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A Collection of Hymns & Spiritual Songs.

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A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS & SPIRITUAL SONGS.

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

BY THE REV. RICHARD ALLEN,
MINISTER OF THE AFRICAN METHODIST
EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Philadelphia :

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SPIRITUAL SONGS.

HYMN I.

1. **T**HE voice of Free Grace, cries escape to
the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a foun-
tain,
For sin and transgression, and every pollution,
His blood it flows freely in plenteous redemption.
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's side flows plenteous redemption;

Though your sins were increas'd as high as
a mountain,
His blood it flows freely in streams of salva-
tion.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3. Oh! Jesus ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death and Hell, thou wilt make us
victorious :

Thy name shall be prais'd in the great con-
gregation,

And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4. When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the
blest shore,

With our harps in our hands we'll praise him
evermore ;

We'll range the blest fields on the bank of
the river,

And sing Hallelujah for ever and ever.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

HYMN II.

1. **O** JESUS my Saviour, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down
at thy feet !

The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh and blood ;
Thou art my Redeemer, my Lord and my God.

2. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee my Love !
I love thee my Saviour, I love thee my Dove !

I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost
know

But how much I love thee, I never shall
show.

3. All human expressions are empty and vain,
They cannot unriddle the heavenly flame!
I'm sure if the tongue of an angel I had,
I could not the myst'ry completely describe.
4. I'm happy, I'm happy O wond'rous account!
My days are immortal, I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure, I long to be there,
With Angels my kindred, and Jesus my dear,
5. O Jesus my Saviour, in thee I am blest:
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest.
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my
song,
Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue!
6. Thy fullness reveal, thy promise fulfil,
O take and direct me to the heavenly hill;
There wrapt in thy love, to be lost in thy
charms,
With Angels transported, and freed from all
harms.
7. O who is like Jesus? he's Salem's bright king!
He smiles & he loves me, he learns me to sing.
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes
loud and shrill
While rivers of pleasure, my spirit doth fill.

HYMN III.

1. **H**OW lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole;
 There is but one phyfician
 Can cure a fin fick foul :
 Next door to death he found me,
 And pluck'd me from the grave;
 To tell to all around me :
 His wond'rous power to fave !
2. Of men great skill poffeffing,
 I thought a cure to gain,
 But that prov'd more diftreffing
 And added to my pain :
 Some faid that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for loft,
 Thus every refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.
3. At length this great phyfician,
 How matchlefs in his power,
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my cure,
 Firft gave me fight to view him.
 For fin my fight had feal'd,
 Then bid me look unto him,
 I look'd and I was heal'd.
4. A bleeding dying Jesus,
 Seen by an eye of Faith
 At once from fin it frees us,
 And faves our fouls from death !

Come then to this physician,
 His help he'll freely give
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis, only look and live.

HYMN IV.

1. **O** GOD my heart with love inflame,
 That I may in thy holy name,
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
 While I have breath to raise my voice ;
 Then will I shout, then will I sing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 I'll sing and shout for evermore,
 On that eternal happy shore.

5. O hope of Glory, Jesus come !
 And make my heart thy humble home
 For the small remnant of my days,
 I want to sing and shout thy praise.
 O give me Lord a heart to pray,
 And live rejoicing every day;
 For to give thanks in every thing;
 And sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3. When on my dying bed I lay,
 Lord give me strength to shout and pray !
 And praise thee with my latest breath,
 Until my voice is lost in death.
 Then brethren, sisters, shouting come,
 My body follow to the tomb :
 And as you march the solemn road,
 Sing and shout the praise of God.

4. Then you below and I above,
 We'll shout and praise the God of love,
 Until that great tremendous day,
 When Christ shall shout and wake our clay;
 Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
 And shout, O Death, where is thy sting?
 O Grave, where is thy victory?
 We'll shout to all eternity.
5. Our race is o'er we've gain'd the prize,
 Then shall the Sov'reign of the skies,
 With smiles unto his children say,
 Come reign with me in endless day.
 Then on that happy, happy shore,
 We'll shout and sing, our sufferings o'er,
 We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
 And make the heav'nly arches ring.
 Glory Hallelujah.

HYMN V.

1. **T**HE glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Sion's light shall come :
 She shall arise and shine on high
 Bright as the morning sun.
 The north and south their suns resign,
 And earth's foundations bend ;
 Adorn'd as a bride Jerusalem,
 All-glorious shall descend.
- . The king that bears the golden crown,
 The azure, flaming bow ;

The holy city shall bring down
To bless his saints below.

When Sion's bleeding, conqu'ring king,
Shall sin and death destroy;
The morning stars together sing,
And Sion shout for joy.

3. The holy, bright, musician bands
Who sing on harps of gold,
Palms in their hands they upward tend,
Fair Salem to behold!
Ascending on such melting strains,
Jehovah's name they bear:
Such shouts thro' earth's extensive plains,
Was never heard before!
4. Let satan rage and boast no more,
Ye fiends of darkness fly;
Though saints are feeble, weak, and poor,
Their great Redeemer's nigh.
He is their shield—their hiding place—
A covert from the wind—
Streams from the rock in the wilderness,
Throughout this weary land.
5. The chrystal streams run down from heav'n,
They issue from the throne:
The floods of strife away are driv'n,
The church becomes but one.
That peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love!
And shout and sing of grace below,
As angels do above!

HYMN VI.

1. **C**OME and taste, along with me,
Consolation running free,
From our Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey-comb.
2. Wherefore should I feast alone,
Two are better still than one ;
The more comes in with a free, good will,
Makes the banquet sweeter still.
3. Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more ;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me, his chosen heir.
4. Goodness running like a stream,
Through the new Jerusalem,
And by a constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth, and heaven both.
5. Saints in glory sing aloud,
For to see and hear of God !
Coming in at heaven's door.
Making of the number more.
6. Now my body doth its best,
For to keep me back from Christ ;
But a treasure coming in,
Doth oppose my inbred sin.
7. Sinful nature, hatching vice ;
Cannot stop the force of grace ;

Whilst there is a God to give,
And a sinner to receive.

- Heaven's here and heaven's there.
3. Comfort's flowing every where !
This I boldly do profess,
That my soul hath got a taste.
Now I go rejoicing home
From the banquet of perfume !
Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

HYMN VII.

1. **B**EHOLD that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be hurl'd away ;
And christians gather'd home !
2. The one with Dives^{for} water cry,
And gnaw their tongues in pain,
They gnash their teeth and crisp and fry,
And wring their hands in vain.
3. Now hail ! all hail ! ye frightful ghosts,
With whom I once did dwell,
And spent my days in frantic mirth.
And danc'd my soul to hell !
4. You me about the floor did drag,
And caus'd my soul to sin ;
And devils now your mouth shall gag,
And force the fuel in.

5. Perhaps the parent sees the child
Sink down to endless flames,
With shrieks, and howls, and bitter cries,
Never to rise again.
6. O father ! see my blazing hands,
Mother ! behold your child !
Against you now, a witness stands
Amidst the flames confin'd !
7. The child, perhaps, the parent views,
Go headlong down to hell :
Gone with the rest of Satan's crew,
And bids the child farewell !
8. The husband sees his piteous wife,
With whom he once did dwell,
Depart with groans and bitter cries,
My husband ! fare you well !
9. But O, perhaps, the wife may see,
The man she once did love,
Sink down to endless misery,
Whilst she is crown'd above !
10. Then shall the saints through grace com-
Drink in eternal love : (bin'd,
In Jesus' image there to shine,
And reign with him above.
11. O how it lifts my soul to think,
Of meeting round the throne,
Eternal joys there for to drink,
Where sorrows never come.

HYMN VIII.

1. **J**ERUSALEM my happy home,
O how I long for thee !
When will my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
3. Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been ;
Such sparkling light by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
4. If Heav'n be thus so glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly's this that I should dread
To die and go from hence !
5. Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
6. Jesus my love to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
7. My friends I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
An' if I never more see you,
Go on I'll meet you there.

8. There we shall meet and no more part,
And Heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus's love in every heart
Shall tune the song Free Grace.
9. Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still go on,
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit three in One.
10. When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the Sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

HYMN IX.

1. **O** That I had a bosom friend,
To tell my secrets to,
On whose advice I might depend
In every thing I do.
2. How do I wander up and down,
And no one pities me!
I seem a stranger quite unknown,
A son of misery!
3. None lends an ear to my complaint,
Nor minds my cries nor tears:
None comes to cheer me tho' I faint,
Nor my vast burden bears.
4. Whilst others live in mirth and ease
And feel no want or woe,

Thro' this waste, howling wilderuess,
I full of sorrows go————.

5. O faithless soul to reason thus,
And murmur without end ?
Did Christ expire upon the cross
And is he not thy friend ?
6. Why dost thou envy carnal men,
And think their state so blest ?
How great salvation hast thou seen,
And Jesus is thy rest !
7. What can this lower world afford
Compar'd with gospel grace ?
Thy happiness is in the Lord,
And thou shalt see his face !
8. Can present grief be counted great
Compar'd with future woes ?
Will transient pleasures seem so sweet
Compar'd with endless joys ?
9. How soon will God withdraw the scene,
And burn the world he made !
Then woe to carnal sinful men !
My soul lift up thy head.
10. Thy Saviour is thy real friend,
Constant and true and good ;
He will be with thee to the end,
And bring thee safe to God.
11. Then why my soul art thou so sad ?
When will thy sighs be o'er ?
Rejoice in Jesus and be glad
Rejoice for evermore.

HYMN X.

1. **B**EHOLD the awful trumpet sounds,
The sleeping dead to raise,
And calls the nations under ground :
O how the faints will praise !
2. Behold the Saviour how he comes
Descending from his throne
To burst afunder all our tombs
And lead his children home.
3. But who can bear that dreadful day,
To see the world in flames :
The burning mountains melt away,
While rocks run down in streams.
4. The falling stars their orbits leave,
The sun in darkness hide ;
The elements afunder cleave,
The moon turn'd into blood !
5. Behold the universal world
In consternation stand,
The wicked into Hell are turn'd,
The Saints at God's right hand.
6. O then the music will begin,
Their Saviour God to praise :
They are all freed from every sin
And thus they'll spend their days :

HYMN XI.

1. **W**HAT poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
That's walking yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?
2. Why they are of a royal line,
They're children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crown divine,
And loud for joy they sing.
3. Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not appriz'd.
4. Why some of them seem poor distress'd
And lacking daily bread;
Heirs of immortal wealth possess'd
With hidden Manna fed.
5. Why do they shun that pleasant path,
Which worldlings love so well?
Because it is the road to death,
The open way to hell.
6. Why do they walk that narrow road
Along that rugged maze?
Because this way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.
7. Why is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

HYMN XII.

1. **A**M I a Soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
When others fought to win the prize
And fail'd thro' bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is 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 tho' 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 XIII.

1. **I**N thee we now together come,
In singleness of heart,
-

We meet, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part ;
We part in body, not in mind :
Our minds continue one ;
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand to hand go on.

2. Subsists as in us all one soul ;
No pow'r can make us twain :
Tho' mountains rise and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.
Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh ;
While on the wings of faith and pray'r,
We each to other fly.

3. In Jesus Christ together we
In heav'nly places sit :
Cloath'd with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.
Our life is hid with Christ in God :
Our life shall soon appear ;
And shed his glories all abroad
In all his members here.

4. This heav'nly treasure here
In a vile house of clay,
But he shall to the utmost save,
And keep it to that day,
Our souls are in his mighty hand
And he will keep them still ;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill,

5. Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his will shine :
O what a glorious company
When saints and angels join!
O what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white array'd ;
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head !

6. Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through ,
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view :
'Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home !
Come, O Redeemer, come away !
O Jesus, quickly come !

HYMN XIV.

1. **WE'VE** found the rock, the trav'ler cries,
The stone that all the prophets try'd ;

2. Come, Christians, drink the balmy dew,
'Twas Christ that shed it new for you.

3. This costly mixture cures the soul,
Which sin and guilt has made so foul.

4. It makes me merry while I sing,
And shout salvation to my King.

5. There's glory, glory in my soul ;
Come, mourners, see salvation roll :

6. I wish you would believe in God,
And sink into the purple flood.
7. O Christians we have Heav'n to day—night.
It shines around with dazzling ray—light:
8. And in this light we'll soar away
Where there's no night but endless day.
9. O then we'll blow the golden flute,
And praise the man that gain'd our suit :
10. Then Jesus in a shining vest,
Will smile and lead us up to rest!

HYMN XV.

1. **S**AVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
And now my troubled weary spirit,
Now finds rest in thee my God.
2. I am safe, and I am happy
While in thy dear arms I lie:
Sin nor Satan cannot harm me
While my Saviour is so high.
3. Now I'll sing of Jesus's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any wants 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 he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.
6. Now methinks I hear him praying
" Father spare them, I have dy'd :"
And the Father answers, saying,
" They are freely justify'd."

HYMN XVI.

1. **O**H! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn—
My sins! which have thy body torn!
Give me, with broken heart, to see
Thy last, tremendous agony.
2. O, could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that bleeding sight!
O that, with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die!
3. I'd smite my breast, and weep and mourn,
And never from the cross return:
I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with Jesus's blood.

4. I'd hang around his cross, and cry
 " Lord save a soul condemn'd to die!
 " O let a wretch come near thy throne,
 " To plead the merits of thy son."
5. Father of mercy do not frown,
 But give me mercy in thy son;
 And, with my broken heart, comply!
 O give me Jesus, or I die.
6. O Lord deny me what thou wilt,
 If thou wouldst ease my soul from guilt.
 Good Lord! in mercy hear my cry,
 And give me Jesus, or I die.
7. O save my soul from gaping hell,
 Or else with devils I must dwell:
 O might I enter, now I'm come!
 Lord Jesus save me or I'm gone.

HYMN XVII.

1. **T**HE time draws nigh when you and I
 Are to be separated;
 But this doth grieve our hearts to leave
 Each other to be parted;
 But let us see eternity,
 And meet the saints with joy,
 Our sighings o'er, we'll part no more,
 But reign, with Christ, in glory.
2. When Christians join, it is most fine
 For to adore their Saviour;
 High they can raise their songs of praise,
 And follow him forever;

But when they part it grieves their heart,
 They here are so united :
 They fain would be, in company
 Always, they're so delighted.

3. Well, brethren dear, don't let us fear,
 We soon shall live together ;
 When Christ descends to call his friends
 We then shall meet one another.
 Then to sit down, around the throne
 With saints and lovely Jesus,
 Eternal love, we'll sing above,
 And nothing then will grieve us.

4. The Lamb appears to wipe our tears,
 And to complete our glory ;
 Then shall we rest, with all the blest,
 And tell the lovely story :
 To set and tell, " Christ lov'd us well,
 " And that while we were sinners."
 Heaven will ring, while saints do sing,
 " Glory to the Redeemer."

HYMN XVIII.

1. **S**EE the Eternal Judge descending,
 Seated on his Father's throne ;
 Now poor sinners Christ will shew thee,
 That he is the Eternal Son ;
 Trumpets call thee,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2. Hear the sinner now lamenting
 At the thoughts of fiercer pain ;
 Cries and tears are now a-venting,
 But he weeps and cries in vain,
 Greatly mourning,
 That he nev'r was born again.
3. Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love ;
 Oh! that I had sought his favor
 When I felt his spirit move !
 Doom'd I'm justly,
 For I have against him strove.
4. All his wooing I have slighted,
 While he daily sought my soul,
 If my vows to him I plighted,
 Yet for sin I broke them all ;
 Golden moments,
 How neglected did they roll !
5. Yonder sits my godly neighbours,
 Who were once despis'd by me ;
 Now they're clad in dazzling splendor,
 Waiting my sad fate to see ;
 Farewell neighbours——
 Difinal gulf I'm bound for thee !
6. Hail ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,
 Groaning, rattling of your chains !
 Christ has now denounc'd my sentence,
 For to dwell in endless pains ;
 Down I'm rolling,
 Never to return again.

7. Now experience plainly shews me,
Hell is not a fabled thing ;
Now I see my friends in glory,
Round the throne they ever sing :
I'm tormented
With an everlasting sting.

HYMN XIX.

1. **B**RETHREN farewell, I do you tell
That you and I must part :
I go away, and here you stay ;
But still we join in heart.
2. Your love to me, has run most free,
Your conversation sweet,
How can I bear to journey, where
With you I cannot meet ?
3. Yet I do find my heart inclin'd
To do my work below.
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready for to go.
4. I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save, from death and grave,
And shield you from all harms.
5. I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
(And keep your garments white)
For you and me—that we may be
The children of the light.

6. If you die first, amen you must,
The will of God be done ;
I hope the Lord will you reward
With an immortal crown.
7. If I'm call'd home, while I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me ;
I hope to sing and praise my king,
'Through all eternity.
8. Millions of years over the spheres,
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauties, bright unto my sight,
Their sacred sweets disclose.
9. I long to go—then fare ye well,
My soul will be at rest.
No more shall I complain, or sigh,
But taste the heav'nly feast.
10. O may we meet, and be complete,
And long together dwell ;
And serve the Lord with one accord,
So brethren all farewell.

HYMN XX.

1. **E**ARTH has detain'd me pris'ner long ;
But I'm grown weary now :
My heart, my hands, my ears, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

2. Tired myself I lay me down,
And upward cast my eyes,
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
3. There the dear Lord, my Saviour sits;
O see how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights,
On all the happy minds.
4. Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around;
And charm, and move the starry plains
With an immortal sound.
5. Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
"Jesus my love they sing,"
"Jesus" the God of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
6. Now would I rise and join the song,
And be an angel too;
My heart my hands, my ears my tongue,
There's joyful work for you.
7. I would begin the music here,
And so my soul shall rise;
O! for some heav'nly note to bear
My spirit to the skies!

HYMN XXI.

1. **T**HINK worldling, think, 'alas! how vain!
Couldst thou this spacious earth obtain,

And grasp it all from pole to pole,
Yet lose thine own immortal soul.

2. What will thy mighty wealth avail
When sickness shall thy health assail?
Or when the pow'rful hand of death
Shall seize upon thy mortal breath?
3. Think on the man who vainly said,
"Take ease my soul, for there is laid
Sufficient store for many years,
To banish all your crowding fears."
4. But Oh! how soon his bliss expir'd!
"Thou fool" said God, "Thy soul's requir'd,
And all those heaps thou countest thine,
Thou shalt this very night resign."
5. O worldling here a warning take,
Your gilded pleasures now forsake;
Improve your time and talent given,
And lay your treasure up in Heaven.
6. Will all your vast possessions buy,
A mansion for your soul on high,
When you're confin'd by God to dwell
For ever in the lake of Hell?
7. Can wealth assuage the troubled mind,
Or make the furious Devils kind?
Can all the wealth from pole to pole
Redeem one lost, immortal soul?

8. No worldling no ; whoc'er thou art,
If here on earth thou hast thy heart,
However large thy share may be
Eternal wants remain for thee.

HYMN XXII.

1. **T**HE trumpet of God is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy, salvation thro'
blood.
2. Thrice happy are they who hear and obey,
And thare in the blessings of this gospel-day.
3. Their anguish and smart, and sorrow depart,
Who find this salvation inscrib'd on their
heart.
4. True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And they that have found it have Paradise
found.
5. Our Jesus to know, and feel his blood blow
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below !
5. This blessing be mine thro' favor divine ;
But, O my Redeemer ! the glory be thine.

HYMN XXIII.

1. **L**ORD ! when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,

Thy smiles are so divinely sweet
We're loth to leave the place.

2. Yet Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy precious presence still
With every one remain.
3. Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
'Till we, around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyfully meet above.
4. There sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then forever fly.
And not one thought that we should part,
Once intercept our joy.
5. There, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in seraphic, heav'nly strains,
Redeeming love admire.
6. And thus, through all eternity,
Upon the heav'nly shore,
The great, mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah we'll adore.

HYMN XXIV.

1. **O** BLESSED estate of the dead—
The dead that have died in the Lord!
From trouble and misery freed,
And sure of their endless reward:

By sorrow no longer oppress'd,
 When join'd to the spirits above!
 With Jesus in glory they rest,
 They rest in the arms of his love.

2. O! when will the Saviour extend
 The arms of his mercy to me?
 The days of my pilgrimage end,
 My soul from its prison set free.
 When will the dear moment arrive
 Which often I've pin'd for in vain?
 And still I would die to revive,
 And suffer with Jesus to reign.

3. Ah! give me to bow my faint head,
 My sorrowful soul to resign,
 From pain everlastingly freed,
 To rest in thy bosom divine.
 My Saviour why dost thou delay,
 To call a poor wanderer home?
 Come quickly, and bear me away
 The bride and the spirit say "come."

HYMN XXV.

1. **C**OME, Christian friends, and hear me tell
 The wonders of Immanuel,
 He is the light of fairs below,
 Their strength and comfort from him flow.
2. Tho' all the world should spread its wings,
 And tempt them with ten thousand things,

They can't forget that heav'nly love,
Which brought a Saviour from above.

3. For us he bow'd his awful head,
Down to the regions of the dead,
To take away our weighty guilt,
The Saviour's sacred blood was spilt.
4. Now hear him call, now hear him plead,
For us he lives to intercede ;
He's left the tomb, ascended high
Above the curtains of the sky.
5. How charming is that heav'nly call,
The gospel sounding free to all.
Come, sinners, hear—and see, and taste
The joys which cannot be express'd.

HYMN XXVI.

1. **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all:
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul,
 In seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN XXVII.

1. **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign.
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting Spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs:
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.
3. [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green;
 So, to the Jews, old Canaan flood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
4. But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.]

5. Oh ! could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes !
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN XXVIII.

1. [COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.
2. Jesus, the God, that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell ;
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.]
3. [Jesus, our God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]
4. The Lord how glorious is his face
How kind his smiles appear !
And oh ! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear.

5. " For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I dy'd ;
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side !

 6. These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.

 7. [Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
And plung'd it in my heart ;
Infinite pangs for you I bore,
And most tormenting smart.

 8. When hell, and all its spiteful pow'rs,
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.

 9. But, while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
I ruin'd Satan's throne.
High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
The monster tumbling down.

 10. Now you must triumph at my feast,
And taste my flesh, my blood,
And live eternal ages blest,
For 'tis immortal food."

 11. Victorious God ! what can we pay
For favours so divine ?
We would devote our hearts away,
To be forever thine.]
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12. We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues ;
But themes so infinite as these,
Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN XXIX.

1. **C**OME ye that know the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.
2. Great tribulation you shall meet ;
But soon shall walk the golden street.
Tho' hell may rage, and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
3. The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound thro' the earth, and down to hell;
To call the nations, great and small.
4. Behold the righteous marching home—
And all the angels bid them come ;
Whilst Christ, the judge, with joy proclaims
“ Here comes my saints, I own their names.
5. “ Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
“ Make room for to receive my bride,
“ Ye bells in heaven sound aloud,
“ Here comes the purchase of my blood.”

6. In grandeur see the royal line,
 In glittering robes the sun outshine.
 See faints and angels join in one,
 And march, in splendor, to the throne !
7. They stand with wonder, and look on—
 They join in one eternal song,
 The great Redeemer to admire—
 While raptures set their souls on fire.

HYMN XXX.

1. **C**URST be the man, forever curst,
 Who doth his God forsake—
 “ Death and damnation is but just,
 “ Without relief, and infinite.”
2. Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
 Thunder and fire, and vengeance flings ;
 But, Jesus, thy dear, gasping breath,
 And Calvary say gentler things.
3. Pardon, and grace, and boundless love
 Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
 And life and joys, and crowns above,
 Dear purchase of a bleeding God.
4. Hark—how he prays ! the charming sound
 Dwells on his dying lips, “ forgive.”
 And every groan, and gaping wound
 Cries, “ Father, let the rebels live !”

5. Go you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there,
Look to the flames which Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
6. But I'll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie,
And the keen sword that justice draws
Flaming and red shall pass me by.

HYMN XXXI.

1. **N**OW begins the Heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus's name ;
Ye who Jesus's goodness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
2. Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
While to Canaan on ye move
Bless and praise redeeming love.
3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming love.
4. Yes, alas, who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5. Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to a sacred rest ;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
6. He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
 His tremendous foe and ours,
 To their cursed Empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming love.
7. Hither then your music bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful string ;
 Mortals join the hosts above ;
 Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN XXXII.

1. **H**OW long shall Death the Tyrant reign
 And triumph o'er the just,
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain,
 Lies mingled with the dust.
2. When will the tedious night be gone ?
 When will our Lord appear ;
 Our fond desires would pray him down,
 Our love embrace him here.
3. Let faith arise and climb the hills,
 And from afar descry
 How distant are his chariot wheels,
 And tell how fast they fly.

4. Lo ! I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of Heav'n appears !
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres. /
5. I see the Lord of Glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The Skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
6. I hear the voice—"ye dead arise,"
And straight the graves obey,
And waking Saints with joyful eyes
Salute the expected day.
7. They leave the ground, and on the wing
Rais'd to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And lo adore him there.
8. O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them clothed in white :
The meanest place at thy right hand
Is infinite delight.
9. How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies
On love's triumphant wing !

HYMN XXXIII.

1. **T**HE great tremendous day's approach-
ing,
That awful scene is drawing nigh ;
Was long foretold by ancient Prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.
2. But O my soul reflect and wonder,
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see that great transaction,
When Christ in Judgment shall appear !
3. See, nature stands all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound,
" Arise ye dead and come to judgment,
" Ye nations of this world around :"
4. Loud thunder rumbling thro' the concave,
Bright forked lightning parts the skies,
The Heav'ns a shaking the earth a quaking :
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.
5. The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,
No more their shining circuits run ;
The wheel of time stopped in a moment,
Eternal things are now begun :
6. Huge mossy rocks and tow'ring mountains
Over their tumbling bases roar,
The raging ocean all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frightened shore.

7. Green turfey graveyards and tombs of marble
Give up their dead both small and great ;
See the whole world, both Saint and Sinner
Are coming to the judgment seat :

8. See Jesus on a throne of Justice
Come thundering down the parted sky,
With countless armies of shining Angels,
With Hallelujahs shouts for joy.

9. Bright shining streams from his awful presence,
His face ten thousand Suns outshines ;
Behold him coming in power and glory
To meet him all his Saints combine.

10. "Go forth ye Heralds with speed like lightning,
" Call in my Saints from distant land,
" Those that my blood from Hell has ransom'd,
" Whose names in life's fair book doth stand.

11. " O come ye blessed of my father,
" The purchase of my dying love,
" Receive the crowns of life and glory,
" Which are laid up for you above.

12. For your dear souls which have continued
" With me, and my temptations bore,
" I have provided for you a kingdom,
" To reign with me for evermore."

13. There's flowing fountains of living water,
No sickness, pain nor death to fear ;
No sorrow, sighing, no tears nor weeping
Shall ever have admittance there.

14. But how will sinners stand and tremble
When Justice calls them to the bar ;
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlasting doom to hear ?

15. See justice now with indignation,
Calling aloud for sinner's blood,
Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,
And crucify'd the Son of God ;

16. " Depart from me ye cursed sinners,
" My face you never more shall see,
" Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
" To endless woe and misery.

17. Each guilty soul then struck with horror
And anguish, throbbing in their breast ;
For ever doom'd to endless sorrow,
And never more to hope for rest.

18. Come sinners here's a faithful warning,
Return to Jesus whilst you may,
For he is ready to receive you,
Or else you must depart away.

HYMN XXXIV.

1. **A** WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
2. 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.
3. And lest the shadow of a spot,
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
4. How far the heav'nly robe exceeds,
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!
5. The spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work,
The robe of righteousness.
6. Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great, sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all my pow'rs agree.

HYMN XXV.

1. **C**OME all ye poor sinners that from A-
dam came,
Ye poor and ye blind, and ye halt, and ye
lame,
Close in with the gospel, upon its own terms,
Or you'll burn forever, like poor, mortal
worms.
2. When the Lord shall descend, with a shout,
from above,
And call home his faints to bless them with
his love,
And you not renew'd in your souls by his
grace,
Away you must turn with a sorrowful face.
3. For if you deny Christ, he will deny you
You'll be found on his left hand with the
wicked crew
In horror and torment forever you'll lie;
In vain now for mercy, in vain you must cry.
4. You've read of the rich man and beggar also;
The beggar he died and to Jesus did go;
The rich man he died, and to his sad surprise,
Awak'd in Hell, and he lift up his eyes;
5. Seeing Abra'm afar off in the mansions a-
bove,
And Laz'rus in his bosom in raptures of love,

He cry'd " father Abra'm, send to my relief,
" For I am tormented with pain and with
grief."

6. He said " Son remember when you liv'd so
bold,
" Dress'd in your fine linen, your purple and
gold,
" Whilst Laz'rus was laid at your gate full
of grief,
" You had not compassion to give him relief.
7. " Besides, there's a gulph fix'd betwixt us,
you see,
" So those that would pass from hence can't
come to thee ;
" But there you must lie, and lament your
sad state,
" For now you are sending your cries up too
late."
8. He cried, " father Abra'm, I pray you pro-
vide,
" Send one from the dead, I've five brethren
beside.
" They hearing from me and of my wretched
state,
" Perhaps they'll repent now, before 'tis too
late."
9. " They have a rich gospel that spreads far
and wide ;

“ They’ve Moses, the prophets, and apostles
beside,

“ If they’ll not adhere unto them and repent,

“ They will not believe though one from the
dead went.”

10. Come, poor Zion mourners, O don’t you
despair,

But cry to your Jesus, he’ll answer your
pray’r ;

He’ll hear your complaints, and ease all your
grief ;

He’ll pardon your sins, and will give you re-
lief.

11. And when you shall come to lay your bodies
down,

You’ll fly to the regions where you’ll wear a
crown.

The smiles that will come from sweet Jesus’s
face

Will make you adore and admire free grace.

HYMN XXXVI.

1. **O**H! how I have long’d for the coming of
God—

And sought him, by praying and searching
his word.

With watching and fasting my soul was op-
press’d,

Nor would I give over ’till Jesus had bless’d.

2. The news of his mercy at length I did hear,
According to promise he answered my pray-
er—

And glory is open'd, in floods, on my soul !
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.

3. The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come crying and praying to
God ;

Their mourning and praying is heard very
loud,

And many's found favour in Jesus's blood.

4. Here's more, my dear Saviour, that falls at
thy feet,

Opprest by a burden enormously great.

Oh! raise me, my Jesus, to tell of thy love,

And shout hallelujah with angels above.

5. I'll sing and I'll shout, and I'll shout and I'll
sing,

O God make the nations with praises to ring.

With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,

And carry us all to the city above.

6. We'll wait for his chariot, it seems to draw
near,

O come, my dear Saviour, let glory appear,

We long to be singing and shouting above,

With angels, o'erwhelm'd in Jesus's love.

HYMN XXXVII.

1. **A** SOLEMN march we make,
Towards the silent grave,
A lodging all must quickly take,
And carnal pleasure leave.
2. **O** what a striking scene,
In this cold grave appears,
A mortal turn'd to dust again,
Quite spun out all his years.
3. **And** we who now attend,
Must soon resign our breath,
God will the solemn summons send,
By dreadful ghastly death.
4. **If** I the next should be,
That crumble with the dust;
My soul—what then becomes of thee?
Hast thou a lot with Christ?
5. **Since** I attended here,
My moments swiftly glide,
And death upon their wings they bear,
As quick, perpetual tide.
6. **Now** let me home return,
And strive my soul to save;
Lest I in hell should ever burn,
And, with the damned rave.

7. Jesus, despised friend,
 I'll slight thy love no more ;
 Dear Saviour now that spirit send,
 Which I so griev'd before.
8. Then I'll prepare to meet,
 My Jesus at his bar,
 Forever worship at his feet,
 And sing his praises there.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1. **D**REST uniform the foldiers are,
 When duty calls abroad.
 Not purchased by their cost or care,
 But by their prince bestow'd.
2. Christ's foldiers, too, if Christ-like bred,
 Have a regimental dress ;
 'Tis linen white, and faced with red,
 'Tis Christ's own righteousness.
3. A rich and precious robe it is,
 Unto the foldier dear.
 No rose can learn to blush like this,
 Nor lilly look so fair.
4. It is one piece and wove throughout,
 So curiously that none
 Can dress them in the seamless coat,
 Till Jesus puts it on.

5. 'Tis wrought by Jesus' skilful hand,
 'Tis ting'd in his own blood.
 It makes the cherubs gazing stand,
 To view this robe of God.

6. No art of man can weave this robe,
 'Tis of such texture fine ;
 Nor could the wealth of all the globe,
 By purchase make it mine.

7. This vesture never waxeth old,
 No spot thereon can fall ;
 It makes the soldier brisk and bold,
 And dutiful withal.

8. This robe put on me, Lord, each day,
 And it shall hide my shame ;
 Shall make me fight and sing and pray,
 And bless my captain's name.

HYMN XXXIX.

1. **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountains,
 Of everlasting love.
 When shall I be delivered,
 From this vain world of sin ?
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasure in.

2. But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear:
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3. Through grace I am determin'd,
To conquer, tho' I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid it all adieu.
And you, my friends, be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4. And if you meet with troubles,
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armour,
Of faith, and hope, and love.
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with Him above.

5. O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend,

Neither will he upbraid you,
Tho' often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you up to rest.

HYMN XLI.

1. **O** DON'T you hear the alarm,
Hark—how the trumpet sounds!
It is the Lord of glory,
That gives the gospel bounds.
2. Come and accept his offer,
Before it is too late.
For Jesus is a calling
Before he shuts the gate.
3. Come, let us go together,
And list into his band,
For Jesus is our captain,
He's bounty in his hand.
4. The trumpet is a sounding,
It's for more volunteers,
Come like a valiant foldier,
And cast away your fears.
5. Come who will list with Jesus,
A soldier for to make,
And like a faithful subject,
His armour on you take.

6. He's food and raiment plenty,
Enough—and for to spare.
All things he has provided,
That you have need to wear.
7. Then let us well remember,
How Israel was freed,
When from the hand of Pharoah,
By Moses they were led.
8. The pillar went before them,
And Moses with his rod.
No doubt we shall win the day,
If we but trust in God.
9. Our enemies are many,
On every side they stand.
Then let us go together,
With weapons in our hand.
10. Let us begin the battle,
Like David with his sling—
Fight with courage stout and bold,
For Jesus Christ our king.
11. Then, when the war is ended,
We'll lay our weapons by,
And fly aloft to Jesus,
To reign above the sky.
12. In peace we'll wear the laurel,
When our foes are slain,
We'll take the large possession,
Where peace forever reigns.

HYMN XLII.

1. **W**AKE up my muse, condole the loss
Of those that mourn this day—
Let tears distil on every face,
And every mourner pray.
2. The tyrant, Death, came rushing in,
Last night his power did shew,
Out of this world this child did take,
Death laid its visage low.
3. No more the pleasant child is seen
To please its parent's eye,
The tender plant, so fresh and green,
Is in eternity.
4. The golden bowl by Death is broke,
The pitcher's burst in twain,
The cistern-wheel has felt the stroke,
The pleasant child is slain.
5. The winding-sheet doth bind its limbs,
The coffin holds it fast,
To-day it's seen by all its friends,
But this must be the last.
6. Until ~~the~~ the Lord doth come, to judge
The nations great and small,
And you and I before him stand,
And at his presence fall.

HYMN XLII.

1. **L**ISTED into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil ?
 Music alas ! too long has been,
 Prefs'd to obey the Devil !
 Drunken, or lewd or light the lay
 Flows to the soul's undoing,
 Widens, and strews with flow'rs the way
 Down to eternal ruin.
2. Who on the part of God will rise ?
 Innocent mirth recover ?
 Fly on the prey and take the prize,
 Plunder the carnal lover ?
 Strip him of ev'ry moving strain,
 Ev'ry melting measure,
 Music in virtue's cause retain,
 Revive the holy pleasure.
3. Come let us try if Jesus's love
 Cannot as well inspire us ;
 This is the theme of them above,
 This upon earth will fire us ;
 'Try if your hearts are tun'd to sing ;
 Is there a subject greater ?
 Melody all its strains may bring,
 Jesus's love is sweeter.
4. Jesus the soul of music is,
 He is the noblest passion ;

Jesus's name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation ;
Jesus's name the dead can raise,
Shew us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace.
And carry us up to heaven.

5. Who hath a right like us to sing
Us who his mercy raises ?
Merry our hearts for Christ is king,
Joyful are all our faces.
Who of his love doth once partake,
He in the Lord rejoices ;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

6. He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry
Let him sing psalms, the spirit faith,
Joyful and never be weary ;
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty and never ceasing ;
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Worship and thanks and blessing.

7. Come let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation ;
Glory aspire to love divine,
Worship and adoration :
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in earth believer ;
Only believe, and then sing on,
Heaven is yours for ever.

(53)
HYMN XLIII.

1. **A**LMIGHTY love inspire
My heart with sacred fire,
And animate desire
My soul to renew.
I love my blessed Jesus,
On whom bright angels gaze
And symphony increases
Above the etherial blue.
2. My tender hearted Jesus
Thy love my soul amazes,
Thou came for to save us,
When lost and undone,
No Seraph could redeem us,
No Angel could retrieve us,
No Arm could relieve us,
But Jesus alone.
3. In Him I have believed,
And He's my soul retrieved
From sin He has redeemed
My soul which was dead,
And now I love my Saviour,
For I am in his favor,
And hope with Him for ever,
The golden streets to tread
4. Yet here awhile I stay,
In hope of that glad day,
When I am call'd away,
To the mansions above,

There to enjoy the pleasure
Of inconfuming treasure,
And shout in highest measure
Hallelujahs of Love.

HYMN XLIV.

1. **B**URST-ye em'rald gates and bring,
To my raptur'd vision,
All the extatic joys, that spring
Round the bright elisian ;
Lo we lift our longing eyes,
Break ye intervening skies ;
Sons of righteousness arise.
Ope the gates of Paradise !
2. Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him ;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him ;
Angel trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
All the music of his name ;
Heaven echoing the theme.
3. Four and twenty elders rise,
From their princely station ;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation ;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy ! holy ! holy one.

4. Hark—the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, methinks, to seize us—
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
Sweetest sound in Seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus flow along.

HYMN XLV.

1. **N**OW the Saviour stands a pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart
Now in heaven is interceding,
Undertaking sinners part.

CHORUS.

Sinners can you hate that Saviour,
Can you thrust him from your arms;
Here he died for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms.

2. Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,
Shews his wounded hands and feet—
Father save them tho' they're blood red,
Raise them to an heavenly seat.
Sinners, &c. &c.

3. Sinners hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your base behaviour,
Now return, repent, and pray.
Sinners, &c. &c.

4. Open now your hearts before him,
Bid your Saviour welcome in ;
Now receive, and love, adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.
Sinners, &c. &c.
5. Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee ;
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shines around, on you and me.
Sinners, &c. &c.
6. Come! for all things now are ready—
Yet there's room for many more.
O ye blind, ye lame, and needy,
Come to grace's boundless store,
Sinners, &c. &c.

HYMN XLVI.

1. **O**H, if my soul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs !
Repentance should like rivers flow,
From both my streaming eyes.
2. 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucify'd my God,

Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4. Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed ;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
5. Whilst, with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

HYMN XLVII.

1. **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead ;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed !
2. Linger about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay,
Till like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.
3. Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends
Herself a frightened ghost.
4. There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains ;

Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5. Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6. Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love.

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HYMN XLVIII.

1. **E**ARLY my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face,
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3. I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Through all thy temples shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour
That vision so divine.

4. Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,

As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5. Not life herself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6. Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

HYMN XLIX.

1. **W**HY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay,
3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through Death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN L.

1. **F**ROM regions of Love, lo! an angel de-
scended,
And told the strange news, how the babe was
attended!

“Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful
stranger,

“See yonder bright star—there's your God
in a manger!”

Hallelujah to the Lamb

Who has purchas'd our pardon,

We will praise him again

When we pass over Jordan.

2. Glad tidings I bring unto you and each na-
tion,

Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salva-
tion:

Then sudden a multitude raise their glad
voices,

And shout the Redeemer, while Heaven re-
joices.

Hallelujah, &c.

3. Now glory to God in the highest is given,

Now glory to God, is re-echo'd thro' Hea-
ven:

Around the whole earth let us tell the glad
story,

And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory
Hallelujah, &c.

4. Enraptur'd I burn with delight and desire,
Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire :
Around the bright throne now hosannas are
 ringing,
O, when shall I join them, and ever be sing-
 ing—
 Hallelujah, &c.

5. Triumphantly ride in thy chariot victorious,
And conquer with love, O Jesu, all-glorious :
Thy banners unfurl, let the nations surrender,
And own thee their Saviour, their God, and
 defender.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb
 Who has purchas'd our pardon,
 We will praise thee again
 When we pass over Jordan.

HYMN LI.

1. **Y**E virgin souls arise,
 With all the dead awake !
Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take :
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2. He comes, he comes to call
 The nations to his bar,

And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are.
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3. Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend—
Your head to glorify—
With all his saints ascend.
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace,
To see, without a veil, his face.

4. Ye that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his spirit liv'd
Obedient to his love.
Jesus shall claim you for his bride—
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5. The everlasting doors,
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers,
In glorious joy to live:
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

6. Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as Lord, thou find'st us now!

HYMN LII.

1. **L** ORD what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply?
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy.
2. But prickling thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.
3. Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land;
Lord! we should keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.
4. Our souls shall tread the desert through,
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.
5. A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.
6. Long nights and darknes dwell below
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.

7. By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
 We trace the sacred road—
 Thro' dismal deeps and dang'rous snares
 We make our way to God.
8. Our journey is a thorny maze,
 But we march upward still.
 Forget these troubles of the ways,
 And reach at Zion's hill.
9. See the kind angels at the gates
 Inviting us to come.
 There Jesus the fore-runner waits,
 To welcome trav'lers home.
10. There, on a green, and flow'ry mount,
 Our weary souls shall sit;
 And, with transporting joys, recount
 The labours of our feet.
11. No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
 Nor trifles vex our ear;
 Infinite grace shall be our song,
 And God rejoice to hear.
12. Eternal glories to the king
 That brought us safely through.
 Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
 And endless praise renew.

HYMN LII.

1. **L**O! we see the sign appearing,
 Jesus comes the Judge severe,
 Hell is trembling with a quaking,
 Sinners shriek with awful fear;
 Come to judgment! come to judgment!
 Stand your awful doom to hear.

2. See the world in flames is burning,
 Mountains and hills away they fly,
 The moon in blood, the stars are flaming,
 Comets blazing through the sky.
 Thunders rolling! thunders rolling!
 Sinners now for help they cry.

3. From the general conflagration,
 Mounts the righteous up on high,
 Gain the hope of their salvation,
 Live with God no more to die.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Glory to the Lamb they cry.

4. Stop my soul, look back and wonder
 See the wicked left behind,
 Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,
 For a moment's ease to find,
 Doom'd to sorrow, doom'd to sorrow,
 In the lake of hell confin'd.

HYMN LIV.

1. **A**ND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.
2. Preserv'd by pow'r divine,
To feel salvation here;
Again in Jesus' name we join,
And in his sight appear.
3. What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past;
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last.
4. But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.
5. Then let us make our boast,
Of his redeeming pow'r;
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we shall sin no more.
6. Let us take up our cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things lost,
So we may Jesus gain.

HYMN LV.

1. **H**OW happy every child of grace,
The souls that's fill'd with joy and
peace,
That bears the fruits of righteousness,
And's kept by Jesus' power.
'Their trespasses are all forgiv'n,
They antedate the joys of heav'n.
In rapturous lays
Shout the praise
Of Jesus' grace,
To a lost race
Of sinners, brought to happiness
Thro' the atoning blood of Jesus.

2. Satan may tempt, and hell may rage,
And all the powers of earth besiege—
Their united strength at once engage
To pluck a soul from Jesus.
The faithful soul laughs them to scorn,
He's heaven bound, he's heaven born,
He'll watch and pray,
Night and day,
Fight his way,
Win the day,
And all his enemies dismay,
Thro' the mighty name of Jesus.

3. O monster, Death, thy sting is drawn,
O, boasting Grave, no trophies won.
The saint triumphs thro' grace alone,

To praise the name of Jesus.
At length he bids the world adieu,
With all its vanity and shew—

The soul it flies,
Thro' the skies,
To Paradise,
And joins its voice,
In rapturous lays of love, to praise
The glorious name of Jesus.

4. When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,
And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
And swears that time is at an end,
Ye dead arise to Judgment.

See lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
This earth wrapt like a parchment scroll.

Comets blaze,
Sinners raise,
Dread amaze,
And horror seize

The guilty sons of Adam's race,
Unsaved from sin by Jesus.

The Christian, filled with rapturous joy,
Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high
To meet his Saviour in the sky,

And see the face of Jesus.
Then soul and body reunite,
And fill'd with glory infinite.

Blessed day,
Christians say,
Will you pray,
That we may

All join that happy company
To praise the name of Jesus.

HYMN LVI.

- 1, **H**AIL the gospel jubilee,
 Jesus comes to set us free,
 Who for us shed his precious blood,
 To raise our fallen souls to God,
 And since the work of suffering's done,
 We'll glory give to God alone.
 Free salvation be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost,
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let our praises reach the skies.
- CHORUS,
- Firm united let us be,
 In the bonds of charity:
 As a band of brothers join'd
 Loving God and all mankind.
2. Rise ye heralds of the Lord,
 Take the breastplate, shield and sword,
 Against the hosts of hell proclaim
 A war in Christ's all conquering name,
 Nor fear to gain the victory
 When for this glorious liberty,
 You on Jesus Christ depend....
 He'll the suffering cause defend:
 Place, O place in him your trust,
 He's almighty, wise, and just.

CHORUS.

Firm united brethren stand,
Firm an undivided band....
Brethren dear in Jesus join'd
Fill'd with all his constant mind.

3. Sound....the gospel trumpet sound ;
Through the earth's remotest bound ;
Let Jesus' name, with loud applause,
Ring thro' the world his righteous laws—
He gives, and rules in mercy mild.
Believe, and be ye reconciled
To a God of truth and love,
Sending blessings from above—
Now is the accepted time,
Listen every joyful clime.

CHORUS.

Hail—the Gospel jubilee,
Jesus comes to set us free.
He is come no more to bleed—
Free we then shall be indeed.

4. Now the sovereign of the sky
Comes, the troops of hell must fly.
He is the rock of ages sure,
And all who to the end endure,
A glorious crown of righteousness
Shall wear in realms of endless bliss.
There with blood-wash'd throngs above,
Wondering at redeeming love,
Evermore will shout and sing,
Heaven's palace loud shall ring.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us go,
 On in Jesus' steps below,
 As a band of brothers join,
 And eternal glory find,

LVII.

1. **Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree,
 And thought himself unknown;
 But how surpriz'd was he,
 When Jesus call'd him down:
 The Lord beheld him tho' conceal'd,
 And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.

2. Wonder and joy at once
 Were painted in his face;
 Does he my name pronounce,
 And does he know my case?
 Will Jesus deign with me to dine?
 Lord, I, with all I have is thine,

3. Thus where the gospel's preach'd,
 And sinners come to hear;
 The hearts of some are reach'd,
 Before they are aware:
 The word directly speaks to them,
 And Jesus points them out by name,

4. 'Tis curiosity
 Oft brings them in the way;
 Only the man to see,
 And hear what he can say;

But how the finners starts to find,
The preacher knows his inmost mind.

5. His long forgotten faults
Are brought again to view ;
And all his secret faults
Expos'd in public too :
Though compass'd with a crowd about
The searching word has found him out.

6. While thus distressing pain,
And sorrow fill his heart ;
He hears a voice again,
Which bids his fears depart :
And then like Zaccheus he is blest,
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

LVIII.

1. **S**EE ! how the nations rage together,
Seeking of each others blood ;
See how the scriptures are fulfilling !
Sinners awake and turn to God.

2. We see the fig-tree budding ;
You that in open ruin lie,
Behold the leaves almost appearing,
Awake ! behold your end is nigh.

3. We read of wars, and great commotions,
To come before that dreadful day ;
Sinners quit your sinful courses,
And will not your time away.

4. Consider now the desolation,
And the shortness of your time ;
Since there's none but a dark ocean,
For all that don't repent in time,
5. Ye ministers that wait on preaching,
Teachers and exhorters too,
Don't you see your harvest wasting,
Arise, there is no rest for you,
6. O think upon that strict commandment,
God has on his teachers laid :
The sinner's blood that dies unwarned,
Shall fall upon the teacher's head.
7. Arise dear brethren, let's be doing,
See the nations in distress ;
The Lord of hosts forbid their ruin,
Before their day of grace is past.
8. To see the land lie in confusion,
Looks dreadful in our mortal eye ;
But O dear sinners, that is nothing,
To when the day of doom draws nigh,
9. To see the Lord in clouds descending,
Saints and angels guard him round ;
The saints from earth will rise to meet him,
But sinners speechless at his frown.
10. To see the mountains a burning,
Mountains and hills must forward fly,

The moon in blood, the stars a falling,
And comets blazing thro' the sky.

11. O sinners! that's not all that's dreadful,
Before your Judge you must appear;
To answer for your past transactions,
How you ran your courses here.

12. The book of conscience will be open'd
And your character read therein;
The sentence is, depart ye cursed,
And every faint will cry, Amen.

13. O Lord, forbid that this our nation,
That this should be their dreadful case;
O sinners turn and find salvation,
While now he offers you free grace.

14. 'Tis now you have a gospel morning,
And yet the lamp holds out to burn;
'Tis now you have sufficient warning,
O sinners! sinners! will you turn?

LIX.

1. **J**ESUS 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 Heaven 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'll trust thy faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the trying hour.
3. The rocks and quicksands deep,
 Thro' all my passage lie ;
 Yet Christ will safely keep,
 And guard me with his eye :
 My anchor, Hope, will firm abide,
 And ev'ry boisterous storm outride.
4. By faith, I see the land—
 The port of endless rest :
 My soul thy sails expand,
 And sail to Jesu's breast ;
 O may I gain the heavenly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no more.
5. Come Holy Ghost, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace :
 Waft me from all below,
 To Heaven, my destin'd place ;
 There, in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.
6. Jesus, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all to sleep.

For thee I would my all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

HYMN LX.

AS near to Calvary I pass'd,
Methought I saw an extended cross,
Where a poor victim hangs ;
His flesh the rugged iron tore,
His limbs all stain'd with purple gore,
Gasping with dying pangs.

2. Wond'ring the spectacle to see,
Who can this bleeding victim be,
In such exquisite pain ?
Who thus consign'd to woes I cry'd ?
'Tis I, the bleeding Lamb reply'd,
To save a world from sin.

3. How can it be ? my soul replies,
Jesus for mortal rebels dies,
What Jesus die for me ?
Yes, saith th' expiring Son of God,
I give my life, I spill my blood,
For thee, poor soul for thee.

4. Lord, if thy life thou'st freely given,
To bring my wretched soul to heaven,
And bless me with thy charms ;
Then at thy feet, O God, I fall,
I give my life, my soul, my all ;
O take me in thy arms.

5. All other lover's I'll adieu,
 My dying lover I'll pursue,
 And blefs the slaughter'd Lamb :
 My life, my breath, my strength, my days,
 I will devote to spread thy praise,
 And celebrate thy name.
6. And when my days on earth shall cease,
 I'll leave these mortal climes in peace,
 And stretch to realms above,
 I'll join in praise immortal strains,
 There where my heavenly lover reigns,
 And feast upon his love.

HYMN LXI.

1. **I**N evil long I took delight,
 Unaw'd by shame or fear
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopt my wild career.
2. I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies of blood ;
 He fix'd his languid eyes on me ;
 As near his cross I stood.
3. Sure never till my latest breath,
 Shall I forget that look ;
 He seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.
4. My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
 And plung'd me in despair ;

I saw my fins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5. Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain.

6. A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I dy'd that thou may'st live,

7. With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirits now were fill'd ;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN LXII,

1. **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature cease, thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2. Hark ! they whisper, angels, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away ;
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

3. The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears,
With sounds seraphic rings,
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,
O grave, where is thy victory !
O death, where is thy sting !

HYMN LXIII.

1. **D**EAR friends farewell, I now must go
The gospel for to preach ;
My master calls me so to do,
His people for to teach.
2. While I was here, you have been dear,
And have been very kind ;
But now in grace, I leave this place,
And leave you all behind.
3. Weep not for me for here you see,
My trials have been great ;
And now all you I bid adieu,
And with you all succets.
4. Twill not be long before the church,
Will altogether be ;
And you that love the Lord below,
Shall then your Saviour see.
5. There you shall join in songs divine.
God's holy name shall praise ;
And view his smiles, forget the toils,
Of these few evils days

6. There you shall stand at his right hand,
 And in his presence dwell ;
 And him adore for evermore,
 So brethren, now farewell.

HYMN LXIV.

1. **C**OME all ye weary travellers,
 Come let us join and sing,
 The everlasting praises
 Of Jesus Christ our King ;
 We've had a tedious journey,
 And tiresome it is true ;
 But see how many dangers
 The Lord has brought us through ;
2. At first when Jesus found us,
 He call'd us unto him ;
 And pointed out the danger
 Of falling into sin ;
 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
 Will prove a fatal snare ;
 Unless we do reject them,
 By faith and humble pray'r ;
3. But by our disobedience.
 With sorrow we confess,
 We've had too long to wander,
 In a dark wilderness :
 Where we might soon have fainted,
 In that enchanted ground ;
 But now and then a cluster
 Of pleasant grapes we found.

4. The pleasant fruits of Canaan,
Gives life and joy and peace ;
Revives our drooping spirits,
And faith and love increase :
Confess our Lord and master,
And run at his command ;
And hasten on our Journey,
Unto the promis'd land.

5. In faith and hope and patience,
We now are going on,
The pleasant way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone :
In peace and consolation,
We're going to rejoice ;
And Jesus and his people,
Forever be our choice.

6 Sinners why stand ye idle,
While we do march along ;
Has conscience never told you,
That you are doing wrong.
Down the broad road to ruin,
To bear an endless curse ?
Forfake your ways of sinning,
And come and go with us.

7. But if you will refuse it,
We bid you all farewell ;
We're on the way to Canaan,
And you the way to hell ;
We're sorry for to leave you,
We rather you would go ;

**Come try a bleeding Saviour,
And feel salvation flow,**

8. **O sinners be awaken'd
To see your dismal state ;
Repent and be converted,
Before it is too late :
Turn to the Lord by praying,
And daily search his word ;
And never rest contented,
Until you find the Lord.**

9. **Now to the King immortal,
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service,
We mean to spend our days ;
Till we arrive at Canaan,
The celestial world above,
With everlasting praises,
To sing redeeming love.**