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THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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A
COLLECTION
OF
SACRED HYMNS,
FOR THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF
LATTER DAY SAINTS.

SELECTED BY EMMA SMITH.

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P R E F A C E .

In order to sing with the Spirit, and with the understanding, it is necessary that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints should have a collection of "SACRED HYMNS," adapted to their faith and belief in the gospel, and, as far as can be, holding forth the promises made to the fathers who died in the precious faith of a glorious resurrection, and a thousand

years' reign on earth with the Son of Man in his glory. Notwithstanding the church, as it were, is still in its infancy, yet, as the song of the righteous is a prayer unto God, it is sincerely hoped that the following collection, selected with an eye single to his glory, may answer every purpose till more are composed, or till we are blessed with a copious variety of the songs of Zion.

SACRED HYMNS.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 1. L. M.

1 Know then that ev'ry soul is free,
To choose his life and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven.

2 He'll call, persuade, direct him right
Bless him with wisdom, love, and light,
In nameless ways be good and kind;
But never force the human mind.

3 Freedom and reason make us men:
Take these away, what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well,
The beast may think of heaven or hell.

4 May we no more our pow'rs abuse,^d
But ways of truth and goodness choose;

Our God is pleas'd when we improve
His grace, and seek his perfect love.

5 It's my free will for to believe:
'Tis God's free will me to receive:
To stubborn willers this I'll tell,
It's all free grace, and all free will.

6 Those that despise, grow harder still:
Those that adhere, he turns their will:
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear in glory dwell.

7 But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode;
Our God is clear, and we shall know,
We've plunged ourselves in endless wo.

HYMN 2. P. M.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode;

2 On the Rock of Enoch founded;
What can shake thy sure repose?

With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

- 3 See the stream of living waters,
Springing from celestial love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drouth remove :
- 4 Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage ?
Grace which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 5 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near :
- 6 Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day ;
Sweetly they enjoy the Spirit,
Which he gives them when they
pray.
- 7 Bless'd inhabitants of Zion,
Purchas'd with the Savior's blood !
Jesus whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to
God.

- 8 While in love his people raises,
With himself to reign as kings;
All, as priests, his solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.
- 9 Savior, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Though the world despise and pity,
I will glory in thy name.
- 10 Fading are all worldly treasures,
With their boasted pomp and show!
Heav'nly joys and lasting pleasures
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 3. L. M.

- 1 The time is nigh, that happy time,
That great, expected, blessed day,
When countless thousands of our race,
Shall dwell with Christ, and him obey.
- 2 The prophecies must be fulfil'd
Though earth and hell should dare op-
pose;
The stone out of the mountain cut,
Though unobserv'd, a kingdom grows.

- 3 Soon shall the blended image fall,
Brass, silver, iron, gold and clay;
And superstition's dreadful reign.
To light and liberty give way.
- 4 In one sweet symphony of praise,
The Jews and Gentiles will unite;
And infidelity o'ercome,
Return again to endless night.
- 5 From east to west, from north to south,
The Savior's kingdom shall extend,
And ev'ry man in ev'ry place,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

HYMN 4. S. M.

- 1 See all creation join
To praise th'eternal God;
The heavenly hosts begin the song,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 The sun with golden beams,
And moon with silver rays;
The starry lights, and twinkling flames;
Shine to their Maker's praise,
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;

By his command they stand or move,
And always speak his name.

4 The fleecy clouds that rise,
Or falling show'rs, or snow;
The thunders rolling round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.

5 The broad expanse on high,
With all the heav'ns afford;
The crinkling fire that streaks the sky,
Unite to praise the Lord.

CHORUS. By all that shines above
His glory is express'd;
But Saints that know his end-
less love,
Should sing his praises best.

HYMN 5. L. M.

1 O happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy saints who pay
Their constant service there!
We praise him still;
And happy we;
We love the way
To Zion's hill.

- 2 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
 Shall take our health away,
 If God be with us there:
 He is our sun,
 And he our shade,
 To guide the head
 By night or noon.
- 3 God is the only Lord,
 Our shield and our defence;
 With gifts his hand is stor'd:
 We draw our blessings thence.
 He will bestow
 On Jacob's race,
 Peculiar grace,
 And glory too.

HYMN 6. P. M.

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days;
 Bount'ous source of ev'ry joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ;
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the gen'rous olive's use;

- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fat'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;
- 4 All that spring with bount'ous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;
- 5 Thanks to thee our God we owe;
Source from whence all blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 7. L. M.

- 1 Ere long the vail will rend in twain,
The King descend with all his train;
'The earth shall shake with awful
fright,
And all creation feel his might.
- 2 The trump of God, it long shall sound,
And raise the nations under ground:
'Throughout the vast domains of heav'n
The voice echoes, the sound is given.

- 3 Lift up your heads ye Saints in peace,
The Savior comes for your release;
The day of the redeem'd has come,
The saints shall all be welcom'd home.
- 4 Behold the church, it soars on high,
To meet the saints amid the sky;
To hail the King in clouds of fire,
And strike and tune th' immortal lyre.
- 5 Hosanna now the trump shall sound,
Proclaim the joys of heav'n around,
When all the saints together join,
In songs of love, and all divine.
- 6 With Enoch here we all shall meet,
And worship at Messiah's feet,
Unite our hands and hearts in love,
And reign on thrones with Christ
above.
- 7 The city that was seen of old
Whose walls were jasper, and streets
gold,
We'll now inherit thron'd in might:
The Father and the Son's delight.
- 8 Celestial crowns we shall receive,
And glories great our God shall give,

While loud hosannas we'll proclaim,
And sound aloud our Savior's name.

- 9 Our hearts and tongues all join'd in one,
A loud hosanna to proclaim,
While all the heav'ns shall shout again,
And all creation say, Amen.

HYMN 8. P. M.

- 1 To him that made the world,
The sun the moon and stars,
And all that in them is,
With days, and months and years,
To him that died
That we might live,
Our thanks and songs
We freely give.
- 2 Our hope in things to come,
The Spirit's quick'ning pow'r
Should turn our hearts to him,
Where heav'nly blessings are:
That we may sing
Of things above;
And always know,
That God is love.

- 3 When he comes down in heav'n,
And earth again is blest,
Then all the heirs of him,
Will find the promis'd rest.
With all the just,
Then they may sing,
God is with us
And we with him.

HYMN 9. P. M.

- 1 Come all ye saints, who dwell on earth,
Your cheerful voices raise,
Our great Redeemer's love to sing,
And celebrate his praise.
- 2 His love is great, he died for us,
Shall we ungrateful be?
Since he has mark'd a road to bliss,
And said, Come follow me.
- 3 The strait and narrow way we've found,
Then let us travel on,
'Till we in the celestial world,
Shall meet where Christ is gone.
- 4 And there we'll join the heav'nly
choir,
And sing his praise above;

While endless ages roll around,
Perfected by his love.

HYMN 10. C. M.

- 1 Great is the Lord : 'tis good to praise
His high and holy name :
Well may the saints in latter days
His wond'rous love proclaim.
- 2 To praise him let us all engage,
That unto us is giv'n :
To live in this moment'ous age,
And share the light of heav'n.
- 3 We'll praise him for our happy lot,
On this much favored land ;
Where truth and right'ousness are
taught,
By his divine command.
- 4 We'll praise him for more glorious
things,
Than language can express,
The "everlasting gospel" brings,
The humble souls to bless.
- 5 The Comforter is sent again,
His pow'r the church attends ;

And with the faithful will remain
'Till Jesus Christ descends.

6 We'll praise him for a prophet's voice,
His people's steps to guide;
In this we do and will rejoice,
Tho' all the world deride.

7 Praise him, the time, the chosen time,
To favor Zion's come:
And all the saints, from ev'ry clime,
Will soon be gather'd home.

8 The op'ning seals announce the day,
By prophets long declar'd;
When all in one triumphant lay,
Will join to praise the Lord.

HYMN 11. C. M.

1 The glorious day is rolling on—
All glory to the Lord!
When fair as at creation's dawn
The earth will be restor'd.

2 A perfect harvest then will crown
The renovatèd soil;
And rich abundance drop around,
Without corroding toil:

- 3 For in its own primeval bloom,
Will nature smile again;
And blossoms streaming with perfume,
Adorn the verdant plain.
- 4 The saints will then, with pure delight,
Possess the holy land;
And walk with Jesus Christ in white,
And in his presence stand.
- 5 What glorious prospects! can we
claim
These hopes, and call them our's?
Yes, if through faith in Jesus' name,
We conquer satan's pow'rs.
- 6 If we, like Jesus bear the cross—
Like him despise the shame;
And count all earthly things but dross,
For his most holy name.
- 7 Then while the pow'rs of darkness
rage,
With glory in our view,
In Jesus' strength let us engage,
To press to Zion too.
- 8 For Zion will like Eden bloom;
And Jesus come to reign—

The saints immortal from the tomb,
With angels meet again.

HYMN 12. C. M.

- 1 Mortals, awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.
- 3 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
To each angelic tongue;
Swift through the realms of light it
flew,
And loud the echo rung.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song,

Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the hev'nly throng,

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete
Jesus was born to die!"

7 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life
should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 13. P. M.

1 How pleas'd and bles't was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee
round!
In thee our tribes appear,

To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgement there:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell:"
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

HYMN 14. L. M.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites the fallen race;

Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners obey your Maker's call;
"Return, ye weary wand'rer's home,
And find my grace is free for all."

3 See from the rock a fountain rise;
To you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price.
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls,

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give.
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 "Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed,
Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 "In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.

7 "Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of my mercy share;
And taste that I alone am good.

8 "I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free:
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.

9 "Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believably receive;
Quickened your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live."

HYMN 15. 8's & 6's.

1 Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart,
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know,

Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners obey your Maker's call;
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'To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning ev'ry evil way,
And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart,
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know,

To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

HYMN 16. S. M.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne:
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the Heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This mighty God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,

The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 17. L. M.

1 Happy the man that finds the grace,
The blessings of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows "The Savior died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heav'nly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dress compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of
True riches and immortal praise; [days,
Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains!
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heav'n are one.

HYMN 18. L. M.

1 Jesus from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy church below;
If now thy spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request!

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Savior own:
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses:

Thy pow'r unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold,
How Christians liv'd in days of old:
Mighty their envious foes to move;
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into thy wond'rous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below.

6 From ev'ry sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And, O my God, might I be one!

7 O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesus witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

8 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive, to give,
The servant of thy church to live.

9 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
Thy pray'r is heard; it shall be so!"

The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I,
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN 19. 4-6's. & 2-8's.

- 1 Let earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Savior of mankind!
T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heav'n;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze:
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesus' face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free:
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:

New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion—sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

7 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified:
For all, for all, my Savior died!

HYMN 20. C. M.

1 Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;

Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have;
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

HYMN 21. P. M.

1 O Jesus! the giver
Of all we enjoy,
Our lives to thy honor
We wish to employ;
With praises unceasing
We'll sing of thy name,
Thy goodness increasing,
'Thy love we'll proclaim.

2 With joy we remember,
The dawn of that day,
When cold as December,
In darkness we lay:

The sweet invitation
We heard with surprise,
And witness'd salvation
To flow from the skies.

3 The wonderful name
Of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame
Of our Captain and King:
With sweet exultation
His goodness we prove,
His name is salvation,
His nature is love.

4 We now are enlisted
In Jesus' bless'd cause,
Divinely assisted,
To conquer our foes;
His grace will support us
'Till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us
To Zion's bright shore.

HYMN 22. L. M.

The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurl'd!

The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world.

2 The clouds of error disappear
Before the rays of truth divine—
The glory bursting from afar,
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.

3 The Gentile fullness now comes in,
And Israel's blessings are at hand:
Lo! Judah's remnant, cleans'd from sin,
Shall in their promis'd Canaan stand.

4 Jehovah speaks! let earth give ear,
And Gentile nations turn and live—
His mighty arm is making bare
His cov'nant people to receive.

5 Angels from heav'n and truth from
earth
Have met, and both have record borne:
Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,
To bring her ransom'd children home

HYMN 23. 7's

1 Who are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?

Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
Follow'rs of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their suff'rings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He who on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;

He shall all their sorrows chase,
 All their wants at once remove,
 Wipe the tears from every face,
 Fill up ev'ry soul with love.

HYMN 24. 6-8's.

- 1 When Israel out of Egypt came,
 And left the proud oppressor's land,
 Supported by the great I AM,
 Safe in the hollow of his hand,
 The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
 And Judah was his favorite throne.
- 2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
 Disparted by the wond'rous rod;
 Jordan ran backward to its head,
 And Sinai felt the incumbent God;
 The mountains skipp'd like frightened rams
 The hills leap'd after them as lambs!
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea?
 What horror turn'd the river back?
 Was nature's God displeas'd with thee?
 And why should hills or mountains
 shake?
 Ye mountains huge that skipp'd like
 rams?
 Ye hills, that leap'd as frightened lambs?

4 Earth! tremble on, with all thy sons,
 In presence of thy awful Lord,
 Whose pow'r inverted nature owns,
 His only law, his sov'reign word:
 He shakes the centre with his rod,
 And heav'n bows down to Jacob's God.

5 Creation, varied by his hand,
 The omnipotent Jehovah knows;
 The sea is turn'd to solid land,
 The rock into a fountain flows;
 And all things, as they change, proclaim,
 The Lord eternally the same.

HYMN 25. 6-8's.

1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their
 train;
 His truth forever stands secure;
 He saves the opprest, he feeds the poor
 And none shall find his promise vain

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind;
 He sends the laboring conscience peace;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me
 breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

HYMN 26. L. M.

1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
 Your hearts and voices in his praise:
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly
 flames; [names;
 He counts their numbers, calls their
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are
 drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds along the sky:
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain. $\frac{1}{6}$

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn:
 The beasts with food his hands supply,
 And the young ravens when they cry.

5 And saints are lovely in his sight,
 He views his children with delight;
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 And looks and loves his image there.

HYMN 27. C. M.

1 Father, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise! [signs,
 Known through the earth by thousand
 By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r;
 Their motions speak thy skill;
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands,
 On all thy creatures writ;

They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O! may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song:
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 28. C. M.

1 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 The spirit of interceeding grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 'Till thou thy perfect love impart,
'Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
"I will not let thee go.
- 5 "I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee."

HYMN 29. S. M.

- 1 Hark, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;

The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

2 Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heav'n,
And rule the lower world.

HYMN 30. 6-7's.

1 Ye, who in his courts are found
List'ning to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Jesus for the sinner dies!
View the wondrous sacrifice;
See in Him your sins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n:
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

HYMN 31. L. M.

1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness^a shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Savior, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;

Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN 32. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
'Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
'Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 33. S. M.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel the heart
Ascending with the tongue;

Let every meaner joy depart,
And grace inspire the song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

HYMN 34. L. M.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And, when like wand'ring sheep we
stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love:

Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 35. S. M.

- 1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word,
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race:

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
You who despise my promis'd rest
Shall have no portion there.

HYMN 36. 7's.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee—here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let "the time of love" return.

4 Grant we all may seek, and find,
Thee our gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 37. L. M.

1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,
Crown him ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse,
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Isr'el are his mercies known,
Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him
 blest,
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry Saint.

HYMN 38. L. M.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy Saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the Saints who sit on high,
 Around thy throne of majesty;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls that find a place !
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate;
 God is their strength, and, through the
 road,
 They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk, with growing
 strength,
 Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

HYMN 39. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys:

Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 40. C. M.

1 Sing to the great Jehovah's praise;
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demand our choicest songs.
His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are:
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To seek thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours
Thine wholly thine shall be;
And all our consecrated pow'rs
A sacrifice to thee;
Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To Saints on earth forg'ven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heav'n.

HYMN 41. C. M.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow :
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day :
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away ;
- 5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
Would here no longer stay !
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8 There on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;

But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

HYMN 42. C. M.

1 Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all you hungry starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! you that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join,
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Great God! the treasures of thy love
 Are everlasting mines,
 Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
 And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day:
 Lord we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

HYMN 43. L. M.

1 Jehovah reigns—your tribute bring;
 Proclaim the Lord, th'eternal King:
 Crown him, ye saints, with holy joy,
 His arm shall all your foes destroy.

2 Thou, Lord, ere yet the humble mind
 Had formed to prayer the wish designed,
 Hast heard the secret sigh arise,
 While, swift to aid, thy mercies flies.

3 Thy Spirit shall our heart prepare;
 Thine ear shall listen to our prayer:
 Thou, righteous Judge! thou Power
 divine!
 On thee the fatherless recline.

4 The Lord shall save th' afflicted breast,
 His arm shall vindicate th' oppressed;

Earth's mightiest tyrant feel his power,
Nor sin, nor Satan grieve them more.

HYMN 44. L. M.

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 'Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;—

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What! though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What! though nor real voice, nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice:
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

HYMN 45. L. M.

1 The happy day has rolled on,
The glorious period now has come,
The Angel sure has come again,
To introduce Messiah's reign.

2 The gospel trump again is heard,
The truth from darkness has appear'd;
The lands, which long in darkness lay,
Have now beheld a glorious day.

3 The day by prophets long foretold;
The day which Abraham did behold;
The day that saints desired long,
When God his strange work would perform.

4 The day when saints again should hear
The voice of Jesus in their ear,
And angels who above do reign,
Come down to converse hold with men.

HYMN 46. C. M.

- 1 Oh for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign king!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout, and praise their
king,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Speak of his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 Loud be the shouts of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign king!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

HYMN 47. L. M.

- 1 The praise of Zion waits for thee
Great God—and praise becomes thy
house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.
- 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;—
All iands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.
- 3 Soon shall the flocking nations run'
To Zion's hill—and own their Lord;'
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Savior's name adored,

HYMN 48. L. M.

- 1 God in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heav'nly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray

34 What glories were described of old!
 What wonders are of Zion told!
 Thou city of our God below,
 Thy fame shall all the nations know.

{HYMN 49. C. M.

- 1 Return, O God of love—return;
 Earth is a tiresome place:
 How long shall we, thy children, mourn
 Our absence from thy face?
- 2 Let heaven succeed our painful years;
 Let sin and sorrow cease;
 And in proportion to our tears,
 So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
 Make thine own work complete;
 Then shall our souls thy glory know,
 And own thy love was great.

{HYMN 50. L. M.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and
 sing,
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest—
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works—and bless his word:
Thy works of grace—how bright they
shine!
How deep thy counsels—how divine!

4 Sure, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see—and hear—and know
All I desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 51, C. M.

1 How are thy servants blest! O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes they pass un-
hurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When, by the dreadful tempest, borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of danger, fear, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

HYMN 52. L. M.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,
Bears all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

HYMN 53. C. M.

1 I love the Lord—he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord—he heard my cries,
And chased my grief away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

HYMN 54. L. M.

1 Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me
thro',
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers,

2 My thoughts, before they are my own
Are to my God distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake—asleep—at home—abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge!—vast and great!
What large extent!—what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my
breast,
Where'er I rove—where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin—for God is there.

HYMN 55. C. P. M.

1 Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heav'n of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God;
Ye thunders, speak his power:
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing
In triumph walks th' eternal King:
Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him, who bids you roll;—
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
Ye feather'd warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'rings wings with
gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heav'n shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

[HYMN 56. C. M.

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:

But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

HYMN 57. C. M.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day!

2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw—and—oh amazing love!—
He came to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 58. L. M.

1 Thou, Lord, through ev'ry changing scene,

Hast to the saints a refuge been;
Through every age, eternal God!
Their pleasing home—their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,
And were with thy protection blest;
Behold their sons, a feeble race!
We come to fill our fathers' place.

3 Through all the thorny paths we tread,
Ere we are number'd with the dead;
When friends desert—and foes invade,
Be thou our all-sufficient aid!

4 And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell on earth no more,
To thee, great God! may we ascend,
And find an everlasting Friend.

5 To thee our infant race we'll leave;
'Them may their fathers' God receive;
'That voices, yet unformed, may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

HYMN 59. P. M.

- 1 Hark—hark—the notes of joy,
 Roll o'er the heav'nly plains!
 And seraphs find employ,
 For their sublimest strains.
 Some new delight in heaven is known,
 Loud ring the harps around the throne.
- 2 Hark—hark—the sounds draw nigh,
 The joyful hosts descend;
 Jesus forsakes the sky,
 To earth his footsteps bend,
 He comes to bless our fallen race,
 He comes with messages of grace.
- 3 Bear—bear the tidings round,
 Let ev'ry mortal know
 What love in God is found,
 What pity he can show.—
 Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll,
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole!
- 4 Strike—strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name;
 Arise, ye sons of men,
 And loud his grace proclaim.
 Angels and men, wake ev'ry string,
 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!

HYMN 60. C. M.

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In each distressing hour.

HYMN 61. L. M.

- 1 The Savior lives, no more to die:
He lives, the Lord enthron'd on high:
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave:
He lives, eternally to save!

2 He lives, to still his servants' fears:
 He lives, to wipe away their tears:
 He lives, their mansions to prepare:
 He lives, to bring them safely there!

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears:
 With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
 For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive!

4 His saints he loves—and never leaves;
 The contrite sinner he receives:
 Abundant grace will he afford,
 Till all are present with the Lord!

HYMN 62. L. M.

1 Arise! arise!—with joy survey
 The glory of the latter day:
 Already is the dawn begun
 Which marks at hand a rising sun!

2 'Behold the way!' ye heralds cry:
 Spare not—but lift your voices high:
 Convey the sound from pole to pole,
 'Glad tidings,' to the captive soul.

3 'Behold the way to Zion's hill,
 Where Israel's God delights to dwell!

He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own.'

4 The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store:
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

5 Auspicious dawn!—thy rising ray
With joy we view—and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness! arise, \ddagger
And fill the world with glad surprise.

HYMN 63. C. M.

1 Hark! the glad sound! the Savior's
come!

The Savior promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes, from thickest shades of night
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And from the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 64. C. M.

- 1 Beyond the glitt'ring starry sky,
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine,
At his right hand, with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.
- 3 Hail, Prince! they cry, for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love.

- Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms
And royalties above!
- 4 While from the sons of men on earth
He suffer'd rude disdain,
They threw their honors at his feet
And waited in his train.
- 5 Through all his travels here below
They did his steps attend;
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at length
This scene of love would end.
- 6 They heard him in the garden groan,
And saw his sweat of blood;
They saw his pierced hands and feet
Nail'd to the cursed wood!
- 7 They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before;
And rise in conqu'ring majesty,
To stoop to death no more.
- 8 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
And with a shout, exulting cried,
The glorious work is done!

HYMN 65. L. M.

- 1 Great was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met:
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous
words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd he sent the champions
forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
"Go, and assert your Savior's cause;
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!
- 5 The Greeks and Jews, the learn'd and
rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

HYMN 66. C. M.

- 1 To him that lov'd the sons of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honors rais'd our heads,
And made us priests to God.

- 2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love!
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above!

- 3 Behold on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn;
In anguish and dismay.

- 4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
Time centres all in thee:
'Th' Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And ever more shall be.

HYMN 67. C. M.

- 1 Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's threne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with
blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

HYMN 68. L. M.

1 Hail to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
The sov'reign power becomes him well

2 In shame and torment once he dy'd:
But now he lives forevermore:
Bow down, you saints, around his seat,
And all you angel bands adore.

3 Live, live forever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends,

While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule our mortal lives,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

5 When death thy servants shall invade,
When powers of hell thy church annoy;
Controll'd by thee, their rage shall help
The cause they labor to destroy.

6 Forever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth thy name be
known,
And call our longing souls to sing
Sublime anthems near thy throne.

HYMN 60. C. M.

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

2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his
love,
Who feel your sin and thrall:
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall:
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 70. L. M.

1 Jesus! we hail thee, Israel's King,
And now to thee our tribute bring;

Nor do we fear to bow to thee:
They worship God, who worship thee.

2 Hail, Israel's King, enthron'd in light!
Whose glory never shone more bright,
Than when, by trembling friends be-
tray'd,
Thy foes insulting homage paid.

3 Then did admiring angels see
Divine forbearance, Lord, in thee;
With emphasis pronounce thee good;
And heav'n and earth contrasted stood.

4 An object of contempt beneath,
And judg'd by men to suffer death;
By angels own'd, admir'd, ador'd,
The great, the everlasting Lord.

5 Reign, mighty King, forever reign!
Thy cause throughout the world main-
tain;
Let Israel's King his triumphs spread,
And crowns of glory wreathe his head!

HYMN 71. C. M.

1 Salvation! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;

A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echoes
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 O happy period! glorious day,
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise!

HYMN 72. S. M.

1 Come, ye that love the Savior's name,
And joy to make it known,
The sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Savior, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

- 3 Infinite power and boundless grace
 In him unite their rays;
 You that have seen his lovely face,
 Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
 The beauties of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
 Lord teach our songs to rise!
 Thy love can animate our strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period! glorious day!
 When heaven and earth shall raise,
 With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
 To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN 73. C. M.

- 1 When the King of Kings comes,
 When the Lord of Lords comes:
 We shall have a joyful day . . .
 When the King of Kings comes:
 To see the nations broken down,
 And kingdoms once of great renown,

And saints, now suff'ring, wear the
crown,
When the King of Kings comes.

2 When the trump of God calls,
When the last of foes falls;
We shall have a joyful day
When the King of Kings comes:
To see the saints rais'd from the dead,
And all together gathered,
And made like to their glorious Head,
When the King of Kings comes.

3 When the foes' distress comes,
When the church's rest comes;
We shall have a joyful day
When the King of Kings comes;
To see the New Jerusalem,
Its fulness and its matchless frame,
Surpassing all report and fame,
When the King of Kings comes.

4 When the world's course is run,
When the judgement is begun:
We shall have a joyful day
When the King of Kings comes:
To see the sons of God well known,
All spotless to their Father shown,
And Jesus all his brethren own,
When the King of Kings comes

5 When the Lord from heav'n comes,
 When the host of heav'n comes:
 We shall have a joyful day

When the King of Kings comes:
 To see the righteous cause prevail,
 And all debates decided well,
 And all mouths stopp'd which lies do tell,
 When the King of Kings comes.

6 When our God in clouds comes,
 When he with great pow'r comes:
 We shall have a joyful day

When the King of Kings comes:
 To see all things by him restor'd,
 And God himself alone ador'd
 By all the saints with one accord,
 When the King of Kings comes.

HYMN 74. P. M.

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

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonning Lamb:
 Redemption in his blood

Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
You weary spirits rest,
You mournful souls be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

4 You slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

5 You bankrupt debtors, know
The wond'rous grace of Heav'n,
Though sums immense you owe,
A free discharge is giv'n:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

6 You who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:

The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

7 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace :
And, sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 75. P. M.

1 O thou in whose presence
My soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call :
My comfort by day,
And my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all !

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide
Resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love !
For why in the valley
Of death should I weep.
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

3 O why should I wander
An alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice

When my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 You daughters of Zion,
Declare have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents
My beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone?

5 This is my beloved;
His form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head
Are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 The roses of Sharon,
'The lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty
Of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7 His voice, as the sound
Of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
'The cedars of Lebanon

Bow at his feet,
'The air is perfum'd with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain
Of righteousness flow,
That water the garden of grace;
From which their salvation
The Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits in his eyelids,
And scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim
Veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousand
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity,
Fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

HYMN 76. P. M.

1 Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
'Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—
 Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come:
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood!

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
 Prone to wander—Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it—
 Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 77. L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of thee!
 Asham'd of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless
 days.

2 Asham'd of Jesus!—Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus!—Just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No. When I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
'Till then I'll boast a Savior slain!
And, O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

HYMN 78. C. M.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery 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,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 79. C. M.

1 Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heav'n in thee.

HYMN 80. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;

And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell below the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 81. S. M.

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserv'd by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last?
But out of all the Lord

Hath brought us by his love ;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more :
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain ;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

HYMN 82. C. M.

1 Rejoice ! ye Saints of Latter Days,
Lift up your heads and sing ;
With one accord unite to praise,
Your Everlasting King.

2 No more in darkness need you walk,
Or tread in error's night,
For the Most High again has spoke
The darkness into light.

4 The Holy Spirit is sent down,
Like as in days of old,
To bring to mind things that are past,
And things to come unfold.

4 O may it rest upon us now,
While we're assembled here
Bring consolation to our souls
Our drooping spirits cheer.

5 O may it ever guide our feet,
In ways of righteousness,
That we may be accounted meet;
To dwell in blessedness.

6 And may the glorious light of truth,
Shine through the world below,
And heavenly blessings, peace and love
On all mankind bestow.

HYMN 83. C. M.

1 Beloved Brethren! sing His praise
Who form'd the worlds on high;
Who taught the planets where to trace
Their orbits in the sky.

2 O sing the fervor of His love—
The wonders of His grace;
Who sent the Savior from above
To save a dying race.

3 In songs declare the works and ways
Of our Eternal God,

Whose kingdom in these latter days
Is spreading far abroad.

4 In Zion, let His name be praised,
Who hath a feast prepar'd,
The glorious gospel standard rais'd,
The ancient faith restor'd.

5 Swift heralds the glad news to bear
O'er land and ocean fly,
And to the wond'ring world declare
The message from on high.

6 Ye nations of the earth attend!
Let kings and princes hear;
And let the powers of darkness bend—
Messiah's reign is near!

7 The Savior comes! ye saints! be pure,
And fix your hearts on high;
Lift up your heads, rejoice, for your
Redemption, draweth nigh.

8 Sing, Brethren! sing in strains divine,
Let all your voices raise:
Let heaven and earth their anthems join
In these, the latter days.

HYMN 84. C. M.

1 Once more we've met to worship,
At the feet of our dear Lord,
Come O Jesus, come and meet us,
While we sing and read thy word.
Let thy spirit blessed Savior
Be shed forth upon us now,
That we all may be united,
When we at thy feet shall bow.

2 We will worship thee our Father,
For the blessings thou hast given
Unto us, thy needy children,
Who are striving after heav'n.
'Thou dost fill our hearts with gladness,
When thy will thou dost make known;
And we are relieved from sadness,
When thou dost thy people own.

3 Though thou chast'nest all thy children
'Tis because thou lovest them;
Let us therefore be more faithful,
And we then shall overcome.
Lord assist us by thy spirit,
To be faithful to the end;
'Then when we lay down these bodies,
We shall find in thee a friend.

HYMN 85. L. M.

- 1 With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show,
- 3 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears control.
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand:
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

HYMN 86. C. M.

- 1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiv'n!

This world, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven:
 A country far from mortal sight
 Yet O! by faith I see,
 The land of rest, the saints delight,
 The heav'n prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
 And antedate that day;
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd;
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.

HYMN 37. C. M.

1 Soon as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children, seek my grace,"
 My heart replied without delay,
 "I'll seek my father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away!
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In a distressing day.

Should friends and kindred near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God would make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believ'd,
 To see thy grace provide relief;
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

HYMN 83. L. M.

1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs;
 To spend one day with thee on earth
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thy house, O God of grace,
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun: he makes our day:
 God is our shield; he guards our way

From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious host of heav'n obey;
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trust in thee.

HYMN 89. C. M.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace

Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

3 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And seek his work in vain:
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 90. L. M.

1 Away, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall no more in me have place,
My Savior doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruits deny,
Although the olive yield no oil.
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,

Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus name:
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of faith mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 91. L. M.

1 Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and
pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns,
Praise him in everlasting strains.

HYMN 92. C. M.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:

Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conq'ror through.

HYMN 93. C. M.

1 Begin, my tongue, the heav'nly theme,
Awake, my heart, and sing
The word, unchangeably the same,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim, "Salvation from the Lord,
To wretched, dying men:"

His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

5 Yes, every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 O, might I hear that heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
That gracious word should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

HYMN 94. 8's

1 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And knows not beginning nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;

We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 95. L. M.

1 With Israel's God who can compare?
Or who like Israel happy are?
O people, saved by the Lord,
He is thy Shield and great Reward.

2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
'Thou art secur'd from foes and harms;
In vain their plots, and false their boasts,
Our refuge is the Lord of Hosts.

HYMN 96. P. M.

1 My God, I am thine, [what a comfort
divine, [is mine!
What a blessing to know that my Jesus
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound
of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the raptur-
ous sound;
And whoever hath found it hath paradise
found:

My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly
feast: ! [taste;
That, that is the fulness; but this is the
And this I shall prove, till with joy I re-
move
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus' love

HYMN 97. 8's. & 6's.

1 How happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are,
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved, below;
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise:

Too few we find the happy hours,
 And haste to join those heavenly powers,
 In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
 And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
 (A bright harmonious throng!)
 We long thy praises to repeat,
 And restless sing around thy seat,
 The new, eternal song.

HYMN 98. L. M.

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

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps he leads:
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread
 With gloomy horrors overspread,

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile, [id,
With sudden greens and herbage crown-
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 99. S. M.

1 Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death,
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
 And no sad changes feel,
 They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
 Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I—with all my cares,
 Will lean upon the Lord;
 I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
 And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love;
 The ground on which their safety stands,
 No earthly power can move.

HYMN 100. C. M.

- 1 When the great Judge, supreme and
 just,
 Shall once inquire for blood,
 The humble souls, that mourn in dust,
 Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
 And put their hearts to pain,
 Make them confess that thou art God.
 And they but feeble men.
- 3 Though saints to sore distress are
 brought,

And wait, and long complain:
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

4 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And men prevail no more.

HYMN 101. C. M.

1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?—
Great Comforter! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 102. P. M.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord, [word;
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent
 What more can he say than to you he
 hath said?
 You, who unto Jesus, for refuge have fled.

2 In every condition—in sickness in
 health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the
 sea, [shall be
 As thy days may demand, so thy succor

3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not
 dismay'd! [thee aid;
 For I am thy God, and will still give
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand, [hand.
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent

4 "When through the deep waters I call
 thee to go, [flow;
 The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'er-
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
 bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress

2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my
guide,

'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;

Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail, [vail.

The word he has spoken shall surely pre-

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to bring me
quite through.

4 Since all that I meet shall work for my
good,

The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food:
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease be-
fore long, [ror's song.

And then, O how pleasant the conqu-

HYMN 104. L. M.

1 My soul is full of peace and love,
I soon shall see Christ from above;
And angels too, the hallow'd throng,
Shall join with me in holy song.

2 The Spirit's power has sealed my peace
And fill'd my soul with heav'nly grace;

Transported, I with peace and love,
Am waiting for the throngs above.

3 Prepare my heart, prepare my tongue
To join this glorious, heav'nly throng:
To hail the Bridegroom from above,
And join the band in songs of love.

4 Let all my pow'rs of mind combine
To hail my Savior all divine;
To hear his voice, attend his call,
And crown him King, and Lord of all.

HYMN 105. C. M.

1 We're not ashamed to own our Lord,
And worship him on earth;
We love to learn his holy word,
And know what souls are worth.

2 When Jesus comes as flaming flame,
For to reward the just,
The world will know the only name,
In which the saints can trust.

3 When he comes down in heav'n on
earth,
With all his holy band,
Before creation's second birth,
We hope with him to stand.

4 Then will he give us a new name
 With robes of righteousness,
 And in the New Jerusalem,
 Eternal happiness.

HYMN 106. S. M.

1 Thy goodness, Lord, how great!
 Eternally the same!
 Before the sons of men laid up
 For those who fear thy name.

2 Thy presence shall protect;
 Thy watchful care shall hide:
 In the pavilion of thy love,
 Secure thy saints abide.

3 Forever bless the Lord,
 His great salvation tell:
 His marvelous loving-kindness keeps
 The city where we dwell.

4 Despond not of his truth,
 Nor yield to anxious grief:
 God heard my voice, when in distress
 I sought—and found relief.

HYMN 107. L. M.

1 Great God, indulge my humble claim,
 Thou art my hope—my joy—my rest;
 The glories that compose thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good—thou just and
 wise,
 Thou art my father, and my God;
 And I am thine, by sacred ties,
 Thy son—thy servant, bought with
 blood.

3 With early feet I love t' appear
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,
 And felt the power of sovereign grace.

4 I'll lift my hands--I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And bless the remnant of my days.

HYMN 108. L. M.

1 He lives—the everlasting God, [flood;
 Who built the world—who spread the

The heavens, with all their host, he made
And the dark regions of the dead.

2 He guides our feet—he guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day;
He spreads the evening veil—and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

3 Israel—a name divinely blest,
May rise secure—securely rest:
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

4 Long as I live, I'll trust his power;
Then in my last, departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear me homeward to my God.

HYMN 109. C. M.

1 What though no flowers the fig-tree
 clothe,
 Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
 And fields no meat supply;—

2 Though from the fold, with glad sur-
 prise,
My flock cut off I see;

Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be:—

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy—which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

HYMN 110. P. M.

1 How happy are they,
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure
above!

Tongue, cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in the Savior's love!

2 This comfort is mine,
Since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb;
Since the truth I believ'd,
What a joy I've receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' bless'd name!

3 'Tis a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
That to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore!

4 Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song:
O! that all to this refuge may fly!
He has lov'd me I cry'd,
He has suffer'd and dy'd
To redeem such a rebel as I!

5 On the wings of his love,
I am carry'd above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I cannot believe
That I ever shall grieve,
That I ever shall sorrow again.

6 O the rapturous height
Of this holy delight,
Which I feel in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possess'd,
I am perfectly bless'd,
Being fill'd with the fulness of God!

7 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,

Who has died my poor soul to redeem ;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due ;
May they all be devoted to him.

8 What a mercy is this !
What a heaven of bliss !
How unspeakably happy am I !
Gather'd into the fold,
With thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die.

HYMN 111. P. M.

1 Jesus my glorious light appears,
I hear his soothing voice,
Expire my doubts, subside my fears
My heart dissolves in grateful tears,
And God is all my choice.

2 Enriched with blessings from above
To penitents assign'd ,
I soar aloft on wings of love ;
On earth, like ancient Noah's dove,
No resting place I find.

3 My spirit burns with pure delight,
And sings her future rest,
Soon would she make her final flight,

With disembodied saints unite,
And glow among the blest.

HYMN 112. P. M.

- 1 And did my Savior die
And shed his blood for me?
Oh! what's the reason why
Ungrateful I should be?
In prayer and praise,
My voice I'll raise,
And God adore,
For evermore.

- 2 Why should I fear to speak,
And own my Savior's name?
Or bow before his feet?
Or sing aloud his fame?
In prayer and praise,
My voice I'll raise,
And God adore,
For evermore.

- 3 O may I courage have,
From time to time to tell,
My progress while I live,
On this terrestrial ball.
In prayer and praise,
My voice I'll raise,

And God adore,
For evermore.

- 4 Help me, O Lord, to live,
And thy commandments keep;
Thy spirit freely give
Until in thee I sleep.
Then may I be,
From sorrow free,
And dwell with thee
Eternally.

[HYMN 113. L. M.

1 Awake! ye saints of God! awake,
Call on the Lord in mighty pray'r,
That he will Zion's bondage break,
And bring to nought the fowler's snare.

2 He will regard his people's cry—
The widow's tear—the orphan's moan;
The blood of those that slaughter'd lie,
Pleads not in vain before his throne.

3 Though Zion's foes have counsel'd
deep,
Altho' they bind with fetters strong;
The God of Jacob does not sleep—
His vengeance will not slumber long.

4 Then let your souls be stay'd on God;
A glorious scene is drawing nigh:
'Tho' tempests gather like a flood,
The storm, tho' fierce will soon pass by.

5 Our God in judgment will come near,
His mighty arm he will make bare:
For Zion's sake he will appear,
Then Oh! ye saints! awake, prepare!

6 Awake to union and be one,
Or, saith the Lord, you are not mine;
Yea, like the Father and the Son,
Let all the saints, in union join.

HYMN 114. C. M.

1 Jehovah reigns! O glorious King!
Let all the saints of God
Lift up their hearts—rejoice and sing
And sound his praise abroad.

2 Rise from the tombs, O leave the dust
And lay your sackcloth by;
For Jesus Christ, in whom we trust
Arose and reigns on high.

3 Then let your confidence be strong—
Let men and angels know,

That God the glory of our song,
Is with the saints below.

4 Let sinners be constrained to say,
The peace and heavenly joy,
These Christians feel from day to day,
No trouble can destroy.

5 Their hand in hand, both old and young
Each heart with heart shall blend
To walk the road—to raise the song,
Till hope in glory end.

6 With Zion's city full in view—
That better land of rest;
Our sorrow's o'er—our journey thro',
And we forever blest.

7 Then truth and grace will swell the
song;
From every bondage free:
We'll join the holy, blood wash'd throned,
And reign eternally.

HYMN 115. C. M.

1 How will the saints rejoice to tell!
And count their sufferings o'er,

When they upon Mount Zion dwell,
And view the landscape o'er.

2 There they will see upon that land,
Fair Zion from above,
And meet with Enoch's holy band,
And sing redeeming love.

3 There, no more sickness pain or woe
Shall mar their peaceful rest,
For God shall wipe away their tears,
And comfort the opprest.

4 O may I see that glorious day!
And join with all the blest,
To sing aloud the Savior's praise;
And enter into rest.

HYMN 116. P. M.

1 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken,
"Oh my people, faint and few;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation
And your gates shall all be praise."

2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;

For the Lord your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow :

Still in undisturb'd possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;

Never shall you feel oppression, }
 —Hear the voice of war again.

3 "Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;

But your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me.

God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;

He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light."

HYMN 117. 8 & 7's. M.

1 Call Jehovah thy salvation ;

Rest, my soul, beneath his shade ;

In his secret habitation

Dwell, nor ever be dismayed :

There no tumult can alarm thee ;

Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;

Guile nor violence can harm thee,

In eternal safeguard there.

2 Since with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of his protection,
 He will shield thee from above:
 Thou shalt call on him in trouble;
 He will hearken, he will save;
 Here for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

HYMN 113. C. M.

1 Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound,)
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,—
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
 fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believ'd!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and
 snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be
 As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall
 And mortal life shall cease; [fail,
 I shall possess within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;
 But God, who call'd me here below
 Will be forever mine.

HYMN 119. P. M.

1 Redeemer of Israel,
 Our only delight,
 On whom for a blessing we call;
 Our shadow by day,
 And our pillar by night,
 Our king, our companion, our all.

2 We know he is coming
 To gather his sheep,
 And plant them in Zion, in love,
 For why in the valley

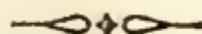
Of death should they weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 How long we have wander'd
As strangers in sin,
And cried in the desert for thee!
Our foes have rejoic'd
When our sorrows they've seen;
But Israel will shortly be free.

4 As children of Zion
Good tidings for us:
The tokens already appear;
Fear not and be just,
For the kingdom is ours,
And the hour of redemption is near.

5 The secret of heaven,
The myst'ry below,
That many have sought for so long,
We know that we know,
For the Spirit of Christ, [wrong.
Tells his servants they cannot be

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.



HYMN 120. L. M.

1 The happy day has rolled on,
The glorious period now has come,
The angel sure has come again
To introduce Messiah's reign.

2 The gospel trump again is heard,
'The truth from darkness has appear'd;
The lands which long in darkness lay,
Have now beheld a glorious day.

3 The day by prophets long foretold;
'The day which Abram did behold;
'The day that saints desired long,
When God his strange work would perform.

4 The day when saints again should hear
'The voice of Jesus in their ear,
And angels who above do reign,
Come down to converse hold with men.

HYMN 121. L. M.

1 The great and glorious gospel light,
Has usher'd forth into my sight,
Which in my soul I have receiv'd,
From death and bondage being freed.

2 With saints below and saints above,
I'll join to praise the God I love;
Like Enoch too, I will proclaim,
A loud Hosanna to his name.

3 Hosanna, let the echo fly
From pole to pole, from sky to sky,
And saints and angels, join to sing,
Till all eternity shall ring.

4 Hosanna, let the voice extend,
Till time shall cease, and have an end;
Till all the throngs of heav'n above,
Shall join the saints in songs of love.

5 Hosanna, let the trump of God,
Proclaim his wonders far abroad,
And earth, and air, and skies, and seas,
Conspire to sound aloud his praise.

HYMN 122. P. M.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 O gladly we'll go the isles and pro-
 claim; [his fame;
 And nations unknown then shall hear of
 Yea, kingdoms, and countries, both Gen-
 tiles and Jews [glad news.
 Shall see us, and hear us proclaim the

5 And millions shall turn to the Lord and
 rejoice, [their choice;
 That they have made Jesus the Savior
 From north, and the south, from the east
 and the west, [to rest.
 We'll bring home our thousands in Zion

6 As clouds see them fly to their glorious
 home— [them come.
 As doves to their windows in flocks see
 While empires shall tremble and king-
 doms shall rend, [proclaim'd
 And thrones be cast down as wise Daniel

7 And Israel shall flourish and spread
 far abroad, [of God:
 Till earth shall be full of the knowledge
 And thus shall the stone of the mountain
 roll forth— [earth.
 Extend its dominion, and fill the whole

HYMN 124. 8—7—4.

- 1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed Jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary.
Let the Gospel
Soon resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
Chase the darkness
From their long benighted eyes.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
So Immanuel's fair dominions
Shall extend, and still increase,
'Till the kingdoms
Of the world are all his own.

HYMN 125. P. M.

- 1 Go, ye messengers of glory,
Run ye legates of the skies,
Go and tell the pleasing story,
That a glorious angel flies,
Great and mighty,
With a message from the skies.
- 2 Go to every tribe and nation,
Visit every land and clime,
Sound to all the proclamation.
Tell to all the truth sublime,
That the gospel,
Does in ancient glory shine.
- 3 Go! to all the gospel carry,
Let the joyful news abound,
Go! till every nation hear ye,
Jew and Gentile hear the sound,
Let the gospel,
Echo all the earth around.
- 4 Bearing seed of heav'nly virtue,
Scatter it o'er all the earth,
Go! Jehovah will support you,
Gather all the sheaves of worth,
Then with Jesus,
Reign in glory on the earth.

HYMN 126. L. M.

1 Though now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy tow'rs to shine.

2 That light shall glance on distant
lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The pow'r and greatness of his love.

3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

HYMN 127. L. M. ;

1 Arise, in all thy splendor, Lord,
Let pow'r attend thy gracious word;
Unvail the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' almighty God;
Make bare thine arm—thy pow'r display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway

3 Send forth thy messengers of peace,
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy pow'r may own.

HYMN 128. 7's.

1 Go, ye messengers of heav'n,
Chosen by divine command;
Go and publish free salvation,
To a dark benighted land.

2 Go to island, sea, and mountain,
'To fulfill the great command;
Gather out the sons of Jacob,
'To possess the promised land.

3 When your thousands, all are gathered
And their prayers for you ascend,
And the Lord has crown'd with blessings
All the labors of your hand.

4 Then the song of joy and transport,
Will from every land resound,
'Then the heathen long in darkness,
By their Savior will be crown'd.

HYMN 129. 11's.

1 The time is far spent--there is little
 remaining [land,
 To publish glad tidings, by sea and by
 'Then hasten, ye haralds! go forward
 proclaiming, [hand,"
 "Repent for the kindom of heav'ns at
 Shrink not from your duty, however un-
 pleasant, '[friend:
 But follow the Savior, your pattern and
 Our little afflictions, tho' painful at pres-
 ent,
 Ere long, with the righteous, in glory
 will end.

2 What though, if the favor of Ahman
 possessing,
 This world's bitter hate, you are call'd to
 endure;
 The angels are [waiting to crown you
 with blessings,
 Go brethren! be faithful, the promise is
 sure,
 All, all things are known to the mind of
 Jehovah:
 'There's nothing conceal'd from his all-
 searching eye;
 Then, fear not! the hairs of your head
 are all number'd,

And even the ravens, are heard when
they cry.

3 Be fixed in your purpose; for Satan
will try you,
The weight of your calling, he perfectly
knows:
Your path may be thorny, but Jesus is
nigh you,
His arm is sufficient, tho' demons oppose.
Press on to the mark of eternal perfec-
tion,
Determin'd to reap the celestial reward,
That you may come forth in the first res-
urrection,
And feast at the supper of Jesus the Lord.

HYMN 130. 11's.

1 Ye slumbering nations who have slept
a long night,
Without revelation or heavenly light,
'The latter day glory's beginning to dawn
Awake from your dreaming and welcome
the morn.

2 Things unseen in darkness, begin to
unfold,
As view'd by the ancients in visions of
old,

That stone from the mountain cut out
without hands,
Becoming a kingdom to fill all the lands.

3 To every nation, and people, and
tongue,
A late revelation from heaven hath come,
To all it is given, and all may behold
The purpose of heaven concerning the
world.

4 A last dispensation, let all the world
hear,
In every nation, that saints may prepare
For that revolution it shall undergo,
The great restitution from evil and woe.

5 The call is from heaven, and hear it
we must,
"The first will be last, and the last will
be first;"
Go forth to the nations, and then to the
Jews,
Who soon will obey it when Gentiles re-
fuse.

6 The Jews will go forth, and the ten
tribes shall come
From a land in the north, to inherit their
home,

And Kings shall protect them, and
Queens shall sustain
Their national rights till Messiah's blest
reign

7 While Ephraim's lov'd children, who
 ream in the west,
Shall gather round Zion, and with her
 be blest,
When truth shall be given then peace
 will abound,
And the kingdom of heaven on earth
 will be found.



SECOND COMING OF CHRIST,



HYMN 131. C. M.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord will come!
And earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And saints and angels sing.

2 Rejoice! rejoice! when Jesus reigns,
And saints their songs employ:

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains.

Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more will sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infect the ground;
He'll come and make the blessings flow
Far as the curse was found.

4 Rejoice! rejoice! in the Most High,
While Israel spread abroad,
Like stars that glitter in the sky,
And ever worship God.

HYMN 132. P. M.

1 Let us pray, gladly pray,
In the house of Jehovah,
Till the righteous can say,
"O our warfare is over!"
Then we'll dry up our tears,
Sweetly praising together,
Through the great thousand years,
Face to face with the Savior.

2 What a joy will be there,
At the great resurrection,
As the saints meet in air,
In their robes of perfection;

Then the Lamb—then the Lamb,
 With a God's mandatory,
 As I AM THAT I AM,
 Fills the world with his glory.

3 We can then live in peace,
 With a joy on the mountains,
 As the earth doth increase,
 With a joy by the fountains,
 For the world will be blest,
 With a joy to rely on,
 From the east to the west,
 'Through the glory of Zion.

HYMN 133. P. M.

1 Awake, O ye people! the Savior is
 coming:
 He'll suddenly come to his temple, we
 hear;
 Repentance is needed of all that are liv-
 ing,
 To gain them a lot of inheritance there.
 To-day will soon pass, and that unknown
 to-morrow,
 May leave many souls in a more dread-
 ful sorrow,
 Than came by the flood, or that fell on
 Gomorrah—

Yea, weeping, and wailing, and gnashing
of teeth.

2 Be ready, O islands, the Savior is coming;

He'll bring again Zion the prophets declare;

Repent of your sins, and have faith in redemption,

To gain you a lot of inheritance there.

A voice to the nations in season is given,

To show the return of the glories of Eden,

And call the elect from the four winds of heav'n,

For Jesus is coming to reign on the earth.

HYMN 134. P. M.

1 Let Zion in her beauty rise;

Her light begins to shine,

Ere long her King will rend the skies,

Majestic and divine.

The gospel's spreading through the land,

A people to prepare.

To meet the Lord and Enoch's band,

Triumphant in the air.

2 Ye heralds sound the gospel trump,

To earth's remotest bound;

Go spread the news from pole to pole,

In all the nations round,
That Jesus in the clouds above,
With host of angels too,
Will soon appear his saints to save,
His enemies subdue.

3 But ere that great and solemn day,
The stars from heav'n will fall,
The moon be turned into blood,
The waters into gall,
The sun with blackness will be cloth'd,
All nature look affright!
While men, rebellious wicked men,
Gaze heedless on the sight.

4 The earth shall reel, the heav'ns shake,
The sea move to the north,
The earth roll up like as a scroll,
When God's command goes forth;
The mountains sink the valleys rise,
And all become a plain,
The islands, and the continents
Will then unite again.

5 Alas! the day will then arrive,
When rebels to God's grace,
Will call for rocks to fall on them,
And hide them from his face:
Not so with those who keep his law,
They joy to meet their Lord

In clouds above, with them that slept
In Christ, their sure reward.

6 That glorious rest will then commence
Which prophets did foretell, [earth
When Christ will reign, with saints on
And in their presence dwell
A thousand years: O glorious day!
Dear Lord prepare my heart,
To stand with thee, on Zion's mount,
And never more to part,

7 Then when the thousand years are
past,
And satan is unbound,
O Lord preserve us from his grasp,
By fire from heav'n sent down,
Until our great last change shall come,
T' immortalize this clay,
Then we in the celestial world,
Will spend eternal day.

HYMN 135. C. M.

1 The glorious day is rolling on—]
All glory to the Lord!
When fair as at creation's dawn
The earth will be restor'd.

- 2 A perfect harvest then wil crown
The renovated soil;
And rich abundance drop around,
Without corroding toil:
- 3 For in its own primeval bloom,
Will nature smile again;
And blossoms streaming with perfume,
Adorn the verdant plain.
- 4 The saints will then, with pure delight,
Possess the holy land;
And walk with Jesus Christ in white,
And in his presence stand.
- 5 What glorious prospects! can we claim
These hopes, and call them our's?
Yes, if through faith in Jesus' name,
We conquer satan's pow'rs.
- 6 If we, like Jesus bear the cross—
Like him despise the shame;
And count all earthly things but dross,
For his most holy name.
- 7 Then while the pow'rs of darkness
rage,
With glory in our view,
In Jesus' strength let us engage,
To press to Zion too.

8 For Zion will like Eden bloom;
And Jesus come to reign—
The saints immortal from the tomb
With angels meet again.

HYMNS 136. L. M.

1 Behold the great Redeemer comes
'To bring his ransom'd people home;
He comes to save his scatter'd sheep,
He comes to comfort those who weep.

2 He comes all blessings to impart
Unto the meek and contrite heart,
He comes, he comes to be admired,
He comes to burn the proud with fire.

3 He comes to bless the humble poor,
He comes creation to restore,
He comes the earth to purify,
He comes, but not again to die.]

4 He comes, he comes unto his own,
He comes to reign on David's throne;
He comes to stand on Zion's hill,
He comes the Scriptures to fulfil.

5 He comes to tread the wicked down,
He comes the martyrs for to crown,

He comes to dry the mourner's tears,
He comes to reign a thousand years.

6 He comes on Olives mount to stand,
He comes all Israel to defend,
He comes to lay the sinner low,
He comes that Judah may him know.

7 He comes to show his hands and side,
He comes to wed his ready bride,
He comes to reign as King of kings,
He comes, let all creation sing.

HYMN 137. L. M.

1 Behold the mount of Olives rend!
And on its top Messiah stand,
His chosen Israel to defend,
And save them with a mighty hand.

2 The mountains sink, the vallies rise
And all the land becomes a plain,
He brings deliverance to the Jews,
While all their enemies are slain,

3 But lo! what pen can paint the scene
His wounded hands and side they see
Where once the nails and spear had been
This our Messiah? Can it be?

4 Whence then these wounds? ah who
has pierc'd

Our great Deliverer's heart and hands?
These are the wounds I once received,
Amid my kindred and my friends.

5 Thus the Messiah stands revealed,
And they their bless'd Deliverer own;
They're humbled when at last they find
Jesus, Messiah, both are one.

6 Like Joseph's brethren now they
mourn,
And humbly own a Savior slain—
They crown him king on David's throne,
That o'er the nations he may reign.

HYMN 133. 7's.

1 Jesus once of humble birth,
Now in glory comes to earth;
Once he suffered grief and pain—
Now he comes on earth to reign.

2 Once a meek and lowly lamb—
Now the Lord, the great I AM;
Once with thieves was crucified—
Now on yonder cloud he rides.

3 Once he groaned in blood and tears—
Now in glory he appears;
Once rejected by his own—
Now their King he shall become.

4 Once forsaken, left alone—
Now exalted to a throne;
Once all things he meekly bore—
But he now will bear no more.

HYMN 139. P. M.

1 This earth shall be a blessed place,
To saints celestial given,
Where Christ again shall show his face,
With the redem'd of Adam's race,
In clouds descend from heaven.

2 Yes, when he comes on earth again,
The wicked burn as stubble;
Thus all his enemies are slain,
And o'er the nations he shall reign,
And end the scenes of trouble.

3 The trump of war is heard no more,
But all their strife is ended,
While Jesus shall all things restore
To order, as they were before,
And peace o'er all extended.

4 Sing, O ye heavens! let earth rejoice,
While saints shall flow to Zion,
And rear the temple of his choice,
And in its courts unite their voice,
In praise to Judah's Lion.

5 Hosanna to the reign of peace,
The day so long expected;
When earth shall find a full release,
The groanings of creation cease,
The righteous well protected.

6 Come, sound his praise in joyful
 strains,
Who dwell beneath his banner:
He'll bind old satan fast in chains,
And wide o'er earth's extended plains
The nations shout Hosanna.

HYMN 140, P. M.

1 Ye ransom'd of the Lord,
To Zion now return,
And seek a safe abode
Before the wicked burn:
The year of Jubilee draws near,
Jesus in clouds will soon appear.

- 2 Let Israel now return
Unto their ancient home,
Possess the Holy Land,
And build Jerusalem,
And there await the jubilee,
They shall the King of Glory see.
- 3 Let Gentiles throug the way
To Zion's happy land,
Those who the truth obey
Shall in his presence stand,
Shall shine with the celestial light,
And walk with Jesus Christ in white.
- 4 Let Joseph's remnants come
To the celestial hill,
And throug the house of God,
And learn to do his will,
That Zion may arise and shine
With light celestial and divine.
- 5 Let saints in every clime
Their waiting hearts prepare;
From every tribe and tongue,
To Zion's mount repair.
The marriage of the Lamb is near,
The great Bridegroom will soon appear.

HYMN 141. 8. 7. & 4.

- 1 Lo the mighty God appearing,
 From on high Jehovah speaks!
 Eastern lands the summons hearing,
 O'er the west his thunder breaks:
 Earth beholds him!——
 Universal nature shakes!
- 2 Zion, all its light unfolding,
 God in glory shall display;
 Lo! he comes!—nor silence holding,
 Fire and clouds prepare his way;
 Tempests round him——
 Hasten on the dreadful day:
- 3 To the heavens his voice ascending,
 To the earth beneath he cries;—
 “Souls immortal, now descending,
 Let the sleeping dust arise!
 Rise to judgment——
 Let my throne adorn the skies!
- 4 “Gather first my saints around me,
 Those who to my covenant stood;
 Those who humbly sought and found me
 Through the dying Savior’s blood:—
 Blest Redeemer!——
 Dearest sacrifice to God!”

5 Now the heavens on high adore him,
And his righteousness declare :
Sinners perish from before him,
But his saints his mercies share :
Just his judgment——
God, himself the judge, is there.

HYMN 142. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

HYMN 143. L. M.

1 He reigns!—the Lord, the Savior
reigns!

Sing to his name in lofty strains;
Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown:
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth—and cleaves the
tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire—
The mountains melt—the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight—and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing for your redemption's nigh.

HYMN 144. L. M.

- 1 Yes—mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become the footstool of thy feet.
- 2 Then, ransom'd souls shall bless thy
pow'r:
Thine arm shall full salvation bring:
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conquering
King.
- 3 Then rang'd thy shining threne around
Thy honors, Lord, will we proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms re-
sound
Thy glorious deeds and saving name.

HYMN 145. 7's.

- 1 Hark!—the song of jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—
- 2 See Jehovah's banners furled! [done!
Sheathed his sword:—he speaks—'tis

Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have passed away!

4 Hallelujah!—for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah!—let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

HYMN 146. P. M. j

1 Echold the day appear!
We see its dawning light,
The King of saints comes near,
To claim his sov'reign right.

2 Lo! satans empire falls,
The pow'rs of darkness flee,
Christ to his servants calls,
I come to set you free.

3 To bind your foes I come!
That foul malicious fiend,
I come to seal his doom,
His pow'r on earth to end.

4 I come! rejoice and sing
According to my word,
I come to be your King,
Receive your heavenly Lord.

5 Your swords to ploughshares beat,
To pruning hooks each spear,
All discord now forget,
The Prince of Peace is here.

6 Truth shall again on earth,
With love and joy descend;
And man shall find in man,
A brother and a friend.

HYMN 147. P. M.

1 Hail to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free:
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;

To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

HYMN 148. 11's.

1 The time long appointed is now drawing near,
Jehovah's anointed will shortly appear,

When the great Messiah returning to
 earth, [death.
 Will cleanse it by fire, from evil, and

CHORUS.

Oh then we'll rejoice, and exulting we'll
 sing, [King;
 And join in the triumph of Jesus our
 He'll reign universal all over the earth
 And cleanse it from evil, from sorrow, and
 death.

2 Messiah is coming! O hear the glad
 news,
 And soon be returning ye scatter'd Jews,
 From every nation when you hear his
 word, [Lord.
 Accept of salvation and come to the
 Oh! then we'll rejoice, &c,

3 Behold your Messiah! no longer a
 Lamb,
 To bleed and expire for poor guilty man,
 But now Judah's Lion majestic appears,
 To reign in Mount Zion a thousand blest
 years.
 Oh! then we'll rejoice, &c.

4 Messiah is coming! let all the world
 hear, [pear,
 The trumpet is sounding, he soon will ap-
 Great Babylon falling no more to arise,
 Shall give place to Zion, that comes from
 the skies.

Oh! then we'll rejoice, &c.

5 Messiah is coming! the saints shall
 arise [from the skies;
 From the tomb, and behold him descend
 Their souls reunited, they then will ap-
 pear,

All greatly delighted and meet in the air.

Oh! then we'll rejoice, &c.

6 Messiah is coming! we hail the glad
 day, [we'll pray,
 To see him returning we'll watch and
 For that blessed morning when earth is
 restor'd,

That general burning, the power of God.

Oh! then we'll rejoice, and exulting we'll
 sing, [King,

And join in the triumphs of Jesus our
 Who reigns universal all over the earth,
 Now cleansed from evil, from sorrow, and
 death.

GATHERING OF ISRAEL.

HYMN 149. L. M

- 1 What wond'rous things we now behold,
Which were declar'd from days of old,
By prophets, who, in vision clear,
Beheld those glories from afar.
- 2 The visions which Almighty God,
Confirm'd by his unchanging word,
That to the ages then unborn,
His greatest work he would perform.
- 3 The second time he'd set his hand
To gather Israel to their land,
Fulfill the cov'nants he had made,
And pour his blessings on their head.
- 4 When Moab's remnant, long oppress'd
Should gather'd be and greatly blest;
And Ammon's children, scatter'd wide,
Return with joy, in peace abide.
- 5 While Elam's race a feeble band,
Receive a share in the blest land;

And Gentiles, all their pow'r display
To hasten on the glorious day.

6 Then Ephraim's sons, a warlike race,
Shall haste in peace and see their rest,
And earth's remotest parts abound,
With joys of everlasting sound.

7 Assyria's captives long since lost,
In splendor come a num'rous host;
Egyptia's waters will'd with fear,
Their power feel and disappear.

8 Yes, Abram's children now shall be
Like sand in number by the sea;
While kindreds, tongues, and nations all
Combine, to make the numbers full.

9 The dawning of that day has come.
See! Abram's sons are gath'ring home,
And daughters too with joyful lays,
Are hast'ning here to join in praise!

10 O God, our Father, and our King,
Prepare our voices and our theme;
Let all our pow'rs in one combine
To sing thy praise in songs divine.

HYMN 159. P. M.

1 Come all ye sons of Zion,
And let us praise the Lord:
His ransom'd are returning,
According to his word.
In sacred songs, and gladness,
They walk the narrow way,
And thank the Lord who bro't them
To see the latter day.

2 Come, ye dispers'd of Judah,
Join in the theme, and sing
With harmony unceasing,
The praises of your King
Whose arm is now extended
(On which the world may gaze)
To gather up the righteous,
In these, the latter days.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel!
And let your joys abound;
The voice of God shall reach you,
Wherever you are found;
And call you back from bondage,
That you may sing his praise
In Zion and Jerusalem
In these, the latter days.

4 Then gather up for Zion,
Ye saints, throughout the land,
And clear the way before you,
As God shall give command:
Tho' wicked men and devils
Exert their pow'r, 'tis vain,
Since him who is Eternal
Has said you shall obtain.

HYMN 151. L. M.

1 Lord! visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

2 That veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious
light;
That sever'd olive-branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

3 Hail, glorious day—expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

HYMM 152. C. M.

- 1 Daughter of Zion, from the dust,
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake—awake!—put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls—thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south,—'Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!'
- 4 They come! they come—thine exiled
bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

HYMN. 153. C. M.

- 1 O'er mountain tops the mount of God
 In latter days shall rise—
 Above the summits of the hills—
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
 'Up to the mount of God,' they say,
 'And to his house we'll go.'
- 3 The beams which shine [from Zion's
 hill
 Shall lighten ev'ry land;
 The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
 Shall all the world command.

HYMN 154. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands!
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands.
 Mourning captive!
 God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
 God himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;

Here their boasted triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest ;
All thy conflicts
End in an eternal rest.

HYMN 155. 7s.

1 "Give us room that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud :
See their numbers—how they swell !
How they gather like a cloud !

2 Oh how bright the morning seems !
Brighter from so dark a night :
Zion is like one that dreams,
Fill'd with wonder and delight.

3 Lo ! thy sun goes down no more,
God himself will be thy light :
All that caus'd thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine!

Lo! thy light from heav'n is come!
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

HYMN 156. P. M.

1 The trump for Israel's jub'l year
From Zion sounds aloud we hear,
To bid the wandering exiles come
And find in Zion still a home.

2 Israel shall hear; the thrilling sound
Shall reach the earth's remotest bound
And gather to that holy land,
Of Jacob's race, a faithful band.

3 Each exile tribe shall yet return,
Rejoice, when Zion is their home
And bow beneath Messiah's sway
With willing hearts, his will obey.

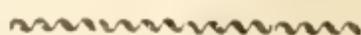
HYMN 157. L. M.

1 O Lord, our Father let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race,
Restore that long lost scattered band
And call them to their native land.

2 Their mis'ry let thy mercy heal,
 Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;
 O God of Israel hear our pray'r,
 And grant that they thy love may share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
 The sad suspension of thy love,
 And shall thy wrath perpetual burn
 And yet thou ne'er to them return?

4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
 Awake to joy each grateful heart,
 While Israel's rescued tribes in thee,
 Their bliss and full salvation see.



BAPTISMAL.



HYMN 153. P. M.

1 Come ye children of the kingdom,
 Sing with me for joy to-day;
 Gather round, as Christ's disciples,
 Kneel with grateful hearts and pray.

2 There's a line contained in Matthew
 What the Savior said to John,

And the sacred words from heav'n,
 'This is my beloved Son.

3 As 'twas said to Nicodemus,
 So I must be born again;
 'Tis by water and the Spirit
 I the promise may obtain.

4 So I will obey the Savior,
 Keep his law and do his will,
 That I may enjoy forever,
 Happiness on Zion's hill.

HYMN 159. P. M.

1 Jesus, mighty King in Zion,
 Thou alone our guide shall be,
 Thy commission we rely on,
 We will follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,
 We, who know the great salvation,
 Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue;
 Buried with our Lord, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

HYMN 169. P. M.

- 1 In Jordan's tide the prophet stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the right demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heav'ns! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye men behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But lo! from yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like th' Eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they see the power divine
Around the Savior's temples shine.
- 4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are these that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar:
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song!
"This is my well-beloved Son;
I see, well pleas'd, what he hath done."

5 Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accents broke
And bid us hear the Son of God:
O, hear the awful word to-day;
Hear, all ye nations, and obey.

HYMN 161. P. M.

1 Salem's bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient times to Jordan came
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient prophet stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.

2 The holy Jesus did demand
His right to be baptized then,
The prophet gave consent;
On Jordan's banks they did appear,
And lo, John and his Master dear,
Then down the bank they went.

3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The prophet led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize:
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.

4 The op'ning hea'vn now complies,
The Holy Ghost like lightning flies,
Down from the courts above:
And on the holy heavn'ly Lamb,
The Spirit lights and does remain,
In shape like a fair dove.

5 This is my Son, Jehovah cries,
The echoing voice from glory flies,
O, children, hear ye him;
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptiz'd,
And wash away your sin.

6 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

7 Believing children gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;
See, here is water, here is room,
A loving Savior calling, come,
O children, be baptiz'd.

8 Behold, his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands

To wait upon the Bride:
 Ye candidates your hearts prepare,
 And let us join in solemn pray'r,
 Down by the water side.

HYMN 162. L. M.

1 Do we not know that solemn word,
 'That we are buried with the Lord,
 Baptiz'd into his death, and then
 Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
 So from the grave did Christ arise,
 And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
 Over our ransom'd souls again;
 The hateful lusts we serv'd before
 Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 163. C. M.

1 In pleasure sweet here we do meet,
 Down by the water side;
 And here we stand, by Christ's command
 To wait upon his bride.

- 2 Here we do bid the world farewell,
To practice his command;
It is the road that leads to God,
The way to Canaan's land.;
- 3 Now we will sing to Christ our King,
Our souls shall give him thanks,
Who came to Jordan unto John,
And went down Jordan's banks.
- 4 Come, sinners all, obey the call,
"Repent and be baptiz'd;"
Forsake your sins, and follow him,
Till you in glory rise.
- 5 We've found the road that leads to God,
The way of holiness;
We'll follow him where he has been,
For all his paths are peace.

HYMN 164. C. M.

- 1 Thus was the great Redeemer plang'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptiz'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;

Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

4 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

HYMN 165. P. M.

1 Never does truth more shine,
With beams of heav'nly light,
Than when the Scriptures join
To prove it plain and right;
Than when each text doth each explain,
And all unite to speak the same.

2 Thus Peter, who obey'd
What Jesus said, was wise,
And preached as he led,
Repent and be baptiz'd.
Thus Phillip did to th' eunuch say,
If you believe in Christ, you may.

3 Paul preach'd the word of grace;
Whole households did believe,
And were baptized to Christ,
Whose gospel they receiv'd.

Thus Christians were, of ancient date,
As sacred hist'ry doth relate.

4 We see 'tis no new thing
To teach, and then baptize;
So Christians first began
Christ's ordinance to prize:
This makes us cheerfully obey,
And go as they have led the way.

HYMN 166. P. M.

1 Behold the Lamb of God!
In his divine array,
Go down into the flood,
His Father to obey,
In Jordan's stream to be baptiz'd,
Though by a carnal world despis'd.

2 Can we pretend to know
More fully God's design?
Can we pretend to show
A conduct more divine?
Can we neglect this ordinance,
Without an insult to our Prince?

3 Jesus, we will obey
Thy practice and command:
Behold us here to day!
We in thy presence stand,

Devoted to thy blessed will,
Ready thy pleasure to fulfill.

4 We sink beneath the wave;
The water we go through;
The emblem of thy grave,
And resurrection too;
We die, are bury'd, rise again,
In hopes with thee to live and reign.

5 Great Father, cast thine eye,
And drive away our fear;
Our ev'ry want supply;
Give grace to persevere;
And then rejoicing we will go,
To do our Father's will below.

HYMN 167. L. M.

1 'Twas the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize."
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant Pagan lands.

- 3 "Reform, and be immers'd," he saith,
 "F'or the remission of your sins;"
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shows us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean:
 And the good spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
 And seal our cov'nant with the Lord:
 O may the great eternal Three,
 In heav'n, our solemn vows record!

HYMN 163. L. M.

- 1 In ancient times a man of God
 Came preaching in the wilderness;
 He did baptize in Jordan's flood,
 Requiring fruits of righteousness.
- 2 Saying, Reform; the time's fulfilled;
 The Son of God will soon appear;
 Make straight his paths, and do his will,
 For lo! his kingdom now is near.
- 3 I now immerse with water here,
 For the remission of your sins;

But he shall send the Spirit's power
To witness to your souls within.

4 Thus was Messiah's way prepared,
When first he came unto his own;
And by this means, when he appear'd,
The ready bride her Savior own'd.

5 E'en so, in this the latter day,
Before he comes on earth to reign,
His servants must prepare his way,
And all his paths make straight again.

6 Come, then, ye wand'ring sheep who
Arise, return unto your fold; [stray,
Come, be immers'd without delay,
And thus pursue the paths of old.

HYMN 169. C. M.

1 Father in heav'n we do believe
The promise thou hast made;
The word with meekness we receive,
Just as thy saints have said.

2 We now repent of all our sins,
And come with broken hearts;
And to thy cov'nant enter in,
And choose the better part.

3 We'll now be buried in the stream,
In Jesus blessed name,
And rise, while light shall on us beam,
The Spirit's heav'nly flame.

4 O Lord, accept our humble pray'r,
And all our sins forgive;
New life impart from this good hour,
And bid the sinner live.

5 Baptize us with the Holy Ghost,
And seal us as thine own,
That in thy kingdom we may stand,
And with thy saints be one.

HYMN 170. L. M.

1 How foolish to the carnal mind
The ord'nances of God appear,
They count them as a puff of wind,
And gaze with a contempt'ous sneer.

2 What! buried now beneath the flood,
To wash away your guilt and sin?
Are not some other means as good,
Nay, better? why appear so mean?

3 Thus they despise the proffer'd grace,
And die and perish in their sins:

So the Assyrian leper thought,
What! wash in Jordan and be clean!

4 Nay, in a rage he turned away,
And would remain a leper still;
But, lo! his humbler servants sway
Prevail'd at last, and turn'd his will.

5 He washed in Jordan's rolling flood,
And straitway found his flesh renew'd;
The virtue of the word of God
Thus by experience he had prov'd.

6 Poor sinners now would fain perform
Some great and meritorious deed,
Bow to the systems men have form'd,
And from their leprosy be freed.

7 Then, why not yield to simple means!
The Gospel is the pow'r of God;
'Twill save the vilest from their sins
Who yield obedience to the word.

• HYMN 171. C. M.

1 Lo! on the water's brink we stand,
To do the Father's will,
To be baptiz'd by his command,
And thus the word fulfil!

- 2 O Lord, we've sinned, but we repent,
And put our sins away,
With joy receive the message sent
In this the latter day.
- 3 Thou wilt accept our humble pray'r,
And all our sins forgive;
For Jesus is the sinner's friend,
He died that we might live.
- 4 We lay our sinful bodies now
Beneath the opening wave,
Then rise to life divinely new,
As from the bursting grave.
- 5 So when the trump of God shall blow,
The saints shall burst the tomb,
Immortal beauty crown their brow
With an immortal bloom.

HYMN 172. 4 6s & 2 8s.

- 1 Repent ye Gentiles all
And come and be baptiz'd;
It is the Savior's call,
He's spoken from the skies,
And sent the message we declare,
His second coming to prepare.

2 Be buried with your Lord,
 And rise divinely new,
 'Tis his eternal word—
 The ancient path pursue,
 The promis'd blessing now secure,
 The Spirit's seal, for ever sure.

3 Ye souls with sin distress'd,
 Who fain would find relief;
 Come, on his promise rest,
 He will assuage your grief,
 He'll send the Spirit from on high,
 When with the gospel you comply.

4 Come be adopted in
 With Israel's chosen race,
 And wash away your sins,
 The promised blessing taste;
 The cov'nant stands for ever sure,
 To all who to the end endure.

HYMN 173. L. M.

1 Come, all you sons of God, and view
 Your bleeding Savior's love to you:
 Behold him sink with heavy woes,
 And give his life to save his foes!

2 Here in the pure baptismal wave,
 You see the emblem of his grave;

Come all who would his laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.

3 When you ascend above the flood,
Then call to mind your rising Lord:
You saints, lift up your joyful eyes;
Exulting see your Savior rise.

4 You too are bury'd with your Lord,
Who in the water own his word;
And joyfully receive therein,
Remission of your former sin.

5 Ascending from the stream, behold
An emblem of your life restor'd:
Live unto him who died for you,
And all his just commandments do.

HYMN 174. P. M.

1 Reform, and be immers'd,
Says your redeeming Lord:
You all are now assur'd,
That 'tis your Savior's word:
Arise, arise, without delay,
And his divine command obey.

2 You sin convicted race,
Now fall at Jesus' feet;
He'll save you through his grace,

Come, to his will submit:
 And be immers'd without delay—
 O! come and wash your sins away.

3 Come, you believing train,
 No more this truth withstand;
 No longer think it vain
 To honor God's command;
 But haste, arise, without delay,
 And come and wash your sins away.

4 Jesus! thou Prince of Peace.
 'To thy great name we pray;
 May converts to thy grace
 'This ordinance obey,
 And may thy love their souls allure,
 'Their peace and pardon to secure!

HYMN 175. C. M.

1 Proclaim, says Christ, my word'rou
 To all the sons of men; [gra
 He that believes and is immers'd,
 Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
 Who, hoping in the word,
 This day have publicly declar'd,
 That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the Christian race:
 And, through the troubles of the way,
 Find all sufficient grace.

HYMN 176. C. M.

1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Pour'd from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, though vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

3 O Lamb of God! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd sons of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 But when this lisping, stammering
 tongue,

Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

HYMN 177. C. M.

PART FIRST.

- 1 O God, thou great, thou good, thou
Eternal is thy name; [wise,
Thy power hath rear'd the lofty skies
And built creation's frame.
- 2 The universe thy praise declares;
Through all its vast design,
Thy glorious handy work appears,
Thy pow'r and wisdom shine.
- 3 And ere creation had its birth,
Thou didst devise a plan,
Amidst thy glorious works on earth
To form thy creature man.
- 4 Thou mad'st him monarch of the world,
And did his kindred own,
Until by sin, down he was hurl'd,
And forfeited his throne.

5 Then Satan seiz'd the power of state,
And did his sceptre sway; [great,
Brought down the strong, the wise, the
To mingle with the clay.

6 Thus did the foe his malice glut.
And all the world enslave,
Thy spirit in the prison shut,
The body in the grave.

PART SECOND.

1 But hark! and hear the joyful sound,
How greatful to the ear,
A ransom for the lost is found,
A Savior doth appear.

2 He meets Appolyen, lays him low,
In every deadly strife,
Becomes victorious o'er his foe,
And reigns the Prince of life.

3 The pow'r of death and hell he breaks
His power and love to show,
The prison doors assunder breaks,
And lets the captive's go.

4 Then for this cause our body bends,
Beneath the liquid wave,

In favor of our kindred friends,
Who slumber in the grave.

5 That through the law the Prince doth
All who obedient prove [give
Together on the earth may live,
When all is peace and love.

6 Thus, then the dead we do baptize,
That when Christ comes again,
All Zion from beneath may see,
And in his kingdom reign.

7 Then saints below, and saints above,
And saints on earth agree,
To praise, in unison and love
Our God, eternally.

SACRAMENTAL.

HYMN 178. P. M.

1 Gently raise the sacred strain,
For the Sabbath's come again,
 That man may rest,
And return his thanks to God,
For his blessings to the blest.

2 Holy day devoid of strife,
For to seek eternal life,
 That great reward,
And partake the sacrament.
In remembrance of the Lord.

3 Sweetly swell the solemn sound,
While we bring our gifts around,
 Of broken hearts,
As a willing sacrifice,
Showing what his grace imparts.

4 Happy type of things to come,
When the saints are gather'd home,
 To praise the Lord,

In eternity of bliss,
All as one with one accord.

5 Holy, holy is the Lord,
Precious, precious is his word,
Repent and live;
Though your sins are crimson red,
O repent and he'll forgive.

6 Softly sing the joyful lay
For the saints to fast and pray,
As God ordains,
For his goodness and his love
While the Sabbath day remains.

HYMN 179. P. M.

1 O God th' eternal Father,
Who dwells amid the sky,
In Jesus's name we ask thee
To bless and sanctify,
(If we are pure before thee,)
This bread and cup of wine,
That we may all remember
That off'ring so divine.

2 That sacred holy off'ring,
By man least understood,
To have our sins remitted,

And take his flesh and blood.
That we may ever witness,
The sufferings of thy Son,
And always have his Spirit
To make our hearts as one.

3 When Jesus, the anointed,
Descended from above,
And gave himself a ransom
To win our souls with love;
With no apparent beauty,
That men should him desire—
He was the promis'd Savior,
To purify with fire.

4 How infinite that wisdom,
The plan of holiness,
That made salvation perfect,
And vail'd the Lord in flesh,
To walk upon his footstool,
And be like man, (almost,)
In his exalted station,
And die—or all was lost!

5 'Twas done—all nature trembled!
Yet, by the pow'r of faith,
He rose as God triumphant,
And broke the bands of death:
And, rising conq'rer, "captive

He led captivity,"
And sat down with the Father
To fill eternity.

6 He is the true Messiah,
That died and lives again;
We look not for another,
He is the Lamb 'twas slain;
He is the Stone and Shepherd
Of Israel—scatter'd far;
The glorious Branch from Jesse:
The bright and Morning Star.

7 Again, he is that Prophet
That Moses said should come.
Being raised among his brethren,
To call the righteous home,
And all that will not hear him,
Shall feel his chast'ning rod,
Till wickedness is ended,
As saith the Lord our God.

8 He comes, he comes in glory,
(The vail has vanish'd too.)
With angels, yea our fathers,
To drink this cup anew—
And sing the songs of Zion
And shout—'Tis done, 'tis done!
While every son and daughter
Rejoices—we are one.

HYMN 180. L. M.

1 'Twas on that dark, that solemn night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose,
Against the Son, e'en God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bles'd, and brake,
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin;
"Receive and eat the living food."
Then took the cup, and bles'd the wine,
"Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

5 For us his precious blood was spilt,
'To purchase pardon for our guilt:
When for our sins, he suff'ring dies
And gave his life a sacrifice.

6 "Do this," he cried "till time shall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying friend;

“Meet at my table, and record
 “The love of your departed Lord.”

7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate!
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,
 ’Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 181. P. M.

1 Arise, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears;
 Before the throne my surty stands,
 My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead:
 His blood aton’d for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv’d on Calvary:
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me;
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransom’d sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear annointed One :
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son :
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear :
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba Father, cry.

HYMN 182. C. M.

1 Behold the Savior of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree !
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee !

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature
 shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend!
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul!" he cries:

See where he bows his sacred head!
 He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious
 chain
 And in full glory shine:
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 183. C. M.

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed!
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in;
 When Christ the mighty Savior died,
 For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears:

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 184. L. M.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives who once was dead,
He lives, my ever living head!

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need:

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint:

4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart:

5 He lives my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
 He lives and loves me to the end,
 He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
 He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King:

6 He lives and grants me daily breath,
 He lives, and I shall conquer death,
 He lives my mansion to prepare,
 He lives to bring me safely there:

7 He lives, all glory to his name
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 "I know that my Redeemer lives."

HYMN 135. L. M.

1 Stretched on the cross, the Savior dies;
 Hark!—his expiring groans arise!
 See, from his hands—his feet—his side,
 Descends the sacred—crimson tide!

2 And didst thou bleed—for sinners
 bleed?
 And could the sun behold the deed?
 No—he withdrew his cheering ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day..

3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,
As not to move with love or pain?

4 Come—dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its pow'rs and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN 186. 8s 7s & 4.

1 Hark!—the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and veils the sky!
“It is finished!”—
Hear the dying Savior cry!

2 “It is finished!”—oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
“It is finished!”—
Saints, the dying words record!

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heav'n uniting,

Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 187. C. M.

1 Here at thy table, Lord, we meet,
 To feed on food divine:
 Thy body is the bread we eat,
 Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He, who prepares this rich repast,
 Himself comes down and dies;
 And then invites us thus to feast
 Upon the sacrifice.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
 Oh what delightful food!
 We eat the bread—and drink the wine—
 But think on nobler good.

4 Deep was the suff'ring he endured
 Upon the accursed tree—
 For me—each welcome guest may say,
 'Twas all endured for me.

6 Sure there was never love so free—
 Dear Savior—so divine!

Well thou mayest claim that heart of me
Which owes so much to thine.

HYMN 183. L. M.

1 He dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

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

3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!

5 Say "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"

Then ask the monster, "Where's your
 sting, [grave.
 "And where's your vic'try, boasting

HYMN 139. L. M.

'Twas on that night when doom'd to
 know

The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
 That night in which he was betray'd,
 The Savior of the world took bread;

2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n,
 To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
 That symbol of his flesh he broke,
 And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:

"My broken body thus I give
 "For you, my friends; take, eat, and live,
 "And oft the sacred feast renew [view."
 "That brings my wond'rous love to

4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
 And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
 While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
 And from his lips salvation flow'd.

5 "My blood I thus pour forth," he cries,
 "To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;

In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

6 This cup is fraught with love to men;
Let all partake who love my name;
'Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour.'

HYMN 190. L. M.

1 Now let our mournful songs record
The sorrows of our dying Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him, thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in
scorn:
"He rescu'd others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save.

3 This is the man did once pretend
God was his Father and his friend,
If God the blessed lov'd him so,
Why does he fail to help him now?"

4 O savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts

Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r!

5 They wound his head, his hands, his
feet,

'Till streams of blood each other meet:
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God, his Father, heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

HYMN 191. C. M.

1 The King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board: ;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delights afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heav'n.

3 You hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;

Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come ;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'er fill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

HYMN 192. L. M.

1 How pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around his sacred board,
As members of one common Lord.

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss—
Here we behold the Savior's grace—
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God. }

3 While here we sit we would implore
That love may spread from shore to shore
Till all the saints, like us combine,
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

4 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in ev'ry land;
For all are one in Christ, our Head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

5 Here, by the bread and wine, we view
What boundless curses were our due;
But through th' atonement of our Lord,
More than was lost is now restor'd.

6 Let wrath and strife, those seeds of
hell,
No more in Christian bosoms dwell;
But love and union, by his blood,
Prove us the chosen heirs of God.

MORNING.



HYMN 193. C. M.

- 1 Lord in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high :
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye :—
- 2 Up to the heav'ns where Christ has
To plead for all his saints, [gone,
Presenting at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand ;
The righteous shall be thy delight
And dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,]
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.
- 5 O do thou give my daily bread,—
And be my sins forgiven ;

And let me in thy temple tread,
And learn from thee of heav'n.

HYMN 194. C. M.

- 1 Once more my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes;
And let my heart its tribute pay,
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
And day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall sing his praise;
And I will glory in his name
While he extends my days.
- 4 And when my mortal course is done,
And I must yield my breath;
O may my soul, bright as the sun,
Shine o'er the night of death.

HYMN 195. S. M.

- 1 See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;

And wide proclaims his maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Then would my rising soul
Of heaven's parent sing;
And spread the truth from pole to pole,
Of Jesus my great King.

3 In faith I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept and I awoke and found,
That he was just as near.

4 O Lord I want to live
So humble unto thee,
That in thy presence I may spend
A blest eternity.

5 Give me thy Spirit, then,
To guide me through this day,
That I may be upright and just,
And always watch and pray.

HYMN 196. L. M.

1 My God, how endless is thy love,
Descending like the morning dew;
Thy glorious gifts come from above, ;
And all thy mercies too.

O lead us along the banks of still waters,
To gladden our hearts and to sing.

3 Lord turn all our hearts unto thee,
To walk in the paths of virtue and wisdom,
To live in the bonds of union and peace,
And glorify thee on earth as in heaven:
O keep us unspotted and free!

4 O thou art the staff and the rod,
On which we can lean in ev'ry condition;
In youth and in age, or valley of death,
For raiment and food, for joy and for comfort:
So praise ye the Lord, who is God.

HYMN 193. L. M.

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

2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last;
T' improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear:
Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys. .

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to thee, Eternal King. .

5 I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform like you my Maker's will;
O! may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless life partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;

Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.]

9 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
'That all my pow'rs, with all their mite,
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, y' angelic host;
Praise Father Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 199. L. M.

1 The rising sun has chas'd the night
And brought again the cheering light;
This mercy multiplies our days,
And calls us to renew our praise.

2 We laid us down, and sweetly slept,
The Lord our souls in safety kept;
We wake his goodness to proclaim,
And sing new honors to his name.

3 We know not what his will ordains,
But 'tis our joy that Jesus reigns;

Though dangers, snares, and foes abound
The eternal arms will us surround.

4 Teach us to walk with thee to-day,
Our only care to keep thy way;
Ourselves to thee we would resign,
Content to know that we are thine.



EVENING.



HYMN 200. C. M.

- 1 Come let us sing an evening hymn
To calm our minds for rest,
And each one try, with single eye,
To praise the Savior best.
- 2 Yea, let us sing a sacred song
To close the passing day:
With one accord, call on the Lord,
And ever watch and pray.
- 3 O thank the Lord for grace and gifts,
Renew'd in latter days;

For truth and light, to guide us right,
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

4 For ev'ry line we have receiv'd,
To turn our hearts above:
For ev'ry word, and ev'ry good,
That's fill'd our souls with love.

5 O let us raise a holier strain,
For blessings great as ours,
And be prepar'd while angels guard
Us through our slumb'ring hours,

6 O may we sleep and wake in joy,
While life with us remains;
And then go home beyond the tomb,
Where peace forever reigns.

HYMN 201. C. M.

1 Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
O may I never sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith and hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to
 peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep,
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

HYMM 202. L. M.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light:
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The sins that I this day have done:
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.;

6 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

7 May he celestial joys rehearse,
And thought in thought with me con-
verse,
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

8 Lord, let my soul forever share
'The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, to sing thy love.

9 O when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee eternal King!

10 Praise God, from whom all blessing
 flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, y' angelic host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 203. L. M.

1 Great God! to thee my evening song,
 With humble gratitude I raise:
 O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
 And ev'ry onward rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
 And witness to thy love and pow'r.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretch
 heart,
 Too oft regardless of thy love,
 Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
 And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of Christ, my Lord; his name alone
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,
 And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 204. S. M.

- 1 The day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;
 O may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
 While we retire to rest;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night
 Secure from all our fears:
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
 And view th' unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,

O may we in thy kingdom rest,
Where all is peace and love.

[HYMN 205. C. M.

1 Come let us all unite and sing,
Before we bow in pray'r;
And praise the Lord our heavn'ly King
And thus our hearts prepare.

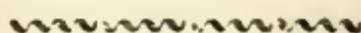
2 O may our minds be drawn away,
From worldly care, just now,
That we may worship thee, our God
While at thy feet we bow.

3 We'll pay our evening sacrifice,
To thee, In Jesus' name,
For mercies shown the day that's past,
And thank thee for the same.

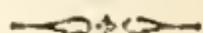
Now while we worship at thy feet,
And praise thee for the past,
We ask thee, Lord, to bless us still,
From oldest to the least.

5 O let thy blessings show'r around,
By day and also night,
Not only us but all thy saints,
Who in thy law delight.

O may our days be lengthen'd out,
 As long as we desire,
 And then Elijah like, arise,
 In chariots of fire.



FUNERAL.



HYMN 206. C. M.

1 O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne;
 Still may we dwell secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in foll'wing years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the op'ning day.

7 O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Be thou our guide while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home!

HYMN 207. C. M.

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

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your tow'rs;

The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Shall lie as low as ours."

3 Gread God! is this our certain doom!
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more!

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 208. C. M.

1 Why do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

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

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

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
 And soften'd every bed:
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And show'd our feet the way:
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.

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

HYMN 200. L. M.

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

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 And we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,

Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past!

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 210. L. M.

- 1 Creation speaks with awful voice—
Hark! 'tis a universal groan
Re-echoes through the vast extent
Of worlds unnumber'd call'd to mourn.
- 2 For sickness, sorrow, pain and death,
With awful tyranny have reign'd;
While all eternity has shed
Her tears of sorrow o'er the slain.
- 3 But hark, again; a voice is heard,
Resounding through the sullen gloom;
A mighty conqueror has appear'd,
And rose triumphant from the tomb.
- 4 No longer let creation mourn;
Ye sons of sorrow dry your tears;
Life—life—eternal life, is ours,
Dismiss your doubts, dispel your fears.

- 5 The King shall soon in clouds descend
 With all the heav'nly hosts above:
 The dead shall rise and hail their friends,
 And always dwell with those they love.
- 6 No tears, no sorrow, death or pain,
 Shall e'er be known to enter there;
 But perfect peace, immortal bloom,
 Shall reign triumphant ev'ry where!

HYMN 211. L. M.

- 1 The morning flow'rs display their
 sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noon tide heats,
 As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nip't by the wind's untimely blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows,
 Fairer than spring the colors shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin-rose
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,

The fading glory disappears,
The short liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heav'n but recompence our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,
If firm the word of God remains,

HYMN 212. 6-8s.

1 Think, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours—how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave;
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly—or pow'r to save?

2 Lord, shall it be forever said,
"The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants, day by day
Sent to their graves, and turned, to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
 And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
 But flesh and sense indulge despair:
 Forever blessed be the Lord,
 That faith can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.

4 Forever blessed be the Lord,
 Who gives his saints a long reward
 For all their toil, reproach, and pain:
 Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
 And each repeat his loud Amen.

HYMN 213. L. M.

1 Through every age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest—our safe abode:
 High was thy throne, ere heav'n was
 made,
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd, ere time be-
 gan,
 Or dust was fashioned into man;
 And long thy kingdom shall endure,
 When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man—weak man—is born to die,
 Made up of guilt and vanity;

Thy dreadful sentence, Lord is just,
 "Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
 Sweeps us away—our life's a dream—
 An empty tale—a morning flow'r—
 Cut down, and wither'd, in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
 And kindly lengthen out our span,
 'Till, cleans'd by grace, we all may be
 Prepared to die, and dwell with thee.

HYMN 214 C. M.

1 My, soul, come, meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.

2 Oh! could we die with those who die,
 And place us in their stead;
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead:—

3 Then should we see the saints above
 In their own glorious forms;
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms.

- 4 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN 215. C. M.

- 1 Life is a span—a fleeting hour—
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That ev'n while blooming—dies.
- 2 The once loved form, now cold and
dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy
tears—
Thy Savior dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears—
There joys shall never die.

HYMN 216. C. M.

- 1 Heav'n has confirm'd the dread decree
That Adam's race must die :
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell ;
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds,
In ev'ry funeral knell !
- 3 Once you must die—and once for all—
The solemn purport weigh :
For know, that heaven or hell is hung
On that important day !
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake, the Judge to see ;
And every word—and every thought—
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 Oh may I in the Judge behold
My Savior and my Friend ;
And, far beyond the reach of death
With all his saints ascend.

HYMN 217. C. M.

- 1 When youth and age are snatch'd
 away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
And bow at God's command.

- 2 While love still prompts the rising sigh,
 With awful pow'r impress'd,
Let this dread truth, "I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast!

- 3 May this vain world o'ercome no more
Behold the opening tomb!
It bids us use the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

- 4 The voice of this instructive scene
Let every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

- 5 Lord! let us to our refuge fly!
Thine arm alone can save:
Give us, through Christ, the victory,
To triumph o'er the grave!

HYMN 218. P. M.

1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying—
 Oh! the pain the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature—cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

2 Hark!—they whisper—angels say,
 “Sister spirit, come away:”
 What is this absorbs me quite?—
 Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
 Drowns my 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 ring!—
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 “O grave! where is thy victory!
 O death! where is thy sting!”

HYMN 219. S. M.

1 And must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
 And frequent from the skies,
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And every shape, and every face
 Look heav'nly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love—
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his pow'r above.

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

HYMN 220. S. M.

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

2 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
 I from the grave must rise,

And see the Judge, with glory crown'd,
And see the naming skies.

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

4 I must from God be driven—
Or with my Savior dwell;
Must come at his command to heav'n—
Or else depart—to hell.

5 O thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;—

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

HYMN 221. C. M.

1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys—
 Thou Sov'reign of my heart—
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the word—"Depart."

3 Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love.

4 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands;
 Show me some promise in thy book,
 Where my salvation stands.

HYMN 222. L. M.

1 Eternity is just at hand,
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!—
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
 But oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
 How sweet the accents!—how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care—
 My high pursuit—my ardent pray'r—

An interest in the Savior's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

4 But should my brightest hopes be vain;
The rising doubts how sharp their pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.

5 Search, Lord—oh search my inmost
heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

HYMN 223, L. M.

1 Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds—no mortal woës
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son [bed.
Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the

Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
 The morning breaks, and pierce the
 shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
 Attend, O earth! his sov'reign word;
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

HYMN 224. 3s & 7s.

1 Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
 O'er the grave of those you love;
 Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
 Enter not the world above.

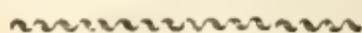
2 While our silent steps are straying,
 Lonely, through night's deep'ning
 shade,
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round th' immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high,
 In his glorious presence living,
 They shall never—never die!

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
 Sickness there no more can come;

There, no fear of woe intruding,
Sheds o'er heav'n a moment's gloom.

5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those ye love;
Far remov'd from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.



RESURRECTION.



HYMN 225. L. M.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;

HYMN 227. 7a.

1 Angels! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey!
See!—he rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Savior—seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints—lift up your eyes!
Now to glory see him rise!
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Heav'n unfolds its portals wide:
Gracious conqueror, through them ride,
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

HYMN 228. P. M.

1 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing you heav'ns—and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
"Where, O Death! is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save,
"Where's thy vic'try, boasting Grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parent's fall;

Second life we now receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

7 Hail, thou Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection—thou.

HYMN 229. C. M.

1 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory; see, he comes
With his celestial train.

2 Who is this King of glory?—who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty,—o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see, he comes
With all his shining train.

4 Who is this King of glory?—who?
The Lord of hosts renowned:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

HYMN 230. C. M.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice—let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord—who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

FAREWELL.



HYMN 231. P. M.

- 1 The gallant ship is under way,
To bear me off to sea,
And yonder float the streamers gay,
That say she waits for me.
The seamen dip their ready oar,
As ebbing waves oft tell—
They bear me swiftly from the shore:
My native land farewell.
- 2 I go but not to plough the main
To ease a restless mind,
Nor do I toil on battle's plain
The victor's wreath to twine.
'Tis not for treasures that are hid
In mountain or in dell!
'Tis not for joys like these I bid
My native land farewell.
- 3 I go to break the fowler's snare,
To gather Israel home:
I go the name of Christ to bear
In lands and isles unknown.
And when my pilgrim feet shall tread
On land where darkness dwells,

Where light and truth have long since
My native land farewell. [fled,

4 I go an erring child of dust,
Ten thousand foes, among;
Yet on His mighty arm I trust
That makes the feeble strong—
My sun, my shield, forever nigh,
He will my fears dispel:
This hope supports me when I sigh—
My native land farewell.

5 I go devoted to his cause,
And to his will resign'd;
His presence will supply the loss
Of all I leave behind.
His promise cheers the sinking heart,
And lights the darkest cell,
To exil'd pilgrims grace imparts—
My native land farewell.

6 I go because my master calls;
He's made my duty plain—
No danger can the heart appal
When Jesus stoops to reign!
And now the vessel's side we've made;
The sails their bosoms swell:
Thy beauties in the distance fade—
My native land farewell.

HYMN 232. P. M.

- 1 Farewell, our friends and brethren!
Here take the parting hand—
We go to preach the gospel
To ev'ry foreign land.
- 2 Farewell our wives and children,
Who render life so sweet—
Dry up your tears—be faithful
'Till we again do meet.
- 3 Farewell ye scenes of childhood,
And fancies of our youth;
We go to combat error
With everlasting truth.
- 4 Farewell all carnal pleasure,
Which gilds the scenes of mirth,
Your days are surely number'd
To trouble man on earth.
- 5 Farewell, farewell our country—
Our home is now abroad
To labor in the vineyard,
In righteousness for God.
- 6 The gallant ships are ready
To waft us o'er the sea,

To gather up the blessed,
That Zion may be free.

HYMN 233. P. M.

- 1 Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well,
Friends, connexions, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in distant lands to dwell?
- 2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I—say Farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in distant lands to dwell?
- 3 Holy scenes of joy and gladness,
Ev'ry fond emotion swell,
Can I banish heart-felt sadness
While I bid my home farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in distant lands to dwell?
- 4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me:

Lovely, native land farewell!
 Plea'sd I leave thee—
 Far in distant lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor.
 On the mountains let me tell,
 How he died—the blessed Savior—
 To redeem a world from hell!
 Let me hasten,—
 Far in distant lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
 Let the winds my canvass swell—
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell,
 Glad I bid thee,—
 Native land!—FAREWELL—FAREWELL.

HYMN 234. P. M.

1 Adieu, my dear brethren adieu,
 Reluctant we give you the hand,
 No more to assemble with you
 Till we on mount Zion shall stand.

2 Your acts of benevolence past,
 Your gentle compassionate love,
 Henceforth in our mem'ry shall last,
 Though far from your sight we remove

- 3 Our hearts swell with tender regret,
And sigh at each parting embrace,
While heaven our course must direct,
And others succeed in our place.
- 4 When journ'ing the gospel to preach,
Our course among strangers we steer,
Repentance and faith we will teach,
To all that are willing to hear.
- 5 O Shepherd of Israel draw near!
Thy glorious presence display,
Our parting reflections to cheer,
And help us thy voice to obey.
- 6 Help us to refrain from each ill,
Press forward for glory and peace,
Our sacred engagements fulfill,
Till thou shalt command our release.
- 7 Then may we to Zion repair,
And wait our blest Master to see,
To spend the Millenium there,
From sin and from sorrow set free.
- 8 How cheerful the thoughts of that rest,
With Jesus our Savior to reign,
Till we shall be chang'd with the blest,
And glory celestial obtain.

HYMN 235. 6 & 7s.

1 When shall we all meet again?
When shall we our rest obtain?
When our pilgrimage be o'er—
Parting sighs be known no more!
When mount Zion we regain,
There may we all meet again.

2 We to foreign climes repair,
Truth the message which we bear;
Truth, which angels oft have borne,
Truth to comfort those who mourn,
Truth eternal will remain;
On its rock we'll meet again.

3 Now the bright and Morning Star
Spreads its glorious light afar,—
Kindles up the rising dawn
Of that bright Millennial morn,
When the saints shall rise and reign,
In the clouds we'll meet again.

4 When the sons of Israel come,
When they build Jerusalem,
When the house of God is rear'd,
And Messiah's way prepar'd;
When from heaven he comes to reign,
There may we all meet again.

5 When the earth is cleans'd by fire,
 When the wicked's hopes expire;
 When in cold oblivion's shade,
 Proud oppressors all are laid,
 Long will Zion's mount remain;
 There may we all meet again.

HYMN 236. P. M.

1 Adieu to the city, where long I have
 wandered,
 To tell them of judgments and warn
 them to flee;
 How often in sorrow, their woes I have
 pondered,
 Perhaps in affliction, they'll think
 upon me.

2 With a tear of compassion, in silence
 retiring,
 The last ray of hope for your safety
 expiring;
 A feeling of pity this bosom inspiring—
 Sing this lamentation and think upon
 me.

3 How often at evening your halls have
 resounded
 With th' pure testimony of Jesus so free;

While the meek were rejoicing, the proud
 were confounded,
 The poor had the gospel—they'll think
 upon me.

4 When Empires shall tremble at Israel's
 returning,
 And earth shall be cleans'd by the
 Spirit of burning;
 When proud men shall perish, and priest
 with their learning.— [me.
 Sing this lamentation, and think upon

5 When the Union is severed and liberty's
 blessings
 Withheld from the sons of Columbia,
 once free;
 When bloodshed and war, and famine
 distress them, [me.
 Remember the warning, and think upon

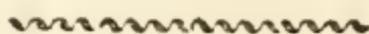
6 When this mighty city shall crumble
 to ruin,
 And sink as a millstone, the merchants
 undoing;
 The ransom'd the highway of Zion pur-
 suing,— [me.
 Sing this lamentation, and think upon

HYMN 237. 10s & 11s.

- 1 To leave my dear friends, and from
neighbors to part,
And go from my home it afflicts my poor
heart—
With the thoughts of absenting myself
far away,
From the house of my God where I've
chosen to pray.
- 2 But Jesus doth call me a message to
bear,
To kingdoms, and countries, and islands
afar;
His presence will bless me and be with
me there,
His spirit inspir's me, in answer to pray'r.
- 3 Then why should I linger with fondest
desire
O'er home and the raptures its comforts
inspire?
Forsweeter O sweeter, the message I bear
To comfort the mourner in answer to
prayer.
- 4 Dear friends, I must leave you, and bid
you adieu,

And pay my devotion in parts that are
new;
But still I'll remember in pilgrimage there
The joys that we tasted in answer to
prayer.

5 How oft, when the day's busy bustle
has clos'd,
And nature lies sleeping in silent repose,
To some lone retreat I will fondly repair,
Remember my kindred, and pray for
them there.



MISCELLANEOUS.



HYMN 238. P. M.

- 1 Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength!
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
 And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
 No more shall hell's insulting host
 Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy pray-
 His hand thy ruin shall repair: [er;
 Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
 To guard thee in eternal peace.

HYMN 239. 8s & 6s.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given:
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found alone—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals
 Where storms arise—and ocean rells,
 And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine dispense the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn—of heaven.

HYMN 240. P. M.

1 Great King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, oh! deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love ;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphims above :
Till all who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

HYMN 241. L. M.

1 The flowery spring, at God's command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land :
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

2 His hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all her coasts, redundant stores ;
And winters, softened by his care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 The changing seasons, months, and
days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.

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

HYMN 242. P. M.

- 1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are—
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
Traveler! yes; it brings the day—
Promis'd day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth!—
Traveler! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

HYMN 243. 8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain!
Thousands, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes—and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
“Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away.”
- 4 Yea, amen!—let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Savior, take the pow'r and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Oh come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

HYMN 244. C. M.

1 While humble shepherds watch'd their
In Bethlehem's fields by night,]flocks.
An angel, sent from heaven, appear'd,
And fill'd the fields with light.

2 Fear not, he said, (for sudden dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
'The Savior, who is Christ the Lord :]
And this shall be the sign :

4 The heav'nly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.

5 Thus spoke the seraph ; and forthwith,
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God ; and thus
Address'd their joyful song :

6 All glory be to God on high
And to the earth be peace ;

Good will is shown by heav'n to men,
And never more shall cease.

HYMN 245. C. M.

- 1 Rise, O my soul--pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's
And in example live; [ear,
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instructiou give.
- 3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious
They conquered every foe; [blood,
To his almighty power and grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heav'n.

HYMN 246. C. M.

- 1 Nor eye hath seen--nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known

What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;—
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN 247. C. M.

1 Behold the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall 'lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years; [swords,
To ploughshares men shall beat their
To pruning hooks their spears.

6 No longer host encount'ring host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come, then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

HYMN 248. P. M.

1 Hear the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,

Published to every creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
O'er heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offer'd by the Savior."

Jesus reigns, &c.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here are life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.

Jesus reigns, &c.

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost forever,
Oh now turn to God the Savior.

Jesus reigns, &c.

5 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified,
Conquer'd death, and rose to heav'n,
Life eternal's through him given.

Jesus reigns, &c.

6 Here are wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

Jesus reigns, &c.

7 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightnings' blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

Jesus reigns, &c.

8 Now our hearts have caught new fire,
Brethren, raise your voices higher;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the King of our salvation.

Jesus reigns, &c.

9 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

Jesus reigns, &c.

10 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter world of glory.

Jesus reigns, &c.

HYMN 249. L. M.

1 When I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride!

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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

HYMN 250. P. M.

1 This earth was once a garden place,
With all her glories common;
And men did live a holy race,
And worship Jesus face to face,
In Adam-ondi-Ahman.

2 We read that Enoch walk'd with God,
Above the pow'r of Mammon:
While Zion spread herself abroad,
And saints and angels sung aloud
In Adam-ondi-Ahman.

3 Her land was good and greatly blest,
Beyond old Israel's Canaan:
Her fame was known from east to west;
Her peace was great, and pure the rest
Of Adam-ondi-Ahman.

4 Hosanna to such days to come—
The Savior's second coming—
When all the earth in glorious bloom,
Affords the saints a holy home
Like Adam-ondi-Ahman.

HYMN 251. P. M.

1 How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree;
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,

Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
 The oil through all the room
 Diffus'd a choice perfume,
 Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
 That water all the plain,
 Descending from the neighboring hills;
 Such streams of pleasure roll
 Through every friendly soul,
 Where love like heavenly dew distils.

HYMN 252. P. M.

1. The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;
 The latter day glory begins to come
 forth; [turning;
 The visions and blessings of old are re-
 The angels are coming to visit the
 earth. [mies of heaven:
 We'll sing and we'll shout with the ar-
 Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!
 Let glory to them in the highest be given,
 Henceforth and forever: amen and amen.

2 The Lord is extending the saints' un-
 derstanding— [first;
 Restoring their judges and all as at

The knowledge and power of God are
 expanding, [to burst.
 The vail o'er the earth is beginning
 We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

3 We call in our solemn assemblies, in
 spirit, [abroad,
 To spread forth the kingdom of heaven
 That we through our faith may begin to
 inherit [of God.
 The visions, and blessings, and glories
 We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

4 We'll wash and be wash'd, and with
 oil be anointed, [feet:
 Withal not omitting 'the washing of
 For he that receiveth his PENNY appointed
 Must surely be clean at the harvest of
 We'll sing and we'll shout &c. [wheat.

5 Old Israel that fled from the world for
 his freedom, [pillar, amain.
 Must come with the cloud and the
 A Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua lead
 him, [again.
 And feed him on manna from heaven
 We'll sing and we'll shout &c.

6 How blessed the day when the lamb
 and the lion

Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name—and taste his joy;
Till in heav'n ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

HYMN 254. S. M.

1 Lord, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace;
Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

3 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

4 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

5 Our offspring, still thy care.
Shall own their fathers' God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

HYMN 255. C. M.

1 Behold what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace!

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers giv'n;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heav'n consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

HYMN 256. L. M.

1 Arise, great God! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide—their pardon seal;
O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say—shall thy wrath forever burn?
And shall thy mercy ne'er return?

4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

HYMN 257. C. M.

1 Am 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 carri'd to the skies
 On flow'ry beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through 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 though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 258. P. M.

1 What fair one is this, from the wilder-
 ness trav'ling, [heart?
 Looking for Christ, the belov'd of her

O, this is the church, the fair bride of the
 Savior,
 Which with every idol is willing to part.
 While men in contention, are constantly
 howling, [ling,
 And Babylon's bells are continually tol-
 As though all the craft of her merchants
 was failing, [earth.
 And Jesus was coming to reign on the

2 There is a sweet sound in the gospel
 of heaven, [stand,
 And people are joyful when they under-
 The saints on their way home to glory
 are even [blest land,
 Determin'd by goodness, to reach the
 Old formal professors are crying "delu-
 sion," [confusion,"
 And high-minded hypocrites say "'tis
 While grace is pour'd out in a blessed
 effusion, [craft fall.
 And saints are rejoicing to see priest-

3 A blessing, a blessing, the Savior is
 coming, [declar'd;
 As prophets and pilgrims of old have
 And Israel, the favor'd of God, is begin-
 ning [prepar'd.
 To come to the feast for the righteous
 In the desert are fountains continually
 springing,

The heavenly music of Zion is ringing;
 The saints all their tithes and their offerings are bringing;
 They thus prove the Lord and his blessings receive.

4 The name of Jehovah is worthy of praising,
 And so is the Savior an excellent theme;
 The elders of Israel a standard are raising, [same:
 And call on all nations to come to the
 These elders go forth and the gospel are preaching, [are teaching,
 And all that will hear them, they freely
 And thus is the vision of Daniel fulfilling:
 The stone of the mountain will soon fill the earth.

HYMN 259. P. M.

1 From the regions of glory an angel descended, [was attended:
 And told the strange news how the babe
 Go shepherds and visit this heavenly stranger; [Lord in a manger!
 Beneath that bright star, there's your Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Whom our souls may rely on;

We shall see him on earth,
When he brings again Zion.

2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each
nation; [salvation;
Glad tidings of joy, now behold your
Arise all ye pilgrims and lift up your
voices, [ven rejoices.
And shout—The Redeemer! while hea-
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 Let glory to God in the highest be given
And glory to God be re-echo'd in heaven;
Around the whole world let us tell the
glad story, [glory.
And sing of his love, his salvation and
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 The kingdom is yours by the will of
the Father, [will gather,
Whose uplifted hand just the righteous
Before all the wicked will pass as by
fire, [ing Messiah.
The heavens shall shine with the com-
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

HYMN 260. P. M.

1 Earth with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,

Heaven's infinite expanse;
 Ocean's resplendant countenance—
 All around, and all above,
 Hath this record—God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
 In the woods and by the rills,
 Of the breeze and of the bird,
 By the gentle murmur stir'd—
 Sacred songs, beneath, above,
 Have one Chorus—God is love.

3 All the hopes that sweetly start,
 From the fountain of the heart;
 All the bliss that ever comes,
 To our earthly—human homes—
 All the voices from above,
 Sweetly whisper—God is love.

HYMN 261. P. M.

1 Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,
 Saints upon the promis'd land;
 We are weak but thou art able,
 Hold us with thy powerful hand;
 Holy Spirit,
 Feed us till the Savior comes.

A voice from the Savior that saints can
 rely on, [again Zion.
 To watch for the day when he brings
 O Israel! O Israel!
 In all your abidings,
 Prepare for your Lord
 When you hear these glad tidings.

3 Listen O isles, and give ear ev'ry na-
 tion, [ation:
 For great things await you in this gener-
 The kingdom of Jesus, in Zion shall
 flourish; [must perish.
 The righteous will gather; the wicked
 O Israel! O Israel!
 In all your abidings,
 Prepare for your Lord
 When you hear these glad tidings.

HYMN 263. P. M.]

1 Now let us rejoice in the day of salva-
 tion, [roam;
 No longer as strangers on earth need we
 Good tidings are sounding to us and each
 nation, [come:
 And shortly the hour of redemption will

2 When all that was promis'd the saints
will be given, [until even,
And none will molest them from morn
And earth will appear as the garden of
Eden, [home!
And Jesus will say to all Israel: Come

3 We'll love one another and never dis-
semble,
But cease to do evil and ever be one;
And while the ungodly are fearing and
tremble, [shall come:
We'll watch for the day when the Savior

4 When all that was promis'd the saints
will be given, [until even,
And none will molest them from morn
And earth will appear as the garden of
Eden, [home!
And Jesus will say to all Israel: Come

5 In faith we'll rely on the arm of Jeho-
vah, [trouble and gloom;
To guide through these last days of
And after the scourges and harvest are
over, [doth come:
We'll rise with the just, when the Savior

6 Then all that was promis'd the saints
 will be given, [of heaven:
 And they will be crown'd as the angel
 And earth will appear as the garden of
 Eden, [one.
 And Christ and his people will ever be

HYMN 264. P. M.

1 When Joseph his brethren beheld,
 Afflicted and trembling with fear,
 His heart with compassion was fill'd,
 From weeping he could not forbear.

2 Awhile his behavior was rough,
 To bring their past sins to their mind;
 But when they were humbled enough,
 He hasten'd to show himself kind.

3 How little they thought it was he
 Whom they had ill-treated and sold!
 How great their confusion must be,
 As soon as his name he had told!

4 "I am Joseph your brother," he said,
 "And still to my heart you are dear;
 You sold me, and thought I was dead,
 But God for your sakes, sent me here."

5 Though greatly distressed before,
 When charg'd with purloining the cup,
 They now were confounded much more,
 Not one of them durst to look up,

6 "Can Joseph, whom we would have
 Forgive us the evil we did? [slain
 And will he our households maintain?
 O, this is a brother indeed!"

HYMN 265. P. M.

1 Now we'll sing with one accord,
 For a prophet of the Lord,
 Bringing forth his precious word,
 Cheers the saints as anciently.

2 When the world in darkness lay,
 Lo, he sought the better way,
 And he heard the Savior say,
 "Go and prune my vineyard, son!"

3 And an angel surely, then,
 For a blessing unto men,
 Brought the priesthood back again,
 In its ancient purity.

4 Even Joseph he inspires;
 Yea, his heart he truly fires,
 With the light that he desires
 For the work of righteousness.

5 And the Book of Mormon, true,
 With its cov'nant ever new,
 For the Gentile and the Jew,
 He translated sacredly.

6 The commandments to the church,
 Which the saints will always search,
 (Where the joys of heaven perch,)
 Came through him from Jesus Christ

7 Precious are his years to come,
 While the righteous gather home,
 For the great Millennium,
 Where he'll rest in blessedness.

8 Prudent in this world of woes,
 He will triumph o'er his foes,
 While the realm of Zion grows
 Purer for eternity.

HYMN 266. P. M.

1 The sun that declines in the far west-
 tern sky, [mer's gone by;
 Has roll'd o'er our heads till the sum-

And hush'd are the notes of the warblers
of spring [sing.
That in the green bower did exultingly

2 The changes for autumn already ap-
pear: [year;
A harvest of plenty has crown'd the glad
White soft sailing zephyrs, our fancies
to please, [trees.
Bring odors of joy from the laden fruit

3 As the summer of youth passes swiftly
along, [adorn:
And silvery locks soon our temples
So the fair smiling landscape and flowery
lawn, [has come:
Thoug' lost is their beauty—their glory

4 O when the sweet summer of life shall
have fled, [the dead,
Her joys and her sorrows entomb'd with
Then may we by faith like good Enoch
arise, [of the skies.
And be crown'd with the just in the midst

5 Descend with the Savior in glory pro-
found, [bound;
And reign in perfection when Satan is

While love and sweet union together
 shall blend, [tend.
 And peace, gentle peace, like a river ex-

HYMN 267. L. M.

1 The towers of Zion soon shall rise
 Above the clouds, and reach the skies:
 Attract the gaze and wond'ring eyes
 Of all that worship, gloriously.

2 The saints shall see the city stand
 Upon this consecrated land,
 And Israel, numerous as the sand,
 Inherit it eternally.

3 O. that the day would hasten on,
 When wickedness shall all be gone,
 And saints and angels join in one,
 To praise the Man of Holiness.

4 Then shall the veil of heaven rend,
 And the Son Aw-man will descend,
 A vast eternity to spend
 In perfect peace and righteousness.

5 Exalt the name of Zion's God!
 Praise ye his name in songs aloud;

Proclaim his majesty abroad,
Ye banner-bearing messengers:

6 Cry to the nations far and near,
To come and in the glories share,
That on mount Zion will appear,
When earth shall rest from wickedness.

HYMN 268. P. M.

1 O stop and tell me, Red Man,
Who are ye? why you roam?
And how you get your living?
Have you no God;—no home?

2 With stature straight and portly,
And decked in native pride,
With feathers, paints and broaches,
He willingly replied:—

3 "I once was pleasant Ephraim,
"When Jacob for me pray'd,
"But oh! how blessings vanish,
"When man from God has stray'd!

4 "Before your nation knew us,
"Some thousand moons ago,
"Our fathers fell in darkness,
"And wander'd to and fro.

5 "And long they've liv'd by hunting,
"Instead of work and arts,
"And so our race has dwindled
"To idle Indian hearts.

6 "Yet hope within us lingers,
"As if the Spirit spoke:—
"He'll come for your redemption,
"And break your Gentile yoke:

7 "And all your captive brothers,
"From every clime shall come,
"And quit their savage customs,
"To live with God at home.

8 "Then joy will fill our bosoms,
"And blessings crown our days,
"To live in pure religion,
"And sing our Maker's praise."

HYMN 269. L. M.

1 Before this earth from chaos sprung,
Or morning stars together sung,
Jehovah saw what would take place
In all the vast extent of space.

2 He spoke; this world to order came,
And men he made lord of the same,

Great things to them he did make known,
Which should take place in days to come.

3 Those holy men minutely told,
Wnat future ages would unfold, [place,
Scenes God had purpos'd should take
Down to the last of Adam's race.

4 But we will pass those ancients by,
Who spoke and wrote by prophecy,
Until we come to him of old,
E'en Joseph whom his breth'ren sold.

5 He said God would raise up a seer,
The hearts of Jacob's sons to cheer,
And gather them : gain in bands,
In latter days upon their lands.

6 This seer like Moses should obtain,
The word of God for man again ;
A spokesman God would him prepare,
His word when written to declare.

7 According to his holy plan,
The Lord has now rais'd up the man,
His latter day work to begin,
To gather scatter'd Israel in.

8 This seer shall be esteemed high,
By Joseph's remnants by and by.

He is the man who's call'd to raise, [days,
And lead Christ's church in these, last

9 Now let the saints both far and near,
And scatter'd Israel, when they hear
This news, rejoice in Israel's God,
And sing, and praise his name aloud.

HYMN 270. 7s & 8s.

1 See the mighty angel flying!
See he speeds his way to earth,
To proclaim the blessed gospel,
And restore the ancient faith.

2 Hear O men! the proclamation,
Cease from vanity and strife
Hasten to receive the gospel
And believe the words of life.

3 Soon the earth will hear the warning,
Then the judgments will descend;
Oh! before those days of sorrow
Make the Lord of Hosts your friend.

4 Then when dangers are around you,
And the wicked are distress'd;

You, with all the saints in Zion,
Shall enjoy eternal rest.

HYMN 271. P. M.

1 Thy mercy my God, is the theme of
my song, [tongue;
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the
last, [soul fast.
Hath won my affections and bound my

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not
live here, [pair;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter des-
But, through thy free goodness, my spir-
its revive, [alive.
And he that first made me still keeps me

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for
my heart, [depart;
Which wonders to feel its own hardness
Dissolv'd by thy goodness I fall to the
ground, [found.
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all
day, [the way;
To the poor and the needy who knock by

No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
 Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's
 sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from
 hell; [tell;
 Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll
 'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on
 the tree,
 Who open'd the channel of mercy to me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness
 I own, [Son;
 And the covenant love of thy crucified
 All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper
 divine, [ness mine.
 Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteous-

HYMN 272. L. M.

1 In ancient days men fear'd the Lord,
 And by their faith receiv'd his word,
 Then God bestow'd upon the meek,
 The Priesthood of Melchizedek.

2 By help of this their faith increas'd,
 Till they with God spoke face to face:
 An Enoch, he would walk with God;
 A Noah ride safe o'er the flood.

4 Abraham obtain'd great promises,
And Isaac he was also blest,
A Jacob could prevail with God;
The sea divide at Moses' rod.

4 The lions' mouth a Daniel clos'd,
The fire near scorch'd his brethren's
clothes,
But time would fail to mention all
The men of faith, I'll just name Paul.

5 Who did, to the third heav'ns, arise,
And view the wonders of the skies;
He saw and heard, mysterious things,
Yet all by faith, and not by wings.

6 Such blessings to the human race,
Once more are tender'd by God's grace;
The Priesthood is again restor'd,
For this let God be long ador'd.

7 Now we by faith, like Paul and John,
May see the Father and the Son,
And view eternal things above,
And taste the sweets of boundless love.

8 And if, like them, we hated be,
Depriv'd sometimes of liberty,
We will like them, this faith defend,
What'er our fate, unto the end.

9 O Lord assist thy feeble worms,
This resolution to perform,
And we thy sacred name will praise,
Throughout the remnant of our days.

HYMN 273. P. M.

1 Though in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.
For soon the reaping time will come.
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they
knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?

3 No! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
 Some for the sake of praying friends:
 Others the Lord, against their will,
 Employs his counsels to fulfill.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong
 His plan will not require them long:
 In harvest, when he saves his own,
 The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7 Oh! awful thought, and is it so?
 Must all mankind the harvest know?
 Is every man a wheat or tare?
 Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

HYMN 274. P. M.

1 Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year. [pear.
 And never stand still till our Master ap-
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve [of love.
 By the patience of hope and the labor

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown, the moments are
 The millennium year [gone;
 Presses on to our view, and eternity's
 here.

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

HYMN 275. 4-6s. & 2-8s.

- 1 An Angel from on high,
 The long, long silence broke—
 Descending from the sky,
 These gracious words he spoke:
 Lo! in Cumorah's lonely hill
 A sacred record lies concealed;
- 2 Seal'd by Moroni's hand,
 It has for ages slept,
 To wait the Lord's command,
 From dust again to speak;
 It shall come forth to light again,
 To usher in Messiah's reign.
- 3 It speaks of Joseph's seed.
 And makes the remnant known—
 Of nations long since dead,
 Who once had dwelt alone;

The fulness of the Gospel, too,
Its pages will reveal to view.

4 The time is now fulfilled—
The long expected day—
Let earth obedient yield,
And darkness flee away:
Open the seals, and wide unfurl
Its light and glory to the world.

5 Lo! Israel, fill'd with joy,
Shall now be gathered home;
Their wealth and mean employ,
To build Jerusalem:
While Zion shall arise and shine,
And fill the earth with truth divine.

HYMN 276. P. M.

1 Truth reflects upon our senses,
Gospel light reveals to some:
If there still should be offences,
Woe to them by whom they come.

2 Judge not, that you be not judged,
Was the counsel Jesus gave;
Measure given, large or grudged,
Just the same you must receive.

- 3 Jesus says, be meek and lowly,
For 'tis high to be a judge;
If I would be pure and holy,
I must love without a grudge.
- 4 It requires a constant labor
All his precepts to obey:
If I truly love my neighbor,
I am in the narrow way.
- 5 Once I said unto another,
In thine eye there is a mote;
If thou art a friendly brother,
Hold, and let me pull it out.
- 6 But I could not see it fairly,
For my sight was very dim;
When I came to search more clearly,
In mine eye there was a beam.
- 7 If I love my brother dearer,
And his mote I would erase,
Then the light should shine the clearer,
For the eye's a tender place.
- 8 Others I have oft reprov'd
For an object like a mote;
Now I wish this beam removed,
O that tears would wash it out.

9 Charity and love is healing,
This will give the clearest sight;
When I saw my brother's failing,
I was not exactly right.

10 Now I'll take no farther trouble,
Jesus' love is all my theme;
Little motes are but a bubble,
When I think upon the beam.

HYMN 277. L. M.

1 Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride, and robes of honor shine!

2 But oh! their end—their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

HYMN 273. C. M.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,

Not Jordan's stream—nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 279 S. M.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Savior King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

HYMN 280. 8s, 7s, & 4.

1 Yes! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God—the mighty God is speaking
By his word, in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Savior, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 Oh! 'tis pleasant—'tis reviving
To our hearts to hear, each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way;

Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world—in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord—at thy command.

HYMN 231. P. M.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be,
Though far from us who love them—
Still let them be with thee!

HYMN 282. 7s.

1 Now the truth once more appears;
Hark! the gospel trump is heard;
Honest souls dry up your tears,
You with knowledge may be fed.

2 See the earth, its treasure yield!
Treasures it has long enclos'd,
To the world they are reveal'd,
Through the earth the message goes.

3 On a mission so divine,
See the saints of the Most High,
To accomplish his design,
Over hill and dale they fly.

4 Through Columbia's happy land, 't
They the glorious standard raise;
Shout the time is near at hand,
—Wonders of the latter days.

5 Soon Britania hears the sound,
And a thousand voices cry,
In the regions all around,
Glory be to God Most High.

6 Through the earth the tidings spread,
Distant nations catch the sound,

Where'er human feet doth tread,
There they bow with awe profound.

HYMN 233. 11s.

1 Thy word, O my God, I delight to pe-
ruse, [night,
And make it my study by day and by
But oh! what vast numbers those bles-
sings refuse. [right.
Which therein are promis'd to all who do

2 The prophets of old have foretold of a
day, [one thousand years,
When the saints would have rest for full
(And Satan be bound—his pow'r taken
away) [their tears.
Then they will rejoice, and will dry up

3 They under their vines, and their fig-
trees shall sit [afraid:
And none to molest them or make them
Roll on glorious day—we impatiently
wait; [layed.
The time seems to linger as if'twere de-

4 Oh! why do such numbers of the hu-
man race,
Neglect to secure an inheritance there?

'Tis because they love sinning, more
 than God's free grace, [air.
 And seek after bubbles, as light as the

5 O turn from your folly poor sinners,
 and seek [prepare
 Your sins to forsake, and your hearts to
 For that rest, which is promis'd unto all
 the meek, [share.
 And then in that glory, you surely will

6 Were these all the blessings the saints
 would enjoy, [ren and friends;
 They would be worth seeking for, breth-
 But beyond is a glory, that's free from
 alloy [which never will end.
 Which tongue cannot describe, and

HYMN 284. P. M.

1 Hail the day so long expected,
 Hail the year of full release,
 Zion's walls are now erected,
 And the watchmen live in peace
 From the distant courts of Zion,
 The shrill trumpet loudly roars.

CHORUS.

Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
 Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.

- 2 Hark, and hear the people crying,
See the city disappears;
Trade and traffic all are dying.
Lo! they sink to rise no more!
Merchants who have bought her traffic,
Crying from a distant shore.
- 3 All her merchants cry with wonder,
What is this that comes to pass?
Murmuring like some distant thunder;
Crying, O! alas, alas!
Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
Priests and people, rich and poor—
- 4 Lo, the captives are returning,
Up to Zion see them fly;
While the heavenly host rejoices,
Shout them welcome through the sky
See the ancients of the city,
Terrified at the uproar—
- 5 Tune your harps, ye Heavenly choir,
Shout, ye followers of the Lamb:
See the city all on fire,
Clap your hands, and blow the flame.
Now's the day of compensation,
Hope of mercy now is o'er.

HYMN 285. P. M.

1 Hail the blest morn, when the great
Mediator,

Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the
manger, [tends.

Lo, for his guard, the bright angels at-
CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the
morning, [aid,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was
laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are
shining; [stall;

Low lies his bed with the beasts of the
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him
do fall,

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly de-
votion,

Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountains. and pearls
from the ocean; [the mine,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

HYMN 286. P. M.

1 Sitting by the streams that glide
Down by Babel's towering wall;
With our tears we swell the tide,
While our mournful thoughts recall,
Thee, O Zion, and thy fall.

2 On the willows there we hung
Our neglected harps on high,
Silent, useless, and unstrung,
Strangers now to harmony,
Once our business and our joy.

3 Then our proud, triumphant foes,
Haughty, insolent, and gay,
Call for music in our woes,
Sing us some sweet Hebrew lay
Sacred to some holy day.

4 Cruel foes t' insult us so,
Sunk so deep in helpless grief,
Sighs and tears to vent our wo,

Now our only poor relief,
To the charms of music deaf.

5 O Jerusalem! O, thy fate,
Wounds my bleeding heart so deep,
Let my trembling hands forget
How the tuneful lyre to sweep,
When for thee I cease to weep.

HYMN 287. C. M.

1 The glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come.
She shall arise and shine on high,
Clear as the morning sun.
The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
Adorn'd as a bride, Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

2 The King who bears the golden crown,
The azure flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down,
To bless his saints below.
When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King,
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

- 3 The holy bright musician band,
Shall tune their harps of gold,
With palms of vic'try they shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold.
Descending with such melting strains,
Jehovah's name adore:
Such notes thro' earth's extensive plains,
Were never heard before!
- 4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Ye fiends of darkness fly;
Tho' saints are feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's nigh;
He is their shield—their hiding place,
A covert from the wind—
A shady rock of boundless grace,
Throughout this weary land.
- 5 The crystal 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 288. P M.

1 Thou sweet gliding Cedron, by thy
 silver stream, [pale beam
 Our Savior at midnight, when Cynthia's
 Shone bright on the waters, would fre-
 quently stray, [day.
 And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the

CHORUS.

Come saints and adore him, come bow at
 his feet, [meet,
 Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens
 the skies.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on
 his head, [his bed,
 How hard was his pillow—how humble
 The angels astonish'd, grew sad at the
 sight, [delight.
 And follow'd their Master with solemn

3 Oh garden of Olivet, dear honor'd spot,
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be
 forgot;
 The theme most transporting to seraphs
 above, [love.
 The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of

HYMN 289. P. M.

1 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
 dark sea; [free.
 Jehovah has triumph'd; his people are
 Sing for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splen-
 did and brave; [hath but spoken,
 How vain was their boasting! the Lord
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk
 in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the
 Lord; [our sword.
 His word was our arrow, his breath was
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of
 her pride? [pillar of glory,
 For the Lord hath looked out from his
 And all her brave thousands are dash-
 'd in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

HYMN 290. P. M.

1 O Zion! tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high, .

Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine, stream all around.

2 He'll cheer thy mourning face,
With beams that never fade,
His all resplendant grace,
He'll pour upon thy head,
The nations round, thy fame shall view
With lustre new, divinely crown.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright,
Repeat his praise, 'till sovereign love
In worlds above, His glory raise.

4 Then Zion on thy hills,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill,
Those fairer worlds on high.
While round his throne,
Ten thousand worlds,
In nobler spheres,
His influence own.

HYMN 291. P. M.

- 1 Farewell, all earthly honors, I bid you
 all adieu; [more of you:
 Farewell, all earthly pleasures, I want no
 I want my union grounded in the eter-
 nal soil, [can ne'er defile.
 Beyond the pow'rs of Satan, where sin
- 2 I want my name engraven amongst the
 righteous ones, [righteous crown.
 Crying Holy, holy Father—and wear a
 For the sake of so pure riches I am wil-
 ling to pass through [just due.
 All earthly tribulation, and count it my
- 3 I am willing to be chastened, and bear
 my daily cross; [kind of dross.
 I am willing to be cleansed from every
 I see the fiery furnace, I feel its piercing
 flame;— [remain.
 The fruit of it is holy,—the gold will still
- 4 All earthly tribulation is but a moment
 here, [eous crown shall wear;
 And then if we prove faithful, a right-
 We shall be called holy, and feed on an-
 gel's food, [throne of God.
 Rejoicing in bright glory, before the

5 There Christ himself has promised, a
 mansion to prepare,
 For all who serve him faithful—the cross
 the crown shall wear;
 Bright palms shall there be given to all
 the ransom'd throng,
 And, Glory, glory, glory, shall be the
 conqueror's song.

HYMN 292. P. M.

1 Ye who are call'd to labor and minis-
 ter for God,
 Blest with the royal priesthood, and cal-
 led by his word,
 To preach among the nations, the news
 of gospel grace
 And publish on the mountains, salva-
 tion, truth and grace.

2 O let not vain ambition or worldly glo-
 ry stain
 Your minds so pure and holy, but 'quit
 yourselves likemen
 While lifting up your voices, like trum-
 pets long and loud,
 Say to the slumbering nations, "Prepare
 to meet your God."

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Then cease from all light speeches,
light mindedness and pride,
Pray always without ceasing, and in the
truth abide,
The Comforter will teach you, his rich-
est blessings send,
Your Savior will be with you, always
unto the end.

4 And while you roam as pilgrims, and
strangers on this earth,
O do not be discouraged, with songs of
joy go forth.
Rejoice in tribulation for your reward is
sure,
Remember that your Savior like sorrows
did endure.

5 Rich blessings do await you, and God
will give you faith,
You shall be crown'd with glory and tri-
umph over death,
And soon you'll come to Zion, bearing
your many sheaves,
No more to taste of sorrow, but glorious
crowns receive,

HYMN 293. P. M.

1 Behold! the earth doth mourn,
For sin infests her plains;

Beneath her load she groans;
How long will sinners reign?
Come, O the Eternal Father's Son
Come claim the kingdom for thine own.

2 Confusion o'er the face
Of all the land is spread;
By God's redeeming grace,
From sin it shall be freed;
'Then shall his glorious gospel shine
'Through every land and ev'ry clime.

3 See Israel far from home,
Behold them weep and mourn;
In foreign lands they roam,
O when shall they return?
Hasten the time, when they, O Lord
To their own lands shall be restor'd.

4 The Lord will bring them home,
Rejoicing in his love;
For Israel shall return,
No more from God to rove,
For they shall know his holy word
And view the glory of their Lord.

5 The kingdom is the Lord's,
He's Governor on earth;
We will obey his word,

Rejoicing in the truth :
For Christ will come as saith the word,
And make us Kings and Priests to God.

HYMN 294. L. M.

1 Great is the Lord in the city of Zion ;
God in her palaces for refuge is known ;
From the sides of the north, lo her light
 shineth forth,
In glory and beauty the joy of the earth.

2 With stones of fair colors her walls
 shall be rear'd
In excellent glory, her temples appear ;
The people shall gather and nations shall
 come,
The saints with rejoicing to Zion return.

3 Lo! the kings will assemble, her glory
 behold ;
The might of her sons will astonish the
 world.
The perfection of beauty, the city will be
The saints will rejoice when her glories
 they see.

4 Let Zion rejoice, and her people be
 glad,

For she shall be fill'd with the glory of
God,
Her bulwarks are great and her towers
are high;
With plenteous provision her poor she'll
supply.

5 The light of the moon then no more
will be seen,
The sun shall not light thee with his gol-
den beams;
The light of thy Savior more glorious
shall be,
The darkness of midnight forever shall
flee.

6 The city shall then be no more over
thrown,
For sin and destruction shall no more be
known,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee far
away;
King Jesus' bright sceptre shall then
bear the sway.

7 The earth shall be fill'd with the glory
of God;
As the garden of Eden 'twill then be res-
tor'd

The beauty of spring, and pirenial bloom
Will the face of the earth with rich verdure adorn.

HYMN 295. P. M.

- 1 Zion's noblest sons are weeping;
See her daughters, bath'd in tears,
Where the Patriarch is sleeping,
Nature's sleep—the sleep of years.
Hush'd is every note of gladness—
Ev'ry minstrel's bow's full low—
Ev'ry heart, is tun'd to sadness—
Ev'ry bosom feels the blow.
- 2 Zion's children lov'd him dearly;
Zion was his daily care:
That his loss is felt sincerely,
Thousand weeping saints declare;
Thousands, who have shar'd his blessing
Thousands, whom his service bless'd,
By his faith and pray'rs suppressing
Evils, which their lives opprest.
- 3 Faith and works most sweetly blended,
Prov'd his steadfast heart sincere;
And the power of God attended
His official labors, here,
Long, he stem'd the pow'rs of darkness

Like an anchor in the flood :
Like an oak amid the tempest,
Bold and fearlessly he stood.

4 Years have witnessed his devotions,
By the love of God inspir'd ;
When his spirit's pure emotions,
Were with holy ardor fir'd.
Oft, he wept for suff'ring Zion—
All her sorrows were his own :
When she pass'd thro' grievous trials,
Her oppression weigh'd him down.

5 Now he's gone ; we'd not recall him
From a paradise of bliss,
Where no evil can befall him ;
To a changing world like this.
His lov'd name, will never perish,
Nor his mem'ry crown the dust ;
For the saints of God will cherish
The remembrance of the just.

6 Faith's sweet voice of consolation,
Soothes our grief : His spirit's flown
Upward to a holier station,
Nearer the celesfial throne ;
'There to plead the cause of Zion,
In the council of the just—
In the court, the saints rely on,
Pending causes to adjust.

7 Though his earthly part is sleeping
 Lowly, 'neath the prairie sod;
 Soon the grave will yield its keeping—
 Yield to life, the man of God.
 When the heav'ns and earth are shaken—
 When all things shall be restor'd—
 When the trump of God shall waken
 Those that sleep in Christ the Lord.

HYMN 296. 11s.

1 Thy beautiful garments, O Zion! as-
 sume,
 The day star hath risen, thy path to il-
 lume;
 Thy night hath been dreary, but joyous
 the morn,
 No longer sit mourning, afflicted—for-
 lorn.

2 Thy sons from afar, and thy daughters
 among,
 Triumphant return, and require a new
 song,
 They've bow'd low their heads, and
 their harps were unstrung,
 While long on the willows neglected
 they hung.

3 In robes of salvation thou'rt made to
rejoice;

Come, sing of his righteousness, lift up
thy voice!

Lo! thousands of harps, with thy voices
shall join,

For God is thy glory, arise thou and
shine!

4 Thy walls are salvation, thy gates are
all praise,

Thou'lt need not the sun, or the moon's
paler rays,

Thy God is a light everlasting to thee,
Released from thy bondage, behold! thou
art free!

5 Thy watchmen are station'd, with
banners displayed,

Thy walls to defend—they're in armor
arrayed;

They cease not to cry in the strength of
their might,

“Come, joy in salvation, and bask in its
light!”

6 Then haste through thy gates, thou
belov'd of the Lord,

Who hath sworn by his strength, his un-
changeable word,

That thou should'st to kingdoms and na-
tions give birth—
Thy glory become a sweet praise in the
earth.

HYMN 297. 4-8s.

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

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace;
And glory decks the Savior's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky!
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN 298. 4-8s & 2-6s.

1 How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian rock,

In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high
Unmov'd above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gather'd into thee,
Before the floods descend:
And while the bursting cloud comes
down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Savior's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess:
The war proclaims the Prince of Peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And Nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call;
A sign of Jesus near:

His chariot will not long delay;
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
 Triumphant, Lord, appear!

6 Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,
 The word and mystery to fulfill,
 Thy confessors to approve,
 Thy members on thy throne to place,
 And stamp thy name on every face,
 In glorious, heavenly love!

HYMN 299 11's.

1 Awake, ye that slumber, arise from the
 dust!
 Awake! gird your armor, in God put
 your trust;
 The "sword of the spirit" be firm in
 your grasp,
 The "hope of salvation" your brows shall
 inclasp.

2 Awake! wield the armor that God
 hath prepar'd,
 The rights of the poor and defenceless
 to guard;
 Rear the standard of truth, let your mot-
 to be love,
 And show by your conduct, the wisdom
 above.

3 Awake! for the tyrant your home doth
 invade,
 And the joys of your fireside in sadness
 are laid;
 Arise, and the heart of the bigot shall
 fail,
 And the legions of error no longer pre-
 vail.

4 Awake! and bid bigotry flee from the
 world, [hurl'd,
 And fell superstition to darkness be
 Let creeds and tradition before you re-
 cede, [impede.
 And nothing the conquests of truth shall

Awake from your slumbers! 'tis duty
 that calls— [walls!
 'Tis duty that bids you to guard Zion's
 Will ye sleep when oppression hath mar-
 shall'd her clan [pects of man?
 To crush to the earth the bright pros-

6 Awake! will ye slumber while charity
 pleads! [bleeds?
 And religion from fiends hypocritic still
 Will you sleep while her altars are reek-
 ing with gore, [pour?
 And the life-blood of victims unceasingly

7 Awake from your slumbers! oh, why
 will you sleep, [must weep!
 While the daughters of Zion in sadness
 Will you patiently yield your vile necks
 to the yoke, [rants proud stroke?
 Nor rise in your strength 'gainst the ty-

8 Awake! then, ye sleepers, how can
 you forbear? [wear?
 And the badge of submission eternally
 Arise! for the welfare of man is at stake
 Awake from your slumbers, ye sleepers
 AWAKE.

HYMN 300. C. M.

1 Hark! listen to the trumpeters,
 They call for volunteers;
 On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
 Behold the officers.

2 Their horses white, their armors bright,
 With courage bold they stand,
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,
 To march to Zion's land.

It sets my heart all in a flame
 A soldier for to be;

I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.

4 We want no cowards in our bands
That will our colors fly;
We call for valiant hearted men
Who're not afraid to die.

5 To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear;
All arm'd and drest in uniform,
They look like men of war.

6 They follow their great General,
The great eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

7 The trampets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the hosts of hell:
How dreadful is our God t'adore!
The great Emmanuel!

8 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God;
And march with us to Zion's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Where fruits immortal grow,
With angels all arrayed in white,
And our Redeemer know.

10 We'll shout and sing for evermore
In that eternal world;
While Satan and his army too
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

11 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth and sky.

12 In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire,
And all surround the throne of love,
And join the heav'nly choir.

HYMN 301 8s & 7s.

1 We have met dear friends and brethren
Our respects to pay to one,
Who has left this world of sorrow,
And to glory he has gone.

2 Death once more has been amongst us;
Our beloved friend is gone

- Who was near and dear unto us;
Thus we're falling one by one.
- 3 Let us drop on this occasion,
Tears of sympathetic love,
And thus mourn with the relations,
For our friend, who lives above.
- 4 Since our friend has gone to glory,
Though we mourn, yet we'll rejoice;
For he sought the way to heaven,
And made Jesus Christ his choice.
- 5 To all those who sleep in Jesus,¹
Death is sweet and hath no sting;
But to haughty stubborn sinners,
Death, of terrors, is the king.
- 6 Then poor sinners stop and ponder
Well your steps as you pass on,
Lest you end your days in sorrow,
When your fancied joys are gone.

HYMN 302. P. M.

- 1 Glorious things are sung of Zion,
Enoch's city seen of old,
Where the righteous being perfect

Walked with God in streets of gold :
Love and virtue, faith and wisdom,
Grace and gifts, were all combin'd ;
As himself each lov'd his neighbor,
All were of one heart and mind.

2 There they shun'd the pow'r of Satan,
And observ'd celestial law
For in Adam-ondi-Ahman,
Zion rose where Eden was ;—
When beyond the power of evil,
So that none did covet'wealth ;
One continual feast of blessings
Crown'd their days with peace and health .

3 Then the tow'rs of Zion glitter'd,
Like the sun in yonder skies,
And the wicked, stood and trembled,
Fill'd with wonder and surprisè ;
Then their faith and works were perfect,
Lo, they follow'd their great head :
So the city went to heav'n,
And the world said ZION'S FLED !

4 When the Lord returns with Zion
And we hear the watchmen cry,
Then we'll surely be united,
And we'll all see eye to eye,

Then we'll mingle with the angels,
And the Lord will bless his own;
Then the earth will be as Eden,
And we'll know as we are known.

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 303. L. M.

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

HYMN 304. C. M.

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

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A WAKE and sing the song	42
Arise! arise! with joy suivey	68
All hail the power of Jesus' name!	75
And are we yet alive	90
Away my unbelieving fears	99
And did my Savior die	120
Awake! ye saints of God awake!	121
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound	126
Arise in all thy splendor Lord	136
Awake O ye people the Savior is, &c.	143
Arise my soul, arise	198
Alas! and did my Savior bleed!	200
Awake! for the morning is come	214
Awake my soul and with the sun	215
And must this body die?	237
And am I born to die?	238
Angels! roll the rock away	246
Adieu, my dear brethren adieu,	254
Adieu to the city, where long I, &c.	277
Arise great God and let thy grace	279
Am I a soldier of the cross	279
An angel came down from the &c.	285
An angel from on high	302
Awake ye that slumber	333

BE it my only wisdom here	23
Before Jehovah's awful throne	43
Begin my soul the exalted lay	61
Beyond the glittering starry skies	70
Behold! the glories of the Lamb	73
Blow you the trumpet, blow	81
Beloved brethren! sing his praise	92
Begin my tongue the heavenly theme	102
Begone unbelief my Savior is near	111
Behold the great Redeemer comes	148
Behold! the mount of Olive rend	149
Behold the day appear	158
Behold the Lamb of God	179
Behold the Savior of mankind	199
Behold the mountain of the Lord	268
Behold what condescending love	278
Before this earth from chaos sprung	294
Behold the earth doth mourn	323
COME all ye saints who dwell on &c.	15
Come ye that love the Lord	24
Come sound his praise abroad	47
Come Holy Spirit heav'nly dove	45
Come you that love the Savior's name	78
Come thou fount of every blessing	85
Come! let us join our cheerful songs	89
Call Jehovah thy salvation	128
Come all ye sons of Zion	165
Come ye children of the kingdom	171
Come all ye sons of God and view	186

Come let us sing an evening hymn	218
Come let us all unite and sing	224
Creation speaks with awful voice	229
Cease ye mourners, cease to languish	242
Christ the Lord is risen to day	247
Come let us anew our journey, &c.	301
DAUGHTER of Zion from the dust	167
Do we not know that solemn word	176
ERE long the vail will rend in twain	12
Eternity is just at hand	240
Earth with her ten thousand flowers	283
FATHER how wide thy glories shine	37
From all that dwell below the skies	42
From Greenlands icy mountains	131
Father in heaven we do believe	182
Farewell our friends and brethren	252
From the regions of glory an angel	282
Farewell all earthly honors	321
GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken	6
Great is the Lord: 'tis good to praise	16
God in his earthly temple lays	56
Great was the day the joy was great	72
Great God attend while Zion sings	97
God moves in a mysterious way	98
Great God indulge my humble claim	115
Go, ye messengers of glory	135
Glorious things are sung of Zion	338

Go, ye messengers of heaven	137
Give us room that we may dwell	169
Gently raise the sacred strain	193
Glory to thee my God this night	220
Great God to thee my evening song	222
Great King of glory come	262
Guide us O thou great Jehovah	284
Great is the Lord in the city of Zion	325
HOW pleased and blest was I	20
Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh	21
Happy the man that finds the grace,	25
Hark! how the watchmen cry	39
How pleasant how divinely fair	46
How are thy servants blest! O Lord	58
Hark! Hark! the notes of joy	66
Hark! the glad sound the Savior's, &c.	69
Hail to the Prince of life and peace	74
How happy every child of grace,	95
How happy gracious Lord are we	105
How firm a foundation ye saints	110
He lives the everlasting God	115
How happy are they	117
How will the saints rejoice to tell	123
Hear what God the Lord has spoken	124
How often in sweet meditation	132
He reigns, the Lord the Savior reigns	156
Hark the song of Jubilee	157
Hail to the Lord's anointed	159
How foolish to the carnal mind	183

Hark the voice of love and mercy	203
Here at thy table Lord we meet	204
He dies the friend of sinners dies	205
How pleasing to behold and see	209
Hark! from the tombs a joyful sound	226
Heaven has confirm'd the dread, &c.	235
Hear the royal proclamation	269
How pleasant 'tis to see	273
Hark what mean these holy voices	276
How beauteous are their feet	307
Hail the day so long expectèd	312
Hail the blest morn when the great	314
He comes! he comes the Judge	331
How happy are the little flock	331
Hark listen to the trumpeters	335
I'LL praise my maker while I've, &c.	35
I love the Lord he heard my cry	60
In Jordan's tide the prophet stands	173
In pleasure sweet here we do meet	176
In ancient times a man of God	181
I know that my Redeemer lives	201
In ancient days days men fear'd	298
JESUS from whom all blessings flow	29
Jesus thou all redeeming Lord	22
Jehovah reigns your tributes bring	56
Jesus! we hail thee Israel's King	76
Jesus! and shall it ever be,	86
Jesus my glorious light appears	119

Jehovah reigns, O glorious King	122
Joy to the world the Lord will come	141
Jesus once of humble birth	150
Jesus shall reign wher'er the sun	155
Jesus mighty King in Zion	172
KNOW then that every soul is free	5
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong	46
LET earth and heaven agree,	28
Lord we come before thee now	45
Let every mortal ear attend	51
Lord thou hast searched and seen	60
Let sinners take their course	107
Let us pray gladly pray	142
Let Zion in her beauty rise	144
Lo! the mighty God appearing	154
Lord visit thy forsaken race	166
Lo! on the waters brink we stand	184
Lord in the morning thou shalt hear	211
Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray	219
Life is a span a fleeting hour	234
Lift up your heads eternal gates	248
Lo! he comes with clouds descending	265
Lord what our ears have heard	277
Lord what a thoughtless wretch	305
MORTALS awake! with angels join	19
My God the spring of all my joys	101
My God I am thine what a comfort	104

My soul is full of peace and love	112
My God how endless is thy love	212
My soul come meditate the day	233
NOW the truth once more appears	310
Now we'll sing with one accord	289
Not all the blood of beasts	59
Never does truth more shine	178
Now let our mournful songs record	207
Now let us rejoice in the day of, &c.	286
Nor eye hath seen, nor earth hath	267
O happy souls who pray	10
O Jesus! the giver	30
O thou, to whose all searching sight	41
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand	49
Oh! for a shout of sacred joy	55
O thou, in whose presence	83
Once more we've met to worship	94
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	134
O'er mountain tops the mount of God	168
On the mountains top appearing	168
O Lord our Father let thy grace	170
O God, thou good, thou great, &c.	190
O God the eternal Father	194
Once more my soul the rising day	212
O God our help in ages past	225
Our Lord is risen from the dead	243
O stop and tell me Red Man	293
O Zion tune thy voice	319

PRAISE to God immortal praise	11
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to, &c.	36
Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair	64
Praise ye the Lord my heart shall, &c.	100
Proclaim says Christ my wonderous	188
Praise God from whom all blessing	340
RETURN O God of love return	57
Rejoice! ye saints of latter days	91
Repent ye Gentiles all	185
Reform and be immers'd	187
Rise O my soul pursue the path	267
Roll on thou mighty ocean!	309
SEE all creation join	9
Shepherd divine our wants relieve	38
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise	48
Sweet is thy work my God my King	56
Salvation! O the joyful sound!	77
Soon as I heard my Father say	96
Salem's bright King Jesus by name	174
Stretched on a cross the Savior dies	202
See how the morning sun	212
Sitting by the streams that glide	345
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's	319
See the mighty angel flying	296
THE time is nigh that happy time	8
To him that made the world	14
The glorious day is rolling on	17
The morning breaks, the shadows	31

'The spacious firmament on high	53
'The happy day has rolled on	54
'The praise of Zion waits for thee	55
'Thou Lord, through every changing	65
'The Savior lives, no more to die	67
'To him that lov'd the sons of men	73
'Talk with us Lord, thyself reveal	88
'This God is the God we adore	103
'The Lord my pasture shall prepare	106
'Thy goodness Lord how great	114
'The happy day has rolled on	129
'The great and glorious gospel light	130
'Though now the nations sit beneath	136
'The time is far spent there is little	138
'The glorious day is rolling on	146
'This earth shall be a blessed place	151
'The time long appointed is now	160
'The trump of Israel's jubal' year	170
'Thus was the great Redeemer	177
'Twas the commission of our Lord	180
'There is a fountain fill'd with blood	189
'Twas on that dark, that solemn	197
'Twas on that night when doomed	206
'The King of heaven his table spreads	208
'The rising sun has chased the night	217
'The day is past and gone	223
'The morning flowers display their	230
'Think mighty God on feeble man	231
'Through every age eternal God	232
'That awful day will surely come	239

This is the day the Lord has made	219
The gallant ship is under weigh	250
The towers of Zion soon shall rise	292
The sun that declines in the far	290
The Spirit of God like a fire is	274
This earth was once a garden place	272
To leave my dear friends, and from	259
Triumphant Zion lift thy head	260
There is an hour of peaceful rest	261
The flow'ry spring at God's command	263
Thy mercy my God, is the theme	297
Though in the outward church	300
Truth reflects upon our senses	303
There is a land of pure delight	306
Thy word, O my God, I delight	311
The glorious day is drawing nigh	316
Thou sweet gliding Cedron, by thy	318
Thy beautiful garments O Zion	329
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,	340
UNVEIL thy bosom faithful tomb	241
VITAL spark of heavenly flame	237
WHO are these array'd in white	32
When Israel out of Egypt came	34
When all thy mercies O my God	63
With joy we meditate the grace	67
When the King of Kings comes	79
When I can read my title clear	87
With all my powers of heart	95

With Israel's God who can compare	104
We have met dear friends, &c.	337
When the great Judge supreme	108
Why should the children of a King	109
We're not ashamed to own the Lord	113
What though no flowers the fig-tree	116
What wonderous things we now	163
Why do we mourn for dying friends	227
Why should we start and fear to die	228
When youth and age are snatched	236
When shall we all meet again	256
Watchman tell us of the night	264
While humble shepherds watch'd	266
When I survey the wonderous cross	272
What fair one is this from the	280
When Joseph his brethren beheld	288
Ye, who in his courts are found	40
Ye slumbering nations who have	139
Ye ransomed of the Lord	152
Yes mighty Jesus thou shalt reign	157
Yes the Redeemer rose	244
Yes my native land land I love thee	253
Yes! we trust the day is breaking	308
Ye who are called, &c.	322
ION'S noblest sons are weeping	327

