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A Collection of Spiritual Songs and Hymns.

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COLLECTION

OF *Exhibitor*

SPIRITUAL

SONGS AND HYMNS,

SELECTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

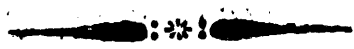
BY RICHARD ALLEN,
AFRICAN MINISTER,

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Spiritual Songs, &c.



HYMN I.

1. **T**HE voice of Free Grace, cries, escape
to the mountain; ~~For~~ ^{For} Adam's lost race, ~~which~~ ^{which} open'd a
fountain;

For sin and transgression, and every pollu-
tion, ^{Christ's} ~~his~~ blood it flow freely in plenteous ^{red.} ~~red~~ ^{effusion} ~~red~~

^L Hallelujah to the Lamb, who ^{hath} ~~hath~~ purchas'd
our pardon,
We will praise him again when we pass
over Jordan.

2. That fountain ^{is free} ~~to~~ ^{it} ~~clear~~ in which all may
find pardon,

~~From Jesus's side flows plenteous redemption;~~

^{Always} ~~Always~~ ^{more} ~~more~~ ^{A2} ~~pure~~ ^{than} ~~the~~ ^{water} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~Jordan.~~

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.

2. Oh! Jesus ride ^{for} 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 physician
 Can cure a sin sick soul :
 Next door to death he found me,
 And pluckt me from the grave ;
 To tell to all around me,
 His wond'rous power to save !
2. Of men great skill possessing,
 I thought a cure to gain,
 But that prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain :
 Some said that nothing ail'd me ;
 Some gave me up for lost,
 Thus every refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes was cross'd.
3. At length this great physician,
 How matchless in his power,
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my cure ;
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin, my sight had seal'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 sin it frees us,
 And saves our souls 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.
2. 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,
 Loud 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 Sovereign of the skies,
With smiles unto his children say,
Come reign with me in endless days.
Then on that happy, happy shore,
We shout and sing our suff'rings o'er ;
We'll sing and shout and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly 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.
2. 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 chrysal streams run down from heav'n,
They issue from the throne :
The floods of strife away are driven,
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.

8. Heavens here and heavens there,
Comforts flowing every where!
This I boldly do profess,
My soul hath got a taste.
9. Now I go rejoicing home
From the banquet of perfume!
Finding manna on the road,
Topping 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,
While 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 of all precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd 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,
And 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 wilderness,
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 saints will praise !
2. Behold the Saviour now 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 flowry beds of ease,
When others fought to win the prize
And sail'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 thine,
In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
'The glory shall be thine,



HYMN XIII.

1. **I**N thee we now together came,
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 we have
 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. **W**E'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 nigh.
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 compleat 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.

1. 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.
2. 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.
3. 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 !
4. 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——
Dismal gulf I'm bound for thee !
5. 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.

If you die first, amen you must,
The will of God be done ;
I hope the Lord, will you reward
With an immortal crown.

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.

Millions of years over the spheres,
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauties bright unto my sight,
Their sacred sweets disclose.

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.

O may we meet and be complete,
And long together dwell ;
And serve the Lord with one accord !
So brethren all farewell.



HYMN XX.

EARTH 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.
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
Could’st 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'ful 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 wordling 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 of 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; who e'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 share 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 flow
'Tis life everlasting, 'Tis heaven below !
6. 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 heav'nly 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.

Thus let us all in Christ be one,
 Bound with the cords of love,
 Till we around thy glorious throne
 Shall joyfully meet above.

There sin and sorrow from each heart,
 Shall then for ever fly,
 And not one thought that we should part
 Once intercept our joy.

There void of all distracting pains
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
 But in Seraphic Heav'nly strains
 Redeeming love admire.

And thus through all eternity,
 Upon the Heav'nly shore,
 The great mysterious One in Three
 Jehovah we'll adore.



HYMN XXIV.

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 wou'd 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 saints 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.

1. 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.
2. How charming is that heav'nly call
The gospel founding 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.

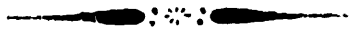
HYMN XXVII.

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 springs 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* stood,
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 unbecclouded 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. **C**OME 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 bleed, 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 favors so divine ?
We would devote our hearts away,
To be forever thine.]
12. We give thee, Lord, our highest praise
The tribute of our tongues ;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceeds 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 outline !
See Saints and Angels join in one,
And march in splendour 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, for ever 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 ev'ry groan and gaping wound
Cries " Father let the Rebels live !"
5. Go not 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.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming love.

Yes, alas, who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to a sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs
His tremendous foe and ours,
To their cursed Empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string ;
Mortals join the hosts above ;
Join to praise redeeming love.



HYMN XXXII.

HOW 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 beheld 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.
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!
2. See, nature stands all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet found,
" Arise ye dead and come to judgment,
" Ye nations of this world around :"
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.
3. The orbit lamps all veil'd in sack-cloth,
No more their shining circuits run ;
The wheel of time stopped in a moment,
Eternal things are now begun :
Huge mossy rocks and tow'ring mountains
Over their tumbling basis roar,
The raging ocean all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frightened shore,

4. Green turfy grave-yards 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 :
 See Jesus on a throne of Justice
 Come thundering down the parted sky,
 With countless armies of shining Angels,
 With Hallelujahs shouts for joy.
5. 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 ;
 " 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.
6. " 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 ;
 " 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."
7. 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.

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?

7. 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 ;
" Depart from me ye cursed sinners,
" My face you never more shall see,
" To endless woe and misery.

9. 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 ;
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.

3. 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
I 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 ev'ry 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 XXXV.

1. **C**OME all ye poor sinners that from Adam
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 Saints 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 dy'd and to Jesus did go ;
The rich man he dy'd, and to his sad surprize,
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't 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,

now you are sending your cries up
too late."

8. He cried "father Abra'm, I pray you provide,

"Send one from the dead, I've five brethren
beside,

"They hearing from me and of my wretched
state,

"Perhaps they'll repend 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 tho' one from the
dead went."

10. Come poor Zion mourners, O don't you de-
spair,

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-
prest,
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 answer'd my prayer ;
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 burthen 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 deaths
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.

 H Y M N XXXIX.

1. **D**REST uniform the soldiers are,
 When duty calls abroad ;
 Not purchased by their cost or care,
 But by their prince bestow'd.
2. Christ's soldiers 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 soldier dear ;
 No rose can learn to blush like this,
 Nor lilly looks 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 skilfull hand,
'Tis ting'd in his own blood ;
It makes the cherubs gazing stand ;
To view this robe of God.
5. 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 dutifui withall,
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 deliver'd !
 From this vain world of sin ?
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasure in.

2. But now I am a foldier,
 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 foldiers
 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 discourag'd !
 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 XL.

1.  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 soldier,
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 for ever reigns.

HYMN XLI.

1. **W**AKE up my muse condole the loss
Of those that mourn this day,
Let tears distill 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 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. **C**OME listen to the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil?
 Music alas ! too long has been,
 Press'd to obey the Devil !
 Drunken, or lewd or light the lay
 Flows to the souls 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,
 Musick in virtue's cause retain,
 Revive the holy pleasure,
3. Come let us try if Jesus's love
 Can not 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 musick 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.

6. 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 saith,
Joyful and never be weary ;
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Heartly 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 each believer ;
Only believe, and then sing on,
Heaven is yours for ever,

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 th' 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 ;
Son 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 me thinks to seize us !
Join ye too the holy lays,
Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !
Sweetest sound in seraphs song,
Sweetest note on mortals tongue ;
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus ! Jesus ! flow along.



HYMN XLV.

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

CHORUS.

Sinners can you hate that Saviour,
Can you thrust him from your arms ;
Once 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 ;
Fathet save them tho' they're blood red,
Raife them to an heavenly feat.

Sinners, &c. &c.

3. Sinners hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day ;

Turn from all your base^d 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.

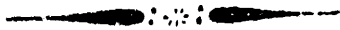
Sinners, &c. &c.

5. Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and look's 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 weeping eyes.

- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the curst tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 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 Lingerin' 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 chain ;
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.



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 temple 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**HYY 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
descended,
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 exclamation,
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' Heaven:
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
singing—

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 wile,
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 you 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 I ord, thou findst 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 would 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 darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.
7. By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road ;
Thro' dismal deeps and dang'rous snares
We make our way to God.
8. Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.
9. See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come ;
There Jesus the 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 LIII.

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.

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