my Father's Family,
 Ye Ransom'd of the Lord,
 Come, ye Sinners who with me,
 Are ev'ry where abhorr'd ;
 Let us gladly trace his Steps,
 Who suffer'd Death among the Jews ;
 Who the friendless Soul accepts,
 Whom all beside refuse.

2 Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
 Our Master let us own,
 He the Sacrifice for Sin,
 The Saviour, he alone :
 Let us take and bear his Cross,
 Despis'd Disciples let us be,
 Mock'd and slighted as he was,
 For you, my Friend, and me.

3 None but Jesus will we sing,
 None else will we adore ;
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Shall be forever more :
 None among the heavenly Powers,
 Nor one on Earth our Praise can claim,
 None but Jesus call we ours,
 None but the bleeding Lamb.

H Y M N LX.

The Birth of Jesus.

1 THE King of Glory sends his Son,
 To make his Entrance on this Earth !
 Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,
 And heavenly Hosts declare his Birth.

2 About

- 2 About the young Redeemer's Head,
 What Wonders and what Glories meet !
 An unknown Star arose, and led
 The eastern Sages to his Feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire,
 The Infant Saviour to proclaim :
 Inward they felt the sacred Fire,
 And bless'd the Babe and own'd his Name,
- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
 And treat the holy Child with Scorn,
 Our Souls adore the eternal God,
 Who condescended to be born.

H Y M N LXI.

The same.

- 1 **H**ARK the glad Sound ! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long !
 Let every Heart prepare a Throne,
 And every Voice a Song,
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
 Exerts its sacred Fire :
 Wisdom and Might, and Zeal and Love,
 His holy Breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the Pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's Bondage held :
 The Gates of Brass before him burst,
 The Iron Fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest Films of Vice,
 To clear the mental Ray :
 And on the Eye-Balls of the Blind,
 To pour celestial Day.
- 5 He comes the broken Heart to bind,
 The bleeding Soul to cure,
 And with the Riches of his Grace,
 T' enrich the humble Poor.

- 6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy Welcome shall proclaim ;
And Heaven's eternal Arches ring,
With thy beloved Name.

H Y M N LXII.

Another.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the Herald, Angels sing,
Glory to the new born King ;
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconcil'd,
Joyful all ye Nations rise,
Join the Triumphs of the Skies,
With th' angelic Host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 2 Christ by highest Heaven ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord ;
Late in Time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's Womb :
Veil'd in Flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as Man with Men t' appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here.
- 3 Hail the Heav'n born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Son of Righteousness !
Light and Life to all he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings :
Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born, that Man no more may die,
Born to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born to give the second Birth.
- 4 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble Home ;
Rise, the Woman's conq'ring Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's Head :

Adam's

Adam's Likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine Image in its Place :
 Second Adam from above,
 Re-instate us in thy Love.

H Y M N LXIII.

Christ Crucified.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, what hast thou done ?
 Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me,
 The Father's co-eternal Son,
 Bore all my Sins upon the Tree :
 Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd,
 My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
- 2 Behold Him all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace ;
 Come see, ye Worms, your Maker die,
 And say was ever Love like his :
 Come feel with me his Blood apply'd,
 My Lord my Love is crucify'd,
- 3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
 To bring us Rebels back to God ;
 Believe, believe the Record true,
 We are all bought with Jesu's Blood ;
 Pardon and Life flew from his Side.
 My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his Cross,
 And gladly catch the healing Stream ;
 All Things for him account but Loss,
 And give up all our Hearts to him :
 Of Nothing speak, or think beside,
 But Jesus and him crucify'd.

H Y M N LXIV.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **Y**E that seek the Lord, who dy'd,
 Your God for Sinners crucify'd.

Prevent

Prevent the earliest Dawn and come;
 To worship at his sacred Tomb :
 Bring the sweet Spices of your Sighs
 Your contrite Hearts and streaming Eyes,
 Your sad Complaints and humble Fears,
 And embalm him with your Tears.

2 While ye thus your Souls employ,
 Your Sorrows shall be turn'd to Joy :
 Now, now let all your Grief be o'er,
 Believe, and ye shall weep no more :
 An Earthquake hath the Cavern shook,
 And burst the Door, and rent the Rock ;
 The Lord hath sent his Angel down,
 Who hath roll'd away the stone.

3 See, as Snow his Garments white,
 His Countenance as Lightning bright ;
 He sits, and waves a flaming Sword,
 And waits upon his rising Lord :
 The third auspicious Morn is come,
 And call the Saviour from the Tomb ;
 The Bands of Death are torn away,
 And the Tomb gives back its Prey.

4 See the Lord is ris'n indeed,
 To Death deliver'd in your Stead ;
 His Rise proclaim your Sins forgiven,
 And shews the living Way to Heav'n :
 Go tell the followers of your Lord,
 Their Jesus is to Life restor'd ;
 He lives that they his Life may find,
 Lives to quicken all Mankind.

H Y M N LXV.

Ascension of Christ.

HAIL the Day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes ;

Christ

Christ a while to Mortals giv'n;
 Re-ascends his native Heav'n :
 There the pompous Triumph waits,
 Lift your Heads eternal Gates !
 Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
 Take the King of Glory in.

2 Him tho' highest Heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the Earth he leaves ;
 Tho' returning to his Throne,
 Still he calls Mankind his own :
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his Death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares our Place,
 Harbinger of human Race.

3 Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our Head to Day ;
 See thy faithful Servants, see
 Ever gazing up to Thee !
 Grant, tho' parted from our Sight,
 High above yon azure Height,
 Grant our Hearts may thither rise,
 Following Thee beyond the Skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
 Wasted on the Wings of Love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after Home :
 There we shall with Thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless Reign ;
 There thy Face unclouded see,
 Find our Heav'n of Heav'n in Thee.

H Y M N LXVI.

A Sinner applying to Christ.

1 **G**OD of my Salvation hear,
 And help me to believe ;
 Simply do I now draw near,
 Thy Blessing to receive,

Full of Guilt alas ! I am ;
 But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee ;
 Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy Blood was shed for me !

- 2 Nothing have I Lord to pay,
 Nor can thy Grace procure ;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, thou know'st am poor ;
 Dust and Ashes is my Name,
 My all is Sin and Misery ;
 Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy Blood was shed for me !
- 3 Without Money, without Price,
 I come thy Love to buy :
 From myself I turn my Eyes,
 The Chief of sinners I.
 Take, O take me as I am,
 And let me lose myself in Thee !
 Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me !

H Y M N LXVII.

Glad Tidings.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the Trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn Sound,
 Let all the Nations know,
 To Earth's remotest Bound,
 The Year of Jubilee is come,
 Return ye ransom'd Sinners home.
- 2 The Gospel Trumpet hear :
 The News of heavenly Grace,
 Ye happy Souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's Face :
 The Year of Jubilee is come,
 Return to your eternal Home.

- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his Blood,
 Throughout the World proclaim :
 The Year of Jubilee is come,
 Return ye ransom'd Sinners home.

H Y M N LXVIII.

ANOTHER.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, welcome blessed Servant,
 Messenger of Jesu's Grace ;
 O how beautiful the Feet of,
 Him that brings good News of Peace :
 Welcome Herald, welcome Herald,
 Priest of God the People's Joy.
- 2 Saviour bless his Message to us,
 Give us Hearts to hear the Sound,
 Of Rederaption, dearly purchas'd,
 By thy Death and precious Wounds.
 O reveal it, O reveal it,
 To our poor and helpless Souls.
- 3 Give Reward of Grace and Glory
 To thy faithful Labo'rer dear,
 Let the Incense of our Hearts be
 Offer'd up in Faith and Prayer.
 Bless, O bless them, Bless O bless them,
 Now, henceforth, and evermore.

H Y M N LXIX.

The Death of Christ. Jerusalem

- 1 **H**E dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's Daughters weep around !
 A solemn Darkness veils the Skies !
 A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground.

E

Come

- Come Saints, and drop a Tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your Load !
 He shed a thousand Drops for you,
 A thousand Drops of richer Blood.
- 2 Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for Men !
 But lo ! what sudden Joys we see !
 Jesus the Dead revives again !
 The rising God forsakes the Tomb !
 (The Tomb in vain forbids his rise)
 Cherubic Legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the Skies !
- 3 Break off your Tears ye Saints and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns,
 Sing here he spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
 And led the Monster Death in Chains !
 Say " Live for ever wond'rous King ;
 " Born to redeem ! and strong to save !"
 Then ask the Monster " Where's thy Sting,
 " And where's thy Victory boasting Grave ?"

H Y M N LXX.

Gospel Invitation.

- 1 **C**OME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ~~stands~~ ready to receive you,
 Full of Pity, Love and Pow'r,
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho ! ye Needy, come and welcome;
 God's free Bounty glorify,
 True Belief and true Repentance,
 Every Grace that brings us nigh,
 Without Money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Let not Conscience make you linger,
Nor of Fitness fondly dream,
All the Fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your Need of him.
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring Beam.
- 4 Agonizing in the Garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody Tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd
Sinner, will not this suffice?
- 5 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the Merit of his Blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other Trust intrude,
None but Jesus
Can do helpless Sinners good.
- 6 Saints and Angels join'd in concert,
Sing the Praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful Seats of Heaven,
Sweetly echo with his Name.
Hallelujah
Sinners here may do the same.

H Y M N LXXI:

- 1 **C**OME, ye Sinners, come to Jesus,
Think upon your glorious Lord,
He has pity'd your Condition,
He has sent his Gospel Word.
Mercy calls you,
Mercy flows on Jesu's Blood.
- 2 Dearest Saviour, help thy Servant
To proclaim thy wond'rous Love;

Pour thy Grace upon this People,
That thy Truth they may approve,
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining Courts above.

- 3 Now thy gracious Word invites them
To partake the Gospel Feast ;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Every Soul be Jesus' Guest.
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd Rest.

H Y M N LXXII.

Behold he cometh with Clouds.

- 1 **B**EHOLD Jesus Christ in the Clouds,
With all his Hosts from high Abodes :
The Trumpet sounds, To Judgment come !
He comes to bring his chosen home ;
He comes, he comes, he comes, he comes,
He comes to bring his chosen home.
- 2 Come, come thou Dust from ev'ry Wind,
No lingering Atom stay behind ;
Earth, Sea, and Air, give up your Charge,
I come my Prisoners to discharge ;
I come, I come, I come, I come,
I come my Prisoners to discharge.
- 3 Enlarge the Circles round my Throne,
Make Room for ev'ry darling one ;
Come forward, bold at my Command,
My Friends on my Right-Hand shall stand ;
My Friends, my Friends, my Friends, my
(Friends,
My Friends on my Right-Hand shall stand.
- 4 Ye blessed of my Father come,
Come to my Father's Kingdom home.
Before the Universe was rear'd,

For

For you the Kingdom was prepar'd.

For you, for you, for you, for you,
For you the Kingdom was prepar'd.

- 5 But who are these upon my Left,
Of ev'ry Joy and Hope bereft?
Accurs'd into the fiery Waves,
Be gone from me, ye curst Race ;
Begone, begone, begone, begone,
Begone from me, ye curst Race.

H Y M N LXXIII.

J U D G M E N T. *ib 80*

- 1 **L**O! he cometh! Countless Trumpets,
Blow before the bloody Sign,
Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels,
See the crucified shine!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb.
- 2 Now his Merit by the Harpers,
Through th' eternal Deep resounds ;
Now Resplendent shine his Nail-prints,
Ev'ry Eye shall see his Wounds :
They who pierc'd him, They who pierc'd him,
They who pierc'd him,
Shall at his Appearance wail.
- 3 Ev'ry Island, Sea and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him must ashamed
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day.
Come to Judgment, Come, &c. Come, &c.
Stand before the Son of Man.
- 4 Saints who love him view his Glory,
Shining in his bruised Face ;
His dear Person on the Rain-bow,
Now his People's Head shall raise.

Happy Mourners, Happy, &c. Happy, &c.
Lo in Clouds he comes, he comes.

- 5 Now Redemption long expected,
See in solemn Pomp appear ;
All his People, once rejected,
Now shall meet him in the Air.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.
- 6 View him smiling, now determin'd
Ev'ry Evil to destroy :
All the Nations now shall sing him
Songs of Everlasting Joy.
- O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come.

H Y M N LXXIV.

The second coming of CHRIST.

- 1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! the Saviour dear,
The seventh Trumpet speaks him near ;
His Lightnings flash, his Thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful Soul ;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful Soul.
- 2 From Heav'n angelic Voices sound.
See th' Almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
And Glory decks the Saviour's Face,
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's Face.
- 3 Descending on his azure Throne,
He claims the Kingdoms as his own :
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord ;
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord.

- 4 Shout all the People of the Sky,
 And all the Saints of the Most High :
 Our God, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns,
 Ever, ever, ever, ever,
 Ever and for ever reigns.
- 5 The Father praise, the Son adore,
 The Spirit blefs for ever-more ;
 Salvation's glorious Work is done,
 We welcome the great Three in One.
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome the great Three in One.

H Y M N LXXV.

D O O M S D A Y.

- 1 **C**OME to Judgment, come away,
 (Hark ! I hear the Angel say,
 Summoning the Dust to rise)
 " Haste, resume and lift your Eyes ;
 " Hear, ye Sons of Adam, hear ;
 " Man, before thy God appear !
- 2 Come to Judgment, come away !
 This the last, the dreadful Day.
 Sov'reign Author, Judge of all,
 Dust obey thy quick'ning call ;
 Dust no other Voice will heed :
 Thine the Trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 Come to Judgment, come away !
 Lingering Man, no longer stay ;
 Thee let Earth at length restore,
 Pris'ner in her Womb no more ;
 Burst the Barriers of the Tomb,
 Rise to meet thy instant Doom.
- 4 Come to Judgment, come away !
 Wide dispers'd howe'er ye stray ;

Lost in Fire, or Air, or Main,
 Kindred Atoms meet again,
 Sepulchred where-e'er ye rest,
 Mixt with Fish, or Bird, or Beast.

- 5 Come to Judgment, come away ;
 Help, O Christ ! thy Works decay ;
 Man is out of Order hurl'd,
 Parcel'd out to all the World ;
 Lord thy broken Concert raise,
 And the Musick shall be Praise.

H Y M N LXXVI.

The Triumph of Faith.

- 1 **R**EJOICE the Lord is King,
 Your God and King adore ;
 Mortals give Thanks and sing,
 And triumph ever-more.
 Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of Truth and Love ;
 When he had purg'd our Stains,
 He took his Seat above ;
 Lift up, &c.
- 3 His Kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n ;
 The Keys of Death and Hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n.
 Lift up, &c.
- 4 He sits at God's Right-Hand
 Till all his Foes submit,
 And bow to his Command,
 And fall beneath his Feet.
 Lift up, &c.

5 He all his Foes shall quell,
 Shall all our Sins destroy,
 And ev'ry Bosom swell
 With pure seraphic Joy,
 Lift up, &c.

6 Rejoice in glorious Hope ;
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his Servants up,
 To their eternal Home.
 Lift up, &c.

H Y M N LXXVII.

The Sufferings of CHRIST.

1 **T**Hroughout the Saviour's Life we trace,
 Nothing but Shame and deep Disgrace,
 No period else is seen ;
 Till he a spotless Victim fell,
 Tasting in Soul a painful Hell,
 Caus'd by the Creature's Sin.

2 On the cold Ground methinks I see
 My Jesus kneel, and pray for me ;
 For this I him adore ;
 Siez'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
 Blood-drops did force their Passage out
 Through ev'ry open'd Pore.

3 A pricking Thorn his Temples bore ;
 His Back with Lashes all was tore,
 Till one the Bones might see ;
 Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
 Marking his Way with Blood and Tear,
 Press'd by the heavy Tree.

4 Thus up the Hill he painful came,
 Round him they mock, and make their Game,
 At length his Cross they rear :

And

And can you see the mighty God,
Cry out beneath Sin's heavy Load,
Without one thankful Tear ?

5 Thus veiled in Humanity,
He dies in Anguish on the Tree ;
What Tongue his Grievs can tell ?
The shudd'ring Rocks their Heads recline,
The mourning Sun refuse to shine,
When the Creator fell.

6 Shout, Brethren, shout in songs divine,
He drank the Gall, to give us Wine,
To quench our parching Thirst :
Seraphs advance your Voices higher ;
Bride of the Lamb, unite the Choir,
And laud thy precious Christ.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

The great Assize.

1 **L**O! th' Almighty King of Glory,
Sends his awful Summons forth !
Calls the Nations all before him,
From the East, South, West and North !
His loud Trumpet, his loud Trumpet, his loud, &c.
Rend the Tombs, the Dead awake.

2 Now behold the Dead arising :
Great and small before him stand :
Not one Soul forgot or missing :
None his Orders countermand,
All stand waiting, all stand waiting, all stand waiting
For their last decisive Doom.

3 Now the Saviour once despised,
Comes to judge the Quick and Dead :
See his Foes each one with Horror
Lifting up his guilty Head ;
How they Tremble, how they Tremble, how, &c.
At the Lamb's tremendous Bar !

4 Now

- 4 Now they see him on the Rain-bow
 With his countless Guards around :
 Saints and Angels his Retinue,
 With their Harps of sweetest Sound :
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Echoes sweet from all the Choir.
- 5 Now his Chosen gladly meet him,
 All seraphic, all divine !
 Lo they join the glorious Army,
 Whose bright Robes the Sun out-shine !
 All Triumphant ! all Triumphant ! all Triumphant !
 See the grand redeemed Throng.
- 6 Then behold the dreadful Sentence
 On the Foes of Christ is past,
 Down to Hell, without Repentance,
 All the guilty Croud is cast ;
 While the ransom'd, while the ransom'd, while, &c.
 All applaud the righteous Doom.
- 7 Now attend the noble Army,
 Wash'd in their Redeemer's Blood ;
 Swift and joyful is their Journey,
 To the Palace of their God !
 All Victorious, all Victorious, all Victorious.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb.

EPIPHONEMA.

O ye Sinners, now give Glory
 To the great eternal Three !
 While such Danger lies before you
 Can you unconcerned be ?
 Judgment hastens ! Judgment hastens ! &c.
 Mercy, Mercy now implore.

The Resurrection of CHRIST.

- (hallelujah,
- 1 **C**H R I S T our Lord is ris'n To-day, halle,
Our triumphant holy way, halle, hallelujah,
Who so lately on the Cross, halle, hallelujah,
Suffer'd to redeem our Loss, halle, hallelujah.
 - 2 In our Paschal Joys and Feasts, halle, &c.
Let the Lord of Life be bless'd,
Let the holy Three be prais'd,
And thankful Hearts to Heav'n be rais'd.
 - 3 Christ our Lord is ris'n To-day, halle, &c.
Christ our Life, our Light our Way;
Th' Object of our Love and Faith,
Who by dying conquer'd Death.
 - 4 The holy Matrons early came halle, &c.
To weep o'er their Saviour's Tomb:
Two bright Angels did appear,
Who said, Jesus is not here.
 - 5 Where is he? O tell us where, halle, &c.
His blest Residence declare?
Jesus seek among the dead,
Far from these dark Regions fled.
 - 6 First the sacred Place behold, halle, &c.
That did our blessed Lord infold;
Bless our Eyes, O bless our Voice,
In Songs of Praises, we'll Rejoice.
 - 7 Haste, ye Females from the Sight; halle, &c.
Make to Galilee your Flight;
To the sad Disciples say,
Jesus Christ is ris'n to To-day.
 - 8 Heralds of our Joys, to you, halle, &c.
Grateful Thanks and Love is due:
With Songs to God in Praises high,
We'll together magnify.

- 9 The Cross is past, the Crown is won, &c.
 The Ransom's paid, and Death's sting's gone ;
 Let us Feast, and sing and say,
 Jesus Christ is risen To-day.

H Y M N LXXX.

On the Resurrection. ib 73.

- 1 **H**AIL thou happy Morn, so glorious !
 Come ye Saints, your Grievs give o'er ;
 Sing how Jesus rose Victorious,
 By his own almighty Pow'r :
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah
 To the glorious Son of God.
- 2 Tell us Seraphs, ye that wonder'd,
 When ye saw the Lord arise ;
 When ye saw him ascend yonder,
 What were then your Heav'nly Joys ;
 Then 'twas Glory, &c.
 To the conquering King of Kings.
- 3 Countless Bands of Angels glorious,
 Cloath'd in bright ætherial blue ;
 Straight the Sound of Christ victorious,
 From their silver Trumpets flew :
 Christ Triumphant, &c. &c.
 Rises Conqu'ror o'er the Tomb.
- 4 See ! my Friends, is that the Saviour
 Who was crowned with the Thorns ?
 Glorious Majesty and Power,
 Now his sacred Head adorns :
 Hallelujah, &c. &c.
 That dear Head no more shall bleed.
- 5 Is that he ! who dy'd on Calv'ry ?
 That was pierced with the Spear ?
 Clad with countless Suns of Glory ;

See

See he rises through the Air ;
Hallelujah, &c. &c.

Zion's Mourners now rejoice.

- 6 Was the Person then so sacred,
Which the Jews so marr'd and spoil'd ?
Yes, ye Saints, we own his God-head,
Though by some he's still revil'd.
All Creation, &c. &c.
Soon shall own him Lord of all.
- 7 Tremble, ye who him rejected,
Lo ! he breaks through yonder Cloud ;
Rise ye Saints, and shout Triumphant
Victory through Jesus' Blood.
Hark the Trumpet, &c. &c.
Sounds the Resurrection Morn.

H Y M N LXXXI.

An Invitation.

- 1 **C**OME to Jesus, come away,
Heard I not the Spirit say ?
Come, and all the Sweetness prove,
Of the Holy Ghost and Love :
Come, and dwell forevermore,
All in Raptures burn, adore.
- 2 Come to Jesus, come away,
Come to Jesus, do not stay ;
Jesus shed his precious Blood,
'That you might swim in Pleasure's Flood,
Jesus div'd into a Sea
Of the deepest Wrath for thee.
- 3 Come to Jesus, come away ;
Virgin Spirit, shun delay.
Jesus laid aside his Robes,
'That you may lay aside your Sobs.
Jesus cloath'd himself with Shame,
'That you may cloath you with his Name.
- 4 Come

- 4 Come to Jesus, come away,
 This is thy espousal Day :
 Come away, come to thy Home,
 Come away to thy Bridegroom :
 To the World bid adieu,
 Heav'n see within thy View.
- 5 Come to Jesus, come away,
 Welcome with thy Lord to stay ;
 Welcome to thy Heav'n at last,
 Now the Indignation's past.
 Roll, ye Billows, roll and roar,
 Now thy Treasure's safe ashore.

H Y M N LXXXII.

For true Christians.

- 1 **W**H O can have greater Cause to sing,
 Who greater Cause to bless,
 Than we the Children of the King,
 Than we who Christ possess,
 Than we who Christ possess ;
 Than we who Christ possess ;
- 2 With Angel-Hosts, dear Lamb, we join,
 To praise thy Love and Power,
 To magnify thy Grace divine,
 Thou mighty Counsellor. Thou, &c.
- 3 We late were Satan's Captives led ;
 And Hell had been our End,
 Had'st thou not for our Pardon bled,
 Thou Sinner's only Friend. &c.
- 4 For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,
 Nor shall our Praises cease :
 We ever-more will sing that Song,
 " The Lord our Right'ousness." &c.
- 5 No other God we know but Thee,
 None else did us create :

Thy

Thy Glory may we ever be,
O holy Advocate. &c.

- 6 'Twas thou, 'twas only thou did'st take
The Mediator's Place,
When we the Father's Statutes break :
All Hail, thou Prince of Peace. &c.
- 7 We daily prove thee still the same,
Whene'er our need we see.
Thou bearest still a Saviour's Name,
Our Saviour thou shalt be. &c.
- 8 No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell nor Death
Shall us from Thee divide ;
Strongly we hold that precious Faith ;
For us our Saviour dy'd. &c.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

The second Advent.

- 1 **L**O ! He comes with Clouds descending,
Once for helpless Sinners slain !
Thousand Thousand Saints attending,
Swell the Triumph of his Train.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah ;
All the Angels cry Amen.
- 2 Ev'ry Eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful Majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing, &c.
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day ;
Come to Judgment, &c.
Come to Judgment, come away.

- 4 Now Redemption long expected,
 See ! in solemn pomp appear !
 All his Saints, by Man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the Air !
 Hallelujah ! &c.
 See the Day of God appear,
- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral Doom,
 The new Heav'n and Earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining Exhiles home :
 All Creation, &c.
 Travails ! Groans ! and bids thee come,
- 6 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal Throne !
 Saviour, take the Pow'r and Glory ;
 Claim the Kingdom for thine own,
 O come quickly, &c.
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Judgment.

- 1 **H**ARK ! ye Mortals, hear the Trumpet,
 Sounding loud the mighty Roar ;
 Hark ! th' Arch-Angel's Voice proclaiming,
 Thou old Time, shalt be no more.
 Rolling Ages, rolling Ages, rolling Ages
 Now your solemn close appears.
- 2 This great rolling Frame of Nature,
 That huge Mass of blazing Day,
 Yonder arch'd expanse of Heav'n,
 Ye must all dissolve away.
 Hark ! th' Arch-Angel, &c.
 Swells the solemn Summons loud.
- 3 See the gloomy Prisoners rising,
 Hell's dark caverns gaping wide ;

- Wild Confusion sieze the Chrifless,
 Horrors fill the spacious void :
 Come ye Mountains, &c.
 Hide us from this dire Revenge.
- 4 See the purple Banner flying,
 Hear the Judgment-Chariot roll ;
 Hear the Saviour's Words of Mercy :
 Come, ye ransom'd Heav'n-born Souls,
 Judge these Nations, &c.
 Now they all shall feel my Pow'r.
- 5 Hurl'd in countless Numbers downward,
 See in wild disorder driv'n ;
 Tortur'd with Despair and Anguish,
 Left (and that forever) Heav'n,
 How tremendous, &c.
 Sounds their last decisive Doom.
- 6 See the Souls that Earth despised,
 In celestial Glories move ;
 Hallelujah's big with wonder,
 Praising Christ's eternal Love :
 Hallelujahs, &c.
 Echo through the Realms of Light.
- 7 Joys ecstatic, Hymns harmonious,
 In soft Symphony resound ;
 Angels, Seraphs, Harps and Trumpets,
 Swell the sweet Angelic Sound :
 Hail ! Almighty ! &c.
 Great eternal Lord, Amen.

H Y M N LXXXV.

Restoring Grace.

- 1 JESUS, Friend of Sinners hear,
 Yet once again, I pray,
 From my Debt of Sin set free,
 For I have nought to pay :
 Speak, O speak the kind Release,
 A poor backsliding Soul restore ;

Love

- Love me freely, seal my Peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 2 Though my Sins as Mountains rise,
And swell and reach to Heav'n,
Mercy is above the Skies,
I may be still forgiv'n.
Infinite my Sins increase,
But greater is thy Mercy's store,
Love me freely, &c.
- 3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
An hardness o'er my Heart,
But if thou thy Spirit shed
The stony shall depart :
Shed thy Love, thy Tenderness,
And let me feel the soft'ning Power,
Love me freely, &c.
- 4 From th' oppressive Power of Sin
My struggling Spirit free,
Perfect Right'ousness bring in,
Unspotted Purity :
Speak, and all this War shall cease,
And Sin shall give its raging o'er :
Love me freely, &c.
- 5 For this only Thing I pray,
And this I will require,
Take the Power of Sin away,
Fill me with chaste desire :
Perfect me in Holiness,
Thine Image to my Soul restore,
Love me freely, &c.

H Y M N LXXXVI:

After a Recovery.

- 1 **S**ON of God, if thy free Grace
Again hath rais'd me up,

F 2

Call'd

- Call'd me still to seek thy Face,
 And giv'n me back my Hope ;
 Still thy timely Help afford,
 And all thy Loving-kindness shew :
 Keep me, keep me gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.
- 2 By me, O my Saviour stand,
 In fore Temptation's Hour,
 Save me with thine out-stretch'd Hand,
 And shew forth all thy Power :
 O be mindful of thy Word,
 Thine all-sufficient Grace bestow :
 Keep me, &c.
- 3 Give me, Lord, an holy Fear,
 And fix it in my Heart,
 That I may from Evil near
 With speedy Care depart :
 Sin be more than Hell abhor'd,
 Till thou destroy the tyrant Foe
 Keep me, &c.
- 4 Never let me leave thy Breast,
 From Thee my Saviour stray ;
 Thou art my Support and Rest,
 My true and living Way,
 My exceeding great Reward,
 In Heav'n above and Earth below ;
 Keep me, &c.
- 5 Never let me go, till I,
 Upborne on Wings of Love,
 Gain the Regions of the Sky,
 And take my Seat above :
 See Thee by all Heav'n ador'd,
 And all thy glorious Fullness know :
 Keep me, &c.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

The all-sufficient Saviour.

1 **I** AM that I am,
Saith Christ the dear Lamb :
What think ye, O Sinners, of this wond'rous Name ?

2 D' your Hearts now begin
To tingle within,
To know what this mystical Title doth mean ?

3 If now you enquire
With earnest Desire,
And say, O to know him our Hearts are on Fire ?

4 My Master replies,
I am, will suffice
Thy Want, O poor Sinner ! who unto him flies.

5 I am to the blind
The Light of the Mind ;
And Feet to the Cripple, and Strength he shall find.

6 If Sin is thy Grief,
I am thy Relief :
A Saviour I am to poor Sinners the Chief.

7 I am to the Poor
An unwaisting Store,
Who ever recovers me, shall never want more.

8 O Sinners give Ear
What Fulness is here !
O ! who would not come to a Saviour so dear.

9 He saw from his Throne
Poor Sinners undone,
And their Lives to ransom he gave up his own.

10 He came from above
The Curse to remove,
And yet shall we slight such unspeakable Love ?

11 If we like the Jews
His Kindness refuse,
'Tis plain that Destruction we willfully choose,

12 But O ye oppress'd
Whom Sin hath distress'd,
Come, come unto Jesus, and you shall have Rest.

13 Methinks one doth cry,
Such Sinner am I,
I dare not, I dare not to Jesus draw nigh.

14 Christ answers again,
Thy doubting refrain.
Come, come unto me, and I'll purge ev'ry stain

15 Whate'er is thy Case,
Come now and embrace
My purchas'd Salvation, and thou shalt have Peace.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

At meeting of Friends.

1 **W**ELL met, dear Friends, in Jesus' Name,
Come let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's Praise proclaim
With chearful Heart and Voice,

2 But, O dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heav'nly Dove,
His Graces to diffuse abroad,
And warm our Hearts with Love,

3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy Face we see:
Thy Presence makes a Heav'n most sweet,
Where e'er we meet with Thee.

4 A Dungeon shews a heav'nly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell,
But when thy Presence is with-drawn
A Palace proves a Hell.

5 Then,

- 5 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
 To meet us with a Smile !
 Thy Spirit's quick'ning Influence send
 And purge our Hearts from Guile.
- 6 That at the Close each one may say,
 We met not here in vain ;
 For we have tasted Heav'n to Day,
 Nor could we more contain,

H Y M N LXXXIX.

At parting of Friends.

- 1 **L**ORD, when together here we meet,
 And taste thy heav'nly Grace ;
 Thy Smiles are so divinely sweet,
 We're loth to leave the Place.
- 2 But Father, since it is thy Will,
 That we must part again,
 Yet let thy special Presence still
 With every one remain.
- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,
 Bound with the Cords of Love,
 Till we before thy glorious Throne,
 Shall joyful meet above.
- 4 Thence, void of all distracting Pains,
 Our Spirits ne'er shall tire,
 But in Seraphic endless Strains
 Redeeming Love admire.
- 5 All Sin and Sorrow from each Heart,
 Shall then forever fly :
 Nor shall a Thought that we must part,
 Once interrupt our Joy.
- 6 And thus through all Eternity,
 Upon the heav'nly Shore ;
 The great mysterious One in Three,
 Jehovah we'll adore.

H Y M N XC.

A dying Saint's View of Heaven.

- 1 **W**HY was unbelieving I,
Trembling, so afraid to die ?
Now my Feet in Safety stand,
Here within the promis'd Land.
Hallelujah !
- 2 O what wond'rous Grace is here !
Now I'm safe from ev'ry Fear ;
Sin and Doubts are ever gone,
Sighing shall no more be known.
Hallelujah !
- 3 Henceforth neither Grief nor Pain,
Here successive Pleasures reign ;
All Things our Hosannas raise.
O the Glories of this Place !
Hallelujah !
- 4 O ye perfect happy Ones,
Let me try to join your Tunes !
Come, let us exalt the Lamb,
Singing ever to his Name.
Hallelujah !
- 5 He our full Redemption wrought,
He for us this Glory bought :
From the Earth he calls us Home,
To our Father's House we're come.
Hallelujah !
- 6 Oft in Kedar's Tents I cry'd,
When his lovely Face was hid,
With my Friends to raise this Song ;
But it languish'd on my Tongue.
Hallelujah !
- 7 Jesus now unveils his Face ;
Here I shout of sov'reign Grace ;
Fill'd

Fill'd with Love, incessant cry
To his Praise in Raptures high.

Hallelujah !

8 O my drooping Friends below,
Did you half this Glory know,
Daily would ye stretch the Wing
Here to fly, and thus to sing.

Hallelujah !

H Y M N XCI.

Another.

1 **V**ITAL Spark of heav'nly Flame !
Quit, Oh quit this mortal Frame ;
Tremb'ling, hoping, ling'ring, ~~ring~~,
Oh, the Pain, the Bliss of dying :
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy Strife,
And let me languish into Life.

2 Hark ! they Whisper ; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, Come away !
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my Senses, shuts my Sight,
Drowns my Spirits, draws my Breath ?
Tell me, my Soul, Can this be Death ?

3 The World recedes ; it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my Eyes ! My Ears
With Sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your Wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?
O Death ! Where is thy Sting ?

H Y M N XCII.

Public Worship.

1 **T**HE Saviour meets his Flock To-day,
Shall slothful I abide at Home ?
Shall I behind his People stay,

When

When Jesus calls, there still is Room ?
 I'll go, it is a House of Prayer,
 Who knows but God may meet me there ?

- 2 To-day Immanuel feeds his Saints,
 And there the Christians meet their King,
 There they lay open their Complaints,
 And there the holy Armies sing ;
 Into their Number I presume,
 Since Jesus kindly bids me come,
- 3 Remove Temptations, O my Lord,
 And let thine Enemies be slain,
 Which would withdraw me from thy Word,
 And plunge me in the World again ;
 And when the Bridegroom shall appear,
 O may my Soul be found in Prayer.

H Y M N XCIII.

A sacred DIALOGUE.

- 1 **T**ELL us O Women, we would know
 Whither so fast ye move ?
 We, call'd to leave the World below,
 Are seeking one above.
- 2 Whence came ye ? say ? and what the Place
 That ye are trav'ling from ?
 From Tribulation, we, through Grace,
 Are now returning Home.
- 3 Is not your native Country here
 The Place of your Abode ?
 We seek a better Country far,
 A City built by God.
- 4 Thither we travel nor intend,
 Short of that Bliss to rest ;
 No, we till in the Sinner's Friend,
 Our weary Souls are blest'd.

5 We surely know, that we shall have
Our lot in Canaan's Land ;
The Witness us our Saviour gave,
Seal'd with his bleeding Hand.

6 Christ is in us a certain Hope,
Of Glory yet to come ;
Also, to us did Jesus stoop,
T' assure us there is Room.

Chor Friends of the Bridegroom, we shall reign ;
Saviour, we ask no more ;
Hail, Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore.

H Y M N XCIV.

Christ a sufficient Saviour.

1 **B**Y Sin my God and all was lost,
O where may God be found ?
In Christ ; for so the Holy Ghost
Shews by the joyful Sound.

2 But how shall I escape and flee
Th' avenging Wrath of God ?
In Christ, who bore upon the Tree
That whole amazing Load.

4 Alas ! I'm daily apt to stray,
How shall I heav'n-ward make ?
Thro' Christ the consecrated Way
Design'd for Thee to take.

4 But where's my Title, Right, and Claim
To that eternal bliss ?
In Christ alone, that glorious Name,
The Lord our Righteousness.

5 May not my Spirit weak as Grass,
Fail e'er it reach the Length ?
Jesus, the Lord thy Righteousness,
Will be the Lord thy Strength.

- 6 But if Friends and cruel Foes
Shall by the Way molest,
Christ is a Friend to bridle those,
And give the Weary Rest,
- 7 What ground have I to trust and say,
The Promise is not vain ?
In Christ the Promises are yea,
In Christ they are Amen.
- 8 But how shall Faith be had ? Alas !
I find I can't believe ;
Christ is the Author of that Grace,
And Faith is his to give.
- 9 How can so vile a Lump of Sin
Heart-holiness expect ?
Christ by his Holy Spirit must
This mighty Change effect.
- 10 How shall I do the Works aright
I'm daily bound unto ?
Christ Jesus, by his Spirit's Might,
Works both to will and do.
- 11 How shall my Maladies be heal'd,
So sore molesting me ?
Christ is the great Physician seal'd,
The Lord that healeth Thee.
- 12 Salvation-Work is great and high,
Alas ! what shall I do ?
Christ as the Alpha thereof, aye
And the Omega too.
- 13 How can he answer ev'ry Case,
And save us from our fall ?
Because he is the Lord of Grace,
Jehovah, All in All.

H Y M N XCV.

Longing after Christ.

- 1 **C**OMPANIONS of thy little Flock,
Dear Lord we fain would be ;
Our helpless Hearts to Thee look up,
To Thee our Shepherd flee.
- 2 O might I lean upon that Breast
Which Love and Pity fill,
And now become those Lambs carest,
That in thy Bosom dwell.
- 3 How sweet that Voice, How sweet that Hand
Which leads to Pastures fair,
Shews Canaan's Milk and Honey Land,
Lot of thy Flock so dear.
- 4 Rich Grace, free Grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come who will,
Just as you are ; for Christ receives
Poor helpless Sinners still.
- 5 'Tis Grace each Day that feeds our Souls ;
Grace keeps us inly poor ;
And O ! that nothing else but Grace
May Rule for evermore.
- 6 As one in Heart let's all rejoice,
The Sinner's Friend to praise ;
The Shepherd dy'd ; Oh ! 'tis his Voice ;
He'll us to Glory raise.

H Y M N XCVI.

SACRAMENTAL HYMNS.

- 1 **W**HAT heav'nly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the Skies
Array'd in Garments roll'd in Blood,
With Joy and Pity in his Eyes.

2 The

- 2 The Lord ! the Saviour ! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the Smiles he wears ;
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in Agonies and Tears.
- 3 Lo, he reveals his wounded Breast ;
I own these Wounds, and I adore :
Lo ! he prepares a royal Feast,
Sweet Fruit of the sharp Pangs he bore.
- 4 Whence flow these Favours so divine ?
Lord ! why so lavish of thy Blood ?
Why for such earthly Souls as mine,
This heav'nly Flesh, this sacred Food ?
- 5 'Twas his own Love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curst Tree ;
'Twas his own Love, this Table spread
For such unworthy Worms as we.
- 6 Then let us taste our Saviour's Love,
Come Faith, and feed upon the Lord :
With glad consent our Lips shall move,
And sweet Hosannas crown the Board !

H Y M N XCVII.

Meet and Drink indeed.

- 1 **T**O-day Immanuel feeds his Sheep,
The Purchase of his Blood :
To-day Jehovah keeps a Feast,
For all the Sons of God.
- 2 The Bread of God is freely giv'n,
The Food of Saints above ;
That living Bread sent down from Heav'n,
The Fruit of pard'ning Love.
- 3 Lo ! Christ our Shepherd, gave his Life
To answer all our need ;
His Body crucify'd is Meat,
His Blood is Drink indeed.

- 4 Ye hungry, thirsty Souls draw near,
 And living Bread receive ;
 Taste the Provision of your God,
 And freely eat and live.

H Y M N XCVIII.

ANOTHER.

- 1 **A**RISE, my Soul, with Wonder see
 What love divine for thee hath done ;
 Behold thy Sorrow, Sin, and Grief,
 Are laid on God's eternal Son.
- 2 See ! from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
 Sorrow and Grief flow mingling down ;
 Did e'er such Love, such Sorrow meet,
 Or Thorns compose so bright a Crown.
- 3 Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
 That were a Present far too small :
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

H Y M N XCIX.

Heaven in the Soul on Earth.

- 1 **'T**IS Heav'n on Earth, Christ's Love to taste
 And feel his powerful Grace ;
 'Tis Heav'n above, to dwell in Love,
 And see his glorious Face.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

(By leaving Hallelujah out, it is common Metre.)

- 2 Lord, in my Breast the Fire doth burn,
 Of Love, which thou hast giv'n ;
 Nothing on Earth can quench this Flame,
 Nothing but Christ in Heav'n.

- 3 Men here would know, the Things below ;
But I determin'd am
Christ crucify'd alone to know,
My sacrific'd Lamb.
- 4 The sweetest Days I have on Earth,
Are in thy Service spent ;
The Comforts I enjoy in these
Do yield me most content.
- 5 Communion Sabbaths here are sweet,
But them we soon do spend :
In Heav'n the Sabbath sweeter is,
Which never hath an End.
- 6 There Hallelujahs to the Lamb
No Period will know ;
No Willows there to hang our Harps,
As oft we find below.
- 7 O happy these who shall ascend
Where they still Sabbath keep,
Where in the heav'nly Work of Praise
They slumber not, nor sleep.

H Y M N C.

The Remembrance of Christ in the Supper.

- 1 **C**HRI^ST, in that Night he was betray'd,
Took Bread, gave Thanks, it break and said,
My broken Body here you see ;
Take, eat it, and remember me.
- 2 Thus also he the Cup did take ;
Here's healing Blood shed for your sake,
Which doth my Test'ment ratify :
Let all drink, and remember me.
- 3 Your Pardon, with what's for your Good,
Is purchas'd by my dearest Blood :
My Blood to you makes Pardon free ;
In drinking then, remember me.

- 4 For hungry Souls here's Manna rare,
 God sends from Heaven for your Fare ;
 This Manna falls now plent'ously :
 In eating then, remember me.
- 5 Here God sits on a Throne of Grace,
 Where sinful Men may see his Face :
 My Blood procures your access free ;
 In drinking then, remember me.
- 6 See here the Tree of Life with Fruit,
 And Leaves which heal and strength recruit ;
 These I shake down, poor Soul to Thee :
 Eat freely and remember me.
- 7 See Jacob's Ladder here set up,
 A covenanting God at Top :
 Climb, and God will transact with thee :
 In doing this, remember me.
- 8 Hence runs of Life the River pure,
 Which our Soul's Wounds doth cleanse and cure ;
 It freely runs to all, you see.
 Drink by Faith, and remember me.

H Y M N C I.

- 1 **T** WAS on that dark, that doleful Night
 When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose,
 Against the Son of God's Delight,
 And Friends betray'd him to his Foes ;
- 2 Before the mournful Scene began,
 He took the Bread, and bless'd, and brake,
 What Love through all his Actions ran ?
 What wond'rous Words of Grace he spake ?
- 3 " This is my Body broke for Sin,
 " Receive and eat the living Food ;"
 Then took the Cup, and bless'd the Wine ;
 " 'Tis the new Cov'nant in my Blood.

4 “ Do this (he cry'd) till Time shall end,
 “ In Mem'ry of your dying Friend ;
 “ Meet at my Table and record
 “ The Love of your departed Lord.”

5 *Jesus*, thy Feast we celebrate,
 We shew thy Death, we sing thy Name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N C I I.

Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests.

1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the Place,
 With Christ within the Doors,
 While everlasting Love displays
 The choicest of her Stores.

2 Here ev'ry Bowel of our God
 With soft Compassion rolls,
 Here Peace and Pardon, bought with Blood,
 Is Food for dying Souls.

3 While all our Hearts, and all our Songs,
 Join t' admire the Feast,
 Each of us cry, with thankful Tongues,
 Lord, why was I a Guest ?

4 “ Why was I made to hear thy Voice,
 “ And enter while there's Room ;
 “ When Thousands make a wretched Choice,
 “ And rather starve than come ?”

5 'Twas the same Love that spread the Feast,
 That sweetly forc'd us in :
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our Sin.

6 Pity the Nations, O our God !
 Constrain the Earth to come ;
 Send thy victorious Word abroad,
 And bring the Strangers home.

- 7 We long to see thy Churches full,
That all the chosen Race
May with one Voice, and Heart, and Soul,
Sing thy redeeming Grace.

H Y M N CIII.

For me to die is Gain. Phil. 1. 21.

- 1 **F**arewell to my Pain, and farewell to my Chain,
Farewell to my Loss, and welcome my Gain ;
Chorus. My Sins and my Sorrows, farewell evermore ;
My Soul and all in me, Jehovah adore.
- 2 The Earthquakes may quake, and the Mountains
may break ;
Yet never a Jot of my Confidence shake.
My Sins, &c.
- 3 Old Ocean may Rage, and fierce Tempests engage ;
Yet none of them all shall my Courage assuage.
My Sins, &c.
- 4 The Deep's may rush up, and the Heavens may
down stoop ;
Yet none of their Boastings demolish my Hope.
My Sins, &c.
- 5 The Trumpet shall sound, Earth and Hell shall
rebound ;
Then my Dust shall all gladly spring forth from
the Ground. My Sins, &c.
- 6 The King shall descend, & the Skies he shall rend ;
Then I'll issue forth boldly to welcome my Friend.
My Sins, &c.
- 7 The Lights of the Sky, in Darkness shall lie ;
But Darkness from me shall far away fly.
My Sins, &c.
- 8 The World it shall die, and expire with a Sigh ;
But I, as an Eagle shall tower to the Sky.
My Sins, &c.

- 9 All Love to my God, this Love who bestow'd ;
The Kingdom, Power, Glory, to him all are ow'd.
My Sins, &c.
- 10 How amazing it is ! What an Extasy this !
I'm swallow'd, I'm lost in an Ocean of Blifs !
Chorus. My Sins & my Sorrows, farewell evermore,
My Soul and all in me, Jehovah adore.

H Y M N C I V.

Luke 2. 8, — 15.

- 1 **W**HILE Shepherds watch'd their Flocks by
All seated on the Ground, (Nights
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And Glory shone around.
- 2 " Fear not, said he, (for mighty Dread
" Had seiz'd their troubled Mind :)
" Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring
" To you and all Mankind.
- 3 " To you, in *David's* Town this Day,
" Is born, of *David's* Line,
" The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord :
" And this shall be the Sign : f
- 4 " The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
" To human View display'd,
" All meanly wrapt in swathing Bands,
" And in a Manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining Throng
Of Angels praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful Song :
- 6 " All Glory be to God on high :
" And to the Earth be Peace ;
" Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to Men,
" Begin and never cease."

H Y M N CV.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

- 1 **L**ORD, from thy Throne of flowing Grace,
 Thy choicest Blessing give ;
 And on thy Servants cause thy Face
 To shine, and they shall live.
- 2 Enrich them with thy heav'nly Grace,
 Unite their Hearts in Love ;
 May they, in all thy holy Ways,
 To Thee themselves approve.
- 3 Let Harmony and holy Love,
 And Friendship ever run,
 Through all their Thoughts and Life, to prove,
 Of Twain, they now are One.
- 4 Allure them Jesus ! with thy Charms,
 And joyfully they'l flee
 By Faith and Love into thine Arms,
 And thus be One in Thee.
- 5 Adorn their House, adorn their Ways,
 With Fruit divinely Fair :
 So in this World they'l shew thy Praise,
 In th' next thy Glory share.

H Y M N CVI.

The Day of JUDGMENT.

I

When the fierce *North* Wind with his airy forces
 Rears up the *Baltick* to a foaming Fury ;
 And the red Lighting, with a Storm of Hail comes
 Rushing amain down,

II.

How the poor Sailors stand amaz'd and tremble !
 While the hoarse Thunder, like a bloody Trumpet,
 Boars a loud Onset to the gaping Waters,
 Quick to devour them.

III.

Such shall the Noise be, and the wild Disorder,
 (If Things Eternal may be like these Earthly)
 Such the dire Terror when the great Archangel
 Shakes the Creation ;

IV.

Tears the strong Pillars of the Vault of Heaven,
 Breaks up old Marble, the Repose of Princes ;
 See the Graves open, and the Bones arising,
 Flames all around 'em !

V.

Hark, the shrill Outcries of the guilty Wretches !
 Lively bright Horror, and amazing Anguish,
 Stare thro' their Eye-lids, while the living Worm lies,
 Gnawing within them.

VI.

Thoughts, like old Vultures, prey upon their heart-
 (strings,
 And the smart Twinges, when the Eye beholds the
 Lofty Judge frowning, and a Flood of Vengeance
 Rolling afore them.

VII.

Hopeless Immortals ! how they scream and shiver,
 While Devils push them to the Pit wide yawning
 Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
 Down to the Centre ;

VIII.

Stop here, my Fancy : (all away, ye horrid
 Doleful Ideas,) come, arise to *JESUS*,
 How he sits God-like ! and the Saints around him
 Thron'd, yet adoring !

IX.

O may I sit there when he comes Triumphant,
 Dooming the Nations ! then ascend to Glory,
 While our *Hosannas* all along the Passage
 Shout the Redeemer.

H Y M N CVII.

Life and Eternity.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name,
 And humbly own to Thee
 How feeble is our mortal Frame,
 What dying Worms we be !
- 2 Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,
 As Months and Days increase,
 And every beating Pulse we tell
 Leaves one the Number less.
- 3 The Year rolls round, and steals away
 The Breath that first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave,
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground
 To push us to the Tomb ;
 And fierce Diseases wait around,
 To hurry Mortals Home.
- 5 Great God ! on what a slender Thread
 Hang everlasting Things ;
 Th' eternal States of all the Dead,
 Upon Life's feeble Strings.
- 6 Infinite Joy, or endless Woe
 Attend on every Breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the Brink of Death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Senses,
 To walk this dang'rous Road ;
 And if our Souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

H Y M N CVIII.

Death and Glory.

- 1 **M**Y Soul come meditate the Day,
 And think how near it stands,

When thou must quit this House of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

2 And you, mine Eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping Tomb ;
This gloomy Prison waits for you,
Whene'er the Summons come.

3 Oh ! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their Stead ;
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the Dead.

4 Then shou'd we see the Saints above,
In their own glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls shou'd love,
To dwell with mortal Worms.

5 How should we scorn these Cloaths of Flesh,
These Fetters, and this Load ;
And long for Evening t' undress,
That we may rest with God.

6 We shou'd almost forsake our Clay,
Before the Summons come,
And pray, and wish our Souls away
To their eternal Home.

G L O R I A P A T R I .

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Glory given,
Through all the Worlds where God is known,
By all the Angels near the Throne,
And Saints in Earth and Heaven.

PRAISE God from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise him all Creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

SHOUT

SHOUT to the great Jehovah's Praise,
Ye Sons of Glory and of Grace ;
One God in Persons Three adore,
The same in Majesty and Pow'r ;
Ye suffering, and triumphant Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thanks, Praise, and Glory be,
As was, and is, and shall be still,
To all Eternity.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

- 1 **P**ARENT of Good, whose plenteous Grace
O'er all thy Creatures flows,
Humbly we ask thy Pow'r to bless
The Food thy Love bestows.
 - 2 Thy Love provides the sober Feast ;
A second Gift impart,
Give us with Joy our Food to taste
And with a single Heart.
 - 3 Let it for Thee new Life afford,
For Thee our Strength repair,
Blest by thine all-sustaining Word,
And sanctify'd by Prayer.
 - 4 Thee let us taste ; nor toil below
For perishable Meat :
The Manna of thy Love bestow,
Give us thy Flesh to eat.
 - 5 Life of the World, our Souls to feed,
Thyself descend from high !
Grant us of Thee the living Bread
To eat, and never die !
-

G R A C E A F T E R M E A T .

1 **B**LEST be the GOD, whose tender Care
Prevents his Children's Cry,
Whose Pity providently near
Doth all our Wants supply.

2 Blest be the GOD, whose Bounty's Store
These chearing Gifts imparts ;
Who veils in Bread, the secret Power
That feeds and glads our Hearts.

3 Fountain of Blessings, Source of Good,
To Thee this Strength we owe,
Thou art the Virtue of our Food,
Life of our Life below.

4 When shall our Souls regain the Skies ?
Thy heav'nly Sweetness prove ?
Fulness of Joys shall there arise,
And all our Food be Love.

C O N C L U S I O N .

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend ;
Whose Love is as large as his Power ;
And neither knows Measure nor End.
'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe Home ;
We'll Praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

Winnons H. D. 38 $\frac{4}{5}$





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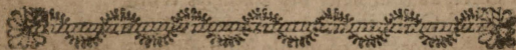
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The UNKNOWN WORLD. *By Tho. Rowe*

Verses occasioned by hearing a Pass-Bell.

HARK ! my gay friend, that solemn tell
Speaks the departure of a Soul !
'Tis gone, that's all we know—not where,
Or how th' unbody'd soul does fare,
In that mysterious world none knows
But God alone, to whom it goes ;
To whom departed souls return,
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.

Oh ! by what glimm'ring light we view
The unknown World we're hast'ning to !
God has lock'd up the mystic page,
And curtain'd darkness round the stage !

Wise heav'n to render search perplex't,
Has drawn 'twixt this world and the next
A dark impenetrable screen,
All behind which is yet unseen !

We talk of heav'n, we talk of hell ;
But what they mean, no tongue can tell !
Heav'n is the realm where angels arc,
And hell the *Chaos* of despair !

But what these awful words imply,
None of us know until we die !
Whether we will or no we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.

This hour perhaps our friend is well ;
Death struck the next, he cries farewell !
I die !—and then, for ought we see,
Ceases at once to breathe and be.

Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore,
Ingulph'd in death, appears no more,
Then undirected to repair
To distant worlds we know not where.

Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun ;

By Thomas Rowe

Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold !

And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,
Though dead, may be so far remov'd ;
Only this vail of flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us tho' unseen;

Whilst we, their loss lamenting say,
They're out of hearing far away ;
Guardians to us perhaps they're near,
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.

And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us where or how they live ;
Though conscious, whilst with us below,
How much themselves desir'd to know :

As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep this *secret* of their *state* ;
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man might live by faith alone.

Well, let my Sov'reign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees ;
Why should I wish him to reveal
What he thinks proper to conceal ?

It is enough that I believe,
Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive :
And he that makes it all his care
To serve God here, shall see him there !

But oh ! what worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay ?
How sudden the surprize, how new !
Let it, my God, be happy too.

F I N I S.



1788

Funeral Hymn. on sudden Death
As the 91th Psalm tune M.S.

1st Death steals upon us unawares
And digs our graves unawares -
Whilst we are fill'd with worldly cares -
On noise, and what has been - -

2nd In vain we strive for Vanity
To rottenness we trust - -
Whilst Death in midst of jollity
Can crumbl' us to Dust - -

3rd Lord since all subject are to fall
Be thou our only Guard
Prepare us for the trumpets call
When all shall have reward

4th And when we to the judgment come
Lord may we so be blest - - -
That heavenly joys may be our doorn
And christ our lasting rest - -

Doxology -

5th To Father son and holy Ghost
The undivided three
The one soul giver of our life
Glorious forever be



