



Mess Engine

THE
SOCIAL HARP:

COMPRISING THE RICHEST

VARIETY OF SPIRITUAL SONGS:

ALSO

SOME OF THE BEST HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF CHRISTIANS IN THEIR
HOUSE OF PILGRIMAGE — ADAPTED
TO ALL OCCASIONS AND SEASONS.

Compiled from various sources.

By MILTON BIRD AND S. B. HOWARD
MINISTERS OF THE C. P. CHURCH.

~~~~~  
"I will sing praises unto God while I have any being,"

"Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."  
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PREFACE.

IN presenting the SOCIAL HARP to the lovers of sacred song, we have neither apology nor recommendation to offer. The former would be no compensation for any defect that might be in the work itself; and the latter would be of no avail, for whatever may be its merits, the community will examine and judge for itself. It has been our aim to make the book such as will be a means of advancing the interests of evangelical religion. The enlightened and liberal will say what are its merits. Should it prove acceptable to them, we shall be gratified; but if otherwise, we will be content to abide their decision.

This volume does not purport to be a general compilation of Church Psalmody. It is not a substitute for it; it is not superseded by such a work. Experience demonstrates that there must be a collec-

tion of Spiritual Songs and Select Hymns, specially suited to the family, the prayer meeting, the revival, the social circle, and miscellaneous occasions. We therefore offer the Social Harp to the public as not inferior to any thing of the kind which has preceded it.

SOCIAL HARP.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

I. C. M.

- G**OD of my life, my morning song
 To thee, I cheerful raise;
 Thy acts of love 't is good to sing,
 And pleasant 't is to praise.
- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
 I passed the shades of night,
 Serene and safe from every harm,
 To see the morning light.
- 3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains, and woes,
 In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
 And rose from sweet repose.
- 4 O let the same almighty care,
 Through all this day attend;
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.
- 5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

2. L. M.

- G**OD of the morning, at thy voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
Now bid my waking powers rejoice,
And lift my thoughts above the skies.
- 2 Oh! like the sun, may I fulfill
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my sun, but disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.
- 4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
To mansions of eternal bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

3. C. M.

- O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day,
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night, unto night, his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

- 4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.
- 5 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

4. C. M.

- T**O thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates my day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favoring hand is nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resigned I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
That without guilt is gay.
- 4 Affliction shouldst thou please to send,
As sin's or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.
- 5 Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past;
That from the whole of life's survey,
I may find peace at last.

5. S. M.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene, I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee!
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

6. L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

7. C. M.

ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend:
In thee are founded all my hopes;
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys,
And finds, with grateful zeal possessed,
A sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hand serene,
Fears no approaching ill;
For whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

8. L. M.

THIS morning let my praise arise
To Him, who all my wants supplies;
He has preserved me all this night,
To see once more the morning light.

2 Ten thousand, since the setting sun,
To an eternal world have gone;
Ten thousand more on beds of pain,
While I, in life and health, remain.

- 3 May I, this day, by grace, pursue
The work designed for me to do;
And, when my work on earth is done,
May angels bear my spirit home.
- 4 There to behold my Saviour's face,
And praise his rich, redeeming grace,
And, through a long eternity,
Give praise to the Eternal Three.

9. S. M.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day Star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

- 2 O let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy face,
Come like the morning light.
- 3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
- 4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

10. C. M.

GREAT God, my early vows to thee,
With gratitude I'll bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

- 2 Thou round the heavenly arch dost draw
A dark and sable veil,
And all the beauties of the world,
From mortal eyes conceal.
- 3 Again the sky, with golden beams,
Thy skillful hands adorn,
And paint, with cheerful splendor gay,
The fair ascending morn.
- 4 And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.
- 5 For this, will I my vows to thee
With evening incense bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

11. 7s.

THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

- 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.
- 3 Thou hast kept me through the night;
'Twas thy hand restored the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

- 4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
Oh! preserve me through the day;
Dangers every where abound;
Sins and snares beset me round.
- 5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

12. L. M.

- O** LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defense and hope is God.
- 2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustained me all the night:
Salvation doth to God belong:
He raised my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

13. 7s.

NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.

- 2 Fill me with thy heavenly light;
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight:
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray
- 3 Keep my haughty passion bound—
Save me from my foes around:
Going out, and coming in,
Keep me safe from every sin.
- 4 When my work of life is past,
Oh! receive me then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heavenly shore.

14. C. M.

- M**Y God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose:
His angels watched me while I slept,
Or I had never rose
- 2 Now, for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I'll pay;
And unto God I'll dedicate
The first fruits of the day.
- 3 In pressing dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death must be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

15. C. M.

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

16. L. M.

- G**REAT God, to thee my evening song,
 With humble gratitude I raise;
 Oh let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
 And every gentle rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wondrous grace,
 And witness to thy love and power.

- 3 Thy love and power, celestial guard;
 Preserve me from surrounding harm:
 Can danger reach me while the Lord
 Extends his kind, protecting arm?
- 4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close;
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

17. C. M.

- D**READ Sovereign, let my evening song
 Like holy incense, rise;
 Assist the offerings of my tongue,
 To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
 Thy hand was still my guard;
 And still, to drive my wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around;
 But, O how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found.
- 4 What have I done for him that died
 To save my guilty soul?
 Alas! my sins are multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roll!
- 5 Yet with this guilty heart of mine,
 Lord, thy dear cross I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renewed by thee.

- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

18. L. M.

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

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 [Faith in his name forbids my fear :
O may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rend my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

19. S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear :
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near !

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

20. C. M.

NOW, one day more of life is gone,
A doubtful few remain ;
Come, then, review what thou hast done
Eternal life to gain.

- 2 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still posts away ?
And die to sin, and grow in grace,
With every passing day ?
- 3 O do not pass this life in dreams,
To be surprised by death,
And sink, unthinking, down to flames,
When God demands thy breath.

- 4 No; every day thy course review,
The real case to learn;
And with renewed zeal, pursue
Thy great and chief concern.

21. L. M.

- G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose!
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep,
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

22. C. M.

- I**NDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let my grateful praise and prayer,
Arise before thy throne.

- 2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may soft slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.
- 4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er;
And then to realms of endless light,
Oh let my spirit soar.

23. C. M.

- I**NDULGENT Father, by whose care,
I've passed another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.
- 2 Show me my sins, and how to moura
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare,
The tokens of thy love;
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.
- 4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise,
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

24. 7's.

SOFTLY now the light of day,
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

- 2 Soon, for me, the light of day,
Shall forever pass away;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

25. 7's.

NOW from labor and from care,
Twilight shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee.
Turn my thoughts to heaven above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

- 2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Nought can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice.
Lord, forgive; thy grace restore;
Make me thine forever more.
- 3 'Or the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
O accept my song of praise.

26. C. M.

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously,
The safeguard of this night.

- 2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
Oh, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love:
- 3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

27. C. M.

FATHER, by saints on earth adored,
By saints beyond the skies,
Accept, through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Our evening sacrifice.

- 2 If kept to-day from wilful sin,
We magnify thy grace:
Thou hast our kind Preserver been,
And thine be all the praise.
- 3 We live to testify the grace
Which sure salvation brings;
And sink to-night in thine embrace,
And rest beneath thy wings.
- 4 But whether Lord, we wake or sleep
(The charge of Love divine),
We trust thy Providence to keep
Our souls for ever thine.

28. L. M.

THE night shall hear me raise my song,
And in her silent courts my tongue
Shall pour her solitary lay,
For all the mercies of the day.

- 2 Nor will my God disdain to hear
The sigh I breathe—the fervent pray'r ;
When sinking in oblivious rest,
I seek the pillow of his breast.
- 3 And when the blushing morn shall rise,
To tinge with gold the eastern skies,
With strength renewed, my thankful lay
Shall hail the new-born beams of day.

29. C. M.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am forever thine :
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From care and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep :
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

30. L. M.

LORD, as the evening shades arise
And chase the twilight from the skies,
Thy wond'rous bounty may we find,
And share it with a grateful mind.

- 2 O! make our weary members blest
With sweet refreshment in their rest ;
And in the hours of darkness spread
Thy guardian arms around our head.
- 3 Upon our knees as here we bow,
Light of the world, Redeemer, now
Fill all our breasts, lest deadly sin
Should cause a darker night within.
- 4 If thoughts on Thee our souls employ,
E'en darkness will afford us joy,
Till Thou shalt call, and we shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

31. C. M.

NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
An evening sacrifice.

- 2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide ;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require—
Till I shall praise thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

32. S. M.

ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

- 2 My mind in perfect peace,
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.
- 3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

33. L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love,
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

- 2 Thou spreadest the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

34. C. M.

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

- 2 That was a work of boundless power,
Which formed us with a word!
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room:
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For Death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.
- 5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

35. L. M.

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path, where sinners lead.

- 3 Oh may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way:
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

36. L. M.

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

- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name!
While pleased and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

37. C. M.

WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey;
Lord, 't is thy work—I own thy hand
That built my humble clay.

- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They fill me with surprise;
Not sands upon the ocean's shore
To equal numbers rise.
- 4 These on my heart by night I keep—
How kind, how dear to me!
Oh may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee!

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

38. 7s & 6s.

- BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian!
Lo, we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise!
- 2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him!
Angel-trumpets sound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim

All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme!

- 3 Four-and-twenty Elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation,
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone!
Holy, Holy, Holy One!"
- 4 Hark, the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us!
Join we to the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's songs,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung!
Jesus! Jesus! flows along.

39. P. M.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there:
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

- That blissful place is my father-land;
By faith its delights I explore:
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And wait me in peace to the shore.
- 2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode;

The joys of that place no tongue can tell—
But there is the palace of God!
That blissful, &c.

- 3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshiped with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.
That blissful, &c.
- 4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my fatherland;
By faith its delights I explore;
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.

40. 11s & 9s.

- I** AM fading away to the land of the blest,
Like the last lingering hues of the even;
Reclining my head on my kind angel's breast,
I soar to my own native heaven.
My warfare is finished, the battle is won,
To a crown and a throne I aspire;
My coursers are brighter than steeds of the sun,
I mount in a chariot of fire.
- 2 The world is fast sinking away from my sight,
A trifle appears all its treasures!
I see them from hence by eternity's light,—
How vanish its pomp and its pleasures!

How faint are the notes of the trumpet of fame,
Rehearsing its soul-flattering story!
How tarnished the luster of each noble name!
A meteor-flash is its glory!

- 3 But there is a spot—one beautiful spot
My heart lingers o'er with emotion;
Its peaceful enjoyments shall ne'er be forgot;
'Tis the place of the spirit's devotion.
I see it "outstretched in its loveliness," lie,
Like a garden of lilies and roses;
More charming to me, as it fades from the eye,
Than the valleys of Canaan to Moses.
- 4 Lo! upward I gaze, and the glory supreme,
That illumines the highs of elysium,
Shines down thro' the veil—there is life in each
beam—
It renders immortal my vision!
The notes of soft melody fall on my ear;
Harmonious the cadence and measure;
'Tis the voice of the harpers on Zion I hear;
Full high swells their chorus of pleasure.
- 5 Lo! there are the towers of my future abode,
The city on high and eternal!
See, there is the Eden—the river of God!
And the trees ever bearing and vernal.
Haste, haste with me onward, companion and
guide,
Let me join in that heavenly matin;
Fly wide, ye bright gates! swiftly through
them I ride,
Triumphant o'er sin, death, and Satan

41. 12s.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are
bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured,
Mighty hosts of the angels, that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo: the depths of the stone-covered charnel are
stirred:
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the
north,

All the vast generations of man are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all
set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vestured elders are
met!

There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are
driven.

May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

42. 10s.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

2 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

3 Friends I have there, who have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling
gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

43. P. M.

FIRMLY, brethren, firmly stand,
All united, heart and hand,
One unbroken, valiant band,
Dauntless, brave and true;

CHORUS.

Die in the field of battle,
Die in the field of battle,
Die in the field of battle,
Glory in your view.

2 Lift your standard, lift it high,
Raise the Christian battle-cry,

Christ your glorious leader nigh,
Calls aloud to you;—
Die in the field of battle, &c.

3 Once our father freemen cried,
"Victory or death" betide,
But with Jesus on our side,
Death and victory too;
Die in the field of battle, &c.

4 There to die, the battle won,
There to fall, the warfare done,
Glory brighter than the sun,
Then our promised due:—
Die in the field of battle, &c.

5 Glorious thus for Christ to die,
And with Christ to reign on high;
There with victor hosts to cry,
Christ has brought us through;—
Die in the field of battle, &c.

6 Christ, our Captain's name, we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host;
Fall we, then, each at his post—
Fall as Christians do;
Die in the field of battle, &c.

44. 11, 11, 12, 12,

AWAY from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth;
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost;
Soon, alas! was his fall—but he died at his post.

2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest
bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done;—
The battle was fought, and the victory won :
But he whispered of those whom his heart clung to
 most,
" Tell my brethren for me that I died at my post."

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse ;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse ;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus his master, in glory to dwell ;
He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the
 bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6 And can we the words of his exit forget ?
Oh ! no, they are fresh in our memory yet ;
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

45. 11s.

WO. wo. to the sinner, who lives in his sin ;
Unrighteous without and unholy within :
Each thought of his heart, and each look of his eye,
Is tainted with sin :—and his doom is to die.

2 Wo, wo, to the sinner ; his hopes bright, but vain,
Will turn to despair, and his pleasures to pain :
To whom in the day of distress will he fly ?
Forsaken of God ;—and his doom is to die.

3 Wo, wo, to the sinner ; his deeds of dark night,
Shall all be revealed by eternity's light ;
Like specters o' horror shall each meet his eye ;
Too late then to pray, for his doom is to die.

4 Wo, wo, to the sinner that lives at his ease,
Expecting long years of enjoyment and peace ;
His barns he may build, and his hopes may be high,
But God hath declared that his doom is to die.

5 Wo, wo, to the sinner in gaudy array,
Whose fears in profusion from day unto day ;

For water, alas ! soon in vain will he cry,
Tormented in flames :—for his doom is to die.

6 Wo, wo, to the sinner, who will not repent ;
To hell shall his sin-burdened spirit be sent ;
Forever in that fearful prison to lie,
No hope for him there ;—oh ! his doom is to die.

46. 12s and 11s.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections, and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
The seat of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excelled every
 other,

The family Bible, which lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, which lay, on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and evening, could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety thro' night ;
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the hearts of the family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand—
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more ;
In sorrow and sadness, I live broken-hearted ;
And wander unknown on a far distant shore ;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand ?
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand—
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

47. P. M.

HAPPY spirit, released from its clay,
How happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it starts to the skies,
Victory! victory! homeward I rise.

2 Many the trials it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and wo;
Many the doubtings it never should sing
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

3 There lies the wearisome body at rest,
Closed are its eyelids and quiet its breast;
But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
Victory! victory! sings in its flight.

4 While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,
Angels are singing their heavenly birth;
Welcome, O welcome, to our happy shore,
Victory! victory! they'll shout evermore.

5 How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.

6 Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies
Bids them in glorified bodies arise;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus hath come!

48. 12s and 11s.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me
In yon blissful regions, the heaven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest,
Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise;
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise;

Their songs to the Lamb shall reëcho through heaven,
My soul shall respond, "to Immanuel be given,
All glory, all honor, all might, all dominion,"
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

3 Then, hail blessed state! hail ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above;
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus' love;
Though prisoned in clay, yet by anticipation,
Already my sou' feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;—
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

49. 10s.

A HOME in Heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven,
From his home below—to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the moldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given:
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

- 6 A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.
- 7 Our home in heaven! oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit joined with the bride says "come!"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

50. 10, 6, 8, 6.

- WE are traveling home to heaven above;
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing a Saviour's dying love;
Will you go? Will you go?
Our sun shall there no more go down;
Our moon shall never be withdrawn;
Our days of mourning past and gone;
Will you go? Will you go?
- 2 We are going to walk the plains of light;
Will you, &c.
Where perfect day dispels the night;
Will you, &c.
The crown of life we all shall wear,
And palms of victory shall bear;
And heavenly joys forever share;
Will you go? Will you go?
- 3 We are going to strike the golden lyre;
Will you, &c.
And sing with all the angel's choir;
Will you, &c.
We'll tell of God's redeeming grace;
We'll see our Saviour face to face;
And evermore proclaim his praise:
Will you go? Will you go?

- 4 The way to heaven is free for all,
Will you, &c.
Both Jew and Gentile, great and small;
Will you, &c.
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
From every sin and idol part:
And on the way to glory start;
Will you go? Will you go?
- 5 Oh could I hear some sinner say,
I will go; I will go;
I'll start this moment on my way;
I will go; I will go;
My old companions fare you well;
I will not go with you to hell;
With my Redeemer I will dwell;
Let me go—Let me go.

51. L. M.

- YOUNG people all attention give,
While I address you in God's name,
You who in sin and folly live,
Come, hear the counsel of a friend.
I sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And ranged th' alluring scenes of vice,
But never found substantial joys
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- He spake, my sins at once forgiven,
And washed my load of guilt away,
He gave me pardon, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the good old way;
And now with trembling sense I view,
Huge billows roll beneath your feet,
For death eternal waits for you,
And hell is moved your souls to meet.

- 3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be past,
By fleeting time or conquering death;
Yon morning sun may set at noon,
So transient is our mortal breath;
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose,
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave must soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll,
In solemn silence round your head:
Your friends may pass that lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slowly on,
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.
- 5 But O! the soul where vengeance reigns,
It sinks with groans and ceaseless cries,
It rolls amidst the burning flames
In endless woe and agonies:
There swallowed up in darkest night,
Where devils howl, and thunders roar,
To rage in keen despair and guilt,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.
- 6 O! fellow youth, this is the state
Of all who God's free grace refuse,
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose:
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your Lord;
But with my mission now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

52. C. M.

- ATTEND, young friends, while I relate,
The dangers you are in;
The evils that around you wait,
While subject unto sin.
Although you flourish like the rose,
While in its branches green;
Your sparkling eyes in death must close,
No more will they be seen.
- 2 In silent shades you must lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And bid a long farewell.
How small this world will then appear,
At the tremendous hour;
When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
And feel his mighty power.
- 3 In vain you'll mourn, your days are past,
Alas! those days are gone,
Your golden hours are spent at last;
And never will return.
O come this moment and begin,
While life's sweet moments last,
Turn to the Lord, forsake all sin,
And he'll forgive the past.

53. P. M.

- WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon
my frame?
Is it death? is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital
flame?
Is it death? is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free ;
I shall the King of glory see :
All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not, my friends ; my friends, weep not
for me,

All is well, all is well.

My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
All is well, all is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from mine eyes :
I soon shall mount the upper skies :
All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints
in glory,

All is well, all is well.

I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well, all is well.

Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to wait my spirit home ;
All is well, all is well.

4 Hark, hark, my Lord, my Lord and master
calls me ;

All is well, all is well.

I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory ;
All is well, all is well.

Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view ;
All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace, saved by grace,
I come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace ;
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine ;
O ! hallelujah to the Lamb,
All is well, all is well.

54. 11s & 12s.

I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer-

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within,
Even the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway ; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom ;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 O ! who would live alway, away from his God ;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul !

55. C. M.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just before mine eye ;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly :

- I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind:
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.
- 2 I view the monster death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing;
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.
- 3 A few more days, or years, at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.
My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
This glorious hope of endless rest
Is now transporting me.

56. 11s.

- T**HOU art gone to the grave—but we will not de-
plore thee;
Tho' sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed thro' its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold
thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansion for-
saken,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;

- But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy
waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the sera-
phim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore
thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee and took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath
died.

57. L. M.

- W**HEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark,
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all—
It bade my dark forebodings cease:
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

58. 11s & 12s.

A VOICE from the savage, a voice from the slave.
Comes afar o'er the mount and the dark-rolling
wave:

'Tis heard in the zephyrs perfumed by the myrrh,
And heard in the winds from the forests of fir.

2 And, hark! from the islands that spot the blue sea,
I heard a wild cry as they bend low the knee!
They are groping their way 'mid the gloom of the
night,

While the dim star of nature yields only its light.

3 For ignorance spreads her broad wings o'er the
wave,
And her flag, like a pall, has curtained the grave:
Superstition, in chains, is weaving her wreath,
And landing them down to the caverns of death.

4 Too long we have slumbered, too long we have
slept,
While the children of nature in bondage have wept,
Their groans and their cries, their tears and their
prayer,
Have unheeded passed by, on the wings of the air.

5 And shall we yet slumber, or linger at home?
Or fear o'er the dark-rolling ocean to roam?
'To range the wide woods where the council-fires
curl,
And there the broad banner of Jesus unfurl?

6 Come, arouse ye, arouse! while the sun is yet high!
For the evening of death and oblivion is nigh!
Like the light of the morn let us fly to their aid,
And the powers of darkness and death shall be
stayed.

59. P. M.

I HAVE sought round the verdant earth for unfad-
ing joy,
I have tried every source of mirth, but all, all with
cloy;

Lord, bestow on me grace, to set my spirit free;
Thine, thine the praise shall be—mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered through mazes dark, of doubt and
distress,

I have had not a kindling spark my spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief filled my laboring soul with grief,
What, what shall give relief, what shall give peace?

3 I then turned to the gospel, Lord, from folly away,
I then trusted in thy holy word, which taught me to
pray;

Here I found relief, my weary spirit here found rest,
Hope, hope of endless bliss, eternal joys.

4 I have heard my Redeemer say: "My promise is
sure,
I have taught thee to watch and pray, all hardness
endure;"

Jesus be my guide, in thy promise I'll confide;
Keep me near thy side, my life, my way.

5 I will praise Thee, my Heavenly King, I'll praise
and adore,
My heart's richest tribute bring to Thee, God of
power;
And in heaven above, saved by thy redeeming love,
Lord, Lord, the strains shall sound for evermore.

60. 11s.

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to
part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart,
Like thoughts of absenting myself, for a day,
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the vine and poplar have
spread,
And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

3 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with pine,
The ivy, the olive, and the wild eglantine;
Yet sweeter, O! sweeter, superlative, were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

4 'T was under the covert of that blessed grove,
That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove;
Presenting himself as the only true way,
Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray.

5 The early, shrill notes of the loved nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty; and birds of the air
Sung anthems of praises, as I went to prayer.

6 And Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned there to meet,
And bless with his presence my lonely retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and peacefulness there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer.

7 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Saviour is found everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

8 Although I may never revisit thy shade,
Yet oft will I think of the vows I there made;
And when, at a distance, my thoughts shall repair
To the place where my Saviour first answered my
prayer:

9 My blessed Redeemer, my hope and my all,
Will guide and direct me, when on him I call;
And when I am dying, he'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven, in answer to prayer.

61. 8s.

IF poor sinners did but know,
How much for them I undergo,
They would not treat me with contempt,
Nor curse me when I say repent.
Give credit, now, to what I say,
And mind it till the judgment-day,
Of God I'm sent—constrained to go
To call poor sinners here below.

2 My loving brethren think it strange,
That I should leave my nearest friends;—
My sisters wonder where I am,
That I do not return again.
My father's house I bid adieu,
And on my journey now pursue;
To distant lands I now repair,
To call poor sinners far and near.

3 Through cold, and storms of rain and snow,
Both day and night I'm called to go;
To fill the appointments I have made,
Or find some place to rest my head:
And when my work is done below,
I hope to glory I shall go;
With all my friends and brethren there,
I'll praise the Lord for evermore.

62. 11s and 8s.

I CAME to the spot where the white pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by the tomb.
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone.

2 The tempest may howl, and loud thunders may roll,
And gathering storms may arise.
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3 The love of my Saviour influenced me here—
I bade my companion adieu—
I left my dear children, who for me now mourn,
In a far-distant region to dwell.

4 But when among strangers, and far from my home,
No kind hand or relation was near,
I met the contagion, and sank in the tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high.

- 5 You may tell my companion and children most dear,
 To weep not for me, though I'm gone;
 The same hand that led me through scenes dark
 and drear,
 Has kindly conducted me home.

63. 9s and 8s.

LOW down in this beautiful valley,
 Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
 Where loud storms of envy and folly,
 May roll on their billows in vain.

- 2 The low souls in humble subjection
 May here find unshaken protection,
 The soft gales of cheering reflection,
 The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.
- 3 This low vale is far from contention,
 There no soul shall dream of dissension,
 There no dark wiles of evil invention
 Shall here find this region of peace.
- 4 O! then them the Lord will deliver,
 And souls drink of this beautiful river,
 Which flows peace forever and ever,
 And love and joy will ever increase.

64. P. M.

HEAR the loud-swelling notes of the song
 Which the angels in heaven prolong;
 Unto God be glory given, by all the host of heaven,
 Peace on earth and good-will among men.

- 2 Let the earth break her silence and sing,
 Let the dome of the universe ring;

Unto us a Saviour's given, glory be to God in
 heaven—

A Saviour, Christ Jesus the Lord.

- 3 How amazing, amazing is this,
 How amazing is this,
 What a heaven of bliss,
 Jesus dies to redeem a lost race.
- 4 What will, O! what will become of me?
 What will become of me,
 If Death's approach I see,
 And a Saviour is not found on my part?
- 5 But welcome, O! welcome, death, to me,
 But welcome, death, to me,
 If Christ has set me free,
 And a Saviour is found on my part.
- 6 How cheering and pleasing to my mind,
 How pleasing to my mind,
 And the friends I leave behind,
 If a Saviour is found on my part.
- 7 Farewell to affliction, and all pain,
 Farewell to all pain,
 For dying is my gain,
 If a Saviour is found on my part.

65. P. M.

I AM a pilgrim, I am a stranger;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night:
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the streamlets are ever flowing
 I am a pilgrim, I am a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

- 2 Of that temple to which I am going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I've been wandering forlorn and weary.
I am a pilgrim, &c.
- 3 There the sunbeams are ever shining—
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
There is no sorrow or any sighing,
Nor any sin there nor any dying.
I am a pilgrim, &c.
- 4 There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary, and the weary are at rest;
There is no mourning, nor any grief there,
Nor any weeping, as when we part here.
I am a pilgrim, &c.
- 5 If we are holy, we shall meet there,
And we never, and we never more shall part;
But with angels and spirits holy,
We will join with the meek and lowly.
Once a pilgrim, once a stranger,
Now an angel, and a blessed child of light.

66. 8s and 7s.

- SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying;
See his burdened bosom heave;
Look, ye sinners, you that hung him,
Look how deep your sins have stung him;
Dying sinners, look and live.
- 2 See the rocks and mountains quaking,
Earth unto her center shaking;
Nature's groans awake the dead,

- Lo, the sun is struck with wonder,
While the legal peals of thunder
Smite the dear Redeemer's head.
- 3 Heaven's bright, melodious legions,
Chanting through the tuneful regions,
Cease to thrill the quivering string;
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war was ended
By the all-victorious King.
- 4 Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquished by the King Eternal,
When he poured the vital flood:
By his groans, which shook creation,
Lo! we found a proclamation:
Peace and pardon by his blood.
- 5 Shout, ye saints, with adoration—
Fill with songs the wide creation,
He is risen from the grave:
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the Rock of your salvation,
Who alone has power to save.
- 6 Bear, with patience, tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
Till the glorious jubilee;
He will come with bursts of thunder,
Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing on the highest key.

67. 7s.

- COME and taste, along with me,
Consolation running free;
From my Father's wealthy throne
Sweeter than the honeycomb.

- 2 Why should Christians feast alone
Two are better far than one,
All that come with free good-will,
Make the banquet sweeter still.
- 3 Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more ;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.
- 4 Goodness flowing like a stream,
From the New Jerusalem,
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.
- 5 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume ;
Gleaning manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

68. P. M.

HAVE you heard, have you heard of that
sun-bright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time ; [frame,
Where the eye hath no power o'er the fadeless
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime ?

- 2 A river of water gushes there,
Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair ;
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er,
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.
- 3 Millions of forms, all clothed in bright,
In garments of beauty clear and white—

- They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.
- 4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs and their changeless scene,
Their ensigns are waving and banners unfurled,
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.
- 5 But far, far away in that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time ;
Where amid all things that's fair is given,
The home of the just—and its name is heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

69. C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners washed in that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
O, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away !
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

- 5 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

70. 7s and 6s.

- SOLDIERS of the cross arise,
Lo! your leader from the skies
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.
- 2 Fear not though the battle lower,
Firmly stand the trying hour,
Stand the tempter's utmost power,
Spurn his slavery.
- 3 Who the cause of Christ would yield,
Who would leave the battle field,
Who would cast away his shield?
Let him basely go.
- 4 Who for Zion's king will stand,
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.

- 5 By the mercies of our God,
By Immanuel's streaming blood,
When for us alone he stood,
We'll ne'er give up the strife.
- 6 Even to our latest breath,
We'll hark to what the Saviour saith,
Be thou faithful unto death,
Take the crown of life.
- 7 By the woes that rebels prove,
By the bliss of heavenly love,
By the joys that are above,
Sinners, turn and live.
- 8 Here are pleasures worth the name,
Tyrant sin is put to shame,
Grace inspires the hallowed flame,
God the crown will give.

71. S. M.

- O SING to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasies,
To waft my soul on high.
- 2 When cold and sluggish drops,
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in songs of joyfulness,—
Let heaven begin below.
- 3 When the last moment comes,
O watch my dying face;
And catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which on each feature plays.

- 4 Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And clasp my cold and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.
- 6 Around my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love;
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

72. 11s and 12s.

- IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
1 When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow
and care,
From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
- 2 When Satan, my foe, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
- 3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear,
In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.
- 4 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the
skies,
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall
arise,
With millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
To praise that dear Rock that is higher than I.

73. C. M.

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one:
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds,
To joys before unknown.

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given:
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

- 2 What though the northern winter blasts,
May howl around thy cot:
What though beneath a southern sun,
Be cast thy distant lot.
For there we share the blissful hope, &c.
- 3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain;
From Europe and Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
- 4 Nor ling'ring look, nor parting sigh,
Our future home shall know;
There love shall beam from every eye,
And hope immortal grow.
Oh sacred hope, oh blissful hope, &c.

74. 7s.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire;
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we shall all meet again.

2 Tho' in distant lands we sigh,
 Parched beneath the burning sky;
 Tho' the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls,
 And in heaven's wide domain,
 There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamps are dead,
 When in cold oblivion's shade,
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

75. P. M.

THINK of me when at the altar of prayer;
 Think thou of me—think thou of me.
 When at the mercy seat—think of me there—
 Think of me—pray for me:
 Pray that with courage I onward may go,
 Spreading the news of salvation below,
 Plucking poor rebels from sin and from wo;
 Think thou of me—pray for me.

2 And at the call of the church going bell,
 Think thou of me—think thou of me.
 Think of the place where the holy shall dwell:
 Think thou of me—pray for me:
 Pray that with all of the rapturous throng,
 Who on Mount Zion repeat their glad song,
 I may at last to the Saviour belong;
 Think thou of me—pray for me.

3 When the bright morn with her glory comes in,
 Think thou of me—think thou of me.

Pray that my soul may be kept from all sin:
 Think thou of me—pray for me:
 Pray that through life I may walk in his love,
 Who to redeem me came down from above;
 Pray that the world his salvation may prove,
 Think thou of me—pray for me.

4 When quiet eve throws around thee her shade;
 Think thou of me—think thou of me.
 Think of the friendly requests I have made;
 Think thou of me—pray for me:
 Pray that when life and its sorrows are o'er,
 We may both meet on a happier shore;
 When we meet there we shall never part more;
 Think thou of me—pray for me.

5 When you may hear of my fast failing breath
 Think of me then—pray for me then.
 Pray that the Lord may be with me in death,
 Think of me then—pray for me:
 Pray that with joy I may finish my race;
 Triumph at last in the strength of his grace;
 Rise up to heaven in raptures of praise.
 Think of me then—think of me.

76. 10s and 8s.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
 When I am gone—when I am gone.
 Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear;
 When I am gone—when I am gone.
 Weep not for me when you stand round my grave
 Think who has died his beloved to save;
 Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have;
 When I am gone—when I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me;
 When I am gone—when I am gone.
 Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see:
 When I am gone—I am gone.
 Come at the close of a bright summer's day;
 Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray;
 Come and rejoice that I thus passed away;
 When I am gone—I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed;
 When I am gone—when I am gone.
 Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead:
 When I am gone—I am gone.
 Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care;
 Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share;
 Look up on high and believe I am there;
 When I am gone—I am gone.

77. 11, 5, 11.

HOW sad are the moments when wandering
 from God,
 And thorny and dark is the dangerous road!
 But light is the pathway which leads to the tomb,
 When cheered by the presence of Jesus my home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 When cheered by the presence of Jesus my home.

2 Tho' fading the joys which earth can bestow,
 And false is the light which illumines us below,
 Tho' sorrows, like clouds, hang around us in
 gloom,
 The beams of his love light me on my way home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 The beams of his love light me on my way home.

3 When the tempest of life has sunk to repose,
 And death shall the beauties of heaven disclose,
 With all the redeemed I o'er it will roam,
 And sing hallelujah to Jesus, my home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 And sing hallelujah to Jesus, my home.

78. 11, 5, 11.

MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot
 cease,

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:
 Though now my temptations like billows may
 foam,
 All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at
 home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 O give me submission and strength as my day,
 In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
 Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face!

Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
But in thy bright image, to rise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

79. 8s and 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken—
Thou from hence my all shall be!
Perish, every fond ambition—
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are all mine own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hopes and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Friends may hate, and foes may scorn me,
Show thy face, and all is right.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba Father—
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation—
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what heavenly bliss is thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee—
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer—
Heaven's eternal day's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

80. 7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

81. 7s.

- R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee :
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure ;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill the law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my heart-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

82. 7s and 6s.

- G**O thou, in life's fair morning,
 Go in the bloom of youth,
 And buy, for thy adorning,
 The precious pearl of truth.
- 2 Secure this heavenly treasure,
 And bind it on thy heart,
 And let no worldly pleasure
 E'er cause it to depart.
- 3 Go, e'er the cloud of sorrow
 Steal o'er the bloom of youth ;
 Defer not till to-morrow,
 Go now and buy the truth.

83. 7s.

- H**ALLOWED Gethsemane,
 Once the Saviour knelt in thee,
 And upon the midnight air,
 Rose his voice in humble prayer.
 Hark ! methinks I hear him say,
 Let this cup now pass away ;
 Father, hear thy suffering Son,
 Yet thy holy will be done.
- 2 Sorrowful Gethsemane,
 There the Saviour bowed for me ;
 Lord of all, behold he pleads ;
 Sinless, yet behold he bleeds :
 All this fearful agony,
 O ! my soul, he bears for thee ;
 Freely, for thee, there drinks up
 To its dregs, the bitter cup.

- 3 Triumphant Gethsemane!
Satan's power was crushed in thee,
For, when Jesus humbly knelt
To the stroke man should have felt,
Man was rescued, in that hour,
From the yoke of Satan's power;
Rescued then, he hopes to rise
To the joys of Paradise.

S4. 4 lines 8s.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Published now to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature.

CHORUS.

- Lo! he reigns, he reigns victorious;
Over heaven and earth, most glorious,
Jesus reigns.
- 2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."
Lo! he reigns, &c.
- 3 Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here are life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.
Lo! he reigns, &c.
- 4 Here are wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money;

- Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Lo! he reigns, &c.
- 5 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

S5. 8, 7, 4.

- SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name!"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord!

- 5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,
 Hasten to the courts of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay :
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

86. 7s and 6s.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you farther go,
 Can you sport up on the brink
 Of everlasting woe ?
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,
 Vengeance waits the dread command ;
 Soon 'twill stop your sport and pride,
 And sink you with the damned.

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

- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to the bar ;
 Then to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair ;
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of a blood-crimson dye,
 Each for vengeance cries aloud,
 And what will you reply ?

- 4 Though your hearts be made of steel,
 Your foreheads lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass :
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Though they now despise his grace :)
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face.

- 5 But as yet there is a hope,
 You may his mercy know :
 Though his arm be lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow :
 'T was for sinners Jesus died ;
 Sinners He invites to come ;
 None who come shall be denied ;
 He says there yet is room.

87. P. M.

A FEW more days on earth to spend
 And all my toils and cares shall end,
 Then I shall see my God and friend,
 And praise his name on high.
 There's no more sighs, and no more tears,
 There's no more pains, and no more fears,
 But God and Christ and heaven appears,
 Unto the ravished eye.

- 2 Then, oh ! my soul, despond no more,
 The storm of life will soon be o'er,
 And I shall find the peaceful shore,
 Of everlasting rest.
 O happy day ! O joyful hour,

When freed from earth, my soul shall tower
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
To be forever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day,
I'd joyfully the call obey,
Which summonses my soul away,
To seats prepared above.

There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fullness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's black billows roll before,
Yet still, by faith, I see the shore,
Beyond the rolling flood:
The heavenly Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my ravished eyes appear,
And makes me almost think I'm there,
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I'd say farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three.
I'll join with them that's gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting is no more,
To all eternity.

SS. P. M.

I T'S well with me, my husband;
Why in sadness dost thou mourn?
Is thy youthful companion by death from thee torn?
The hand that afflicts thee will kindly sustain;
Though parted at present we'll soon meet again.

2 Oh, grieve not, dear husband, my toils are all o'er,
Earth's sorrows and changes can pain me no more;
The few fleeting moments of life to me given,
Are changed for eternal enjoyments in heaven.

3 All is well with me, father, O dry up thy tears,
The heart of thy child is not saddened by fears;
By faith in my Saviour, my sorrows all flee,
And rejoice that redemption was purchased for me.

4 Oh, grieve not, dear mother it is well with thy child.
God gave me, he takes me, his chastenings are mild;
He views with compassion my pathway of care,
He sees my affliction and answers my prayer.

5 It is well with me, brother, my sorrows all o'er.
The grave will restore me at the great judgment hour;
Then rising, I'll meet thee at the trumpet's glad sound,
While the song of redemption shall loudly resound.

6 Oh, grieve not, dear sister, press on for the prize,
Through the afflictions of earth to a home in the skies;
Then leave them beneath, thy affection set above,
On the home of thy sister in the regions of love.

7 Dear friends, though the grave will my body confine,
Neither coffin nor clay can fetter the mind;
When freed from the toils and afflictions of life,
I'll remain still, thy daughter, thy sister, thy wife.

89. 7s and 6s.

DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If in Jesus you believe,
You will find him precious.
Lo! he now is passing by,
Calls the mourners to him;
He has died for you and me,
O! look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Flows a healing lotion;
See the heart-consoling tide,
Boundless as the ocean.

- See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.
- 3 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, "come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden;
Tho' your sins like mountains rise,
Rise and reach to heaven;"
Soon as you on him rely,
"All shall be forgiven."
- 4 Now methinks I hear one say,
I will go and prove him.
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I shall love him:
Yes, I see the Father smile,
Smiling moves my burden;
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.
- 5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
O! the wond'rous story;
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory! Glory! Glory!
- 6 Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him;
Mourners you may do the same,
Only come and prove him:

- Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
Feel it and declare it;
O! that I could sing so loud,
All the world might hear it.
- 7 If no greater joys are known
In the upper region,
I will try to travel on
In this pure religion.
Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory's here and yonder;
Brightest seraphs shout amen,
While the angels wonder.
90. 2 Ss, 2 7s and 1 4.
- GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 Feed me with thy heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner
Be my robe of righteousness:
Fight and conquer
All my foes by sovereign grace

- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

91. 4 lines 11s.

AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
 I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures
 to trace;

In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
 Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O Saviour! direct me to heaven, my home.

- 2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
 But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
 The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
 At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
 O there may I feast with his children at home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O Jesus, conduct me, to heaven my home!

- 4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu,
 While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
 I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne.
 The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O when shall I share the fruition of home!

- 5 The days of my exile are passing away,
 The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
 "Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my
 throne,

And dwell in my presence forever at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.

- 6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
 The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
 There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
 They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 They dwell with the Saviour forever at home

92. C. M.

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
 When will the moment come,
 When I shall lay my armor by,
 And dwell in peace at home.

- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful, sheltering dome,
 This world's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home.

- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And lean for succor on his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.

- 4 I should at once have quit this field,
 Where foes with fury foam;
 But ah! my passport was not sealed—
 I could not yet go home.

- 5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.
- 6 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

93. 11s.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph;

To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;
To you, this day, is born a Prince and Saviour,
Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

- 2 Oh, Jesus! for such wondrous condescension,
Our praise and our reverence are an offering
meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us,
Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest,
Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

94. P. M.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me.

The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

95. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonig Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim
The year, &c.
- 3 [Ye, who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year, &c.]
- 4 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year, &c.

96. 7s and 6s.

COME, my brethren, let us try,
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.
What is this that casts you down?
Who are those that grieve you?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.

- 2 Christ, by faith, I sometimes see,
Then it doth relieve me;
But my sins return again,
They are they that grieve me;
Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plagued by sin, a sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?
- 3 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood from every pore,
To procure your pardon.
See him stretched upon the wood,
Bleeding, thirsting, crying,
Suffering all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying.

97. 4 lines 7s.

TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain;
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn mine eyes within,
Oh how dark, and vain, and wild!

- Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Faith is weak in all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy with saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun ;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

98. C. M.

JESUS ! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee :
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh, Lord ! remember me.

- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

- 3 Thou wond'rous Advocate with God !
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh, Lord ! remember me.
- 4 I own I 'm guilty, own I 'm vile,
Yet thy salvation 's free ;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, Oh, my great Redeemer, God !
I pray, remember me.

99. P. M.

- O**UR bondage it shall end by and by,
From Egypt's yoke set free ;
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we 'll return by and by.
- 2 Our deliverer he shall come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end.
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day by and by.
- 3 Though our enemies are strong, we 'll go on,
Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo, Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves we 'll go on.
- 4 Tho' Marah has bitter streams, we 'll go on,
Tho' Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply ;
To a land of corn and wine, we 'll go on.

- 5 And when to Jordan's floods we are come,
 Jehovah rules the tide,
 And the waters he 'll divide,
 And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come
- 6 Then friends shall meet again, who have loved ;
 Our embraces shall be sweet
 At the dear Redeemer's feet,
 When we meet to part no more, who have loved
- 7 Then with all the happy throng, we 'll rejoice,
 Shouting glory to our King.
 'Till the vaults of heaven ring,
 And thro' all eternity we 'll rejoice.

100. L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 His track I see, and I 'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment ;
 The King's high-way of holiness,
 I 'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not ;
 My grief and burden long have been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I sinned and stumbled but the more,
 'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
 Nothing but sin I thee can give ;
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

- 6 Then I will tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found,
 I 'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "behold the way to God."

101. 8s and 7s.

WHEN I was young, of tender years,
 My Saviour did invite me ;
 I then was filled with many fears ;
 But Satan still did blind me.
 He told me that I was too young,
 To leave my earthly pleasure ;
 That I might live till I was old,
 And serve God at my leisure.

- 2 At length the Spirit came one day,
 And strove with mighty power :
 Which caused me to forsake my way,
 And tremble every hour ;
 Which caused me to weep and mourn,
 Saying, Lord Jesus, save me,
 If mercy thou canst me afford,
 And to thy glory raise me.
- 3 When Jesus heard the rebel cry,
 He sent his kind compassion ;
 Down at his feet my soul did lie,
 There pleading for a blessing.
 My heart was filled with tenderness,
 My mouth was filled with praises,
 While Abba Father I did cry,
 And glory to my Saviour.
- 4 Glory to God, for I have found
 The pearl of my salvation ;

We are marching through Immanuel's
ground,

Up to the heavenly Canaan.
Now I'm resolved to serve the Lord,
And never to forsake him ;
And march along the narrow road,
Till I arrive in glory.

- 5 For Christ says, fear not, little flock,
Heirs of immortal glory ;
For you are built upon the Rock,
The kingdom lies before you.
Press on, press on, ye heirs of grace,
And tell the pleasing story ;
I'm with my little flock always,
I'll bring them home to glory.

102. 8s, 7s, 4s.

SEE the eternal Judge descending,
View him seated on his throne :
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain ;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again :
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 " Yonder sits the slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love ;

- O! that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move :
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."
- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder ;
Hope and sinners here must part :
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, " depart !"
Lost forever,
Hear the dreadful sound, " depart !"

103. 11s.

I'M happy, I'm happy, oh wondrous account !
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount !
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus, my Saviour, the kingdom to share.

2 Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest !
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest !
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my
song ;
Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue.

3 Oh, who is like Jesus ! he's Salem's bright
King ;
He smiles, and he loves me, he taught me to sing ;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to his will,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

104. 4 8s and 1 6.

O JESUS, now thy power display,
And stir us up to watch and pray,
That we at last may hear thee say,
Come, reign with me in endless day,
And feel eternal union.

- 2 Come, brethren, let us heavenward go,
 Until we end our race below,
 Then we shall leave this world of wo,
 And everlasting pleasures know,
 And feel immortal union.
- 3 Our race is short, 't will soon be o'er,
 Then we shall weep and sigh no more,
 And join the saints on Canaan's shore,
 The name of Jesus to adore,
 And feel that endless union.
- 4 Then when this mortal frame shall die,
 And long in death's embraces lie,
 My soul to realms of bliss shall fly,
 And sing and shout beyond the sky,
 And feel that heavenly union.
- 5 And when to that bright world I come,
 And gain my everlasting home,
 My soul shall there forever bloom,
 Until my body leaves the tomb,
 Then both shall join that union.

105. 8s.

- Y**E angels who stand round the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known;
 Tune, tune your soft hearts to his praise.
 He formed you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good;
 When others sink down in despair,
 Confirmed by his power ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints that stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,

- His grace and his glory display,
 And all of his mercy repeat:
 He snatched you from hell and the grave;
 He ransomed from death and despair:
 For you he was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear,
 When I shall unite in your song?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Saviour belong!
 I'm fettered and bound up in clay;
 I struggle and pant to be free;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see!
- 4 I want to put on my attire,
 Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
 I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name:
 I want—Oh, I want to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
 Your joy and your friendship to share,
 To wonder and worship with you!

106. C. M.

- O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn:
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said, Return?

- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!
- 5 O! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

107. 11s.

WHY sleep ye, my brethren? come, let us arise,
O! why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,
O! let us be active; awake and repent.

2 O! how can we slumber, the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite;
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

3 O! how can we slumber, our foes are awake,
To ruin poor souls every effort they make;
To accomplish their object no means are untried,
The careless they comfort, the timid misguide.

4 O! how can we slumber, when so much was done,
To purchase salvation by God's only Son;
Now mercy is proffered and justice displayed,
Now God can be honored and sinners be saved.

5 O! how can we slumber, when death is so near,
And sinners are sinking in endless despair;
Now prayer may avail and they gain the high prize,
Before they in torments shall lift up their eyes.

6 O! how can ye slumber, ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound,
O! fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day,
While mercy is waiting O make no delay.

108. 4 8s and 2 6s.

- O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up with thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its wonders are unsearchable;
The first born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot search the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God—
O that it now were shed abroad,
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

109. 6s.

MY brethren, I have found
A land that doth abound
With food as sweet as manna;
The more I eat, I find
The more I am inclined
To sing and shout hosanna.

CHORUS.

My soul now longs to go,
Where I shall fully know,
The glories of my Saviour;
And as I pass along,
I'll sing a Christian's song;
I hope to live forever.

2 Perhaps you think I'm wild,
Or simple as a child—
I am a child of glory;
Bound for above,
My heart is full of love;
I long to tell the story.
My soul, &c.

3 My brethren, can't you say,
That you are on the way—
Are on your way to glory?
I care not what's your name,
Religion is the same—
We're on our way to glory,
My soul, &c.

. 110. 11s.

MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur at trials severe?
Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them forever in Jesus' breast

4 Afflictions may try me, they cannot destroy,
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if upon them he smiles,
But sweeten my hope of that home in the skies.

5 Let trouble and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One moment in glory will make up for all.

6 With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I'll march on in haste through Immanuel's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

111. 8s and 7s.

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

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here 's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above!

112. 8 lines 7s and 8s.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
 Where streams of joy forever roll.
 'T is there I have my treasure,
 And there I hope to land my soul.
 Long darkness dwelt around me,
 With scarcely once a cheering ray;
 But since my Saviour found me,
 A light has shone along my way.

2 I'm on my way to Canaan,
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand;
 O come along, dear sinner,
 And see Immanuel's happy land!
 To all that stay behind me,
 I bid a long, a last farewell!
 O come, or you'll repent it
 When you shall reach the gates of hell.

3 The vale of tears surrounds me,
 And Jordan's current rolls before:
 O how I stand and tremble,
 To hear the dismal waters roar!
 Whose hand shall then support me,
 And keep my soul from sinking there,
 From sinking down to darkness,
 The doleful regions of despair!

4 The waves shall not affright me,
 Although they're deeper than the grave,

If Jesus will stand by me,
 I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
 His word has calmed the ocean;
 His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale,
 O may this friend be with me,
 When through the gates of death I sail!

5 Then come, thou king of terrors,
 And with thy weapons lay me low!
 I soon shall reach that region,
 Where everlasting pleasures flow.
 Now, Christians, I must leave you,
 A few more days to suffer here:
 Through grace I soon shall meet you:
 My soul exults—I'm almost there.

6 Soon the archangel's trumpet
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole.
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll:
 Then I shall see my Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels come
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his ransomed people home.

113. L. M.

LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
 And taste the pleasures Jesus sends
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the good old way.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory,
 If we but strive, and watch, and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way.

- 3 Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art!
 May none of us from thee depart;
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marching in the good old way.
- 4 Though Satan may his powers employ,
 Our peace and comfort to destroy,
 Yet, never fear, we'll gain the day,
 And shout and sing the good old way.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's mount we stand,
 And view by faith the promised land,
 Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
 And march along the good old way.
- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend;
 Remember, glory's at the end,
 Our God will wipe all tears away,
 When we have run the good old way.
- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
 We'll meet with those who've gone before;
 And shout to think we've gained the day
 By marching in the good old way.

114. 8 lines 7s and 6s.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 To heaven, thy native place.
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove:
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source;
 Thus a soul new-born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn—
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant through the skies;
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

115. 4 lines 8s and 7s.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
 Passing through this darksome vale?
 Knowest thou not 't is full of danger,
 And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

- I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me?
 Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!
- 2 Pilgrim, thou dost justly call me,
 Wandering o'er this waste so wide;
 Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
 While I'm blest with such a guide.
 I'm bound, &c.

- 3 Such a guide!—no guide attends thee;
Hence, for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
I'm bound, &c.
- 4 Yes, unseen—but still, believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He from every harm defends.
I'm bound, &c.
- 5 Pilgrim! see that stream before thee!
Darkly winding through the vale,
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
I'm bound, &c.
- 6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend;
There to plunge will be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
I'm bound, &c.
- 7 While I gazed—with speed surprising
Down the stream he plunged from sight:
Gazing still I saw him rising,
Like an angel clothed with light.
Oh, he's gone to the kingdom,
Will you follow him to glory?
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

116. 11s and 10s.

- H**AIL the blest morn, when the great Mediator
Did from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger;
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us your aid:
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels, adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and monarch and Saviour of all.
Brightest and best, &c.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors from Eden, in offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest and best, &c.
- 4 Vainly we offer each costly oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best, &c.

117. 4 lines 7s.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.

- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;
Watch—till heavenly light appear;
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning Pilgrim! what for thee
In this world can now remain?
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears and pain.
- 4 Sorrow shall for ever fly;
Shame shall never enter there;
Tears be wiped from every eye;
Pain in endless bliss expire.

118. P. M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
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 spirit, draws my breath!
Tell me, my soul, can this be death!
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly,
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

119. C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

- 2 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
- 3 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 4 My friends, I bid you all adieu;
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on—I'll meet you there.
- 5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright-shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

120. C. M. D.

BEHOLD the pilgrim, as he dies,
With glory in his view,
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu;
While friends are weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.