

COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

*For the use of small assemblies and
private christians.*

BY NATHANIEL S. PRIME.

I WILL SING WITH THE SPIRIT, AND I WILL
SING WITH THE UNDERSTANDING ALSO.

SAG-HARBOR :

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HYMNS, &c.

HYMN 1.

- 1 **T**O Day if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice :
Say will you to Mount Zion go,
Say will you have this Christ or no ?
- 2 Say will you be for ever blest,
And with this glor'ous Jesus rest ;
Will you be sav'd from grief and pain,
Will you with Christ forever reign ?
- 3 Make now your choice and halt no more,
For now he's waiting for the poor ;
Say now poor souls, what will you do,
Say will you have this Christ or no ?
- 4 Once more I ask you in his name,
I know his love remains the same ;
Say will you to Mount Zion go,
Say will you have this Christ or no ?
- 5 Ye sons of mirth to ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come go with us and you shall prove,
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

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- 6 Your sports and all your glittering toys,
Compar'd with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear,
Come go with us, your souls are dear.
 - 7 Or must we leave you bound to hell,
Resolv'd in misery to dwell ;
Still we shall weep, lament and cry,
That God may change you ere you die.
 - 8 Daughters of mirth we look to you,
Are you resolv'd to perish too ?
To rush in carnal pleasure on,
And sink in flaming rivers down.
 - 9 Then blooming friends a long farewell,
We're bound to heaven but you to hell ;
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you ere the burning day.
 - 10 Come you that love the blessed Lord,
And feel redemption in his blood,
Let's watch and pray and travel on,
Till Jesus comes to call us home.
 11. A few more days and we shall go
From all our cares and foes below,
In shouts of triumph we shall fly,
And dwell with Christ eternally.

HYMN 2.

- 1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thral I found,
And knew not where to go ;

O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wee.

2 Amaz'd I stood but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of Hell,
For Death and Hell drew near :
I strove indeed, but strove in vain
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in mine ear.

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

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

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

- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth past that way,
 And felt his pity move ;
 The sinner by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To Heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,
 And loftier notes did raise ;
 All hail the Lamb, who once was slain,
 Unnumber'd millions born again,
 Will shout thine endless praise.

HYMN 3.

- 1 CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
 He receiveth sinners still ;
 Who will serve this blessed King,
 Come, enlist, and with me sing ;
 I his soldier sure will be,
 Happy in eternity.
- 2 I by faith enlisted am,
 In the service of the Lamb ;
 Present pay I now receive,
 Future happiness he'll give.
 I his soldier, &c.
- 3 Zion's King my captain is,
 Conquest I shall never miss ;
 Let the fiends of hell engage,
 Fret and foam, and roar and rage.
 I his soldier, &c.

- 4 Let the world its forces join,
With the fiends of hell combine ;
Greater is my King than they,
Through him I shall win the day.
I his soldier, &c.
- 5 Wicked men I scorn to fear,
Though they persecute me here ;
True, they may my body kill,
But my King's on Zion's hill.
I his soldier, &c.
- 6 What a Captain have I got !
Is not mine a happy lot ?
Hear ye worldlings, hear my song,
This the language of my tongue.
I his soldier, &c.
- 7 When this life's short space is o'er,
I shall live to die no more ;
Therefore I will take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.
I his soldier, &c.
- 8 Come ye worldlings, come, enlist,
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ ;
Whosoever will may come,
My dear Lord refuseth none.
I his soldier, &c.
- 9 Jesus is my Captain's name,
Now as yesterday, the same ;

In his name I notice give,
All who come he will receive,
I his soldier, &c.

- 10 Be persuaded, take his pay,
All your sins he'll wash away ;
Now in Jesus' name believe,
Future happiness he'll give.
Yes, in heaven you sure shall be,
Praising God eternally.

HYMN 4.

- 1 ENCOURAGED by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door ;
No hand, no heart, dear Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain ;
But those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more !
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

- 4 Nor dare I to profess,
 As beggars often do,
 Though great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few ;
 If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
 It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend,
 I never begg'd before,
 And if thou now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more ;
 Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
 And often I must come again.
- 6 Though crumbs are much too good
 For such a wretch as I,
 No less than children's food,
 My soul can satisfy ;
 O do not frown and bid me go,
 I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be,
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others who like me
 Their wants and hunger feel ;
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.
- 8 Thy thoughts thou Only Wise,
 'Our thoughts and ways transcend,,
 Far as the arched skies,
 Above the earth extend :
 Such pleas as mine, men would not hear,
 But God accepts a beggar's prayer.

HYMN 5.

- 1 **STOP**, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go—
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe ?
Hell beneath is gaping wide !
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

*Once again I charge you stop,
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into the burning lake.*

- 2 **Ghastly** death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar ;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair :
All your sins will round you croud,
Sins of bloody crimson dye,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply ?
Once again, &c.

- 3 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose !
Fear you not his iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes ?
Can you stand in that great day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,

When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?
Once again, &c.

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

5 But as yet there is a hope,
That you may mercy know,
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow ;
'Twas for sinners Jesus dy'd,
Sinners he invites to come :
None who come shall be deny'd,
He says " There yet is room."
Once again, &c.

HYMN 6.

1 O MAY I worthy prove to be,
With saints in full prosperity,
To see the bright, the glittering bride,
Close seated by her Saviour's side ;
O Jesus, Jesus, he is my friend ;
O glory, Hallelujah !

- 2 O may I find some humble seat,
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet ;
A servant, as before I've been,
And sing salvation to my king ;
O Jesus, Jesus, &c.
- 3 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly ;
Bright Angels shall convey me home,
Away to new Jerusalem.
O Jesus, Jesus, &c.
- 4 "I'll praise him while he lends me breath,"
I hope to praise him after death.
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
O Jesus, Jesus, &c.
- 5 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come ;
Let Angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
O Jesus, Jesus, &c.
- 6 I now shall pass the veil of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
O Jesus, Jesus, &c.
- 7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake ye nations under ground—
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds,
O Jesus, Jesus, &c.

8 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
O Jesus, Jesus, &c.

9 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode ;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.
O Jesus, Jesus, he is my friend ,
O glory, Hallelujah !

HYMN 7.

1 THE voice of Free Grace, cries escape to
the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a
fountain,
For sin and transgression, and ev'ry pollution
His blood flows most freely in plenteous re-
demption.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb who purchas'd our
pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over
Jordan.*

2 That fountain so clear in which all may
find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows a plenteous redemp-
tion.

Tho' your sins were increas'd as high as a
mountain,
His blood flows most freely in streams of sal-
vation. *Hallelujah, &c.*

3 .O ! Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell, thou wilt make us
victor'ous ;
Thy name shall be prais'd in the great con-
gregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the
blest shore,
With our harps in our hands we'll praise him
ever more :
We'il range the bless'd fields on the banks of
the river,
And sing hallelujahs for ever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 8.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue :
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to the saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done ;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns,
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 7 My pray'rs are now unmeaning noise,
For Jesus hides his face :
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey :
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

HYMN 9.—The Good Physician,

- 1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole !

There is but one Physician
 Can cure the sin-sick soul !
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me,
 His wond'rous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases,
 Is light compared with sin ;
 On every part it seizes,
 But rages most within ;
 'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
 And madness all combin'd ;
 And none but a believer,
 The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain ;
 But this prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain :
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost ;
 Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
 (How matchless is his grace !)
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had seal'd :
 'Then bade me look unto him ;
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.

- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—*look and live.*

HYMN 10.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way thy fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed be glad !
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;

Jesus Christ, your father's son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

- 6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 11.—Blind Bartimeus.

- 1 “ MERCY, O thou son of David,”
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd ;
Many by thy grace are sav'd
O wilt thou vouchsafe thine aid.
- 2 For his crying many chid him,
But he cry'd the louder still,
Till his gracious Saviour bid him
“ Come, and ask whate'er you will.”
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live ;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but Christ could give.
- 4 Lord remove this grievous blindness,
Turn my darkness into day :
Straight he saw, and drawn by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around ;
“ Friends is not my case amazing,
What a Saviour I have found.

- 6 O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me ;
Surely they would come unto him ;
He would cause them all to see."

HYMN 12.—Longing for Heaven.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above ;
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love.
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He gave to me my orders,
And bade me not give o'er ;
And since he has prov'd faithful,
A glorious crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace, I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die ;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
And, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

- 4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love ,
Then when the combat's ended
He'll carry you above
- 5 O do not be discourag'd
For Jesus is your friend ;
And if you want more knowledge
He'll not refuse to lend.
Nor will he ever chide you,
Though often you request ;
But give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
- 6 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the sleeping millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansion,
Where our Redeemer's gone.
- 7 Our eyes shall then with rapture
The Saviour's face behold ;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold ;
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing ;

Our tongues shall chant the glories
Of our immortal king.

HYMN 13.—The Christian's spiritual Voyage.

1 JESUS at thy command,
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep.

For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise ;
My compass is thy word :
My soul each storm defies
While I have such a Lord !

I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye ;
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And ev'ry boist'rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !

O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no
more.

When e'er becalm'd I lie,
 And storms forbear to toss,
 Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh.
 Lest I should suffer loss :

For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

- 6 Come, Holy Ghost and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace,
 Waft me from all below,
 To heav'n, my destin'd place !
 Then in full sail my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 14.—In me ye shall have peace.

- 1 YE Saints, attend the Saviour's voice,
 Found in his word of grace,
 He says, and in it O rejoice !
" In me ye shall have peace,
- 2 Tho' storms and tempests round you roar,
 And foes and fears increase,
 He says, and what could he say more ?
" In me ye shall have peace."
- 3 What though afflictions still abound.
 Nor do temptations cease ;
 He says, and O how sweet the sound !
" In me ye shall have peace."
- 4 What tho' your hearts with sorrow bleed,
 And sighs and tears increase ;
 He says, and O, 'tis true indeed !
" In me ye shall have peace."

- 5 What though corruptions dwell within,
Nor does the conflict cease ;
He says, in spite of hell and sin,
“ In me ye shall have peace.”
- 6 Tho' you shall pass thro, death's cold flood,
To gain your wish'd release,
He says and sure he'll make it good,
“ In me ye shall have peace.”
- 7 When you his face in glory view,
Where joy can ne'er decrease,
Eternity shall prove it true,
“ In me ye shall have peace.”

HYMN 15.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, “ My strength renew,”
Seem weaker than before.

5 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
When in thy house of pray'r ;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.

HYMN 16.

1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame :

Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What Gabriel could not do :
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

3 He left his starry crown.
And laid his robes aside ;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died ;
What he endur'd, O who can tell ?
To save our souls from death and hell.

4 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead :

And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led ;
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day ;
There shall we see his lovely face ;
And ever be in his embrace.

6 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love ;
Yet, tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve :
Our hearts, our all to thee we give :
The gift, tho' small, thou wilt receive.

HYMN 17.

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

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !

Jesus the dead revives again !
 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
 Up to his Father's court he flies ;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints and tell
 How high our great deliv'rer reigns,
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, Death, in chains !
 Say, " Live forever, wond'rous King,
 " Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting?
 " And where's thy boasted vict'ry grave !"

HYMN 18.

- 1 **STRETCH'D** on the cross the Saviour
 dies,
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide !
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from every bleeding wound ;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
 To die for man, surprising grace !
 Yet pass rebellious angels by—
 O why for man, dear Saviour, why ?

- 4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed ?
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No, he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veil'd the morning day,
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
'Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN 19.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey :
See he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.
- 4 Heav'n displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, through them ride ;

King of Glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own. Hal.

5 Praise him all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong. Hal.

6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell ;
Where is hell's once dreaded king !
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ! Hal.

HYMN 20.

1 AH lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair ;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare.
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled ;
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 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.

- 3 This earth is affected no more
 By sickness, or shaken with pain ;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again :
 No anger henceforward nor shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay ;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinkings and achings are o'er ;
 This quiet immovable breast,
 Is heav'd by affliction no more :
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Setl'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 These fountains can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from waters are free,
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.
- 6 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, might I this moment become ;

*My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.*

HYMN 21.

- 1 **WHEN** Hannah press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r ;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burthen there :
Like her in every trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad ;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad :
In trouble what a resting place,
Have they who know the throne of grace.
- 3 Tho' men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour ;
The saints from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r ;
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.
- 4 Eli her case mistook,
How was her spirit mov'd
By his unkind rebuke ?
But God her cause approv'd.
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at a throne of grace.

- 5 She was not fill'd with wine,
As Eli rashly thought ;
But with a faith divine,
And found the help she sought :
Tho' men despise and call us base,
Still let us ply the throne of grace.
- 6 Men have not pow'r or skill,
With troubled souls to bear :
Tho' they express good-will,
Poor comforters they are :
But swelling sorrows sink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.
- 7 Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promise true ;
Nor has one been deny'd,
Then why should I or you ?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.
- 8 As fogs obscure the light,
And taint the morning air ;
But soon are put to flight,
If the bright sun appear ;
Thus JESUS will our troubles chase,
By shining from the throne of grace.

HYMN 22.

- 1 POOR, weak, and worthless tho' I am,
I have a rich Almighty Friend ;
JESUS, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controll'd ;
He found me, wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says, that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies :
Oh ! what a friend is CHRIST to me.
- 4 But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns ;
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.
- 6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask :
But I am strait'ned, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with
shame ;
Loth to forego, the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.
- 8 Sure were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite !
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

HYMN 23.

- 1 **HOW** tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When **JESUS** no longer I see ;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 flow'rs.
 Have lost all their sweetness with me ;
 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December is pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice :
 I should, were he alw-ys thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
 No changes of season or place,
 Would make any change in my mind :
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear ;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If **JESUS** would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear **LORD**, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song ;

Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long ?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 24.—Prayer answered by crosses.

- 1 I ASK,D the Lord that I might grow
 In faith, and love, and every grace ;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
 And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;
 But it has been in such a way,
 As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
 At once he'd answer my request ;
 And by his love's constraining power,
 Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this he made me feel.
 The hidden evils of my heart,
 And let the angry pow'rs of hell,
 Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
 Intent to aggravate my woe ;
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd
 Blasted my gourds and laid me low.

6 " Lord, why is this," I trembling cry'd,
 " Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?
 " 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd
 " I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 " These inward trials I employ,
 " From self and pride to set thee free ;
 " And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 " That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

HYMN 25.—Not asham'd of Jesus.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of thee ?
 Asham'd of thee whom angels praise ?
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days ?
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let ev'ning blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! Just as soon
 Let midnight be ashame'd of noon :
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright morning star, bids darkness flee :
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more adore his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away ;

No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I lost a Saviour slain ;
And now may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.
- 7 His institutions will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise—
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 26.—The Leper.

- 1 OFT as the leper's case I read,
My own describ'd I feel ;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but CHRIST can heal.
- 2 A while I would have pass'd for well,
And strove my spots to hide ;
Till it broke out incurable,
Too plain to be deny'd.
- 3 Then from the Saints I sought to flee,
And dreaded to be seen ;
• I thought they all would point at me,
And cry " Unclean, unclean ! "
- 4 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd ?
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increas'd.

5 While thus I lay distress'd, I saw
 The Saviour passing by ;
 To him, tho' fill'd with shame and awe,
 I rais'd my mournful cry.

6 LORD, thou canst heal me if thou wilt.
 For thou canst all things do ;
 O cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
 My filthy heart renew !

7 He heard, and with a gracious look,
 Pronounc'd the healing word :
 ' I will—Be clean,' and while he spoke
 I felt my health restor'd.

8 Come lepers, seize the present hour,
 The Saviour's grace to prove ;
 He *can* relieve, for he has pow'r,
 He *will*, for he is love.

HYMN 27.—Description of Christ.

1 O THOU in whose presence my soul
 takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call ;
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all.
 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy
 sheep,
 To feed on the pasture of love ?
 For why in the valley of death shall I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread ?

Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they
see,

And smile at the tears I have shed.

Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
That Star that on Israel shone ?

Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone ?

3 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around ;
The locks on his head, are as grapes on the
vine,

When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow,
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks, in the beauty of excellence
blow,

And his eyes are as quivers of beams !

4 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,

Is heard through the shadows of death ;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
know,

And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eye-lids, and scatters delight

Through all the bright mansions on high ;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

HE LOOKS—and ten thousands of angels rejoice,

And myriads wait for his word ;
HE SPEAKS—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,

Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

HYMN 28.

1 JESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd,
To satisfy the law's demand ;
By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd
Before the Father's face I stand.

2 To reconcile offending man,
Made Justice drop her angry rod ;
What creature could have form'd the plan,
Or who fulfil it but a God !

3 No drop remains of all the curse,
For wretches who deserv'd the whole ;
No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce
The guilty, but returning soul.

4 Peace by such means so dearly bought,
What rebel could have hop'd to see ?
Peace, by his injur'd Sov'reign wrought.
His Sov'reign fast'ned to the tree.

- 5 **NOW, LORD**, thy feeble worm prepare !
For strife with earth and hell begins ;
Confirm and gird me for the war,
They hate the soul that hates his sins.
- 6 Let them in horrid league agree !
They may assault, they may distress ;
But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the **LORD** my peace.

HYMN 29.

- 1 **WHEN** first to make my heart his own,
The **LORD** reveal'd his mighty grace,
Self reign'd, like Dagon, on the throne,
But could not long maintain its place.
- 2 It fell, and own'd the pow'r divine,
(Grace can with ease the vict'ry gain)
But soon this wretched heart of mine
Contriv'd to set it up again.
- 3 Again the **LORD** his name proclaim'd,
And brought the hateful idol low ;
Then self, like Dagon, broken, maim'd,
Seem'd to receive a mortal blow.
- 4 Yet self is not of life bereft,
Nor ceases to oppose his will ;
'Tho' but a maimed stump be left,
'Tis Dagon, 'tis an Idol still.
- 5 **LORD** ! must I always guilty prove,
And idols in my heart have room ?

Oh ! Let the fire of heav'nly love,
The very stump of self consume.

HYMN 30.

- 1 IF Solomon for wisdom pray'd,
The **LORD** before had made him wise ;
Else he another choice had made,
And ask'd for what the worldlings prize.
- 2 Thus he invites his people still,
He first instructs them how to choose ;
Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
Assur'd that he will not refuse.
- 3 Our wishes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain ;
Before we feel the Saviour's love,
Kindle our love to him again.
- 4 But when our hearts perceive his worth,
Desires, till then unknown, take place ;
Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holiness and grace.
- 5 And dost thou say, ' Ask what thou wilt
LORD, I would seize the golden hour ;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.
- 6 More of thy presence, **LORD**, impart,
More of thine image let me bear ;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

- 7 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength ;
To have thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 8 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign ;
Sick or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

HYMN 31.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near :
There JESUS shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see ;
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold.
- 4 Behold thy utmost wants.
His love and pow'r can bless ;
To praying souls he always grants,
More than they can express.
- 5 Since 'tis the LORD's command,
My mouth I open wide ;

LORD open thou thy bount'ous hand,
That I may be supply'd.

6 Thine image **LORD** bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

7 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

8 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be ;
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
To them who know not thee.

HYMN 32.—Martha and Mary.

1 **MARTHA** her love and joy express'd,
By care to entertain her guest ;
While Mary sat to hear her **LORD**,
And could not bear to lose a word.

2 The principle in both the same,
Produc'd in each a different aim ;
The one to feast the **LORD** was led,
The other waited to be fed.

3 But Mary chose the better part,
Her Saviour's words refresh'd her heart
While busy Martha angry grew,
And lost her time and temper too.

- 4 With warmth she to her sister spoke,
But brought upon herself rebuke ;
‘ One thing is needful, and but one,
Why do thy thoughts on many run ?’
- 5 How oft are we like Martha vex’d,
Encumber’d, hurried, and perplex’d ?
While trifles so engross our thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.
- 6 LORD, teach us this one thing to choose,
Which they who gain can never lose ;
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful, were the world our own.
- 7 Let grov’ling hearts the world admire,
Thy love is all that I require !
Gladly I may the rest resign,
If the one needful thing be mine !

HYMN 33.—The Pool of Bethesda.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor ;
From year, to year, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move ;
And others round me, stepping in
Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same ;

As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O would the LORD appear,
My malady to heal ;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

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

6 But whither can I go ?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.

7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait and hope, and try ;
Can JESUS hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die ?

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

HYMN 34.—The same.

1 HERE at Bethesda's pool, the poor,
The wither'd, halt and blind ;
With waiting hearts expect a cure,
And free admittance find.

- 2 Here streams of wond'rous virtue flow
To heal a sin-sick soul ;
To wash the filthy white as snow,
And make the wounded whole.
- 3 The dumb break forth in songs of praise,
The blind their sight receive ;
The cripple runs in wisdom's ways,
The dead revive and live !
- 4 Restrain'd to no one case, or time,
These waters always move ;
Sinners in every age and clime,
Their vital influence prove.
- 5 Yet numbers daily near them lie,
Who meet with no relief ;
With life in view they pine and die
In hopeless unbelief.
- 6 'Tis strange they should refuse to bathe
And yet frequent the pool ;
But none can even wish for faith,
While love of sin bears rule.
- 7 Satan their consciences has seal'd
And stupify'd their thought ;
For were they willing to be heal'd,
The cure would soon be wrought.
- 8 Do thou, dear Saviour, interpose,
Their stubborn wills constrain ;
Or else to them the water flows,
And grace is preach'd in vain.

HYMN 35.—Prayer for a Revival.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, LORD, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again :
Keep no longer at a distance ;
Shine upon us from on high ;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
- 2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green :
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen !
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
LORD, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with love, and zeal, and truth ?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth !
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below,
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 4 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud !

Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain !

- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in pray'rs ;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares :
 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh :
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 36.—Hoping for a Revival.

- 1 MY harp untun'd, and laid aside,
 (To cheerful hours the harp belongs)
 My cruel foes, insulting cry'd,
 'Come, sing us one of Zion's songs.'
- 2 Alas ! when sinners blindly bold,
 At Zion scoff, and Zion's King ;
 When zeal declines and love grows cold,
 Is this a day for me to sing ?
- 3 Time was, whene'er the saints I met,
 With joy and praise my bosom glow'd ;
 But now, like Eli, sad I sit,
 And tremble for the ark of God.
- 4 While thus to grief my soul gave way,
 To see the work of God decline ;

Methought I heard my Saviour say,
 'Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

- 5 'Tho' for a time I hid my face,
 Rely upon my love and pow'r ;
 Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
 And wait for a reviving hour.
- 6 'Take down thy long neglected harp,
 I've seen thy tears, and heard thy pray'r,
 The winter season has been sharp,
 But spring shall all its wastes repair.'
- 7 LORD, I obey,—my hopes revive,
 Come join with me, ye saints, and sing ;
 Our foes in vain against us strive,
 For God will help and healing bring.

HYMN 37.—The heavenly Mariner.

- 1 THROUGH tribulation's deep
 The way to glory is,
 This stormy course I keep,
 On these tempestuous seas.
 By waves and winds I'm tost and driv'n,
 Freighted with grace and bound to heav'n.
- 2 Sometimes temptations blow
 A dreadful hurricane,
 And high the waters flow,
 And o'er the sides break in ;
 But still my little ship outbraves
 The boist'rous winds and rolling waves.

- 3 When I in my distress,
 My anchor, *hope* can cast,
 Within thy promises,
 It holds my vessel fast ;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.
- 4 If a dead calm ensues,
 And heaven no breezes give,
 The oar of prayer I use,
 I tug and toil and strive !
Thro' storms and calms for many a day,
I make but very little way.
- 5 But when a heav'nly breeze,
 Springs up and fills my sail,
 My vessel goes with ease
 Before the pleasant gale,
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.
- 6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
 The sun doth not appear,
 Nor can I in the night
 Behold the moon or star ;
Sometimes for days and weeks, or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.
- 7 As at the time of noon,
 My quadrant, *faith*, I take,
 To view my Christ, my sun,
 If he the clouds should break,

I'm happy when his face appears,
A single glimpse calms all my fears.

8 The *Bible* is my chart ;
By it the sea I know ;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show ;
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true.

9 I keep aloof from pride,
Those rocks I pass with care ;
I studiously avoid
The whirlpool of despair ;
Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
Near them I am afraid to run.

10 When through a strait I go,
Or near some coast am drove,
The plummet forth I throw,
And thus my safety prove ;
My conscience is the line which I
Fathom the depth of water by.

11 My vessel would be lost,
In spite of all my care,
But that the Holy Ghost
Himself vouchsafes to steer :
And I through, all my voyages will
Depend upon my helmsman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heav'n's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,

Which fatal proves to most ;
 For all this passage go.
 But all death's waves can't overwhelm,
 If God himself is at the helm.

- 13 When thro' this gulf I get,
 Tho' rough it is but short,
 The pilot angels meet,
 And bring me into port ;
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe for evermore.

HYMN 38.

*Which were not born of blood, nor of the will
 of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of
 God.*

- 1 ASSIST my soul, my heav'nly King,
 Thine everlasting love to sing ;
 And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
 As one through grace that's *born of God*.
- 2 No, it was not the will of man,
 My soul's new heav'nly birth began ;
 Nor will, nor pow'r of flesh and blood,
 That turn'd my heart from sin *to God*.
- 3 Herein let self be all abas'd,
 And sov'reign love alone confess'd ;
 This be my song, through all the road,
 That born I am, and *born of God*.
- 4 O may this love my soul constrain
 To make returns of love again,

That I, while earth is my abode,
May live like one that's *born of God*.

- 5 May I thy praises daily shew,
Who hath created all things new,
And wash'd me in a Saviour's blood,
To prove that I am *born of God*.
6. Lead me, O Lord, in all thy ways ;
Guard me, O Lord, through all my days :
O make thy word my rule and rod,
To walk like one that's *born of God*.
7. And when th' appointed hour shall come,
That thou wilt call me to thy home,
Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,
And die as one that's *born of God*.
- 8 Then shall my soul triumphant rise
To its blest mansion in the skies,
And in that glorious bright abode
Sing there as one that's *born of God*.

*HYMN 39.—These things I command you,
that ye love one another. John xv. 17.*

- 1 AM I indeed born from above ?
Do I partake of Jesus' love !
Then let me all my duty know,
And love by my obedience show.
- 2 Fain would I love his person more,
And God in all his works adore ;
O may his love my heart inflame
With love to all that love his name.

- 3 Wherever I his image see,
O let those souls be dear to me !
Dear, as the purchase of his blood,
Dear, as the favorites of God.
- 4 JESUS to us his love doth shew,
And bids us love each other too ;
But O how little love sincere
Is found in great professors here !
- 5 What anger, pride, and malice swell
Those breasts where love alone s!
dwell !
O why should Satan thus devour
Religion's glory and its pow'r ?
- 6 Come Holy Spirit, from above,
And fill our inmost hearts with love :
That we may say to all mankind,
" See how those love whom Christ ha
join'd !"

HYMN 40.—Christ our advocate.

- 1 SAVIOUR I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
And my weary troubled spirit
Now finds rest in thee my God.
- 9 I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie :
Sin and Satan cannot hurt me
While my Saviour is so nigh.

- 3 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world how dear his name,
That if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same.
- 4 He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find ;
Who of comfort is bereaved,
Jesus never casts behind.
- 5 Now our advocate is pleading,
With his Father and our God :
Now for us is interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.
- 6 Now methinks I hear him praying,
" Father spare them, I have died,"
And the Father answers, saying,
" They are freely justified."

HYMN 41.—The Lord in his Garden.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes ;
The spices yield a rich perfume ;
The lillies grow and thrive ;
Refreshing show'rs of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine,
Which makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become !

The desert blossoms as the rose,
 When Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
 The gracious work is now begun ;
 My soul a witness is :

I taste and see the pardon free
 For all mankind as well as me :
 Who come to Christ, may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
 A Saviour pitiful and kind
 Who will them all receive !

None are too late, who will repent ;
 Out of one sinner, legions went ;
 Jesus did him relieve.

5 Come, brethren ye who love the Lord,
 And taste the sweetness of his word,
 In Jesus's ways go on :

Our troubles and our trials here
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home,

6 We feel that heav'n is now begun ;
 It issues from the shining throne,
 From Jesus' grace on high :

It comes like floods we can't contain ;
 We drink, and drink, and drink again,
 And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to reign above,
 And all surround the throne of love,
 We'll drink a full supply ;

Jesus will lead his armies through,
Where living fountains gently flow,
Which never will run dry.

8 There will we reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home :
Come on, come on my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bid us come.

9 Amen, amen, my soul replies ;
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there.
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heav'nly land,
Where we shall part no more.

10 There, on that peaceful, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout our sufferings o'er,
In sweet redeeming love ;
We'll shout and praise our conqu'ring
King,
Who dy'd himself, that he might bring
Us rebels near to God.

HYMN 42.

The Complaint of an awakened Sinner.

1 O What a state my soul is in !
Nor can I e'er be blest,
Without release from death and sin,
Or find a moment's rest.

- 2 I hear that Christ is passing by,
Poor sinners to relieve ;
But ah ! I must in darkness lie,
Until I do believe.
- 3 My stupid mind and stubborn will,
Chain down my soul to death,
And here I groan in darkness still,
Without one spark of faith.
- 4 O God, for my poor soul appear,
And make my foes submit ;
Unlock, unlock, the prison door,
And bring me from the pit.
- 5 Pull down the pride within my heart ;
From blindness set me free ;
May I with every idol part,
And give myself to thee.
- 6 O let me feel thy love divine,
And hear thy healing voice ;
Until I know that thou art mine
I never can rejoice.

HYMN 43.—The Christian's Inquiry,

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?

Hardly sure can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is darkness, vain and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, Is it so with you ?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the LORD ?

8 LORD decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sun ;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;

If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 44.—Will ye also go away ?

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas ! what numbers do !)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
' Wilt thou forsake me too ?'
- 2 Ah LORD ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast ;
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom, or whether, could I go,
If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
Thou art the CHRIST of God ;
Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case ;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
 ' And will you also go ?'
 Yet, LORD, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, no !

HYMN 45.—Weeping MARY.

- 1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn ;
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume ;
 But the LORD she lov'd was gone.
 For a while she weeping stood,
 Struck with sorrow and surprise ;
 Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
 For her heart supply'd her eyes.
- 2 JESUS, who is always near,
 (Tho' too often unperceiv'd,)
 Came, his drooping child to chear,
 Kindly asking, Why she griev'd ?
 Tho' at first she knew him not,
 When he call'd her by her name,
 Then her griefs were all forgot,
 For she found he was the same.
- 3 Grief and sighing quickly fled
 When she heard his welcome voice ;
 Just before she thought him dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice ;
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darknes into day !
 You who weep for JESUS' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

- 4 He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear,
 Tho' you now are tempest-toss'd :
 On his word your burden cast,
 On his love your thoughts employ ;
 Weeping for a night may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

HYMN 46.—Lovest thou me ?

- 1 HARK, my soul ! it is the LORD ;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
 JESUS speaks, and speaks to thee :
 ' Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 ' I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And, when wounded, heal'd the wound ;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 ' Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 ' Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the height above ;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 ' Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;

Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

- 6 LORD it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore :
Oh for grace to love thee more !

HYMN 47.—The Rebel's surrender to Grace.

- 1 LORD, thou hast won, at length I yield,
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,
Surrenders all to thee ;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love ?
Love conquers even me.
- 2 All that a wretch could do, I try'd,
Thy patience scorn'd, thy pow'r defi'd,
And trampled on thy laws ;
Scarcely thy martyrs at the stake,
Could stand more steadfast for thy sake,
Than I in Satan's cause.
- 3 But since thou hast thy love reveal'd,
And shewn my soul a pardon seal'd,
I can resist no more :
Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed ?
Canst thou for such a rebel plead ?
I WONDER and ADORE !
- 4 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And light'nings flash, to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been :

But mercy has my heart subdu'd,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin.

5 Now, LORD, I would be thine alone,
Come take possession of thine own,
For thou has set me free ;
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting stand,
To be employ'd by thee.

6 My will conform'd to thine would move,
On thee my hope, desire, and love,
In fix'd attention join ;
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine.

7 And can I be the very same,
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,
And on thy gospel tread ?
Surely each one who hears my case,
Will praise thee, and confess thy grace
INVINCIBLE indeed !

HYMN 48.—Peter released from Prison

1 FERVENT persevering pray'rs
Are faith's assur'd resource ;
Brazen gates, and iron bars
In vain withstand their force :
Peter when in prison cast,
Tho' by soldiers kept with care ;

Tho' the doors were bolted fast,
Was soon releas'd by pray'r.

2 While he slept an angel came
And spread a light around ;
Touch'd and call'd him by his name,
And rais'd him from the ground ;
All his chains and fetters burst,
Ev'ry door wide open flew ;
Peter thought he dream'd at first,
But found the vision true.

3 Thus the LORD can make a way
To bring his saints relief ;
'Tis their part to wait and pray,
In spite of unbelief :
He can break thro' walls of stone,
Sink the mountain to a plain ;
They, to whom his name is known,
Can never pray in vain.

4 Thus in chains of guilt and sin,
Poor sinners sleeping lie ;
No alarm is felt within,
Altho' condemn'd to die ;
Till descending from above
(Mercy smiling in his eyes)
JESUS, with a voice of love,
Awakes, and bids them rise.

5 Glad the summons they obey,
And liberty desire ;

Straight their fetters melt away
 Like wax before the fire :
 By the word of him who dy'd,
 Guilty prisoners to release ;
 Ev'ry door flies open wide,
 And they depart in peace.

HYMN 49.—The inward warfare.

- 1 STRANGE and mysterious is my life,
 What opposites I feel within !
 A stable peace, a constant strife ;
 The rule of grace, the power of sin :
 Too often I am captive led,
 Yet daily triumph in my head.
- 2 I prize the privilege of pray'r,
 But oh ! what backwardness to pray,
 Tho' on the LORD I cast my care,
 I feel its burden ev'ry day :
 I seek his will in all I do,
 Yet find my own is working too.
- 3 I call the promises my own,
 And prize them more than mines of gold ;
 Yet tho' their sweetness I have known,
 They leave me unimpress'd and cold :
 One hour upon the truth I feed,
 The next I know not what I read.
- 4 I love the holy day of rest,
 When JESUS meets his gather'd saints ;

Sweet day ! of all the week the best ;
For its return my spirit pants :

Yet often, thro' my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.

- 5 While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes shall lose their aim ;
And therefore dare their pow'r defy,
Assur'd of conquest thro' his name :
But soon my confidence is slain,
And all my fears return again.

- 6 Thus diff'rent pow'rs within me strive,
And grace and sin, by turns prevail ;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale :
But JESUS has his promise past,
That *grace shall overcome at last.*

HYMN 50.—On the great duty of prayer.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat ;
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Pray'r makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
The pray'r of faith enkindles love,
And brings all blessings from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright ;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

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

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

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

HYMN 51. At parting.

1 JESUS grant us all a blessing,
Send it down Lord from above ;
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in thy love ;
May we all &c.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet above.

2 Jesus pardon all our folly,
While together we have been ;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin ;
Make us humble, &c.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

May thy blessing, Lord, go with us
 To each one's respective home ;
 And the presence of our Jesus
 Rest upon us every one.
 And the presence, &c.
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 Till we all shall meet at home.

HYMN 52. Evening Hymn.

- 1 THE day is past and gone ;
 The evening shades appear ;
 Oh ! may we all remember well
 The night of death is near,
- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest,
 So death will soon unrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears,
 Beneath the pinions of thy love,
 'Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
 And view the unweari'd sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O ! may we in thy bosom rest—
 The bosom of thy love !

HYMN 53.—A new Farewell Hymn.

- 1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be
gone,
I have no home or stay with you ;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view ;
Farewell—farewell—farewell,
My loving friends farewell
- 2 Farewell my friends, *time* rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss ;
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where JESUS is.
Farewell, &c.
- 3 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love ;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
And soon we all shall meet above.
Farewell, &c.
- 4 Farewell old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for hea-
v'n ;
You've counted all things here but dross ;
Fight on the crown shall soon be giv'n,
Fight on—fight on—fight on,
The crown shall soon be giv'n.
- 5 Farewell ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you :
Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,

Till Canaan's happy land you view.
Farewell, &c.

6 Farewell poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you ;
O turn and find salvation near.
O turn—O turn—O turn,
And find salvation near.

HYMN 54.—Victory over the world.

1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain
store ;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
2 A country I've found, where true joys
abound ;
To dwell I'm determin'd on this happy ground
3 No mortal doth know, what Christ can be-
stow,
What light strength and comfort ; go after
him, go !
4 Lo onward I move, and, but Christ above,
None fancies how wond'rous my journey
will prove.
5 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell
and sin ;
Midst outward afflictions, shall feel Christ
within.
6 Perhaps for his name, poor dust as I am,

Some works I shall finish with glad loving
aim.

7 I still, which is best, shall in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

8 And when I'm to die, 'Receive me,'
I'll cry.

For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

9 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.

HYMN 55.—Contentment.

1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea ;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

2 In vain by reason and by rule,
We try to bend the will ;
For none but in the Saviour's school,
Can learn the heav'nly skill.

3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

4 " Art thou a sinner, soul ? (said he)
Then how canst thou complain ?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
With everlasting pain !

- 5 ' If thou of murmuring would'st be cur'd
Compare thy griefs with mine ;
Think what my love for thee endur'd,
And how canst thou repine ?
- 6 ' 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well ;
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
And rise with me to dwell.
- 7 ' In life my grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to thy day ;
At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away.'
- 8 Thus I who once my wretched days,
In vain repinings spent ;
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace.
Have learn'd to be content.

HYMN 56.—Old Testament Gospel.

- 1 ISR'EL in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too :
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with pow'r,

Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth,
 His perfect innocence,
 Whose blood of matchless worth,
 Should be the soul's defence ;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
 The people's trespass bore,
 And to the desert led,
 Was to be seen no more :
In him our surety seem'd to say,
' Behold I bear your sins away.'

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free ;
 The type well understood,
 Express'd the sinner's plea ;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 JESUS I love to trace
 Throughout the sacred page ;
 The footseps of thy grace,
 The same in ev'ry age !
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

HYMN 57.—Looking unto JESUS.

- 1 BY various maxims, forms and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain ;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.
- 2 But since the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one ;
To keep my LORD by faith in view,
This strength supplies and motives too.
- 3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife ;
And from this pattern courage take
To bear, and suffer for his sake.
- 4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed ;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.
- 5 To look to JESUS as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes ;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.
- 6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own ;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For JESUS lives, and will provide.
- 7 I see him look with pity down,
And held in view the conq'ror's crown ;

If press'd with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.

- 8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand ;
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where, and as he is.

HYMN 58.—A New-Year's Thought and Prayer.

- 1 TIME, by moments steals away,
First the hour, and then the day,
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years :
Thus another year is flown,
Now it is no more our own,
Than the years before the flood,
If it brought or promis'd good.
- 2 But (may none of us forget)
It has left us much in debt ;
Favors from the LORD receiv'd,
Sins that have his Spirit griev'd,
Mark'd by an unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand ;
Who can tell the vast amount,
Plac'd to each of our account ?
- 3 Happy the believing soul !
CHRIST for you has paid the whole ;
While you own the debt is large,
You may plead a full discharge :

But, poor careless sinner say,
What can you to justice pay ?
Tremble, lest when life is past,
Into prison you be cast !

- 4 Will you still increase the score ?
Still be careless as before ?
Oh, forbid it, gracious LORD,
Touch their spirits by thy word !
Now, in mercy to them, show,
What a mighty debt they owe
All their unbelief subdue,
Let *them* find forgiveness too.
- 5 Spar'd to see another year,
Let thy blessings meet us here ;
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive ;
Sun of Righteousness arise !
Warn our hearts and bless our eyes ;
Let our pray'r thy bowels move,
Make this year a time of love.

HYMN 59.—Summer Storms.

- 1 THO' the morn may be serene,
Not a threat'ning cloud be seen ;
Who can undertake to say
'Twill be pleasant all the day ?
Tempests suddenly may rise,
Darkness overspread the skies !
Light'nings flash, and thunders roar,
Ere a short-liv'd day be o'er.

- 2 Often thus, the child of grace,
Enters on his Christian race ;
Guilt and fear are overborne,
'Tis with him a summer's morn ;
While his new-felt joys abound,
All things seem to smile around ;
And he hopes it will be clear
All the day, and all the year.
- 3 Should we warn him of a change,
He would think the caution strange ;
He no change or trouble fears,
Till the gath'ring storm appears ;
Till dark clouds his sun conceal,
Till temptation's pow'r he feel ;
Then he trembles, and looks pale,
All his hopes and courage fail.
- 4 But the wonder-working LORD,
Sooths the tempest by his word ;
Stills the thunder, stops the rain,
And his sun breaks forth again :
Soon the cloud again returns,
Now he joys, and now he mourns ;
Oft his sky is overcast,
Ere the day of life be past.
- 5 Tri'd believers too can say,
In the course of one short day,
Tho' the morning has been fair,
Prov'd a golden hour of pray'r ;

Sin and Satan, long ere night,
Have their comforts put to flight ;
Ah ! what heart-felt peace and joy
Unexpected storms destroy.

- 6 Dearest Saviour, call us soon
To thine high eternal noon ;
Never there shall tempests rise
To conceal thee from our eyes :
Satan shall no more deceive,
We no more thy Spirit grieve
But thro' cloudless, endless days,
Sound, on golden harps, thy praise.

*HYMN 60.—On opening a Place for social
Prayer.*

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;

To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

- 5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 LORD, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own !

HYMN 61.—The Day of Judgment.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons will the sinners heart
confound !
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine ;
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine !
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day
for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the pow'rs of nature shaken
By his looks prepare to flee :
Careless sinner, what will then become
of thee !

4 Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
'Hence accursed wretch, depart !
Thou with Satan and his angels, have
thy part.'

5 Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake :
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at
stake.

6 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the LORD below ;
He will say, ' Come near ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow ;
You for ever shall my love and glory
know.'

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

HYMN 62.—The old and New Creation.

1 THAT was a wonder-working word,
Which could the vast creation raise !
Angels, attendant on their LORD,
Admir'd the plan, and sung his praise.

- 2 From what a dark and shapeless mass,
All nature sprang at his command !
“ *Let there be light,*” and light there was,
And sun, and stars, and sea, and land.
- 3 With equal speed the earth and seas,
Their mighty Maker’s voice obey’d ;
He spake, and strait the plants and trees,
And birds and beasts, and man were made.
- 4 But man, the lord and crown of all,
By sin his honor soon defac’d
His heart (how alter’d since the fall !)
Is dark, deform’d, and void, and waste.
- 5 The new creation of the soul
Does now no less his pow’r display ;
Than when he form’d the mighty whole,
And kindled darkness into day.
- 6 Tho’ self-destroy’d, O LORD, we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canst do ;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

HYMN 63.—Christ’s sufferings.

- 1 THROUGHOUT our Saviour’s life we trace
Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,
No period else was seen,
Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul a painful hell,
Caus’d by the creature’s sin.

- 2 On the cold ground methinks I see
My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;
For this I'll him adore ;
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood drops did force their passage out,
Through ev'ry opening pore.
- 3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till one the bones might see !
Mocking they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by sin's heavy tree.
- 4 Thus up the hill he heavy came,
Round him they mock'd and made their
game,
At length his cross they rear ;
And can you see the mighty God,
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear ?
- 5 Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies with anguish on the tree ;
What tongue his grief can tell ?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads decline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine,
When the Redeemer fell.
- 6 Shout, brethren, shout with songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench our parching thirst :

Seraphs advance *your* voices higher,
 Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
 To praise *your* precious Christ.

HYMN 64.—The loving kindness of the Redeemer.

- 1 A WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving-kindness O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
 He sav'd me from my lost estate,
 His loving-kindness O how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving-kindness O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving-kindness O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my JESUS to depart ;
 But though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail :

O ! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then, let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 65.—To the blessed Spirit.

1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night :
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light !
Loving SPIRIT, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation !
Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious show'r descend :
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou GLORY shining down
From the FATHER and the SON,
Grant us thy illumination !
Rest upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore ;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more ;

Come and with thy mighty pow'r,
On our souls thy graces show'r ;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Manifest thy love forever,
Fence us in on ev'ry side
In distress, be our reliever ;
Guard and teach, support and guide :
Let thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways ;
Show thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to thy nature.

5 Be our friend, on each occasion ;
GOD, omnipotent to save !
When we die, be our salvation ;
When we're buri'd, be our grave :
And when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies ;
Seat us with thy saints in glory,
There forever to adore Thee.

HYMN 66.—Crucifixion of our Saviour.

1 WHY veil'd, O Sun ! where fled thy light !
Thy day absorb'd in gloom of night ;
Has thy CREATOR quench'd thy fires,
Or dost thou mourn while HE expires !

2 Ah, heathen sage, thy worship'd sun,
Nor moon, nor stars that round him run,
Nor science, lucid as their spheres,
Can solve thy doubts, or calm thy fears.

- 3 On Calvary, behold the cause,
 Why nature breaks her wonted laws,
 And frowns in wrath on fallen man,
 While God reveals his mercy's plan.
- 4 The veil is rent—earth's caverns quake ;
 The rocks are cleft ; the dead awake ;
 While Jesus, His incarnate son,
 In dying anguish cries, “ ’Tis done.”
- 5 “ ’Tis done,” O man ! the heavens resound ;
 The way to life for them is found ;
 And thou like him who dies to save,
 Shalt conquer death, and burst the grave !

HYMN 67.—Christ's Invitation.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore !
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with pow'r,
 He is able—he is able—he is able,
 He is willing : doubt no more !
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money, &c.
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;

All the *fitness* he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you, &c.
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

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

5 View him grov'ling in the garden,
 Lo, your Maker prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 ' IT IS FINISH'D,' &c.
 Sinners will not this suffice !

6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merits of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but JESUS, &c.
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name ;
 Hallelujah, &c.
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 68.—The American Hero.

1 WHY should vain mortals tremble at the
sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground
in crimson,
Sounding with death groans !

2 Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors !
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

3 Infinite goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings ;
Never repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

4 Well may we praise him—all his ways are
perfect ;
Through a resplendence infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre !

5 Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder ;
Mercies and judgments both proceed from
kindness—

Infinite kindness.

6 O then exult that God forever reigneth ;
Clouds which around him hinder our perception,

Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises !

7 Then to the wisdom of my LORD and Master,

I will commit all that I have or wish for ;
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up
When call'd to yield it.

8 Now, MARS, I dare thee, clad in smoky
pillars,

Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the
cannon,

Rattling in grape-shot like a storm of hail-
stones,

Torturing æther !

9 Up the bleak heavens, let the spreading
flames rise,

Breaking like Ætna through the smoky co-
lums,

Low'ring like Egypt o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burnt down.

10 While all their hearts quick palpitate for
havoc,

Let slip your blood-hounds, nam'd the Brit-
ish lions ;

Dauntless as death stares—nimble as the
whirlwind—

Dreadful as demons !

11 Let ocean waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction horrible to nature ;
Then with your sails fill'd by a storm of ven-
geance,

Bear down to battle !

12 From the dire caverns made by ghostly
miners,
Let the explosion dreadful as vulcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and
people,

Quick to destruction !

13 Still shall the banner of the king of heaven,
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow ;
While that precedes me with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee.

14 Fame and dear freedom lure me on to
battle,
While a fell despot grimmer than a death's
head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Me-
dusa's

To the encounter.

15 Life for my country and the cause of free-
dom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with ;
And if preserved in so great a contest,
LIFE IS REDOUBLED.

HYMN .69.—Thoughts on God and Death,

- 1 THERE** is a GOD that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'n and earth and seas,
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2** There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do :
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.
- 3** There is a gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw ;
Lord I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.
- 4** There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
How many younger much than I
Have pass'd by death to hear their doom.
- 5** Let me improve the hours I have,
Before tho day of grace is fled ;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

HYMN 70.—Providence equitable and kind

- 1 THRO'** all the various shifting scenes,
Of life's mistaken good or ill,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
Our changes by thy sov'reign will.

- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
How e'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power,
Fix we on this terrestrial ball ?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with afflictions bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 5 Thy gracious consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh,
Thy hand can dry the falling tear
That trickles from th' afflicted eye.
- 6 All things on earth, and all in heav'n
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were giv'n,
And all shall in thy glory end.
- 7 This be my care ; to all beside
Indifferen let my wishes be ;
Passion be calm ; and dumb be pride
And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.

HYMN 71.—Sin and Holiness.

- 1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
Imperfect grace, remaining sin !

Nor can this reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die,
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upward to my native skies,
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

4 Great God, assist me thro' the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might ;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
The victory *mine*, and *thine* the praise.

HYMN 72.—The Jubilee.

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

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in JESUS dwell,
And blest in JESUS live :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace :
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 JESUS our great high priest,
Has full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits rest ;
Ye mournful souls be glad !
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 73.—Human righteousness insufficient to justify.

1 WHEREWITH, O LORD, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face ?
How in thy holy eyes appear ?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace ?
2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high ?
Will multiply'd oblations please ?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease ?

- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God ?
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood ?
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 Guilty, I stand before thy face ;
My sole desert is hell and wrath ;
'Twere just the sentence should take place ;
But Oh, I plead my Saviour's death !
- 5 I plead the merits of thy Son
Who dy'd for sinners on the tree ;
I plead his righteousness alone,
O put the spotless robe on me.

*HYMN 74.—A warning to flee from the
wrath to come.*

- 1 NOW is the time, th' accepted hour,
O ! sinners come away ;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.
- 2 Do not refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.
- 3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face.
- 4 O ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly,

To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye !

5 But death and hell must all appear
And you among them stand ;
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear ;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

*HYMN 75.—The unknown World—Com-
posed on the tolling of a Bell.*

1 HARK ! my gay friends that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul !
'Tis gone, that's all we know—nor where,
Nor how th' unbodi'd soul doth fare—

2 In that myster'ous world, none knows
But God alone, to whom it goes !
To whom departed souls return
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.

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

4 Wise heav'n, to render search perplex,
Has drawn 'twixt this world and the next,
A dark impenetrable screen,
Behind which all is yet unseen !

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

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

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

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

9 Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun ;
Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*HYMN 76.—Hear what he has done for m
soul.*

1 SAV'D by grace I live to tell,
What the love of Christ has done ;
He redeem'd my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son :
Oh ! I tremble still to think
How secure I liv'd in sin ;

Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.

- 2 In a kind propitious hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke ;
Touch'd me by his Spirit's pow'r,
And my dang'rous slumber broke.
Then I saw and own'd my guilt ;
Soon my gracious Lord reply'd
' Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
'Twas for such as thee I dy'd.'
- 3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd my heart ;
Can I hope thy grace to prove
After acting such a part ?
' Thou hast greatly sinn'd,' he said,
' But I freely all forgive ;
I myself thy debt have paid,
Now I bid thee rise and live.'
- 4 Come, my fellow sinners, try,
Jesus' heart is full of love ;
Oh that you, as well as I,
May his wond'rous mercy prove !
He has sent me to declare,
All is ready, all is free ;
Why should any soul despair,
When he sav'd a wretch like ME.

HYMN 77.—The Pilgrim. A Dialogue.

- 1 HO pilgrims, (if ye pilgrims be)
We want to join with you ;

*Poor Christian travellers are we,
To Canaan's land we go.*

2 No peace nor happiness we find,
In any country here;
*'Twas therefore we left all behind,
Wealth, name and character.*

3 We ne'er such pleasure knew before,
As now in him we know;
*Peace, since our Saviour's cross we bore,
Like rivers in us flow.*

4 Let others then delight them here,
Their pleasures we despise;
*The heav'nly kingdom we prefer,
The joys of paradise.*

5 Then joyful, let us journey on,
To peace and rest above;
*Singing to Him on yonder throne,
Of free, unbounded love.*

HYMN 78.—The Hiding-Place.

1 HAIL sov'reign love that first began,
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail matchless free eternal grace
That gave my soul a hiding place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

- 3 Enwrap'd in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.
- 4 But lo ! th' eternal council ran,
" Almighty love arrest the man :"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fi'ry mount I flew ;
But justice cri'd, with frowning face,
' This mountain is no hiding place.'
- 6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's Angel soon appear'd ;
She led me on a pleasing pace,
To JESUS as my hiding place.
- 7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunder-bolts should daunt my face,
For JESUS is my hiding place.
- 8 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have crush'd a world to hell,
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became my hiding place.
- 9 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.

HYMN 79.

- 1 **WHEN** langor and disease invade,
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love,
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where **JESUS** pleads above ;
- 3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down,
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 If such the sweetness of the streams
What must the **FOUNTAIN** be ?
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Immediately from Thee.

HYMN 80.—Advice to Youth.

- 1 **NOW** is the time, O lovely youth,
To think on your Creator **GOD** ;
Attend the words of sacred truth,
While in the days of youthful blood.
- 2 This is the only way to find,
The paths of peace and endless joy—
The way to store your youthful mind
With pleasure that will never cloy.
- 3 But if you foolishly delay,
And hearken to the tempter's breath ;

To walk in the destructive way,
Till age comes on, or sudden death.

4 O think what dreadful risk you run—
To hazard your immortal soul,
To be eternally undone,
And plung'd where endless sorrows roll

5 Behold the wretch advanc'd in years,
And with his years grown old in sin ;
No more repentance now appears,
Than when his life did first begin.

6 Lo still upon the horrid brink
Of everlasting wrath he goes ;
Anon with horror down to sink,
Into the gulph of endless woes.

7 Young sinners then a warning take,
Now in these precious early days ;
All flatt'ring vanities forsake,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant ways.

HYMN 81.—The Soldier of the Cross.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to own his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others sought to gain the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas ?

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood ;
In this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :
Increase my courage Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 82.—A seat at God's right hand.

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
come
To fetch thy ransom'd 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,
Tho' 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, th' accepted day :
 Thy pard'ning 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 th' archangel's trump shall
 sound,
 To see thy smiling face ;
 Then loudest of the croud I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.

HYMN 83.

- 1 TO GOD, my SAVIOUR and my king,
 Fain would my soul her tribute bring ;
 Join me, ye saints in songs of praise,
 For ye have known and felt his grace.
- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
 Just breathing all my life away ;
 He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
 And felt the pity of a God.
- 3 With speed he flew to my relief ;
 Bound up my wounds and sooth'd my grief

Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest LORD,
Deep in my breast I will record :
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Thro' the remainder of my days :
And when I join the hosts above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

HYMN 83.—Vital spark.

- 1 VITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
Quit, Oh quit this earthly frame ;
Tremb'ling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying :
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
' Sister spirit, come away !'
What is this absorbs me quite.
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
' Tell me my soul, can *this* be death. ?'
- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heav'n opens to my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

HYMN 84.—Retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious named in one)
My Saviour thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo thro' the realms above
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 85.—CHRIST crucified.

- 1 WHEN on the cross my LORD I see
Bleeding to death for wretched me ;

Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all dissolv'd in love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart;
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see ! he bows his head and dies.

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood !
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains,
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
Only the fountain head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel !
Lord, more and more thy love reveal !
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart and charms my ear ;
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

HYMN 87.—God's answer to a sinner complaining of grace delayed.

1 SINNER, behold I've heard thy groan,
I know thy heart, thy life I've known ;
I've seen thy hope from grace proclaim'd,
Thy trembling fear when Sinai flam'd.

2 To me, the mighty God, attend,
In me behold the sinner's friend ;
~~'T~~ Was I who gave thy conscience voice,
Thou hast oppos'd by sinful choice.

3 Think not to bribe my sov'reign grace,
Nor move me by a mournful face ;
'Tis thine own heart makes grace delay,
And hides a glorious, pard'ning day.

4 Mo' d by thy fear, and not by love,
Thy daily pray'rs are sent above ;
Thou hast not wish'd my will to meet,
Nor bow'd submissive at my feet.

5 The holy terms of gospel grace,
Have hid my glory from thy face ;
To hearts and wills like thine oppos'd
The door of peace is ever clos'd.

6 Should thy proud will at length submit,
With holy sorrow deeply smit,
Thy voice would be the first to say,
I'm glorious in this long delay.

7 Stay, sinner, cease my grace to chide,
Nor think thy moans such sin can hide,
DELAY no more, REPENT and LIVE,
Or meet the death my wrath must give.

*HYMN 88.—The successful resolve. I will
go in unto the king. Esther iv. 16.*

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve,

Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.

2 ' I'll go to JESUS, though my sin
' Hath like a mountain rose ;
' I know his courts, I'll enter in,
' Whatever may oppose.

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

4 ' I'll to the gracious King approach,
' Whose sceptre pardon gives,
' Perhaps he may command a touch,
' And then the suppliant lives.

5 ' Perhaps he will admit my plea,
' Perhaps will hear my pray'r ;
' But if I perish I will pray,
' And perish only there.

6 ' I can but perish if I go,
' I am resolv'd to try :
' For if I stay away, I know
' I must forever die.'

*HYMN 89.—God's command to all men to
repent. Acts xvii. 30.*

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay :
'The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fi'ry day.

2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar :
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !
Our hearts, subdu'd by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN 90.—The penitent.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upwards to thy mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence ;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm :
Forbid it that omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,

Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

HYMN 91.—CHRIST'S Ascension.

Psalm xxiv. 7.

- 1 OUR LORD is risen from the dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high ;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
' Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
' Ye everlasting doors give way !'
- 3 Loose all your massy bars of light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the king of glory in.
- 4 ' Who is the king of glory, who ?'
The LORD that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 ' Who is the king of glory, who ?'
The LORD of boundless pow'r possest,
The king of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

HYMN 92.—CHRIST our Advocate.

1 John ii. 1.

1 WHERE is my God ? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
Are these weak breathings of desire,
Too languid to ascend the skies ?

2 No, LORD, the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Are not forbidden to aspire,
But reach to thy all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer ;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious LORD,
With stronger faith to call thee mine ;
Bid me pronounce the blisful word,
My FATHER GOD, with joy divine.

*HYMN 93.—As thy days, so shall thy
strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.*

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

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
 ‘ How shall I stand the trying day ?’
 He has engag’d by firm decree,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

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

4 Should imperfection rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer’s name ;
 In fi’ry trials thou shalt see,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be,

5 When call’d to bear the weighty cross,
 Of sore affliction, pain or loss,
 Or deep distress, or poverty,
 Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ’s presence shall thy fears subdue ;
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

*HYMN 94.—Seeking to God for the commu-
 nication of his spirits. Ezek. xxxvi. 37.*

HEAR, gracious Sov’ reign, from thy throne,
 And send thy precious blessings down :
 While by thine Israel thou art sought,
 Oh, hear the pray’r thy word hath taught.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 And fill the coldest heart with love ;

Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy mighty pow'r be known.

3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace, which now they scorn.

4 O let a holy flock await
Num'rous around thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise ;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

HYMN 95.—CHRIST'S Ascension.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
CHRIST a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n,
There the pompous triumph waits ;
' Lift your heads, eternal gates !
' Wide unfold the radiant scene,
' Take the King of glory in !'

2 Him tho' highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own ;

Still for us he **intercedes**,
 Prevalent his **death he pleads** ;
 Next himself prepares a place,
 Harbinger of human race.

3 Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our world away ;
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, tho' parted from our sight :
 High above yon azure height,—
 Grant our souls may thither rise,
 Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upwards let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love.
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing for a happier home ;
 There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign,
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find a heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN 96.—Longing for an interest in the Redeemer.

1 MOST gracious LORD, incline thine ear,
 My poor requests vouchsafe to hear ;
 Hear this my never-ceasing cry,
 O give me Christ or else I die.

2 Riches and honor I disdain,
 And earthly comforts, Lord, are vain ;

For these can never satisfy ;
O give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Deny me, Lord whate'er thou wilt,
Only deliver me from guilt,
Behold me—at thy feet I lie,
O give me Christ, or else I die.

4 I'm all unholy and unclean,
From head to foot, without, within ;
On thy mere mercy I rely,
O give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Lord thou dost freely save the lost,
And in thy grace alone I trust ;
With this my earnest suit comply,
O give me Christ, or else I die.

6 Hast thou not promis'd to forgive
All those who on thy Son believe ?
My LORD, I know thou canst not lie,
O give me Christ or else I die.

7 Dear Father, dost thou seem to frown ?
Then let my shelter be thy Son :
JESUS, to thy kind arms I fly,
O come and save me, or I die.

HYMN 97.—The convicted Sinner.

1 DEAR JESUS here comes and knocks at
thy door,
A beggar for crumbs, distressed and poor,

Blind, lame and forsaken, all roll'd in his
blood,

At last overtaken when running from God.

2 To ask children's bread I dare not presume
But LORD to be fed with fragments I come ;
Some crumbs from thy table, O let me re-
ceive,

For, lo, thou art able my wants to relieve.

3 I own I deserve no favor to see,
So long I have err'd and wander'd from thee ;
Till brought by affliction my follies to mourn,
Now under conviction to thee I return.

4 For since thou hast said, thou wilt cast out
none

That fly to thine aid as sinners undone,
Now LORD I am come as condemned to die,
And on this sweet promise I humbly rely.

5 I cannot depart, dear JESUS, nor yield
Till my poor heart feels this promise fulfill'd
That I may forever a monument be,
To praise the dear Saviour of sinners like ME.

HYMN 98.—Elijah fed by Ravens.

1 ELIJAH'S example declares,
Whatever distress may betide,
The saints may commit all their cares,
To him who will always provide.
When rain, long withheld from the earth,
Occasion'd a famine of bread,

The prophet, secure from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed
Were ravens who liv'd upon prey ;
But when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness can find out a way :
This instance to some may seem strange
Who know not how faith can prevail,
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.

3 Nor is it a singular case ;
The wonder is often renew'd ;
And many can say to his praise,
By ravens he sends them their food ;
Thus worldlings, though ravens indeed,
Though greedy and selfish their mind,
If God have a servant to feed,
Against their own wills must be kind.

4 Thus Satan, the raven unclean,
That croaks in the ears of the saints,
O'er-rul'd by a power unseen,
Administers oft to their wants.
God teaches them how to find food,
From all the temptations they feel—
This raven, who thirsts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

5 How safe and how happy are they,
Who on the good Shepherd rely !

He'll give them out strength for their day,
 Their wants he will surely supply.
 He, ravens and lions, can tame,
 All creatures obey his command ;
 Then let me rejoice in his name,
 And leave all my cares in his hand.

HYMN 99.—Christ Lord of all.

- 1 ALL hail the great IMMANUEL's 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 the choir,
 And crown him LORD of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fix'd this floating ball ;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown him LORD of all.
- 4 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him LORD of all.
- 5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransom'd from 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, in universal song,
And crown him LORD of all.

HYMN 100.—Sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 Sinners, behold the Saviour stands,
With pardons in his bleeding hands,
To court you from the jaws of hell,
That you in perfect bliss may dwell.
- 2 His Spirit, with its healing pow'r,
Stands knocking pleading at your door ;
He'll bind the wounds that sin has made,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
- 3 O stifle not the heav'nly voice,
But hear and in his name rejoice ;
Attend the call, his love embrace,
And taste the sweetness of his grace.
- 4 He'll be your Father and your friend,
Your heart shall sing your sorrows end ;

He'll feed you with immortal love,
And bring you to his courts above.

HYMN 101.—The Exiles of Eden.

[TUNE—EXILE OF ERIN.]

1 THERE fell from God's favor two Exiles
of Eden ;

They wander'd thro' deserts of sorrow & pain,
From Paradise driven, the place of their free-
dom,

And we their descendants are prone to com-
plain :

O never again in the green shady bower,
Where our first parents stood, shall we spend
the sweet hour,

Nor taste of the sweet fruit, nor smell of the
flower,

Nor sound to the numbers of Eden again.

2 O hard is our fate, cry'd these heart-wand'-
ring strangers,

The brutal creation's more happy than we,
Surrounded with troubles, temptations and
dangers,

If God had been just could such evils e'er be ?
Hush all our complaints, let us mend our be-
havior,

We shall not go mourning as *Exiles* forever,
If we but repent and believe on the SAVIOUR,
Who died to redeem us, who lives to restore.

3 His character lovely, and shining in splendor,

Invites our attention to joys most sublime ;
He's mov'd with compassion, his heart is
most tender,

His blood has aton'd for the sins of mankind :
Come all you despondents, with hearts now
relenting,

Convicted, condemned, with sorrow repenting
Come just as you are, with your souls all
consenting,

Accept of salvation in Jesus's name.

4 He offers you pardon, he waits to embrace
you,

Here's pleasure forever, come follow the
Lamb,

Religion's a calling which will not disgrace
you,

'Tis honor from heaven, aspiring to fame ;
Come all you ambitious, who rise by gradation,

Salvation, the glory of every nation,
Come now and receive it, and take your high
station,

In heaven be crowned on Jesus's throne.

5 The church of the first-born to bliss have
attained,

Tho' once they were *Exiles*, and wander'd in
time,

In eternity's light, the myst'ry's explained,
The glory of heaven's unfolding in prime ;
Again they're restor'd to the most pleasing
 bowers,
In the presence of God now they spend their
 sweet hours,
Their souls are enraptur'd with heavenly
 powers,
They sing the sweet anthem of *Eden* RE-
 GAIN'D.

HYMN 102.—The Dying Christian.

- 1 MY eyes are now closing to rest,
 My body must soon be remov'd,
 And mould'ring lie buried in dust,
 No more to be envi'd or lov'd.
- 2 Oh happy ! thrice happy exchange !
 My Saviour, with eyes full of love,
 Now beckons me—soon I shall range,
 The fields of bright glory above.
- 3 Oh ! break off these fetters of clay,
 I long to be freed from this load ;
 Lord JESUS I mourn thy delay,
 Impatient to be with my God.
- 4 Each moment seems lingering and slow,
 While far from my home I must stay ;
 I long for those pleasures that flow
 Unceasing in regions of day.

- 5 Ah ! what is this drawing my breath,
And stealing my senses away ?
O ! tell me my soul is it death,
Releasing thee kindly from clay ?
- 6 Now mounting I soon shall descry,
The regions of pleasure and love ;
My spirit triumphing shall fly,
And dwell with my SAVIOUR above.
- 7 No more to be tempted by sin,
No longer by Satan be vex'd,
My conscience is peaceful within,
And is by no passion perplex'd.
- 8 Now speedily wafted on wing
This world in a moment I leave ;
O ! death where is now thy fam'd sting,
And where is thy vict'ry, O grave !

*HYMN 103.—A Christian passing through
death to glory.*

- 1 'TIS JESUS calls my soul away,
I hear his voice, and I obey ;
For sure his wondrous power to save,
Strangely perfumes the wasting grave.
- 2 My weakness, weariness and pain,
My glorious leader can sustain,
To heal the wounds of sin and death
He bids me look to him by faith.
- 3 Faith like an anchor, through the vail,
Secures a hold that cannot fail ;

There, through a SAVIOUR'S cleansing blood,
Beholds a reconciled GOD.

4 This tottering frame I feel give way,
My sight decays, I lose the day ;
But sure I feel a power divine,
And heav'nly glories round me shine.

5 In love triumphing now I sing,
Death and the grave have lost their sting,
Adieu, corruption, sin and pain,
With JESUS now I live and reign.

6 O the bright glories of the place,
What radiant smiles from JESUS' face !
Too bright for mortals here to bear
'Tis heaven itself I see and hear.

7 Strangely inspir'd, I find my tongue
Can speak my feelings in my song,
And all the heav'nly armies join,
To sing MESSIAH all divine.

HYMN 104.—A FUNERAL Hymn.

1 HOSANNA to JESUS on high ?
Another has enter'd his rest ;
Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
And lodg'd in Emmanuel's breast.
The soul of our brother is gone
To heighten the triumph above ;
Exalted to JESUS's throne !
Exalted by JESUS's love !

2 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at JESUS's name !
 The saints, whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb !
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from this dungeon shall fly ?
 Who first shall be summon'd away ?
 My merciful GOD—Is it I ?

3 O JESUS, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy council of Mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart :
 O give me a signal to know
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love.

HYMN 105.—The Pilgrim's Song.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace,
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove,
 Rise my soul and haste away,
 To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :

So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
 Whilst I that coast explore ;
 Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,
 Solicit me no more.

Pilgrims fix not here their home ;
 Stangers tarry but a night,
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize :
 Soon our SAVIOUR will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season and you know
 Happy entrance will be giv'n ;
 All our sorrows cast below,
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

HYMN 106.—The Convert.

1 FAR from thy fold, O God, my feet
 Once mov'd in error's devious maze,
 Nor found religious duties sweet,
 Nor sought thy face, nor lov'd thy ways.

2 With tend'rest voice thou bad'st me flee
 The paths which thou couldst ne'er approve ;
 And gently drew my soul to thee,
 With cords of sweet, eternal love.

3 Now to thy footstool, LORD, I fly,
And low in self-abasement fall ;
A vile, a helpless worm I lie,
And thou, my God, art all in all.

4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart
Than all the joys that earth can give ;
From fame, from wealth, from friends I'd
part,
Beneath thy countenance to live.

5 And when, in smiling friendship drest,
Death bids me quit this mortal frame,
Gently reclin'd on JESUS' breast,
My latest breath shall bless his name.

6 Then my unfetter'd soul shall rise,
And soar above yon starry spheres,
Join the full chorus of the skies,
And sing thy praise through endless years.

HYMN 107.—Day of Judgment.

1 HARK ! ye mortals, hear the trumpet
Sounding loud the mighty roar ;
Hark ! th' archangel's voice proclaiming,
' Thou, old time, shall be no more.'
His loud trumpet, his loud trumpet,
Rends the tombs ; the dead awake.

2 See the purple banner flying,
Hear the judgment-chariot roll ;
Hear the sound of CHRIST victorious,
Lo he breaks thro' yonder clouds,

Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See the crucified shine.

3 Is that he who di'd on Calv'ry,
That was pierced with the spear ?
Tell us, seraphs, you that wonder'd,
See him rising thro' the air ;
O come quickly, &c.
Hallelujah, come Lord, come.

4 View him smiling now determin'd,
Ev'ry evil to destroy ;
All you nations now shall sing him,
Songs of everlasting joy,—
Happy mourners, &c.
Lo in clouds he comes.

5 Now redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear ;
All his people once rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air,
Hallelujah, &c.
Welcome, welcome bleeding Lamb.

6 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Thro' th' eternal deep resounds ;
Now resplendent shine the nail-prints,
Ev'ry eye shall see the wounds.
They who pierc'd him, &c.
Shall, at his appearance, wail.

7 Ev'ry island, sea and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away :

All who hate him must ashamed,
Hear the trump proclaim the day —
‘ Come to judgment, &c.
Stand before the Son of man.’

8 Hear the Saviour’s words of mercy,
Come you ransom’d sinners home ;
Swift and joyful in your journey,
To the palace of your God.
Come ye blessed, &c.

Enter now your bless’d abode.

9 See the souls that earth despised,
In celestial glories move ;
Hallelujahs big with wonders,
Praising CHRIST’s eternal love,
Hallelujahs, &c.

Echo thro’ the realms of light.

10 Joys celestial, hymns harmonious,
In soft symphony resound ;
Angels, seraphs, harps and trumpets,
Swell the sweet angelic sound.
Hail ALMIGHTY, &c.

GREAT ETERNAL LORD, Amen.

HYMN 108.—The same.

1 WHEN the fierce North Wind with his
airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
And the red lightning with a storm of hail
comes

Rushing amain down.

2 How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and
tremble !

While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody
trumpet,

Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly,)
'Such the dire terror when the great Arch-
angel

Shakes the creation.

4 Tears the strong pillows of the vault of
heav'n,

Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,

Flames all around them.

5 Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty
wretches !

Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living
worm lies

Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon
their heart-strings,

And the smart twinings, when the eye be-
holds the

Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of ven-
geance

Rolling afore him.

M

7 Hopeless immortals ! how they scream
and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide-
yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them head-
long

Down to the centre.

8 Stop here, my fancy, (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas,) come, arise to JESUS,
How he sits God-like ! and the saints around
him

Thron'd, yet adoring !

9 O may I sit there when he comes trium-
phant,
Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the redeemer.

HYMN 109.—Lord's Day Morning.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun.
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

2 Come, bless the LORD, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides a blest foretaste of heav'n,
On this day more than all the sev'n.

- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from CHRIST that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we scan,
Creation's scene, redemption's plan ;
With praise, we think on mercies past,
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts pass away ;
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

HYMN 110.—Lord's Day Evening.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning 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.

HYMN 111.—Trust in God.

- 1 SHOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit :
- 2 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall :
- 3 Should God's alter'd hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain ;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :
- 4 Yet to God my soul shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love him—for himself alone.

HYMN 112.—The Lord his people's shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.
- 2 My noon day steps he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend ;

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