

- 2 While many a dear and tender child
Is thrown to bears and tigers wild,
Or left upon the river's brink,
To suffer more than heart can think :
- 3 Behold! what mercies we possess!
How far beyond our thankfulness!
By happy thousands, here we stand,
To serve thee in a Christian land.
- 4 O! when that awful day shall rise,
When Christ shall come in yonder skies,
And we must answer one by one
For every deed our hands have done :
- 5 Lord, let it not be said of us,
'That heathens could not have been worse,
But may we now that pardon crave,
Which can the guiltiest sinner save.
- 6 With all the bright and happy crowd,
We then would praise thee long and loud;
And O! to little heathens send
The news of Christ, the sinner's friend.

219. 8s, 7s, 4s.

CHRISTIAN, see the orient morning,
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious Day-spring from on high:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Day-spring from on high.

- 2 Heathen at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;

- Precious offerings they are bringing,
Earnest of more perfect praise:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 3 Zion's Sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills;
Rise and shine, till brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 4 Then the valleys, and the mountains
Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;
Then the living crystal fountains
From the thirsty ground shall spring:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 5 While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer;
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 6 Lord, of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread 'he light of thy salvation,
'Till it shine on every soul:
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high.

250. L. M.

- F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song,
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds your voices raise,
And fill the world with sounding praise.

251. 8, 7, 4.

- O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Soon resound from pole to pole.

- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel,
Spread abroad thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.
- 5 Mighty Saviour, spread thy gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

252. 12s, 11s, 8s.

- T**HE prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way,
The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.
- 2 And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy
region,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime:
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.
- 3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet, hosannas to raise;
Hail! Son of the Highest, let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise.

- 4 Thy sword and thy buckler, shall save and deliver
The poor and the needy from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver, shall vanquish forever,
The prince and the legions of hell.
- 5 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign—
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.
- 6 Ride on! till the compass of thy great dominion,
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole;
And mankind, cemented with friendship and union,
Obey thee with heart and with soul.
- 7 Then loud shall ascend, from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious praise.

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GENERAL USE.

253. C. M.

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

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

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

- 4 He breaks the power of hardened sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 Look unto him, ye nations, own  
Your God, ye fallen race;  
Look and be saved through faith alone,  
Be justified by grace.

254. C. M.

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

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place,  
My never failing treasure, filled  
With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled!  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.
- 5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

## 255. C. M.

- YE glittering toys of earth, adieu;  
 A nobler choice be mine;  
 A real prize attracts my view,  
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,  
 Ye specious baits of sense:  
 Inestimable worth appears,  
 The pearl of price immense!
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,  
 O name divinely sweet!  
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,  
 Wealth, honor, pleasure, meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,  
 Their boasted stores resign;  
 With joy I would renounce them all,  
 For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
 Of this dear gift possessed,  
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
 And think myself most blessed.
- 6 Dear sov'reign of my soul's desires,  
 Thy love is bliss divine;  
 Accept the wish that love inspires,  
 And bid me call thee mine.

## 256. C. M.

- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall,  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Let high born seraphs tune the lyre,  
 And as they tune it fall  
 Before his face, who tunes their choir,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,  
 He fixed this floating ball;  
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,  
 Who from his altar call;  
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
 Ye ransomed of the fall,  
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,  
 Whom David Lord did call:  
 The God incarnate, man divine,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall;  
 Go—spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 8 Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,  
 That hear the Saviour's call,  
 Now shout an universal song,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

## 257. S. M.

- OH! where shall rest be found?  
 Rest for the weary soul;

'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or search to either pole.

2 The world can never give,  
The bliss for which we sigh ;  
'T is not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death, to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unnumbered by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !

5 Oh God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun ;  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end, our quest  
Alone is found in thee,  
The life of perfect love, the rest  
Of immortality.

## 258. C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'T is music to mine ear :  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust ;

Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

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

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,  
With my last lab'ring breath ;  
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.

## 259. C. M.

MY God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call,  
I cannot live, if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer,  
This dungeon where I dwell :  
'T is paradise, when thou art here,  
If thou depart, 't is hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are ;  
'T is heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss ;

- They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the hearts above,  
Can make a heav'nly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky  
Can one delight afford:  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll;  
The circle where my passions move,  
And center of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly,  
With infinite desire:  
And yet how far from thee I lie!  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

## 260. C. M.

- G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps on the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning Providence,  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

## 261. C. M.

- C**HRI<sup>S</sup>T and his cross is all my theme,  
The myst'ries that we speak,  
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,  
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlightened from above,  
With joy receive the word;  
They see what wisdom, power and love,  
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savor of his name,  
Restores their fainting breath;  
But unbelief perverts the same  
To guilt, and fear, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,  
Like showers of heavenly rain,  
In vain Apollos sows the ground,  
And Paul may plant in vain.

## 262. L. M.

- O**H! for a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away,  
And thaw with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine

- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,  
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too, unmoved I hear,  
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,  
And that dear something much I need,  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And move and melt this heart of mine.

## 233. L. M.

- OF him who did salvation bring,  
I could for ever think and sing;  
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;  
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 't is given,  
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;  
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood,  
He closed his eyes to show us God;  
Let all the world fall down and know,  
That none but God such love could show

- 4 'T is thee I love, for thee alone  
I shed my tears and make my moan:  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate, to the spring I fly,  
I drink, but yet am ever dry;  
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

## 234. C. M.

- OH! WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found!  
Suited to every sinner's case,  
Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,  
Are freely welcome here:  
Salvation, like a river, rolls  
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds  
Your every burden bring;  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will (O gracious word!)  
Shall of this stream partake:  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink for Jesus' sake.
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace:  
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

## 235. S. M.

- HOW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!  
How sweet their tidings are!  
"Zion behold thy Saviour-king,  
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen joined their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ:  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,  
Through all the earth abroad!  
Let every nation now behold,  
Their Saviour and their God.

## 266. L. M.

JESUS, with truth and power divine,  
Send forth this messenger of thine;  
His hands confirm, his heart inspire,  
And touch his lips with hallowed fire.

- 2 Be thou his mouth and wisdom, Lord:  
Thou, by the hammer of thy word,  
The rocky hearts in pieces break,  
And bid the son of thunder speak.
- 3 To those who would the Lord embrace,  
Give him to preach the word of grace;  
Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,  
And melt them with the fire of love.
- 4 Let all, with thankful hearts, confess,  
The welcome messenger of peace:  
And power in his report be found,  
And in thy work may he abound.

## 267. C. M.

- LET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take the alarm they give;  
Now let them, from the mouth of God,  
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'T is not a cause of small import,  
The pastor's care demands—  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls—for which, the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego;  
For souls, which must for ever live  
In raptures or in woe!
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
Th' account to render there;  
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord, where should we appear?



- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer, see;  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

## 268. C. M.

NOW let our drooping hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry;  
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,  
That view a Saviour nigh?

- 2 What though the conquering arm of death  
Does God's own house invade?  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be numbered with the dead?

- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged and the young;  
The watchful eye in darkness closed,  
And mute th' instructive tongue:

- 4 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,  
Now comfort to impart;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.

- 5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,  
"My church shall safe abide;"  
The Lord will ne'er forsake his own,  
Who in his love confide.

- 6 Through every scene of life and death  
His promise is our trust;  
And this shall be our children's song,  
When we are cold in dust.

## 269. C. M.

FAR from affliction, toil, and care,  
The happy soul is fled;  
The breathless clay shall slumber here,  
Among the silent dead.

- 2 The gospel was his joy and song,  
E'en to his latest breath;  
The truth he had proclaimed so long,  
Was his support in death.

- 3 Now he resides where Jesus is,  
Above this dusky sphere;  
His soul was ripened for that bliss,  
While yet he sojourned here.

- 4 The Church's loss we all deplore,  
And shed the falling tear;  
Since we shall see his face no more,  
Till Jesus shall appear.

- 5 But we are hastening to the tomb;  
Oh, may we ready stand;  
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,  
To dwell at thy right hand.

## SACRAMENTAL.

## 270. L. M.

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

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread and blessed, and brake  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin,  
Receive and eat the living food;"  
Then took the cup and blessed the wine,  
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;  
And justice poured upon his head,  
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,  
To buy the pardon of our guilt;  
When for black crimes of biggest size,  
He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- 6 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,  
In memory of your dying friend;  
Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord."
- 7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
We show thy death, we sing thy name  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

## 271. C. M.

THAT doleful night before his death,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Did almost with his dying breath,  
This solemn feast ordain.

- 2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,  
And to remember thee:  
Help each poor trembler to repeat,  
"For me He died, for me!"
- 3 These sacred signs, thy sufferings, Lord,  
To our remembrance bring:  
We eat and drink around thy board,  
But think on nobler things.
- 4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame  
Each heart that pants for thee,  
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,  
The Lamb that died for me!"

## 272. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree!  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.

- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small :  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## 273. L. M.

**H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around ;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground :  
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,  
For him who groaned beneath your load ;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.

- 2 Here 's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men ;  
But lo! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus, the dead, revives again !  
The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
Up to his Father's court he flies ;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome through the skies,

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster, Death, in chains ;  
Say, " Live forever, wondrous King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save ; "  
Then ask the monster, " Where 's thy sting ?  
And where 's thy victory, boasting grave ? "

## 274. C. M.

**Y**ONDER—amazing sight, I see  
The incarnate Son of God,  
Expiring on the accursed tree,  
And weltering in his blood.

- 2 Behold the purple torrent run  
Down from his hands and head,  
The crimson tide puts out the sun ;  
His groans awake the dead
- 3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,  
Proclaim the truth aloud ;  
And with the amazed centurion cry,  
" This is the Son of God. "
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice  
May well my hope revive ;  
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,  
The sinner sure may live.

## 275. L. M.

**T**HIS finished! so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head and died,  
'T is finished—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

- 2 'T is finished—all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
'T is now fulfilled, and was designed  
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'T is finished—this, my dying groan  
Shall sins of every kind atone :  
Millions shall be redeemed from death,  
By this, my last expiring breath.

- 4 'T is finished—heaven is reconciled,  
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;  
Peace, love, and happiness again  
Return and dwell with sinful men

## 276. C. M.

- A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed!  
And did my Sov'reign die!  
Would he devote that sacred head,  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,  
And bathed in its own blood,  
While, all exposed to wrath divine,  
The glorious suff'rer stood!]
- 3 Was it for crimes, that I had done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in.  
When Christ, the mighty Saviour died  
For man, the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
"T is all that I can do.

## 277. S. M.

- D** ID Christ o'er sinners weep?  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
Angels with wonder see!  
Be thou astonished, O my soul,  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept, that we might weep:  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

## THE SABBATH.

## 278. L. M.

- A** WAKE, my heart! my soul, arise!  
This is the day believers prize!  
Improve this Sabbath then with care;  
Another may not be thy share.
- 2 O solemn thought! Lord, give me power  
Wisely to fill up every hour:  
O for the wings of faith and love,  
To bear my heart and soul above!
- 3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail  
To worship thee within the veil;  
To glorify thy matchless grace;  
To see the beauties of thy face.

- 4 Be with me in thy house to-day,  
And tune my heart to praise and pray;  
Command thy word to fall like dew,  
Refreshing, quickening all anew.
- 5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove  
O'er the green pastures of thy love;  
O let not sin prevent my rest,  
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast!
- 6 Give to thy church a large increase,  
Send her prosperity and peace;  
May all the saints in Zion say,  
O happy, happy, happy day.

## 279. L. M.

- A**NOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies!  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away:  
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

## 280. L. M.

**C**OME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,  
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away,  
Now let our noblest passions rise  
With ardor to their native skies.

- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine.  
With rays of light upon us shine;  
And let our waiting souls be blest  
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,  
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,  
With all the ransomed we shall spend  
A Sabbath which shall never end.

## 281. S. M.

- T**O-DAY the Saviour rose,  
Our Jesus left the dead!  
He conquered our tremendous foes  
And Satan captive led.
- 2 He left his glorious throne,  
To make our peace with God;  
Blessings forever on his name,  
He bought us with his blood.
- 3 For us his life he paid,  
For us the law fulfilled;  
On him our loads of guilt were laid,  
We by his stripes are healed.
- 4 Ye saints, adore his name,  
Who hath such mercy shown;  
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,  
And make his praises known.

## 282. L. M.

**T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;  
But there's a nobler rest above!  
To that our longing souls aspire  
With ardent love and strong desire.

- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
Obscures the luster of thy throne.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin,  
Dawn on this world of woe and sin!  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

## 283. C. M.

**B**LEST morning, whose first dawning rays  
Beheld our rising God;  
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave his dark abode!

- 2 In the cold prison of the tomb  
Our dear Redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force  
To hold our God in vain;  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord  
These sacred hours we pay,  
And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
The triumphs of the day.

## 284. S. M.

**W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!

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

- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear Saviour's been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

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

## 285. C. M.

**C**OME let us join, with sweet accord,  
In hymns around the throne;  
This is the day our rising Lord  
Hath made and called his own.

- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,  
The brightest of the seven;  
Type of that everlasting rest,  
The saints enjoy in heaven.

286. 6 lines 7s.

SAFELY through another week,  
 God has brought us on our way,  
 Let us now a blessing seek,  
 Waiting in his courts to-day :  
 Day of all the week the best ;  
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
 Thro' the great Redeemer's name,  
 Show thy reconciling face,  
 Take away our sin and shame.  
 From our worldly cares set free,  
 May we rest this day in thee.

3 May the gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners—comfort saints,  
 Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief from all complaints :  
 'Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
 'Till we join the church above.

287. C. M.

FREQUENT the day of God returns,  
 To shed its quickening beams ;  
 And yet how slow devotion burns,  
 How languid are its flames !

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,  
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;  
 We would be like thy saints above,  
 And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
 And fit us to ascend

Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
 The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
 With heavenly luster shine,  
 Before the throne of God appear,  
 And feast on love divine.

288. C. M.

WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
 Behold thee—all serene—  
 Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,  
 Without a veil between ?

2 Assist me, while I wander here,  
 Amidst a world of cares ;  
 Incline my heart to pray with love,  
 And then accept my prayers.

3 [Release my soul from every chain,  
 No more hell's captive led ;  
 And pardon a repenting child,  
 For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God ; O spare the soul  
 That gives itself to thee !  
 Take all that I possess below,  
 And give thyself to me.]

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
 To be my guide and friend ;  
 To light my path to ceaseless joys,  
 To Sabbaths without end !

## SABBATH SCHOOLS.

289. 7s. 5s.

WHERE do children love to go?  
When the wintry tempests blow  
What is this attracts them so?  
'T is the Sabbath School.

- 2 Where do children love to be  
When the summer birds we see?  
Warbling praise on every tree?  
In the Sabbath School.
- 3 When the Sabbath morning breaks,  
Every eye from slumber wakes,  
What so happy children makes—  
'T is the Sabbath School.
- 4 Where are we so kindly taught,  
God should rule in every thought,  
What the love of Christ has bought—  
In the Sabbath School.
- 5 May we ever love this day,  
More than all our sports and play,  
Love to read and sing and pray—  
In the Sabbath School.

290. P. M.

WE'RE a happy band of children,  
We're a happy band of children,  
We're a happy band of children,  
From the dear Sabbath School.

Where our friends come to meet us,  
With the word of God to greet us,  
Where mercy's voice so sweet is,  
In the dear Sabbath School,  
We're a happy band of children, &c

2 Where the stream of life is flowing,  
Happiness on us bestowing,  
And for heaven we are growing,  
In the dear Sabbath School.  
We're a happy band of children, &c.

3 From the word of God we're learning  
To escape eternal burning,  
And from evil we are turning,  
In the dear Sabbath School.  
We're a happy band of children, &c.

4 While friends above are praising,  
Amid heaven's glories gazing,  
Our voices we are raising,  
In the dear Sabbath School.  
We're a happy band of children, &c.

5 And you dear friends who hear us,  
If for heaven you would rear us,  
Then let your presence cheer us,  
In the dear Sabbath School.  
We're a happy band of children, &c.

291. S. M.

LET little children learn  
God's holy name to praise:  
And with the eye of faith discern  
The guardian of their days,



2 Let morning, noon, and night,  
With every act proclaim,  
That God's their first, their chief delight,  
And Christ their only aim.

3 Let love of peace and joy,  
The spring of life engage;  
Nor let earth's vanities destroy  
The hope of riper age.

## 292. C. M.

THE soul, untaught, is dark as night,  
Where every evil dwells;  
All hail, instruction's sacred light,  
Which all this night dispels.

2 Our Sabbaths once in vain we spent,  
Neglected and unblest:  
But now the house of prayer frequent,  
To keep the sacred rest.

3 Jesus invites young children near,  
O may we straight obey!  
Give us, O Lord, the attentive ear,  
And teach our hearts to pray.

## 293. L. M.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,  
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;  
We meet to read and sing and pray,  
Be with us then through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends  
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;  
And when we in thy house appear,  
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,  
May we above to glory soar;  
And praise thee in more lofty strains,  
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

## 294. C. M.

LORD, I confess before thy face,  
How wicked I have been:  
Look down from heav'n, thy dwelling place  
And pardon this my sin.

2 Forgive my temper, Lord, I pray—  
My passion, and my pride;  
The wicked words I dared to say,  
And wicked thoughts beside.

3 For Jesus' sake forgive my crime,  
And change this stubborn heart;  
And grant me grace another time,  
To act a better part.

## 295. C. M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,  
As I am taught to do,  
God does not care for what I say,  
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;  
And when I pray or sing,  
I'm often thinking all the while,  
About some other thing.

3 O! let me never, never dare  
To act a trifle's part,  
Or think that God will hear a prayer  
That comes not from the heart.

- 4 But if I make his ways my choice,  
As holy children do,  
Then, while I seek him with my voice,  
My heart will love him too.

## 296. S. M.

**T**HE praises of my tongue,  
I offer to the Lord,  
That I was taught and learned so young  
To read his holy word.

- 2 That I am brought to know  
The danger I am in,  
By nature and by practice too,  
A wretched slave to sin.
- 3 Great God, this book of thine,  
Informs me where to go  
For grace to pardon all my sin,  
And make me holy too.
- 4 O may thy Spirit teach,  
And make my heart receive  
Those truths which all thy servants preach,  
And all thy saints believe.

## 297. C. M.

**A**Lmighty Father, heavenly King!  
Who rulest the world above;  
Accept the tribute children bring,  
Of gratitude and love.

- 2 To thee, each morning, when we rise,  
Our early vows we'll pay;  
And e'er the night has closed our eyes,  
We'll thank thee for the day.

- 3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,  
To us his word has given,  
That children, such as us, may find  
A certain path to heaven.
- 4 Stretch out, O Lord, thy gracious hand,  
To guide our erring youth;  
And lead us to that blissful land,  
Where dwells eternal truth.

## 298. 7s.

**H**OLY Bible! book divine!  
Precious treasure! thou art mine:  
Mine, to tell me whence I came;  
Mine, to teach me what I am.

- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet,  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom:  
O thou precious book divine!  
Precious treasure! thou art mine.

## 299. C. M.

**"**MY father! through the valley's shade,  
Will you not go with me,!"  
The dying boy with faintness said,  
"And my protector be?"

- 2 "My son! my son! I must abide  
The time which God hath set;  
Life's toils my path must still betide;  
Mine hour is not come yet."
- 3 "O mother, you have always blessed  
Your little boy—will you  
Go with me in the shades of death,  
And help my passage through!"
- 4 "My child, I would, but cannot go;  
God hath not called for me;  
But Jesus waits for thee, I know,  
And he will go with thee."
- 5 "Yes!—father!—mother!—yes, I see,  
The valley now is light;  
My Saviour walks along with me,  
And heaven appears in sight!"
- 6 "How sweet the music which I hear!  
Bright angels bid me come!  
A little while and I'll be there—  
I'm almost—I am—home!"

## 300. C. M.

MY father raised his trembling hand,  
And laid it on my head;  
"God bless thee, O my son! my son!"  
Most tenderly he said.

- 2 He died, and left no gems or gold;  
But still was I his heir—  
For that rich blessing which he gave,  
Became a fortune rare.

- 3 And in my days of weary toil  
To earn my daily bread,  
It gladdens me in thought to feel  
His hand upon my head!
- 4 Though infant tongues to me have said,  
"Dear father," oft since then,  
Yet when I bring that scene to mind,  
I'm but a child again.

## 301. 7s and 6s.

FAR, far away in India,  
Thousands of children live,  
Who have no pious teachers,  
Who them instruction give  
About the great Jehovah,  
Who reigns above the sky  
Or of the blessed Saviour,  
Who did on Calvary die.

- 2 Oh! what a sad condition,  
These little ones are in—  
Young children, by their parents,  
Are thrown in Ganges' stream,  
To please the gods they worship,  
That are made of wood and stone,  
Believing that will save them,  
And for their sins atone.
- 3 And now, dear little children,  
To Sunday school who go,  
Say, will you not do something  
To save their souls from wo.  
Oh! yes, you say you're willing  
To aid with heart and hand,  
To send the blessed gospel,  
To every heathen land.

## 302. 6s and 4s

**F**AREWELL! we meet no more  
On this side heaven:  
The parting scene is o'er,  
The last sad look is given.

- 2 Farewell! my soul will weep  
While memory lives;  
From wounds that sink so deep  
No earthly hand relieves.
- 3 Farewell! my stricken heart  
To Jesus flies:  
From him I'll never part;  
On him my hope relies.
- 4 Farewell! and shall we meet  
In heaven above?  
And there, in union sweet,  
Sing of a Saviour's love!

## 303. P. M.

**C**OMPANIONS hail! again we meet  
Beneath a canopy  
Whose broad expanse round earth is spread,  
One blue immensity;  
But on our path a surer light  
Of glorious gospel truth  
Is shed, to speed our onward flight,  
And guide our wayward youth.

- 2 Our lot a home of freemen's pride,  
A fair, a happy land,  
Where holy truths may be dispensed  
By blest religion's hand;

We meet to spend this festal day,  
And lift our joyful hearts  
Toward him who holds creation's sway,  
And every bliss imparts.

- 3 Freedom, our birthright—glorious boon—  
Shall bid us raise to thee,  
Great God, the offering of our life,  
In young simplicity;  
Then lift the willing shout of praise,  
From many an infant tongue,  
And let all nature join to raise,  
Once more her grateful song!
- 4 For mercies past, and yet to come,  
We praise thee and adore!  
Assist us, Lord, to guide our youth—  
To love and serve thee more;  
Then as a happy, peaceful band,  
Our life's short labor done,  
Again together may we stand  
Accepted at thy throne.

## 304. 8s and 7s.

**O**NWARD, onward, men of power,  
Rear the gospel banner high,  
Rest not till its light is given,  
Star of every pagan sky.  
Send it where the pilgrim stranger  
Faints neath Asia's vertic ray,  
Bid the red-browed forest ranger  
Hail it, ere he fades away.

- 2 Where the arctic ocean thunders,  
Where the tropics fiercely glow,

Broadly spread its page of wonders,  
 Brightly bid its radiance flow.  
 India marks its luster stealing,  
 Shivering Greenland loves its rays;  
 Afric, mid her deserts kneeling,  
 Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

- 3 Rude in speech or grim in feature,  
 Dark in spirit though they be,  
 Show that light to every creature,  
 Prince or vassal, bond or free.  
 Lo they haste in every nation,  
 Host on hosts the ranks supply,  
 Onward, Christ is your salvation,  
 And your death is victory.

EARLY PIETY.

305. L. M.

NOW in the heat of youthful blood,  
 Remember your Creator, God;  
 Behold the months come hastening on,  
 When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
 Laden with guilt, and heavy woes,  
 Down to the regions of the dead,  
 With endless curses on his head!
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;  
 The soul, in agonies of pain,

Ascends to God—not there to dwell,  
 But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

- 4 Eternal King, I fear thy name;  
 Teach me to know how frail I am;  
 And when my soul must hence remove,  
 Give me a mansion in thy love.

306. S. M.

FROM earliest dawn of life,  
 Thy goodness we have shared  
 And still we live to sing thy praise,  
 By sovereign mercy spared.

- 2 To learn and do thy will,  
 O Lord, our hearts incline;  
 And o'er the paths of future life  
 Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught thy word of truth,  
 May we that word receive;  
 And when we hear of Jesus' name,  
 In that blest name believe!
- 4 O, let us never tread  
 The broad, destructive road,  
 But trace those holy paths which lead  
 To glory, and to God.

307. C. M.

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

- 2 Be wise—and make his favor sure,  
Before the mournful day,  
When youth and mirth are known no more,  
And life and strength decay.
- 3 The mem'ry of his mighty name  
Demands your first regard ;  
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,  
'Till you have loved the Lord.

## 308. C. M.

WHILE in the tender years of youth,  
In nature's smiling bloom,  
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait  
Its summons to the tomb :—

- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;  
For him thy pow'rs employ ;  
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,  
Thy portion, and thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course  
Through life's uncertain sea,  
Till thou art landed on the shore  
Of blest eternity.

## 309. S. M.

MY Son, know thou the Lord,  
Thy father's God obey :  
Seek his protecting care by night,  
His guardian hand by day.

- 2 Call, while he may be found,  
And seek him while he's near ;  
Seize him with all thy heart and mind,  
And worship him with fear.

- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,  
His ear will hear thy cry ;  
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,  
His grace forever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,  
Nor choose the path to heav'n,  
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,  
And never be forgiv'n.

## 310. C. M.

COME, let us now forget our mirth,  
And think that we must die ;  
What are our best delights on earth,  
Compared with those on high ?

- 2 Our pleasures here will soon be past—  
Our brightest joys decay ;  
But pleasures there forever last,  
And cannot fade away.
- 3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,  
With many cares distrest ;  
But there the mourners weep no more,  
And there the weary rest.
- 4 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,  
At once must hence depart ;  
But there we hope to meet them all,  
And never, never part.
- 5 Then let us love and serve the Lord,  
With all our youthful pow'rs ;  
And we shall gain this great reward,  
This glory shall be ours.

## 311. L. M.

**Y**E lovely bands of blooming youth,  
Warn'd by the voice of heav'nly truth,  
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,  
With all your talents and your time.

- 2 Think on your end, nor thoughtless say,  
"I'll put far off the evil day;"  
Ah! not a moment 's in your power,  
And death stands ready at the door.
- 4 Eternity! how near it rolls!  
Count the vast value of your souls!  
Beware! and count the awful cost,  
What they have gained whose souls are lost
- 3 Pride, sinful pleasures, lusts and snares,  
Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears—  
Take the alarm—the danger fly!  
"Lord! save me," be your earnest cry.

## 312. L. M.

**T**HE flow'ry spring, at God's command,  
Perfumes the air, and paints the land:  
The summer rays with vigor shine,  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

- 2 His hand in autumn richly pours,  
Through all her coasts, redundant stores;  
And winters, softened by his care,  
No more the face of horror wear.
- 3 The changing seasons, months and days  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
And be the cheerful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.

- 4 And oh, may each harmonious tongue  
In worlds unknown the praise prolong,  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

## 313. C. M.

**W**HEN verdure clothes the fertile vale  
And blossoms deck the spray,  
And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,  
How sweet the vernal day!

- 2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!  
'T is nature's cheerful voice;  
Soft music hails the lovely spring,  
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 O God of nature and of grace,  
Thy heav'nly gifts impart;  
Then shall my meditation trace  
Spring blooming in my heart.
- 4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join,  
Glad nature's cheerful song:  
And love, and gratitude divine  
Attune my joyful tongue.

## 314. S. M.

**S**WEET is the time of spring,  
When nature's charms appear  
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,  
And hail the op'ning year:  
But sweeter far the spring  
Of wisdom and of grace,  
When children bless and praise their King,  
Who loves the youthful race.

- 2 Sweet is the dawn of day,  
When light just streaks the sky;  
When shades and darkness pass away,  
And morning's beams are nigh:  
But sweeter far the dawn  
Of piety in youth;  
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn  
Before the light of truth.
- 3 Sweet is the early dew,  
Which gilds the mountain tops,  
And decks each plant and flower we view,  
With pearly glitt'ring drops;  
But sweeter far the scene  
On Zion's holy hill,  
When there the dew of youth is seen  
Its freshness to distill.

## 315. 8s.

THE winter is over and gone,  
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,  
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,  
The lark mounts and warbles away.

- 2 Shall every creature around  
Their voices in concert unite,  
And I, the most favored, be found,  
In praising to take less delight?
- 3 Awake, then, my harp and my lute!  
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell!  
No longer my lips shall be mute,  
The Saviour's high praises to tell!

- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,  
My graces shall bloom as the spring;  
This temple, his Spirit's abode,  
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

## 316. 7s.

PLEASING spring again is here!  
Trees and fields in bloom appear!  
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,  
Warble their Creator's praise!

- 2 Lord, afford a spring to me!  
Let me feel like what I see:  
Ah! my winter has been long,  
Chilled my hopes, suppressed my song.
- 3 How the soul in winter mourns,  
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns!  
Till the Spirit's gentle rain  
Bids the heart revive again!
- 4 O, beloved Saviour, haste,  
Tell me all the storms are past:  
Speak, and by thy gracious voice  
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

## 317. C. M.

TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,  
My soul, wake all thy powers;  
He calls, and at his voice come forth  
The smiling harvest hours.

- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;  
My tongue, his goodness sing;  
Summer and winter know their time;  
His harvest crowns the spring.



- 3 Well pleased the toiling swains behold  
The waving yellow crop;  
With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow  
The seeds of righteousness;  
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams,  
The ripening harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I  
Shall reap a glorious crop;  
The harvest shall by far exceed  
What I have sowed in hope.

## 318. C. M.

- S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,  
Encircling nature round;  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crowned!
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart;  
And drooping lifeless, nature seems  
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,  
In night's dark mantle clad,  
Confined in cold, inactive chains,  
How desolate and sad!
- 4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring  
Thy soul-reviving ray;  
This mental winter shall be spring,  
This darkness cheerful day.

- 5 O happy state, divine abode,  
Where spring eternal reigns;  
And perfect day, the smile of God,  
Fills all the heav'nly plains!
- 6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,  
My drooping joys restore,  
And guide me to the seats of day,  
Where winter frowns no more

## 319. L. M.

- O**N God the race of man depends,  
Far as the earth's remotest ends;  
At his command the morning ray  
Smiles in the east, and leads the day.
- 2 Seasons and times obey his voice;  
The morn and ev'ning both rejoice  
To see the earth made soft with showers,  
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.
- 3 The desert grows a fruitful field;  
Abundant food the valleys yield:  
The plains shall shout with cheerful voice,  
And neighboring hills repeat their joys.
- 4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;  
O'er every field thy glories shine:  
Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear:  
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

## 320. P. M.

- Y**E falling leaves of autumn,  
Ye have cheered our summer hours;  
But ye 're fading, fast ye 're fading,  
Like the early summer flowers.

- 2 Like the friends we love the dearest,  
Ye falling autumn leaves,  
Ye are changing, fast ye 're changing,  
And your change my spirit grieves.
- 3 We have sported 'mid your freshness,  
We have slumbered in your shade;  
But ye 're dying, fast ye 're dying,  
And your shroud will soon be made.
- 4 The spring time saw you budding,  
And the summer saw you bloom;  
But ye 're falling, fast ye 're falling,  
And we 're weeping at your tomb.
- 5 The breeze is sighing sadly,  
And the summer birds have fled;  
For the autumn leaves are faded,  
And numbered with the dead.
- 6 'T is ever thus with mortal;  
His longest life is brief;  
He is fading, changing, dying,  
Like the fallen autumn leaf.

## 321. P. M.

HOW pleasing is the voice  
Of God our heav'nly King,  
Who bids the frosts retire,  
And wakes the lovely spring!  
Bright suns arise,  
The mild wind blows,  
And beauty glows,  
Thro' earth and skies.

- 2 The morn, with glory crowned,  
His hand arrays in smiles:  
He bids the eve decline,  
Rejoicing o'er the hills:  
The ev'ning breeze  
His breath perfumes;  
His beauty blooms  
In flow'rs and trees.
- 3 With life he clothes the spring,  
The earth with summer warms:  
He spreads th' autumnal feast,  
And rides on wintry storms:  
His gifts divine  
Thro' all appear;  
And round the year  
His glories shine.

## TEMPERANCE SONGS.

## 322.

WE who the slaves had been  
Of rum the tyrant king,  
The temperance pledge have ta'en;  
In rapturous strains we sing  
And triumph in the overthrow  
Of alcohol, our tyrant foe.

- 2 In powerful array  
The mighty monarch came,  
To scatter, tear, and slay,  
And legion was his name;  
But we a champion bold had found,  
That brought the monster to the ground!

- 3 This champion bold of ours,  
 In humble guise he came,  
 But mighty were his powers,  
 Pure water is his name,  
 More powerful than the giant foe,  
 He slew the monster at a blow.
- 4 For us the tyrant's slain,  
 And powerless now he lies,  
 Never to rise again;  
 Our water king defies  
 The power of rum's once mighty state,  
 The fire king to resuscitate.

## 323. 7s and 6s.

- FROM nature's crystal fountain,  
 'The pure and purling rill,  
 Or cascade of the mountain,  
 We'll drink a cooling fill.
- 2 But fly, O! fly the demon  
 That lurks in yonder bowl,  
 Worse than the vale of Hinnon,  
 It kills the very soul.
- 3 'T will waste your time and treasures,  
 Destroy your earthly peace,  
 'T will lessen all your pleasures,  
 And all your woes increase.
- 4 Your house in wild disorder  
 Will ever be arrayed,  
 Confusion on your border  
 Be dreadfully portrayed.
- 5 Your children clad in tatters,  
 Will daily cry for bread,

- Affliction's stormy waters  
 Will wash about your head.
- 6 Your wife in grief shall languish,  
 And weep away her bloom,  
 Until worn down with anguish,  
 She sinks into the tomb.
- 7 Those wretched drunken legions,  
 Will blast your latest breath,  
 And sink you to the regions  
 Of an eternal death.

## 324. P. M.

- THE drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,  
 Is not the drink for me;  
 It kills the body and the soul,  
 How sad a sight is he.  
 But there's a drink which God hath given,  
 Distilling in the showers of heaven,  
 In mercies large and free;  
 O, that's the drink for me.  
 O, that's, &c.
- 2 The stream that many prize so high,  
 Is not the stream for me,  
 For he who drinks it still is dry,  
 Forever dry he'll be.  
 But there's a stream so cool and clear,  
 The thirsty traveler lingers near,  
 Refreshed and glad is he;  
 O, that's the stream for me.  
 O, that's, &c.
- 3 The wine cup that so many prize,  
 Is not the cup for me,

The aching head, the bloated face  
 In its sad train I see:  
 But there 's a cup of water pure,  
 And he who drinks it may be sure  
 Of health and length of days;  
 O, that 's the cup for me.  
     O, that 's, &c.

## 325. C. M.

- O** TAKE the maddening bowl away,  
 Remove the poisonous cup;  
 My soul is sick; its burning ray  
 Hath drunk my spirit up.
- 2 Say not, "Behold its ruddy hue;  
 O press it to thy lips!"  
 For 't is more deadly than the dew  
 That from the Upas drips.
- 3 Say not, "It hath a spell to soothe  
 The soul in misery deep!"  
 Go, ask thy conscience if the bowl  
 Can give eternal sleep!
- 4 Go—I will have no more of thee,  
 Thou bane of Adam's race;  
 But to a heavenly fountain flee,  
 And drink the dews of grace.

## THANKSGIVING AND FASTS.

## 326. L. M.

- G**OD of the passing year, to thee  
 Our hymn of gratitude we raise,  
 With swelling heart and bending knee,  
 We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 We bless thy name, almighty God,  
 For all the kindness thou hast shown  
 To this fair land our fathers trod,  
 This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,  
 And casts her soft and hallowed ray;  
 For thou our country's arms didst guide,  
 And lead them on their conquering way.
- 4 We praise thee, that the gospel light,  
 Through all our land its radiance sheds;  
 Scatters the shades of error's night,  
 And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 When foes without, and foes within,  
 With threatening ills our land have pressed  
 Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,  
 And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.

## 327. L. M.

**A**LMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,  
 To thee let songs of gladness rise;  
 Each grateful heart its tribute bring,  
 And every voice thy goodness sing.

- 2 From thee our countless blessings flow,  
Life, health, and strength thy hands bestow;  
The daily good thy creatures share,  
Springs from thy providential care.
- 3 The rich profusion nature yields,  
The harvest waving o'er the fields,  
The cheering light, refreshing shower,  
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.
- 4 At thy command the vernal bloom  
Revives the world from winter's gloom;  
The summer's heat the fruit matures,  
And autumn all her treasure pours.
- 5 From thee proceed domestic ties,  
Connubial bliss, parental joys;  
On thy support the nations stand,  
Obedient to thy high command.
- 6 Let every power of heart and tongue,  
Unite to swell the grateful song;  
While age and youth in chorus join,  
And praise the majesty divine.

## 328. 7s.

**S**WELL the anthem, raise the song,  
Praises to our God belong,  
Saints and angels join to sing,  
Praises to the heavenly King.

- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand,  
Flow around this happy land:  
Guarded by his watchful eye,  
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,  
May we cheerfully obey,  
Never feel oppression's rod,  
Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark! the voice of nature sings  
Praises to the King of kings;  
Let us join the choral song,  
And the grateful notes prolong.

## 329. L. M.

- G**REAT God! our heartfelt thanks to thee!  
We feel thy presence everywhere!  
And pray that we may ever be  
Thus subjects of thy guardian care.
- 2 We sowed!—by thee our work was seen,  
And blessed; and instantly went forth  
Thy mandate; and in living green  
Soon smiled the fair and fruitful earth.
- 3 We toiled!—and thou didst note our toil,  
And gav'st the sunshine and the rain,  
Till ripened on the teeming soil  
The fragrant grass, and golden grain.
- 4 And now, we reap:—and oh, our God!  
From this, the earth's unbounded floor,  
We send our song of thanks abroad,  
And pray thee, bless our hoarded store!

## 330. S. M.

**M**OURN, mourn o'er follies past,  
The Spirit grieved away;  
The church of God in slumber cast,  
While night succeeds to day,

- 2 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,  
O'er sins of deepest dye!  
Our heritage now lies a waste,  
Before th' All-seeing eye.
- 3 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,  
And weep o'er present ills:  
Let Zion give herself no rest,  
Till God his grace reveals.
- 4 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,  
Forgiveness now implore;  
O God, accept the solemn fast,  
And bring the joyful hour.

## 331. C. M.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend!  
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.

- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,  
Thy dreadful power display;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And yet we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, why is this nation spared,  
Ungrateful as we are!  
Oh be thy voice of warning heard,  
While mercy cries, forbear!
- 4 What sins, what crimes, increasing rise,  
This nation to defile!  
What land so favored of the skies;  
And yet what land so vile!

- 5 How changed, alas, are truths divine,  
For error, guilt, and shame!  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name!
- 6 Oh! bid us turn, almighty Lord,  
By thy resistless grace:  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.

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BEGINNING AND CLOSE OF THE
YEAR.

332. 7s.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun,
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little—none can know.

- 2 Spared to see another year,
Let thy blessing meet us here:
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive;
Sun of righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes:
Let our prayer thy pity move;
Make this year a time of love.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view;
 Bless thy word to old and young,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with thee above.

333. C. M.

AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.

- 2 Much of thy dubious life is gone,
 Nor will return again;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn;
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy great concern?
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,
 Set on afresh for heaven;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

334. S. M.

MY few revolving years,
 How swift they glide away!
 How short the term of life appears,
 When past—'t is but a day:—

- 2 A dark and cloudy day,
 Made up of grief and sin;
 A host of dangerous foes without,
 And guilt and fear within.

- 3 Lord, through another year,
 If thou permit my stay,
 With watchful care may I pursue
 The true and living way!

335. 5, 11, 12.

COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue;
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear!
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfill;
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

- 2 Our life is a dream;
 Our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay!
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone,
 The Millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near!

3 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say.
 " I have fought my way through ; [do!]"
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 " Well and faithfully done,
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

336. C. M.

GOD of our lives, thy various praise
 Our voices shall resound :
 Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
 And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
 Our Father and our Friend ;
 Whose constant mercies from the skies,
 In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
 In every age, we see ;
 And, constant as thy favors are,
 So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
 To every age, appear ;
 And let the same compassion deign
 To bless the opening year.

DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND
JUDGMENT.

337. C. M.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
 Where, life's vain tumults past,
 Th' appointed house by heaven's decree,
 Receives us all at last!

2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
 Their passions rage no more ;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests
 From all the toils he bore.

3 All, leveled by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb,
 Till God in judgment calls them forth,
 To meet their final doom.

338. C. M.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
 If God be with us there ;
 We may walk through its darkest shade,
 And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
 If my Creator bid ;
 And run, if I were called to go,
 And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
 And view the promised land,

My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

- 4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

339. C. M.

STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

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

310. C. M.

DEATH! 't is a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away,
To seek her last abode.

- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire and pain.
- 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of death,
Ye stubborn sinners, fear;
Why will ye sink to shades of death?
To dwell forever there.
- 4 Oh see the burning gulf in view,
Its horrors who can trace!
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sovereign love,
That promised heaven to me,
That taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

311. L. M.

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

- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless, through Death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

342. L. M.

SWEET is the scene where Christians die,
Where holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing;
O grave! where is thy victory now?
And where, O death! is now thy sting?

343. L. M.

HOW blessed the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears:
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

344. C. M.

IF I must die, oh! let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

- 2 If I must die, oh! let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.
- 3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
 May I but have a view ;
 Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
 I'll boldly venture through,

345. C. M.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal and on high ;
 And here my spirit waiting stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay,
 Shall be dissolved and fall ;
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'T is he, by his almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heaven ;
 And as an earnest of the place,
 Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
 Faith lives upon his word ;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But sweeter far to see :
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

346. C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away,
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity may demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O, may this truth, impressed,
 With awful power—I too must die—
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;
 Behold the gaping tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour ;
 To-morrow, death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,
 May every heart obey ;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing power ;
 This only can prepare the heart,
 For death's surprising hour.

347. C. M.

ALAS ! how changed that lovely flower,
 Which bloomed and cheered my heart ;
 Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
 How soon we're called to part !

- 2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
 That God, whose ways are love ?
 Or vainly cherish anxious pain
 For her who rests above ?

- 3 No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
“The Lord is righteous still.”
- 4 From adverse blasts, and lowering storms,
Her favored soul he bore;
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives, to die no more.
- 5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more she'll visit me;
My soul will mount to her at last,
And there my child I'll see.
- 6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

348. 7s.

FADES the lovely blooming flower;
Smiling solace of an hour!
Soon our transient comforts fly;
Pleasure only blooms to die.

- 2 Lovely babe, how brief thy stay!
Short and hasty was thy day:
Ending soon thy sojourn here,
Pain or grief no more to bear.
- 3 Hard it is from thee to part!
Though it rend my aching heart,
Since an heir to glory's gone,
Let the will of God be done.

- 4 Pillowed on a Saviour's breast,
Sweetly sleep, and softly rest:
When the joyful summons come,
Rise and soar to heaven, your home.
- 5 There we'll meet, to part no more,
On fair Canaan's peaceful shore;
There we'll fix our blessed abode,
With our Saviour and our God.

349. L. M.

- W**HEN pulse beats low, and cheeks grow
pale,
And storms of life are fiercely driven;
When fairest prospects quickly fail,
How sweet to have a hope in heaven!
- 2 When friends that seemed most near and dear,
Are from our bosoms swiftly riven;
And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
How sweet to have a hope in heaven!
- 3 When lone and wandering from our home,
No kind relief to us is given,
O, what would then of us become,
If we had not a hope in heaven?
- 4 And when the end is drawing nigh,
Of life, through which we long have striven,
And we, at last, must droop and die,
How sweet to have a hope in heaven!

350. C. M.

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

- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers!
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
 Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
 To fit our souls to fly:
 'Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

351. C. M.

THREE we adore, eternal Name!
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we!

- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase;
 And every beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're traveling to the grave.]

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

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

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
 Attends on every breath;
 And yet how unconcerned we go,
 Upon the brink of death!

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

352. C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die,
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high;
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 ('That only bliss for which it pants,)
 In the Redeemer's breast.

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

I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O! what hath Jesus done for me!
Before my raptured eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They are all robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day!

353. L. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends!
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

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

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

354. S. M.

AND am I born to die!
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom?
A curse, or blessing meet?

- 4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell ;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart—to hell.
- 5 O thou, that wouldst not have
One wicked sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery ; —
- 6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe ;
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

355. S. M.

- AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay ?
- 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine ?
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love :
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

- 5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

356. C. M.

- THE winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 2 Shall man depart this earthly scene,
Ah ! never to return ?
No second spring of life revive
The ashes of the urn ?
- 3 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the insect's wing ?
And oh—shall man awake no more,
The Saviour's name to sing ?
- 4 Cease, all ye vain desponding fears ;
When Christ from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praises rang.
- 5 The trump shall sound ; the gates of death
Shall make his children way ;
From the cold tomb the slumbers spring,
And shine in endless day.

357. 7s.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom ;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise !

- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christian, dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

358. 8s, 7s, 4s.

LO! he cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

- 2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the judge appear!
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.
- 3 “Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ :”
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies!

359. 8s, 7s, 4s.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!

- Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see!
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!
- 4 Now the Saviour long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!
- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
The new heaven and earth 't inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!
- 6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne!

Saviour! take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!
 O come quickly!
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

360. 8s, 7s, 6s.

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

- 2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
 Red flames are bursting round;
 Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,
 How shakes the trembling ground!
- 3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
 Behold the Judge appears:
 Unnumbered millions throng around,
 Raised from the dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
 Soon thou wilt hear thy doom;
 Destruction opens wide for thee—
 Thy chosen, final home.
- 5 Yet stay—the vision lingers;
 Why, sinner, wilt thou die?
 Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits,
 This hour to Jesus fly.

361. L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away!
 What power shall be the sinner's stay!
 How shall he meet that dreadful day!

- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead,
- 3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

362. C. M.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
 come

- To take thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call!
 - 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In this the gospel day;
 Thy pardoning voice, O! let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
 - 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,

To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

363. S. M.

- A**ND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape,
His all discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around.
- 3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure,
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

364. S. M.

BEHOLD! with awful pomp,
The Judge prepares to come;
Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump;
And wakes the gen'ral doom.

- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface;
The sun to darkness turns.
- 3 The living look with dread:
The frightened dead arise:
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.
- 4 Horrors all hearts appal,
They quake; they shriek; they cry;
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;
But rocks and mountains fly.
- 5 'Tis time we all awake;
The dreadful day draws near:
Sinners, your proud presumption check,
And stop your wild career.
- 6 Now is th' accepted time,
To Christ for mercy fly;
O turn, return, and trust in him,
And you shall never die.
- 7 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day;
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

364. L. M.

HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

365. C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

366. C. M.

THAT once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

- 2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time;
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 3 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

367. C. M.

WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command;—

- 2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!
- 3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand,
Beneath my sinking head,
And let a beam of life divine
Illume my dying bed.

368. C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings, and from sins released,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

369. L. M.

THE grave is now a favored spot—
To saints who sleep, in Jesus blessed;
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest.

- 2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
At rest as in a peaceful bed:
Secure from all the dreadful storms,
Which round this sinful world are spread.
- 3 Thrice happy souls, who're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.
- 4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

370. 8s.

HOW blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind;
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

- 2 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.
- 3 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep;
These fountains can yield no supplies—
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.
- 4 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of Death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
Oh, shall I not shortly become!
My spirit created anew,
Ere I am consigned to the tomb!

371. 8s.

TIS finished! the conflict is past,
 The heaven-born spirit is fled;
 Her wish is accomplished at last,
 And now she's entombed with the dead,
 The months of affliction are o'er,
 The days and the nights of distress;
 We see her in anguish no more—
 She's gained her happy release.

- 2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
 Shall ever disquiet her now;
 For death to her spirit was gain,
 Since Christ was her life when below.
 Her soul has now taken its flight
 To mansions of glory above,
 To mingle with angels of light,
 And dwell in the kingdom of love.
- 3 The victory now is obtained;
 She's gone her dear Saviour to see,
 Her wishes she fully has gained—
 She's now where she longed to be.
 Then let us forbear to complain,
 That she has now gone from our sight;
 We soon shall behold her again,
 With new and redoubled delight.

HELL.

372. C. M.

FAR from the utmost verge of day,
 Those gloomy regions lie,
 Where flames amid the darkness play,
 The worm shall never die.

- 2 The breath of God, his angry breath
 Supplies and fans the fire;
 Then sinners taste the second death,
 And would, but can't expire.
- 3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
 With torture gnaws the heart;
 And woe and wrath, in every form,
 Is now the sinner's part.
- 4 Sad world indeed; ah! who can bear
 Forever there to dwell,
 Forever sinking in despair,
 In all the pains of hell?

373. 8s and 7s.

SINNER, hell is deep and yawning—
 Quenchless fires are raging there;
 Not a beam of hope is dawning
 On those regions of despair.

- 2 Like some vast volcanic crater,
 Burning waves of lava swell,
 Rage, and toss, and mourn, and labor—
 Such, O sinner, such is hell.

- 3 Conscience is the worm undying—
Guilt the everlasting pain—
Love rejected, slighted, plying
Fuel to the deathless flame.
- 4 Chains of darkness, shrieks, and groanings,
Blasphemies and madness dwell
'Mid these everlasting burnings—
This, O sinner, this is hell!

~~~~~

HEAVEN.

## 374. C. M.

- H**EAVEN is the land where troubles cease,  
Where toils and tears are o'er;  
The sunny clime of rest and peace,  
Where cares distract no more.
- 2 Heaven is the home where spirits dwell,  
Who wandered here awhile,  
And, "seeing things invisible,"  
Departed with a smile.
- 3 Heaven is the place where Jesus lives  
To plead his dying blood,  
While to his prayers the Father gives  
An unknown multitude.
- 4 Heaven is the temple whither prayer,  
From saints on earth, ascends;  
The dwelling of the Spirit, whence  
His influence descends.

- 5 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,  
The home of light and love,  
Where faith and hope in rapture die;  
There 's perfect bliss above.

## 375. L. M.

- T**HERE is a world we have not seen,  
That time shall never dare destroy!  
Where mortal footsteps hath not been,  
Nor ear has caught its sounds of joy.
- 2 There is a region lovelier far  
Than sages tell or poets sing,  
Brighter than summer's beauties are,  
And softer than the tints of spring.
- 3 There is a world, and O, how blest!  
Fairer than prophets ever told;  
And never did an angel guest  
One half its blessedness unfold!
- 4 It is all holy and serene  
The land of glory and repose;  
And there, to dim the radiant scene,  
The tear of sorrow never flows.
- 5 It is not fanned by summer's gale,  
'T is not refreshed by vernal showers;  
It never needs the moon-beam pale,  
For there are known no evening hours.
- 6 No! for this world is ever bright,  
With a pure radiance all its own;  
The streams of uncreated light  
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

## 376. C. M.

**F**AR from these narrow scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of joy and pure delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land!—could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know—  
Realms ever bright and fair!  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.

4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love!  
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,  
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
For thy bright courts on high;  
Then bid our spirits rise and join  
The chorus of the sky.

## 377. C. P. M.

**T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given:  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A calm for every wounded breast,  
'T is found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven;

When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her tearful eye  
To brighter prospects given;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given:  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb,  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

## 378. L. M.

**O** HAPPY saints that dwell in light,  
And walk with Jesus clothed in white,  
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,  
Where pilgrims meet to part no more!

2 Released from sorrow, sin, and strife,  
Death was the gate to endless life;  
And now they range the heavenly plains,  
And sing his love in melting strains.

3 They gaze upon his beauteous face,  
And tell the wonders of his grace;  
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,  
Sink down adoring at his feet.

4 Ah! Lord, with faltering steps I creep,  
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;  
When shall I wake in heaven, to prove  
The heights and depths of Jesus' love?

## 379. C. M.

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing :  
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.

- 2 A hand divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road ;  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 3 The garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head ;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,  
Pursue his footsteps still ;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye,  
While laboring up the hill.

## 380. C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign :  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea ;  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,  
'Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes :
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## DOXOLOGIES.

## C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit be adored,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

## L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below :  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.



## L. M.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honor, praise and glory given,  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

## L. M. D.

**G**LORY to God the Trinity,  
 Whose name has mysteries unknown ;  
 In essence One, in persons Three ;  
 A social nature, yet alone.

- 2 When all our noblest powers are joined,  
 The honors of thy name to raise,  
 Thy glories overmatch our mind,  
 And angels faint beneath the praise.

## H. M.

**T**O God the Father's throne,  
 Perpetual honors raise :  
 Glory to God the Son ;  
 To God the Spirit praise :  
 With all our powers, eternal King,  
 Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

## 8s, 7s, and 4s.

**G**LORY be to God the Father,  
 Glory to the eternal Son ;  
 Sound aloud the Spirit's praises ;  
 Join the elders round the throne ;  
 Hallelujah,  
 Hail the glorious Three in One.

## L. P. M.

**N**OW to the great and sacred Three,  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
 Eternal power and glory given,  
 Through all the worlds where God is known,  
 By all the angels near the throne,  
 And all the saints in earth and heaven.

## 5s and 6s.

**B**Y angels in heaven  
 Of every degree,  
 And saints upon earth,  
 All praise be addressed  
 To God in three Persons,  
 One God ever blessed :  
 As it has been, now is,  
 And always shall be.

## 7s.

**S**ING we to our God above,  
 Praise eternal as his love ;  
 Praise Him all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 7s and 6s.

**T**O the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit ever blessed,  
 Everlasting Three in One,  
 All worship be addressed.  
 Praise from all above, below,  
 As throughout the ages past,  
 Now is given, and shall be so,  
 While endless ages last.

8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,  
And Spirit, thrice holy and blessed,  
The eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

8s and 7s.

PRaise the Father, earth, and heaven:  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days.

## INDEX TO HYMNS AND SONGS.

|                                             | Page. |
|---------------------------------------------|-------|
| MORNING Songs . . . . .                     | 5     |
| Evening Songs . . . . .                     | 14    |
| Morning and Evening Songs . . . . .         | 24    |
| Spiritual Songs . . . . .                   | 27    |
| Prayer and Social Worship . . . . .         | 150   |
| Missionary Hymns . . . . .                  | 195   |
| General use . . . . .                       | 204   |
| Sacramental . . . . .                       | 217   |
| The Sabbath . . . . .                       | 223   |
| Sabbath Schools . . . . .                   | 230   |
| Early Piety . . . . .                       | 240   |
| Temperance Songs . . . . .                  | 251   |
| Thanksgiving and Fasts . . . . .            | 255   |
| Beginning and close of the Year . . . . .   | 259   |
| Death, Resurrection, and Judgment . . . . . | 263   |
| Hell . . . . .                              | 289   |
| Heaven . . . . .                            | 290   |
| Doxologies . . . . .                        | 295   |

## INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

| A                            |     |                                  |
|------------------------------|-----|----------------------------------|
| A WAKE my soul . . . . .     | 8   | Alas! and did . . . . . 222      |
| Awake my heart . . . . .     | 223 | Alas! how changed . . . . . 269  |
| Almighty Father . . . . .    | 234 | A little word . . . . . 142      |
| Almighty Sovereign . . . . . | 255 | Accept our thanks . . . . . 105  |
| All is well . . . . .        | 72  | Arise, my soul . . . . . 120     |
| All hail the power . . . . . | 206 | An alien from God . . . . . 76   |
|                              |     | Another day is past . . . . . 24 |

- Another six day's... 224  
 Amazing grace ..... 175  
 Am I a soldier ..... 179  
 And must this body... 276  
 And am I born ..... 275  
 And now my soul... 260  
 And must I be ..... 284  
 And will the judge... 282  
 And let this feeble... 273  
 Away from his home... 33  
 A voice from the... 46  
 A home in heaven... 37  
 A few more days... 71  
 Attend young friends... 41  
 Approach my soul... 152  
 As on the cross... 119  
 Assembled in our... 232  
 A young rose ..... 136
- B**
- Behold the throne... 157  
 Behold the pilgrim... 101  
 Behold the leaves... 125  
 Behold! with awful... 282  
 Burst! ye emerald... 27  
 Blow ye the trumpet... 80  
 Blest be the tie... 185  
 Blest morning whose... 226  
 Brethren beloved... 159
- C**
- Come and taste ..... 53  
 Come my brethren... 80  
 Come my brethren... 103  
 Come my soul... 158  
 Come all who love... 153  
 Come Holy Spirit... 171  
 Come Christian... 194  
 Come thou fount... 93  
 Come gracious Lord... 155  
 Come dearest Lord... 224  
 Come praying souls... 154  
 Come let us join our... 181  
 Come let us join with... 227  
 Come let us now... 243
- Come let us anew... 261  
 Come to the house... 188  
 Come trembling... 188  
 Come we that love... 176  
 Come ye disconsolate... 107  
 Come ye sinners... 117  
 Cheer up, for grief... 134  
 Christians see the... 200  
 Christ and his cross... 211  
 Child of sorrow... 141  
 Children to your... 241  
 Creator of the... 126  
 Companions hail... 238
- D**
- Dread sovereign, let... 15  
 Drooping souls... 73  
 Did Christ o'er... 223  
 Dismiss us with thy... 187  
 Do I not love thee... 169  
 Dark brood the... 280  
 Death cannot make... 263  
 Death 'tis a... 265  
 Dear Lord attend... 156  
 Dear refuge of... 172
- E**
- Early, my God... 191
- F**
- Fades the lovely... 270  
 Father, by saints... 21  
 Father divine, thy... 166  
 Father, whate'er of... 174  
 Father, of all thy... 26  
 Farewell my dear... 105  
 Farewell to afflictions... 146  
 Far, far away in India... 237  
 Far, far from home... 137  
 Far from affliction... 217  
 Far from the utmost... 269  
 Far from these... 292  
 Firmly brethren... 32  
 Frequent the day... 222  
 From all that dwell... 209

- From every stormy... 107  
 From earliest dawn... 241  
 From whence doth... 122  
 From Greenland's icy... 195  
 From nature's crystal... 252
- G**
- Glory to thee, my God... 18  
 Go thou in life's... 67  
 Guide me, O thou... 75  
 God of my life... 5  
 God of the passing... 255  
 God of the morning... 6  
 God moves in... 210  
 God of our lives... 262  
 Great God, my early... 10  
 Great God, to thee... 14  
 Great God, our... 257
- H**
- Hosanna, with a... 25  
 Hallowed Gethsemane... 67  
 Hither, ye faithful... 78  
 Hail, sweetest... 59  
 Hail, the blest morn... 99  
 Hail, ye sighing... 109  
 Happy spirit, released... 36  
 How blest the... 266  
 How beauteous are... 214  
 How pleasing is... 250  
 How blest is our... 227  
 How precious is... 163  
 How painfully... 35  
 How sad are the... 62  
 How sweet the... 158  
 How sweet to leave... 165  
 How charming is... 178  
 How sweet and... 184  
 How sweet the name... 205  
 How still and... 263  
 How sweet to reflect... 36  
 How tedious and... 78  
 How firm a... 113  
 How happy are they... 114  
 Heaven is the land... 290
- Hear the loud... 50  
 Hear the royal... 68  
 Hear what the voice... 286  
 Hark from the tombs... 272  
 Have you heard... 54  
 Holy bible, book... 235  
 He comes! he comes... 283  
 He dies! the friend... 220
- I**
- Indulgent God... 18  
 Indulgent Father... 19  
 In mercy Lord... 21  
 In seasons of grief... 58  
 In thy great name... 165  
 Inquire ye pilgrims... 157  
 I came to the spot... 49  
 I'm weary of staying... 118  
 I'm a pilgrim... 51  
 I am fading away... 29  
 I am happy, I'm happy... 67  
 I'm not ashamed... 183  
 I have sought round... 46  
 If 't is so sweet... 188  
 If I must die... 267  
 I love to steal awhile... 166  
 I love thy kingdom... 186  
 I long to see... 121  
 I said to my wavering... 148  
 I would not weep... 134  
 I would not live... 43
- J**
- Joyfully, joyfully... 51  
 Jerusalem, my happy... 101  
 Jesus, lover of my soul... 65  
 Jesus, I throw my... 167  
 Jesus, I my cross... 64  
 Jesus, I love thy... 208  
 Jesus, thou art the... 82  
 Jesus, my all... 84  
 Jesus, my Saviour... 173  
 Jesus, who knows... 161  
 Jesus, where'er thy... 154  
 Jesus, and shall it... 190  
 Jesus, with truth and... 214

|                           |     |                            |     |
|---------------------------|-----|----------------------------|-----|
|                           | L   | Now from labor.....        | 20  |
| Launch thy bark....       | 144 | Now from the altar...      | 23  |
| Lift up your hearts..     | 95  | Now in the heat....        | 240 |
| Low down in this....      | 50  |                            |     |
| Look up when sorrow       | 125 | O                          |     |
| Lord, in the morning      | 14  | Once more my soul . . .    | 6   |
| Lord, in thy courts . .   | 155 | Once more before . . .     | 187 |
| Lord, I confess.....      | 233 | Once more before....       | 193 |
| Lord, thou wilt hear      | 22  | Once more we come . .      | 193 |
| Lord, as the evening      | 23  | O'er the gloomy.....       | 202 |
| Lord, when we bend        | 160 | On God, the race . . .     | 249 |
| Lord, while the little    | 199 | On wings of faith....      | 129 |
| Lo! he cometh . . . . .   | 278 | On Jordan's stormy... .    | 129 |
| Lo! he comes with..       | 278 | On thee, each morning      | 9   |
| Let party names . . . .   | 184 | Our bondage, it shall      | 83  |
| Let Zion's watchmen       | 215 | Oh! what amazing . .       | 213 |
| Let little children....   | 231 | Oh! where shall rest..     | 207 |
|                           | M   | O Lord, our languid . .    | 163 |
|                           |     | O Lord, how many . . .     | 12  |
| My God was with me        | 13  | O Lord of rest.....        | 77  |
| My God, my portion . .    | 192 | O Lord, divine . . . . .   | 91  |
| My God, my life.....      | 209 | O, if poor sinners....     | 48  |
| My God, how endless       | 24  | O, for a closer . . . . .  | 168 |
| My God, the spring... .   | 177 | O, for a glance . . . . .  | 211 |
| My God, accept.....       | 25  | O, could I find.....       | 170 |
| My times of sorrow . .    | 173 | O, for a heart . . . . .   | 174 |
| My gracious Red'm'r       | 123 | O, for a thousand....      | 204 |
| My dearest friends . . .  | 104 | O, happy saints . . . .    | 283 |
| My brethren, I have       | 91  | O, sing to me.....         | 57  |
| My rest is in heaven      | 92  | O, Jesus now . . . . .     | 87  |
| My buried friends....     | 131 | Of him who did.....        | 212 |
| Mid scenes of . . . . .   | 63  | O, thou whose tender       | 89  |
| My father through....     | 235 | O, tell me no more... .    | 124 |
| My father raised . . . .  | 236 | O take the maddening       | 254 |
| My son, know thou . .     | 242 | O, when shall I see . .    | 180 |
| My few revolving . . . .  | 261 | O, why should we....       | 143 |
| Men of God, go take . .   | 197 | O, pilot, 'tis a . . . . . | 143 |
| Morning breaks.....       | 277 | O, Land of rest . . . . .  | 77  |
| Mourn, mourn o'er . . .   | 257 | P                          |     |
| My faith looks up to thee | 127 | Pilgrim burdened....       | 99  |
|                           | N   | Pleasing spring . . . . .  | 247 |
| Now the shades of . . .   | 12  | Prayer was appointed       | 150 |
| Now one day more . . .    | 17  | Prayer is the souls . .    | 151 |
| Now let our drooping      | 216 | Prayer is the work . .     | 161 |

|                            |     |                             |     |
|----------------------------|-----|-----------------------------|-----|
|                            | R   | This morning lex . . . .    | 9   |
| Rock of Ages . . . . .     | 66  | This book is all . . . .    | 145 |
| Rise, my soul . . . . .    | 96  | Thy heavenly father . .     | 139 |
| Rejoice, O earth.....      | 110 | Thee we adore, . . . . .    | 272 |
| Return, O God of love      | 167 | Thou art gone to the . .    | 44  |
| Religion is the chief . .  | 182 | Thou that dost my life      | 11  |
|                            | S   | The winter past.....        | 277 |
| See how the morning        | 8   | The grave is now....        | 286 |
| See the Lord of glory      | 52  | The chariot.....            | 31  |
| See the eternal.....       | 86  | The day of wrath.....       | 280 |
| See, gracious God . . .    | 258 | The day is past.....        | 16  |
| Softly now the light . .   | 20  | The soul untaught... .      | 232 |
| Safely thro' another . .   | 228 | The flowers spring . . .    | 244 |
| Shed not a tear . . . . .  | 61  | The night shall hear . .    | 22  |
| Show pity, Lord.....       | 189 | The pearl that . . . . .    | 112 |
| Sweet is the time . . . .  | 245 | The Prince of . . . . .     | 149 |
| Sweet is the scene . . .   | 266 | The Prince of . . . . .     | 203 |
| Sweet rivers of . . . . .  | 43  | The praises of my . . . .   | 234 |
| Sweet the moments . . .    | 108 | Thus far the Lord . . .     | 16  |
| Spirit, thy labor is o'er  | 132 | The winter is over . . .    | 246 |
| Sister, thou art gone . .  | 182 | The drink that's in . . .   | 253 |
| Soldiers of the cross . .  | 56  | There is a house . . . .    | 268 |
| Sinners, will you . . . .  | 69  | There is a world . . . .    | 291 |
| Sinners are bending . .    | 147 | There is an hour . . . .    | 292 |
| Sinner, hell is deep . . . | 289 | There is a place . . . .    | 26  |
| Sing ye redeemed....       | 294 | There is a land of pure     | 294 |
| Stop, poor sinner . . . .  | 70  | There is a fountain . . .   | 55  |
| Stern winter throws . . .  | 248 | There is a land . . . . .   | 94  |
| Stoop down my . . . . .    | 264 | There is an hour of . . .   | 102 |
| Saviour, visit thy . . . . | 115 | There is an hour, a . . .   | 292 |
| Saviour, I do feel thy     | 116 | There is a tear . . . . .   | 141 |
| Swell the anthem . . . .   | 256 | 'T is a point I long . . .  | 81  |
| She wept beneath . . . .   | 137 | 'T was on that dark . . .   | 217 |
|                            | T   | 'T is finished, the . . . . | 288 |
| To thee let my first..     | 7   | 'T is finished! so the . .  | 221 |
| To leave my dear . . . .   | 47  | 'T is religion that can     | 183 |
| To Jesus, the crown . . .  | 143 |                             |     |
| Today the Saviour . . . .  | 225 | U                           |     |
| To praise the ever . . . . | 247 | Upon a hill, a tree . . .   | 135 |
| That doleful night . . .   | 218 |                             |     |
| That one loved form . .    | 285 | V                           |     |
| Think of me . . . . .      | 60  | Vital spark of . . . . .    | 100 |
| Thine earthly . . . . .    | 225 |                             |     |
|                            | W   | Watchman tell us . . . .    | 198 |

|                          |                           |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| We left our hearts... 10 | Whilst thee I seek .. 176 |
| We, who the slaves. 251  | While in the tender 242   |
| We are traveling... 38   | While with ceaseless 259  |
| Where two or three. 152  | What's this that.... 41   |
| Where is my God... 164   | Whither goest thou.. 97   |
| Where do children... 230 | What glory gilds.... 162  |
| When I can read.... 175  | What various..... 150     |
| When I was young . 85    | Why sleep ye..... 90      |
| When I with pleasing 26  | Why should we start 285   |
| When I survey the.. 219  | Why do we mourn.. 274     |
| When marshaled on 45     | Who will go to rear. 199  |
| When shall we all.. 59   |                           |
| When for eternal.... 128 |                           |
| When, O dear Jesus 229   |                           |
| When daily I kneel . 233 |                           |
| When verdure..... 245    |                           |
| When blooming..... 268   |                           |
| When pulse beats... 271  |                           |
| When thou, my .... 281   |                           |
| When bending over. 285   |                           |
| Woe! woe to the.... 34   |                           |
| Welcome, sweet day 227   |                           |
| Welcome with joy .. 106  |                           |
| We're a happy band 230   |                           |

## Y

|                           |
|---------------------------|
| Young people all.... 39   |
| Ye lovely bands..... 244  |
| Yonder, amazing.... 221   |
| Yonder comes..... 140     |
| Ye angels who..... 88     |
| Ye glittering toys... 206 |
| Ye falling leaves... 249  |
| Yes, there is one.... 133 |
| Yes, my native..... 198   |
| Your slender boy.... 138  |

## DOXOLOGIES.

|                                               |     |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----|
| ALL praise to the Father, the Son . . . . .   | 298 |
| By angels in heaven . . . . .                 | 297 |
| Glory to God, the Trinity . . . . .           | 296 |
| Glory be to God the Father . . . . .          | 296 |
| Let God, the Father, and the Son . . . . .    | 295 |
| Now, to the great and sacred Three . . . . .  | 297 |
| Praise God from whom all, &c., . . . . .      | 295 |
| Praise the Father, earth and heaven . . . . . | 297 |
| Sing we to our God above . . . . .            | 297 |
| To the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . . . . .  | 295 |
| To God the Father, God the Son . . . . .      | 296 |
| To God the Father's throne . . . . .          | 296 |
| To the Father and the Son . . . . .           | 297 |



