

HYMNS  
FOR  
SECOND ADVENT BELIEVERS  
WHO OBSERVE THE  
SABBATH OF THE LORD.

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Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual  
songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.

Eph. v, 19.

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the under-  
standing also.

1 Cor. xiv, 15.

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# HYMNS.



## 1. COME TO REIGN.

- 1 MARK that pilgrim—lowly bending,  
 At the shrine of prayer—ascending,  
 Praise and sighs together blending,  
     From his lips in mournful strain;  
 Glowing with sincere contrition,  
 And with childlike, blest submission,  
 Ever riseth this petition—  
     "Jesus, come—Oh! come to reign."
- 2 List again;—the low earth sigheth,  
 And the blood of martyrs crieth  
 From its bosom, where there lieth  
     Millions upon millions slain:  
 "Lord, how long, ere thy word given,  
 All the wicked shall be driven  
 From the earth by bolts of heaven?  
     Jesus, come—Oh! come to reign."
- 3 Kingdoms now are reeling, falling,  
 Nations lie in woe appalling,  
 On their sages vainly calling  
     All these wonders to explain;  
 While the slain around are sighing,  
 God's own little flock are sighing,  
 And in secret places crying,

"Jesus, come—Oh! come to reign."

- 4 Here the wicked live securely,  
 Of to-morrow boasting surely,  
 While from those who're walking purely  
 They extort dishonest gain;  
 Yea, the meek are burden'd, driven;  
 Want and care to them are given,  
 But they lift the cry to heaven,  
 "Jesus, come—Oh! come to reign."

- 5 Christian, CHEER THEE—land is nearing,  
 Still be hopeful—nothing fearing,  
 Soon in majesty appearing,  
 You'll behold the Lamb once slain;  
 Oh! how joyful then to hear him,  
 While all nations shall revere him,  
 Saying to his flock who fear him,  
*"I have come—on earth to reign."*

## 2. JUBILEE PRAYER

- 1 GRACIOUS Father, guard thy children  
 From the foes' destructive pow'r;  
 Save, O save them Lord, from falling  
 In this dark and trying hour.  
 Thou wilt surely prove thy people,  
 All our graces must be tried  
 But thy word illumines our pathway,  
 And in God we still confide.
- 2 We are in the time of waiting;  
 Soon we shall behold our Lord,

Wafted far away from sorrow,  
 To receive our rich reward.  
 Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing,  
 Pure, unspotted, from the world;  
 Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us,  
 Till thy banner is unfurl'd.

- 3 With what joyful exultation  
 Shall the saints thy banner see,  
 When the Lord for whom we've waited,  
 Shall proclaim the Jubilee:—  
 Freedom from this world's pollutions;  
 Freedom from all sin and pain;  
 Freedom from the wiles of Satan,  
 And from Death's destructive reign.

### **3. BRIGHT SCENES OF GLORY.**

- 1 BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,  
 And all my passions capture;  
 Eternal beauties round me shine,  
 Infusing warmest rapture.  
 I dive in pleasures deep and full,  
 In swelling waves of glory;  
 And feel my Saviour in my soul,  
 And groan to tell my story.
- 2 I feast on honey, milk and wine,  
 And drink perpetual sweetness;  
 Mount Zion's odors cheer my mind,  
 While Christ unfolds his glory;  
 No mortal tongue can show my joys,  
 Nor can an angel tell them;

Ten thousand times surpassing all  
Terrestrial worlds or emblems.

- 3 My captivated spirits fly  
Through shining worlds of beauty;  
Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry,  
In praises loud and mighty;  
And here I'll sing and swell the strains  
Of harmony, delighted;  
And with the millions learn the notes  
Of saints in Christ united.
- 4 When earth and seas shall pass away,  
And all their glory vanish;  
When Christ shall come on earth to reign,  
And all the wicked perish;  
My joys refin'd, shall higher shine,  
With heaven's radiant glory,  
And tell through one eternal day,  
Love's all immortal story.

#### **4. THE LAST LOVELY MORNING**

- 1 THE last lovely morning,  
All blooming and fair,  
Is fast onward fleeting,  
And soon will appear,  
While the mighty, mighty, mighty, trump  
Sounds "Come, come away!"  
O! let us be ready  
To hail the glad day.
- 2 And when that bright morning  
In splendor shall dawn,

Our tears will be ended,  
 Our sorrows all gone.  
 While the mighty, &c.

3 The Bridegroom from glory  
 To earth shall descend;  
 Ten thousand bright angels  
 Around him attend.  
 While the mighty, &c.

4 The graves will be open'd,  
 The dead will arise,  
 And with the Redeemer  
 Mount up to the skies.  
 While the mighty, &c.

5 The saints then immortal,  
 In glory shall reign;  
 The Bride with the Bridegroom  
 For ever remain.  
 While the mighty, &c.

## **5. I'M A TRAVELER.**

1 I'M a lonely trav'ler here,  
 Weary, oppressed;  
 But my journey's end is near,  
 Soon I shall rest.  
 Dark and dreary is the way,  
 Toiling I've come—  
 Ask me not with you to stay—  
 Yonder's my home.

2 I'm a weary trav'ler here,  
I must go on,  
For my journey's end is near—  
I must be gone.  
Brighter joys than earth can give,  
Win me away;  
Pleasures that for ever live—  
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land  
Where all is fair;  
Where is seen no broken band—  
All, all are there;  
Where no tears shall ever fall,  
Nor heart be sad;  
Where the glory is for all,  
And all are glad.

4 I'm a trav'ler and I go  
Where all is fair;  
Farewell all I've lov'd below—  
I must be there.  
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,  
All I resign;  
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,  
If heav'n be mine.

5 I'm a trav'ler—call me not—  
Upward's my way;  
Yonder is my rest and lot,  
I cannot stay.  
Farewell earthly pleasures, all,  
Pilgrim I'll roam;  
Hail me not—in vain you call—  
Yonder's my home.



## 6. THE RESTITUTION.

- 1 OH, spare thy people, Lord,  
 And bring them full salvation;  
 Fulfill thy faithful word,  
 Rescue the sleeping nation;  
 Thou voice of God shout from on high;  
 The signal give for reaping;  
 Come thou and reap the harvest dry;  
 Oh, gather all the sleeping;  
 Spare now the "remnant" Lord,  
 The foe doth yet pursue them.  
 Oh, for thy blessed word,  
 Do thou with strength renew them.
- 2 Oh, may thy kingdom come,  
 All power and dominion;  
 Bring now the faithful home,  
 On bright seraphic pinion:  
 We're tried, O, come and take us home,  
 And give us crowns of glory;  
 We feel like those who weary roam  
 About some ruin hoary:  
 Oh, may thy will be done,  
 On earth as 'tis in heaven;  
 May now the glorious Sun  
 Of righteousness be given.
- 3 Oh! may the "City" come  
 Down from the opening heaven—  
 The New Jerusalem,  
 Oh, may it now be given;  
 Its gates of pearl, its streets of gold,  
 Blaze with thy brightest glory:

The holy seers have raptur'd told  
 The New Creation's story;  
 Oh, may it now descend,  
 The City of foundations,  
 In triumph ne'er to end,  
 Rule Thou the "angry nations."

## 7. THE BIBLE.

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

## 8. THE FRIEND IN NEED.

1 THE friends that flee when trials come,  
 Are not the friends for me;  
 Like frighted birds, ah! see how soon  
 Their place will vacant be.  
 But there's a Friend I dearly love,  
 Who for me left the realms above,  
 And died upon the tree—  
 Oh! that's the Friend for me, &c.

2 This world, with all its fleeting show,  
 Is not the world for me;  
 'Tis mix'd with many tears of woe,  
 And scenes of misery.  
 But there's a world so pure and fair,  
 And all the saints shall enter there,  
 From sin and sorrow free—  
 Oh! I that's the world for me, &c.

3 A City fair, for saints a home,  
 From God is coming down;  
 His children rest, no more to roam,  
 In New Jerusalem.  
 Oh! Jesus come! come quickly! come!  
 We long to see our heavenly home  
 Of immortality—  
 Oh! that's the home for me, &c.

## 9. THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME.

1 FAREWELL! farewell! to all below,

My Jesus calls and I must go:  
 I'll launch my boat upon the sea,  
 This land is not the land for me.  
     This world is not my home;  
     This world is not my home;  
     This world is all a wilderness;  
     This world is not my home.

- 2 I found the winding path of sin  
 A rugged path to travel in;  
 Beyond this fading world I see  
 The land the Saviour bought for me.  
     This world is not my home, &c.
- 3 Farewell! my friends! I'll not stay here—  
 The home I seek will soon appear;  
 Where Christ is not I cannot be;  
 This land is not the land for me.  
     This world is not my home, &c.
- 4 Praise be to God, our hope's on high;  
 The angels sing and so do I:  
 Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,  
 O that's the land—the land for me.  
     This world is not my home, &c.

## 10. THE LITTLE FLOCK.

- 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,

And 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 Saviour'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 thee Prince of Peace;  
The earthquake speaks thy pow'r;  
The famine all thy fullness brings;  
The plague presents thy healing wings,  
And nature's final hour.
- 5 Whatever ill 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,  
Thy word and mystery to fulfill,  
Thy children to approve;  
Thy members on thy throne to place,  
And stamp thy name on every face,

In glorious, heavenly love.

## 11. CONSECRATION.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee;  
 All things else I have forsaken;  
 Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
 Perish ev'ry fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;  
 Yet how rich is my condition,  
 While I prove the Lord my own.
  
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me—  
 They have left my Saviour too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
 Thou art faithful, thou art true.  
 O, 't is not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me;  
 O, 't were not in joy to charm me,  
 If that love be hid from me.
  
- 3 Soul, then know thy full salvation;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find, in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Think that Jesus died to will thee;  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
  
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;

Heaven's eternal day's before thee;  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there:  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

## 12. THE PRECIOUS BOON.

- 1 ONE precious boon, O Lord, I seek,  
 While tossed upon life's billowy sea;  
 To hear a voice within me speak,  
 Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee.
- 2 Earth's scoffs and scorn well pleased I'll bear,  
 Nor mourn, though under foot I'm trod;  
 If day by day I may but share  
 Thine approbation, O my God.
- 3 The friends I love may turn from me—  
 Their words unkind may pierce me through;  
 But this my daily prayer shall be,  
 "Forgive: they know not what they do."
- 4 Let me but know, where'er I roam,  
 That I am doing Jesus' will;  
 And though I've neither friends nor home,  
 My heart shall glow with gladness still.
- 5 To that bright, blest, immortal morn,  
 By holy prophets long foretold,  
 My eager, longing eyes I turn,  
 And soon its glories shall behold.

6 Then all the scoffs and scorn I've borne,  
 For His dear sake who died for me,  
 To everlasting joys will turn,  
 In glorious immortality.

- CHARLES FITCH

### 13. THE SCATTERED FLOCK.

1 LONG upon the mountains, weary,  
 Have the scattered flock been torn;  
 Dark the desert paths, and dreary,  
 Grievous trials have they borne.  
 Now the *gathering call* is sounding,  
 Solemn in its warning voice;  
 Union, faith and love abounding,  
 Bid the little flock rejoice.

2 Now the light of *truth* they're seeking,  
 In its onward track pursue;  
*All* the ten commandments keeping,  
 They are holy, just and true.  
 On the words of life they're feeding,  
 Precious to their taste so sweet;  
*All* their Master's precepts heeding,  
 Bowing humbly at his feet.

3 In that world of light and beauty,  
 In that Golden City fair,  
 Soon its pearly gates they'll enter,  
 And of all its glories share.  
 There divine the soul's expansions;



Free from sin, and death, and pain;  
Tears will never dim those mansions  
Where the saints immortal reign.

- 4 *Soon*, He comes! with clouds descending!  
All his saints, entombed arise;  
The redeemed in anthems blending,  
Shouts of victory through the skies.  
O! we long for thine appearing,  
Come, O Saviour! quickly come!  
Blessed hope! our spirits cheering,  
Take thy ransomed children home.

## 14. HEAVEN.

- 1 WE speak of the joys of the blest—  
Of that country so bright and so fair;  
And oft are its glories confest;  
But what must it be to be there!  
We speak of its pathway of gold;  
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,  
Of its wonders and pleasures untold—  
But what must it be to be there!
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation and care,  
From trials without and within—  
But what must it be to be there!  
We speak of its service of love;  
Of the robes which the glorified wear;  
Of the church of the first-born above  
But what must it be to be there!

- 3 Do Thou 'midst temptation and woe,  
Still for heaven my spirit prepare;  
And shortly I also shall know,  
And feel what it is to be there.  
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam,  
In glory celestial and fair,  
With saints and with angels at home,  
And Jesus himself will be there.

## 15. FAREWELL.

- 1 BE perfect—holiness pursue;  
In love be sure to dwell,  
And God through Christ will comfort you,  
So brethren all farewell.
- 2 Be of one mind—give God your hearts;  
And of his mercies tell,  
Which he, through grace, to you imparts,  
So brethren all farewell.
- 3 Now live in peace and holy fear—  
In love strive to excel;  
For Christ our King will soon appear,  
So brethren all farewell.
- 4 The God of love and peace adore,  
And on his mercy dwell;  
We hope to meet on Canaan's shore,  
So brethren all farewell.

**16. LO! HE COMES.**

- 1 LO! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favor'd sinners slain,  
Thousand, thousand angels shouting,  
Swell the triumph of his train;  
Hallelujah! Jesus comes, and comes to reign;  
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,  
Heaven 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 thy eternal throne!  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Make thy righteous sentence known,  
O come quickly—  
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

**17. NEW JERUSALEM.**

- 1 LO, what a glorious sight appears,

To our believing eyes;  
The earth and seas are pass'd away,  
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heav'n where God resides.

That holy, happy place;  
The New Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,

And the bright armies sing,  
"Mortals behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King!"

4 The God of Glory down to men

Removes his blest abode;  
Men are the objects of his love,  
And he their gracious God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears

From every weeping eye;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself, shall die."

6 How bright the vision! O, how long

Shall this glad hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day!

## **18. THE BETTER LAND.**

1 WE have heard from the bright, the holy land,

We have heard, and our hearts are glad;

For we were a lonely pilgrim band,  
And weary, and worn, and sad.  
They tell us the pilgrims have a dwelling there—  
No longer are homeless ones;  
And we know that the goodly land is fair,  
Where life's pure river runs.

- 2 They say green fields are waving there,  
That never a blight shall know;  
And the deserts wild are blooming fair,  
And the roses of Sharon grow.  
There are lovely birds in the bowers green—  
Their songs are blithe and sweet;  
And their warblings gushing ever new,  
The angels' harpings greet.
- 3 We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crowns,  
And the silvery band in white;  
Of the City fair, with pearly gates,  
All radiant with light.  
We have heard of the angels there, and saints,  
With their harps of gold, how they sing;  
Of the mount, with the fruitful tree of life,  
Of the leaves that healing bring.
- 4 The King of that country, he is fair,  
He's the joy and light of the place!  
In his beauty we shall behold him there,  
And bask in his smiling face.  
We'll be there, we'll be there, in a little while,  
We'll join the pure and the blest;  
We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,  
And for ever be at rest.

## 19. CLOSE OF TIME.

- 1 TIME now is closing, Jesus will come;  
Signs are fulfilling, earth's pillars groan:  
Hark! Hear the trumpet, calls come home—  
See earth reeling to her final doom.
- 2 See slumbering millions rise from the earth;  
Christ calls his people from south, from north.  
Come home, my people, time is no more,  
I've wash'd your robes white, your conflicts are o'er.
- 3 Hastening to see Thee, my soul would rise  
To meet my Saviour in yonder skies;  
With all the ransom'd who've gone before,  
There I shall hail Thee on that peaceful shore.
- 4 O, there'll be glory, joy, peace and love,  
Nothing to harm thee in heaven above:  
O, let us be faithful, and we'll be blest,  
When Jesus calls us to eternal rest.

## 20. THE THREE MESSAGES.

- 1 LO! An angel loud proclaiming,  
With the gospel of good news,  
To every kindred, tongue and people,  
Fear the Lord, give glory due!  
Proclamation  
Of the hour of judgment near.
- 2 Lo! Another angel follows,  
With another solemn cry,

Babylon the great is fallen!  
 Peals like thunder through the sky,  
 Let thy people  
 Now forsake her POIS'NOUS CREEDS.

- 3 Yet, a third and solemn message  
 Now proclaims a final doom,  
 All who worship beast or image  
 Soon shall drink the wrath of God,  
 Without mixture—  
 Mercy now no longer pleads.
- 4 Here are they who now are waiting,  
 And have patience to endure;  
 While the dragon's hosts are raging,  
 These confide in God, secure;  
 Faith of Jesus  
 And commandments, keep them pure.

## **21. O HAIL, HAPPY DAY.**

- 1 O HAIL, happy day, that speaks our trials ended;  
 Our Lord has come to take us home;  
 O hail, happy day;  
 No more by doubts or fears distress'd,  
 We now shall gain our promis'd rest  
 And be for ever blest; O hail, happy day.
- 2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over;  
 The jubilee proclaims us free;  
 O hail, happy day;  
 The day that brings a sweet release,  
 That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,

And bids our sorrows cease; O hail, happy day.

- 3 O Hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows,  
That brings us joy without alloy;  
    O hail, happy day ;  
There peace shall wave her sceptre high,  
And love's fair banner greet the eye,  
Proclaiming victory; O hail, happy day.
- 4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory;  
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight,  
    O hail, happy day;  
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,  
And sweetly burst upon our eyes,  
The joys of Paradise; O hail, happy day.
- 5 Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile in gladness;  
And Eden bloom o'er nature's tomb,  
    O hail, happy day;  
Where life's pellucid waters glide,  
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,  
For ever we'll abide; O hail, happy day

## **22. THE JOYS OF EDEN.**

- 1 HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me  
In, yon blissful region, the haven of rest,  
Where bright holy angels with welcome shall greet me  
And lead me to mansions prepar'd for the blest.  
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,  
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded.  
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,  
And range with delight through the Eden of Love.



- 2 While angelic legions with harps tun'd celestial,  
 Harmoniously join in the Concert Of praise;  
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,  
 In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise,  
 Then songs to the Lamb, shall re-echo thro' heaven,  
 My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given,  
 All glory all honor, all might and dominion,  
 Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of Love.
- 3 Then hail, blessed state! Hail, ye songsters of glory,  
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above.  
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story  
 Salvation from sorrow through Jesus' love."  
 Though prison'd in earth, yet, by anticipation,  
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation  
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation  
 My heart is now in heaven, the Eden of Love.

## **23. HAVE YOU FAITH?**

- 1 JESUS our Saviour says—I will appear!  
 Have you faith?  
 My trumpet is sounding majestic and clear,  
 Have you faith?  
 The faithful alone I come to see,  
 And they shall live and reign with me,  
 Only have faith!
- 2 Prophets have spoken, their words are fulfill'd,  
 Have you faith?  
 My word is establish'd, your anguish is still'd,  
 Have you faith?

The plan of salvation the faith's eye will see,  
 And live for ever and reign with me,  
 Only have faith!

- 3 Though I should tarry, be not dismay'd,  
 Have you faith?  
 The judgment is coming o'er all I've said,  
 Have you faith?  
 The doubt to the bondage, the faith to the free,  
 To live for ever and reign with me,  
 Only have faith!

## 24. BE PATIENT.

- 1 BE patient, be patient, no longer despairing,  
 Though bright hope deferred fills with sorrow thy heart  
 Tho' bitter the cup that thy soul has been sharing,  
 Let not fond affections from Heaven depart.  
 Not long will He tarry, in doubt here us leaving,  
 He'll come for his children who for him are grieving  
 O wait for the promise, of glory receiving  
 When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.
- 2 Be patient, be patient, the light shining o'er thee,  
 Will guide thro' the shades that encompass the way  
 The Saviour has trod the rough pathway before thee,  
 Let not earth's enchantments allure thee astray.  
 Upward to God be the heart's adoration,  
 Where ever is flowing pure streams of salvation.  
 Redemption is nearing! O, seek preparation!  
 Soon the King in his beauty for us will appear.
- 3 Be patient, be patient, a pilgrim and stranger,

Though foes may assail, and the scoffing deride.  
 Through toil and affliction, temptation and danger,  
 The saints must be purified, made white and tried.  
 Be humble, the spirit of meekness adorning,  
 Be faithful proclaiming the last notes of warning.  
 Be watchful, to hail the glad dawn of that morning,  
 When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.

- 4 Be patient, be patient, a little while longer,  
 And Jesus the kingdom to us will restore.  
 Be cheerful, enduring, thy faith growing stronger,  
 Till trials are passed, and thy conflicts are o'er.  
 Be patient, the Lord all his saints will deliver,  
 With love, peace and joy, be surrounded for ever,  
 Where nought shall o'er cloud or their sweet union sever,  
 With the King in his beauty they'll reign evermore.

## 25. ARMAGEDDON.

- 1 HOSANNAH! Hark, the melody,  
 Strikes sweetly on my ravish'd ear;  
 The constellations make reply  
 In echoes from each distant sphere,  
 Till all the wide expansion rings  
 With "live for ever, King of kings."
- 2 He comes! Ho comes! The heavens rend!  
 Floods clap your hands! Ye mountains joy!  
 Forests in glad obeisance bend!  
 Earth, raise your hallelujahs high;  
 Let Zion wake the lofty strain—  
 "Live, King of kings! For ever reign!"

- 3 Ripe is the vintage of the earth;  
Its clustering grapes are round and full;  
And vengeance, vengeance bursts to birth,  
Sudden and irresistible!  
Messiah comes to tread amain,  
The wine-press of the battle-plain.
- 4 The cry is up, the strife begun,  
The struggle of the mighty ones;  
And Armageddon's day comes on,  
The carnival of slaughter's sons;  
War lifts his helmet to his brow:  
O God, protect thy people now!
- 5 Assemble quickly fowls of air!  
Come to the supper of the Lord:  
The great ones of the earth prepare  
To reap the harvest of the sword;  
And captains' flesh shall be your food,  
And ye shall drink of heroes' blood.
- 6 Yea, come, O king, and take the spoil;  
With thy confederates share the prey:  
Ha! Ha! Death grins a ghastly smile;  
The morning dawns—and where are they?  
The flames, the flames, great Autocrat,  
Spread o'er thee in Jehosophat.
- 7 The graves are cleav'd! the saints arise!  
The resurrection of the just!  
And now, unto their kindred skies,  
Up leap the tenants of the dust!  
They rise to meet their Lord in air,  
And tune their hallelujahs there.

## 26. THE CHARIOT.

- 1 THE chariot! The chariot! Its wheels roll in fire.  
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:  
 Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.
- 2 The glory, the glory around him are pour'd,  
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;  
 And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,  
 And there ill who the palm-wreaths of victory wear,
- 3 The trumpet! The trumpet! The dead have all heard;  
 Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd;  
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,  
 All the vast generations of men are come forth.
- 4 The judgment! The judgment! The thrones are all set,  
 Where the Lamb and the white vested elders are met;  
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 O mercy! O mercy! Look down from above,  
 Great Creator, on us, thy sad children with love;  
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,  
 May the justified saints find a ransom in heaven.

## 27. BE OF GOOD CHEER.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, thy warfare soon will be o'er;  
 Oh, do not fear, do not fear,  
 Soon thou shalt rest where thy foes come no more,

Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
 What though the night be so dreary and long,  
 What though thy foes be unwearied and strong,  
 Soon thou shalt join in the conqueror's song—  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

- 2 What though the billows of life darkly roll,  
 Oh, do not fear, do not fear;  
 Friends all forsake thee, and cares press thy soul,  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
 Christian, remember that Christ loves thee still:  
 Only be faithful, and do Jesus' will,  
 Soon thou wilt stand with him on Zion's hill—  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

- 3 Christian, the angels will soon come for thee,  
 Oh, do not fear, do not fear;  
 He whom thou lovest in glory thou'lt see,  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
 Oh, if thou would'st to the end firm endure,  
 Keep thy robe holy, and spotless and pure,  
 Victorious faith will make Canaan sure—  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

- 4 Christian, the shadows will soon flee away,  
 Oh, do not fear, do not fear;  
 Then thou wilt enter an eternal day,  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
 In the bright kingdom for ever to dwell,  
 Join angel choirs and the rich anthem swell;  
 Bid to thy sorrow a long, long farewell—  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

**28. HERE IS NO REST.**

- 1 HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,  
Here is no rest, is no rest;  
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
For I look forward to that glorious day.  
When sin and sorrow will vanish away,  
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,  
There, there is rest, there is rest.
- 2 Here fierce temptations beset me around,  
Here is no rest, is no rest;  
Here I am griev'd while my foes me surround;  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,  
Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame;  
I will go forward, for this is my theme;  
There, there is rest, there is rest.
- 3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;  
Here is no rest, is no rest;  
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;  
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord  
They will be call'd to receive their reward;  
Then there is rest, there is rest.
- 4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,  
Here is no rest, is no rest;  
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,

Soon, shall the weary for ever be blest,  
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast;  
Then there is rest, there is rest.

## 29. THE PURE TESTIMONY.

- 1 THE pure testimony put forth in the Spirit,  
Cuts like a sharp two-edged sword,  
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,  
Because they're condemn'd by the Word,  
The pure testimony discovers the dross,  
While wicked professors make light of the cross,  
And Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.
- 2 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,  
And let the saints hear it again;  
O come ye from Babylon, Egypt and Sodom,  
And make your way over the plain.  
Come, wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,  
And walk in the Spirit, as Jesus has done,  
In the pure testimony you will overcome.
- 3 The world will not persecute those who are like them,  
But hold them the same as their own;  
The pure testimony cries out separation,  
Which calls you, your lives to lay down;  
Come out from their spirit and practices too;  
The track of the Saviour keep full in your view,  
The pure testimony will cut its way through.
- 4 The battle is coming between the two kingdoms,  
The armies are gathering round;



The pure testimony and vile persecution  
 Will come to close battle ere long;  
 Then gird on your armor ye saints of the Lord,  
 And He will direct you by his living word,  
 The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

### **30. FALL OF BABYLON.**

- 1 HAIL the day so long expected,  
 Hail, the year of full release;  
 Zion's walls are now erected,  
 And her watchmen peace;  
 Throughout wide dominion  
 Hear the trumpet loudly roar  
 Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,  
 Babylon is fallen to rise no more.
- 2 Come "my people" and forsake her,  
 Cast away your slavish fears;  
 Hear the voice from heaven proclaiming,  
 It's the end of all her years.  
 Raise your voices, she is fallen,  
 Lift your banners up on high,  
 Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen, &c.
- 3 Now her plagues are surely coming,  
 And her merchants all shall mourn;  
 All their merchandise shall fail them,  
 And with fire it shall burn;  
 Cry aloud, ye kings and nobles,  
 Priest and people, rich and poor,  
 Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen, &c.

- 4 Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion,  
 Christ will come the second time,  
 Ruling with a rod of iron,  
 All who now his foes combine:  
 Babel's garments we've rejected,  
 And the wedge of golden ore;  
 Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen, &c.

### 31. THE COMING EVENTS.

- 1 THE coming events of the kingdom of God,  
 Cast in glory its shadows before;  
 And my being would leap from its prison'd abode,  
 And the King in his beauty adore.
- 2 He comes, and the Spirit that lingers below,  
 In the hearts of the chosen and tried,  
 Is quicken'd and tells, in its mystical flow,  
 The approach of the Bridegroom and Bride.
- 3 The love, and the joy, and the peace of the blest,  
 Like the day-star, arise in the soul,  
 And we taste the first fruits of the Eden of rest,  
 And we hasten to enter the goal.
- 4 All glory, all glory, to him that was slain,  
 Who hath wash'd and redeem'd us to God;  
 For he cometh with power in his kingdom to reign.  
 And the earth to his scepter is bow'd.

### 32. I CANNOT GO BACK.

- 1 For Canaan I've started, and on I must go,  
Till all the bright glories of Eden I know;  
I've made no reserve, and I'm sure I'll not lack.  
While onward I journey and do not draw back.
- 2 My soul is enkindled with rapture and love,  
I fain would ascend to my Jesus above;  
But nay, I must follow in his humble track,  
And prove my obedience by not drawing back.
- 3 Then on let us press, for Jesus is near,  
And strengthen each other with words of good cheer;  
With zeal ever buoyant and courage ne'er slack,  
Let's be true to our King and never draw back.

### 33. HEAVENLY MUSIC.

- 1 WHAT heavenly music steals over the sea,  
Entrancing the senses like sweet melody?  
'Tis the voice of the angels borne soft on the air;  
'Tis for me they are singing, their welcome I hear!
- 2 On the banks of old Jordan here gazing I stand,  
And earnestly longing I stretch forth my hand;  
Send a convoy of angels, dear Jesus, I pray—  
Let me join that sweet music, come take me away.
- 3 Though dark are the waters, and rough is the wave,  
If Jesus permit, the wild surges I'll brave;  
For that heavenly music hath ravish'd me so,  
I must join in the chorus, I'll go, let me go.

### 34. THE COMING OF THE LORD.

- 1 HEAR the glorious proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation,  
Hear the glorious proclamation,  
Of the Saviour near.  
While the choir of angels,  
While the choir of angels,  
While the choir of angels,  
Shall be chanting through the sky.
- 2 Hark the tidings onward rolling,  
Jesus comes, the world controlling!  
Hark! The tidings onward rolling,  
Jesus comes to reign.
- 3 See the "sign" in heaven appearing,  
And the blazing chariot nearing,  
See the "sign" in heaven appearing,  
And the Saviour there.
- 4 See the earth in terror shaking,  
And the dead to life awaking,  
See the earth in terror shaking,  
And the saints arise.
- 5 Now on wings of light ascending  
With a shining host attending,  
Now on wings of light ascending,  
See them mount the skies.
- 6 See, the banner waves in glory,  
While ten thousand tell the story,  
See, the banner waves in glory,

And the saints are there.

- 7 They are saved from death forever,  
 Praise to him who did deliver,  
 They are saved from death for ever,  
 And to die no more.

### **35. WHAT IS TRUTH?**

- 1 TRUTH is the gem for which we seek!  
 O, tell us where shall it be found;  
 For this we search and pray and weep,  
 That truth may in our hearts abound.
- 2 We want the truth on every point;  
 We want it too to practice by.  
 Do thou, O Lord, our eyes anoint  
 With a fresh unction, from on high.
- 3 Were not the Ten Commandments given  
 By the Great Source of light and truth,  
 For ALL who tread the path to heav'n  
 From the dark wilderness of earth?
- 4 Then as we would our God obey,  
 In letter and in Spirit too,  
 O let us keep the seventh day,  
 For it is plainly brought to view.

### **36. THE RESURRECTION.**

- 1 AND when the last loud trumpet

Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
 And bid the entomb'd millions  
 From their cold beds arise,  
 Our ransom'd dust revived,  
 Bright beauties shall put on,  
 And soar to the blest mansions  
 Where our Redeemer's gone.

- 2 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,  
 The Saviour's face behold;  
 Our feet, no more diverted,  
 Shall walk the streets of gold;  
 Our ears shall hear with transport  
 The hosts celestial sing;  
 Our tongues shall chant the glory  
 Of our Immortal King.

### **37. REJOICE! REJOICE!**

- 1 REJOICE, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom  
 And Zion's children then shall sing,  
 The deserts all are blossoming.  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom;  
 King Jesus' banner wide unfurl'd,  
 Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,  
 And every Christian bond or free,  
 Shall hail the glorious jubilee.  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.
- 2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,

Rejoice, rejoice, the "PRINCE OF PEACE" shall reign;  
 And lambs may with the leopard play,  
 For nought shall harm in Zion's way.  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the "PRINCE OF PEACE" shall reign;  
 The sword and spear of needless worth,  
 Shall find no place in the new earth,  
 For peace shall smile from shore to shore,  
 And nations shall learn war no more.  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the "PRINCE OF PEACE" shall reign.

### **38. COME LET US ANEW.**

- 1 COME let us anew, our journey pursue,  
 Roll round with the year;  
 And never stand still, till the Master appear,  
 And never stand still, till the Master appear.
- 2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,  
 And our talents improve,  
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.
- 3 Our life is a dream, our time as a stream,  
 Glides swiftly away,  
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;  
 The millennial year  
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 5 O, that each in the day Of I his coming may say,  
 I have fought my way through;

I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.

- 6 O, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,  
 Well and faithfully done!  
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

### **39. THE COMING GLORY.**

- 1 I'M glad I know that Christ shall reign  
 In glory, glory, glory;  
 And come to earth in clouds again,  
 In glory, glory, glory.  
 'Tis glory's foretaste makes me sing,  
 Of glory, glory, glory;  
 And to my Saviour praises bring,  
 Sing glory, glory, glory.
- 2 I hope to see him on the throne  
 In glory, glory, glory;  
 When he shall come to claim his own,  
 In glory, glory, glory;  
 I'll sing while mounting through the air,  
 Of glory, glory, glory;  
 To meet my Father's children there,  
 In glory, glory, glory.
- 3 Come on, dear friends, let's mend our pace,  
 To glory, glory, glory;  
 We soon shall see him face to face,  
 In glory, glory, glory.  
 The Bride shall reign, the Bridegroom too,  
 In glory, glory, glory;  
 Let's keep the blessed prize in view,



'Tis glory, glory, glory.

#### **40. ARE, WE ALMOST THERE?**

- 1 "ARE we almost there? Are we almost there?"  
Says the weary saint as he sighs for home;  
"Are those the verdant trees that rear  
Their stately forms 'mid heaven's bright dome."
- 2 Then he talks of the flowers, the unsullied stream,  
That flows through the Paradise of God;  
And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream,  
To walk those golden streets abroad.
- 3 He is weary and sick of this world's rude strife,  
And pants for a holy, peaceful clime;  
To glow with the vigor of endless life,  
And be compass'd no more by the bounds of time.
- 4 His eye is fixed on the world to come,  
He walks by faith through this vale of care,  
And oft inquires as he draws near home,  
With anxious heart, "Are we almost there?"
- 5 They bid him look at the charms of earth,  
At the boasted trophies man doth rear;  
To enter the giddy halls of mirth—  
But ah! How vain do they all appear.
- 6 For he's had an earnest of those joys  
Which the righteous alone can ever share;  
He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,  
And fervently asks—"Are we almost there?"

- 7 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,  
 And to meet his Saviour in the air;  
 The day-star dawns—soon with joyous bound,  
 He can say indeed—"We are almost there!"

## 41. WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

- 1 WATCHMAN! Tell us of 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,  
 Promised 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 wandering cease,  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
 Traveler! Lo, the Prince of Peace,

Lo, the Son of God has come!

## **42. THE LAST TRUMP.**

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet sounds,  
Shakes the earth all around,  
And the dead shall arise  
And ascend to the skies,  
There to meet him who died,  
With his glorious Bride,  
And be seated for ever  
By Immanuel's side.

### **Chorus:**

Hallelujah to Jesus, again and again,  
We will praise him for ever, amen and amen;  
To the Lamb that was slain,  
Yet he liveth again,  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, amen and amen.

- 2 There the martyrs will stand  
In the midst of the band,  
With their bright shining face,  
Praising God for free grace;  
There the saints will unite,  
With the old Israelites,  
Singing glory to Jesus  
In rapturous delight.

- 3 Then redemption we'll sing  
To our glorious King,  
Through the blood of free grace,  
While the angels sing praise;

How it rolls o'er the plains,  
 In what rapturous strains,  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
 For ever he reigns.

### 43. DESPISED PILGRIMS.

- 1 WHAT poor despised company  
 Of travelers are these,  
 Who walk in yonder narrow way,  
 Along the rugged maze?
- 2 Ah, these are of a royal line,  
 All children of a King.  
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,  
 And lo! For joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean,  
 And why so much despis'd?  
 Because of their rich robes unseen,  
 The world is not appriz'd.
- 4 But why keep they that narrow road,  
 That rugged thorny maze?  
 Why, that's the way their Leader trod,—  
 They love and keep his ways.
- 5 Why do they shun the pleasing path,  
 That worldlings love so well?  
 Because that is the road to death,  
 The open road to hell.
- 6 What, is there then no other road

To Salem's happy ground?  
Christ is the only way to God,  
No other can be found.

#### **44. VICTORY.**

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear,  
    To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
    And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
    And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
    And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
    And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
    My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
    In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
    Across my peaceful breast.

#### **45. CHRIST'S TRIUMPH.**

- 1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices,  
    Sound the note of praise above!  
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:  
    Jesus reigns, the God of love:

See, he sits on yonder throne;  
 Jesus rules the world alone.  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

- 2 Jesus, hail! Whose glory brightens  
 All above, and gives it worth;  
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
 Cheers and charms thy saints on earth:  
 When we think of love like thine,  
 Lord, we own it love divine.  
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 King of glory, reign for ever,  
 Thine an everlasting crown:  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those whom thou shalt call thine own;  
 Happy objects of thy grace,  
 Destined to behold thy face.  
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;  
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,  
 When, the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:  
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,  
 "Glory, glory to our King."  
 Hallelujah, &c.

## 46. THE ARK.

- 1 WHEN ancient Israel met the foe,  
 That aimed at them a deadly blow,  
 Though oft their prospects seemed most dark,

They triumphed when they had the Ark.

- 2 The Ark when borne to Jordan's tide,  
Caused its deep waters to divide;  
They need no boat in which t' embark;  
They cross—because they have the Ark.
- 3 They march around old Jericho,  
Its towering walls are laid full low  
Hear ye that mighty shouting? Hark!  
They triumph, for they have the Ark.
- 4 Where was the strength by which it wrought,  
And to its bearers victory brought?  
It was a chest of wood—but mark!  
The law of God was in the Ark.
- 5 When men oppose that law of love,  
They lack the wisdom from above;  
Deluded souls! They're in the dark.  
Without the truth—without the Ark.
- 6 The remnant in these latter days  
Will triumph sure; give God the praise!  
They, of the beast, refuse the mark,  
They keep God's law—they have the Ark.

## **47. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.**

- 1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay,  
Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark way;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

- 2 I would not live alway, where hope is untrue,  
 As fair, but as fleeting, as bright morning dew;—  
 I long for that land whose blest promise alone  
 Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God  
 Away from his kingdom, that blissful abode,  
 Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
 And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns.
- 4 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;  
 Where anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

#### **48. THE SAVIOUR NIGH.**

- 1 MY soul is happy when I hear  
 The Saviour is so nigh,  
 And longs to see his sign appear  
 Upon the op'ning sky.
- 2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray;  
 And trust his living Word,  
 And feel the coming of that day  
 No longer is deferr'd.
- 3 I do rejoice that life was given  
 In these last days to me,  
 That deathless I may rise to heaven,  
 And my Redeemer see.



- 4 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing—  
He will not tarry long—  
And fill with joy the hours that bring  
The glory of our song.
- 5 Yes, he will come, no longer fear,  
Though earth and hell assail;  
His word attests the moment near,  
And that can never fail.

### **49. THE MERCY SEAT.**

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet,  
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common Mercy Seat.
- 4 Ah! Whither should we flee for aid  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat?
- 5 There, there on angel's wings we soar,

And sin and sense seem all no more;  
 The Lord comes down our souls to greet,  
 And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

- 6 O, let my hand forget her skill,  
 My tongue be silent, cold and still;  
 This bounding heart forget to beat  
 If I forget the Mercy Seat.

## 50. THE LAW OF GOD.

- 1 WHEN God confirmed his law to men,  
 To Israel's waiting flock.  
 He spoke aloud his precepts ten,  
 And graved them in the rock.
- 2 Within the Tent's most holy place  
 The law of God was laid:  
 Within the sacred Ark's embrace  
 It was deposited.
- 3 But God well knew, perdition's son  
 Would ne'er his precepts love;  
 He gave a duplicate alone,  
 And kept his own above.
- 4 There in the Tabernacle true,  
 Pitched not by hands of men,  
 The sacred law is kept in view,  
 The holy precepts ten.
- 5 And when the seventh trump's behest  
 Withdrew the vail between

The holy and the holiest,  
The precious Ark was seen.

- 6 Then let us serve the law of love,  
And in it take delight:  
By day, obedience to prove,  
And meditate by night.

## 51. I LONG TO BE THERE.

- 1 IN the midst of temptation, and sorrow and strife,  
And evils unnumbered, of this bitter life,  
I look to a blessed earth, free from all care;  
The kingdom of Jesus, and long to be there.
- 2 When this mortal body is racking with pain,  
And demons are striving to trouble my brain,  
I hope for the crown that the saints soon shall wear,  
In the regions of glory, and long to be there.
- 3 When the wicked are scoffing—because I believe  
The Saviour is coming, my pains to relieve—  
I weep for their folly, and bow in deep pray'r,  
For Christ's coming kingdom, and long to be there.
- 4 By the sweet flowing river of life I will sing  
My triumph through Jesus, my Saviour and King.  
And praise him who brought me, a sinner to share  
A feast of fat things—O, I long to be there!
- 5 I long to be there! And the thought that 'tis near,  
Makes me almost impatient for Christ t'appear,  
And fit up that dwelling of glories so rare,

The earth robed in beauty, I long to be there.

## **52. MORN SWEETLY BREAKING.**

- 1 CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,  
 And all the midnight shadows flee,  
 Ting'd are the distant skies with glory,  
 A beacon light hangs out for thee.  
 Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,  
 Thy name is graven on the throne,  
 Thy home is in that world of glory  
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.
  
- 2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,  
 Calmly composed and dauntless stand,  
 For lo! Beyond those scenes emerges  
 The heights that bound the promised land.  
 Christian, behold the land is nearing,  
 Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;  
 Hark! How the heavenly hosts are cheering,  
 See in what throngs they range the shore.
  
- 3 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee  
 Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray,  
 The star-gemm'd crowns and realms, of glory  
 Invite thy happy soul away.  
 Away, away, leave all for glory,  
 Thy name is graven on the throne,  
 Thy home is in that world of glory  
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

**53. THOU COMING ONE.**

- 1 THOU Coming One, our wants relieve,  
    In this our evil day;  
To all thy tempted followers give  
    The power to watch and pray.  
Long as our fiery trials last—  
    Long as the cross we bear,  
Oh, let our souls on thee be cast,  
    In all-prevailing prayer.
- 2 The power of interceding grace,  
    Give us in faith to claim;  
To wrestle till we see thy face,  
    And know thy hidden name.  
Till then, thy perfect love impart,  
    Till thou appear below,  
Be this the cry of every heart—  
    “I will not let thee go.”
- 3 “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.  
Then let me on the mountain top,  
    Behold thy open face;  
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
    And prayer in joyful praise.

**54. UNITY.**

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again?  
    Meet ne'er to sever?

When will peace wreath her chain,  
Round us for ever?  
Our hearts will ne'er repose,  
Safe from each blast that blows,  
In this dark vale of woes,  
Never! No, never!

2 When shall love freely flow?  
Pure as life's river?  
When shall sweet friendship glow,  
Changeless for ever?  
Where joys celestial thrill,  
Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill,  
Never! No, never!

3 There, to that world of light,  
Take us, dear Saviour;  
May we all there unite,  
Happy, for ever;  
Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel,  
Never! No, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever;  
There will peace wreath her chain,  
Round us for ever;  
Weary saint, then repose,  
Free from all worldly woes;  
Our songs of praise shall close,  
Never! No, never!

**55. WEARY PILGRIM.**

- 1 WEARY pilgrim, why this sadness?  
 Why 'mid sorrow's scenes decline?  
 The trial strange brings joy and gladness,  
 For all things shall yet be thine!  
 Oh, yes, all things shall yet be thine!
- 2 Earth anew, with robe of glory,  
 Shall rejoice in hill and vale;  
 And sweetest harpings tell the story  
 Of the love that could not fail;  
 Oh, yes, the love that could not fail!
- 3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,  
 Where joy's gushing songs arise;  
 Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure,  
 In the New Earth, Paradise;  
 Yes, in the New Earth, Paradise.
- 4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,  
 To Mount Zion thou art Come !  
 Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,  
 And rejoice in thy blest home;  
 Thine own, and Jesus' heavenly home.

**56. THE MIDNIGHT CRY.**

- 1 My heart was cold—lukewarm was I,  
 When lo! I heard the Midnight Cry;  
 It rous'd me up—I looked within,  
 Beheld corruption, error, sin.

- 2 I sought the Lord with all my might,  
 He heard my prayer and gave me light.  
 Filled me with joy—I loved to hear  
 The solemn cry, the Bridegroom's near.
- 3 My soul is fill'd with love divine,  
 I feel I'm his, that he is mine;  
 My Saviour and my gracious Lord,  
 And he will come, so says his word.
- 4 Yes, He will come, he's nigh at hand,  
 I soon shall join the blood-washed band,  
 To sing his praise, his glory see,  
 And reign with him eternally.

## 57. THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

- 1 WE are going home;—we've had visions bright  
 Of that holy land—that world of light,  
 Where the lone, dark night of Time is past,  
 And the morn of eternity come at last.  
 There the weary saints no more shall roam,  
 But dwell in a sunny, peaceful home,  
 Where the brow with celestial gems is crowned,  
 And waves of bliss are dashing around.  
 O, that beautiful home, &c.
- 2 We are going home—we soon shall be  
 Where the skies are clear, and the soil is free;  
 Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,  
 And the seraph's anthem blends with its strains;  
 Where the sun rolls down a brilliant flood  
 Of beams on a world that's fair and good;



And stars that dimm'd at nature's doom,  
 Will sparkle and dance o'er the new earth's bloom.  
 O, that beautiful home, &c.

- 3 Where the tears and sighs which here are given,  
 Are exchanged for the gladsome songs of heaven;  
 And the beauteous forms that sing and shine,  
 Are guarded well by a hand divine.  
 Pure love's banner and friendship's wand  
 Are waving above that princely band;  
 And the glory of God, like a molten sea,  
 Bathes the immortal company.  
 O, that beautiful home, &c.

- 4 'Mid the ransom'd throng—'mid the sea of bliss,  
 'Mid the holy City's gorgeousness;  
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid the angels' cheer,  
 'Mid the flowers that never of winter hear;  
 Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,  
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air;  
 'Mid the endless years we then shall prove  
 The matchless depth of a Saviour's love.  
 O, that beautiful home, &c.

## 58. THE JEWELS OF THE LORD.

- 1 YE jewels of our Master,  
 Who shine with heavenly rays,  
 Amid the beams of glory,  
 Reflect immortal blaze;  
 Ye diamonds of beauty,  
 With pleasing lustre crowned,  
 Of heavenly extraction,

To Zion's City bound.

- 2 When we beheld your order,  
And harmony of soul,  
And heard divinest numbers  
In pure devotion roll,  
And gems immortal glowing  
With such enlivening grace,  
We viewed the Saviour's image,  
Impressed on every face.
- 3 Speak often to each other,  
To cheer the fainting mind;  
And often be your voices  
In pure devotion joined;  
Though trials may await you,  
The crown before you lies;  
Take courage, brother pilgrim;  
And soon you'll win the prize.
- 4 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,  
In that auspicious day,  
When I make up my jewels,  
Released from cumbrous clay;  
He'll polish and refine you,  
From worthless dross and tin;  
And to his heavenly kingdom  
Will bid you enter in.
- 5 As Aaron with his girdle,  
In shining jewels dressed,  
Bore all the tribes of Israel  
Inscribed upon his breast;  
So will the Priest of Zion,  
Before the Father's throne,

Present the heirs of glory,  
 And God the kindred own.

- 6 We'll range the wide dominion  
 Of our Redeemer round,  
 And in dissolving raptures  
 Be lost in love profound;  
 While all the flaming harpers  
 Begin the lasting song,  
 With hallelujahs rolling  
 From the unnumbered throng.

## 59. PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye,  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.  
 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
 That rises to my sight!  
 Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
 And rivers of delight.
- 2 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
 On trees immortal grow;  
 There rocks and hills and brooks and vale,  
 With milk and honey flow.  
 All o'er those wide extended plains,  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There Christ the Son for ever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.
- 3 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath

Can reach that healthful shore;  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and feared no more.  
 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?

- 4 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul  
 Would here no longer stay;  
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.  
 There on those high and flowery plains,  
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire;  
 But in perpetual, joyful strains,  
 Redeeming love admire.

## 60. THE CROSS AND CROWN.

- 1 MUST Simon bear his cross alone,  
 And all the world go free?  
 No ! There's a cross for ev'ry one,  
 And there's a cross me.  
 Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,  
 Thro' which by faith the crown I see;  
 To me 'tis pardon bringing.  
 O, that's the cross for me.
- 2 How faithful does the Saviour prove  
 To those who serve him here!  
 They may now taste his perfect love.  
 And joy to hail him near.  
 Yes, perfect love will dry the tear,

And cast out all tormenting fear,  
 Which round my heart is clinging.  
 O, that's the love for me, &c.

- 3 We'll bear the consecrated cross,  
 Till from the cross we're free,  
 And then go home to wear the crown,  
 For there's a crown for me.  
 Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,  
 The purchase of my Saviour's love,  
 For me at his appearing.  
 O, that's the crown for me, &c.

- 4 There is a home for us above;  
 The Lord will soon appear;  
 His saints they will in glory rise  
 To meet him in the air.  
 Yes, there's a home in heaven prepared,  
 A house no wicked man has shared,  
 Where Christ is interceding.  
 O, that's the home for me, &c.

## **61. LIFT YOUR HEADS.**

- 1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus;  
 Partners in his patience here;  
 Christ to all believers precious,  
 Lord of lords, shall soon appear;  
 Mark the tokens,  
 Of his heavenly kingdom near.
- 2 Bear all nature's groans proclaiming  
 Nature's swift approaching doom!

War; and pestilence, and famine.  
 Signify the wrath to come;  
 Cleaves the centre,  
 Nations rush into the tomb.

3 Lo! 'Tis He! Our heart's desire,  
 Come for his espoused below;  
 Come to join us with the choir,  
 Come to make our joys o'erflow;  
 Palms of victory,  
 Crowns of glory to bestow.

4 Yes, the prize shall sure be given;  
 We his open face shall see:  
 Love, the earnest of our heaven,  
 Love our full reward shall be.  
 Love shall crown us  
 Kings thro' all eternity.

## **62. WHAT SOUND IS THIS.**

1 WHAT sound is this salutes my ear?  
 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,  
 The expected day has come.  
 Behold the heavens, the earth, the sea,  
 Proclaim the year of Jubilee,  
 Return, ye exiles, home.

2 Behold; the fair Jerusalem,  
 Illuminated by the Lamb;  
 In glory doth appear.  
 Fair Zion rising from the tombs,  
 To meet the Bridegroom, lo! He comes,

And hails the festive year.

- 3 My soul is striving to be there;  
 I long to rise and wing the air,  
 And trace the sacred road.  
 Adieu, adieu, all earthly things;  
 O, that I had an angel's wings.  
 I'd quickly see my God.
- 4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O, fly!  
 I thirst, I pant, I long to try,  
 Angelic joys to prove!  
 Soon shall I quit this house of clay,  
 Clap my glad wings and soar away,  
 And shout redeeming love.

### **63. RIGHTEOUS JUDGE.**

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall come,  
 To call thy ransomed people home.  
 Shall I among them stand?  
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
 Before thy gracious throne to bow,  
 Though weakest of them all;  
 But can I bear the piercing thought,  
 To have my worthless name left out,  
 When thou for them shalt call?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace!

Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place.  
 In that expected day.  
 Thy pard'ning voice, O, let me hear,  
 To still each unbelieving fear,  
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
 To see thy smiling face;  
 Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
 With shouts of endless grace.

#### **64. LORD, IN THE MORNING.**

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high;  
 To thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
 To plead for all his saints,  
 Presenting at his Father's throne  
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
 In ways of righteousness!  
 Make every path of duty straight  
 And plain before my face.
- 4 The men that love and fear thy name:  
 Shall see their hopes fulfilled;  
 The mighty God shall compass them



With favor as a shield.

## 65. MORNING WATCH.

- 1 YE who rose to meet the Lord—  
 Ventured on his faithful word,  
 Faint not now, for your reward  
     Will be quickly given.  
 Faint not! Always watch and pray,  
 Jesus will no more delay,  
 Soon it will be dawn of day—  
     Day-Star beams from heaven.
  
- 2 Would ye to the end endure?  
 Keep the wedding garments pure  
 Claim ye still the promise sure  
     Faithful is the Lord!  
 Let your lamps be burning bright,  
 In God's word is beaming light,  
 Live by faith and not by sight—  
     Crowns are your reward.
  
- 3 Mid the darts of angry foe,  
 Onward, fearless, onward go,  
 The good soldier's courage show.  
     On, to victory!  
 "Let thine eyes be turned to me,"  
 Jesus says, "I'll rescue thee,  
 Overcome, and faithful be,  
     Thou shall; glory see!"
  
- 4 Tones of thunder through the sky—  
 Angel voices sounding high,

Echo still the mighty cry,  
 Jesus, quickly come!  
 Quickly he'll return again,  
 With his saints will come to reign,  
 While all heaven will shout "Amen,  
 Welcome to thy throne!"

## 66. WE LONG TO BE THERE!

- 1 LONELY and weary, by sorrow opprest,  
 Onward we hasten with longings for rest,  
 Bidding adieu to the world, with its pride;  
 Longing to stand by Immanuel's side.  
 Though we are pilgrims; before us now rise  
 Visions of glory, rejoicing our eyes.  
 Bright are the crowns that we hope soon to share,  
 Blessed the rest—O, we long to be there!
- 2 There is the City in splendor, sublime—  
 O, how its turrets and battlements shine!  
 Pearls are its portals, surpassingly bright,  
 Jasper its walls and the Lamb is its light.  
 Pathways of gold that blest City adorn;  
 Glittering with glory far brighter than morn;  
 Angels stand beckoning us onward to share  
 Glory unfading—we long to be there!
- 3 Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees,  
 Songs of the ransomed are borne on the breeze,  
 Glory-gilt mountains resplendent are seen,  
 Valleys and hills clad in Eden-like green;  
 There shall the glory of God ever be,  
 Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea;

There shall the ransomed immortal and fair,  
Evermore dwell—O, we long to be there!

## 67. I LONG TO SEE THAT DAY.

- 1 O, HOW I long to see that day,  
When the redeemed shall come  
To Zion clad in white array—  
Their blissful happy home.

### **Chorus:**

- O, bear me on, bear me on  
To Mount Zion;  
Then bear me on to that City of love,  
Where saints will ever dwell.
- 2 To hear the alleluias roll  
From the unnumbered throng;  
The kingdom spread from pole to pole;  
And join redemption's song;
- 3 To see all Israel safe at home,  
Singing on Zion's height;  
And Jesus crowned upon his throne;  
Creation own his right.
- 4 All hail! The morn of glory's nigh,  
The pilgrim longs to see,  
That dries the tear from every eye—  
Creation's Jubilee!
- 5 Jerusalem I long to see;  
Blest city of my King,

And eat the fruit of Life's fair tree,  
 And hear the blood-washed sing.

- 6 My longing heart cries out, O, come!  
 Creation groans for thee!  
 The weary pilgrim sighs, O, come!  
 Bring Immortality!

## 68. JESUS IS THERE.

- 1 HASTE, my dull soul arise—  
 Shake off thy care;  
 Press to thy native skies—  
 Mighty in prayer.  
 Christ, he has gone before,  
 Count all thy sufferings o'er;  
 He all thy burdens bore—  
 Jesus is there.
- 2 Souls for the marriage feast,  
 Robed and prepared;  
 Holy must be such guests  
 Jesus is there!  
 Saints, wear your victory palms,  
 Chant your celestial psalms:  
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,  
 Oh! Let me wear.
- 3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure—  
 Jesus is there!  
 Heaven's bliss is ever sure—  
 Thou art its heir.  
 What makes its joys complete—

What makes its hymns so sweet;  
 There we our friends will greet—  
 Jesus is there.

## 69. JERUSALEM.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
 O, how I long for thee!  
 When will my sorrows have an end,  
 Thy joys when shall I see?

### **Chorus:**

We're marching to Immanuel's ground,  
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,  
 And then we shall our Jesus meet,  
 And never, never part again, &c.

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
 Most glorious to behold;  
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
 Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks  
 My study long have been;  
 Such dazzling views by human sight  
 Have never yet been seen.
- 4 Lord, help us by thy mighty grace;  
 To keep in view the prize,  
 Till thou dost come to take us home  
 To that blest paradise.
- 5 When we've been there ten thousand years,

Bright shining as the sun,  
 We've no less days to sing God's praise  
 Than when we first begun.

## 70. SONNET.

- 1 WHEN for the eternal world we steer,  
 And seas are calm, and skies are clear,  
 And faith in lively exercise,  
 And distant hills of Canaan rise.  
 My soul for joy she claps her wings,  
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
 Vain world adieu, vain world adieu, &c.
- 2 With cheerful hopes her eyes explore  
 Each landmark on the distant shore,  
 The tree of life, the pastures green,  
 The golden streets, the crystal stream;  
 Again for joy she claps her wings, &c.
- 3 When nearer still she draws to land,  
 More eager all her powers expand,  
 With steady helm and free-bent sail,  
 Her anchor drops within the vail.  
 Again for joy she claps her wings,  
 And her celestial sonnet sings,  
 On Canaan's shore, &c.

## 71. THE EXILE.

- 1 THERE is a land, a better land than this—  
 There's my home, there's my home!

A land of pure, unbounded, perfect bliss—  
 There's my home, there's my home;  
 A captive on this desert shore,  
 I long to count my exile o'er,  
 And be where sorrows come no more:  
 There's my home, there's my home.

2 Far, far I am from my own happy shore—  
 I would go, I would go.  
 But yet my days of exile are not o'er:—  
 I would go, I would go.  
 I would not stay though earth were mine;  
 Though all its treasures for me shine,  
 A captive here I still should pine—  
 I would go, I would go!

3 Bright visions of that blissful land appear—  
 There's my home, there's my home;  
 How long a pilgrim must I wander here?  
 There's my home, there's my home.  
 O, tell me that I soon shall be,  
 With all the ransomed exiles, free,  
 There in that land I long to see:  
 There's my home, there's my home.

4 There is a land; a brighter land than this;  
 Joys are there, joys are there;  
 No pain or sorrow, sickness or distress,  
 Reaches there, reaches there.  
 Bright fields of pleasure greet the eye,  
 And crystal streams that never dry;  
 O, give me wings, I now would fly,  
 And be there, and be there.

**72. I WALK ALONE.**

- 1 I WALK a lonely pilgrim here  
    O'er life's uneven way;  
But my aching heart keeps hoping on  
    For the bright, the better day;  
A glorious home in the goodly land,  
    The blessed, heavenly rest;  
And well I know that land is near,  
    The home of the pure and blest.
  
- 2 I walk alone, and oft am sad,  
    And falls the briny tear:  
My heart is grieved with trials sore,  
    And pressed with many a care.  
But the better land no sorrow knows—  
    There, hushed is every sigh;  
The Saviour's hand in kindness wipes  
    The tear-drop from each eye.
  
- 3 I walk alone, and yet am glad  
    For the blessed promise given,  
To cheer the heart of the lowly one,  
    In the narrow way to heaven.  
The humble path my Saviour walked,  
    I scorn it not to tread;  
Though the frowns and scoffs my Saviour bore  
    Shall fall upon my head.
  
- 4 For I stand upon his precious word,  
    And my soul rejoiceth free,  
In the glorious light the gospel gives,  
    The light that shines for me.  
Though I suffer now, I shall triumph then;



Though I die for my Master here,  
 In that better world shall I live again,  
 A conqueror's crown to wear.

### **73. THE CHRISTIAN UNIFORM.**

- 1 DREST uniform Christ's soldiers are,  
 When duty calls abroad;  
 Not purchased at their cost or care,  
 But by their Prince bestowed.  
 Christ's soldiers eat the bread of life,  
 Wear regimental dress;  
 'Tis heavenly white, and faced with red,  
 'Tis Christ's own righteousness.
  
- 2 'Tis of one piece; and wove throughout  
 So curiously, there's none  
 Can dress up in this seamless coat,  
 Till Jesus puts it on.  
 No art of man can weave this robe,  
 'Tis of such mixture fine;  
 Nor can the worth of all this globe,  
 By purchase make it mine.
  
- 3 A bright and sightly robe it is;  
 And to the soldier dear;  
 No rose can learn to blush like this;  
 Or lily look so fair.  
 'Tis wrought by Jesus' skillful hand,  
 And stained in his own blood;  
 It makes the angels gazing stand,  
 To view this robe of God.

- 4 This vesture never waxes old,  
 No spot thereon can fall;  
 It makes the soldiers strong and bold,  
 And dutiful withal.  
 Lord dress us in this robe each day,  
 And it will hide our shame;  
 It makes us fight 'gainst sin, and pray,  
 And bless our Captain's name.
- 5 How firm and bold Christ's soldiers are,  
 When dressed up in this robe;  
 They look like men equipp'd for war,  
 Or like the sons of God;  
 Their shield is faith, their helmet, hope,  
 And thus they march Christ's road.  
 Christ's Spirit is their glitt'ring sword,  
 They act their part for God.

## 74. SHIP ZION.

- 1 WHAT vessel are you sailing in?  
 Declare to us the same.  
 Our vessel is the Ark of God,  
 And Christ our Captain's name.

### **Chorus:**

- Hoist every sail to catch the gale,  
 Each brother ply his oar;  
 The night begins to wear away,  
 We soon shall reach the shore.
- 2 And are you not afraid some storm  
 Your bark will overwhelm?

- No, bless the Lord, we need not fear;  
Our Father's at the helm.  
Hoist every sail; &c.
- 3 Our compass is the sacred Word;  
Our anchor blooming hope;  
The love of God our maintop sail,  
And faith our cable rope.  
Hoist every sail; &c.
- 4 We've look'd astern, and many toils  
The Lord has brought us through;  
We're looking now ahead, and lo!  
The land appears in view.  
Hoist every sail, &c.
- 5 The sun is up, the clouds are gone.  
The heavens above are clear;  
The City bright appears in sight,  
We're getting round the pier.  
Hoist every sail, dc.
- 6 And when we all are landed safe,  
On the celestial plain,  
Our song shall be, worthy's the Lamb  
For rebel sinners slain.  
Hoist every sail, &c.

## **75. LIFE AT HOME.**

- 1 A LIFE in the future world,  
A home that shall never cloy;  
A home where the saints shall sing,

And swell the rapturous joy.  
 Here, the whole creation groans,  
 With sighs and plaintive moans;  
 Lord let thy kingdom come,  
 And gather the faithful home.

**Chorus:**

The prophets sought this home,  
 But died without the sight:  
 As pilgrims here they roam'd,  
 And never saw the light.  
 The light, the light,  
 They never saw the light.

- 2 Great God in mercy hear  
 The remnant, now they cry;  
 Compassionate their tears,  
 And save them, lest they die.  
 O, let the trumpet sound,  
 And all the saints awake,  
 And with bright glory crown'd,  
 The new possession take.  
 The prophets sought, &c.
- 3 O, let the North give up—  
 The East and West obey;  
 The South her daughters bring—  
 Thy sons from far away.  
 Let the earth give up her slain,  
 The sea resign her dead,  
 And all the saints appear,  
 Triumphant with their Head.  
 The prophets sought, &c.

**76. THE LORD IS COMING.**

- 1 THE Lord is coming! Let this be  
The herald-note of Jubilee,—  
And when we meet, and when we part,  
The salutation from the heart.
- 2 The Lord is coming! Sound it forth  
From East to West, from South to North,  
Speed on! Speed on! The tidings glad,  
That none who love him may be sad.
- 3 The Lord is coming! Saints, rejoice!  
We seem to hear his glorious voice,  
Majestic uttered from afar,  
As on he hastes his conquering car.
- 4 The Lord is coming! Vengeful, dire  
Are all his judgments and his ire,  
And none can hope to 'scape his wrath.  
Who walk not in the narrow path.
- 5 The Lord is coming! Seas, retire!  
Ye mountains melt to liquid fire!  
Ye oceans cease to ebb and flow!  
His stately steppings ye should know.
- 6 The Lord is coming! Who shall stand?  
Who shall be found at his right hand?  
He that hath the white garments on  
That Christ our Righteous King hath won.
- 7 The Lord is coming! Watch and pray!  
Watch ye, and haste unto the day,

So shalt thou then escape the snare,  
And Christ's eternal glory share.

- 8 The Lord is coming! Let this be  
The herald-note of Jubilee,  
And often as we meet and part,  
The salutation from the heart.

## **77. TRUE JOYS.**

- 1 O, TELL me no more  
Of this world's vain store,  
The time for such trifles  
With me now is o'er.
- 2 A City I've found,  
Where true joys abound;  
To dwell I'm determin'd  
On this happy ground.
- 3 My soul, don't delay,  
He calls thee away;  
Rise, follow thy Saviour,  
And bless the glad day.

## **78. TIME'S FAREWELL.**

- 1 IT is the hour of Time's farewell,  
And soon with Jesus we shall dwell;  
The speeding moments hasten on,  
And quickly they will all be gone.

**Chorus:**

I'm going, I'm going, I'm on my journey home;  
 I'm traveling to a City just in sight !  
 Yes, I'm going, I'm going, I'm on my journey home;  
 I'm traveling to the New Jerusalem.

- 2 Then will the sleeping martyrs rise,  
 To meet the Saviour in the skies—  
 No more will cry, "How long O Lord!"  
 But be aveng'd, and have reward.
- 3 Then will the sleeping saints come forth,  
 Who lie entomb'd in sea and earth.  
 And rob'd in immortality,  
 Their Jesus face to face will see.
- 4 The living saints—they too will be  
 Remembered in the Jubilee;  
 Caught up together in the air,  
 Their Saviour's triumph they will share.

**79. JESUS, AT THY COMMAND**

- 1 JESUS, at thy command,  
 I launch into the deep,  
 And leave my native land,  
 Where sin lulls all asleep;  
 For thee I would the world resign,  
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot-wise,  
 My compass is thy Word;  
 My soul each storm defies,

While I have such a Lord;  
 I'll trust thy faithfulness and power.  
 To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,  
 Thro' all my passage lie,  
 Yet Christ will safely keep,  
 And guard me with his eye;  
 My anchor, hope, will firm abide,  
 And every boisterous storm outride.

4 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
 And storms forbear to toss,  
 Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,  
 Lest I should suffer loss;  
 For more the teach'rous calm I dread,  
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow  
 A prosperous gale of grace;  
 Waft me from all below,  
 To heaven my destin'd place;  
 There in full sail, my port I'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

## **80. HARVEST HOME.**

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?  
For soon the reaping time will, &c.
- 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.  
For soon the reaping time will, &c.
- 4 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.  
For soon the reaping time will, &c.
- 5 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.  
For soon the reaping time will, &c.
- 6 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.  
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

**81. A TRUE WITNESS.**

- 1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,  
The Spirit's course in me restrain?  
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,  
Be a true witness of my Lord?
- 2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God Most High?  
How then before thee shall I dare  
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,  
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,  
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
The cross endur'd, my Lord, by thee?
- 4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?  
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?  
A man! An heir of death! A slave  
To sin! A bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wings around my head;  
Since in all pain thy tender love  
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

**82. I WILL RETURN.**

- 1 SON of God, thy people's shield,  
Must we still thine absence mourn?  
Let thy promise be fulfilled—  
Thou hast said, "I will return."

Then will cease the constant tear,  
 Hope be turned to joyful sight.  
 Gracious Master, soon appear,  
 Quickly bring thy morning's light.

- 2 As a woman counts the days,  
 Till her absent lord she sees,  
 Longs and watches, weeps and prays.  
 So the church must long for thee.  
 Come, that we may see thee nigh;  
 Then the sheep shall feed in peace;  
 Hushed for ever trouble's sigh,  
 Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

### **83. SAINTS' SWEET HOME.**

- 1 MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;  
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!  
 And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease.  
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
 I long to behold thee, in glory at home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
 Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;  
 Tho' now my temptations like billows may foam,  
 All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
 O, give me submission and strength as my day;  
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 The days of my exile are passing away;  
 The time is approaching when Jesus will say,  
 "Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,  
 And dwell in my presence, for ever at home."
- 6 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er;  
 The saints shall unite to be parted no more;  
 'Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,  
 'They dwell with the Saviour, for ever at home.

## **84. JUBILEE.**

- 1 I NEVER shall forget the day,  
 When Jesus wash'd my sins away.  
 Now my soul is very happy,  
 Will you go along with me?  
 Now my soul is very happy,  
 Go sound the Jubilee.
- 2 I am happy in this house of clay,  
 But what is this to perfect day?  
 There's a better day a coming;  
 Will you go along with me?
- 3 Though sinners persecute me here,  
 Through Jesus Christ I'll persevere;  
 Christ will ruin Satan's kingdom—  
 Will you go along with me?

- 4 A little longer here below,  
 Then home to glory we shall go—  
 I am on my way to glory—  
 Will you go along with me?
- 5 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
 We soon shall meet together there;  
 When we'll join the saints in glory—  
 Will you go along with me?

## **85. COME HOME.**

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here.  
 Fight we must, but should not fear;  
 Foes we have; but we've a friend,  
 One who loves us to the end;  
 Forward then with courage go;  
 Long we shall not dwell below;  
 Soon the joyful news will come,  
 Child, your Father calls—Come home.
- 2 In the world a thousand snares  
 Lie to take us unawares;  
 Satan with malicious art,  
 Watches each unguarded heart;  
 But from Satan's malice free,  
 Saints shall soon victorious be;  
 Soon the joyful news will come,  
 Child, your Father calls—Come home.
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,  
 None so apt to turn our feet,  
 None betray us into sin,

Like the foes we have within;  
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ will also conquer these;  
Then the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

## **86. JESUS MY ALL.**

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone:  
He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My grief, a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 Lo! Glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shall take me to thee whose I am;  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Then will I tell to all around,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God."

## 87. THERE IS A KING OF GLORY.

- 1 THERE is a King of glory  
 Ere long on earth to rise,  
 Sung in prophetic story,  
 Descending from the skies;  
 The babe of Bethlehem, 'tis He,  
 It is the man of Calvary,  
 Not crown'd with thorns and gory,  
 But crown'd with glory now!  
 Not crown'd with thorns to-day,  
 Not mocked and led away,  
 But crowned with everlasting glory now.
- 2 He cometh, cometh speedy,  
 To save his suffering saints,  
 Saints groaning, waiting, ready,  
 And endeth their complaints;  
 With joy they meet him in the air,  
 And shout the swelling triumph there;  
 No longer poor and needy,  
 But crown'd with glory now!  
 Not one's reviled to-day!  
 None stumble in the way—  
 All crowned with everlasting glory now.
- 3 O, tears, and sin, and sighing,  
 Now let your prisoner go,  
 Discharged from pain and dying  
 And from a world of woe;  
 I go to Christ—he comes to me—  
 We meet in bright eternity—  
 On clouds he cometh flying,  
 On clouds of glory now!

Victorious in his wars,  
 Full many a palm he bears,  
 And crowns of everlasting glory now!

4 O, what is tribulation,  
 And all the ills I bear,  
 Compared with this salvation,  
 And all the glory there?  
 Behold, a City fair and high,  
 Bright Capital of earth and sky,  
 That dureth with duration,  
 All filled with glory now!  
 The armies of His grace,  
 Triumphant reach the place—  
 ‘Tis glory, everlasting glory, now!

5 There every sight that pleases,  
 There every sound that cheers,  
 There sweet immortal breezes;  
 Inspire the palmy years;  
 There all the just join in a band,  
 From every age from every land,  
 While o’er them reigns king Jesus,  
 With crowns of glory now!  
 The people of his grace,  
 Have reached the heavenly place—  
 ‘Tis glory, everlasting glory, now.

## **88. FIRM FOUNDATION.**

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!  
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,



Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

- 2 Fear not; I am with thee, O, be not dismay'd,  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that on Jesus bath lean'd for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never—no never—no never forsake.

## **89. THE HAPPY LAND.**

- 1 I HAVE heard of a land that is ever bright,  
Where friends never change, nor fade from our sight;  
I have seen gentle spirits who thither have gone,  
To meet them again my spirit doth long.
- 2 I have heard that there flowers are ever in bloom,  
And always send forth the richest perfume;  
I've heard that no sickness or death will be there,  
No sin to molest, or fill with despair.

- 3 I've heard that the blest on that happy shore,  
 Will never be hungry or thirst any more;  
 The light of the City which sweetly hath shone,  
 Proceeds from the Lamb, who sits on the Throne.
- 4 I've heard there are pleasures unspeakably sweet,  
 And tones of affection both holy and deep;  
 I've heard that all tears will be wiped from the eye,  
 For that happy land my spirit doth sigh.

### 90. THE LAST CALL.

- 1 'TIS the last call of mercy  
 That lingers for thee;  
 Oh! Will yo receive it;  
 To Jesus now flee!  
 He often has called thee,  
 But thou hast refus'd  
 His offer'd salvation,  
 And love is abused.
- 2 If thou slightest this warning  
 Now offered at last,  
 Thine will be the sad mourning—  
 The harvest is past;  
 Salvation I've slighted,  
 The summer is o'er,  
 And now there is pardon,  
 Sweet pardon, no more.
- 3 'Tis the last call of mercy,  
 Oh, turn not away,  
 For now swiftly hasteth

The dread vengeance day;  
 The Spirit invites you,  
 And pleads with you, come!  
 Oh, come to Life's waters,  
 Nor thirstingly roam.

4 'Tis the last call of mercy,  
 Oh, steel not thy heart,  
 For now she is rising  
 From earth to depart;  
 The Bride is now calling—  
 "Ye thirsty souls, come!"  
 Oh, come with the ransom'd,  
 In heaven there's room!

5 'Tis the last call of mercy  
 That lingers for thee,  
 Break away from thy bondage,  
 Oh, brother be free!  
 Be not a sad mourner—  
 The harvest is past;  
 The summer is ended,  
 And perish at last!

## **91. NOW WE HAVE MET.**

- 1 NOW we have met in Jesus' name,  
 To glorify our Lord we aim;  
 We strive each duty to fulfill,  
 With anxious hearts to do his will.
- 2 We've met in love and holy fear;  
 To hear the happy saints declare

The rich compassions of a God—  
The virtues of a Saviour's blood.

- 3 Oh, Saviour help them to express,  
The wonders of triumphant grace,  
While to the church they freely own,  
What for their souls the Lord hath done.

## **92. HOLINESS.**

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our gracious Lord,  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
While justice, temperance, truth and love,  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord;  
And faith stands leaning on his Word.

**93. STAR OF OUR HOPE.**

- 1 STAR of our hope! He'll soon appear!  
O, shout and sing hosanna.  
The last loud trumpet speaks him near;  
Hosanna! Sing hosanna!  
Eternal life! Eternal life!  
We have it through our Saviour!  
Eternal life! Eternal life!  
O, come and live for ever.
  
- 2 Hail him all saints from pole to pole,  
And raise one loud hosanna;  
How welcome to the faithful soul!  
How worthy our hosanna!
  
- 3 From heaven angelic voices sound,  
And join the sweet hosanna;  
Behold the Lord of glory crowned!  
And earth responds, hosanna.
  
- 4 The grave yields up its precious trust,  
To swell the wide hosanna;  
Awake! Ye slumb'ers in the dust,  
Awake and sing hosanna!
  
- 5 Resplendent forms ascending, fair,  
Prolong the glad hosanna,  
And meet the Saviour in the air—  
Hosanna! Sing hosanna!
  
- 6 The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing,  
With rapture chant hosannas;  
And hail him their triumphant King!

For ever sing hosannas!

## 94. WILL YOU GO?

- 1 WE'RE going to see the bleeding Lamb,  
Will you go? Will you go?  
In rapturous strains to praise his name,  
Will you go? Will you go?  
The crown of life we there shall wear,  
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,  
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,  
Will you go? Will you go?
  
- 2 We're going to join the heavenly choir,  
Will you go? Will you go?  
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,  
Will you go? Will you go?  
There saints and angels gladly sing,  
Hosanna to their God and King,  
And male the heavenly arches ring,  
Will you go? Will you go?
  
- 3 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,  
Will you go? Will you go?  
In the blest house there still is room,  
Will you go? Will you go?  
The Lord is waiting to receive,  
If thou wilt on him now believe,  
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,  
Come, believe! Come, believe!

**95. STAR OF BETHLEHEM.**

- 1 WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering hosts bestud the sky,  
 One star alone of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye:  
 Hark! Hark! To God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem,  
 But one alone, the Saviour speaks,  
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd  
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.  
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death struck—I ceased the tide to stem,  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my, guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark foreboding cease;  
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.  
 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for ever more,  
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

**96. GOD'S WORD.**

- 1 THY Word is a lamp to my foot,  
 A glorious light to my path;

- It furnishes spiritual meat,  
And saves me from, error and wrath.
- 2 It shows me the object of hope,  
The heavens and earth all renew'd;  
My pilgrimage never shall stop  
Till I reach that blessed abode.
- 3 It's a chart in life's stormy way,  
Presenting the seasons and times,  
Regarding that glorious day;  
It also presents me the signs.
- 4 It's a deed of the saint's blessed lot,  
Vouchsaf'd in the kingdom to come;  
Whether sceptics believe it or not,  
God's people will soon be at home.
- 5 It's a lamp, a light, and a chart,  
And a deed of my heavenly home;  
It proves, to the joy of my heart,  
My Saviour just ready to come.

## **97. HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.**

- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!  
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;  
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,  
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
- 2 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,



Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

- 3 See, the dead risen from land and from ocean,  
 Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high;  
 Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,  
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

## 98. ENCOURAGEMENT.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
 Who makes your cause his own;  
 The hope that's built upon his Word  
 Shall ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
 And feeble is your arm,  
 Your life is hid with Christ in God  
 Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
 Or, fainting, shall not die;  
 Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
 Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though now unseen by outward sense,  
 Faith sees him always near,  
 A guide, a glory, a defense;  
 What, then, have we to fear?
- 5 As surely as he overcame;  
 And triumphed once for you;  
 So surely you that love his name  
 Shall triumph in him too.

**99. CHRISTIAN WARFARE.**

- 1 MY Captain sounds the alarm of war,  
Awake! The powers of hell are near,  
To arms! To arms! I hear him cry,  
'Tis yours to conquer, or to die.
- 2 Roused by the animating sound,  
I cast my eager eyes around,  
Make haste to gird my armor on  
And bid each trembling fear be gone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet, Faith my shield,  
Thy Word, my God, the sword I wield;  
With sacred truth my loins are girt,  
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus armed, I venture on the fight,  
Resolved to put my foes to flight;  
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread  
His conquering banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope, in him I trust;  
His bleeding cross is all my boast;  
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on  
To victory, and the victor's crown.

**100. HARP UNTUNED.**

- 1 MY harp untuned and laid aside,  
(To cheerful hours the harp belongs,)  
My cruel foes insulting cried;  
"Come, sing us one of Zion's songs."

- 2 Alas! When sinners, blindly bold,  
At Zion scoff, and Zion's King;  
When zeal declines and love grows cold,  
Is it a day for one to sing?
- 3 Time was, whene'er the saints I met,  
With joy and praise my bosom glowed;  
But now, like Eli, sad I sit,  
And tremble for the Ark of God.
- 4 While thus to grief my soul gave way,  
To see the work of God decline,  
Methought I heard the Saviour say,  
Dismiss thy fears, the Ark is mine.
- 5 Though for a time I hide my face,  
Rely upon my love and power;  
Still wrestle at the Throne of Grace,  
And wait for a reviving hour.

## **101. PRAYER.**

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,  
In coming to the mercy seat;  
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,  
And Satan trembles, when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when through weariness they fail'd.  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah, think again.  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creatures' ears  
With the sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
Hear what the Lord hath done for me!

## **102. THE VALLEY OF REPOSE.**

- 1 LOW down in this beautiful valley,  
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,  
Where loud storms of envy and folly,  
May roll on their billows in vain;  
The low soul in humble subjection,  
Shall here find unshaken protection,  
The soft gales of cheering reflection,  
The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.
- 2 This low vale is far from contention,  
Where no soul can dream of dissension,

No dark wiles of evil invention,  
 Can find out this region of peace;  
 O there, there, the Lord will deliver,  
 And souls drink of this beautiful river,  
 Whick flows peace for ever and ever,  
 Where love and joy trill ever increase.

### **103. THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.**

- 1 THE Christian warrior,—see him stand,  
 In the whole armor of his God;  
 The Spirit's sword is in his hand;  
 His feet are with the gospel shod.
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,  
 Salvation's helmet on his head,  
 With righteousness, a breastplate meet,  
 And faith's broad shield before him spread.
- 3 With this omnipotence he moves,  
 From this the alien armies flee;  
 Till more than conqueror he proves;  
 Thro' Christ, who gives him victory.
- 4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,  
 Sin, death and hell he tramples down.  
 Fights the good fight, and wins at length,  
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.

### **104. LORD'S PRAYER.**

- 1 OUR Father who in heaven art.

Hallowed be thy name;  
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.  
 In heav'n and earth the same.

**Chorus:**

Come, my Saviour; O my Saviour,  
 Come and bless thy people now,  
 While at thy feet we humbly bow,  
 O come and save us now.  
 Then will we sing our suff'rings o'er,  
 And praise thee evermore;  
 Then will we sing our suff'rings o'er,  
 And praise thee evermore.

- 2 Give us this day our daily bread;  
 Our trespasses forgive;  
 As we forgive our fellow-men,  
 May we thy grace receive.  
 Come, my Saviour, &c.
  
- 3 And in temptation leave us not;  
 From evil us defend;  
 For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,  
 For ever, without end.  
 Come, my Saviour, &c.
  
- 4 Thine is the power, O Lord, to bring  
 The kingdom down to men;  
 Thine is the glory evermore,  
 And kingdom without end.  
 Come, my Saviour, &c.
  
- 5 In that glad day shall all thy saints  
 A joyful tribute bring,  
 Of praise and power, of joy and song,

To their exalted King.  
Come, my Saviour, &c.

### **105. WHEN STRANGERS STAND.**

- 1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,  
Where he is gone they fain would know,  
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 O may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith above the skies.  
Till I shall make my last remove,  
To dwell for ever with my love.
- 3 In paradise within the gates,  
In higher entertainment waits;  
Fruits new and old laid up in store,  
There we shall feed—but want no more.
- 4 Come, my beloved, haste away,  
Cut short the hours of thy delay;  
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,  
Over the hills where spices grow.

### **106. COME ALL YE SONS OF ZION.**

- 1 COME, all ye sons of Zion  
Who are waiting for salvation,  
Have your lamps trimm'd and burning,  
For behold the proclamation—  
Saying, all things now are ready

For the poor and for the needy;  
 All my fatlings now are killed,  
 And prepared on the table.

2 Arise, and get ready,  
 Hasten to the marriage supper  
 While the Bridegroom is calling,  
 And Christians are rejoicing,  
 See the Lord of Life descending,  
 And the judgment trumpet sounding  
 Now to gather all the nations  
 To the final Judgment Day.

3 O, what a happy meeting,  
 When salvation is completed,  
 And all tribulation ended,  
 And the spotless robe prepared  
 For the Bride to be adorned,  
 And the saints will then be crowned,  
 Saying, Worthy is the Lamb  
 In the New Jerusalem.

## **107. WHY SLEEP YE!**

1 WHY sleep ye, my brethren! Come, let us arise,  
 O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize!  
 Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,  
 O, let us be zealous, awake, and repent.

2 O, how can ye slumber, our foes are awake,  
 To ruin poor souls every effort they make;  
 To accomplish their object, no means are untried,  
 The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.



- 3 O, how can ye slumber! Backsliders look round;  
Before the last trumpet, your hearts shall confound;  
O, fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day;  
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.

### **108. THE JUDGMENT.**

- 1 AND must I be to judgment brought,  
And answer in that day,  
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,  
And ev'ry word I say?
- 2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert,  
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live!  
With what religious fear;  
Who, such a strict account must give  
For my behavior here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
To all I speak or do.

### **109. MY BIBLE.**

- 1 O GIVE me my Bible—the statutes of heaven—  
Its great constitution I know to be pure;  
Its laws and its by-laws in justice are given,

And all is divine, and unalterably sure.  
I know when I read them, in love they were blended,  
Nor one disannulled since the time they were framed,  
No foul legislation has ever amended  
One jot or one tittle that therein is named.  
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
The family Bible, that lays on the stand.

- 2 Tho' thousands have written a substitute for them,  
To sway over others the sceptre and sword;  
Yet ever unaltered these laws lie before them;  
Unchanged and immutable—word of the Lord.  
Then give me my Bible, and let me obey it,  
Instead of the statutes and doctrines of men;  
Aside for a moment, forbid I should lay it,  
To listen and argue for dogmas again.  
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
The family Bible, that lays on the stand.

# SABBATH HYMNS.



## HYMN 110.

- 1 COME peaceful Day! Divinely blest!  
     Sweetly thy glories would we sing—  
     Memorial of that Sacred Rest  
     Of Creation's Mighty King.  
     This hallowed time to man was given—  
     A foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
  
- 2 Ye saints awake, with joyful lay,  
     Behold its rising light, divine;  
     To God your grateful homage pay,  
     Its radiant beams around us shine.  
     Welcome the day he calls his own,  
     And fervent worship at his throne.
  
- 3 Hark ! Through the shining courts above,  
     What rapturous praises echo now!  
     Around that Holy Law of Love,  
     Seraphs in adoration bow.  
     Let earth, responsive to the strain;  
     Exalt alone Jehovah's name.
  
- 4 All hail! Thou bright Immortal Day!  
     When at His Temple all adore  
     His scepter's universal sway—  
     Observed in glory evermore ;

When Zion shall in triumph reign,  
And Eden bloom on earth again.

### **HYMN 111.**

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our laboring souls aspire,  
With ardent hope, and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
No sin nor death can reach that place,  
No tears shall mingle with the songs  
That warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarm of raging foes,  
No cares to break their long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O, long expected day begin,  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Fain would I leave this weary road,  
And go to meet my blessed Lord.

### **HYMN 112.**

- 1 THINE Holy day's returning,  
Our hearts exult to see,  
And, with devotion burning,  
Ascend, Great God, to thee.  
To day with purest pleasure,

Our thoughts from earth withdraw;  
 We search for heavenly treasure,  
 We learn thy holy law.

- 2 We join to sing thy praises,  
 O, God, of Sabbath day!  
 Each voice in gladness raises  
 Its loudest, sweetest lay.  
 Thy richest mercies sharing—  
 Inspire us with thy love;  
 By grace our souls preparing  
 For nobler praise above.

### **HYMN 113.**

- 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 by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
 O, may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,  
 Then I shall share a glorious part;  
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
 All I desir'd or wish'd below;  
 And every hour find sweet employ,

In that eternal world of joy.

## **HYMN 114.**

- 1 THE God that made the earth,  
And all the worlds on high,  
Who gave all creatures birth,  
In earth, and sea, and sky,  
After six days in work employed,  
Upon the seventh a rest enjoyed.
  
- 2 The Sabbath day was blest,  
Hallowed and sanctified;  
It was Jehovah's rest,  
And so it must abide.  
'Twas set apart before the fall,  
'Twas made for man, 'twas made for all.
  
- 3 And when from Sinai's mount,  
Amidst the fire and smoke,  
Jehovah did recount,  
And all his precepts spoke,  
He claimed the Rest-day as his own,  
And wrote it with his law, on stone.
  
- 4 The Son of God appeared,  
With tidings of great joy;  
God's precepts he revered,  
He came not to destroy;  
None of the law was set aside.  
But every tittle ratified.
  
- 5 Our Saviour did not die

To render null and void,  
 The law of the Most High,  
 Which cannot be destroyed;  
 But bruised for us, our stripes he bore—  
 We'll go in peace and sin no more.

- 6 Blessed are they that do  
 The Father's just commands;  
 They shall the City view,  
 Made not by human hands;  
 Its gates will open to the blest,  
 And they will share that glorious rest.

### **HYMN 115.**

- 1 BEHOLD a light appears,  
 The holy Sabbath day,  
 And magnified so clear,  
 That none may need to stray;  
 Though small at first, as sun beam's ray,  
 Its strength ascends to perfect day.
- 2 Hebrews in Egypt's land  
 Must all receive a sign,  
 When forth from Pharaoh's hand  
 Deliverance was design'd;  
 A sign, a token, thus shall be,  
 Before the earth and heavens flee.
- 3 The Sabbath is a sign,  
 A mark which all may see,  
 And sure will draw a line  
 When servants all are seal'd,

And while destruction's in the land,  
This mark will guard the waiting band.

- 4 Then wrath in vengeance comes,  
The great and dreadful day!  
God's voice in thunder tones,  
Shakes heaven and earth and sea;  
Ye living saints who faithful be,  
No plague shall o'er come nigh to thee.

### **HYMN 116.**

- 1 HAIL, peaceful morn, thy dawn I hail,  
How do thy hours my mind regale  
With feasts of heavenly joy;  
Nor can I half thy blessings name,  
Which kindle in my soul a flame,  
And all my powers employ.
- 2 How shall I best improve thy hours?  
Lord on me shed in copious showers  
Thy Spirit, and thy grace;  
That when thy sacred courts I tread,  
My soul may eat the heavenly bread,  
And sing Jehovah's praise.
- 3 Thou hallow'd season of repose,  
Thou balm to soothe the throbbing woes,  
Of this care-stricken breast;  
Thy sacred hours I'll ever, greet,  
And with the faithful will I meet,  
To taste thy holy rest.



- 4 Then to my closet I'll repair,  
 With awe to talk with God in pray'r,  
 And all my griefs to tell;  
 His kind compassion will relieve,  
 His bounteous hand will mercies give,  
 And with the contrite dwell.
- 5 Thus may the Sabbath pass away,  
 My best, my holiest, happiest day,  
 The sweetest of the seven;  
 But yet a rest for saints remains,  
 The Sabbath free from ills and pains,  
 Eternal, and in heaven.

### **HYMN 117.**

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
 Another Sabbath is begun,  
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
 Improve the day that God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds;  
 A blessed antepast is given,  
 On this day more than all the seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
 As grateful incense to the skies;  
 And draw from Christ that sweet repose  
 Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast;  
 Is the best pledge of glorious rest,

Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

### **HYMN 118.**

- 1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,  
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;  
When like his own, he bade our labors cease,  
And all be piety, and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn his will, and all the learn obey;  
So shall he hear when fervently we raise  
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.
- 3 Father in heaven! In whom our hopes confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;  
Through life our surest guardian and friend,  
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

### **HYMN 119.**

- 1 SWEET is the last, the parting ray,  
That ushers placid evening in;  
When with the still, expiring day,  
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin:  
How grateful to the anxious breast,  
The sacred hours of holy rest!
- 2 Hush'd is the tumult of the day,  
And worldly cares and labors cease;  
While soft the vesper breezes play,

To hymn the glad return of peace;  
Delightful season, kindly given  
To turn the wand'ring thoughts to heav'n.

### **HYMN 120.**

- 1 This is the day of sacred rest,  
Which God has sanctified and blest,  
When on his throne the Almighty stood,  
And viewed his works, and called them good.
- 2 The heavenly hosts their harps employ,  
The sons of God gave shouts of joy;  
Thro' heaven and earth his praises rang,  
The morning stars together sang.
- 3 Come, then, ye weary souls oppress'd,  
Come and enjoy this holy rest;  
Let humble songs like incense rise,  
And prayer and praise ascend the skies.

### **HYMN 121.**

- 1 DEAR Lord, we would thy praises sing,  
On this, thy holy day;  
With grateful hearts our tribute bring,  
And to thee homage pay.
- 2 This day, which thou for us hast blest,  
And set apart as thine;  
This day, when God himself did rest,  
Hath honors all divine.

- 3 Lord, we would turn away our feet  
From this, thy holy day;  
And call its rest and worship sweet,  
Not doing our own way.
- 4 That we may thus restore the breach,  
Which in thy law is made;  
We need thy grace our hearts to teach,  
We need thy Spirit's aid.
- 5 O give us wisdom from above,  
To worship thee aright;  
Till we shall meet him whom we love,  
And faith is lost in sight.

## **HYMN 122.**

- 1 THY holy Sabbath, Lord,  
Thy people hail with joy;  
And while we wait to hear thy word,  
Let praise our hearts employ.
- 2 With sweet delight, the day  
That thou hast called thine own,  
We hail, and all our homage pay  
To thy exalted throne.
- 3 O, may thy saints be blest;  
Assist us while we pray;  
May we enjoy a holy rest,  
And keep the sacred day.

**HYMN 123.**

- 1 WELCOME, the Sabbath hour,  
The holy and the blest!  
With sweet, subduing power,  
It calms the soul to rest;  
And hope and love spring up anew.  
To cheer us on, our journey through.
  
- 2 Our only care and aim  
Throughout this hallow'd day,  
To glorify thy name,  
And grateful honors pay;  
Advance the glory of thy cause,  
And vindicate thy righteous laws.
  
- 3 Descend, Celestial Dove!  
E'en while we wait and sing!  
Come from the throne of love,  
With healing on thy wing!  
With ardent zeal each heart inspire,  
The saints baptize with holy fire.

**HYMN 124.**

- 1 THE light of Sabbath eve  
Is fading fast away;  
What record will it for us leave,  
To crown the closing day.
  
- 2 Is it a Sabbath spent,  
Of fruitless time destroyed?  
Or have these moments to us lent,

Been sacredly employed.

- 3 To waste these Sabbath hours,  
 O may we never dare;  
 Nor desecrate with words of ours  
 These sacred days of prayer.
- 4 But may our Sabbaths here  
 Inspire our hearts with love;  
 And prove a blessed foretaste clear,  
 Of that sweet rest above.

### **HYMN 125.**

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, day of rest,  
 To the world in kindness given;  
 Welcome to this humble breast,  
 As the beaming light from heaven.
- 2 Day of calm and sweet repose,  
 Gently now thy moments run;  
 Balm to soothe our cares and woes,  
 Till our labor here is done.
- 3 Holy day, that most we prize,  
 Day of solemn praise and prayer;  
 Day to make the simple wise,  
 O, how great thy blessings are!
- 4 Welcome, welcome, day of rest,  
 With thy influence all divine;  
 May thy hallowed hours be blest,  
 To this feeble heart of mine.

# BAPTISM.



## HYMN 126.

- 1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,  
Take thy cross and follow me;  
Shall the word with terror seize us?  
Shall we from thy burden flee?  
Lord, I'll take it,  
And rejoicing, follow thee.
  
- 2 While this liquid tomb surveying,  
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,  
Shall I shun its brink, betraying  
Feelings worthy of a slave?  
No! I'll enter;  
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
  
- 3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,  
Saviour, of thy love for me;  
But more blest the love that binds me  
In its deathless bonds to thee;  
O what pleasure,  
Buried with my Lord to be!
  
- 4 Should it rend some fond connection,  
Should I suffer shame or loss,  
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,  
I have been where Jesus was,

Will revive me  
When I faint beneath the cross.

- 5 Fellowship with him possessing,  
Let me die to earth and sin;  
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing  
Which the faithful soul shall win:  
May I ever  
Follow where my Lord has been.

### **HYMN 127.**

- 1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave  
The great Redeemer lies;  
Faith views him in the watery grave,  
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus do his willing saints to-day,  
Their ardent zeal express,  
And in the Lord's appointed way,  
Fulfill all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footstep tread,  
And would his cause maintain—  
Like him be numbered with the dead,  
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,  
And drives our fears away;  
When he commands, and strength imparts,  
We cheerfully obey.



**HYMN 128.**

- 1 HUMBLE souls that seek salvation,  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,  
Hear the voice of revelation,  
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
  
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,  
Listen to his gracious voice;  
Dread no ills that can befall you,  
While you make his ways your choice.
  
- 3 Jesus says, let each believer  
Be baptized in my name;  
He himself in Jordan's river  
Was immersed beneath the stream.
  
- 4 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,  
Follow him without delay;  
Gladly his command embracing;  
Lo! Your Captain leads the way.

**HYMN 129.**

- 1 BURIED with Christ! Yes, thus we lie  
Immers'd beneath the wave;  
So he, the Saviour from on high,  
Found on this earth, his grave.
  
- 2 We rise with him! To live anew  
A holy life of faith;  
Believing what this brings to view,  
And what the scripture saith.

- 3 The glorious resurrection morn!  
 When Jesus from the skies  
 Descending, whence he now hath gone,  
 Shall bid the sleeping rise.
- 4 Eternal life we then receive  
 From him our blessed Lord;  
 Help us, O Father, to believe,  
 And trust thy holy word.

### **HYMN 130.**

- 1 SALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,  
 In ancient time to Jordan came;  
 All righteousness to fill;  
 'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,  
 Whose name was John, a man of God,  
 To do his Master's will.
- 2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream  
 The Baptist led the holy Lamb,  
 And there did him baptize:  
 Jehovah saw his darling Son,  
 And was well pleased in what he'd done,  
 And own'd him from the skies.
- 3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries;  
 On him to rest the Spirit flies;  
 Oh, children, hear ye him!  
 Hark! 'Tis his voice, behold he cries—  
 Repent, believe, and be baptize,  
 And Christ will save from sin.

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

### **HYMN 131.**

- 1 'TIS down into the water  
 Where we believers go,  
 To serve our Lord and Master  
 In righteous acts below;  
 We lay our mortal bodies  
 Beneath the yielding wave,  
 An emblem of the Saviour,  
 When he laid in the grave.
- 2 The light of truth is spreading,  
 And shining now for thee;  
 And sweet its notes are sounding  
 To set the captive free.  
 And while this glorious message  
 Is circulating round,  
 Some souls exposed to ruin,  
 Redeeming grace have found.
- 3 And of that happy number,  
 I hope that I am one,  
 And Jesus he will finish  
 The work he has begun;  
 He'll cut it short in righteousness  
 And I'll for ever be

A monument of mercy,  
To all eternity.

- 4 Come all ye elder brethren,  
Who 're soldiers of the cross,  
Who for the sake of Jesus  
Have counted all things dross,  
Come, let us take new courage,  
That we may travel on,  
Till Jesus comes in glory,  
To take his children home.

### **HYMN 132.**

- 1 DOWN to the sacred wave.  
The Lord of life was led;  
And he who came our souls to save  
In Jordan bowed his head.
- 2 He taught the solemn way;  
He fixed the holy rite;  
He bade his ransomed ones obey,  
And keep the path of light.
- 3 Blest Saviour, we will tread  
In thy appointed way;  
Let glory oer these scenes be shed,  
And smile on us to-day.

### **HYMN 133.**

- 1 HERE, Saviour, we would come,

In thine appointed way;  
Obedient to thy high commands,  
Our solemn vows we pay.

- 2 O, bless this sacred rite,  
To bring us near to thee;  
And may we find that as our day  
Our strength may also be.



# LORD'S SUPPER.



## HYMN 134.

- 1 WITH Jesus in our midst  
We gather round the board;  
Though many, we are one in Christ,  
One body in the Lord.
- 2 Our sins were laid on him  
When bruised on Calvary;  
For us he died and rose again,  
A pledge of victory.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,  
And drinks the living wine;  
Thus we, in love together knit,  
On Jesus' breast recline.
- 4 Soon shall the night be gone,  
And we with Jesus reign;  
The marriage supper of the Lamb  
Shall banish every pain.
- 5 Then let our powers unite,  
His glorious name to raise;  
And holy joy fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

**HYMN 135.**

- 1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,  
Thy suff'rings and thy death,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;  
But would receive with faith.
- 2 The tokens sent us to relieve  
Our spirits when they droop,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;  
But would receive with hope.
- 3 The pledges thou wast pleased to leave,  
Our mournful minds to move,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with love.
- 4 Here, in obedience to thy word,  
We take the bread and wine;  
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,  
For all beyond is thine.
- 5 Increase our faith and hope, and love;  
Lord, give us every good:  
We would thy salvation prove,  
And share thy flesh and blood.

**HYMN 136.**

- 1 COMING, Saviour, now in faith,  
We remember still thy death,  
Thou wast broken—thou hast died,  
For us thou wast crucified.



- 2 While in faith we drink the wine,  
Of thy blood we see the sign,  
Wash us pure from every stain,  
Thou that comest soon to reign.
- 3 Lord, we thus remember thee;  
But we long thy face to see—  
Long to reach our heav'nly home,  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!
- 4 Quickly, thou thyself wilt come,  
Thou wilt raise us to thy throne  
And thy glories here display  
To a never ending day.

### **HYMN 137.**

- 1 THY broken body, gracious Lord!  
Is shadowed by this broken bread,  
The wine which in this cup is pour'd,  
Points to the blood which thou hast shed.
- 2 And while we meet together thus,  
We show that we are one in thee:  
Thy precious blood was shed for us,  
Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.
- 3 We have one hope—that thou wilt come:  
Thee in the air we wait to see:  
When thou wilt give thy saints a home,  
And we shall ever reign with thee.

**HYMN 138.**  
THE SANCTUARY.

- 1 THERE is a house in heaven built,  
The temple of the living God,  
The tabernacle true, where guilt  
Is washed away by precious blood.
- 2 Long since, our High Priest entered there,  
Who knows the frailties of our frame;  
Who loves to hear his people's prayer,  
And offer to our God the same.
- 3 The daily ministry by bore,  
Till ended the prophetic days;  
He opened then the inner door,  
To justify the sacred place.
- 4 Before the Ark of Ten Commands,  
On which the Mercy-seat is placed,  
Presenting his own blood, he stands,  
Till Israel's sins are all erased.
- 5 This work performed; the firm decree  
Will pass on all the sons of men,  
He that is filthy, let him be,  
He that is holy so remain.
- 6 To Christ let living faith ascend,  
Keep God's Commandments, patient wait,  
Till we shall see our Dearest Friend,  
And pass, with him, the pearly gate.

**HYMN 139.**

## HUMILITY.

- 1 OUR Saviour, meek and lowly, came,  
And taught his people here the same;  
Who an example set, that they,  
All his precepts might obey.
- 2 For on that night he was betray'd,  
He for us all a pattern laid—  
Soon as his supper he did eat,  
He rose and wash'd his brethren's feet.
- 3 The Lord who made the earth and sky,  
Arose and laid his garments by,  
And wash'd their feet to show that we,  
Like Christ, should always humble be.
- 4 He wash'd them all, tho' all wore clean  
Save Judas, who was full of sin.  
May none of us, like Judas, sell  
Our Lord for gold, and go to hell.
- 5 Said Peter, Lord, it shall not be;  
Thou shall not stoop to washing me:  
Oh, that no Christian now may say,  
I cannot Jesus' word obey.
- 6 Ye call me Lord, and Master too;  
Then do as I have done to you;  
All my commands and sayings keep,  
And show your love by washing feet.
- 7 Ye shall be happy, if ye know

And do these things, by faith below;  
For I'll protect you till I come,  
And then I'll take you to your home.

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SUPPLEMENT  
TO  
ADVENT AND SABBATH  
HYMNS.



**HYMN 1.**

- 1 DELIGHTFUL day! First gift of Heaven  
To man, of Eden then possessed,  
Jehovah's Rest-day, kindly given,  
That all his creatures might be blessed.
- 2 Memorial of Creation's King,  
We welcome now thy glad return;  
And While His praise we join to sing,  
Our hearts with love and rapture burn.
- 3 We bless thy name Almighty Lord,  
We love the keep-sake thou hast given;  
Our voices raise, with one accord,  
In honor of the King of Heaven.
- 4 All praise to Jesus, by whose blood  
We are redeemed from sin and death,  
Give glory to the Son of God—

Praise him all creatures that have breath.

- 5 By sin, we were exposed to wrath—  
 He died for us, that he might draw  
 Our wandering feet to virtue's path,  
 Where we may keep God's holy law.
- 6 That law shall still be our delight,  
 The holy Sabbath is a part,  
 And when we gain that world so bright,  
 All flesh will keep it with one heart.

## **HYMN 2.**

- 1 LONG for my Saviour I've been waiting,  
 Longtime have watched by night and day;  
 Feared, lest my faith and hope abating,  
 I should lose courage by the way.

### **Chorus:**

- Jesus soon is coming;  
 This is my song—  
 Cheers the heart when joys depart,  
 And foes are pressing strong.
- 2 Here in this vale of sin and sorrow,  
 I have been wandering many years;  
 Still looking for that happy morrow,  
 When God would wipe away my tears.  
 Jesus soon is coming, &c.
- 3 Oft times the Tempter comes in power,  
 Fain then would lead my steps astray;

But when the clouds begin to lower,  
 Hope turns the darkness into day.  
 Jesus soon is coming, &c.

- 4 O, it will be but little longer,  
 I must these many woes endure;  
 Then let my faith and hope grow stronger,  
 My Father's promise still is sure.  
 Jesus soon is coming, &c.

### **HYMN 3.**

- 1 A SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made:  
 Thou art my Captain; Priest and Head;  
 And under thee I sure will fight  
 The fight of faith with all my might.  
 The cross all stained with hallow'd blood,  
 The ensign of our conquering Lord,  
 The Christian soldier's standard is,  
 And I will fight for King Jesus.
- 2 Then, O my Lord, keep me, I pray,  
 That I may run the narrow way,  
 And from my duty ne'er depart,  
 But live to Christ with all my heart;  
 Help me to walk in humbleness—  
 March in the way of holiness,  
 Oh, make me pure and spotless too,  
 And fit to stand the grand review.
- 3 That when our General shall come,  
 With sound of trumpet, not of drum,  
 'Tis then our well-dressed ranks shall stand

In full review at God's right hand.  
 And when our foes shall get the route,  
 And Jesus wheels them left about,  
 Then we'll march up the golden street,  
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

- 4 The war is o'er, and we are free  
 To join the blood-washed company:  
 Our wages shall be harps of gold,  
 And songs of praise that can't be told.  
 There we shall drink rich draughts of wine,  
 The band of music we shall join,  
 And hallelujah's highest key  
 Shall be our theme eternally.

#### **HYMN 4.**

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ arise,  
 And put your armor on;  
 Fight, for the battle will be ours:  
 We fight to win a crown.
- 2 We fight not against flesh;  
 We wrestle not with blood;  
 But principalities and powers,  
 And for the truth of God.
- 3 With wicked spirits too,  
 That on high places stand,  
 Perverting oft the word of God,  
 And say 'tis by command.
- 4 Put all the armor on—

Like valiant soldiers stand—  
 Let all your loins be girt with truth,  
 Waiting our Lord's command.

- 5 While Jesus is our friend,  
 The Spirit is our guide,  
 We'll march like valiant soldiers on;  
 We're sure to win the prize.
- 6 The battle's almost o'er;  
 The race is nearly run;  
 Then, with our glorious conq'ring King,  
 We'll sit down on his throne.

## **HYMN 5.**

- 1 THERE is a world to come,  
 Blessed and pure;  
 It is the Christian's home,  
 Long to endure.  
 O, 'tis a world most bright;  
 No more death, nor woe, nor night.  
 Faith views it with delight;  
 Knowing 'tis sure.
- 2 There Jesus Christ shall reign,  
 All glorious King!  
 There music's rapturous strain  
 Ever will ring;  
 Saints, who, in ages by,  
 Suffered, and were called to die,  
 There in sweet harmony,  
 Anthems will sing.

- 3 O, 'twill be paradise,  
Eden restored;  
All beauteous in their eyes  
Who love the Word:  
Wastes, that are now so drear,  
Like the rose shall blossom there,  
And be a garden fair,  
As saith the Lord.
- 4 There Life's unfailing tree  
Will bloom most fair;  
And immortality  
Its leaves shall bear:  
While a pure stream will flow,  
And a joy no mortals know  
Will to each soul bestow  
Who enters there.
- 5 O, that bright world to come!  
Tongue cannot tell  
How blessed is the home  
Where saints will dwell:  
Turn then from sin away,  
And the Word of God obey,  
Then at the last great day,  
All will be well.

## **HYMN 6.**

- 1 THIS groaning earth is too dark and drear,  
For the saints' eternal home;  
But the City from heaven will soon appear,  
We know that the moment is drawing near,

When she in her glory shall come.  
 Her gates of pearl we soon shall see,  
 And her music we soon shall hear,  
 Joyous and bright our home shall be,  
 And we'll walk in the shadow of life's fair tree,  
 With our Saviour for ever near.

2 We'll gladly exchange a world like this,  
 Where death triumphant reigns,  
 For a beautiful home in that land of bliss,  
 Where all is happiness, joy and peace,  
 And nothing can enter that pains.  
 There is no more sorrow and no more night;  
 For the darkness shall flee away,  
 The crucified Lamb is its glorious light,  
 And the saints shall walk with him in white,  
 In that happy eternal day.

3 O there the loved of earth will meet  
 Whom death has sundered here,  
 The Prophets and Patriarchs there we'll greet,  
 And all shall worship at Jesus' feet,  
 No more separation to fear.  
 Though trials and grief await us here,  
 The conflict will shortly be o'er;  
 This glorious hope our hearts doth cheer,  
 We know that our Saviour will soon appear,  
 And then we shall grieve no more.

## **HYMN 7.**

1 I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;  
 I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night;

Do not detain me, for I am going  
 To where the fountains are ever flowing.  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

2 There the glory is ever shining!  
 O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;  
 Here in this country so dark and dreary,  
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary.  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

3 There's the City to which I journey;  
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!  
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying.  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

4 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,  
 In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed,  
 He who has form'd thee, will soon restore thee,  
 And then thy dread curse shall never more be.  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
 Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

## **HYMN 8.**

1 OUR bondage it will end by and by, when he comes,  
 Our bondage it will end when he comes;  
 And from Egypt's yoke set free,  
 Hail the glorious jubilee,  
 And to glory we'll return by and by when he comes,  
 And to glory we'll return when he comes.

2 Our Deliverer, he will come, by and by,



And our sorrows have an end,  
 When our Saviour shall descend,  
 And glory crown the day by and by when he comes,  
 And glory crown the day when he comes.

3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on,  
 Though our hearts do sometimes fear,  
 Lo Israel's God is near,  
 And the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on, &c.

4 And when to Jordan's flood, we are come,  
 Jehovah swells the tide,  
 And the waters he'll divide,  
 And the ransom'd hosts will shout, we are come, &c.

5 There friends shall meet again, who have loved,  
 And their union will be sweet,  
 At the Redeemer's feet,  
 When we meet to part no more, who have loved, &c.

6 There with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice,  
 Shouting glory to our King,  
 Till the vaults of Heaven ring,  
 And to all eternity, we'll rejoice, &c.

## **HYMN 9.**

1 THE old Israelites knew  
 What it was they must do,  
 If fair Canaan they ever possessed:  
 They must still keep in sight  
 Of that pillar of light  
 Which then led to that promised rest;

For the camps on the road  
Could not be their abode;  
But as oft as the trumpet did blow,  
All glad of a chance  
Of a further advance,  
They'd take up their baggage and go.

- 2 We are little, 'tis true  
And our numbers are few,  
And the sons of old Anak are tall;  
With the resolute few  
I'm resolved to go through,  
And go on at the risk of my all.  
'Tis union I seek  
With the pure and the meek,  
And an end of all discord and strife.  
Since I've fixed my eyes  
On the heavenly prize  
I'll go on at the risk of my life.
- 3 The way it is new,  
As it opens to view,  
And behind us a foaming red sea.  
So none need to speak  
Of an onion or leek,  
Or talk about garlics to me;  
For I'm in pursuit,  
And must have the good fruit,  
Which in Canaan's rich valley doth grow.  
Though millions of foes  
Should rise to oppose,  
For one I'm determined to go.
- 4 When Israel came out  
They were most devout,

A cloud went before them by day.  
In eve there was light  
From a pillar so bright,  
Which shone on their wilderness way.  
They had manna to eat,  
And quails for their meat,  
And clothing which lasted them through;  
To Jordan they came,  
In Immanuel's name  
The current rolled back at their view.

5 The city they found,  
Which they did surround  
As Joshua gave the command;  
The walls thick and tall,  
But down they do fall,  
They took all the promised land;  
The giants they fell  
As the scriptures do tell,  
And kings into caves they did flee;  
The sun it stood still  
At their Captain's good will,  
While slaughtered by thousands they be.

6 So I will not fear,  
But onward I'll steer,  
A land that is better to see;  
While I see the track,  
I will never look back'  
But quick to the mountains will flee.  
The Lord is my king,  
His praise I will sing  
For pardon that's granted so free;  
The Holy Ghost too  
Which made me anew,

The King in his beauty to see.

## **HYMN 10.**

- 1 THERE is a holy city,  
 A happy place above,  
 Among the starry regions,  
 Built by the God of love.

### **Chorus:**

Yes, we'll march around Jerusalem,  
 We'll march around Jerusalem,  
 We'll march around Jerusalem,  
 When we arrive at home.

- 2 There Jesus sits exalted,  
 In God-like majesty;  
 The angels bow before him,  
 The elders bend the knee.  
 While we'll march around Jerusalem, &c.

- 3 Is this the man of sorrows  
 Who stood at Pilate's bar—  
 Condemned by haughty Herod,  
 And by his men of war?  
 Yes we'll march around Jerusalem, &c.

- 4 He seems a mighty conqueror,  
 Who spoiled the powers below,  
 And ransomed many captives  
 From sin, from want and woe.  
 We'll shout around Jerusalem, &c.

**HYMN 11.**

- 1 I'M glad I ever heard the cry,  
We'll all rise together in the morning;  
My Saviour's coming from the sky,  
We'll all rise together in the morning.

**Chorus:**

In the morning, resurrection morning,  
We'll all rise together in the morning.

- 2 A righteous crown we soon shall wear,  
We'll all rise together in the morning;  
It will outshine the morning star,  
We'll all rise together in the morning.
- 3 The blessed Saviour then will come,  
We'll all rise together in the morning;  
To take his holy people home,  
We'll all rise together in the morning.
- 4 You'll see him coming in a cloud,  
We'll all rise together in the morning;  
Then all the saints will shout aloud,  
We'll all rise together in the morning.
- 5 O, glorious hope—O, blest abode,  
We'll all rise together in the morning;  
I shall be there, and like my Lord,  
We'll all rise together in the morning.

**HYMN 12.**

- 1 OH, no, we cannot sing our songs,  
 Our glad and cheerful lays;  
 Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings,  
 To Zion's joyful strains.  
 They bid us be in mirthful mood,  
 And dry these tears so sad;  
 But Judah's hearths are desolate,  
 And how can we be glad?
- 2 Our silent harps o'er Babel's streams  
 Are hung on willows lone,  
 We'll mourn until our absent Lord  
 Returns to claim his own.  
 When 'neath the curse the groaning earth,  
 Moans forth her plaintive prayer,  
 How can we sing with joy and mirth?  
 Oh, no, her grief we'll share.
- 3 How can we sing when martyrs mourn—  
 "How long, O Lord, how long?"  
 How can our souls gush forth in joy,  
 And swell with raptured song?  
 Then bid us not refrain from grief,  
 For we must still be sad;  
 Until the "morning star" arise,  
 We swill no more be glad.

**HYMN 13.**

- 1 SAW one weary, sad and torn,  
 With eager steps, press on the way,

Who long the hallowed cross had borne,  
Still looking for the promised day;  
While many a line of grief and care  
Upon his brow was furrowed there—  
I asked, what buoyed his spirits up,  
O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

2 And one, I saw, with sword and shield;  
Who boldly braved the world's cold frown  
And fought, unyielding, on the field,  
To win an everlasting crown.  
Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,  
No murmur from his heart arose;  
I asked, what buoyed his spirits up,  
O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

3 And there was one who left behind,  
The cherished friends of early years,  
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned  
To tread the path bedewed with tears.  
Through trials deep, and conflicts sore,  
Yet still a smile of joy he wore;  
I asked, what buoyed his spirits up,  
O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

4 While pilgrims here, we journey on  
In this dark vale of sin and gloom,  
Through tribulation, hate and scorn,  
Or through the portals of the tomb;  
'Till our returning King shall come,  
To take his exiled captives home,  
O, what can buoy the spirits up?  
'Tis this alone—that Blessed Hope!

**HYMN 14.**

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumb'ring care,  
And spend the hours of setting day,  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes to come;  
The prospect doth my strength renew  
While here away from home.

**HYMN 15.**

- 1 I AM weary of staying—O fain would I rest  
In the earth that's renewed, the home of the blest;  
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,  
And tears and temptations for ever are fled.
- 2 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth;  
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth;  
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage;  
O'er the blightings of youth and the weakness of age.



- 3 I am weary of loving what passes away;  
The sweetest, and dearest, alas, may not stay!  
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,  
And death and the tomb can divide us no more.

## **HYMN 16.**

- 1 TO-day the Saviour calls!  
Ye wand'ers come;  
O, ye benighted souls.  
Why longer roam.
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls!  
O, listen now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls!  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of vengeance falls;  
Ruin is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day!  
Yield to his pow'r:  
Oh, grieve him not away;  
'Tis mercy's hour.

## **HYMN 17.**

- 1 HOW happy is the man  
Who has chosen wisdom's ways,  
And measured out his span

To his God in prayer and praise.  
His God and his Bible  
Are all that he desires;  
To holiness of heart and life  
He constantly aspires;  
In poverty he's happy,  
For he knows he has a friend  
Who never will forsake him,  
And on whom he can depend.

- 2 He rises in the morning,  
With the lark he tunes his lays,  
And offers up a tribute  
To his God in prayer and praise;  
And then unto his labor  
He cheerfully repairs,  
In confidence, believing  
His God will hear his prayers.  
Whatever he engages in,  
At home or far abroad,  
His object is to honor  
And to glorify his God.

- 3 He hails with joy the moment,  
That rolls the Sabbath round;  
Then in the courts of Zion  
With great delight he's found.  
His place among believers,  
He seldom fails to fill,  
And at the sacred altar bows,  
To do his Master's will.  
He gives of his abundance,  
The poor to clothe and feed,  
And cares for all around him,  
According to their need.

- 4 In sickness, pain and sorrow  
    He never will repine,  
While he is drawing nourishment  
    From Christ the living vine.  
When trouble presses heavily,  
    He leans on Jesus' breast,  
And in his precious promises  
    He finds a quiet rest.  
The yoke of Christ is easy,  
    The burden always light;  
They never make him weary  
    While Canaan is in sight.
- 5 There he'll be for ever happy,  
    For he's joined the holy band,  
He's received the crown of glory,  
    And a palm is in his hand;  
With saints and priests and prophets,  
    He'll strike the golden lyre,  
And shout loud hallelujahs  
    With all the heav'nly choir.  
He's happy now eternally,  
    His joys are all complete,  
With the angels he is bowing  
    Around the Saviour's feet.

### **HYMN 18.**

- 1 HARK! hark ! Hear the blest tidings;  
    Soon, soon, Jesus will come,  
Robed, robed in honor and glory,  
    To gather his ransomed ones home.

Yes, yes, O yes,  
To gather his ransomed ones home.

- 2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,  
Sing, sing glory, to God  
Soon, soon Jesus is coming,  
Publish the tidings abroad.
- 3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending,  
Shouts, shouts, filling the air;  
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,  
Jesus our Lord will appear.
- 4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,  
Shine, shine, visions to come,  
Soon, soon, we shall behold them,  
Cloudless and bright in our home.
- 5 Long, long, we have been waiting,  
Who, who, love his blest name;  
Now, now, we are delighting,  
Jesus is near to proclaim.
- 6 Still, still, rest on the promise,  
Cling, cling, fast to his word;  
Wait, wait, if he should tarry,  
Patiently wait for the Lord.

## **HYMN 19.**

- 1 O BROTHER be faithful! Soon Jesus will come,  
For whom we have waited so long;  
O soon we shall enter our glorious home,

And join in the conqueror's song.  
 O Brother be faithful! For why should we prove  
 Unfaithful to him who has shown  
 Such deep, such unbounded and infinite love—  
 Who died to redeem us his own.

2 O Brother be faithful! The City of gold,  
 Prepared for the good and the blest,  
 Is waiting its portals of pearl to unfold,  
 And welcome thee into thy rest;  
 Then Brother prove faithful! Not long shall we stay,  
 In weariness here and forlorn,  
 Time's dark night of sorrow is wearing away,  
 We haste to the glorious morn.

3 Brother be faithful! He soon will descend,  
 Creation's Omnipotent King,  
 While legions of angels his chariot attend;  
 And palm-wreaths of victory bring.  
 O Brother be faithful! And soon shalt thou hear  
 Thy Saviour pronounce the glad word,  
 Well done faithful servant, thy title is clear,  
 To enter the joy of thy Lord.

4 O Brother be faithful! Eternity's years  
 Shall tell for thy faithfulness now,  
 When bright smiles of gladness shall scatter thy tears,  
 And a coronet gleam on thy brow.  
 O Brother be faithful! The promise is sure;  
 That waits for the faithful and tried;  
 To reign with the ransomed, immortal and pure,  
 And ever with Jesus abide.

**HYMN 20.**

- 1 O LET Thy sweet Spirit descend from above,  
 Our hearts melt in humble contrition and love,  
 Cemented together in one let us be,  
 Thou Rock of Salvation, united in thee!  
 Let angels' bright pinions, now hovering nigh,  
 Bear upward the tidings, while to thee I cry,  
 O cleanse in that fountain of blood spilt for me,  
 Thou Rock of Salvation—and hide me in thee!
- 2 The rough, thorny path, faint and worn, we pursue,  
 Refresh with thy presence, our strength we renew,  
 By those living waters that flow full and free  
 From the Rock of Salvation, rejoicing in thee!  
 Thou Friend and Supporter when troubles appear,  
 Preserver from evil, temptation and fear,  
 O, now to thine arms for protection I flee,  
 Thou Rock of Salvation—O, hide me in thee!
- 3 Thy judgments, O Lord, soon in wrath will descend,  
 O'erwhelming with terror; the tempest will rend;  
 But firm a foundation, sure refuge I see  
 In the Rock of Salvation, above, cleft for me!  
 With all the redeemed, my glad voice would I raise,  
 And join in the songs to Immanuel's praise;  
 That at thine appearing I numbered may be,  
 Thou Rock of Salvation—O, hide me in thee!

**HYMN 21.**

- 1 WE'RE looking for a City,  
 When Eden is restored—

A City of foundations,  
Whose builder is the Lord.

**Chorus:**

O wished-for day,  
For thee we'll ever pray,  
For glory bright, in realms of light,  
To spend an endless day.

2 The kings of earth their glory,  
And honor there will bring,  
Within thy massive portals,  
Great City of our King.

3 The splendid arches glistening,  
Within the sacred dome,  
With waters clear as crystal,  
Proceeding from the throne.

4 The tree of life, so healing,  
On either side the stream,  
Whose branches, gently waving,  
Add grandeur to the scene.

5 O, be constrained to enter,  
Thro' Christ the living way;  
Then you can live for ever,  
In that eternal day.

**HYMN 22.**

1 JESUS died on Calvary's mountain,  
Long time ago,

And salvation's rolling fountain  
Now freely flows!

- 2 Once his voice, in tones of pity,  
Melted in woe;  
And he wept o'er Judah's City,  
Long time ago.
- 3 On his head the dews of mid-night  
Fell, long ago;  
Now a crown of dazzling sun-light  
Sits on his brow.
- 4 Jesus died—yet lives for ever,  
No more to die—  
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,  
Now reigns on high!
- 5 Now in heaven he's interceding  
For dying men;  
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,  
And come again.
- 6 Budding fig-trees tell that Summer  
Dawns o'er the land;  
Signs portend that Jesus' coming  
Is near at hand.
- 7 Children, let your lamps be burning,  
In hope of heaven,  
Waiting for our Lord's returning  
At dawn or even.
- 8 When he comes, a voice from heaven,  
Shall pierce the tomb—



"Come ye blessed of my Father,  
Children, come home."

### **HYMN 23.**

- 1 IT was not sleep that bound my sight,  
Upon that well-remembered night;  
It was not fancy's fitful power,  
Beguiled me in that solemn hour.  
But o'er the vision of my soul,  
The mystic future seemed to roll;  
And in the deep, prophetic trance,  
Revealed its treasures to my glance.
  
- 2 Before my wondering eyes there stood,  
A vast, a countless multitude;  
The hoary sire, the prattling child,  
The mother and the maiden mild.  
The gladsome youth, and man of care—  
All tribes, all ages, mingled there;  
And all, where'er I turned to see,  
In humble silence bent the knee.
  
- 3 Still o'er the crowded scene I gazed;  
Against the lurid eastern sky,  
I saw the shameful cross upraised;  
I saw the sufferer doomed to die.  
'Twas He whom late with sorrowing mein,  
In Zion's streets I oft had seen;  
And now in blood and agony,  
He turned a dying look on me.
  
- 4 Then softly from that gathering throng,

Arose the sound of solemn song;  
 And while I caught the swelling lay,  
 The myriad voices seemed to say:—  
 "And we believe in him that died,  
 By Pontius Pilate crucified—  
 he shall come, when time is fled,  
 To judge the living and the dead."

5 I woke—thou wast not by my side,  
 I heard a loud exulting cry;  
 I heard the scornful priests deride,  
 The elders murmur, "Crucify!"  
 O Pilate! Hadst thou marked my prayer  
 That guiltless blood to shield and spare,  
 That deed of horror would not be  
 A stain to thine—a curse to thee!

6 Our scenes of early love are past;  
 Our youthful spring is withered all;  
 Afar from Rome our lot is cast,  
 Beneath the sunny skies of Gaul;  
 The thoughts that memory treasures yet  
 Of other days, begin to flee;  
 But never shall my heart forget  
 The crucified of Galilee!

## **HYMN 24.**

1 MY Saviour's coming in the sky,  
 To take me up with him on high;  
 A crown each faithful one shall wear,  
 When he in glory shall appear.

**Chorus:**

Roll round sweet moments, sweet moments roll round,  
 And let these poor pilgrims go home, go home.

- 2 O blessed morning on us rise,  
 And gladden our uplifted eyes,  
 When the shall meet to part no more,  
 And shout our toils and sufferings o'er.
- 3 O, hasten, bright, immortal day!  
 When Christ shall call us hence away,  
 Where, on fair Canaan's happy shore,  
 We'll praise the Lamb for evermore.

**HYMN 25.**

- 1 YOUR harps, ye mourning saints,  
 Down from the willows take;  
 Loud to the coming King of kings,  
 Bid every string awake!
- 2 Awake, the day-star bright,  
 Hath risen, and 'tis dawn!  
 The herald of the King of light  
 Hath come, awake, 'tis morn!
- 3 Swell loud the tuneful song,  
 He cometh! Angels sing!  
 He will not tarry very long,  
 Tune then each silent string.
- 4 Bid every heart awake!  
 'Tis surely death to sleep,

Oh, from the willows take the harp,  
And faithful vigil keep.

- 5 Sing Jesus' dying love,  
Sing that he rose again—  
Sing now he comes to burst the tombs,  
And with his saints to reign!

## **HYMN 26.**

- 1 WORTHY, worthy is the Lamb,  
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,  
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb  
That was slain;

### **Chorus:**

Glory, hallelujah, praise him, hallelujah,  
Glory, hallelujah to the Lamb.

- 2 Saviour, let thy kingdom come!  
Now the Man of Sin consume—  
Bring thy blest Millennium.  
Holy Lamb, &c.
- 3 Thus may we each moment feel,  
Love him, serve him, praise him still,  
Till we all on Zion's hill  
See the Lamb, &c.

## **HYMN 27.**

- 1 MY soul is full of glory,

Inspiring my tongue;  
 Could I meet with angels,  
 I would sing them a song;  
 I would sing of my Jesus,  
 And tell of his charms,  
 And beg them to bear me  
 To his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're descending  
 To hear what I sing;  
 Well pleased to hear mortals  
 Praising their King:  
 O angles, O, angels!  
 My soul's in a flame,  
 I faint in sweet raptures  
 At Jesus' name.

3 O Jesus! O Jesus!  
 Thou balm of my soul,  
 'Twas thou my dear Jesus,  
 That made my heart whole:  
 O bring me to view thee,  
 Thou heavenly King,  
 In oceans of glory  
 Thy praises to sing.

## **HYMN 28.**

1 I'LL try to prove faithful,  
 I'll try to prove faithful,  
 I'll try to prove faithful, faithful, faithful,  
 Till we all shall meet above.

- 2 We mean to be faithful, &c.  
Till we all shall meet above.
- 3 There'll be no more sinning, &c.  
When we all shall meet above.
- 4 There'll be no more sorrow, &c.  
When we all shall meet above.
- 5 Then we shall see Jesus, &c.  
When we all shall meet above.
- 6 There we shall sing praises, &c.  
When we all shall meet above.

## **HYMN 29.**

- 1 SEE, brethren, see, how the day rolls on,  
Quickly will the Saviour come;  
Hark! Hear the sound, he will appear,  
Sweetly falls upon the ear.

### **Chorus:**

Then haste, let us work till the day-light is o'er,  
Our hearts filled with love as we row to the shore;  
Our earthly labor being done,  
How sweet the Christian's welcome home,  
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home;  
Sweet, O! Sweet the Christian's welcome home.  
Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.

- 2 Lift up your hearts and rejoice in God,  
Shout his praises all abroad;

Soon shall we hear the voice, 'tis done,  
Child, your Father calls, come home.

- 3 Come, brethren, come, let us all awake!  
And the Spirit's truths partake;  
Soon will appear, and O! how bright;  
Prayer to praise, and faith to sight.
- 4 Hark, brethren, hark! Hear the sound so clear,  
Jesus' coming draweth near;  
Soon will commence, as all may see,  
The ever glorious jubilee.
- 5 Hail, brethren, hail! Its the new-born year;  
The joyful trump we soon shall hear,  
Then will the saints and angels sing,  
Glory be to Heaven's King.

### **HYMN 30.**

- 1 I LOVE this pure religion,  
Soldiers of the jubilee;  
I love this pure religion,  
Soldiers of the cross.

#### **Chorus:**

Remember me while toiling here,  
Soldiers of the jubilee,  
Remember me while toiling here,  
Soldiers of the cross.

- 2 We'll preach a coming Saviour,  
Soldiers of the jubilee;

We'll preach a coming Saviour,  
 Soldiers of the cross.  
 Remember me, &c.

3 We'll soon be in the kingdom,  
 Soldiers of the Jubilee;  
 We'll soon be in the kingdom,  
 Soldiers of the cross.  
 Remember me, &c.

4 Then sorrow will be ended,  
 Soldiers of the jubilee;  
 Then sorrow will be ended,  
 Soldiers of the cross.  
 Remember me, &c.

5 We'll have a shout in glory,  
 Soldiers of the jubilee;  
 We'll have a shout in glory,  
 Soldiers of the cross.  
 Remember me, &c.

### **HYMN 31.**

1 ALTHOUGH I'm down in Egypt's land,  
 I want to wear the crown;  
 I hear about the promised land,  
 I want to wear the crown.

#### **Chorus:**

O my heart says, praise the Lord,  
 My heart says, praise the Lord,  
 My heart says, praise the Lord,



- I want to wear the crown.
- 2 I know the time, I know the day.  
I want to wear the crown;  
When Jesus washed my sins away,  
I want to wear the crown; &c.
- 3 I soon shall see him in the sky,  
I want to wear the crown;  
And then away to him I'll fly,  
I want to wear the crown, &c.
- 4 If ever I reach the other shore,  
I want to wear the crown;  
I'll sing and shout for evermore,  
I want to wear the crown, &c.
- 5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,  
I want to wear the crown;  
While higher still our joys they rise,  
I want to wear the crown, &c.

## **HYMN 32.**

- 1 IN expectation sweet,  
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,  
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,  
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes! The Conqueror comes!  
Death falls beneath his sword;  
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs  
And rise to meet their Lord.

- 3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!  
 Ye dead, to judgment come!"  
 The pillars of creation shake,  
 While man receives his doom.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those  
 Who love the ways of peace;  
 No night of sorrow e'er shall close,  
 Or shade their perfect bliss.

### **HYMN 33.**

- 1 ALMIGHTY love inspire  
 My soul with sacred fire,  
 And animate desire,  
 To worship and adore.  
 Come then my blessed Saviour,  
 Vouchsafe to me thy favor,  
 To dwell with thee for ever,  
 When time shall be no more.

#### **Chorus:**

- And O give him glory,  
 And O give him glory,  
 And O give him glory,  
 For glory is his own;  
 Yes you may give him glory,  
 And I will give him glory,  
 We'll shout and hve him glory,  
 When we arrive at home.
- 2 See yonder is the glory,

It lies but just before me,  
 And there we'll tell the story  
 Of all redeeming love:  
 And there we shall for ever  
 Drink of the flowing river,  
 And with the saints for ever  
 Surround the throne of love.  
 And O give him glory, &c.

### **HYMN 34.**

- 1 ON the high cliffs of Jordan with pleasure I stand,  
 And view in perspective the fair, promised land;  
 The land where the ransom'd with singing shall come,  
 And enter the kingdom prepared as their home.
- 2 'Tis there all the nations redeemed by the Lamb,  
 In circles most lovely, his praises proclaim;  
 Through tempests, and sorrows, and perils they come,  
 To enter those mansions prepared as their home.
- 3 All over those peaceful, delectable plains,  
 The Lord our Redeemer in righteousness reigns;  
 His sceptre of empire he now doth assume,  
 And kindly doth welcome his followers home.
- 4 How bless'd are those regions, the realms of repose,  
 Where with fruit, O how grateful, the tree of life grows;  
 The regions ambrosial for ever in bloom,  
 God's own habitation, the saints' happy home.
- 5 Those pleasures of glory, O when shall I share,  
 And crowns of celestial felicity wear;

And range o'er those landscapes exempt from a sigh;  
The home of the faithful, now specially nigh.

### **HYMN 35.**

- 1 O THE Lord has passed by, and he's given me a blessing,  
And that's what the Lord has done for me.  
    Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
And that's what the Lord has done for me.
- 2 Is there anybody here like weeping Mary?  
O call on my Jesus and he'll draw near.  
    Glory, glory, &c.
- 3 Is there anybody here like sinking Peter?  
O call on my Jesus and he'll draw near.  
    Glory, glory, &c.
- 4 Is there anybody here like doubting, Thomas?  
O call on my Jesus and he'll draw near.  
    Glory, glory, &c.
- 5 Is there anybody here that wants salvation?  
O call on my Jesus and he'll draw near.  
    Glory, glory, &c.

### **HYMN 36.**

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,  
    For all the pious dead;  
Sweet is the savor of their names,  
    And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;  
How kind their slumbers are!  
From suffering and from sin released,  
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Freed from this world of toil and strife.  
They're sleeping in the Lord.  
Freed from the ills of mortal life,  
They wait a rich reward.

### **HYMN 37.**

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep  
From which none ever wake to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose;  
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to rest  
In hope of being ever blest.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,  
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! Soon to rise,  
When the last trump shall rend the skies;  
Then burst the fetters of the tomb,  
To wake in full, immortal bloom.

**HYMN 38.**

- 1 SLEEP now, dear Brother, sweetly sleep,  
And from thy labors rest,  
Where mortal care, nor trouble's sigh  
Shall seize thy peaceful breast.
  
- 2 Dear Brother, thou unconscious art,  
While mourners weep around;  
Thou waitest in thy grave to hear,  
The trumpet's joyful sound.

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