

HYMNS

BY THE

REV. DONALD MACDONALD

AND ELDERS

HYMNS FOR PRACTICE

*Not to be used in the Solemn Worship
of the Sanctuary*

By
Rev. Donald MacDonald
And Elders

For the Church of Scotland
Province of
Prince Edward Island

Reprinted 1999

Preface

The hymns on the following pages were written in the 1800s by the Rev. Donald MacDonald and some of his elders and are a product of the tremendous revival movement that took place, in the Church of Scotland on Prince Edward Island, during this period.

They were not sung during the worship service, but while the people were gathering one of the elders would start one of these hymns, many of which contain twenty or more verses.

The people would join in heartily sometimes singing two or three selections from beginning to end.

About 1860, in Nine Mile Creek schoolhouse, as the people were gathering for a prayer meeting, they began singing the hymn found on page 19, (*To praise the blessed Saviour is far above my power*) after singing several verses, suddenly a number of the young men, who were sitting at the back, broke down and began to weep.

This was the beginning of a revival that spread from one end of the Island to the other, in the churches under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. MacDonald.

This was not just an emotional outburst but was an outpouring of the Holy Spirit which was evident by the changed lives of many who were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ during this time. John MacEachern, Rice Point, one of Rev. Mr. MacDonald's elders at the time, kept a diary. The following entries show the progress of the work:

Dec. 2nd, 1860- Immense gatherings of all kinds, many awakened and four relieved.....

Dec. 8th - House very crowded, one awakened, two relieved.....

Jan. 1st, 1861- Seven awakened, twelve set free.....

Jan 2nd, - Five set free.....

Jan 3rd, - Meeting every night at DeSable: eleven set free.....

Jan 29th, - Three awakened.....

Feb 7th, - Three set free

The tunes for the most part are pre-nineteen hundred and are beautiful old plaintive Scottish melodies that are rarely heard today. They were handed down orally over many years, consequently, there are some slight variations in different churches and by different singers.

The hymn numbers in brackets were sung to the same tune:

(28-221) (37- 175) (71- 77) (79- 170) (109- 224) (127- 217).

We placed the Paraphrases in the back of this book, they weren't in the original MacDonaldite hymn book but were in the back of the Psalm books used by the church after the mid 1800s, however, they were not used in public worship until after Rev. Macdonald's death.

Harold S. MacLeod
Elder

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SPIRITUAL HYMNS

SWEET HOME

A HYMN

*Chorus---Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Preserve us, dear Saviour, for glory our home.*

- 1 Our time, O Lord, is fleeting, our days pass away,
Our journey still is sweet'ning, Thy strength is our
stay,
And now bestow Thy blessing, Thou all our need
dost know,
And joyfully we'll travel and cheerily home we'll go.
- 2 The frightful scenes that meet us are under Thy sway;
The lame, the weak, the feeble, are constantly Thy
care,
So homeward bound contented we'll sweetly glide
our way,
And soon we'll see the regions of blissful shining
day.
- 3 Our time on earth's a shadow, a dream that is told,
The life of man's a vapour, the young and than the old,
Our souls are aye immortal, not subject to decay,
For ever, everlasting, in brightly shining day.
- 4 From life to mortal nature we quickly fell away;
In Adam all have sinned, and since have gone astray;
But now the joyful blessings of life, and of day,
Are, through the blessed Saviour, our portion for aye.
- 5 Our journey home to glory through mournful scenes
we see,
The troubles that afflict us in numbers many be;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

But when the Lord our Saviour from trouble sets us
free,
We'll sing to Him with praises and sweet melodious
glee.

- 6 Our Lord's a perfect leader, in pain He closed the
day:
He triumphed groaning, bleeding, and thus He
paved the way,
And now He reigns in glory with uncontrolled
sway,
Pursue His steps, be holy, and sing with cheerful lay.

- 7 The world's not worth pursuing, we cannot here
remain;
Its pomp and vain allurements, bring sickness in
their train,
But joys of purer nature, and solid, lasting gain,
Are found in Jesus' favor, and free from grief and
pain.

- 8 The joys of endless glory are constantly in view;
The prospect now before us, the Lord will render
sure;
And no enchanting charmer in fancy's gilded hue,
Can please the enlightened traveler, or cheat the
ransomed few.

- 9 Our souls enjoy with pleasure, the blessings Christ
bestows;
Our hope of richer treasure, in gradual progress
grows;
When fixed, and firm, in favor, we feel the flame
still glows;
And though we drink full potions, the stream in-
creasing flows.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 10 Resigned, and still contented, we sufferings here
endure,
And plagues, when not prevented, the Lord will
quickly cure.
And snares, by foes invented, with purpose to allure,
Are seen, and broke by Jesus, we home our way
pursue.
- 11 In dark and dreary seasons, when clouded skies do
low'r,
And gloom prevents the vision, and shades en-
compass round,
We still entrust the Saviour, His promises abound,
And stay upon His favor, He is our Rock and Tower.
- 11 Though sufferings here are painful and trying to
endure,
Bright glimpses of sweet favor bespeak the crown
as sure,
A lofty throne, high raised, and Kingly honor pure,
Shall be our compensation; the Lord our hope
secure.
- 12 Though trials sore afflict us, our comforts are not
few,
Our souls are filled with pleasure, and sweet re-
freshing dew,
And as we grow in stature, our strength, O Lord,
renew,
And homeward bound we'll travel, and bid the
world adieu.

HYMN

A SONG OF ZION

- 1 Sing loud, my friends, sing loud with glee,
The song of Zion sing
Before the throne, and joyful be
In Christ the Lord, our King;
Sing songs, to God and praise His name,
Who dwells on Zion hill;
His mercies great, His works declare,
Then laud and praise Him still.
- 2 Can tongue declare, or song proclaim,
His mercies great to man?
Can we, who frail and sinful are,
His love in Jesus scan?
When thousand thousand angels strong.
With shouting triumphs raise,
The glad hosannas, praise the King,
The Lamb for ever praise.
- 3 Can ransomed souls their notes withhold,
Though trembling frail we be?
Can silence reign in Zion's gates,
Since Jesus is their King?
When laurels crown His lovely brow,
Let shouts and songs abound,
Let Zion's gates with melting praise
And joyful songs resound.
- 4 Let ransomed souls, with joy, behold
The heavenly, gracious plan;
The love which God on man bestows,
Through Jesus Christ the man;
The gracious streams of love divine,
Infusing life in man,
And raising high our fallen souls,
Beyond all mortal ken.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 In beauty grand the fabric stands,
Of vast creation round;
Jehovah's plan, unknown to man,
In wisdom all is found;
In Jesus Christ, the clearest light,
Is seen the lovely plan,
Declared of old, by prophets told,
And now, by Christ, to man.
- 6 The great Jehovah *formed* the plan,
And sent His angels down;
His will declared, from age to age,
And smiled through every frown;
When wrath might show, He love disclosed,
And angels swiftly ran,
With joyful news, through endless views,
To sinful guilty man.
- 7 The great Jehovah formed the plan,
And sent His angels down;
His chosen flock, from Abraham's stock,
In Egypt were confined;
With mighty hand, from bondage land,
His tribes, by Moses led,
Through sea and land, and desert sand;
With angel's food them fed.
- 8 The great Jehovah formed the plan,
And sent His angels down;
In mercy great His will declared,
In solemn awful sound;
From cloud-wrapt Sinai's blazing top,
Jehovah's thunders ran;
The great Jehovah's voice was heard,
His laws consigned to man.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 The great Jehovah formed a plan
And sent His angel down;
The Word made flesh, who dwelt on earth,
From sufferings vast, was crowned;
To Jesus Christ, the clearest Light,
The Father showed the plan,
And Jesus Christ with beauty bright,
Reveals the same to man.
- 10 Then sing with joy, and lovely glee,
The songs of Zion sing;
Behold the Lamb, the lovely Lamb,
Is now from sufferings free;
Behold He stands, at God's right hand,
With golden censer filled,
With odours sweet, and incense meet,
And prayers of saints instilled.
- 11 And now the Father smiles on man,
Through incense' savory cloud,
And angels bright, with glorious might,
Sing sweet, and lasting loud,
And all the host, before the throne,
The glad hosannas sing
To Father, Son and Holy ghost,
Then saints adore your King.
- 11 Prepare the song, prepare the glee,
The Lord your hearts prepare,
That joyful sound, in love abound,
With anxious, thoughtful care,
That Jesus Christ, with sweet delight,
Your grateful lays may hear,
Infuse His grace, your joys increase,
And banish every fear.

GATHERING OF THE TWELVE TRIBES

- 1 We hail with joy the dawning morn,
The love of God shall soon be shown;
The tribes afar, with joy shall hear,
Messiah comes, redemption's near.
- 2 We hail with joy the approaching day,
And sing aloud the glad'ning lay,
Messiah comes, redemption's near;
The scattered tribes shall soon appear.
- 3 We hail with joy the thousand years,
When God shall wipe away all tears;
When marshalled bands, from distant climes,
Shall prove fulfilled the signs of times.
- 4 The Lord displays His ensign high;
The nations fear, and trembling, sigh;
The outcast tribes assembling see,
And Judah gathered soon shall be.
- 5 The dry bones now begin to hear,
And noise, and trembling both appear,
And Israel's army soon shall stand,
All marshalled, thronged in joyful bands.
- 6 The sticks shall soon be joined in one;
The Lord is near, the Son of Man;
Assembled tribes shall gladly sing,
And David soon shall be their King.
- 7 The new Jerusalem soon shall come,
In holy beauties from morn's womb,
Descending now, from heaven above,
The adorned bride, the Bridegroom's love.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 8 The tribes shall sealed be as told,
In numbers great and many fold,
In thousand, hundred and forty –four;
Of nations chosen, many more.
- 9 These all shall stand before the throne,
Before the Lamb, all joined in one,
All clothed in robes of purest white,
All holding palms, a glorious sight.
- 10 The oath of God to Abraham then,
To Isaac, Jacob, Patriarch men,
Shall be fulfilled amply round,
And songs of joy shall sweetly sound.
- 11 These holy tribes, redeemed and free,
Shall sing His praise with joyful glee,____
And thousand thousand voices clear,
Shall shout aloud Messiah's near.
- 12 Lift up, ye tribes, your heads on high,
Redemption now is drawing nigh,
Messiah comes, sing loud with glee,____
Your scattered tribes shall gathered be.
- 13 Ten thousand times: ten thousand tongues,
And thousand thousand sing the song,
And sweet'ning sounds shall ever be,
Before the throne, sing loud with glee.
- 14 Then hail with joy the coming year,
The great redemption's drawing near,
Messiah comes, His face you'll see,
Your scattered tribes shall gathered be.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 15 Messiah's day is drawing near,
 Like light'ning blazing shall appear,
 The host around shall homage pay,
 And hail with joy the glad'ning day.

EULOGY

A HYMN

Air. — Irin, arin, u horo

- 1 The Lord's among His chosen few
 Shepherd, Lord and Saviour too,
 Light, and glory ever new,
 The Lord our god, Emmanuel.

*Chorus. — Sing the song of endless praise,
 Sing with cheerful hearts your lays,
 Crown your anthems with the praise
 Of Jesus Christ Emmanuel.*

- 2 Worthy is the Lamb who died
 Of praise eternal in the skies,
 To save us from the Father's ire
 He bled, He died, Emmanuel.
- 3 Direful was our sinful plight,
 Prostrate low in darksome night,
 Sun, moon and stars withhold their light,
 No ray the sun could penetrate.
- 4 The sun of Righteousness arose,
 The time was set, the time He chose,
 dispelled the gloom, dispelled our woes,
 The blessed Lord emmanuel.
- 5 Resplendent Orb of light divine
 Cheering rays are ever thine,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Circling round this orb of time,
In shining blaze Emmanuel.

- 6 Death had seized the precious soul,
Then life had fled as we are told,
The consequence of sin of old
Allowed the world to penetrate.
- 7 Stern wrath for sin against us stood,
Justice called for death and blood;
The Lamb in pity wrath withstood,
The Lamb of God, Emmanuel.
- 8 Then thanks for e'er be to the Lord
Who help and safety doth afford,
He raised for us a lasting Gourd,___
Our sun and Shield's Emmanuel.
- 9 The scripture views are now fulfilled,
The Holy Ghost is now instilled,
The Comforter to man, as willed
And promised by Emmanuel.
- 10 Though man was doomed by sin to woe;
Though trampled under every foe;
To save us from the deadly blow,
The Saviour died, Emmanuel.
- 11 He saves us from all sin and woe,
He saves us from our hostile foe,
He saves us from the pit below,
He saves our souls; Emmanuel.
- 12 He bare our sins, He felt our woe,
He triumphed o'er our mighty foes,
He gained for us a sweet repose,
Before the Lord, Emmanuel.

- 13 The woes He bore for sinful man
Prove the love no tongue can scan,
A love which breezes ever fan,
The breath of god, Emmanuel.
- 14 The wondrous works of Jesus tell,
He saves our souls from lowest hell,
He burst our chains, He broke the spell,
By mighty power, Emmanuel.
- 15 His death hath reconciled to God,
Thousand thousand pure as gold,
He leads them to His Father's fold,
The Shepherd Lord, Emmanuel.
- 16 To justify the sons of men
He burst the grave, He rose again;
He entered life beyond our ken,
He pleads our cause, Emmanuel.
- 17 Now seated on His Father's throne,
He lends an ear to every groan,
He pities pain and sorrow's moan,
He cheers our souls, Emmanuel.
- 18 Our souls, by mighty pow'r upraised,
He safely leads in holy ways,
Opened wide the heavenly gates;
His glory shews, Emmanuel.
- 19 He advocates our cause on high,
His merits for us peace did buy,
Our hopes may on His grace rely,___
'Tis finished by Emmanuel.
- 20 Though sweetly thrilling songs abound
In holy raptures Him around,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

He tunes our harps for sacred sound,
On hallowed ground, Emmanuel.

- 21 Then raise your voices loud and strong,
Join the holy heavenly throng,
For praise and glory all belong
To Jesus Christ, Emmanuel.

ODE TO THE BIBLE

Air. — The Campbells are coming

- 1 The Bible's a blessing ___ 'tis sent to reform us;
The Bible's a blessing ___ from heaven all over;
The Bible's a blessing ___ it tells of remission
Of sin, and pollution, by Jesus Jehovah;
It clearly certifies all it professes,
'Tis sealed and 'tis sanctioned, by high appro-
bation;
It reveals to sinners the tidings of heaven
That Jesus hath suffered to ransom and save us.
- 2 The Bible's a blessing ___ it leads to the Saviour:
The Bible's a blessing ___ Peruse it ye careless,
The Bible's a blessing, by holy commission,
It flows like a river to heal and to save us;
'Tis highly exalted, and pure to perfection,
It weans our affections from earthly creations,
It's teaching, correction, reproof and instruction
Do deeply affect us, it fits us for service.
- 3 The Bible's a blessing ___ the saints all adore it:
The Bible's a blessing ___ the wicked abhor it:

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

The Bible's a blessing ___ it shews our condition,
 And leads by contrition, to Jesus atonement:
 It purifies, sanctifies all our affections:
 It pours its sweet sanction on works of probation:
 Infuses sweet essence in pious reflection:
 It quickens and fosters our hopes of salvation.

- 4 The Bible's a blessing ___ of heavenly savour:
 The Bible's a blessing ___ 'tis mighty to save us:
 The Bible's a blessing ___ it kills the sad canker
 Of carnal contraction, by Christ's application;
 It proves to the sinner his sinful condition;
 It strikes him with terror, and sad consternation;
 It leads to detection, and causes correction
 Of every transaction, deserving damnation.

- 5 The Bible's a blessing ___ forever declare it:
 The bible's a blessing ___ confess it in praises:
 The bible's a blessing ___ imbibe its pure lessons,
 And practice its tenets, without deviation;
 'Tis sent us from heaven by holy direction,
 Beware of rejection, 'tis by inspiration;
 Peruse it, search it, and duly it practice,
 'Tis holy instruction ___ 'tis heavenly treasure.

- 6 The Bible's a blessing ___ the word of salvation:
 The Bible's a blessing ___ in spirit observe it;
 The bible's a blessing ___ 'tis life to the living,
 Divinely constructed, 'tis by inspiration:
 It leads to the portals of heavenly mansions:
 Removes all obstructions from man's observation:
 The word is a light and a lamp to direct us;
 A shield, and a buckler opposed to the dragon.

- 7 The Bible's a blessing ___ do read it with prayer:
 The Bible's a blessing ___ 'tis food for the starving;
 The Bible's a blessing ___ afford it protection,

In kindly affection, promote circulation;
 'Twould tell the blind heathen their idols are curses,
 Their temples, and altars, and all that concern them;
 'Twould tell them their worship is offered to Devils,
 Insulting to heaven, rejecting the Saviour.

- 8 The Bible's a blessing ___ of heavenly nature;
 The Bible's a blessing ___ a pure emanation;
 The Bible's a blessing ___ consoling th'afflicted,
 It cheers, unrestricted, the man who observes it;
 The theme, and the subject, to man are an object;
 Because it consisteth of all that concerns us;
 Our full satisfaction's in every action,
 And pious affection of Jesus our Saviour.

- 9 The Bible's a blessing ___ above estimation;
 The Bible's a blessing ___ 'tis God's revelation;
 The Bible's a blessing ___ the secrets of heaven
 Are sealed, and protected from vain speculation;
 The children of promise alone can adopt it,
 'Tis pure as the ointment of Christ's consecration;
 The Lord is unwilling t'allow an infraction,
 Or wicked inspection of heaven's donation.

- 10 The Bible's a blessing ___ its voice is eternal;
 The Bible's a blessing ___ its foe is infernal;
 The Bible's a blessing ___ it cheers and it comforts
 Our drooping affections, when guilt is alarming.
 It absorbs th'afflicted in heavenly reflection,
 It leaves a sweet unction, and strong consolation,
 It proves to the troubled that Jesus hath suffered,
 To save and deliver, by granting salvation.

- 11 The Bible's a blessing ___ alluring and charming;
 The Bible's a blessing ___ sweet ointment
 embalming;
 The Bible's a blessing ___ it points to the passion,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

By cruel assassins, of Jesus the Saviour;
 His love, and His pity, in pious submission,
 Reveal, in addition, the will of His Father;
 He bleeds and He suffers, and cries, in His struggles,
 'Tis finished, I've conquered, My people are saved.

- 12 The bible's a blessing __ its pledge is salvation;
 The bible's a blessing __ designed to engage us;
 The bible's a blessing __ assuring acceptance,
 Of pious affections, and soul aspiration:
 'tis granted in mercy to fill us with wisdom;
 It leads to a source of eternal duration;
 The well is frequented by all who are thirsty,
 'Tis life-giving water, a well of salvation.
- 13 The Bible's a blessing __ our views it enlarges;
 The Bible's a blessing __ our sins to us charges;
 The Bible's a blessing __ it shows our condition,
 And proves that perdition the wicked immerses;
 The way is appointed for all the adopted,
 Revealed for our comfort, and soul's consolation;
 The Lord, through its portals, reveals to us mortals,
 The plan of redemption, and final salvation.
- 14 The Bible's a blessing __ believe and obey it;
 The Bible's a blessing __ to others convey it;
 The Bible's a blessing __ promote a full issue,
 For Christ is in heaven, our mansions preparing!
 The law He fulfilled, and satisfied justice,
 He pleads for remission, and plenary pardon;
 All power, in heaven and earth, He possesses,
 Then praise Him ye living, He's Jesus our Saviour.
-

HYMN

REDEMPTION BY JESUS CHRIST

- 1 The Lord's forever our Friend and Brother,
His love to many is free,
In friendly pity, and full compassion,
He suffered on the tree;
He saw our beauty all was withered;
He saw us lost, and ever would be;
He saw the world was full of suffering,
His love in His passion we see.
- 2 He saw our troubles, our toils, our sufferings;
He saw, and pitied us too;
He saw in justice the doom of sinners,
He saw, and ever it knew,
Our moaning sighs and cries of suffering,
Ever ascended, ever anew.
On wings of love from His holy heaven,
To save us swiftly He flew.
- 3 In humble Temple and low condition,
Our God, in manhood, appeared
In humble dwelling, the Man of sorrows,
Our souls in pity He neared;
By showing love, and heavenly compassion,
To His saints He's ever endeared;
The troubled souls of humble suppliants,
By hope He ever has cheered.
- 4 By suffering death for guilty sinners,
He paved and opened the way;
He led captivity captive ever,
And ushered in the day;
By His death, He death forever abolished,
No priest, a victim need slay;
Brought life to light, and immortality,
Abundant grace to display.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 By mighty power, and glorious effort,
He rose, death could not Him hold;
He rose triumphant o'er His sorrows,
And leads His sheep to His fold:
A crown He wears, a glorious diadem,
Brighter far than polished gold;
He dwells on high, our Friend and Brother,
Our cause His pleadings uphold.
- 6 We wandered far from God and heaven,
We wandered trodden, and peeled;
Became the prey of remorseless devils,
Without a sword, or a shield:
The Lord beheld us powerless fallen,
No weapon had we to wield;
He saw for all our powerless efforts,
To bonds we ever must yield.
- 7 Prostrate, and fallen in bonds or sorrow,
We lay, exposed in the field,
A prey to devils, and prone to sinning,
Obedience never could yield;
Our Lord beheld, and bowed His heavens,
Took hold of buckler and shield;
To satisfy law, and heavenly justice,
To death did willingly yield.
- 8 He died to satisfy law and justice,
He died and quickly arose,
He died to manifest love infinite;
He died to vanquish our foes;
Behold Him now our Friend and Brother,
To free us ever from woes,
At God's right hand our pard'ning Pleader:
His Father's will to disclose.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 He early bought us, and paid our ransom;
He claims us ever His own;
Our names are stamped on His precious
breastplate;
The saints shall shine in His crown;
Behold Him high and highly exalted,
And yet from heaven looks down;
His cheering face is sure to recover,
And dissipate every frown.
- 10 The care-worn sinner, in pure contrition,
Who's taught, and humbled, to pray,
Will find His blessings, like flowing rivers.
His light shall shine as the day;
The Lord unfolds His treasures hidden,
Unfolds the open way;
Empowers the soul to aspire to heaven;
Forbids the tardy delay.
- 11 Behold the Sufferer now in heaven;
Behold and ever admire,
Highly exalted above His fellows;
He suffered the wrath, and the ire:
Our sins would plunge us deep in suffering,
Our foes for this did conspire;
The Lord has plucked us as brands of mercy
From hell and vengeance of fire.
- 12 All glorious ever our King, and Prophet,
Our Priest and Sacrifice near;
He suffered and died t' atone for others,
Because He rated us dear;
Our precious souls He highly valued,
The price makes this t' appear;
And surely now, by power infinite,
Our homeward way He will clear.

EUOLOGY

TO THE SAVIOUR

- 1 To praise the blessed Saviour
Is far above my power,
And yet allow me prayerfully
To chant my willing lay,
To pour my soul's oblation
In praises to His majesty,
And offer up the sacrifice,
In honor of Thy name.
- 2 Thy name is dear and precious,
Most worthy of renown,
'Tis Jesus ever gracious,
And nigh to all around;
All men shall bow with reverence,
And yield their heart's obedience,
Confess Thee Lord in majesty,
In glory to our God.
- 3 Pure angels bright, and Cherubim,
And seraphim renown'd
With wings of purest fabric set,
Their faces veil around,
And hosts of saints, now glorified,
Appear in prostrate holiness,
To celebrate in choruses,
The mighty glorious name.
- 4 Loud hallelujahs, praising Thee,
Shall never cease to sound,
Through endless vast eternity,
Shall evermore abound,
And hosts of angels glorify
In sweetly sounding choruses,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Our ever blessed Sovereign.
Of universal fame.

- 5 When ransomed nations, saved and free,
Their Martyr King behold,
Enthroned in glorious majesty,
In brighter hue than gold,
A thrilling song shall vibrate round,
From golden harps, and cymbals loud,
In ecstasies of sacred sound,
By myriads, Lord, to Thee.
- 6 Mysterious plan of providence
Unfolded then shall be,
Amazement then shall seize the throng,
When all revealed they'll see;
Then darkening clouds, that hide His face,
From Adam's fallen, sinful race,
In token of sweet love and grace,
Remov'd in haste shall be.
- 7 Now faith, hope, and charity,
In ransomed souls agree;
But faith in full fruition then,
In love shall enter free;
And hope's most distant prospects shall
Be view'd in open vision all.
When scales from every eye shall fall,
Then love shall reign most free.
- 8 When Adam's ransomed, sinful race,
Our Saviour Lord shall see,
On cloud of purest milky white,
Our hearts shall bound with glee,
And thousand thousand voices strong,
In loud enthusiastic song,
Shall vibrate through the mighty throng,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

In praises, Lord to Thee.

- 9 So glorious a joyful sight
Ought now fond hope t'inspire,
And kindle, in each bosom, bright,
An holy, sacred fire;
For soon the goal of time we'll cross,
Refined from sinful, carnal dross,
Our pardon sealed on Calvary's cross,
By death O Lord, by Thee.
- 10 Behold the Lamb, triumphant now,
From death and sufferings free;
Exalted high above the clouds,
Above both land and sea;
Enthron'd in bright effulgent light,
In dazzling splendor, shining bright,
Enjoying, in His Father's right,
All praise, and song, and glee.
- 11 All homage, through eternity,
To Jesus Christ is due
Who saves, and free from slavery,
The ransomed chosen few;
In righteousness, by sufferings bought,
By death, in full obedience wrought
He clothes our souls; He daily sought
To set the prisoners free.
- 12 Anticipation cheers us now,
Though sinful, frail we be;
But soon our golden harps shall sound,
Eternal song and glee;
In might and pow'r, and skill combined,
And sacred, solemn sounds refined,
Thine ear of holiness inclined,
When loud we'll sing to Thee.

- 13 Releas'd at last, from sin and death,
Thy glorious face we'll see;
Our souls enshrined in purest white,
Exalted high shall be;
Then wonders of redeeming love,
Behold shall all the throng above,
And shouts of joy shall ever prove,
Our love, O Lord, to Thee.
- 14 Thy love, O Lord, all skill to scan,
Must prove abortive now,
And even there, in regions bright,
Must fail, and yielding, bow;
Thy bleeding side, and sufferings vast,
Thy sighs, and groans, and death at last,
Must prove our powers in weakness cast,
O Lord, when praising thee.
- 15 The whole creation, groaning, lost,
Thou didst, O Lord behold,
A glowing flame of love divine
Down stream'd into Thy fold;
Thy glory veiled, O wondrous sight!
In manhood shone the clearest light,
The Sun of Righteousness shone bright,
Thy love to man t'unfold.
- 16 Before thy throne when myriads stand,
In robes of purest white,
All holding palms of triumph there,
To show Thy glorious might,
Who saved us from death's deep flood,
By pouring forth Thy soul, and blood,
And under foot our foes hast trod,
Thy name shall glorious be.
- 17 Then join, ye saints, and angels strong,
In symphonies of song,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Let heaven and earth resound His praise,
 And all their mighty throng;
 For worthy is the Lamb who died,
 And reigneth ever 'bove the skies,
 Of all that wisdom can devise,
 Of glory, might and praise.

18 All power in heaven and earth in Him,
 Forever dwelleth sure;
 The fullness of the Godhead all
 In Him concentrates pure;
 For His loving kindness sing His praise,
 Aloft in songs your voices raise,
 In sweetest symphonies of praise;
 His goodness still endures.

19 Our Lord, in blissful majesty,
 Beholds His Father's face,
 And bowing down, beholds us too,
 Bestows on us His grace.
 A fellow feeling of our pains
 In loving kindness still retains;
 With incense offers up our prayers,
 And fills our souls with peace.

20 Vouchsafe, in this our pilgrimage,
 Our prayers, Lord, to hear,
 And through each weary path of life,
 Be nigh, O Lord, to cheer;
 For thou alone our Guardian art,
 Now shield us from the fiery dart,
 By men's and demon's fiendish art,
 That's aimed our souls to tear.

21 Then Saints and angels join in song,
 With hallelujahs free

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

That thrilling sounds may vibrate round,
 'Bove heaven, and earth, and sea;
 That heaven, and earth may join in one;
 And may thy will, O Lord, be done;
 May sweetest song, with soft'ning tone,
 Be offered, Lord, to thee.

HYMN

GOD ABOVE OUR PRAISE

- 1 Though all my desires, and my powers of inditing,
 Were thousands of times more exalted and free,
 In vain would I climb the pure heights of ambition.
 Jehovah, to praise, by my song, and my glee;
 O never, in heaven, or earth can be given,
 Due praise to the Lord, our sins who forgiveth;
 Can a glee sung by me, in the land of the living,
 Extol, or exalt Him in adequate praise?
- 2 But still in our sphere of some duty, and dealing,
 Let harmony dwell where our minstrelsy flows,
 Let our harps still proclaim some hearty expressions;
 Our thanks to the Lord, for the gifts He bestows;
 It is sweet, it is meet, to sing praises forever,
 To Jesus who died, and again who is risen'
 He is high, He is nigh, and our pardon He giveth;
 Though now at a distance, He's often in view.
- 3 When Majesty high, in sublimest position,
 Vouchsafed to descend, to the humblest degree,
 To save us from sin, and from endless perdition,
 And raise us on high, by His changeless decree;
 Can our tongues, and our songs, and our pious con-
 As reward to the Lord, be ever sufficient; [trition,
 Can a child that is wild, in his fallen condition,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Bestow on the Lord the full homage that's due?

- 4 Though sin had involved us in deadly perdition,
Though innocence left us, and righteousness too,
A plan was devised to effect our contrition,
To save us from sin, and our wills to renew;
Now we see in degree and our hearts may be smitten
In our thoughts there may be some pious misgiving:
But to flee, and be free, as the Angels of heaven,
Is far from the thoughts and desires of but few.
- 5 Behold! and admire, in the kingdom of heaven,
The Saviour who died, and expired on the tree,
And try if your thoughts are in ample proportion
To sufferings so vast, and so painful, though free;
Now believe, and be free, in your trying researches,
And you'll fall to the lee in your faithful confessions
All may see and agree that you're true in concessions
When you fairly confess and your thanklessness own.
- 6 Though men were the sufferers, and you the trans-
gressors,
What thankful expressions to them would you owe?
But when it was Jesus who died and who suffered,
To save us from hell, and from every foe;
Can our sighs, and our cries, and our praises for ever,
Be adequate praises to Him who now liveth?
Can our few interviews, though in prayerful spirit,
Amount to the praise that is due to the Lord?
- 7 When prostrate we lay, in our sins and our sorrows,
No comfort could know, but indelible woe,
The Lord condescended to bow down His heavens,
In might, and in power, to rescue our souls;
To deliver us ever from sin and oppression,
And render us free from all woeful depression;

Can our tears, and our fears, and our songs in
addition,
Compensate salvation, and happiness free?

- 8 From sorrow He raises, and grants absolution
From sinful abasement – our *sores* He doth cure;
He frees us from slav'ry, and bondage and fetters;
He places in safety, and 'stablishes sure;
What working or tossing can change our condition?
His covenant is sure, and His word is sufficient;
What in me can I see, without *further* addition,
To cheer me in song, and in adequate praise?

- 9 When our views are extended from th'earth to the
heavens,
Contemplating scenes that are open to view,
Our thoughts are confused, and are strangely con-
Immensity startles us ever anew; [tracted;
Look around, be not proud, in your candid admis-
sion,
Declare in your songs your awful impressions;
Can a man ever scan, in bewildered digression,
The wonderful works, and the ways of the Lord?

- 10 The sun, and the moon, and the stars in their courses
Revolving or fixed, as the learned agree,
Are parts of His wonderful plan of adoption,
In wisdom designed, by eternal decree;
By His will, and His skill, and by powerful effort,
He performed the whole, for our good and our com-
fort :
Now to me it is free, to declare it a comfort,
Our gratitude then is imperfectly shewn.

- 11 The earth and the seas, and their splendid productions
Are numberless marks of His skill and His power;
The order of things in the seasons' successions,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- The night and the day, and the heat and the cold,
 These can shew what we know, in our daily excursions,
 His Godhead and power in their perfect construction;
 It is bold, you are told, to transgress by induction,
 And pry into secrets His will to disclose.
- 12 These are but parts of th' Almighty's creation;
 The pow'rful effects of His wisdom's control;
 All made, and constructed, and guided in wisdom,
 His glorious perfections displayed in the whole.
 Who can trace, and embrace in a mind so contracted,
 Th' amount of the whole, by His strictest induction?
 Can a mind, that is blind, be so ably conducted,
 As to penetrate deep in His works and His ways?
- 13 But a loftier theme is reserved for ambition,
 To elevate thought, and attract us on high;
 The views are sublime, as the work of the spirit,
 And enter the regions of light 'bove the sky;
 To heaven of heavens, and to glorious objects,
 Where glorious Three are in unity perfect;
 Where the view is all new, a beautiful prospect,
 The Lamb on the throne, and His face you shall see.
- 14 Then sing as you may, and be humbly contented,
 Imperfect in song and in praise though you be;
 For Jesus deserves all our strains, and our efforts;
 His mercy is great and His love it is free;
 Mellifluously free, and abundantly given;
 Drink to your fill, at your will, for it flows like a
 river,
 To fill your poor souls, and to charm you to praise.
-

COMMUNION HYMN

- 1 Remembrance pure is due forever,
 To Jesus Christ the gracious Giver,
Of bountiful heaven's restaurant.
Of bountiful heaven's restaurant.
- 2 He suffered alone on calvary's cross,
 To purge our souls from carnal dross,
By opening a fountain of laving.
- 3 Behold our Paschal Lamb is offered,
 And grace through Him is freely proffered;
Acceptance now is salvation.
- 4 Mysterious plan of heaven's design;
 Mysterious love, and love divine,
Unmerited love to the creature.
- 5 Justice aloud, in sounds terrific,
 To mortal ears, against the wicked,
Denounces death to the creature.
- 6 Remember then the offering free,
 Of Jesus Christ upon the tree,
Affording hopes of salvation.
- 7 The law of God, by man's transgression,
 Dishonored was, beyond expression,
But Jesus conformed in obedience.
- 8 Iniquity ended was by Him
 Transgression of man, and mortal sin,
His righteousness now is obtained.
- 9 That doleful night of grief, and sorrow,
 When Judas, traitor, vile and hollow,
Betrayed the Lord of Glory.

- 10 The Paschal Lamb was laid aside.
 And bread and wine, do ever abide,
 In remembrance ever of Jesus.
- 11 Behold the Lamb of God in suffering,
 Himself to God a precious offering;
 His body was broken to save us.
- 12 His blood was shed to purge us from sin ____
 Atonement meet forever by Him ____
 A lovely, accepted oblation.
- 13 Those symbols now are freely given,
 To shew the gift of God from heaven,
 Our saviour suffering freely.
- 14 Remember then He died for you;
 Receive by faith His body anew;
 Now eat, and drink at His table.
- 15 The Seer of old, in words prophetic,
 Invites us now, in songs pathetic,
 To feast, and to live, in His favor.
- 16 Eat, O friends, yea, drink my beloved,
 Abundant store is now allotted,
 Choice heavenly food is prepared.
- 17 Amazing sight to earth and heaven,
 The Lamb of God for man is given,
 To feed and nourish the faithful.
- 18 'Tis meat , and drink, from heaven above,
 His body, and blood bestowed in love,
 Instilling His heavenly nature.
- 19 Our journey here is full of peril,
 All nature here is poor and sterile,
 Yet lively hopes are obtained.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 20 We feed on Him who died and liveth,
 Receive the bounty Jesus giveth,
 His flesh, and His blood to sustain us.
- 21 Take, and eat, by Christ was spoken,
 'Tis My body for you that's broken;
 In remembrance ever observe it.
- 22 After supper He gave them the cup.
 Called the New Testament in His blood:
 In remembrance drink it all freely.
- 23 All power now in earth, and heaven,
 To Him, by God, is freely given,
 Till every kingdom obey Him.
- 24 Till prostrate nations trembling fall,
 Confess that Christ is Lord over all,
 To the glory of God the Father.
- 25 Now Lord of glory, highly seated,
 By all thy foes despised and dreaded,
 Thy people obey, and adore Thee.
- 26 Behold us now, and crown our efforts;
 Grant Thy blessing with these our comforts;
 Our thoughts are open before Thee.
- 27 Our views are extended byond communion,
 Beyond the bread, the wine, the supper,
 To food of spiritual nature.
- 28 Thy word, O Lord, is spirit divine,
 And life, in one they ever combine,
 Both food of heavenly savor.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 29 Bestow this bread, the true, the living,
 Thy bountiful hand is free in giving;
 Our soul's desire is salvation.
- 30 Thy boon, O Lord, our heavenly King,
 Cheers Thy people their anthems to sing;
 Its value's above estimation.
- 31 Souls aspiring to higher condition,
 In holy zeal, and pure ambition,
 Obtain their life in the Saviour.
- 32 His flesh and His blood are meat and drink,
 Received by faith, nor otherwise think,
 'Tis spiritual inward donation.
- 33 Now, O Lord, we bow submissive,
 Remove our sins, and fears oppressive,
 And grant thy gracious presence.
- 34 Honor thy table, Lord of Heaven,
 That thanks to Thee by us be given,
 In unity, ever adoring.

EDEN'S LOVELY WOOD

A HYMN

- 1 God created rational creatures,
 Clothed in righteousness and truth;
 Placed them where the 'njoyed their freedom,
 Where the 'njoyed their infant youth;
 A lovely garden east in Eden,
 Richly stored with choicest fruit,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Receive the pair, the lovely creatures,
There in beauty fair they stood.

- 2 The first the fairest blossoms of nature,
In amazement gazing stood;
The twins adored their great Creator,
First oblation from their lute;
The earth and sky in pristine grandeur,
All declare their Author good,
All was song and joy and pleasure,
East in eden's lovely wood.
- 3 Luminous orbs of heaven's creation,
Shine refulgent ever above;
Dazzling splendor marks their progress,
High above both land and flood;
Amazement seized the fairest creatures,
Gazing long in holy mood,
Adoring God in heavenly fervor,
East in Eden's lovely wood.
- 4 The trees around a lovely arbor,
Shining fair, with golden fruit,
Drew their thoughts from starry regions,
Down to earth in quest of food.
Their sight and taste were soon regaled,
They praised Eden's savory food,
In joyful transports ever adoring,
East in Eden's lovely wood.
- 5 In God's arrangement of creation,
He assigned the parts their place
Adapting order to their nature,
Genus, species, every race,
Man in image of his Maker,
Endowed with soul, and reason good,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

He placed them Lord of every creature
East in Eden's lovely wood.

- 6 The beasts received him Lord of nature
Yielded homage in their mood;
Birdiess fluttered round him gaily,
They sang their lays, the feathered brood;
Finny tribes of briny ocean.
Received their orders in the flood,
To yield to man, their lord in nature,
East in Eden's lovely wood.
- 7 Behold the man erect in stature,
Shining fair in every grace,
Receiving homage from the creatures,
Highly favored in his place;
His Maker's image then adorned him,
Never creature fairer stood,
Offering worship to his Maker,
East in Eden's lovely wood.
- 8 Highly favored by his Maker,
Highly favored from above,
Purely holy in his nature,
Man enjoyed his Maker's love.
Bounteous prospects bright absorbed him,
Tuned his soul in pleasure's mood,
Filled with love he praised his Maker,
East in Eden's lovely wood.
- 9 The twins enjoyed their mutual pleasures,
Nature's first, and choicest feast;
Jehova's bounteous hand prepared,
Rich supplies for man and beast;
The creatures gazed with sweet amazement,
All the objects there were good.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

All supplied by bounteous nature,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

- 10 The serpent subtile in his nature,
Envied Eve her holy state,
Infused his venom deep and baneful,
Eve alas! the fruit did eat.
Adam ate and found it baneful,
Felt he lost the choicest good,
Alas ! they lost their Maker's favor,
East in eden's lovely wood.
- 11 Behold them now in sad debasement,
Fallen low in sin and death,
Deprived of God's all cheering favor,
Stript of holiness and grace;
Combined evils sad and doleful
Follow hard their fallen race.
The world is full of lamentations,
Sinful creatures in disgrace.
- 12 Behold the former fairest creatures,
Stript of righteousness and peace,
Ashamed of sin, and guilt debasing,
They shun their Maker's holy face;
Absorbed in shame and perturbation,
There in trembling fear they stood,
Adoring God, alas! was ended,
East in Eden's lovely wood.
- 13 Now debased fallen nature,
Lost the savor of all good,
Therefore man must leave the garden,
From cursed ground to earn his food;
The woeful loss of heavenly favor,
Blighted praise, and holy mood,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Constrained the man in sweat to labor,
Out of Eden's lovely wood.

14 For disobedience death's awarded,
Even loss of spiritual life,
Temporal death, and e'en eternal,
Threaten both the man and wife;
Behold in wonder and amazement,
See his sweat in earning food;
The lovely pair in sad debasement,
Out of Eden's lovely wood.

15 Still their Maker, ever gracious,
Left them not in hopeless plight,
For He promised them a Saviour;
Christ the Lord of glorious might;
He honored Eve, the fairest creature,
Threatened Satan with her seed,
Declared His will in loving favor,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

16 Jehovah's wrath by sin deserved,
Jesus graciously withstood;
Offered Himself a sweet oblation,
Paid our ransom by His blood;
Sweetly sing and ever praise Him,
He obtained our pardon good,
Pleads our cause in loving favor;
Fills our souls with choicest food.

17 Jesus merits our humble service,
Full obedience to His word,
Justice loud our death demanded,
Jesus quenched the flaming sword;
A plan was framed for our salvation,
In th'eternal counsel good,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

God revealed His loving favor,
East to Eden's lovely youth.

- 18 Revelation ever gracious,
From His throne He ever sent,
Declared His will for our salvation,
Angels forth with orders sent;
In full assurance in their Maker,
They told their tale of heavenly truth,
Declared the promise in the garden,
East to Eden's lovely youth.
- 19 All the promises of favor.
Ever proffered in His grace,
Are in Jesu's one oblation,
Shining gracious in His face;
The Father's love to Him's eternal;
Angels laud them in their might;
The millions saved shall ever praise Him,
Saved from death's eternal night.
- 20 Worthy truly ever is Jesus;
Worthy truly ever of love,
For He suffered and died to free us,
From the law and merited curse;
Behold Him now and ever adore Him,
Highly seated in heaven above,
At God's right hand our Brother believe it,
Pleading our cause His merits to prove.
- 21 Sound the voice in praise of Jesus;
Sound the voice in praise of love,
When absorbed in spiritual vision,
When allured to heaven above;
Saints and angels ever adore Him,
Saints and angels ever above,

Sing the song that ever is pleasing,
Sing the song of heavenly love.

TRUST IN THE LORD

- 1 Jesus my Lord in Him I trust,
He died and rose again,
He died to save us from our sins;
In Him we life obtain.
- 2 Be not afraid, ye little flock,
He kindly speaks anew;
It is your Father's pleasure sure,
The Kingdom to give you.
- 3 He gave Himself a ransom dear,
Our debt in full to pay;
We are not henceforth what we were,
We feel inclined to pray.
- 4 We are the Lord's, He bought us dear,
And led us to His fold;
The Lord who keeps us slumbers not,
Nor sleeps He, we are told.
- 5 A wall of fire around His flock,
His glory's in His fold;
His arm is strong, His power is great;
In faith then we are bold.
- 6 To Him all power in heaven and earth,
Is by His Father given;
His people then are safe in Him,
He leads us home to heaven.
- 7 The cov'nant stands most firm and sure,
'Tis sealed by His right hand;
We sealed are by God's decree,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Forever sure to stand.

- 8 What then would cause the saints to fear
When Jesus Christ's on high?
We here are safe when He is there,
By faith to Him we fly.
- 9 He sees our tears and sorrows all,
He'll wipe them from our eyes; -
Nor will He shut His ears from those,
Who send to Him their cries.
- 10 He loved His people from of old,
And loves us dearly still;
We are a precious gift to Him.
By's Father's love and will.
- 11 His love no change shall ever know,
'Tis lasting as the sun,
'Tis high in God, it dwells secure,
His will is ever done.
- 12 In love He bowed to view our state,
When lost in death we lay,
In wrath extends His arm of might,
His justice would us slay.
- 13 But Oh! the wonders of His love
His mercy gained the day,
He found a ransom in His love,
Our debt in full to pay.
- 15 He found His own beloved Son.
Our surety in His grace,
Atonement then was made by Him.
And justice yields in peace.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 15 We've now of ages found the Rock.
Our hopes are there secure;
When resting on that Rock sublime,
Our trust in Him is sure.
- 16 Now all our foolish hopes are gone,
Which on our works we placed,
Our righteousness is, in God's sight,
As filthy rags we've traced.
- 17 The Lord our Righteousness is pure,
On Him we shall depend,
Until in light He shall appear,
And grace to us He send.
- 18 The merits of all He has done,
And suffered on the cross,
Will prove sufficient ground of hope;
All else we count as dross.
- 19 Our trust is sure when resting there,
Perfection there is found;
The righteous Lord is pleased in Him.
Our trust in Him is sound.
- 20 O thou my soul; do thou return
Unto thy quiet rest,
For largely, lo! the Lord to thee
His bounty hath expressed.
- 21 Our Father laid our help on Him;
On Him our hopes we place,
We trust in God, and His dear Son,
Who shows to us His face.
-

SECOND COMMUNION HYMN

Air the first

- 1 Jesus suffered to save us,
Death in its awfulest gloom;
Bowed His heavens to gain us,
To Himself a most gracious boon;
What justice loudly demanded,
Jesus cheerfully paid in our room,
Offered the atoning oblation,
Averted our threatened doom.
- 2 And now He pleads in our favor
The merits of all He has done,
And what He suffered most painful
On the cross for all nations alone;
Access He gained to His Father,
To heaven's most glorious throne,
That we on earth should adore Him,
In songs of melodious tone.
- 3 All the strength of creation,
All the wisdom there can be found,
Are sufficient to praise Him,
Though symphony sweeten the sound;
Ye saints and angels adore Him,
Let thankfulness daily abound,
Let all the works of creation,
Eternally praises resound.
- 4 Behold ye ransomed nations,
Prepare in amazement to tell,
Proclaim the news of salvation,
For He hath us rescued from hell.
Tell it, O tell it most freely,
O'er mountain, and valley, and dale,
Jesus obtained our pardon,
When in death He painfully fell.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 His body was painfully bruised;
Oh! think of it, bruised for you,
Broken, and painfully bruised,
Oh! think on it, Gentile and Jew;
His blood was shed for salvation,
For people and nations not few,
That numberless saints should adore Him
In regions of glory as due.
- 6 Oh! think on the Lamb in the garden,
Think on His agony and pain,
Crushed by the sins of His creatures,
His sweat dropping, bloody like rain,
Think on His heavenly greatness,
His celestial glorious train,
Standing aloof in amazement,
While He suffered our pardon to gain.
- 7 Behold in doleful abasement
In the hands of a merciless crew,
The Lamb of God in the garden
To the judgment hall Him they drew;
Behold Him mock'd and abused,
Proud judges the trial renew;
Although they could not condemn Him,
The cross was His fate by the Jew.
- 8 Oh! think on the suffering Saviour,
Oh! think on it daily anew
When down you fall in prostration,
Your thankfulness daily renew;
And when approaching His table,
The bread, the wine, in your view,
May God in mercy prepare you,
Your souls with His grace then imbue.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 Now is the day of salvation,
The proof of His favor and love,
By's death for us He obtained,
The blessings of God from above;
Marks of His heavenly favor,
Bread and wine, forever shall prove,
Ever remembrance of Jesus,
Our doubts, and our fears to remove.
- 10 Glory to God in the highest,
The Lamb is on high with His God,
Preparing a place for His chosen,
Forever with Him our abode;
Pleading our cause with His Father,
To lighten the stroke of His rod,
In mercy, forever to save us,
From th' effects of the paths we have trod.
- 11 Now bread, and wine, are prepared,
Symbols of His body and blood,
Receive in remembrance freely.
The gift of our Father and God,
His body was broken to save us,
And shed for our sins was His blood;
Eat, and drink in obedience,
To Jesus the Saviour's word.
- 12 Now are presented before you,
Sweet tokens of favor and grace,
His love bestowed most freely,
In's sufferings and pain you may trace,
To show His death He commanded,
His people in order, and place,
To eat and drink at His table,
In sweetest enjoyment of peace.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 13 This day of commemoration,
The death of the saviour will shew;
Multitudes crowd in rotation,
Their hearts full of gratitude glow;
Triumph feast of our Saviour,
In mercy true comfort bestow,
That through the means now ordained,
Choice heavenly blessings may flow.
- 14 Jesus our saviour's ascended,
A place for us all to prepare,
That in His glorious kingdom,
His people His glory may share:
Eat now, and drink at His table,
In hope that your portion is there,
When here our trials are ended,
He'll banish for ever our care.
- 15 Now is the season of favors,
Bestowed, O Lord, in Thy love,
To sinful creatures afforded,
Bright seals of the blessings above;
Fortastes of the heavenly treasures,
An earnest of glory will prove,
When earthly symbols are ended,
His presence all doubts will remove.
- 16 Those symbols here are ordained,
To strengthen our faith in His grace;
To show His death to the nations,
That they in them favor may trace;
That joyful news of salvation,
Dumb idols cast down from their place,
Dispel the darkness of nature,
By the brightness of Jesus' face.

- 17 When shines the light of His glory,
To nations in darkness that be,
No myst'ry then will absorb them,
The truth in its brightness they'll see;
Then bread and wine will be chosen,
Communion to them shall be free,
To the utmost ends of creation,
Will be songs of joyfulest glee.
- 18 Then songs of joyfulest chorus,
At morning and evening will sound;
Then nations all will adore Him,
When Jesus their Saviour is found.
Multitudes crowd in amazement,
Will duly His table surround
Then bread and wine will be precious,
To nations in unity bound.
-

LAMENTATION OVER THE STATE OF THE WORLD

- 1 Oh! the world is full of trouble,
Full of sorrow and of woe,
Sin abounds and still increases,
Men their Maker do not know,
Do not know Him as infinite,
Do not know Him as their God,
Sin abounds and still increases,
Floods of evils ever flow.
- 2 Sin of old did this world enter,
Deathe it followed in its train;
Man alas! in gloom and sorrow,
Soon his fate and doom did learn;
See him now expell'd the garden,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

To the desert, food to earn,
His Father's bowels in compassion,
On His child increasing yearn.

- 3 Oh! the fatal separation,
Man must leave his lov'd abode,
Bowed down with shame and sorrow,
Who can weigh his grievous load?
Chang'd in soul and chang'd in body,
Now he feels his Father's rod,
Now in Eden's lovely bowers,
He can never make abode.
- 4 What a change in man's condition,
Fallen low in guilt and woe;
Trembling sore in sad contrition,
Thinking how t'escape his foe:
Now he knows the lying spirit,
Now he feels the deadly blow;
Sadly musing on his folly,
Out of Eden he must go.
- 5 Who can scan his perturbation;
Who his downward steps can trace?
He is fallen low in nature,
From his holy, happy place,
Once in favor with his Maker,
He enjoyed his Father's face,
But his fall brought desolation;
Darkness clouds him in disgrace.
- 6 All his joys, and former blessings,
Are departed from his sight;
Never more can he possess them,
He has lost all claim and right;
Cursed ground is now before him.
Sad and doleful is his plight;

Loath to leave the lovely garden,
All its joys and shining light.

- 7 Death's unknown till man has fallen;
Sin's the cause of all our woes;
Jehova's law is just and holy,
That His word most plainly shews;
Man for sin is doomed to suffer,
More than man can now impose;
Justice calls for retribution;
Man must yield, that well he knows.
- 8 Wailing now and grief and sorrow,
Fill the world from end to end;
Death in all its forms and horror,
Causes men though loath to bend,
Wars in all their rage and fury,
Social bands disjoint and rend,
None can stay the doom that's destined;
Man to dust must soon descend.
- 9 Where'er you lend your ear to listen,
Thrilling woes your heart assail;
Plagues and famine, sword and slaughter,
Rend the air with dismal wail;
Thund'ring, roaring storm of battle,
Causes heroes' hearts to quail;
Proves to man his sad condition,
Strength and courage then must fail.
- 10 View the haunts of vile pollution,
Nature shrinks to hear the tale;
Turn, my thoughts, from scenes so filthy,
Go and see the strong barr'd jail;
There you hear the chain's hoarse clanking,
See men's faces wan and pale,
Dreading soon their execution,

Friendship then no man can bail.

- 11 The stormy ocean foams and rages;
Barks are shattered to their keel;
Brave men's hearts begin to falter,
Now they stagger, quake and reel.
The awful moment now approaches,
Nature shudders, flesh must feel,
Parting friends __ a scene most awful!
Down they plunge for woe or weal.
- 12 Sin has plung'd the world in suffering;
Death devastates all around;
Strife, and war in raging fury,
Everywhere on earth are found;
From the monarch to the beggar,
Wailing woes in doleful sound;
From the palace to the cottage,
Death in fetters all has bound.
- 13 Deadly seed as serpent's poison,
From the father to the son,
Infuses deep in ev'ry creature,
Mortal plagues, in flesh and bone;
The heart of man is wounded deeply,
Pure and holy thoughts are gone;
The carnal mind is vilely spiteful
'Gainst the Lord upon His throne.
- 14 Mortal men can never fathom
The depth of evil by the fall;
Alienated from their Maker,
None can hear Him, though He call;
Prone to sin, and vile pollution,
What can mortal do at all?
He drinks up sin like filthy water,
Though its fruit be bitter gall.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 15 Wail, birds of ev'ry feather,
All ye beasts of every hue,
Man alas! your master's fallen,
See him moan beneath the yew;
Barren desert is his dwelling;
Parched land without the dew;
Bewail him all ye angels mighty,
Though alas! he loves not you.
- 16 Man must leave this earthly dwelling,
Nature shudders at the tale,
Unprepar'd his doom is dreadful,
Hell is yawning, none can bail;
See him now convuls'd and trembling,
Looking wild in dreadful wail,
Ev'ry ground of hope is blasted,
Hope and all, alas! must fail.
- 17 Sin has entered deep in nature,
Drives the guilty to their doom;
Drives them on by vile corruption
To the darkness of the tomb;
View the world in all its folly,
Under clouds and dark'ning gloom,
Prone to sinful, guilty pleasures,
Nothing else can there get room.
- 18 Behold the nations in their folly
Bowing down to stocks and stones,
They've lost the knowledge of their Maker,
Hear their wailings and their groans,
Idols dumb they daily worship,
Others, splinters of dry bones,
Thinking these can save the guilty,
Helpless creatures left to mourn.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 19 God the Lord by sin dishonored,
Though He be the Lord of all!
Guilty world, your doom is certain,
Who reject the Gospel call;
Jesus died to save the sinners,
Who believe e'er since the fall;
But the world, alas! reject Him,
They receive Him not at all.
- 20 Then lament and wail, ye Christians,
Who've obtained your pardon seal'd;
See the world in rapid progress,
Hasten down the deadly field;
You can't turn them from their purpose,
To warnings their hearts are steel'd
But bewail them for their folly,
Poor betridden down and peel'd.
-

TRIUMPH

Air. _ contrast

- 1 Jesus, our Saviour's ascended,
Highly exalted in Glory,
A Prince and a Saviour attended,
In majesty royally rob'd;
Due honors abundant surround Him,
Seated on high with His Father,
Crowned in excellent power,
Triumphant over His foes.
- 2 In childhood, though humbly descended,
Angels delight to behold Him;
Swaddled and laid in a manger,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- Hosts in amazement adore;
 The shepherds beheld them in chorus
 Glorifying God in the highest,
 Announcing salvation unbounded,
 Messiah in manhood is born.
- 3 In humble appearance in manhood,
 His wisdom, and power, and glory,
 Exceed in excellence highly,
 Whate'er was witnessed before;
 His triumphs o'er natural powers,
 Treading the head of the Dragon.
 Prove Him almighty in manhood,
 Calming the sea and the storm.
- 4 Suff'ring and death still before Him,
 He views in sad'ning amazement;
 Bows in submission to His Father,
 And dies on the cross for His own;
 Death and the grave could not hold Him,
 He burst their fetters in triumph;
 The legions of hell were opposed;
 But could not the Conq'ror restrain.
- 5 Hell and the earth were combined,
 To conquer the Lion of Judah;
 Malignant in hellish alliance,
 They muster'd their strength in His view,
 Undaunted the Lion beheld them,
 Contriving their plots in the forum;
 The Lamb must be slain, and destroyed,
 Their council determined in form.
- 6 Vain efforts of men and of demons,
 To conquer the Lion of Judah;
 To baffle His purpose of kindness,
 In love to His ransomed few;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

The purpose of God in His glory,
To send Him to seek and to save us,
Strengthened His heart in obedience;
To baffle the cabaling crew.

- 7 His sheep were in scattered disorder,
Trampled, and peeled by tyrants;
Stumbling in darkness and danger,
Knew not the way to the fold;
His pity and sympathy loudly,
Called for His efforts of power,
To rescue the captives from thralldom,
And lead them in safety home.
- 8 His love and His mercy impelled Him,
To satisfy justice in trials;
To bleed on the cross in defiance
Of ev'rything hostile opposed;
As a Prince in His wrestling in power,
With God, and also with manhood,
He gained the object intended,
Prevailed with God and with men.
- 9 Though death, and the grave were intended,
By men, and by devils combined,
To hold Him in fetters confined,
And baffle His purpose of old;
They knew not His death would redeem us;
Satisfy justice and gain us;
Open the way to His kingdom,
That millions should enter His fold.
- 10 The Sanhedrin sadly surprised,
Finds that Lamb is the Lion;
Find Him almighty in power,
By victory over the grave;
Triumphant in victory behold Him,

In life, and in strength with His Father;
Adopted forever in manhood,
The only begotten of God.

11 All power in heaven and earth now
Are given to Him of His Father,
A Prophet and Priest in His kingdom,
To teach us the way of the Lord;
His kingly dominion extendeth,
Till's enemies all are subdued;
All kingdoms of th' earth shall obey Him,
All knees in homage shall bow.

12 He traveleth forth in His power
Till nations, and kingdoms obey Him,
Till millions of saints shall acknowledge
His grace, and His power to save;
His triumphs for souls He hath saved,
Shall cause them to shout in His praises,
Sweet hallelujahs in chorus,
To celebrate ever His praise.

13 Worthy the Lamb who hath rais'd us
From death to His kingdom and glory,
Of all the honor, and praises
Which ransomed souls can bestow;
Then sing ye saints in full chorus,
Triumphant our Saviour reigneth;
His blessings, like rivers are flowing,
To fill us with joy in His fold.

14 His standard in highly displayed;
He's king in His mantle of glory;
Sitting on high with His Father;
Enthroned in His kingly domain;
Behold Him ye saints and admire Him,
Triumphant in endless enjoyment,

Pleading our cause in the highest,
Filling our souls with His love.

- 15 Lo! Jesus in mercy to kingdoms,
And nations in darkness involved,
Shineth in brightness and splendor,
The sun in His orbit of gold;
In's chariot of gospel ascending,
Flying midst heaven, the Angel,
Proclaiming the gospel and kingdom,
That nations before Him may know.
- 16 The darkness is flying before Him;
His brightness illuminates nations;
His voice is almighty t'awaken,
From slumbers of death and the grave;
The souls in conviction and wailing,
Are objects of pity and kindness;
Struggling, and wrestling for freedom,
Find Him their Saviour Lord.
- 17 When groanings and wailings are rending
The hearts of penitent strangers,
He hears in compassion their cryings,
And saves them from every woe;
The chains and fetters that bind them,
He breaks, and frees them from bondage;
Washes them white from uncleanness,
And sheds His love on their souls.
- 18 All honor and power are due Him
And glory, by millions of saved;
When death on the cross He endured,
Our ransom in full He has paid;
Then loudly publish His praises,
He dwells forever in glory,
Preparing a place for His chosen,
And safely will carry us home.

LAST HYMN

BY THE LATE REV. DONALD M'DONALD
AND PUBLISHED AFTER HIS DECEASE

- 1 In the regions higher, higher,
Than the eye of man can see,
Dwells the Lord of life and glory
On His throne eternally;
He alone can fill the station
Next the Father on His throne;
Rule the nations at His pleasure,
On that glorious heavenly throne.
- 2 From of old before creation,
In the regions far away,
In the blazing rays of glory,
In the effulgent light of day;
He enjoyed His Father's presence,
In His love benignly free;
Rejoiced joyfully before Him,
In His order One of Three.
- 3 In the council of the Eternal,
Lo! the Son, our Lord was there;
Justice called for righteous vengeance;
Sin deserved it everywhere,
See Him now with admiration,
Standing forth our Friend to be;
To avert the threatened vengeance,
By His death upon the tree.
- 4 Wondrous plan for our salvation!
Framed and fixed by sure decree;
God to assume the human nature,
Soul and body man to be.
Love infinite, thus engaged Him,
Willed His justice to appease,

That His honor and His glory,
Through His Son, His saints might see.

- 5 Who the purpose of Jehovah
Can behold and silent be,
When the covenant most gracious,
Is the plan of persons three?
See the will of God our Maker,
Through His son to us revealed,
That our pardon by's oblation,
Should be mercifully sealed.
- 6 Glory to the blessed Saviour,
Who engaged our souls to free,
Who agreed to terms of covenant
Should fulfilment painful be:
Before you view Him in the manger,
Lo! the song of angels hear,
Praising God in joyful chorus,
And withal our hearts to cheer.
- 7 Lo! the God of all creation,
Lo! The word made flesh appears,
In the likeness of our nature,
To expel our guilty fears;
LO! Emmanuel our Saviour,
In the flesh most humbly low;
God in Christ to reconcile us
To Himself, and grace bestow.
- 8 Justice loud our death demanded;
Low we lay in guilt and sin.
Woeful spectacle to angels,
Slaves to Satan in his gin;
Now behold His loving favor,
Of the Lord to sinful men;
He came to free us from our bondage,
And to raise us up again.

- 9 Hallelujah sing in chorus!
He is worthy of our song,
Of our humble adoration,
And the praises of our tongue;
Hosts of angels sang before us,
Which the trembling shepherds heard;
Saints in thousands loud shall praise Him,
When they'll hear the sweet award.
- 10 If the sight of Him in childhood,
Caused the hosts to sing with glee,
Loud the saints shall join in chorus,
When triumphant Christ they'll see;
When arrayed in all His glory,
By His Father on His throne;
When they'll see the conquering Lion,
They shall worship God the Son.
- 11 When His side shall be exposed,
And His hands and feet we'll see,
Surely shouts in thankful chorus
Shall the songs in glory be;
All these marks of death so painful,
Borne by Christ for sinful men,
Must excite to admiration,
Of a love beyond our ken.
- 12 When the kingdom to the Father,
Christ resigns respectfully;
All the mystery then disclosed
Love shall shew eternally;
Love infinite to the creature,
Then displayed in full shall be;
Then the effects of Christ's oblation,
Lo! the adoring hosts shall see.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 13 Then the saints and angels joining,
In a holy joyful glee,
Shall the Lord in rays of glory,
On His throne forever see;
Then they'll know what He obtained
By His death upon the tree;
See His shining face in favor,
Where no pains or death can be.
- 14 God is love, as is declared
In His word, as all shall see;
When His Son, His Co-Eternal,
As in council both agree,
Was resigned to death most painful,
Groans and cries and agony;
That His purpose, ever gracious,
In His love displayed should be.
- 15 Now the tokens of His favor,
And His love to sinful man,
Are above our estimation
Are above what we can scan;
God is high above creation;
Grace is seen in wisdom's plan;
Man's the object of His favor,
Grace in love through ages ran.
- 16 Now again, to reassure us,
And confirms us in His love,
He bestows the spirit freely,
In the likeness of a dove;
Now His blessings freely flowing,
Showering from His throne above;
Prove His changeless loving kindness,
Which shall never more remove.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 17 Hosts above in holy regions;
Men on earth who taste His love,
Tune your harps for solemn praises,
Tune your harps your thanks to prove;
Grateful hearts with love o'erflowing,
Prove your love in grateful songs;
Thrill the air in quick vibrations,
With the praises of your tongues.
- 18 Worthy truly ever is Jesus;
Worthy truly ever of love,
For He suffered and died to free us,
From the law and merited curse;
Behold Him now and ever adore Him,
Highly seated in heaven above,
At God's right hand, our Brother believe it,
Pleading our cause His merits to prove.
- 19 Sound the voice in praise of Jesus;
Sound the voice in praise of love,
When absorbed in spiritual vision,
When allured to heaven above;
Saints and angels ever adore Him,
Saints and angels ever above,
Sing the song that ever is pleasing,
Sing the song of heavenly love.
-

HYMNS

BY EWEN LAMONT

- 1 My Soul do thou an anthem raise,
To thank and praise the Lord,
Who from my foes did unto me
Deliverance afford;
From thralldom and captivity,
Who bought and set me free,
And who did make my waiting eyes,
His loving kindness see.
- 2 O lord my mental taste inspire
My mental lyre attune,
That I do celebrate Thy praise,
May sing Thy gracious boon;
Endue my soul with light and strength,
From Thine own presence, Lord,
That I Thy tender mercies may
Unfeignedly record.
- 3 A thoughtless mortal gliding fast,
To everlasting woe,
I was, when Thou to wake me up,
Thy vocal trump did blow;
My heart alarmed at its sound,
Did bound within my breast,
My soul though dead did quickly hear,
The earth did cease from rest.
- 4 Then was my soul before the Lord,
Involved in grief and shame,
And when I viewed my own misdeeds,
My fears increasing came,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Which made my soul desire to flee,
 And wish to be at rest;
 I could not then, as formerly,
 Ungodly pleasure zest.

- 5 Stern justice me its debtor held
 And threatened endless woe;
 But oh! my debt I could not pay,
 I did that plainly know;
 Then would my soul with ardor strive
 To come to Christ; I fain
 Would with my suit to Him draw near,
 My tears would flow amain.

- 6 But Ah! corruption oft revived,
 And striving courage failed,
 And then the guileful deadly foe,
 My helpless soul assailed;
 He oft his deadly schemes employed,
 That I decoyed might be,
 By his alluring baits of sin
 To guilt and misery.

- 7 Death's terrors in the miry clay,
 On me had taken hold,
 But my perplexity, and grief,
 O Lord, Thou didst behold.
 And by Thy hand didst rescue me,
 From sinking in the mire,
 And pour'dst grace upon my soul,
 Which was my whole desire.

- 8 My sins were banished as the cloud,
 On which the loud winds blow;
 On that great morn of my release,
 My soul with bless did glow;
 Forgotten were my great distress,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Perplexity and pain,
Then sang my grateful happy soul,
Thy love's melodious strain.

- 9 Now since Thou hast, O Lord, to me
Thy mercy freely shown,
And raised me to the high degree,
Of those who be Thine own,
O never leave me to myself,
But guide my steps always,
And let this world's alluring joys,
Decoy me not away.

- 10 And so I'll not be sham'd when I
Thy kindness will declare;
And so I will it glory count,
The cross'd reproach to bear;
And when, in this poor vale of tears,
My transient years are o'er,
My happy soul immediately,
Away to Thee shall soar.

- 11 Now on this earth, because I have
No long protracted stay,
Since I must soon be called forth,
To leave this mortal clay;
O lead me in Thy statue's way,
Each day unto the end,
Lest I forsake Thy holy law,
And so Thy cause offend.

- 12 That I may warfare end like those
Who have the conquest gain'd,
And run my race like those on high,
Who have the prize attain'd —
And now have on bright crowns of gold,
And hold the glorious palm,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Who now in chorus sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

13 When here my pilgrimage is o'er,
My soul doth hope to be
In endless happiness, and bliss,
In paradise with Thee;
The world, the Devil, nor the flesh,
Shall e'er me there annoy,
I shall, before Thy presence there,
Eternal life enjoy.

14 The great eventful day is nigh,
On which Christ shall appear,
His coming every eye shall see,
Both far away, and near;
Those that will then be unprepar'd,
Who can declare their woe?
To everlasting punishment,
They down must quickly go.

SECOND HYMN

BY EWEN LAMONT

- 1 How cheering to know that as pilgrims and strangers,
We hastily pass through this valley of tears,
Protected and led through its perils and dangers
By Jesus, whose countenance comforts and cheers:
To know, though the flesh be relaxing and wasting,
And ripening fast for the change that is near,
Our souls, for the bliss that is future, are hasting,
The bliss we are only foretasting while here.
- 2 In all our afflictions and every temptation,
That grieve and assail us on every side,
We trust for support and for true consolation,
In Jesus our Saviour who suffered and died;
Who rose from the dead and who liveth forever,
And pleadeth our cause with His Father on high;
For safety we trust not in human endeavor,
Our faith is in Jesus, on Him we rely.
- 3 Though evils unnumbered annoy and molest us;
Though troubles beset us and perils appall;
Though Jesus permits them to try and to test us,
He opens a way to escape from them all:
He'll not us permit to be tried above measure,
He'll readily succor the soul that is tried;
He knows we could never escape from their pressure
If He should withdraw and His countenance hide.
- 4 The trials that meet us will test, and not burn us,
Relying on Jesus their test we endure;
As silver and gold that are tried in the furnace,
We suffer no loss but whate'er is impure;
The boisterous waves of affliction He stilleth,
He speaks but the word and the tempest subsides;
The penitent's prayer He amply fulfillleth,
For us what is needful He freely provides.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 In Him we believe and have sweet consolation,
No other delight can the soul satisfy;
Relying on Him as our only foundation,
The flood and the tempest we face and defy:
No other could save us from endless perdition,
Could satisfy justice, our ransom could pay;
Could purchase our pardon, and grant us remission,
Could open to life everlasting the way.
- 6 Then while we have grace in our hearts to adore Him
Our harps shall no more on the willows be hung,
Our songs of laudation we offer before Him,
Our harps to His praise shall be joyfully strung:
Blow heavenly breezes, awaken our glory,
Flow freely ye streams from the pure living spring;
That youth may unite with the aged and hoary,
In anthems of praise to our Saviour King.
- 7 His love shed abroad in our hearts we would
mention,
The sweet living showers that flow from above;
But who can declare what's beyond comprehension,
The height, and the depth, length, and breadth of His
love:
How timely received are His tokens of favor,
How dear to our souls are His promises all;
His kindness endureth, it lasteth forever,
He graciously heareth on Him when we call.
- 8 Through Him we surmounted the trials that met us,
By faith in His promise we still overcome;
He promises truly He'll never forget us,
Forget, can a mother, the child of her womb?
Though she may forget him and comfort refuse him,
God's love for His people shall never decline;
It flows to our souls from the Father's kind bosom,
The love of our Father is free and divine.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 Though these mortal bodies shall soon be dissolved,
 And sown in corruption like seed in the ground;
 We soon shall see clearly this mystery solved:
 For when the Archangel, the trumpet shall sound,
 In glory unfading, in joy, and immortal,
 Our bodies shall wake, and arise from the tomb,
 No more to re-enter its dreary portal,
 No more to descend to its darkness and gloom.
- 10 Thy kingdom of glory we then shall inherit,
 The house of our Father, where pleasures abound;
 The home that we neither could purchase nor merit,
 Where ought that defileth shall never be found;
 Where we shall see Jesus and worship before Him,
 And where His beloved shall ever abide;
 Where ransomed millions shall praise and adore Him
 When He shall rejoice in His glorified Bride.

 THE PENITENT'S MONODY

BY EWEN LAMONT

- 1 If weeping allay my astonishing fears,
 Break forth and run over ye founts of my tears,
 While here in deep sorrow and sadness I go,
 With my tears let me mingle the draughts of my
 woe.
- 2 Sharp arrows pervade me, my vitals they tear,
 My sins crush me down to the brink of despair;
 They mount far above me, they reach to the skies,
 I'm panting beneath them, but cannot arise.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 3 How heaveth my bosom with anguish and pain,
My groans of deep sorrow I cannot restrain;
Strange terrors affright me, my soul is dismayed,
For the rod of affliction upon me is laid.
- 4 God's justice arraigns me, I tremble and fear,
It's threatenings of vengeance loud peal in mine ear;
Woe's me, I am guilty, my folly I rue,
I halt in suspence as for pardon I sue.
- 5 Regardless of danger, I floated along
In the stream of my sins, that ran restless and strong;
That would plunge me where mercy would ne'er me
reclaim,
In the woeful abyss that I shudder to name.
- 6 I'm lonely and destitute, low and forlorn,
I'm held of the proud in derision and scorn;
That I wasted my substance, my sufferings declare,
The result of my folly, I grievously fear.
- 7 I wear my lone vigils in darkness and woe,
I'm full of confusion, I'm tossed to and fro;
I sink in deep waters, they reach to my soul,
Dark waves of affliction quite over me roll.
- 8 To the haven of safety, O how shall I flee?
I'm tossed as a ship on a boisterous sea;
And the gathering tempest with trembling I view,
To escape from its fury, O what shall I do?
- 9 While here I am tossed without shelter or shield,
I dread that the spoiler may tempt me to yield;
O that I to the rock with my life could repair,
As a roe from the chase, as a bird from the snare.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 10 The destroyer me watches, my foibles He knows,
And His tempting allurements around me He throws;
Let me scorn His vile dainties, His proffers decline,
Never more let me relish the husks of the swine.
- 11 Tho' dangers be hid from my sight for a while,
As earthly pursuits my affections beguile;
No permanent rest or true comfort I gain,
While the bruises and wounds of my spirit remain.
- 12 I look for salvation to Jesus alone,
Whom yet I may see and embrace as my own,
Tho' now as a friendless poor stranger I roam,
The good Shepherd can lead the poor wanderer
home.
- 13 I weep, but can tears of repentance atone
For the deeds of my folly, in years that are gone?
Can my sin-laden soul be relieved of its load,
And created anew in the image of God?
- 14 In the beautiful image effaced by the fall,
By the sin that brought ruin and death upon all;
Yes, Jesus that image again can restore,
And the soul that receives it shall perish no more.
- 15 O Jesus, dear Saviour, have mercy on me,
These yearnings within me are known unto Thee;
Let the balm that is healing, O Lord, be infused
Into this my poor spirit, now broken and bruised.
- 16 O Thou Son of David, the sinner's true friend,
Thine ear in compassion refuse not to lend
To my loud lamentation, sad moaning, and cries,
Let them not from my bosom unheeded arise.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 17 O Jesus Thine ear to my moanings incline,
Let me not unto death in this misery pine;
Extended to save me, Thine arm, till I see,
I will look from the depth of my sorrow to Thee.
- 18 For assurance of favor, Lord Thee I implore,
Me lead where these terrors affright me no more,
Then, Lord, shall Thy praise be the theme of my
song,
And forever engage both my heart and my tongue.
- 19 O cause me, dear Saviour, to watch evermore
At Thy gates, and to wait at the posts of Thy door;
Importunely to knock till the entrance shall be,
At the mandate of mercy expanded to me.
-

HYMN

BY ELIAS ROBERTS, TEACHER

- 1 Sweetly sound the praise of Jesus,
Only name to sinners dear,
Sweetly join the glorious anthems,
Praise the Lord in holy fear,
He has purchased our salvation,
He has washed us in His blood,
He has vanquished every tempter,
Made us kings and priests to God.
- 2 Offer up the sweet oblation,
Offer up our humble praise,
Hallelujah without ceasing,
Ransomed millions ever raise;
Worthy is the Lamb that bought us,
And redeemed us by His blood;

Every kindred, nation, people,
Yield an incense to our God.

- 3 Deep in sin, and misery trodden,
Long we wandered from the fold,
Jesus sought, and found us naked,
Clothed us with the purest robes.
Jesus sought and bought our pardon,
Paid our ransom with His blood,
Jesus found us on the mountains,
Far from holiness and God.
- 4 Oh! the love, the love infinite,
Jesus born in Bethlehem,
From His Father's holy heavens,
So He comes to dwell with man;
Came to do His Father's pleasure,
Came His majesty to bow,
Came to seek His long lost treasure,
Came to magnify the law.
- 5 Came to purchase our redemption,
Came the Anointed Son of God,
Came to raise our fallen nature,
Came to shed His precious blood,
Came the man of grief and sorrow,
Came the bruised reed to heal,
Came the meek and lowly Jesus,
Came our own Emmanuel.
- 6 View Him in His humiliation,
In His sufferings, and His death,
View Him as the Man of Sorrows,
Bow'd to yield His heavenly breath;
In the hour and power of darkness,
All the foes of God, and man,
All conspire to crucify Him,
All reject the Great I Am.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 7 In the dire hall of Caiaphas,
The Sanhedrim all agree,
At the judgment seat of Pilate,
All exclaim Him crucify.
Up the rugged Cal'vary's mountain,
See our precious Saviour led,
Till the cross was elevated,
Where the precious victim bled.
- 8 Oh! the love, the love infinite,
None but God such love could show,
None could bear such ignominy,
None sustain the dreadful blow,
God was then in Jesus suffering,
Nature then was veiled in gloom,
Then was laid our lovely Jesus,
In the silence of the tomb.
- 9 But victorious, He triumphant,
Rose in endless majesty,
Rose our Saviour, Friend and Brother,
Rose to plead our cause on high;
Rose triumphant o'er His sufferings,
Rose our Prophet, Priest and King,
Rose to give the captives freedom,
Hallelujah ever sing.
- 10 Sing ye ransomed sav'd by Jesus,
Our redemption He made sure,
Seal'd our pardon by His sufferings,
Rose to make His crown secure;
Ransom'd millions now victorious,
Sing the triumphs of His reign,
Join ye saints in songs melodious,
Offer incense to His name.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 11 Jesus' name how sweetly precious!
 Those redeemed alone can know;
 But, O Lord, we feel our weakness,
 All thy love abroad to shew;
 Raise our views, our thoughts to heav'nward,
 Elevate our lives to Thee;
 Then, O Lord, in incense, offer'd,
 Is thine own in praise to Thee.
- 12 Of ourselves we can do nothing,
 Worthy Thine infinite love,
 Not by man, O Lord, Thou knowest,
 Would we approach Thy courts above,
 All Thine own we bow submissive,
 Offer up our humble praise;
 See our Shield, Thine own Anointed,
 And accept our grateful lays.

 SECOND HYMN

BY ELIAS ROBERTS

- 1 Can ransomed souls e'er cease to sing
 The praises of our Saviour King?
 With anthems loud His praise resounds
 In sweetest notes of joyful sounds.
- 2 Our sweetest notes of praise belong
 To Jesus Christ, in cheerful song;
 Our feeble voice how weak to raise,
 And sing our Great Redeemer's praise.
- 3 Freely He left the courts above,
 Freely He came in purest love,
 He felt our woes, He bare our sins,
Partaker of our human pains.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 4 He bore our sins whilst here below;
He conquered every hostile foe;
To endless life our way He trod;
Our life is hid with Christ in God.
- 5 Never shall death nor hell enthrall
The ransom'd, freed by Jesus' call;
He called our souls from darkest gloom,
Into the glorious light of noon.
- 6 From straying on the mountain wild,
Enticed by sin, by Satan guiled;
Jesus alone could break the spell,
And save us from the lowest hell.
- 7 As sheep without a shepherd near,
We strayed in deserts pathless, drear;
No ray of hope, how dark the gloom!
Dark as the shades of silent tomb.
- 8 Death reigned in all the gloom of night;
Our souls enchained by Satan's might;
No works of merit could we do,
The carnal minds no good pursue.
- 9 Exposed we lay, __ Oh wond'rous love!
That brought the Saviour from above,
For Jesus came to seek and find,
Jesus the Shepherd good and kind.
- 10 He came and found us lying now,
In mis'ry, wretchedness and woe,
Our trespasses as mountains stood,
And intervened our souls and God,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 11 His love did penetrate the gloom;
His voice awak'd us from the tomb,
Arraigned in guilt we then appeared,
Our souls eternal vengeance feared.
- 12 Mount Sinai's thunders peal'd aloud;
Our sins arose, a threat'ning cloud:
Justice demanded death and blood,
Our souls in guilty terror stood.
- 13 The Lamb of God in mercy stands,
Shewing His bleeding side, and hands,
Pleading before His Father's throne,
The merits of His death alone.
- 14 He gave His life, He shed His blood,
T'appease the threatened wrath of God;
He burst the grave in conquering power,
Victorious on th'appointed hour.
- 15 Triumphant from the grave He rose,
Victorious o'er His vanquished foes;
Ascended high to's Father's heaven;
Eternal life through Him is given.
- 16 The mighty conqueror on high,
In heaven He hears the plaintive cry,
He hears the mourners in distress;
He left His heavens for our release.
- 17 The mountains of our sins were gone;
The brightness of His presence shone,
It cheered our souls, no tongue can tell:
He saved us from the lowest hell.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 18 Infinite love did melt our souls,
As oil into a vessel flows;
The Still Small Voice that speaketh peace,
Bade every doubt, and fear to cease.

PART 11

- 19 The Son of Righteousness arose,
With healing in His wings, disclos'd
Refulgent, glorious light of day,
With all the powers of life display'd.
- 20 Then sing His praise with joyful glee,
And cheerful voice sweet melody;
He conquered death, He rose again:
Ascended high our souls to gain.
- 21 The dreadful debt in pain He paid;
In suff'rings vast th' atonement made;
He bore our sins, a mighty load;
Jesus alone the winepress trod.
- 22 He suffered in Gethsemane,
In doleful pain and agony;
His soul's exceeding sorrowful,
His sweat as drops of blood, did fall.
- 23 Arraign'd before the bar of men,
His judges could not Him condemn:
The meek, and lowly, Lamb of God,
Faithful before His judges stood.
- 24 Descended from His Father's heaven,
His life a ransom freely given;
No man had power His life to take,
He gave it for His chosen's sake.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 25 How cruel were His murderous foes,
When all in rage against Him rose;
And mocked and scourged the lovely Lamb,
Him crucify they all exclaim.
- 26 He's robed in mock'ry's purple shade,
A crown of thorns put on His head;
Ah! think that when our Saviour died,
Nails pierced His limbs, a spear His side.
- 27 Nailed to the cross by cruel men,
He pleads for all for whom He's slain;
In love He bowed His head and died,
And mounts triumphant 'bove the skies.
- 28 In heaven His ever glorious seat,
Where, millions, bowing at His feet,
Incessant praise, in anthems sing;
There reigns our glorious martyr King.
- 29 No more the robe of mock'ry wears,
No more opposed by sorrow's cares,
No more in grief, and pain to sigh,
No more on Calv'ry's cross to die.
- 30 He suffer'd once to atone for all;
He enter'd once within the veil;
In heaven He fills the mercy seat;
The Father owns the off'ring meet.
- 31 Jesus ascended glorious high;
He reigns in power and majesty;
All knees shall bow with one accord,
And ev'ry tongue confess Him Lord.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 32 Glory ascribe to God on high;
Exalt His name triumphantly;
Let every people, kindred, tongue,
The praises of our Lord prolong.
- 33 Praise Him all times in ev'ry place,
Praise Him for redeeming love and grace;
Praise is the highest strain above;
Praise is the theme of perfect love.
- 34 All praise to Jesus Christ is due,
In sweetest anthems, ever new;
Ye ransomed ever sing the strain,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.
- 35 The height, depth, length and breadth of love,
In Jesus Christ the incarnate God,
Transcends the power of tongue to tell,
For Jesus hath done all things well.
- 36 He is our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On Him doth all our hopes depend;
He will direct our steps always;
He is the Life, the Truth, the Way.
- 37 In glory, power, and love combined,
Thus doth He make of willing mind,
T' accept the offered mercy still,
And yield obedience to His will.
- 38 The ransomed love with willing soul,
And yield to Jesus, Lord, our all;
And praise and homage to His name,
In hallelujah's loud acclaim.

- 39 He is the Lord our Righteousness;
He leads His chosen on to bliss;
Our souls aspire to higher place,
To see our Jesus face to face.
-

HYMN

- 1 Ye ransomed in the Lord rejoice,
And praise His name with thankful voice,
Sing ye to Him, His praise proclaim,
In honor of His holy name.
- 2 Behold the wonders of His love:
For He descended from above
To save our souls from death and sin,
That we might live and dwell with Him.
- 3 He left His Father's blest abode,
To manifest the love of God,
To seek and save that which was lost,
And gave His life to pay the cost.
- 4 He paid our ransom, when He died,
God's justice then was satisfied:
'Twas through the sufferings of His Son,
The victory for us was won.
- 5 He hath ascended up on high,
He led captive captivity;
And He hath given gifts to men,
Which proves that He, for us, was slain.
- 6 He now doth intercede above;
He sympathizes in His love;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Hath fellow-feelings with our grief,
And to our souls He sends relief.

- 7 And now the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in One,
In wisdom, power, and might doth prove,
To ransomed souls, that God is love.
 - 8 Love is His darling attribute;
He changeth not, He's infinite,
His love He manifests to man,
He loved us ere the world began.
 - 9 He loved us while He bore our sins,
He proved it, when He made us kings;
The Father's will for to disclose,
And rise in triumph o'er His foes.
 - 10 His love is pure, He loves us still,
O doubt it not, it is His will;
The kingdom He for us prepared;
His work is sure, He hath declared.
 - 11 Then Zion sing, His grace abounds,
And praise His name in joyful sounds,
Oh! praise the glorious Lord of Hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
-

“air son misnichd do luchd iarruidh
chrìosd”

(Translated in the year 1842)

- 1 Ye who are now oppressed with grief,
In sore afflictions bound;
For whom, in vain and empty husks,
No nourishment is found;
Who cry, Our Father, we have sinned
‘Gainst Thee and heaven above,
And are unworthy to partake
Of Thy paternal love.
- 2 Our portion we have spent abroad,
It doth no more remain;
And now we see and feel our loss
With grief, remorse and pain:
Deliver us from our distress,
Our bands and fetters rend;
As hired servants us receive,
Our feeble cry attend.
- 3 Your tears and lamentations bring
The time into my view
In which I had in anguish lain,
And sore complained as you:
But steadfast on this glorious Rock
My goings God doth make,
And in His promise I believe,
He’ll never me forsake.
- 4 Through many a grief though now ye do
Pursue the narrow way;
Although its weary, rugged path
Your troubled hearts dismay;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Though ye with souls disconsolate
The lengthened path behold:
You tread the footsteps of the flock
Now brought into the fold.

- 5 Though in your faint and weary souls
Despairing thoughts arise,
His promised mercy God will show,
The poor will not despise;
Your grievous burden will remove,
And bruise your cruel foe:
Then from your lips, from day to day,
Your Saviour's praise shall flow.
- 6 Then unto you it shall be known
That God afflicted you
To save you from impending wrath,
And lead you safely through;
That ye might not on groundless hope
With confidence rely,
And lest ye should, forever more,
In endless torments lie.
- 7 To view the wondrous love of Christ
Your chief delight shall be,
Who gave His life your souls to save
From endless misery.
Who through His flesh, prepared for you
A new and living way,
Thereby that you might death escape,
And Satan's fatal sway.
- 8 Who did not call you hence, when dead
In trespasses you lay;
But who, in mercy to your souls,
Did here prolong your stay,
To take away your filthy rags,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

And you invest anew
With beauteous robes _ with bright array
Of never fading hue.

- 9 You'll feel within that Jesus is
Your great Physician too.
His people's wrongs He doth redress,
The sick with health renew.
As He displayed His power divine,
The blind their sight received,
And those whom Satan's bands did bind
Were by His might relieved.
- 10 A hearing ear he gave the deaf,
He cleansed the leprous throng,
He gave the lame the use of limbs,
He loosed the speechless tongue,
And others lain in death's repose
Arose at His command:
He rescued those in sore distress
From their oppressor's hand.
- 11 Salvation, rest and liberty
You'll thus in Jesus find;
To joy your mourning changed shall be;
He'll ease your troubled mind;
A lively hope, and love unfeigned,
The Saviour shall bestow,
A hope that maketh not ashamed,
And love that e'er shall glow.
- 12 He dearly bought this liberty
To which are we restored:
He gave His life, His blood He shed,
His soul to death He poured;
And thus our heavy debt was paid,
And wrath was pacified

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

The Father reconciled to us,
And justice satisfied.

- 13 O who can scan the vast extent
And strength of love divine?
Who can its boundless length and breadth
And height and depth define?
By human tongue its richness great
Declared can never be;
Past finding out it was and is;
It lasts eternally!
- 14 Behold what great display of love
Is brought within our view,
And of the excellence of God's
Most holy justice too,
In Christ, our Saviour and Friend,
Contending with the foe,
Appeasing Justice by His blood,
That grace to us might flow.
- 15 Ye who through grief to death draw near,
O hear His loving call:
Unto your souls He offers rest
From sore distress and thrall;
In love He offers to the poor
A treasure sure for aye,
Which neither moth nor rust can mar,
Which never shall decay.
-

VALEDICTORY HYMN

- 1 This place of worship ere we leave ____
 With full and free accord,
 We now desire our thanks to give
 To Thee our loving Lord.

Chorus. *Do Thou alone our right maintain,
 Our Lord and Saviour dear,
 Till we together meet again,
 To lead our paths, be near.*

- 2 Lord, for Thy favor since we met,
 Thy glorious name we praise;
 On vocal harps in order set,
 Our peans loud we raise.

Do Thou alone, etc.

- 3 As we unite our voices now
 In joyous melody,
 With hearts united let us bow,
 In homage, Lord, to Thee.

Do Thou alone, etc.

- 4 As we are now about to part,
 Us guard from every snare—
 O Jesus, who our safety art,
 On Thee we cast our care!

Do Thou alone, etc.

- 5 O grant us wisdom as we go,
 To frustrate Satan's wiles;
 To disregard the world's vain show,
 Its haughty frowns and smiles.

Do Thou alone, etc.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 6 Our valediction though we sing,
 We hope to meet again,
 To honor, serve and praise our King
 So let it be, Amen!

Do Thou alone, etc.

ON THE FAITHFUL FRIEND

(A translation of "Nach lianmhor aobhar mulaid dhuinn")

- 1 How often cause of sorrow comes
 In our sojourn below!
 How bold and fierce our enemy,
 To deal his deadly blow.
 How oft comes danger and distress,
 To grieve us as we onward press!
 If God would cease with grace to bless,
 Our life and strength would go.
- 2 How often cause of weeping comes,
 While here we do remain!
 How oft will nature's weakness cause
 Our inward light to wane!
 When least we think, there comes a fall,
 Which coldness brings and grief withal:
 How oft this world our minds will call
 Aside with guile again!
- 3 How often sin will cast us down,
 As vanquished on the field,
 With weariness and wounds laid low,
 We then to weakness yield.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Had not there been a Fount to ease
 And cleanse away each sore disease,
 Man's skill could ne'er our pains appease,
 Our wounds could not be healed.

- 4 When foes around encompass us,
 To cast us in the mire;
 In front of battle let us press,
 As God's behests require.
 Let not our courage yield to fear,
 There is a Friend that's always near,
 To help us, and our prayers to hear,
 Fulfilling our desire.
- 5 That Friend, so good and gracious,
 Most kind in all His ways;
 Who from the womb has severed us,
 From youth who did us raise;
 Assuaged our grief, gave joy instead,
 And ease from trouble, fear and dread,
 Who gives to us our daily bread,
 And strength in all our days.
- 6 His wondrous love was towards us,
 Before the world began:
 That it should be fulfilled in us,
 Was His design and plan.
 Behold His boundless love displayed,
 When down for us His life He laid,
 And by His blood atonement made ____
 Our Saviour, God and man!
- 7 His love is inconceivable
 To human mind or light;
 Its depth is as eternity,
 Its length, its breadth and height.
 We can't conceive the debt He paid

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

In full, without our feeble aid ____
 The burden that was on Him laid,
 He bore with glorious might.

- 8 Behold Him numbered with the thieves
 And hanging on the tree!
 And pouring through His open wounds,
 His holy blood runs free!
 Now God the Father Him forsakes,
 The rocks are rent, creation quakes,
 His loving heart in anguish breaks,
 In dying agony:
- 9 We can't conceive the trials great
 That met Him by the way,
 While He for us the law fulfilled
 And all our debts did pay.
 His foes were near ____ His friends retire ____
 His cruel murderers' desire ____
 His soul endured the wrath and ire
 That down on us should weigh.
- 10 And now behold Him glorified,
 At God's right hand on high.
 How great His name, how joyful are
 The hosts that stand Him nigh.
 Their thanks and praise in union go
 To Him in sweet accord and flow;
 That song shall ne'er and ending know,
 His glory ne'er shall die.
- 11 O blessed are they whose Lord He is,
 He calls them to their fold;
 From sore temptation He will save,
 From ills He will them hold.
 To pleasant pastures them He'll guide,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

All fruitful, peaceful, fair and wide;
In safety they shall there abide
With joy and peace untold.

- 12 As trees beside the brook are they,
That streameth gently by:
Their leaves are green in times of drought,
They neither fade nor die.
Their roots will deep and deeper go,
As up their blooming boughs will grow,
With fruit their branches bending low,
Their roots in fatness lie.

- 13 He is His servant's strength and stay,
He guides them by His hand;
He will uphold and strengthen them
Against their foes to stand.
God's chariots and His angels strong
Encompass them, a might throng —
Unto their foes does not belong
To see the heavenly band.

- 14 And they who in His vineyard work
As faithful servants may,
And whose desire to please their Lord
Increases day by day,
Through trials *here*, their course must run,.
Above, their rest shall be begun;
They shall be, when their work is done,
To glory called away.
-

AN ENGLISH VERSION OF

“SUD AM PEACADH A DHRUIDH
OIRNN”

IN THREE PARTS

 PART 1

- 1 Oh! how deep the transgression that hath left us
despoiled!
Fallen, abject and restless by the serpent beguiled;
Left in shame and in sorrow, left our loss to deplore,
That our home in fair Eden we must leave evermore.
- 2 Oh! how grievous the sorrows that it brought in its
train!
Every nation must suffer from its trouble and pain.
As are branches denuded of their bloom by the frost,
So by sin was our beauty and our purity lost!
- 3 Source and cause of all peril, and of every woe ____
Man created in honor, now dishonored and low ____
Now confined and distracted, stripped, embarrassed
and tried,
Sewing fig-leaves together, that his shame he might
hide!
- 4 When the voice of his Maker in the cool of the day,
In the garden was walking, fallen man fell away!
Filled with fear of His presence, glad no more at His
call ____
Oh! the guilt and debasement, sin entailed on us all!

SPIRITUAL HYMN

- 5 Nought he found that could hide him, from the eye
that's on all.
God hath spoken. "Where art thou?" Man must
answer the call.
For his guilt and confusion, his excuses are vain!
He can offer no ransom, his redemption to gain!
- 6 Then was lost his sweet converse with his Maker
and Lord;
Everlasting confusion was his due and reward.
From the tree that life giveth justly driven was he;
And a sword that was flaming kept the way of the
tree.
- 7 But a cov'nant was entered of redemption for man,
In the Trinity's council, ere the world He began,
In which man is entitled to a higher degree,
Than we held in fair Eden when from sin we were
free.
- 8 Unto man under sentence of displeasure divine,
God in mercy revealed His decree and design;
He hath promised the woman, fallen low and
accused,
That the head of the serpent, by her seed, should be
bruised.
- 9 Unrecalled, forgotten was the promise sublime;
Came the seed of the woman in the fullness of time—
Christ, the Father's true likeness, His delight and
His love,
And the brightness most holy of His glory above.
- 10 See! the lovliest infant ever seen upon earth!
Lowly laid in the manger, so estranged at His birth,
In the inn, to the parents needed aid is denied —
They must lodge in the stable with the babe at their
side.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 11 In the city of David, was our Saviour born __
 Welcome news to the shepherds, by the angels
 was borne.
 Praise to God in the highest, peace on earth and
 good will;
 Was there ever in music such a beautiful thrill?
- 12 But of men He's rejected, He's neglected, despised __
 To accomplish His slaughter, many plots they
 devised;
 So intense was their hatred, malice, envy and ire,
 Nothing less than to kill Him, could fulfill their
 desire.

PART 11

- 1 Though the Son for a season in the world did abide,
 Yet He sought not its treasures, not its pleasures
 and pride __
 'Twas to rescue and save us from our merited
 doom __
 O the love that inclined Him thus to toil in our room.
- 2 Who can fathom the perils that our Shepherd came
 through __
 He had trials most grievous of which we never knew
 Satan tempting Him often, strove to thrust Him
 aside;
 Moved against Him the rulers, blind with fury and
 pride.
- 3 In the garden near Cedron, doleful, weary and sore __
 Though His sweat as He wrestled, burst through
 every pore,
 Bloody sweat from His body fell in drops to the
 ground;
 Yet He bore the affliction till with victory crowned!

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 4 He encountered all peril, His elect to set free;
 In our stead, as our ransom, held by justice was He.
 By His covenant promise, for our debt He must
 stand;
 Now the hour that drew nigh Him was the time
 of demand.
- 5 Now His foes unresisted seize their victim in time,
 In their council they treat Him as if guilty of crime;
 All the court was unfriendly, no defender had He,
 Though their false accusations always failed to
 agree.
- 6 He endured the revilings of their viperous tongues—
 See! they cruelly beat Him — oh! the pitiless throng!
 See! the mock robe of purple — see! the mock thorny
 crown!
 See! the blood from His temple, on His raiment
 drops down.
- 7 On thy height, O Golgotha, what commotion I see!
 Who is led as a victim? sore afflicted is He —
 With His cross on His shoulder, as thy summit He
 nears,
 I can dimly behold Him through the flow of my
 tears.
- 8 Would they treat Him so rudely did they knew it was
 He?
 That it was the *Messiah*, whom they hanged on a
 tree —
 Would the hands that have nailed Him be so daring
 and strong?
 Would they taunt Him so rashly with a blasphem-
 ous tongue?

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 But how could they show pity , when the spirit of
Cain?
To accomplish His murder, did them urge and constrain,
But although to afflict Him, all their malice was
stirred,
He against their detraction did not answer a word!
- 10 When the tempest that brooded, in its fury came on,
Undiscouraged He viewed it _ He withstood it
alone!
When His soul and His body, for His flock He laid
low__
Oh His conflict and sufferings, who thoroughly
know!
- 11 Now is open securely, thus a new living way,
Through His flesh unto glory, now we joyfully may
Travel onward and upward, with our trust in His
love,
Till He call us before Him, to His glory above.

PART 111

- 1 Thou art worthy of praises, O my Saviour dear!
Me, Thou feedest and ledest, through my pilgrimage here.
Thou, my rock of salvation, speedy aid in my need-
O without Thee my portion would be mournful
indeed!
- 2 Thou, my health and dependence, dearest friend of
my soul!
All the evils that grieve me are beneath Thy control.
May Thy countenance beaming, joyous feelings
inspire__
May Thy breathing infusing, thrill with music my
lyre!

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 3 'Tis my want of obedience to thy precepts divine,
Makes my ardor to falter, to relax and decline,
Full of doubts and misgivings, weak and timid
through fear ____
Oft the marks of my weeping, on my pillow appear!
- 4 Kind to me were Thy dealings, since I breathed in
this clay,
Though I did from Thy precepts often heedlessly
stray.
In the rod of correction, I Thy mercy discern ____
For Thy smile on me beameth, when obedience I
learn.
- 5 O my Saviour protect me from the serpent's dread
power!
He is wily and restless to molest and devour.
Shelter Thou from his arts me, from the darts of his
tongue-
Lord, Thy love is my castle - everlastingly strong!
- 6 To be sought and desired, more than wine is Thy
love;
As a river it streameth , flowing free from above.
Than the jewels more precious in its virtue and
power ____
It is sweeter than honey, gathered fresh from the
flower!
- 7 To declare it, where can we, a comparison find?
To the love that exceedeth all conceivings of mind.
Neither angels nor mortals can encompass it round -
Who in song can it herald - who can tell of its
bounds?
- 8 There is nought that can quash it, everlasting the
same:
Mighty floods cannot quench it, or abate its bright
flame:

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

That its influence guide me, of Thy kindness I crave,
That its banner of glory always over me wave!

- 9 O my loving Redeemer, be my shield and my stay!
My affliction Thou seest, when enfeebled I stray.
Be Thy mercy around me, while I'm bound in this
clay -
To the mansions of glory, till Thou call me away!
-

EXHORTATION TO THE YOUNG

(English version of "Earail do'n Oigridh")

- 1 As the end of my day,
In this body of clay,
As my time of departure's near me;
There will pass from my tongue,
To the ears of the young,
Timely words, if you choose to hear me.
Soon your beauty shall pass,
As the bloom of the grass,
As the withered rose descendeth;
Age, disease and decay,
Swiftly hasten their sway -
Oh how quickly this journey endeth!
- 2 See! in summer's fresh bloom,
Infants laid in their tomb,
Lovely maids and young men together;
As the plants that are seen,
In the morning so green.
Prematurely to wilt and wither.
Youth, attentively hear,
Seek the Lord while He's near,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

In your purpose and aim, decided;
Seek His favor and peace,
Bend before Him your knees -
Be your paths by His precepts guided.

- 3 Shun the things that are vain,
Deem them not as your gain,
Early search for the one thing needful.
Seek a heavenly crown,
Though the world on you frown,
Christ confess, and to Him be heedful.
The world though you'd gain,
All its glory obtain,
With its silver and gold and pleasures-
Will their value compare,
Or comparison bear,
To the wealth of the heavenly treasures?

- 4 O young men be aware
Of your enemy's snare -
See him lurking to seize and rend you,
May the Lord from above,
In His pity and love,
From the enemy's wiles defend you!
Now are set for your choice,
Life and death - give your voice-
Which of these as your choice will please you?
Wise advice will you hate,
Seize your enemy's bait,
And repent, when too late, like Esau?

- 5 Though your enemy may
Throw his baits in your way,
Pass them by - do not touch or take them,
Whate'er others may do,
Be your aim to ensue
Wisdom's precepts, and ne'er forsake them;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

And in Jesus abide,
Lean on Him as your guide,
He will render your pathway even:
He will bless you with strength,
He will bring you at length
To the glories prepared in heaven.

- 6 Though your courage may fail,
 And afflictions prevail -
In adversity He will cheer you,
 Well He knoweth your fears
 All your troubles and tears -
He's the Helper that's always near you.
 But if Satan come nigh,
 And your armor laid by,
You are worsted when undefended,
 Then in earnest apply,
 For the balm that's on high,
Or you'll bleed till your day is ended.

- 7 When in prayer you bend,
 Reach your true, loving friend -
You will find He is always ready;
 Ever bending His ear,
 Earnest prayer to hear,
He's the Friend of the poor and needy.
 In His shelter abide,
 As your Shepherd and Guide -
Of His love He will ne'er bereave you,
 When your journey is o'er,
 You shall peacefully soar
Up to glory, where he'll receive you.
-

GOOD TIDINGS

- 1 Hear the song of peace and gladness
Borne from Heaven down to earth,
Sung by hosts of blessed angels,
Who announce the lowly birth.
Trembling sinner ! weeping, mourning,
Cease your trembling, calm your fears;
In the joyful gospel message
God's eternal love appears.
- 2 There were rays and beams of favor
Seen by prophet and by seer,
Now the full and brightest shining
Of the glorious dawn is here.
Anxious one ! behold the morning.
Th' Sun of Righteousness appears:
Weep no longer; Christ , the Saviour,
Comes to wipe away your tears.
- 3 Have you waited long, and watching
Almost lost all hope of day?
Are you eyes grown dim with weeping?
Has your tongue ne'er ceased to pray?
Listen now ! the words of gladness
Tell of peace and joy and love.
Let your heart embrace the message,
Good and perfect, from above.
- 4 Hear the hosts of Heaven singing
Unto you the Christ is born.
He has come in veiled glory,
Clothed in humblest human form.
He is near you, loving, tender,
And He knows your pain and grief.
Let your earnest prayer be spoken;
He shall give your soul relief.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 Lo! within a lowly manger,
Where the burdened beasts have fed,
There the Child, and thither gladly
Came the ones divinely led,
Weary pilgrims; follow seeking,
See the star your path to cheer;
Reach the meek and lowly Jesus,
Your salvation draweth near.
- 6 Are you lonely? Are you weary?
In this world you know no joy.
Jesus found no place of resting,
Or whereon His head might lie.
Meek and lovingly the Saviour
Call the weary to their rest,
And removes the weighty burden
Which the laden soul oppressed.
- 7 Do you suffer in your anguish?
Lo! what pain your Lord did feel!
Let His sorrow in the garden
To your wounded heart appeal.
Ever closer; ever nearer;
Let your voice express your need.
You shall know this love most tender,
When from trouble you are freed.
- 8 Do you dread the awful wages
That upon mankind doth lie,
And condemned you hear the sentence
That the soul which sins must die?
Raise your eyes, behold the victim,
Now uplifted to your view:
'Tis the Lamb of God, the Saviour,
Who the ransom pays for you.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 Open wide the gates of Heaven
 That the King may enter in.
 He is Christ, the mighty Captain,
 Who has conquered death and sin.
 Die to sin; arise to glory.
 Now you know the joyful sound,
 And the crucified Redeemer
 By your longing soul is found.
- 10 Let your lips proclaim His praises,
 And your life show forth His love.
 Rest your thoughts in meditation
 On the glorious things above.
 Thus your soul is filled with comfort,
 Trusting not in human might,
 And the inner hope of glory
 Cheers you through the darkest night.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

GAELIC HYMNS

OF

THE LATE REV. D. MACDONALD AND

EWEN LAMONT, ELDER

 THE KING IS COME

“Thainig an Rìgh”

- 1 Faith is given, away are driven
 All doubt and terror; the King appears.
 Now His banner unfurled in heaven,
 In light and honor He highly rears:
 The Lord in hand the trumpet has taken,
 Has blown a blast of spiritual power:
 The slumbering sinner He did awaken,
 He cleared the shadows that long did lower.

- 2 Came the voice of the Lord from heaven -
 The earth was shaken, the clouds distilled,
 The grave of spiritual death was riven,
 The soul, awakened, with fear was filled:
 Trembling he came in true contrition,
 The Lord with prayerful spirit he neared,
 And Jesus lovingly cleared his vision -
 The door was opened, the King appeared.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 3 He poured His spirit, the heart was broken ____
Ye powers of darkness and death begone!
Dawn, awaking, of morn the token,
O'er all the livid horizon shone.
The deaf, the dumb, the blind are receiving
Their hearing, speech and vision, amain;
And each and every soul is living,
In whom the heavenly King doth reign.
- 4 But we with horror were filled, and terror,
Upon discovering judgment nigh;
By the spirit we saw our error,
The sweet and bitter were proved thereby;
By anguish seized, amazed astonished,
Of hell the gloom and suffering we feared;
But fear is banished and doubt has vanished -
The Sun is risen, the King appeared.
- 5 The glorious Trinity saw and 'stablished,
The plan, ere heaven and earth were made;
And all, when finished, His glory published,
His power with melody sweet displayed.
The sons of God were all rejoicing,
The morning stars together did sing,
Creation everywhere was voicing,
Due praise to heaven's eternal King.
- 6 His voice He uttered, and every being,
For glory fitted, arose to view;
The former heaven and earth were fleeing
Before His presence; then came the new,
Descending in beauty down from heaven,
Was seen the new Jerusalem then,
In holy heavenly form approven -
The glorious dwelling of God with men.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 7 Praise and honor are due forever
The Lamb, who willingly came to die;
He freely, fully did all recover,
And now He dwelleth our Priest on high,
Pleading our cause with God the Father;
To us He will peace and righteousness bring;
No cause of sorrow have we, who gather
To our Deliverer, Christ the King.
- 8 Jehovah's infinite, glorious Spirit
Within His temple eternal dwells;
This love and unity we inherit,
Without our merit, as Scripture tells.
Far were we from God and heaven,
In long captivity withered and seared,
But faith was given, away were driven
All fear and terror, when Christ appeared.
- 9 With great compassion our souls He draweth
With cords of man and bands of love;
The light and liberty He bestoweth
The world can never withdraw nor give;
Us on the bridal day He receiveth;
And milk, and wine, and honey, shall be
Most freely granted, by Him that giveth
All good, and loveth eternally.
- 10 Cheering melody, praise and gladness
Attend Thy marriage, O lovely Lamb!
Thine own delivered from fear and sadness
With joy unspeakable, peace and calm;
The daughters of Sion all together
Shall there, to see King Solomon, come,
When at His marriage the Church His mother,
Shall place upon Him the diadem.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 11 Souls rejoicing, adoring, loving,
Attend Thy wedding, O glorious Lamb!
In robes of righteousness clothed, all having
And holding forth the victorious palm;
These are the souls whom Jesus glorified,
Washed in His blood, delivered from woe;
Enrobed forever in garments purified,
All unspotted, and white as snow.
- 12 On pastures pleasant shall be their dwelling,
With Him that sitteth upon the throne;
Where wine, and honey, and milk are welling
Despair and sorrow are there unknown.
The Lamb doth lead them all to waters
Of free salvation, living and clear;
He breaks all fetters, all gloom He scatters,
And wipes from every eye the tear.
- 13 Arise, O Sion! break forth in singing!
There's joy unspeakable night to thee;
Christ thy Saviour the flock is bringing,
As tender Shepherd He sets them free.
Although for His own His life was given,
He rose with might o'er death and the tomb;
He reigns forever with God in heaven,
And safely gathers His chosen home.
- 14 The King's wherever His people gather:
He came already, and yet shall come;
He calleth hither the tribes together;
No more shall Israel wayward roam.
The fold when filled is thrilled with melody,
Hearts renewed all singing the strain:
Who Jesus follow, with Him, all hallowed,
A thousand spiritual years shall reign.
-

ON THE SUFFERINGS OF THE SAVIOUR

“Fullangais an Fshanuighear”

- 1 “The sufferings of my Saviour
 I celebrate and sing;
 The birth and meek behaviour,
 And dying of the King.
 Oh! wonder most inscrutable
 That human songue can name —
 The Eternal and Immutable”
 In Christ, to save us came.

- 2 By sin and deep transgression weighed
 Creation all did groan,
 In death and dire oppression laid,
 Unable to return.
 But lo! the glorious Trinity
 Ordained the Lamb to be,
 In manhood and divinity,
 Our ransom full and free.

- 3 But O! my inability
 To sing in lofty strain,
 The love and the humility
 Of Him who bore such pain;
 Who shed His blood, recovering
 The sheep that went astray;
 A living spring discovering,
 That drink His people may.

- 4 Then, Lord be Thou unsealing now
 The theme of this my song;
 So by thy grace revealing, Thou
 Shall freely fill my tongue
 With words that shall expressively
 Of Jesus’ sufferings tell,
 While on the earth submissively
 And humbly He did dwell.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 The scripture shows His holiness;
How sorely He was tried;
How He, in love and lowliness,
His glory laid aside;
How He, throughout His passion, all
Our human nature wore:
His soul and body rational
Great pain and sorrow bore.
- 6 Though human reason will go far,
To understand the pain
That Jesus bore, for those that are
His awful sufferings' gain!
The world would not the books contain
That could explain it all,
When down the wrath of God amain
Upon Him came withal.
- 7 No wonder fear surrounded Him,
When our transgressions all,
Like awful mountains frowned on Him –
They down upon Him fall!
And heavily they bear on Him
With pain that we deserved;
But naught could bring despair on Him
That never, never swerved.
- 8 While men, in base contempt, at Him
With rage and malice heave,
How fiercely Satan tempted Him
The world can ne'er perceive;
The blackest hosts of darkness came
Around Him, raving wild,
And sent their darts with fiendish aim
To maim the Undefined.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 But what was mostly grieving Him,
Though hell so fiendish strove,
The world was disbelieving Him,
And fleeing from His love;
They would not own that lovingly
To save His flock He came;
They slighted, unapprovingly,
His holy, heavenly aim.
- 10 Yea, in their mad malignity,
Of all compassion void,
They treat Him with indignity;
Like dogs they round Him hied.
Yea, also, bulls of Bashan there
In rage beset Him round;
And they, on that occasion, were
Assailing Him while bound.
- 11 But more than foes confront Him;
The winepress must be trod –
Behold the cup presented Him
E'en by the hand of God!
For justice must be satisfied
By Christ, the promised seed;
The law, our ransom ratified,
Required that He should bleed.
- 12 Lord, now beyond the stream, for us,
O'er Cedron as we go,
Cause Heavenly light to beam for us,
And wisdom to bestow,
That we may see Him conquering
The hosts of hell alone;
They for His blood are hankering –
He wrestling for His own.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 13 When came the time appointed Him
In wisdom's plan of yore,
By God, who had annointed Him,
He humbly, meekly bore
The sorrows, that so awfully
Rolled over Him amain,
And sank Him sadly, woefully,
In agony and pain,
- 14 Low on the ground appealing there,
Oh! heed His earnest cry;
He prays His Father, kneeling there, -
From Me this cup pass by;
My soul is sad exceedingly,
Deathe seizes Me upon;
Yet adding meekly, pleadingly, -
Thy will, not mine, be done.
- 15 But oh! my King and Saviour dear,
The fearful hour is come
In which, by loving favor here,
Thou standest in our room!
His bloody sweat is streaming now,
And freely down doth flow;
His face, no longer beaming, now
Is marred by grief and woe.
- 16 Death's terrors then came drearily
And darkly Him upon;
His soul was wrestling wearily
And sadly there alone;
But now His loving heart was pressed
For all to be fulfilled,
Which was to purchase heavenly rest,
E'en as His Father willed.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 17 Though awful were His grief and care;
 Though scourged and weary, worn;
Though spit upon and made to wear
 The purple robe in scorn;
Though piercing thorns His temples tear;
 Though cares His visage mar:
The winepress that He tramples there,
 More awful was by far.
- 18 Though on the cross, oppressively,
 Six hours of pain He bore;
And though His blood excessively
 Through wound and scar did pour;
Though men cannot discern it, He
 Did greater horrors quell –
The darkness of eternity,
 The pains of death and hell.
- 19 And thus He did atone for us,
 Alone upon the tree;
The wrath that was in store for us,
 He bore in agony;
The curse for sin that lay on us
 Which He, our Saviour bore,
In justice would have weighed on us
 Forever, ever, more.
- 20 He opened by His suffering
 A new and living way,
And justice by His offering
 Is satisfied for aye;
His lifeblood flowing precious,
 On earth did favor bring;
Now all the living graciously
 Sing praises to their King.

ON THE RESURRECTION

“Laoidh air an Aiseirigh”

- 1 Arose the light brightly o'er us,
 Arose Jesus our Lord from the grave,
 Arose the Sun in His glory,
 Arose our Saviour with power to save;
 Arose the day of salvation,
 Arose the Prince of our peace from all woe,
 Arose our leader and Captain,
 Arose the Messenger, grace to bestow.

- 2 Now the shadows shall vanish
 With the darkness of death and despair;
 Sin sedition and hatred
 Shall not harass Thy people for e'er;
 Graceless lore, with its errors,
 To mislead us shall never have room;
 Satan's power shall be banished,
 And his angels be hurled to their doom.

- 3 There are tokens of favor –
 Came with power the opening of seals,
 Awoke the souls of His people
 What was prophesied now He fulfills.
 Came our Saviour, Jesus;
 With His kingdom He came from above;
 Came our peace and rejoicing;
 Came to dwell in us, faith, hope, and love.

- 4 Thy day, as foreseen of many,
 Abraham rejoiced to behold;
 Moses saw it, and Aaron,
 Led from Egypt, the flock of Thy fold;
 Job beheld it, and Daniel,
 Thy Spirit the subject revealed
 To all the Prophets, from Adam,
 Till their theme on the cross was fulfilled.

- 5 Wicked men had no power
Christ our Saviour in bondage to hold;
Power neither had Satan,
Nor his armies, though many and bold;
And the world had no power,
Though conspiracies base it did ply;
Even death could not hold Him –
He awoke, and ascended on high.
- 6 His foes were bloodthirsty, cruel;
They were pitiless, rude and unkind;
But strongly wrestled the Lion,
Bruised their head with His heel as designed.
All His foes He has vanquished,
With the kingdom's bright sceptre in hand;
He is ever exalted
In His dwelling of glory, our Friend.
- 7 As 'rose our Saviour, Jesus,
In like manner arose we from woe;
The soul immortal He wakened,
And the light of His presence did flow,
The gates of Paradise opened;
Now the spirit of grace, He bestows,
And so my soul, now immortal,
In the blest resurrection arose.
- 8 Christ is the blest Resurrection,
He's the Life and Salvation for aye;
Awoke on Sabbath's blest morning,
Rose from death and the grave where He lay;
A certain sign that His chosen
In His image shall rise from the tomb,
That we shall be with His presence,
Clothed in beauty, and freshness, and bloom.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 Oh! my friends and my brethren,
Ye whose souls life and liberty know,
To us came Jesus, our Saviour,
Gave us speedy relief from our woe;
Our souls immortal, adopted,
In the Lamb's loving bosom have room;
And though His body is mortal,
Christ shall raise it to life from the tomb.
- 10 As woke our souls, thus obtaining
In the first Resurrection a share,
This body also in beauty,
He will surely to Paradise bear;
Then both, immortal, enduring,
Shall in glorious union be found;
Then in Abraham's bosom,
And with durable happiness crowned.
- 11 But we must part from vain shadows
From this body of death with its cares,
Ere we can enter before Him
In the house He in glory prepares.
The bright abode of His glory
Is incorruptibly glorious e'er,
And what is filthy or lying
Shall not find any dwelling-place there.
- 12 And when will come the time destined,
We in flesh shall continue no more;
This body, falling putrescent,
Then our souls up to glory shall soar;
When comes the great resurrection,
Christ on clouds shall be seen to descend
Upon the throne of His glory,
And ten thousands of saints shall attend:

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 13 He shall, as parchment is folded,
Fold the heavens in presence of all,
Reveal His dwelling-place glorious –
‘Round the light of His glory shall fall;
Then, the elements melting,
And the world incandescent shall be;
With heat of flames shall be boiling,
All the watery deeps and the sea.
- 14 Then shall Christ seize, triumphant,
The last trumpet, and sound it with might;
Its voice shall awake in a moment
These our bodies, to life and to light;
Then souls down to meet them,
And with welcome to greet them shall come;
They shall as one be immortal,
In the image and power of the Lamb.
- 15 Then Christ in love shalt address us –
You, my friends and my people I chose!
With my blood I have bought you,
Gave you victory over your foes;
My precious blood, shed to save you
From your sins. I averted your doom,
And now ye all are immortal
In my image, and beauty, and bloom.
- 16 Come, ye blest of my Father!
Come, my children and brethren true!
And inherit the kingdom,
Long prepared and made ready for you;
Sin or death cannot enter
Here, to trouble, to vex, or cast down!
Ye are glad with my presence;
On your heads wear forever this crown.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 17 Now look in pity, dear Saviour,
 On Thy people, and favor them show;
 Prepare them messengers faithful
 Them to teach, that in grace they may grow;
 Let no languor or leanness
 Ever weaken their Godly desire;
 Be their Shepherd, to lead them,
 And to feed, as they ever require.
- 18 As Thou didst grant them redemption,
 And salvation from death and from woe,
 Do Thou teach them and guide them,
 To Thy mansions on high till they go;
 From the world do Thou save them
 From the foe, and oppression of men,
 Till they see Thee in glory,
 Bright, beyond our Reception and ken.
-

COMMUNION HYMN

“Laoidh Chomunnich”

- 1 Who would not to the Savior
 Turn with earnest desire?
 Jesus Christ who endured
 Pain and suffering dire,
 Treatment cruel and shameful,
 Piercing thorns on His brow;
 Drank the cup of God's anger;
 Meekly, lowly did bow.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 2 What a bright revelation
 Of the love of the Lord –
Earth and Heaven united
 In harmonious accord;
Christ, the beloved of the Father,
 First-begotten of God,
Appeared on earth to redeem us;
 Shed His precious blood .

- 3 When inflexible justice
 Stood against us in wrath,
None could make the atonement
 But by suffering death;
When eternal destruction
 Was our merited doom,
Jesus satisfied justice,
 Suffered death in our room.

- 4 All the sorrow and anguish
 He foreknew would take place
Did not weaken His ardor
 In the covenant of grace.
He saw His people despairing,
 Far away from the fold;
And He died, that the nations
 Might His favor behold.

- 5 O, who would not the favor
 Of the Messenger crave –
He who veiled His glory,
 That His flock He might save?
For us His body was bruised,
 Freely shed was His blood –
The blood that seal'd the new covenant
 He abundantly shed.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 6 Now the Sun, in His glory,
Arose our souls to inspire:
Thrills the bard in his musings
While attuning his lyre;
The Sun of Righteousness, shining,
Beams divinely around;
To the saints, in communion,
Love and joy do abound.
- 7 On this day of remembrance,
Heavenly blessings are showered
On those surrounding the table
Of our gracious Lord –
Some are weeping, and mourning,
In grief of soul, and distress;
Many praising our Saviour
For salvation and grace.
- 8 What a sweet invitation
By His people is heard;
Ye weary, heavily laden,
Hear His gracious word –
Come ye all in My presence
From your bonds and distress;
Sit ye down at My table,
And My favor confess.
- 9 Jesus, with His disciples,
When His time was at hand
Took bread and wine in communion;
Gave a dying command –
Eat and drink, in these symbols,
The flesh and blood of the Lamb;
Do ye this, in remembrance
Of My death, till I come.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 10 Love, in this generation,
Is the same as of old –
Pouring forth from the Father,
Cheering warmly His fold:
Then rejoice in the favor
Of the Saviour above;
Bow in meek adoration
At His table, in love.
- 11 Grant, O Lord, that these symbols
May be blessed to each soul;
May thy spirit inspiring,
Cheer, revive and console,
That we may eat at Thy table
The living bread from above,
And drink the wine that will raise us
To the praise of Thy love.
- 12 Praise and honor are due Him,
Who was bruised in our stead;
To redeem us from thralldom,
Who on Calvary bled;
Who ascended victorious,
To His glory again;
There our cause He is pleading,
Giving gifts unto men.
-

SECOND HYMN
ON THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST

- 1 Lord, hear me now, and me endow
With heavenly light and strength of mind,
While I essay this mournful lay
On Jesus' sufferings for mankind.
Such tears and cries, such groans and sighs,
Were never seen, or heard, before;
Nor man shall view the like anew,
Oh never, never, never more.
- 2 He saw us lost and tempest-tossed,
Without a star our course to guide;
In sin's embrace, corrupt and base –
Our pitying Saviour wept and cried,
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Who slayest the holy prophets all,
And stonest them who strive to stem,
Thy downward course, thy hastening fall.
- 3 I oft would call thy children all,
I would them to My bosom bring,
And shield them then, as does a hen
Her tender brood beneath her wing;
Ye would not hear My call, tho' near;
Ye would not own that I am He,
Who, from on high, came down to die
For guilty sinners on the tree.
- 4 Tho' sorrows pressed His loving breast
Throughout His pilgrimage below,
'Twas for His sheep He most did weep;
He saw them scattered by the foe.
He viewed their flight and helpless plight
In wilds and deserts far away;
He saw them bleed, and wolves, with greed
And ravenous slaughter, on them prey.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 His sufferings prove His endless love
For guilty sinners such as we:
To die He came, despising shame,
To save and set His chosen free.
With anguish bruised and sweat suffused,
He cried in lone Gethsemane –
To death My soul is sorrowful;
My Father, pass this cup from Me.
- 6 No wonder tho' His sweat did flow
As bloody drops unto the ground;
The hour was nigh the Lamb must die,
And justice held the Victim bound;
With anguish bruised and sweat suffused
To God did pray the Son of Man –
Compassion show, avert the blow,
Yet not My will, but Thine, be done.
- 7 Ye murderous brood who sought His blood,
Could ye His mighty wrestling see,
And hear His cries, His groans and sighs,
His poignant grief and agony?
Ye could not hear, or see Him near;
For how could then high heaven's decree
Be all fulfilled; as heaven willed,
By Jesus' death upon the tree.
- 8 The shepherd then, "twixt God and men,
Displayed His mediatorial power;
His flock He warned, but He returned
To watch and pray that dismal hour:
No wonder though His sweat did flow
As bloody drops from every pore:
In death's dark vale He must prevail,
Or we are lost forevermore.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 His dying throes in whelming woes,
His lingering death, exposed to shame,
His Father's wrath that world's would scath,
In whelming floods upon Him came:
His mighty strength prevailed; at length,
Triumphant over all He rose;
Appeased by death, His Father's wrath;
He vanquished hell, subdued His foes.
- 10 Amazing sight! the Lord of might,
In manhood, suffering on the tree:
The sun withdrew, as loth to view,
Such doleful spectacle as He.
From death's dark gloom, in sinners' room,
His Father's face He could not see,
The Victim bled, in sinners' stead –
For sinners! yes, for you and me.
- 11 The hosts of hell conspired to quell
The Victor's might as low He lay;
But now, in might and glory bright,
To hell's confusion and dismay,
Our Saviour rose, and quelled His foes;
The devils trembled in despair –
Our Saviour won, His work was done;
For God in Christ was working there.
- 12 Now all who love the Lord above,
Whose souls have felt His saving power,
In holy fear to Him draw near,
That He may blessings on us shower;
He knows our needs, our cause He pleads
At God's right hand, exalted high;
He bows His ear, in love, to hear,
The frailest sinner's faintest cry.

BELOVED ZION

- 1 O now, beloved Zion,
Arise to life and joy;
Since came thy loving Saviour
No pain can thee annoy;
Though once, for thy rebellion,
The Lord was wroth with thee,
He found for thee a ransom
Of all-sufficiency.
- 2 Thou aimlessly didst wander
On mounts of vanity;
But He, with voice most tender,
Doth send to gather thee;
No child of thine shall waver,
Or shall forsaken be;
The Lord, in loving favor,
Will save and set thee free.
- 3 The tribes by works of wonder,
From Egypt guided be;
He broke their yoke asunder,
And gave them liberty;
He gave, as He foretold, them
The holy promised land;
And forth He drove, before them,
Their foes, with mighty hand.
- 4 Again they were debased,
For greatly they rebelled;
So they, by heathen nations,
In slavery were held;
Downtrodden and confounded,
They wallowed in their blood;
By enemies surrounded,
Without a sure abode.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 But glory be forever,
To God who'll ne'er ignore
His promises of favor:
To Abraham He swore
His seed He would remember,
And multiply them more
Than stars, which none can number,
Than sand upon the shore.
- 6 Now, Zion, be awaking!
Glad news by thee is heard:
Behold the dawn is breaking _
For Jah Jehovah's Word
Declares the glory nigh thee,
Bids gloom and grief begone,
Calls all thy children by thee
To gather into one.
- 7 Oh! then, beloved Zion,
The while it is today,
With pity cast thine eye on
The tribes that are astray;
Be faithful, loving, tender,
To God's elect; with zeal
That those afar, who wander,
Our charity may feel.
- 8 So love, in them unceasing,
Shall lead them on their way;
Their faithfulness increasing
In ardor, day by day,
Until a congregation
Unnumbered shall appear,
From every tribe and nation,
To own God's favor near.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 Oh Zion! be revealing
 Thy love to them, nor spare.
 O hear their cry, appealing,
 For mercy everywhere;
 See many wolves assailing
 The sheep, to tear and rend;
 Their hearts within them failing,
 When dangers them attend.
- 10 Since thou hast found His favor,
 Now let the same be shown;
 O speak of His salvation,
 And make His favor known;
 O let thy supplication
 Unto His throne ascend,
 That, to His invitation,
 Poor sinners may attend.
-

THE PILGRIM'S LAY

"Dan an Fhin-Thurais"

- 1 Oh, alas! for my faring
 In this desert despairing,
 Under chastisement wearing,
 On the way I go:
 My corruption appalling
 Grieves my soul, when recalling
 How in guilt I was falling
 Down so lawlessly low.
- 2 When shall peace be my feeling,
 Waiting twilight's revealing,
 And the Sun with His healing

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

O'er me beaming arise?
O! when shall I remain on
Pleasant pastures in Canaan
Rest and comfort to gain on
Lands of varying rise?

- 3 When will Jesus thus heed me,
Over Jordon to lead me,
In the garden to feed me,
There to heal every sore?
When shall thirsting be quelled there
From the wine berries held there,
And this darkness dispelled there
Be remembered no more?
- 4 When shall blessings increasing
Be my hunger appeasing,
And my knowledge increasing
In His wisdom and love;
Milk and honey obtaining,
Strength and happiness gaining,
Life forever sustaining,
By the bread from above?
- 5 Weary pilgrim's sojourning
In a desert so burning,
Strange not though they be mourning,
Fagged and worn on the way;
Many evils befall them,
Many dangers appall them,
Wicked longings enthral them,
Bring a fall, and dismay.
- 6 Many pilgrims, when bearing
The fatigues of wayfaring,
Often fall to despairing
In their way to and fro:

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Lead me, Lord, on right stages,
 To the cleft Rock of Ages,
 Whence the draught that assuages
 Thirst, unsparing doth flow.

- 7 Dark the desert, and scowling,
 Where the wild beasts are howling;
 For the souls that are prowling
 That are found insecure.
 Even paths to discover
 Baffles all my endeavor;
 Here I stagger and waver,
 Cheerless, ailing and poor.
- 8 O forsake not Thou, Lord, me;
 In this desert regard me,
 Bread of angels afford me,
 Freely falling like dew;
 Safely shelter from death, me,
 Guard from storm's cruel breath, me,
 Ne'er forsake on the path, me,
 Safely carry me through.
- 9 Thou hast saved with Thine hand, me,
 Brought from slavery's land, me,
 Freed from every band, me,
 That would command me a slave;
 Through the sea Thou hast brought me,
 When Pharaoh, following, sought me;
 Ere his army had caught me
 They were whelmed in the wave.
- 10 So let me be defended
 And by mercy attended,
 Till, my pilgrimage ended,
 I ascend unto thee;
 Let my trusting be solely

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

In Thy promises holy;
Thou, the friend of the lowly,
Canst alone set me free.

- 11 I am restless and failing,
Like a vessel a-sailing,
When the wild winds are wailing,
Far away from the shore;
Mighty waves, me assailing,
Almost o'er me prevailing,
Often down in them, quailing,
Often raised on them o'er.
- 12 Like the winebibber, quaking,
Strength of mind me forsaking,
Ruthless billows me taking
In their sway to and fro:
Now the vessel is shaking,
Waves against her awaking;
Now, in danger of breaking,
Down forever to go.
- 13 In my course persevering,
Though am fainting and fearing,
To my rescue and cheering,
Lord, come near unto me:
Storms and waves of the ocean
Then would cease their commotion;
At thy rebuke they would pause then,
They would motionless be.
- 14 Thy protection and favor
Would assure me, dear Saviour,
That my soul need not waver,
Being ever secure;
With Thy face shining o'er me

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Clouds would darken no more me,
Heaven's comforts before me,
Would me glory assure.

- 15 Were my pathway to lead there,
I'd be happy indeed there;
Bread of life would me feed there;
 Biding peacefully home;
Fountains flowing unceasing,
Ne'er in sweetness decreasing,
Than the honey more pleasing,
 Drawn free from the comb.

- 16 There the balm the King uses
For the pilgrim's sore bruises
From the journey's abuses,
 Would renew me with strength;
In His presence most holy,
Raised from wretchedness wholly,
In unspeakable glory,
 With His chosen at length.

- 17 As the dove, swiftly gliding
Let me flee to my hiding,
In the Saviour confiding
 As my guide and my stay:
Wolves around me are prowling,
Sly as hunters when fowling,
They are greedily howling
 For devouring their prey.

- 18 Let me look unto Jesus
Who came down to release us,
Suffered death the most grievous,
 On the tree, for His own:

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Heed His kind invitation,
 Hear the trump's proclamation,
 Strive, through all tribulation,
 For the palm and the crown.

on zion

"Dan air maise Shioin"

- 1 As winter is o'er with all its darkness,
 Its snowy blasts and its gloom;
 As sunshine and rain, their sway, alternate,
 And herbs their freshness, resume:
 As blossoms diffuse their dewy essence,
 Matured by heaven's bright rays,
 And feathery songsters 'mong the branches
 Prolong their gladdening lays, --
- 2 Now comes, as of yore, our souls' refreshing;
 Resolve and strength we obtain
 To shun and forego ungodly pleasures --
 They all are transient and vain.
 Oppression a pang no longer giving,
 Our tongue is filling with praise,
 While Zion's songs, among the living,
 We strongly, thrillingly, raise.
- 3 With loving desire we eye the city,
 The tribes of Israel's fold,
 Adorned as a bride, divinely furnished,
 It shines as burnished gold;
 The city of beauty, New Jeruslaem,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Pure from heaven, behold –
 The city of royal form and measure,
 Of joy and pleasure untold.

- 4 With rapture we see in themes of prophets,
 Bright scenes whereof they have sung.
 Green mountains and meads, green trees and copses
 Where feed the flocks with their young;
 On ample and roomy blooming pastures,
 Secure and happy, they bide
 Where heavenly breezes cease shall never,
 Where freely rivulets glide.

- 5 From every land His hand them gathers,
 Where all were scattered and peeled.
 Acknowledged of Jesus, free and happy;
 Beneath His banner and shield
 The powers are quelled that held them captive,
 Dispelled are darkness and gloom;
 Tho' scattered afar, His call they answer,
 They all, with gladness, come home.

- 6 Zion deplored her woeful exile,
 With groans and shedding of tears, -
 My youths and my maids are taken captive,
 No friend to rescue appears;
 When spoilers had seen my secret treasures,
 They seized with pleasure their prey;
 My children are all to thralldom banished,
 My joys have banished away.

- 7 With grief I regard departed blessings;
 Though sought, they cannot be found;
 My people enjoyed their stores with gladness,
 With joy and happiness crowned;
 But now am forlorn, am worn with sorrow,
 Am torn with worry and care;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

My place was, to view, in beauty matchless,
But now 'tis empty and bare.

- 8 When echoed around the sound of battle,
O'erpowered my warriors fell;
The depth of my pangs no tongue can utter,
Nor language publish or tell;
From slaughter aliens spared a remnant,
In chains and fetters they groan;
No wonder tho' I retired in sadness,
My dire disasters to moan.
- 9 But Zion shall mourn no more in exile,
Nor lonely, destitute, be:
Her children in thousands thousands, gather
Around her, happy and free;
For Jesus doth call them all together,
Afar they never shall roam,
And all enlivened lyres shall celebrate
Zion's welcoming home.
- 10 The shepherd is nigh: He wipes forever
All tears from every eye;
His flock and their seed His lead shall follow,
They neither sorrow nor sigh;
Forever at ease in Jesus' presence,
They feel no pressure or pain;
They never shall know a foe's aggression,
Or sore oppression again.
- 11 Grief never comes nigh; the cry of sorrow
Arises from her no more,
When freshly the beauty blooms upon her
That's surely for her in store;
Tho' bruised, her vines ne'er dry or wither;
Beside the river they grow,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Whose stream, undefiled, glides and sallies;
With wine her valley's shall flow.

- 12 And then shall the glory all be given
To God, by every tribe;
To Him they shall all, in holy concert,
Adoring honors ascribe;
No sickness or care, despair or sorrow,
Or pain can follow them here;
The Lamb shall benignly shine upon them,
With smiling countenance near.
- 13 To Egypt's dark shore of sore oppression,
No more they wish to return:
In heaven are hoarded all their treasures,
Ungodly pleasures they spurn;
With heavenly glory, wholly happy,
Their souls they satisfy may;
They shall be with milk, and wine, and honey,
Supplied forever and aye.
- 14 O Zion! of rarest, fairest visage!
Thou stainless, innocent one;
As fair as the dawn of morning breaking,
And all as bright as the sun;
Thy beauty, tho' I should highly celebrate,
While I dwell in this clay,
I had of thy glory only given
A low and glimmering ray.
- 15 O Zion! there's holy joy within thee
Thy glory brilliantly beams;
A pure, living fount thy ground refreshes,
Around incessantly streams;
The terrors of war alarming, never
Shall mar thy pleasures again;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

The glory that Jesus freely gave thee,
In thee shall ever remain.

VOICE OF THE HARP

- 1 To us as Jesus reveals the promises.
His constant kindness revives and solaces;
We're now desirous, the Bible leading us,
To follow nigh Him, in blithe obedience.

CHORUS

*On Jesus' kindness relying trustingly,
We thrill in chorus our chords exultingly;
With love inspiring our lyre when hallowed is,
It cheers our sojourn with joyous melodies.*

- 2 The streams that flow from His word are nourishing,
Our youth renewing, in bloom so flourishing;
They lead our mind to a higher altitude,
In loftier strains to declare our gratitude.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

- 3 His secret shade, ever safe and sheltering,
Supplies the need of the weak and faltering,
Hath living springs that will bring us healthiness,
Delights dispensing, and cleansing, filthiness.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

- 4 His love is free, and His mercies numberless,
His yoke is easy, His burden cumberless;
His voice, so cheering, so dear and hallowing,
His sheep will hear as they near are following.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 He gives the kingdom to them unmerited.
That they eternally may inherit it;
He'll not forsake them where strangers harass
them,
Nor out on cloudy, bleak mountains perishing.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

- 6 Nor yet exposed where their foes might slaughter
them;
Nor led by hirelings to blind and scatter them;
Their Shepherd kind will be nigh for sheltering,
And will supply them with finest pasturing.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

- 7 As wrath and envy had seized the Pharisees
When Jesus' praises inflamed their jealousies,
With loud hosanna the young when welcomed Him,
As their Messiah revealed Himself to them.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

- 8 That mind appeareth, by clear analogy,
In those who sneer at our cheering eulogy,
Adoring Jesus, our Shield and Surety,
Our Hope of Glory through all futurity.

On Jesus' kindness, etc

- 9 Now, unashamed, we raise our melodies
In praise of Jesus who heals our maladies;
Glad songs are sounded, aloud and willingly,
By harpers feeling His breathing thrillingly.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

ON THE PRESENCE OF GOD

“Air Lathaireachd Dhia”

- 1 As descendeth the rain from the skies
And as shineth the sun on the plain,
Causing all vegetation to rise
To revive and to flourish amain,
So the presence of god us consoles,
And from langour and loneliness brings;
In His favor is life to our souls,
As the Psalmist melodiously sings.

- 2 Giving energy, boldness and might,
In the vineyard to labor always;
Use our Master's own talents aright,
Still awaiting the reckoning day;
And by this will our drought disappear,
From the ground the green blade will ascend,
Which will grow till the promising ear
Yields its portion of fruit in the end.

- 3 This will raise our affection above
All the world, with its shadows so vain,
Which will never a benefit prove,
Free from death, or deliver from pain;
This will cause us our portion to prize,
Which, through grace, on our souls is bestowed:
O! that the stream never weakens or dries,
Though dissolved be our earthly abode.

- 4 This renews and enlarges our hearts,
Fills our mouth with the praise of His power;
Strength to souls that are faint it imparts,
As the dew to the midsummer flower;
This will peace and rejoicing bestow
That will conquer all doubt and distress,
Giving speed like the fleetfooted roe,
As we joyfully run in the race.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 Though our foe with his hosts should come nigh,
He the victory never shall gain;
This is o'er us the banner on high.
In the conflict our strength to sustain;
This from death will protection afford;
It will onward to victory lead;
We have favor and strength from the Lord
Of salvation and peace in our need.
- 6 From the treasured of cold, tho' there come
Howling tempests, with withering breath;
Tho' the clouds gather o'er us in gloom
Intercepting the light from our path:
This will suddenly scatter their haze,
And their shadows shall quickly be gone;
Then our souls with rejoicing and praise
Feel the rays of the glorious Sun.
- 7 Tho' our sojourning comes to an end,
And our souls shall be called to their home;
Tho' the dust to its dust shall descend,
In the bondage of death, to the tomb;
This will strengthen our hope as we leave,
That the promised support will be given;
And that we shall our portion receive
In the happy communion of heaven.
- 8 Free from all the defilements of sin,
Free from fear and from sorrow, for aye;
Free from every ill, that has been
Our annoyance and grief by the way:
When the soul shall depart from the clay
To the presence of God, it shall soar
To the brightest effulgence of day,
Which will cloudless remain evermore.

ON THE COMING OF THE JUDGE

“Dan air treachd a Bhreitheamh”

- 1 Of the Judge and His appearing,
On the clouds, in this relation;
He will come; the time is nearing
To subdue the whole creation;
Comes the rightful heir most martial,
To His vineyard, glory bearing;
Perfect, final, and impartial,
Is the judgment He's declaring.

- 2 He will meet His foes in anger,
In His judgment stern, unbending;
They will cry, but now no longer
Grace or mercy is attending;
No escape from fated trouble;
To their destiny He'll doom them;
As the fire destroys the stubble
Shall His countenance consume them.

- 3 Those shall come before Him, quaking,
Who His proffered grace rejected:
Lying refuge them forsaking,
Now unaided, unprotected:
But His chosen shall not languish;
They depend on Him that's able
To deliver them from anguish,
In the time of Jacob's trouble.

- 4 Where shall stand the wicked scoffers?
Those who loathe the name of Jesus,
Who refuse and scorn His offers,
Till the day of mercy ceases:
When, in final indignation,
Storms are raging, floods descending,
How can stand the sand foundation
On which they have been depending?

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 Oft slighted invitation
Was proclaimed with faithful warning:
O, ye men, embrace salvation!
From your evil ways returning.
Means of grace there were to lead them
Unto Jesus' love endearing;
But alas! they would not heed them,
Nor believe their doom was nearing.
- 6 Now they find the world subverted,
Plague and sword and famine raging;
Many lands shall be deserted
Ere distress shall be assuaging;
Many forests shall be blasted,
Many dales untilled, unseeded;
Many heroes, fallen, worsted,
In the dust shall gasp unheeded.
- 7 Lowering clouds, in ceaseless motion,
By increasing storms are driven,
By the tempest is the ocean
Into roaring surges riven;
Forth, throughout the lower creation,
Sounds a wail that is heartrending,
And that warneth every nation
Of the dreadful day that's pending.
- 8 What brings terror so unwonted
On a world so proud and daring?
Now, like deer on mountains hunted,
When exhausted and despairing –
Like a tree, in whirlwinds crashing –
Like a ship, in tempest sailing,
Waves about her raging, dashing;
Foaming breakers fast prevailing –

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 Are the signs of Armageddon,
Now perceptibly unvailing?
Shall the field of carnage redden
Soon, with blood of mortals wailing?
There contending warlike forces,
Of the nations no one idle,
Shall be trampled, till the horses
Wade in blood unto the bridle.
- 10 Frightened nations, tho' combining
And uniting every faction,
Hand in hand so closely joining,
Shall not stay their dire destruction:
They the cup of wrath are draining;
From its bane there is no shrinking;
But the dregs that are remaining
Are for Sheshach to be drinking.
- 11 Those who were the world deceiving
Shall receive their doom alarming;
Men who were their lies believing
Shall no longer heed their charming;
Into torments God shall cast them,
There to trample them in fury,;
No enchantment, strength, or wisdom,
Can resist the King of glory.
- 12 Babylon, tho' long she revelled,
Is no more from wrath defended:
Like a leaf that falleth shrivelled
Are her fame and beauty ended;
She is stripped, in this commotion,
Of her glory, strength, and splendor;
As a stone into the ocean
Cast, she falleth – sinketh under.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 13 Wicked city! how appalling,
Dread, and awful, is her ending!
Fire and brimstone on her falling,
Wrath withal on her descending:
Now she drinks, altho' unwilling,
Judgments, temporal, and eternal,
From the cup that long was filling,
By her wickedness infernal.
- 14 Those, who of her wealth were reaping,
Stand aloof in consternation;
View destruction o'er her sweeping,
Sorely weep her ruination –
O alas! the pride of nations
Now must drain the cup of anger;
Since she falls, our occupations
Bring our gain to us no longer.
- 15 O what power can be destroying
One whose glory seemed unfading,
One whose riches were employing
Nations all with lavish trading:
All that her admirers cherished,
She had furnished in abundance;
But with all her wealth she perished,
Nor did merit their dependence.
- 16 But the Lord will soon deliver
His elect from tribulation:
He will beautify forever
His beloved with salvation;
Zion, then, in bridal splendor,
Shall await her Lord's appearing,
Loving homage Him to tender,
For she knows the Bridegroom's nearing.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 17 Never more shall Zion wander
 As an alien, sad and tearful;
 All her seed, with speed, attend her;
 Home they'll gather, glad and cheerful;
 Home, with Jesus, she shall never
 Dread the perils of wayfaring;
 She will bide with Him forever
 In the place He is preparing.
-

ODE

- 1 O may our near and faithful Friend,
 Who watcheth kindly over us,
 Refreshing, cheering blessings send;
 From ills defend; recover us;
 Renew our strength and fervency,
 Our chords as we are tightening,
 To raise, in praise, our psalmody,
 With ardor beaming, brightening.
- 2 To laud and praise our Saviour dear,
 In Godly fear and holiness;
 In servant's form who did appear,
 In true and peerless lowliness;
 That we, as He, might humbly go
 To Him alone centering;
 Till we are called from earth below,
 Eternal glory entering.
- 3 We run the race with waiting eye;
 On Him rely unceasingly,
 And tho' our foe in ambush lie,
 So slyly, wily, leasingly,
 To gain his point, shall him defy
 Altho' he try persistently;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

In fear, from him that's armed, he'll fly;
He views him slyly, distantly.

- 4 The world our Saviour's grace declined;
Their foolish mind was darkened;
Nor to His voice their ear inclined,
Nor to His kindness harkened.
When He His embassy proclaimed,
His vintage claiming rightfully,
They Him assaulted and defamed,
Denied His claim despitefully.

- 5 No sooner He appeared on earth,
Than men came forth opposed to Him;
No sooner rumored was His birth,
Than rose relentless foes to Him;
Full well He knew that death, by those
Relentless foes, awaited Him;
That, with the spirit which arose
In Cain of old they hated Him.

- 6 'Twas not against His will He bore
Our sorrows, sorely, tearfully:
That doleful path He'll tread no more,
He'll come in glory, cheerfully;
With heavenly hosts He shall appear:
The time is near and hastening,
To welcome home His children dear,
No more to feel His chastening.

- 7 To banish those away, in wrath,
Who were on earth rejecting Him,
Despising both His word and worth,
And choosing death – neglecting Him:
As were their works, their lot is cast,
Made fast without alternity;
As they have sown, they'll reap, at last,
In endless, vast eternity.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

By George Bears

THE WRITER'S EXPERIENCE OF CONVICTION AND CONVERSION

- 1 O Thou blessed Redeemer!
 Incline Thine ear, I beseech Thee,
 While I tell of thy love to poor sinners,
 Grant Thy Spirit to teach me;
 And let the bright rays of Thy presence
 My understanding enlighten,
 To swell the sweet anthems of praise,
 While my heart is inditing;

- 2 O how sweet and consoling
 To my soul; like a rivulet streaming
 Is the stream of Thy love, ever flowing
 Free; O free and redeeming: -
 While the beautiful prospect unfolds
 Thee, a star, ever shining before me;
 Like the magnet, attracting my soul
 To the regions of glory.

- 3 Oh! how sweet the remembrance
 Of thy mercy, O Thou my beloved!
 When the voice told my soul the dread
 sentence
 Of death was removed;
 Lo! while time and eternity roll,
 May Thy triumph of love be engraved;
 Let the beautiful seal on my soul
 Be my witness 'tis saved.

- 4 Long I needlessly wandered
 In the road leading down to destruction;
 Without light to discover the danger,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

By my own heart's corruption;
Sunk under the power of sin,
Down in the dominion of satan,
Bound under his powerful reign
Low in sin and transgression.

- 5 O how great were my sorrows,
When the trumpet my soul did awaken;
Lo! the law pierc'd my heart with its terrors,
And my body was shaken;
My joys were all turned to mourning,
My singing to weeping and wailing;
Ah! my soul saw its terrible doom,
Death! dread sentence appalling.
- 6 Sharp, the pangs of conviction,
Like arrows, were painfully piercing,
And the heartrending waves of affliction,
Oh how deeply distressing!
For, oh! the dread terrors of death: then
Took hold on me in my anguish,
Like a foretaste of hell, were my pains,
When in sorrow I languish'd.
- 7 Loud the voice of Jehovah,
Like the thunder of Sinai once pealed,
So that dark gloomy cloud did me cover,
Then the foe me assailed;
Breaking waves of affliction o'erwhelmed me,
Then down, O down I was reeling,
Stern justice! my soul, how heartrending
All thy guilt was revealed.
- 8 Floods of wrath, so avenging,
O, how could I ever endure it,
My mind fain would yield in repentance,
But my heart still refused:

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

So parched and painfully dried,
All moisture and tears were suppressed,
Lord Jesus! O save me, I cried,
From my soul's deep distresses.

- 9 There in heart-rending terror,
With the sentence of death hanging o'er me,
He heard and pitied my sorrows,
Then He sought and restored me;
And turned my sadness and mourning
To songs of rejoicing and gladness;
His face, like the light of the morn
Shone with beautiful radiance.
- 10 Quick the joys of salvation,
With raptures my bosom then filled;
The Spirit's sweet consolation,
Pour'd so powerful and thrilling;
'Twas the baptismal flow of His love,
Through my gladdened heart, freely show'ring
All my fears and afflictions removed,
Tears of gratitude pouring.
- 11 Oh! how peacefully, Jesus,
Those seas of affliction had stilled:
His voice! O how loving and precious,
Like pure ointment, so healing,
Then peace! like a river was flowing;
The light of His presence bright shining,
His love flowing sweet through my soul
On His bosom reclining:
- 12 Now my changed condition
No tongue can convey by expression,
But my heart ever bears the impression
That will never be forgotten;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Oft I think of the terrible stroke
That the stony heart broke into shivers,
And the earth how it trembled and shook,
Tears ran in streaming like rivers.

- 13 O my dear loving Saviour!
Can I ever sufficiently praise Thee
For thy loving kindness and favor?
Lo! from death Thou hast rais'd me;
My wounded heart Thou hast healed,
And all my sins hast forgiven,
And all my soul, by thy grace, reconciled
To our Father in Heaven.
- 14 Now my High Priest and Saviour,
Let me bring my oblations before Thee,
O accept my poor humble endeavors
When I praise and adore Thee;
Who freely my soul hast redeemed,
My wounds so effectually healed,
With Thy blood, Thou hast washed me clean,
And my pardon hath sealed.
- 15 Cheering bright revelation
Now opens the prospect before me,
Pointing homewards, (in anticipation)
To the regions of glory;
O the promise and hope of a blessed
Pure immortality glorious,
Home in heaven forever with Jesus
Where He reigneth victorious.
- 16 Ah! but sinful corruptions,
Alas! now are often prevailing;
The flesh with its lusts and afflictions
Causes weakness and failings;
Yet Jesus the Saviour remaineth,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

E'er pleading in glorious perfection,
To save from the warfare of sin
By His pure intercession.

17 Glorious source of salvation!
 'Tis shown by Thy power and wisdom,
 Thou art raising the fallen creation
 To thy glory and kingdom;
 When darkness and death were around us
 Thy brightness the gloom penetrated,
 And the triumph of love Thou hast shown,
 In the plan of salvation.

18 O thou blessed Redeemer!
 Still Thy goodness is free and unbounded,
 And while heaven and earth shall continue,
 Let Thy praises be sounded.
 In one sweet and melodious song,
 By peoples, and kindreds, and nations,
 For the wonderful love Thou hast shown
 To the ruin'd creation.

19 And vouchsafe, blessed Jesus,
 To incline thine ear I beseech Thee,
 When my spirit is prayerfully raised
 For Thy service, O teach me;
 And when I have finished my course,
 And this dwelling of clay is dissolved,
 Let me soar unto Thee, in Thy courts,
 To adore my beloved.

20 There with pure adoration
 To chant Thy praises most sweetly,
 In glorious eternal duration
 Perfected completely:
 With the ransomed, the Lamb glorifying
 Who came from on high, to deliver

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Our souls from transgression and sin
And redeem'd us forever.

- 21 Then my friends and dear brethren
Fight on, lo! the prize is before us,
The conqueror's banner is waving
Over Zion, most glorious;
And Christ is exalted above,
Ever ruling, protecting, defending,
Till we all are made perfect in love,
And in joys never ending.
-

THE WRITER'S EXPERIENCE FOR ABOUT FORTY YEARS AFTER CONVERSION

- 1 Oh! Lord in Thy presence my soul takes delight,
Thy count'nance refreshes, 'tis cheering and bright,
So sweet and consoling, so peaceful and free,
Yea, so lovely, O Lord, to attract me to thee.
- 2 When Thy wonderful doings, O Lord, I survey;
By thy wisdom's design, and Thy powerful display
In the works of creation, by the skill of thine hand;
Revealing its beauty, an object to man.
- 3 Still in midst of reflection on works so sublime,
Frail humanity weakens, and shadows the mind;
So to tell all the wonders, O Lord, Thou hast done,
Is beyond my expression or language or song.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 4 But 'tis sweet, to reflect on the wonderful plan
Reveal'd by the Spirit in visions to man;
All perfect in beauty so lovely to see,
When the free inspiration is flowing from Thee.
- 5 O 'tis sweet, blessed Jesus! to lean on Thy breast,
'Tis an arbor of peace. Lo! my haven of rest,
Where safe from temptation and sorrows I flee
To thy bosom, O blessed Redeemer, to Thee.
- 6 When in seasons of trial, and ready to faint,
O how sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To strengthen my faith in Thy promise, I flee
To my city of refuge, Lord Jesus, to Thee.
- 7 When the waves of affliction encompass me round,
O how sweet is thy voice, and how joyful it sounds,
So calming and peaceful, my soul it doth cheer
To hear my Beloved say, lo! I am here.
- 8 And how beautiful, O Lord, is Thy face to behold,
Reflecting Thy image so bright on my soul,
'Tis the magnet that ever attracts me above
To feast with Thee, free, at the banquet of love.
- 9 O the wonders the plan of salvation revealed!
Yea, what comfort and joy in my soul it instill'd
When the Comforter flow'd from Thy bosom above,
To seal on my soul the sweet token of love.
- 10 O Lord Jesus, I pray Thee look down and behold,
And accept my oblations, the gift of my soul,
With thankfulness offer'd in heartgiving strains
Unto Thee, my Redeemer, in praise to Thy name.
- 11 O the bright revelation that shows from above,
The plan of salvation, made perfect in love,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Infinite, unchangeable, boundless and free,
In the sweet application, Lord Jesus, by Thee.

- 12 Then, O Lord, let me ever sing praise to Thy name,
'Tis Thine own holy breathing will kindle the flame
Of love in my bosom, while feasting so free
At the banquet of love, blessed Jesus, with Thee.
- 13 And when I come humbly my homage to pay,
Let Thine own skillful fingers the instrument play,
When my spirit aspires to Thy dwellings above,
Where the song ever flows in perfection and love.
- 14 O how bright, yea, how pleasant and lovely to see,
The light of thy countenance shining so free,
When the pure living breezes of life Thou didst blow
On Thy beautiful garden where spices do flow.
- 15 When in beautiful vision those joys I behold,
Cheering anticipation enraptures my soul,
In the kingdom of glory forever to be
With all the redeem'd, blessed Jesus, with Thee.
- 16 Where the beautiful choruses ever will sound
From the ransomed millions assembl'd around,
All under the banner that's waving above,
In unity praising the triumph of love.
- 17 Where the Saviour will lead us to pure living springs
To the well of salvation that centres in Him.
And runs like a river, abundant and free,
'Tis life, life eternal, Lord, flowing from Thee.
- 18 Yea, a stream ever flowing so sweet to console,
Refreshing and healing it flows to the soul

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

From Him who is worthy to open the seals
Of the Book that eternal salvation reveals.

- 19 Those joys lay before us, then quickly arise,
He calls us, dear brethren, to run for the prize;
Behold Him in heaven presenting the crown,
And unto the faithful those joys shall abound.
- 20 Swiftly years are revolving our short 'lotted span,
Few days full of trouble are destined to man;
But life, life eternal, awaits us above,
In regions that open and widen in love.
- 21 Then lead us, O Lord, by the smiles of thy face,
The sight of Thy presence and strength of Thy grace,
As the star led to Bethlehem lead us above,
And bind us to Thee with the chords of Thy love.
- 22 For Thou art our comfort, our joy and delight,
The strength of our souls and the source of our life.
Our hope of salvation and happiness free,
And love and perfection, all center in Thee.
- 23 Then, blessed Redeemer! continue to cheer,
Protect and console us while traveling here,
Till the summons shall come and our souls shall be
free
To dwell in eternal duration with Thee.
-

CONSOLATION AND ASSURANCE IN JESUS CHRIST

- 1 Lovely! O Lord, is my meditation,
 That soars to mansions where all will meet,
 With songs resounding in lovely, sweet
 Swelling adoration;
 Flowing ever free, joyfully,
 In strains of love complete.
- 2 Rise, O my soul, mount with pure ambition
 And soar aloft like the eagle's flight
 On wings of faith, to behold the sight,
 Lord, by Thy permission;
 Rise with courage, bold, O my soul
 And with the choir unite.
- 3 Yea, give me freedom, O blessed Saviour;
 To join that sweet and untiring strain,
 With ransom'd millions to praise Thy name
 With the song, forever,
 Worthy is the Lamb, blessed name: -
 The Lamb for sinners slain.
- 4 How cheering bright were their heav'nly visions;
 When loud and joyful the minstrels sang
 Their joyful strain: when they saw the plan
 Of unerring wisdom
 Shining in our bright Radiator,
 God's anointed Son.
- 5 O wondrous plan! glorious revelation,
 That shows so clearly the grand design
 Of man's salvation by love divine
 Through the Mediator,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Who suffer'd death in pain, rose to reign;
And in His glory shine.

- 6 Then, let me offer my heart's oblation,
And with the ransom'd Thy name adore,
Endow my soul with Thy Spirit's pure
Holy aspirations,
To bring my willing lay, Lord, to Thee,
Where Mercy still endures.
- 7 And Saviour dear while my heart's inditing,
Shine through the shadows of nature's gloom;
O stay my ardor where Wisdom 'bounds
While my hand is writing,
Only to repeat whispers sweet
From Thine own breath alone.
- 8 'Tis sad; but O, 'tis a pure remembrance
Of Jesus' sufferings on Calvary;
Sinners, O! sinners; for you and me,
See our dear Redeemer
Bleeding on the tree; dying free
Our debt in full to pay.
- 9 O let each heart thrill with deep emotion,
When our Redeemer such love could show;
Who, when deep sorrows there pierc'd His soul,
Cried in pure devotion,
Lovely and divine, so resign'd,
Father, "Thy will be done."
- 10 Lo! on the ground sorrowfully sleeping
Lay all, surrounded with dark'ning gloom;
There in deep anguish He bowed down
Low in pray'r and weeping;
Suffering, O see, painfully,
And sorrowing all alone.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 11 Oh! who will stand and bear Him witness,
And tell His suff'rings in Kedron's stream?
Sinners! O sinners, draw near and see
All those deep afflictions,
Prophets long of old, often told
Of dark Gethsemane.
- 12 The seers beheld it in heavenly vision,
And told beforehand the thrilling tale
Of all His woes in that gloomy vale;
Where in dire affliction
Humbly bowing down lo! the son
Did free to justice yield.
- 13 Lo! there behold the wild tumult swelling,
When for His blood madd'ning voices cried,
The blood of Jesus the Lamb who died
For our souls so willingly,
Willingly, O see, flowing free
From feet and hands and side.
- 14 Ah! that shrill cry, O how piercing thrilling!
When Pilate wash'd his unhallow'd hands,
Say'ng let His blood upon us remain,
Yea, and on our children,
Venomous their cry, crucify Him,
Crucify the Lamb.
- 15 And when the sentence His fate decided,
Malignant foes all exulting cry
With reeking venom and enmity,
Mocking and deriding:
Crown'd with piercing thorns, bleeding, torn,
They lead the Lamb to die.
- 16 Oh boundless love to the vast creation!
Behold the Father's anointed son

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Nail'd to the cross to avert our doom
And insure salvation:
Willingly He bare sufferings there,
And died in sinners' room.

17 By love impell'd, lo! for man's transgression
He died triumphant upon the tree,
To reconcile us, and set us free
By His intercession;
To His dying pray'r, offer'd there,
My soul can witness be.

18 O sinners, hear your dear Saviour crying,
Let love allure you to come, and see
The suffering sacrifice on the tree;
Bleeding, groaning, dying;
Boundless is the love Jesus prov'd,
Sinners, for you and me.

19 Those painful cries, Ah! how penetrating,
When in the billows of Death's cold flood
He cried heartrending, My God, My God;
Why am I forsaken?
Vinegar and gall, finish'd all,
When Christ on Calvary died.

20 Ah! turn, my eyes, 'tis Thy dying Saviour!
O stand not gazing in silence there,
Break, stubborn heart, let thy grateful tears
Gush like flowing rivers
From my weeping eyes, lo! He dies,
My soul, thy woes to bear.

21 See nature shrouded, with gloom and mourning,
The sun refusing His bright'ning rays,
When the Redeemer our ransom paid,
By His blood atoning,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Gloomy was the day, Jesus paid
Our debt on Calvary.

- 22 How shrill the voice was that told the triumph
Of love on that great eventful day;
Ah trembling world, 'tis the warning cry
Of the conquering Lion:
See it shakes the ground, Death, bow down
And cast your sting away.

 THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE BY CHRIST

PART SECOND

- 1 Oh! blessed promise of free salvation
Revealed in Jesus, whose triumph brought
Eternal life from on high, and bought
Our emancipation,
Paid the Law's full claim; broke our chains
And full redemption wrought.
- 2 And now, O Death! say, where is thy triumph?
The sinner's freed from the law's dread claim
'Tis finished now, and the victory's gain'd
By our Saviour dying
On the fatal tree, painfully
To end thy cruel reign.
- 3 "Tis finished. Now see the Lamb victorious,
Who paid our ransom so painfully,
And death and hell by His pow'r defied,
When in triumph glorious
On the trial field, He prevailed
And justice satisfied.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 4 Shout loud, the Lamb over death hath triumph'd
By bleeding, dying on Calvary,
The crown is won, lo! the Victor see
Judah's conquering Lion,
Opening the seals. And reveals
His love to sinners free.
- 5 O! greedy grave, stay thy dire destruction;
Thy bars of iron His pow'r must own:
Behold that holy anointed One
Shall not see corruption:
Sing ye ransom'd sing, Christ your King
Now lives to wear the crown.
- 6 Hark! the glad sound, lo! the blessed Saviour
Hath burst asunder the silent tomb,
Infinite brightness, dispell'd the gloom
Of the grave forever;
Opening the way, to endless day,
To lead the ransom'd home.
- 7 Glorious, immortal, behold ascending
The risen Saviour, to mansions high,
To lead our souls in the open'd way
By His grace defending;
Bright His face unfolds, to our souls
To chase our fears away.
- 8 Oh! conquering Love, lo! thy mighty triumph
Hath heal'd the poison of death's dread sting,
That ransom'd millions may ever sing
On the heights of Zion
Swelling anthems free; unto Thee
Our conq'ring martyr King.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 O the glad song, lovely and amazing,
'Tis ever sweet, yea, and ever new;
The song that none but the ransom'd know,
"Tis the spirit breathing
Living sweet and free minstrelsy
That shall forever flow.
- 10 And now the ransom'd enraptur'd millions
Their golden harps sweetly tune to thee,
With choruses sounding joyfully,
And sweet anthems swelling;
Glory to the Lamb who overcame
By's death on calvary.
- 11 Then, O my soul, still adore and wonder,
While meditating a theme so sweet;
When all the ransomed in glory meet
Ne'er to part asunder;
Haste the welcome day, Lord we pray,
When "Love" will reign complete.
- 12 Roll on thou sweet flowing meditation
To cheer our souls on their homeward way,
While hope still brightens with shining rays
Of anticipation;
Pointing to the crown thou hast won,
That still before us lays.
- 13 And while our time is so quickly rolling;
Like a swift arrow our fleeting years;
Be ever nigh us to guide and cheer,
By thy light unfolding
Bountiful and free, Lord we pray,
Our homeward way to cheer.
- 14 Then, freely flow, sweet anticipation;
On faith's strong pinions, my soul, arise;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

While nearer, nearer we see the prize
Sweet's the meditation,
Ever more to reign, with the Lamb
Who died on Calvary.

THE GOSPEL CALL

- 1 O Zion, lovely Zion!
Lift up thy cheerful voice,
And shout aloud with triumph,
Sing praises and rejoice;
Messiah comes with trumpet sound,
To chase away your fears;
And call the heirs of promise home
To wipe away their tears.
- 2 Awake, arise Jerusalem,
The ancient prophet cried;
Gird on thy beauteous garments
Lovely affianced bride.
Behold the Bridegroom, Lo! He comes
With love's alluring voice;
Oh! daughter of Jerusalem
Now let your heart rejoice.
- 3 Behold the royal standard
On Zion's holy hill!
There, sweetly waves the banner,
By flowing breezes still;
See Israel's armies gathering round
In bright and joyful bands;
The gospel calls, the trumpet sounds
Good news to every land.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 4 There is no need of money,
Immanuel's fruitful land
Flows sweet with milk and honey,
And in abundance found;
The bread of life, to strengthen man,
The land of promise bears;
And flowing wine, from the true vine,
The maiden's heart to cheer.
- 5 His voice doth shake the prison,
Dispel it's dark'ning gloom:
Since Jesus has arisen
And burst the guarded tomb;
Lo! now He comes to break the chains
And loose the captive's bands
The cov'nant pardon to proclaim
To the seed of Abraham.
- 6 His voice is soft and healing,
To every broken heart;
By tenderness, revealing
His love to ease the smart;
With healing hand, so softly, He
Applies the soothing balm;
He stills the troubled stormy sea,
Into a peaceful calm.
- 7 Then come ye broken-hearted,
The Gospel Herald calls:
Behold Him! high exalted,
Who suffer'd death for all:
Now come ye halt, ye blind and lame,
The message is to you:
Haste to the marriage of the Lamb,
He calls the ransom'd few.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 8 Behold! He calls the nations
From earth's remotest bounds,
The gospel tells salvation
In Jesus Christ is found;
Now let the prisoners of hope
Rejoice the Anointed calls
With trumpet sound, the scatter'd sheep;
He knows, and names them all.
- 9 The blessings of salvation
He freely offers now,
With flowing invitation,
To the Gentile and the Jew,
Then let them to the fountain fly
Where love and grace abound;
Now sinners turn, why will ye die?
The way of life is found.
- 10 Christ is the living fountain
Whence living waters flow;
In Zion's holy mountain
Where all the thirsty go:
Jesus, thou well of Bethlehem,
Now make Thy scatter'd sheep
To hear Thy voice, and hasten home,
No more to mourn and weep.
- 11 Thou art the well, dear Saviour!
Where all may drink their fill,
'Tis flowing free forever
Eternal life to instil;
Thou surely hast the hungry bid,
And thirsty, to the well
Where all may eat the living bread,
And ever, drink their fill.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 12 O Lord, Thou art the arbor
And haven of our rest!
There, flows the sealing pardon,
When leaning on thy breast
Where, (sweeter than the honey-comb,)
Thy love is flowing free
To allure Thy wand'ring exiles home
Thy smiling face to see.
- 13 Then hear the trumpet sounding,
Lo! 'tis the gospel call
To bring His sheep around Him
Who died to save them all,
From North and South, from East and West
The gath'ring armies come,
Their names are in the cov'nant bless'd
The gospel calls them home.
- 14 The voice of the Beloved,
Behold them now reveal'd
Leaping upon the mountains
And skipping on the hills;
His voice is soft and healing
And tells good news to all,
Lo! from His lovely dwelling
The shepherd's voice doth call.
- 15 Saying, my love, my fair one,
Arise, and come away;
The rain is o'er, the winter's gone,
Behold the sunny rays
Of genial spring, with flow'ry dress,
And bright winged songsters raise
Their warbling lays in choruses
Among the blooming trees.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 16 Now a lov'lier note is sounding,
Lo! 'tis the turtle's voice
Comforting and consoling,
With cheering, thrilling joys;
Lo! now the Saviour calls you home,
O hear the Bridegroom say,
Awake, arise Jerusalem
My fair one, come away.
- 17 Those joys that lay before us,
The prophets long foretold,
And sang their lays in chorus
As ages onward roll'd;
But Jesus pav'd and led the way,
And sent the message round
To call the sheep that went astray;
From earth's remotest bounds.
- 18 Then hear the gladd'ning message
That ran through ages all;
Now, 'tis the Lord's embassy,
The gospel's final call;
Salvation now is offer'd free
To Abraham's promis'd race.
Redeeming love, O Lord, by Thee;
And saving faith and grace.
- 19 Now hear the gospel trumpet
The tidings loud proclaim!
Messiah's day is coming
Behold He comes to reign!
The angel told His birth before
To shepherds on the plain
And th'heavenly host His name ador'd
With loud and joyful strain.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 20 Then Zion, lovely Zion!
Lift up your voice and sing
The praise of Judah's Lion,
The Lamb for sinners slain!
Messiah comes, behold He comes,
And every eye shall see
Him, when He comes with vict'ry crown'd
To reign triumphantly.
- 21 Then, while we wait th' appearing
Of Christ, our sovereign Lord;
O let us love and fear Him,
And His great name adore;
Strong in His grace with patience wait
Until He comes to make
Zion to shine with heavenly light
And from her slumbers wake.
- 22 Yea, let the ransom'd nations
That's in the cov'nant seal'd,
Wait and endure with patience
Until the Lord reveals
His smiling face in blissful peace;
The promise given to all;
And hear Him say, now come away,
Obey the gospel call.

COMMUNION HYMN

Air – How thankful to know, etc.

- 1 As years are revolving around in succession,
And time is fast running, to finish our days;
Oft the mind is arrested with solemn impression
That warns us our time is fast passing away;
Then may we remember, our willing submission
Is due to the Lord, to obey His commands;
So when we are call'd, we may have in possession
That blessed assurance the trial to stand.
- 2 O let us remember the law that is written,
Though deep and impressive, the words are but few;
The duty of man is to bow in submission;
Fear God, and obey Him, is all that is due;
Yea let us remember in every transaction
Our offerings to Him must be willing and free;
Lo! Jesus the Saviour, gave full satisfaction
When He bow'd to the will of His God and obey'd.
- 3 Then let us obey what the Saviour has told us,
(O hear His sweet voice from His dwelling above,)
To come and obey the dear Saviour that suffered,
And join in a holy communion of love;
Lo! this is the day He hath made and appointed,
To come to the chamber where life ever flows,
Where the pure living breath, of God's holy Anointed,
Will breathe on His mother, His sister, His spouse.
- 4 Lo! this is the day of our holy communion!
The day of remembrance by Jesus' command.
Oh may we experience that heavenly union
That flows from the bosom of Jesus the Lamb;
Love, ever flow'd freely, and ever is flowing,
Till all the redeem'd are in unity bound,
'Tis the voice of the Bridegroom who ever is wooing
The joy set before Him, His glory and crown.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 Yea, this is the day our dear Saviour commanded
To bear in remembrance His suffering day;
Lo! He paid on the cross, all stern justice demanded,
When He came and for sinners on Calvary bled;
To remember the goodness and love of Jehovah,
Made known and revealed in the suffering Lamb,
When He suffered and died on the cross to recover
Our souls from our dread in death's terrible reign.
- 6 Remembrance is due to the blessed Redeemer,
And grateful submission, His will to obey;
For O! it is meet, yea, 'tis sweet to remember
His pains and His sorrows our ransom to pay;
O, wake our desires, that our heartfelt thanksgiving
When offer'd, may meet with acceptance with Thee;
That our souls may eat freely, the bread that is living
While sitting in holy communion to-day.
- 7 Oh! Thy wonderful love, 'tis a sweet meditation,
When our minds are absorbed in a free mental strain;
We behold, in amazement, the plan of salvation
Made perfect in Jesus, through sufferings for man;
O let us remember our Saviour has told us
To bear in remembrance His sorrows and pain,
Till that same blessed Jesus, who ever beholds us,
Will come, that His saints may all see Him again.
- 8 When we call to remembrance His cries in the garden
On that night of His sorrows in Kedron's dark vale;
Oh! the suffering of Jesus, to purchase our pardon
Let every heart thrill with the sorrowful tale:
Oh! the weight of the sufferings of the blessed Saviour,
'Tis past our conception, the love He unfolds,
When the sweat, as blood dropping, with heart-rending
pressure,
Then wrung the dear Saviour's pure sorrowful soul.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 O blessed Redeemer! Thy love is amazing!
The sweet meditation our bosoms doth swell,
Soon, all the redeem'd will unite in Thy praises,
All join the sweet anthems where love is reveal'd;
Yea 'tis sweet to reflect on Thy humiliation
When yielding Thy Father's commands to obey,
By willing submission, O sweet consolation,
The case was decided in Gethsemane.
- 10 Now stamp on our hearts with a lasting impression,
The pattern that's shown us, dear Saviour by Thee,
To yield our obedience in willing submission,
In flowing and living communion today;
'Tis the day Thou hast set for a blessed memorial
Of that sorrowful day of Thy heartrending pain
Those pains that have pav'd the saint's pathway to glory
Where all, in one endless communion, will reign.
- 11 O this is the day of our sweet consolation!
A day of memorial, the day Thou hast made;
The day Thou hast blessed, the day of salvation,
A day of rejoicing, a day to give praise;
The day when the saints join in holy communion
An earnest of heavenly joys will unfold;
When Thy Spirit, (the bond of that life-giving union,)
From vessel to vessel will flow in our souls.
- 12 Yea, this is the day of sweet commemoration,
Of the day our Redeemer on Calvary hung,
Of the day that He pray'd for poor sinners' salvation,
The day the dear Saviour the victory won:
As the angel pass'd over the covenant nations,
When the enemy bound them is slavery's chains;
So the covenant Angel is granting salvation,
By the blood of the Lamb of our passover slain.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 13 The Lord is our watchman, our blessed Redeemer,
Our Shepherd and Saviour in every age;
He is the beginning and also the ending,
The first, and the last, who the ransom did pay.
The typical lamb in all ages was offer'd,
The lamb by the patriarch Abraham slain;
The lamb slain in Egypt, see Israel's passover,
That yearly memorial, their freedom proclaim'd.
- 14 Our fathers of old, in their yearly communion,
All ate of the lamb of the passover slain,
That kept in remembrance the covenant union,
That unto the heirs of the promise pertains:
Till the Saviour appear'd, O the bright revelation!
The Lamb of the covenant, seal'd in the plan;
The Lamb that on Calvary won our salvation,
Whose flesh and whose blood are now given to man.
- 15 When Jesus the Saviour the supper had ended,
The typical passover finished then,
The lamb without blemish, that Moses commanded,
E'er kept them in mind of their bondage and chains:
The blood of the lamb on their dwellings was sprinkled,
And the angel pass'd o'er at the sight of the blood;
Now let us remember our souls are redeemed,
And saved by the blood of the dear Lamb of God.
- 16 Then let us assemble with sweet meditation,
And think of the freedom that Jesus hath wrought;
When our souls were in bondage and slaves unto Satan,
He gave us redemption by sprinkling of blood;
Remember He finish'd the paschal observance,
And gave His disciples the bread and the wine,
To show us His death, and keep up the remembrance
Until He appears in His glory divine.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 17 The loaves that were blessed by the Saviour and broken,
And freely bestow'd by the Saviour 's command;
The beautiful figure the gospel now opens;
The body, see, broken; 'tis Israel's bands;
They were broken and given, as bread, to the nations;
Cast out and dispersed in every land
That the Gentiles may eat the true bread of salvation
Till the severed branches are graff'd in again.
- 18 And O how delightful, and blessed, the message!
Lo! Christ is in heaven, the true living bread;
Who hath given to men the unsealed embassy
To reconcile members again to their Head:
Now gather the fragments, lo Jesus must save them
The crumbs are all blessed, let nothing be lost,
They were given to Him, the last day He will raise them
And fill the twelve baskets, 'tis Israel's host,
- 19 And thus, we discern in the holy communion
The gathering nations uniting in one,
By spiritual life; in one circumcised union,
The body to form, see the valley of bones!
The bones, by the sinews are banded together,
Till the whole is complete for the spiritual breath,
The life that flow'd freely from Jesus the Saviour,
The first resurrection from prison and death.
- 20 O let us remember the strength of salvation
All centres in Jesus' body and blood;
Now come to the supper, 'tis Christ's invitation,
Obey, lo, it is the commandment of God!
Eat freely. O friends, 'tis the feast of the Saviour.
Remember, the soul must have spiritual food;
Now drink, drink abundantly, O thou beloved;
It flows from life's fountain, 'tis life-giving blood.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 21 The bread and the wine thus presented before us
A wondrous resemblance of suffering shows;
Those symbols are nearest this earth doth afford us,
The bread that is broken, the red wine that flows;
They show all the marks of a suffering Saviour,
The wounds on His body, the streams of His blood,
Which proves to the sinner His grace floweth ever,
To strengthen the weary with spiritual food.
- 22 Then come to the banquet of love, all ye living,
Lo! this is the banquet the prophets foretold;
Come all, and eat freely, to eat is believing,
Lo! faith is the substance to 'stablish the soul:
The milk, wine and honey are free and abundant,
Ever flow free without money or price,
'Tis the blood that is life, flowing free from the fountain,
Lo! Jesus the Saviour's the Fountain of Life.
- 23 The hungry and thirsty are kindly invited.
'Tis the lovely Redeemer that gives them the call;
The word of our Saviour already is plighted,
To sit at the table and sup with us all;
'Tis a lovely assembly, the saints in communion,
Surrounding the table, united in love
By one spiritual flow, in one baptismal union,
His promise, the Comforter sent from above.
- 24 O blessed enjoyment, so sweet and consoling,
It softens our pathway through sorrows and cares,
When the Spirit, our witness, Thy love is unfolding,
To the weary, and fainting the way He prepares;
Oh, the race hath been run by our Captain before us,
For the joy set before Him, His glory the prize!
And millions are tuning their harps to the chorus,
In sweet halleluiahs of praises on high.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 25 Then, O my dear brethren, let's keep in remembrance
 'Tis the day that is hallowed by Him that's above;
The symbols before us are but the resemblance,
 The feast of the soul's from the Fountain of Love:
O may the sweet breathing of Jesus the Saviour
 Be wafted from heaven with savory perfume,
'Tis the love that came down that's ascending forever,
 When Israel's sweet singer our hearts doth atune.
- 26 And though years are revolving and time's ever rolling,
 And our days swiftly running, like sand in the glass;
Thou, Lord, art the same, by Thy wisdom controlling,
 Till death, the dread enemy's vanquished at last;
Still reigning and bringing the plan to perfection,
 Till all the redeemed with delight will behold
The body complete, in one blest resurrection,
 Array'd in Thy righteousness, brighter than gold.
- 27 Yea, Lord, Thou art sending the life-giving token
 The earnest of glory, 'tis heaven's bright seal,
Uniting together the tribes that were broken,
 In membership, until the whole are reveal'd.
Till the numberless hosts, the full purchas'd possession,
 In one holy communion will ever abide,
Where the Bridegroom will freely bestow the full blessing
 On lovely Jerus'lem, His heaven-born Bride.



A HYMN

Air.- Hark! listen to the trumpets, etc.

- 1 O Lord, Thy treasures now unfold
And do thou freely pour
A living flow into our souls,
Thy Spirit's quick'ning power,
That will our souls inspire to raise
With free and lively cheer,
A song of love and willing praise
To thee, our Saviour dear.

- 2 Oh! let thy blessings freely flow
From love's delightful spring,
Thy fragrant breath, now softly blow
To inspire our souls to sing;
For O! the dead can never raise
That sweet melodious song,
The song of the Redeemer's praise,
While in the silent tomb.

- 3 Reveal, O Lord, Thy lovely face,
With heavenly radiance bright,
To cheer us with its dazzling rays;
Thou art the source of light;
That sing Thy praise Thy glory may
And never silent be,
Sweetly to raise her willing lays,
O Saviour dear to Thee.

- 4 Who can behold the lovely sight,
And feel the living flow
Of love so full of pure delight,
With sweet effulgent glow?
O! who? without a cheering swell
Of melting praise to Thee,
Whose sufferings our redemption sealed
On Calvary's cross so free.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 5 Now, let Thy mourning exiles hear
Thy sweet alluring voice,
Their wounded hearts, O heal and cheer
With peace and living joys:
O Saviour dear, Thy Zion wake,
The sleeping virgin raise;
Her fetters break and joyful make
The Gates of Zion praise.
- 6 For Thou art worthy, blessed Lord,
Of all that we can give;
We are Thine own, by grace restor'd,
Thine, all that we receive;
Then tune our harps, to praise Thy name
In loud triumphant song,
With access free, for unto Thee
The praises all belong.
- 7 How sweet and peaceful is that rest
To every ransom'd soul,
When leaning on that loving breast,
Where billows cease to roll;
Where light, as lightning's brilliant glow
Reveals our souls in Thee,
Whose breath doth blow our songs to flow
With cheering melody.
- 8 Come, O! my friends and brethren dear
That know your Saviour's voice,
And sing with loud triumphant cheer
Love's sweet inspiring lays;
Lo! Thou art worthy of our song
O Thou dear lovely Lamb!
For Thou alone, the vict'ry won
On Calvary's cross, in pain.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 9 But blessed Lord, who can proclaim
Or utter all Thy praise?
Frail, sinful man, can never scan
Thy wondrous works and ways;
Yet, conquering Love, on Calvary proves
Our souls redeemed and free;
So we may come with grateful song
Of love and praise to Thee.
- 10 What though the world with pride and scorn,
And fleshly foes, annoy?
Oh! blessed Lord, we are thine own;
Then let our souls rejoice:
And while fierce billows roll around
And raging tempest roar;
Still may we swell the glad'ning song,
Our Saviour still adore.
- 11 Lord let us bear in mem'ry still,
The sad and wondrous tale,
Of sorrowing woes, Thy bosom fill'd,
In Kedron's gloomy vale;-
Of dark Gethsemane,
Where our dear Saviour bow'd;
Thy lone retreat, Thy painful sweat,
That fell like drops of blood.
- 12 O! who can tell the sorrowing woe
Thy tender bosom bore
When sweat as drops of blood did flow;
Dropping from every pore:
O! who can tell the thrilling tale
Of all those rending pains,
Those sufferings in that gloomy vale,
And silent still remain.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 13 Who can behold that flowing love,
And blood that streamed so free?
Those sufferings must forever prove
Our love, O Lord, to thee;
When all Thy saints together meet,
In sweet communing bands
The Lamb to greet, in praises sweet;
Home in the promis'd land.
- 14 O Saviour dear, 'tis ever sweet
The song of praise to sound;
When saints in love together meet
About Thy table round;
There, pure remembrance of thy pains
And sufferings on the tree;
Will ever flow with living strains
In songs of praise to Thee.
- 15 Salvation! O that lovely plan,
That poets ne'er could paint
Or human mind compose the strain
To inspire the love of saints;
'Tis Thine own triumph on the tree
The living treasure gained;
Lo! 'tis the prize of Calvary,
The price of Jesus' pain.
- 16 Redeeming love! sweet to console,
And charming to allure:
The banner waving o'er our souls
And on our hearts so pure;
Thy conqueror, O cruel death!
To still thy chilling waves,
To heal the wounded in distress,
And triumph o'er the grave.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 17 Then lovely Zion rise and shine,
Lift up your voice and sing;
Awake, awake, Jerusalem
O daughter of the King.
Yea let the loud hosannahs sound,
Lo every eye shall see
The Lamb of God with victory crown'd,
Who bled on Calvary.
- 18 Worthy, the lovely Lamb. who died,
O hear the thrilling strain;
Worthy the Lamb, (let all reply,)
Who died and rose again
Triumphant to the regions bright,
Where grace with radiance shines,
and light reveals eternal life
Secure in love's design.
- 19 Let heavens and earth, the triumph raise
To swell the endless song,
And join the chorus of His praise
With all the ransomed throng;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Let countless thousands cry;
Of sweet and never dying strains
To all eternity.
- 20 There the redeem'd will swell the song
While countless ages roll;
With loud hosannahs on their tongues
And glory in their souls,
Where millions raise the heavenly strain
With halleluiahs free,
Responding all to One. Amen.
O! Saviour dear to Thee.
-

A Hymn

- 1 Bless, O my soul, the lovely Lamb
Who died on Calvary
To wash my soul from guilt and sin,
And pay the ransom free.

*Chorus – Oh! the Lamb, the lovely Lamb!
The Lamb on Calvary!
The Lamb was slain and rose again
To intercede for me.*

- 2 Amazing love, no tongue can tell,
Lo! Jesus groan'd and bled,
To save my soul from lowest hell
His precious blood was shed, &c.
- 3 His soul with bitter anguish wrung
In pain and agony,
Nail'd to the cross, the Victim hung,
And bled and died for me,&c.
- 4 'Twas for my sins and not His own
He groan'd upon the tree
Those piercing cries, those pains and groans,
And blood was shed for me,&c.
- 5 When my poor soul was fallen low,
And sinking in the grave;
To shield me from the fatal blow
He died my soul to save,&c.
- 6 He saw my soul, by Satan bound
In slav'ry's gallant chains;
To break my bands and heal my wounds
He died and rose again,&c.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 7 My efforts all must fruitless prove:
He knew the only plea
Was God's infinite, boundless love,
His all-sufficiency, &c.
- 8 He knew His Heavenly Father's will
From all eternity,
Came down His purpose to reveal
And prove His firm decree, &c.
- 9 No off'ring made by ritual priests,
Could for my sins atone;
Those bloody rites, in type, must cease,
When Jesus gave His own, &c.
- 10 Not all this fallen world contains
Justice would satisfy;
Lo! Christ the Lamb by sin unstain'd
The perfect Sacrifice, &c.
- 11 'Tis done, the sinner's debt is paid,
The ransom is obtained;
Jesus the great atonement made!
Our pardon free proclaim'd, &c.
- 12 Triumphant o'er the pow'r of death
And all His hostile foes
To spoil the power of hell on earth
With conqu'ring pow'r He rose, &c.
- 13 Ascended to His Father's throne,
His smiling face beholds;
And wears the spangled starry crown,
Brighter than polish'd gold, &c.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 14 With flowing eloquence, He pleads,
The Father smiles and hears;
LO! now, these temples cease to bleed
But still they bear the scars, &c.
- 15 Behold my feet, and hands, and side,
Were wounded painfully
To save my lovely fallen bride;
Accept the off'ring free, &c.
- 16 The Father hears Him plead and smiles;
His wrath and anger cease;
Now God by Christ is reconcil'd
And crown Him King of peace, &c.
- 17 I'm reconciled, the Father cries,
Freely my love proclaim;
Woo now Thy heav'nly ransom'd bride,
The new Jerusalem, &c.
- 18 Exalted on the throne above
With pow'r and majesty!
Call home the objects of Thy love,
From satan's chains them free, &c.
- 19 Then O my soul, with transports sing
The sweet and endless song
And praise the universal King
With all the ransom'd throng, &c.
- 20 Who from my soul did break the chains
By His free love and grace,
And in the new Jerusalem
Assigned my soul a place, &c.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 21 Now let me freely do my part,
 The off'ring, Lord, receive;
 Jesus my love, accept my heart,
 'Tis all that I can give.

O! the Lamb, the lovely Lamb, &c.

THE CALL TO THE SUPPER

- 1 Hark the flying Herald cries,
 Wake, O Zion, wake, arise,
 The Bridegroom comes to wed the Bride,
 Behold He comes to reign!
 All things are ready, hasten to the marriage feast,
 Gird on your beautiful garments and come,
 The Bridegroom is coming, lovely Jerusalem,
 Haste to the wedding, to the marriage of the Lamb.
- 2 Come ye ransom'd freely come;
 Hear the message, every one,
 Hasten O Jerusalem;
 The Trumpet loud proclaims,
 It is your beloved, rise, behold He calleth thee
 Home from captivity, no more the galling chains,

Chorus. – The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 3 Quick the gospel chariot bounds,
 Loud and shrill the trumpet sounds,
 Summoning the nations home
 Unto the promis'd land:
 With sweet sounding voices hear the ambassadors
 The royal mandate joyfully proclaim;
 - The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 4 Swift, the cheering message rolls
 O'er the earth from pole to pole;
 Crying hasten to the fold
 The Shepherd calls you home:
 Haste to the banquet, lo! the invitation's free,
 Dearly 'tis purchased by Calvary's pains;
- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.
- 5 Lovingly the shepherd calls,
 Hear the tidings, great and small;
 Wake, arise ye nations all
 Nor linger on the plain;
 Haste lovely fair-one, quickly rise and come away,
 The winter is over, no more the chilling rain.
- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.
- 6 Oh how sweet the swelling strain
 Through the streets and city lanes,
 Over highways, hills and plains,
 The messengers proclaim
 The supper is ready, the Lamb was slain on Calvary!
 Bread, wine, milk and honey's the purchase of His pain.
- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.
- 7 Come ye blind, ye halt and lame
 Broken hearted, sick and maim'd;
 Messengers of love proclaim
 Quickly rise and come
 Put on your wedding garments, lo! He awaiteth thee!
 Trumpets are sounding to bring the harvest home,
- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 8 Come ye sever'd nation, join,
 In every land, in every clime
 Sweet the heavenly music chimes,
 Oh! hear the loud acclaim!
 Worthy is the Saviour who suffr'd free on Calvary,
 Ransomed millions joyfully proclaim:

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 9 Lovingly, He calls His sheep,
 To awaken them out of sleep,
 See them on the mountains leap,
 And by the running streams;
 Long have they wandered in exile and captivity,
 The Shepherd is seeking the purchase of His pain,

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 10 Flocks upon the pastures green,
 From the washing white and clean,
 Look and see the lovely twins,
 Leaping on the plain!
 O the lovely sheep, see, bought so dear on Calvary
 Sactter'd in the wilderness, all coming home again,

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 11 Soft the living breezes blow,
 Sweet the fragrant spices flow,
 Lilies whiter than the snow
 Arising in the streams;
 Lovely rose of Sharon beautifully op'ning see,
 Lily of the garden, by Kedron's rolling stream;

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 12 Sweet the minstrel's cheering sound,
 O'er the hills and valleys round,
 To the earth's remotest bounds
 Hear the swelling strain,
 Glory forever to Him who died on Calvary,
 And wrought a free redemption from death's
 remorseless reign.

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

PART 11

- 1 Lo, the amazing lovely sight,
 Prophets sang with sweet delight,
 Op'ning from the shades of night
 The glory of the Lamb!
 Death is abolished. Life and Immortality!
 Bright revelation's opening the plan.

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 2 Lo, on Zion's fruitful field
 See the cov'nant reveal'd,
 Ransom'd hosts, in thousands sealed
 In one eternal name:
 O the bright throng, behold the heav'nly company
 Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb that was slain,

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 3 Look! on Zion's golden street
 Lo! the Jew and Gentile meet,
 All in unity complete,
 No more to part again.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Lovely and freely the long severed family
Are peacefully blending, the en'my is slain.

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 4 Now behold the living bread,
Jesus Christ, the promis'd seed!
Die to bruise the serpent's head,
And quickly rose again,
Eat, O friends, behold the living bread is free,
Faith is the substance to raise the soul again:

- The bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 5 Freely drink the flowing wine
From the true and living vine,
Sweet and cheering, well refined,
An ever healing stream
Flows from the Fountain, freely and abundantly,
Precious blood and water the thirsty to sustain,

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 6 Hark the heav'n born choir advance,
Virgins praising in the dance,
Joyfully they clap their hands,
O hear the swelling strain;
Men and maidens, all unite in harmony,
Loud halleluiahs in choruses proclaim:

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 7 Oh! behold the lovely sight,
Countless thousands, shining bright,
Dressed in robes of spotless white,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

It is the wedding train;
 Lovely the songsters, sweet the flowing minstrelsy,
 O the thrilling chorus and cheering loud acclaim:

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 8 See the bride in robes of gold,
 Wrought on Calvary of old,
 Glittering robes of perfect mould
 The purchase of the Lamb;
 Beautifully dazzling, sparkling in the sunny rays,
 Garments of righteousness, perfect and unstain'd

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 9 White embroider'd raiment see,
 Needlework of Calvary –
 Fashion'd in Gethsemane
 By pressure, sweat and pain:
 Deep were the sorrows that pierc'd His soul so
 painfully
 Pointed and piercing, the nails, the spear, and thorns,

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 10 Costly is the wedding dress,
 Beauteous in holiness,
 It is the robe of righteousness
 By Jesus Christ obtained;
 Jerusalem, 'tis thine, 'twas wrought by suff'ring painfully;
 O the mighty triumph, the Saviour's dying strain.

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

- 11 Shout, behold Messiah comes!
 Loud and shrill the trumpet sounds,
 Myriads cast their golden crowns

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

In homage to the Lamb;
 O the glittering diadem, the prize He won on Calvary
 Array'd in robes majestic, behold He comes to reign,

- The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

12 Now the op'ning vision see!
 Seal'd so long in prophecy:
 Welcome! heav'nly jubilee
 To Zion's courts again.
 Hear the sound of gladness, loud and shrill the herald cries,
 Gird on your beautiful garments and come;

- The Bridegroom is coming, lovely Jerusalem,
 Haste to the wedding, to the marriage of the Lamb.

 THE WELCOME HOME

Air. -- Irin, arin, u horo

1 Loud the Mighty Angel cries,
 Swift the joyful tidings fly,
 Lo! the hosts, in thousands rise,
 O hear the thrilling welcome home;
 Shrill the jubilee trumpet sounds,
 Through the courts of Zion round!
Chorus -- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd
 And marriage supper of the Lamb.

2 Pure and heav'nly visions bright
 O how lovely to the sight,
 Op'ning by celestial light
 The promise that through ages ran;
 Pointing far, O far away

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

To the joyful wedding day;

- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

- 3 See the rays of morning rise,
 'Tis the Sun of Righteousness;
 Before His face the shadows fly
 And songsters swell their morning strain;
 Bright those glittering rays appear,
 Sweet's the lovely song to hear,
 - Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc

- 4 Amazing sight, behold reveal'd,
 The Book of Life, the Lamb unseals,
 Who died Testator of the will,
 And quickly rose to heaven again;
 Skillfully He pleads their claim,
 Counts and calls them by their names;
 - Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

- 5 Death's abolished; hear Him say,
 Life and immortality
 Lights the fallen family
 From shades of death to life again;
 Loath the accuser yields His claim,
 Lovingly the Judge proclaims,
 - Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

- 6 Hark the thrilling verdict comes,
 Loud the Herald's trumpet sounds,
 Shouts with joyful echo's bound,
 The Counsellor His plea hath gain'd,
 Swift the cheering tidings run,
 'Tis finished; lo the trial's won,
 - Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 7 Now with open vision see
All the ransom'd family
Coming to the jubilee
On Zion's holy hill again;
Free from sorrow, sin and shame
Free from death's remorseless reign
- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.
- 8 Countless thousands shining bright,
Dressed in robes of spotless white,
O how lovely to the sight
Behold the ransom'd wedding train;
Lo! they come to meet their King,
Sweet the virgin minstrels sing
- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.
- 9 Sweet the minstrel's cheering sound
Vibrates through the mighty throng,
Loud the halleluiahs sound,
O hear the myriad's ceaseless strain;
Praise, O praise the Lamb they cry,
Now He comes in majesty,
- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.
- 10 Shiloh's daughters see advance
Virgins beautifully dance,
Joyfully they clap their hands,
All heart to heart by love constrain'd;
Men and maidens freely join,
Wrapped in rays of light divine;
- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.
- 11 O now let every eye behold
The pains on Calvary unfold,
See the bride in robes of gold
The purchase of the Bridegroom's pain;
Beautifully dazzling, see,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Sparkling like the sunny rays,

- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

12 White embroider'd raiment, see,

Needlework of Calvary,

Fashioned in Gethsemane

By sorrow, pressure, sweat and pain;

Head and hands, His feet and side

Wounded, bleeding for His Bride,

- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

13 Pointed nails, the thorns and spear,

Hanging wounded, bleeding there;

Proves Thy love, O saviour dear,

By sorrows, cries and dying pains;

Proud usurper of His throne,

Bow to God's anointed One,

- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

14 Costly is the wedding dress

Beauteous in holiness,

'Tis the robe of righteousness -

The price of Jesus' dying pain;

Put the rich donation on,

His gift of love it is thine own,

- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

15 Put it on both great and small,

Hide the shame of Adam's fall,

'Tis the Bridegroom's gift to all

The cov'nant heirs of Abraham:

In every age 'tis found the same

A perfect covering without seam.

- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 16 'Tis done; the mighty angel cries,
 His chariot wheels like lightning fly
 Now the countless thousands rise,
 O see the bright triumphant band
 In garments white behold they stand
 Waving their victorious palms,
 -Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.
- 17 Lo! they come with glittering crowns
 Cheering is their welcome home
 Death is vanquish'd and cast down,
 And Satan in his prison chain'd;
 Loud the herald peace proclaims,
 Christ the Conqueror comes to reign,
 - Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.
- 18 Loud the harps of heaven play,
 O how sweet the minstrelsy,
 Love, redeeming love's the lay
 That thrills the soul so joyfully;
 Lo! they cast their dazzling crowns
 Meek and lowly bowing down,
 - Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.
- 19 Lovely sweet their willing lays
 Swell the song of endless praise
 Loud the Alleluias rise.
 And mighty beings say, Amen.
 Lo! they shout with loud acclaim
 Now the Bridegroom comes to reign,
 - Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.
- 20 Loud the bells of Zion ring,
 Oh! how sweet her damsels sing
 Songs and honors to their King,
 Who love reveals in every strain;
 Praise the Great creator's name

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

O praise the Lamb who overcame,
- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

21 Love reveal'd in manhood see,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.
Love revealed on Calvary,
To reconcile the world to Thee,
Love effectual to redeem,
Love, O love in every strain,
- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

22 Sweet the stream forever flows
From heaven above to earth below,
Love, the banner o'er us shows
That conquering Love forever reigns;
Firm and sure the cov'nant stands,
Ever since the world began.
- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

23 Swift the op'ning vision rolls
O how cheering to the soul,
Soon shall every eye behold
The Victor come His crown to claim;
Haste, O Lord, the welcome morn,
Cheer our hearts to swell the song,
- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

24 And while we see as in a glass,
Oh! cheer us on to run the race,
Till all will see with open face
The Bridegroom, when He comes to reign:
O let Thy brightness ever be
The star to lead us on to Thee,
- Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

25 And as the magnet draws the steel,
Allure Thy love to Zion hill

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Where foaming waves are ever still'd
 And tempest lull'd to peaceful calm;
 There Thy love will fill the throng
 With the new and endless song,
 - Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

- 26 Oh let Thy chariot wheels roll on
 As sands that in the glass doth run,
 Till all the sheaves are gathered home
 To swell the sweet millennial strain;
 Behold the Bridegroom comes to reign
 Open, O gates, and let Him in.
 - Lo! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

 THE GOSPEL CALL

AND PREPARATION OF THE SOUL FOR THE MILLENNIUM

SECOND PART OF PLAN OF SALVATION

- 1 Hark the mighty herald of salvation
 Blows the loud trumpet, thrilling and shrill;
 Listen, 'tis the royal proclamation!
 Sounding delightfully, the record to unseal
 Like a rushing wind from heaven, quick the Holy Spirit
 flies,
 Swift the glad tidings like mighty waters roll;
 Death is abolished: see the promise verified,
 Life, life eternal, is flowing in the soul.
- 2 Now behold the Saviour, highly ascended,
 Freely interceding upon the throne above;
 Truth and mercy are peacefully blending,
 Sweetly consoling by His redeeming love;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Ever reconciling by that effectual remedy
 Flowing from the Fountain, so freely, in the fold;
 Sweet's the memorial of Calvary, O Calvary!
 Sacred forever is the vision to the soul.

- 3 Hear the swelling trumpet's quick vibration
 Thrilling the atmosphere and shaking land and sea!
 Loud, the angelic proclamation
 Sounds in the gospel to set the captives free;
 Welcome, glad tidings, that thrills the soul so joyfully,
 Healing is the message to mourners in distress,
 Glad proclamation to all the fallen family
 Sweet invitation that calls them home to rest.

- 4 Swift the gospel chariot wheels are running,
 Quick'ning is the message to every thrilling breast;
 Cheering and consoling, sweet as honey,
 Lovingly inviting the weary home to rest;
 Hark, weary traveler, behold the watchman calleth thee;
 Lo! the good Shepherd is gath'ring home His sheep,
 Home to their freedom, from exile and captivity,
 Home from affliction in swelling waters deep.

- 5 Hear the royal mandate: - 'Tis the contender
 Bids the oppressor deliver up the prey,
 Every lawful captive, now surrender,
 Zion no longer shall in her silence lay;
 East and West, now, behold the Gospel sunny rays
 Shining on the shadows to penetrate the gloom;
 North and South, Oh! hear the song of love and grace
 Sounding delightfully to cheer the exiles home.

- 6 Mighty the herald's voice is sounding,
 Lovingly proclaiming the invitation free,
 O'er the lonely valleys, hills and mountains,
 Calling home the lost sheep from far O far away;
 Hear the trembling sinner crying in the wilderness,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Bright the Spirit's breathing fans the living frame,
To cleanse and purify him from sin and all unrighteousness
And bring the soul to freedom from Satan's galling chains.

- 7 His voice is in the rending peals of thunder
Suddenly revealing the majesty of law!
Thrilling like the lightning, look and wonder,
See the poor sinner is trembling with awe;
His voice is on the waters with swelling streams to sanctify
And in the salutation to cause the babe to leap;
His voice is in the woman praying for delivery
Crying to her husband in rending sorrows deep.
- 8 Speedily the Spirit is unsealing
Long hidden mysteries, the holy prophets told;
Hear the thrilling sound of painful wailing,
LO! the barren woman is crying in her pain;
Haste good Physician and give a safe delivery,
Let the glad mother behold her new-born sons;
Speed the joyful tidings to loose the seals of prophecy,
Opening the morning a nation shall be born.
- 9 Say is this the voice of fear and trembling
Noise and shaking is beginning to appear;
Deeply in affliction, cries heartrending,
Piteously moaning, the trembling sinner hear;
Thunders of Sinai roaring like artillery,
Terrifies the sinner beneath the angry frown;
O! the thrilling sound, lo, the hammer strikes him mightily
To bring the standing water, and break the heart of stone.
- 10 Clearly as the dazzling sun arising,
Look, lo, the spirit His quickening unfolds,
Regenerating and baptizing
Deep in affliction, to purify the soul:
Quick inspiration, like gleaming electricity
Swift and vibrating is the Spirit's quick'ning thrill;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Breathing in the promise of life and immortality
Our earnest of inheritance, the true baptismal seal.

- 11 Blessed is the royal proclamation,
Cheering to the sinner the tidings ever flow'd;
Still the Spirit's quick'ning inspiration
Flows in the message, healing as it goes;
Sweet proclamation! lovingly and peacefully
Calming affliction, its swelling billows stills;
'Tis the Beloved who brings the healing remedy
Leaping on the mountains and skipping on the hills.
- 12 Beautifully cheering, the glad morning
Opens delightfully with bright and glittering rays;
Lovingly the watchman's voice is sounding
Wake love, 'tis morning, arise and come away;
Hark! lo, the trumpet's proclaim the coming jubilee,
See the good Shepherd is gath'ring home His bands
Hastily assembling all the ransom'd family,
Home, sweet home, to the peaceful promised land.
- 13 Home, O lovely prospect, sweetly endearing,
Rest to the weary the trumpeters proclaim.
Oh! how delightful, joyfully cheering,
Rest to the weary from travail and from pain:
Rest to the weary from long and sad adversity,
Rest to the weary from slav'ry's galling bands,
Rest, sweet rest, in the haven of tranquility,
Home, sweet home in the blissful promis'd land.
- 14 Home, where the minstrels sing so sweetly,
Safe in the haven where billows cease to roll,
Pains and sorrows all completely
Sunk in oblivion forever from the soul;
Home in the mansions where all the joyful company
Will praise their Redeemer, leaning on His breast;

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Free from affliction and every hostile enemy,
Home, sweet home in the Paradise of rest.

- 15 Wait a little longer, weary pilgrims,
Lo! He commanded you to wait a little while,
Though a mother may forget her children,
Jesus the Saviour forget you never will:
Deep is the purchase engrav'd on His memory,
Look on His temples, His hand, His feet and side;
Lo! it is the token of love from all eternity,
Love so redeeming and changeless to His bride.
- 16 Cheering is the prospect, look ye ransom'd!
Lo! the man in linen is marking with His seal,
Speedily preparing heavenly mansions
Till the day appointed His glory to reveal;
Soon the loud trumpets will bring the new-born family,
Oh! how consoling to every throbbing breast;
Home to the haven of peace and sweet felicity,
Home, sweet home to the regions of the blest.
- 17 Wait a little longer, wearied Zion,
Wake, soon the sentinel will give the final cry;
Wake, wake, arise ye sleeping virgins;
Hark! lo, the messenger before the Master flies;
Shine on the heavens, O radiant Sun of Righteousness,
Illuminate Thy glory and let Thy kingdom come,
Haste, O Beloved, and let the brightness of Thy face,
Lighten Thy fair one – to her millennial home.
-

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

THE "OLD CREATION" TYPICAL
OF THE "NEW"

FOURTH PART OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION

Air – How thankful to know, etc

- 1 How sweet to reflect on the plan of salvation,
So wondrous in wisdom and lovely to see,
Set forth in the beautiful works of creation
Arranged by unerring and changeless decree;
Those beautiful figures and true appellations
All show the perfection of work so sublime,
When Christ, by the rays of divine revelation,
Discloses the purpose of Wisdom's design;
- 2 Yea, pure is the flow of that great revelation
That opens the vision, so clear, to the sight;
O lovely! behold, lo the new-born creation
Emerging from shadows, in spiritual light;
A bright habitaion, by regeneration,
Lo! costlier far than Jerusalem of old;
Endu'd with the breathing of free inspiration
Descending from heaven, lo, brighter than gold.
- 3 O! lovely to see are those works of perfection
That open so free to our wondering eyes.
Lo! Jesus the first-born and first resurrection
Now shines in the mansions, the pearl of great price.
His beautiful family, brighter and clearer
Than gems from the mountains and pearls from the sea,
Those beautiful emblems, but richer and dearer
The heirs of salvation, He purchased so free.
- 4 Come, O our Beloved, we pray Thee, and lead us
Around about Zion, that we may admire
Thy wonderful works in her heavenly places,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

And join the sweet song of the heaven-born choir;
 O lead us around to behold her bright palaces,
 Gates, walls and bulwarks, her beautiful towers;
 Her glittering temple and garnished galleries,
 Ever to wonder, admire and adore.

- 5 Thy works, O how perfect: Thou mighty Creator!
 Who fix'd the bright sun in the heaven to shine,
 To lighten the whole by one great radiator!
 So Christ is our light by His radiance divine;
 The beautiful moon and the stars, lo, how brilliant
 They sparkle in heaven's bright spangled dome;
 These patterns all witness a glorious reality,
 Circling ever round heaven's bright throne.

- 6 Oh! 'tis sweet to reflect on the works of creation,
 So wisely constructed in beauty sublime;
 Those beautiful emblems and fit appellations,
 All suited to people in every clime;
 O wondrous! behold how the sun so incessantly
 Lights the creation by wisdom's control,
 The moon and the stars all reflecting His radiance
 As Christ in His glory gives light to the soul.

- 7 Those beautiful hills and the high tow'ring mountains,
 The flocks and herds feeding on pastorage green,
 Lo! plains of fertility, crystalline fountains,
 And lilies of fragrance, behold in the streams.
 The trees of the forest with autumn winds waving,
 And flowers in the garden so beauteous shows
 That new born creation the Saviour is raising
 That fell from the beautiful garden of God.

- 8 The silver and gold that are tried in the furnace
 See perfectly purified, duly refin'd;
 So skillfully polish'd and brilliantly burnish'd
 And moulded, though shapeless it came from the mine:

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Precious stones shining with sparkling brilliancy,
 Rich costly pearls from the deep swelling sea;
 All beautiful emblems of that blessed family,
 Ransom'd so freely, dear Saviour, by Thee.

- 9 O highly exalted and life-giving Saviour,
 Thy garden behold, lo the roses do fade;
 Pour from Thy blest bosom Thy goodness and favor
 In plentiful showers the lilies to raise:
 Come, the north wind, and blow on the trees of the garden,
 O south, softly breathe that the spices may flow,
 And lilies arise from the swelling of Jordon,
 Like sheep from the washing, far whiter than snow.

- 10 How sweet's the assurance that flows in the pardon
 From Jesus who suffer'd and open'd the road;
 Now Christ is the tree in the midst of the garden
 In Paradise hightly exalted with God:
 Saying, eat, O friends, freely, yea drink; there is plenty
 Bread, wine, milk and honey, the banquet is free;
 The earnest of love and the joys of eternity
 Where the possession He purchas'd shall be.

- 11 Lo! speedily now, see, the Lamb is unsealing
 The beautiful figures that point to the true;
 The purpose and plan of creation, revealing
 Those patterns, so perfect and lovely, to view:
 That beautiful city! her pure consecration,
 And sanctified temple of glittering gold;
 The type of that spiritual, bright habitation
 Of heavenly mansions, the Spirit unfolds.

- 12 How truly inspiring those wonderful visions
 That open'd to Prophets the beautiful view,
 A spiritual building, descending from heaven,
 The holy Jerus'lem, created anew:

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

O look! and behold all those works of perfection,
And beauty reveal'd in the wonderful plan;
Behold the pure virgin of Eden's sure blessing
Affianc'd in covenant, the bride of the Lamb.

- 13 How cheering the minstrelsy flow'd with the tidings
That swell'd the sweet anthem on Bethlehem's plain,
Now laud, all ye people, sing praises, O Zion;
Lo! Christ the Messiah is coming again;
Behold! He is coming in majesty glorious,
He is coming with clouds like the lightning flame,
Now coming with heaven-born legions victorious
To sit on the throne of His kingdom and reign.

- 14 He is coming to dwell in Thy midst, O Jerusalem,
To lighten the courts of His blessed abode,
The Lamb! O that beautiful light, to illumine
Those mansions for aye with the glory of God:
Pure virgins, with lamps blazing, circling around Him;
All brilliant and bright as the glittering stars,
Like sparkling diamonds set round in a diadem,
Blazing like lamps in a great chandelier.

- 15 Swell heavenly strain, 'tis a sweet meditation;
Those thoughts so ineffable, visions so blest,
That ever reveals by divine inspiration
The true living witness, that dwells in the breast;
Disclosing the plan of the mighty Creator,
Whose power and wisdom in magnitude bright,
And Love, and Light and Life, Oh, that pure emanation
Flows free to the soul through the manhood of Christ.

- 16 Behold, like a river that ever is flowing
Love flow'd from the Father, and flow'd through the son,
Applied by the Spirit both free and consoling
By one Mediator, the Lamb on the throne:

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

'Tis truly, the seal of the Comforter showing
 Our witness, the spirit, the water and blood;
 The promise flow'd freely, and ever is flowing
 In visions to man by the spirit of God.

- 17 Oh! wondrous display! love redeeming and healing,
 Lo! light's the revealer that opens the plan;
 See, life, operating and spiritually sealing
 The heirs of salvation, redeem'd by the Lamb;
 Lo! love, light, and life, by one mighty Testator,
 Discloses the will in the wonderful plan
 Of love, flowing ever, through one Mediator,
 The covenant promise that's will'd unto man.
- 18 Man! say, what is man? 'Tis a subject to ponder
 His substance, his being, and place in the plan,
 Lo! strangely created, behold him and wonder,
 See, body and soul, in humanity blend;
 Man, highly exalted, the Lord of creation,
 Behold him in honor and dignity crown'd;
 In stature erect, lo, a beautiful creature,
 God's image and likeness from dust of the ground.
- 19 O look, lo! the beautiful creature is fallen,
 No longer in Eden's fair garden to reign,
 Now moaning in sadness and sorrow appalling,
 Lo! death by the law, is the wages of sin;
 O hear the dread sound, lo, the sentence is painful,
 As o'er the poor sinner law's terrors did roll;
 See, death! fell destroyer, malignant and baneful,
 Hath aim'd his dread arrow and wounded his soul.
- 20 But O, the sure covenant, both endless and changeless,
 Behold! lo, the Son comes in fashion of man,
 Made under the law little lower than angels
 For suffering of death, by His Father's command;
 Now highly exalted, a Prince and a Saviour,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

With glory and honor, behold He is crown'd,
To dress, and to keep that pure garden forever,
Where love, joy and peace in perfection are found.

- 21 Oh! let the redeem'd sing His praises forever,
'Tis sweet and delightful His goodness to tell,
Come heavenly breathing, unite us together
That every bosom with praises may swell:
Ye angels of might in the regions of glory
Give honor and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Oh ransomed millions unite in the chorus,
And swell the full triumph of Bethlehem's strain.
- 22 O hail! thou blest morn! lo, the prospect is glorious,
The promise is cheering though clouds intervene;
Our Saviour on high is the hope set before us,
Who open'd the pathway for all the redeem'd:
His love is the magnet of perfect attraction,
His light, our companion to cheer on the road;
The Comforter points to that peace and perfection,
In life, life eternal, forever with God.
-

THE CONTRAST TO THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON

Air — We will praise Him again, when we pass over Jordan

- 1 Hark! the trumpet's loud peal, lo, the watchmen are crying,
Look He breaks a new seal, listen, hear the glad tidings:
Now behold, my soul, see, a new-born creation,
All with pure breeding of life animated,
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 2 Lo! a dark gloomy day, clos'd the last dispensation,
Then a mourning shroud lay o'er the darken'd creation,
Lo! He called for a light when the old world was rising,
See again it shines bright, O my soul how surprising!
Hark, the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 3 For a high sabbath day, see the great preparation,
It betoken'd the rays of a bright revelation:
Disclosing the first-born in manhood's perfection
On that beautiful morn of that first resurrection.
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 4 Long the day was foretold by divine inspiration,
Till revolving years roll'd round the promis'd salvation:
So steadily onward the years have been rolling,
See, a lovelier morn to our eyes is unfolding;
And a lovelier strain, of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 5 Look! O look and behold, lo the Lamb is unsealing
See, a beautiful roll, the new world is revealing;
The heaven and earth now appear in perfection,
By a spiritual birth, like the first resurrection;
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the lamb is victorious.
- 6 Hark the beautiful strain, lo, the curtain's arising,
See a soft flowing rain the new world is baptizing,
O how fragrant and pure the sweet breezes are blowing,
With the baptismal show'r, sweet the minstrelsy flowing,
O the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.

- 7 Oh! the wonderful Lamb! look with great admiration,
See, the first-born He stands of the new-born creation;
By counsel behold Him in cov'nant appointed,
Lo! now He comes King, over Zion, anointed,
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.

- 8 Look, in manhood He stands now immortal and glorious
At His Father's right hand, in the mansions of glory,
Loud the ransom'd are singing the song of salvation
And bowing before Him with sweet adoration;
O the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.

- 9 See, the beautiful brow that His enemies wounded
Bear the marks of His woes, when the thorns it surrounded;
Lo! His hands, feet and side, where the blood once was
streaming
Shows how painful He died, and His love so redeeming,
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.

- 10 Rich the prize He hath won by His love so unbounded,
'Tis a sparkling crown, with twelve stars circling round it;
Ever glittering bright like the dew-drops of morning;
Now the numberless thousands are coming to crown Him;
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.

- 11 Look! the multitude stands in white robes from the fountain,
All with palms in their hands, see the victors around them
Like sheep from the washing; behold them and wonder!
'Tis the heav'n born company no man can number;
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 12 To Emmanuel's land full of wine, milk and honey,
Lo, the triumphant band from the warfare are coming;
See the cross is their standard, and love is the banner,
They march to the song of Hosanna, Hosanna;
And the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 13 Hark! the Herald proclaims lo, the warfare is ended;
Now the battle is gain'd, let the hosts be disbanded;
Let them wear the bright crown, 'tis a priceless donation,
Oh 'tis life, life eternal the prize of salvation;
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 14 Come and lay down your arms, cries the royal Commander,
Here no foe can you harm I will shield you from danger
No serpent shall enter my purchas'd possession
For this my fair Eden is free from transgression.
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 15 See that beautiful grove, lo, a fruitful plantation,
'Tis His garden of love, and the trees of salvation
With the great Tree of Life bearing fruit by the river
Of pure living water that's flowing forever:
With the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen, Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 16 True the covenant seal on their foreheads engraved,
Shows His purpose fulfill'd to the millions He saved;
No more, Gentile and Jew, now the enmity's ended,
In one body, by one Holy spirit, they're blended:
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 17 And the beautiful ring, lo, the circle is endless,
'Tis the gift of the King, see it shows a true emblem
Of the covenant of grace, (without end or beginning)
Of redemption and peace by His love so redeeming:
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 18 Lo! those victims of old, by divine inspiration
Many witnesses told of the joys of salvation;
Who saw in the future the Lamb and His glory,
And the heavenly choir, bear Him witness, adoring;
With the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 19 O how sweet to my soul when in lone contemplation
Cheering visions unfold those long anticipations;
Strong on faith's steady wings, mounting higher and higher,
To the sweet flowing spring where the heav'n born choir
Swells the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 20 Lead me safe on the way, hope, thou cheering companion,
By the smile of thy face, to those heavenly mansions;
And while I remain in this clay habitation
Let those sweet flowing gleams, swell the heart's adoration
With the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 21 Till the pitcher and bowl shall be broke at the fountain
(See the purified gold and the clay which surrounds it,)
And the silver cord loos'd that so firmly hath bound them;
And the dust turn'd to dust, and the soul mount to heaven,
There to swell the sweet strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 22 Then the dust shall lay down under earth's gloomy cover,
And the spirit will bound back again to the Giver,
Till the silence shall break at the trumpet's loud warning
And the dead shall awake on that wonderful morning,
With the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 23 When He opens the seal of the last dispensation,
Then, the book will reveal a new-rising creation;
Immortal, and glorious, in manhood's perfection;
For the trumpet will call up the last resurrection:
And the glorified twain will unite in the chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.
- 24 Till the trumpet shall sound on that beautiful morning,
Let the curtain go down while the world is in mourning
Till heaven and earth new-created and glorious,
Shall arise, like the First-born, who triumph'd before us;
To unite in the strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo! the Lamb is victorious.

THE END OF THE HYMNS
Composed By George Bears

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE GAELIC HYMNS OF
THE REV. DONALD MACDONALD AND
EWEN LAMONT, ELDER

THANKSGIVING

"Laoidh Taingealachd" here translated in full

- 1 My desire, loving Jesus,
Were to Thee in my anguish;
When in prison enslaved
When in chains I did languish,
And when sin so enticing,
Held my mind in possession,
Lacking power of arising
From the mire of transgression.

- 2 From the light of Thy favor
Far away did I wander;
But I oft would endeavor,
And would fain break asunder
All the fetters that bound me;
But the foe would assail me,
His assaults would astound me,
And my courage would fail me.

- 3 Ill at ease was my conscience
By the pangs of conviction:
Then I pleaded with Jesus
To be freed from affliction
Lord, my soul from the bondage
Of the strong man deliver;
Grant me strength in Thy mercy,
Ere I perish forever.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 4 But instead of the Saviour,
Then came Satan to grieve me,
To mislead with false courage,
Of true hope to bereave me.
Fear of threatened vengeance,
of danger would leave me,
Sinful pleasures beguiling,
For a time would deceive me.
- 5 But behold with what favor
Has my Saviour sought me!
With what fatherly pity
From the pit has He brought me!
I was filthy and hateful,
Sunk in shame and confusion –
I was helplessly lying
In the vilest pollution.
- 6 O my gracious Saviour,
With what love Thou hast sought me!
With what fatherly pity
From the pit hast Thou brought me!
Now, the Lord in the number
Of His children receives me!
Now my path is to glory
Though the foe often grieves me.
- 7 O Thy love my redeemer,
Unto me is unbounded:
By Thy word I am strengthened;
By Thy mercy surrounded;
And the earnest received,
Unto me is a token
Of Thy promise unfailing,
Ever faithful unbroken.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 8 Now my soul has the earnest
Of Thine own Holy Spirit,
Of the purchased possession
Which the saints shall inherit;
All proceeds in the order
That Jehovah hath given,
Till we rise to the glory
And enjoyment of heaven.
- 9 Wake my lyre in melodious
And harmonious vibration!
Rise my soul in the spirit's
Cheering sweet inspiration!
Offer praises in thrilling,
Loud and willing laudation,
To the Lord for His blessing
Of free grace and salvation!
- 10 Sing His glory and greatness,
Sing the praise of His person,
Sing the love of thy Saviour,
Now thy sacred possession;
Let the Father's high praises,
Thrill the lays of thanksgiving,
Praise the Spirit of glory,
Triune God ever living.
- 11 Yet O Lord though Thy favor
And thy praise are my pleasure
Who can fathom Thy greatness,
Or declare it in measure ?
When the angels in glory
Bow in holy obeisance,
Veil their faces when o'er them
Beams Thy glorious presence.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 12 O! how worthy is Jesus,
Of our sweetest laudation;
Who hath suffered to rescue
Us from death and damnation,
And to raise us from sorrow,
To the joy of His favor,
And as jewels to place us
In His breastplate forever.
- 13 Lord revive and refresh me,
With Thy presence and power,
Since my soul Thou hast rested,
In this sheltering bower;
Thee to praise on my sojourn,
In Thy love still abiding,
Till I see Thee in glory,
There enjoying Thy guiding.
- 14 While I am yet in the desert,
With the flesh am contending;
And the hatred of aliens
Me assail for my rendering;
While the legions of darkness,
As for battle come near me,
Faith and hope as I travel,
Joined with charity cheer me.
- 15 O! my Saviour how pleasant,
Is the place Thou preparest;
In the regions of glory,
Ample portions thou sharest,
Eat and drink we may freely,
Of the feast Thou assignest;
Where with glorious radiance,
Thou eternally shinest.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 16 O! how worthy is Jesus,
Of our sweetest laudation;
Who prepareth our dwelling,
Far from hell and damnation;
Far from sin and defilement ,
And the wiles of the tempter,
Far from endless perdition,
Is the city we enter.
- 17 High in glory and greatness
Thou eternally bidest,
Sun and Shield to all people,
Whom thou teachest and guidest;
Ardour living consoling,
Fills my soul as I ponder,
On Thy finite merit,
And pre-eminent splendor.
- 18 O my glorious Redeemer,
When this mist disappeareth,
To my soul when no further,
This corruption adhereth;
I shall see unabashed Thee,
As Thou art in Thy splendor,
With Thy hosts when thou comest,
Praise and homage I'll tender.
- 19 O how worthy is Jesus,
Of my lays of thanksgiving,
Me He washed, and now raises,
To the joys of the living;
To His presence most glorious,
Now my soul He is bringing,
Hallelujah! in chorus,
With His own to be singing.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 20 Praise and glory and honor,
 For Thy promise dear Saviour,
 That my soul 'neath the banner,
 Of Thy love and Thy favor;
 In Thy secret pavilion,
 Will securely be hiding:
 Till I see Thee in heaven,
 There forever abiding.
-

ASSURANCE

PART 1

"Am Fiosrachadh Slainteil"
 "A Cheud earroinn"

From the Gaelic of Rev. D.M.D.

- 1 The world is wholly destitute,
 Of saving health and power,
 Afar from Christ and holiness,
 And Godless to this hour;
 From Adam all posterity,
 Inherited their woe,
 Of innocence deplorably,
 Bereft and fallen low.
- 2 Not one but all apostasized,
 The serpent Eve beguiled;
 To eat the fruit he tempted her,
 She ate, and was defiled;
 To Adam she presented it,
 He ate – which fatal deed
 Brought down impending death on him;
 On him and all his seed.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 3 The wicked world insensibly,
Put off the evil day;
They do regard but slightly,
What holy scriptures say;
The shades of death encompass them,
With darkness gross and deep,
their wily foe caresses them,
And thus are kept asleep.
- 4 They think that grace is stored for them,
In Christ's atoning blood;
Although they're held in slavery,
In sins debasing mood;
Though vengeance dread and ominous,
Hangs o'er them one and all
Although the curse abides on them,
Denounced at Adam's fall.
- 5 They think that grace is stored for them,
In Christ's atoning blood;
Although they never tasted Him,
As soul's sustaining food:
They walk in disobedience,
To God – they heed Him not;
They hate to be associates,
With those by Him begot.
- 6 If men would hear me patiently.
And close attention deign;
I would from soul experience,
The soul's new birth explain;
For Christ the seals unfasteneth,
And guiding light doth send,
To grant our souls the mysteries,
Of truth to comprehend.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 7 A cheerless child of wrath was I,
In Satan's grasp confined;
Of saving faith was destitute,
As dumb and deaf and blind;
But when the Lord awakened me,
I quaked in grief and pain,
We deeply drink of bitterness,
Ere we the sweet attain.
- 8 Alike in soul experience,
Are these who hear the call,
Of Jesus Christ awak'ning them;
They heed Him one and all;
They know their state is dangerous,
They fear avenging wrath,
They lack the strength to flee from it;
Uneven is their path.
- 9 They feel their sins accumulate,
And rise as mountains high;
They feel that all their faculties,
Are overcast thereby;
They know that sin on entering,
Brought death on all mankind;
And though they feel its grievousness,
They yet no ease can find.
- 10 Their souls are in perplexity,
As under sentence bound,
When weighed in justice's balances,
They all were lacking found;
Their carnal minds rebelliously
Reject the law divine;
With God they are at enmity,
Contentious, rash, malign.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 11 This timely soul awakening,
To their salvation tends,
To show them sin's enormity,
The Lord conviction sends;
Convinced of sin they cry to Him,
With all their might and main:
Then He adopts them cordially,
And they are born again.
- 12 It is through painful wrestlings,
Through deep distress and strife;
Through doubts and sore perplexities,
They reach the way of life;
Of comfort they are destitute ,
Their hearts oppressed with care;
And Satan tries persistently,
To keep them in his snare.
- 13 With earnest speed through obstacles,
That would their steps retard,
They seek the place arranged for them,
To shun the vengeful sword;
When they beheld with certainty,
The foe so very near,
No wonder they are hastening,
With faces blanched with fear.
- 14 The soul when truly wakened,
A weighty burden feels,
To him his vile impurity,
The light of truth reveals;
He feels his guilt most bitterly,
Naught could for it atone,
Or wash away or expiate,
But Jesus' blood alone.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

15 No wonder if the soul should wince,
That feels condemned to die,
Who knows and feels his nakedness,
Before the searching eye
Of Him who is omniscient,
The Maker of all things;
Who rules and fills immensity,
And reigns as King of kings.

16 No wonder if the soul should wince,
Who feels condemned to die,
Who fears the doom and destiny,
Of endless misery;
Who feels he cannot satisfy,
The law – or it obey;
Although he owns indebtedness,
The debt he cannot pay.

17 If God should mark iniquity,
Before Him who could stand,
Without an eye to pity us;
Without a saving hand,
To cite us to His judgment seat,
Should we His trumpet hear,
O! who could bear the ordeal,
Devoid of awe and fear.

18 How great's your cause of gratitude,
Ye children of the King!
Then come before Him thankfully,
Of praise your offerings bring;
From all your foes in saving you,
He made His favor known;
He broke the yoke of slavery,
And claimed you as His own.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 19 In sin's debasing servitude,
We from our birth have been;
Defiled in all our faculties,
We added sin to sin;
Our sins augmented countlessly,
As mountains to the skies;
From underneath the weight of them,
We never could arise.
- 20 The devil held his grasp on us,
In dungeons dark and drear,
Their mortal plagues infected us,
How foul their atmosphere!
For by the fall we forfeited ,
Bright Eden's lovely bowers;
Pure happiness and holiness,
Alas! no more were ours.
- 21 We walked in disobedience —
We many a scheme did try;
We sought by sinful practises,
The flesh to satisfy,
We to our ways disorderly
And thoughtlessly did cling;
Though hastening to eternity,
As birds upon the wing.
- 22 If God in wrath had dealt with us,
And left us destitute,
Without a saving interest,
In Christ's atoning blood;
There would be none to succor us,
Or suffer in our room,
There would be none to shelter us,
Or to prevent our doom.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 23 O Lord our King and Saviour,
 To Thee the praise belongs;
 To Thee whose power delivered us,
 We raise our willing songs;
 Though all our rights we forfeited,
 And lost through Adam's fall,
 Through grace's eternal covenant,
 They are recovered all.
- 24 When low in bonds of slavery,
 We lay despondingly;
 In sinful gross deformity,
 With God at enmity –
 From cruel bonds He rescued us,
 Our fetters He unbound;
 Beneath His wings He sheltered us,
 With tender mercies crowned.

PART 11

“Am Fiosrcgadh Slainteil”. “An darna h-earroinn”

- 1 Assurance of faith declared by many,
 This day on every side,
 For us to obtain that saving mercy,
 Our Saviour suffered and died.
 Now anthems of praise and lays of gladness,
 Among the ransomed abound,
 Which those who repose from foes oppression,
 Through Jesus' merits have found.
- 2 When we were in thralldom's galling fetters
 With naught to help us or cheer,
 Though prostrate we lay debased and wretched,
 The Lamb to help us was near;
 Then at His command our bands were broken,
 He bruised and conquered our foes,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

And gathered us here beneath His shelter,
Where we can rest and repose.

- 3 He found us forlorn wayworn dejected,
Deformed and naked and bare,
And absent from God in lonesome darkness,
No home's attraction was there;
But driven and tossed as dross and refuse;
In pathless deserts astray,
To wintry storms exposed unsheltered,
To all oppressors a prey.
- 4 But soon as the Lord, the call had been given
Dead souls it reached in their tomb,
As written of old dry bones were shaken,
Life's form and shape to assume;
We thus from our woeful low condition,
To glorious liberty rose,
Now thus is revealed Exekiel's vision,
Its theme the spirit thus shows.
- 5 Death o'er us prevailed its reign was lasting,
In Satan's grasp we were bound,
Though prostrate in woeful sore affliction,
With foes no pity was found,
The Saviour came – proclaimed redemption,
And oh! how welcome the sound,
The Lamb that was slain to pay our ransom,
Our chains and shackles unbound.
- 6 His lifegiving word when heard and spoken,
Our souls responsive obeyed,
And followed His timely kind direction,
To find His shelter and aid;
In Him we have found our soul's redemption,
Our sure and permanent stay,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

When we had received His healing virtue,
Diseases vanished away.

- 7 When wakened, we cried in dire affliction,
In keen contrition and fear.
But as we bemoaned our low condition,
The true Physician came near;
Our health He restored our souls He established,
Before Him happy and free,
Our sins that enthralled us all He scattered,
And cast in depths of the sea.
- 8 The curse of the fall in all its horrors,
From Adam followed mankind,
We outcasts became debased and hopeless,
And aliens totally blind;
But heaven provided timely succour,
Messiah promised of yore,
Came down from on high full right to give us
Of light and life evermore.
- 9 Bright star of the morning! Holy Cherub,
In glory ever dost shine,
Almighty to save, of great compassion,
Salvation's chariots are Thine;
The sheep of thy fold in holy living,
In soul and spirit are joined,
A threefold cord, no foe can sever,
By love from heaven entwined.
- 10 The promise of God of old to Israel,
That morn and light should arise –
His promise to these receives confirming,
When He enlightens their eyes;
Though pathless we strayed in haze and darkness,
He safely carried us through,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

When sickness prevailed and plague infected,
He came our health to renew.

- 11 Salvation is come the Sun is risen,
With healing brought in His wings,
And onward to glory all His ransomed,
With joy and gladness He brings;
While trusting His gracious faithful promise,
Our lays in homage we raise,
The word of Jehovah glows within us,
Our chords we thrill to His praise.
- 12 The prodigal came with great contrition,
Paternal pity to crave,
His son from afar the father welcomed
And pardon readily gave;
The father's regard this warm reception
And all things else did provide,
The son was restored with joy and feasting,
And all his wants were supplied.
- 13 Why should not sweet lays of praise and homage
To Jesus' honor abound,
With those that of faith and saving mercy,
The precious pearl have found.
At home with the Lord restored and living,
Our joys shall never decrease –
With those that imbibe of life's pure river,
Alleluiah, never shall cease.
- 14 And now in the fold are heard sweet anthems,
Of praise and thanks to the Lamb,
To Him who has died and lives forever,
Who is and was and shall come;
His sheep with their lambs His hands shall gather,
Till all the scattered are found,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Till we are before Him whole and living
With glorious victory crowned.

- 15 As scripture declares a day is coming,
when pains and sorrows pass by,
When Christ cometh nigh to wipe forever,
All tears from every eye;
It shall be a day of wailing terror,
To all who counsel refuse,
Who will not forsake their way of error –
Their day of mercy abuse.
- 16 How blest are the seed in Jesus' presence,
The seed that never shall die,
In every trial plight and worry,
They all upon Him rely;
Awaiting to hear His cheering welcome,
With keen expectant desire,
To mansions eternal safe and happy,
Where we no pastors require.

 COMMUNION HYMN

“Laoidh Chomuinnich”

From the Gaelic of the late Rev. D.M.D.

- 1 O loving Jesus when alone,
Thou didst for all our guilt atone,
Thy might had Thee sustained.
Thy might etc.
The cup of God's avenging wrath,
The cup that all mankind would scathe,
Thou in our stead hast drained.
Thou in our, etc.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 2 Thy people now Thy table near,
 To show Thy death till Thou appear
 The sacred symbols sharing.
 The sacred etc.
 This holy feast Thou didst enjoin,
 Communion feast of bread and wine,
 Our faith in Thee declaring,
 Our faith etc.

- 3 When on the cross about to die,
 They gall unto Thy lips apply,
 A bitter mock libation,
 A bitter etc.
 The bitt'rest draught that e'er was mixt,
 Thou didst receive – That stood betwixt
 Our souls and Thy salvation.
 Our souls etc.

- 4 Unto our souls Thy words are sweet,
 My children have you any meat,
 I food for you prepared.
 I food etc.
 Beloved drink abundantly,
 This open fount shall never dry,
 Then come to Me and share it.
 Then come etc.

- 5 Unto the Lamb let praise be offered,
 Who unto death for us has suffered,
 Who shed His blood to save us;
 Who shed His etc
 Though we like sheep were scattered wide,
 Unto His fold He did us guide,
 And sure protection gave us.
 And sure etc.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 6 Thou didst us heavenly bread provide,
And from the rock our drink supplied,
While through the desert going;
While through the etc.
Us kindly tookest by the hand,
And safely ledst us to a land,
With milk and honey flowing.
With milk etc.
- 7 In regal robes Thy children come,
To be with Thee their Lord at home,
By heavenly wisdom guided.
By heavenly etc.
Where all things that they shall possess
For their eternal happiness,
Are bounteously provided.
Are bounteously etc.
- 8 We know the Father's pitying love,
For He His Son from heaven above,
As living bread revealed.
As living etc.
He said my flesh is meat indeed,
Likewise my blood is drink indeed,
Partake thereof – be healed.
Partake thereof etc.
- 9 Thy flocks by Thee are safely led,
Are kindly shepherdized and fed,
On pastures fresh and tender.
On pastures etc.
They all are safe for Thou art near,
Their clouds and darkness disappear,
From Thy effulgent splendor.
From Thy etc.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 10 Though ample stores on earth we have,
 Much ampler are prepared above,
 Where we shall meet before Thee;
 Where we shall etc.
 Our higher bliss shall then commence,
 When we are all translated hence,
 And see Thee in Thy glory,
 And see Thee etc.

MILLENNIAL HYMN

In Four Parts

From the Gaelic of E. Lamont

PART 1

- 1 Those events that are nearing,
 Holy prophets have clearly foretold,
 In their writings we find them
 As the Spirit inspired them of old:
 That a new dispensation
 Is to come such as never had been,
 A thousand years in duration –
 Former ages the like have not seen.
- 2 Let me ponder this topic,
 As I tighten the cords of my lyre –
 Not the epics of poets,
 Though they glow with poetical fire –
 The exploits of Aeneas,
 His adventures 'tween *Latium* and *Troy* ;
 Nor shall vain speculations,
 My attentions engage or employ.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 3 Of the coming of Jesus,
I will gladly and cheerfully sing,
Soon to gather His chosen,
As their Shepherd their Lord and their King;
To release them from thralldom,
By the might of His arm from above,
Giving wealth and reunion,
And the sweetest infusions of love.
- 4 Soon to banish the darkness,
That obscured and abstracted their mind,
Bring to life and protect them,
In the fold where they shelter shall find;
The returning poor exiles
He will neither neglect nor forsake;
Though their portion was bitter,
They will amply of sweetness partake.
- 5 To relieve the afflicted,
That have long in their misery pined,
Wipe the tears from their faces,
And their galling strong fetters unbind;
In the land of their exile,
Where their haters invest them around,
From their cruel oppressors,
No defender of helper was found.
- 6 He that's blessed with discernment,
For to hear to observe and behold,
Sees the Scriptures fulfilling
In the valley of visions as told;
Hears the noise and the shaking,
Of dry bones representing the tribes,
Living breath blowing freely
From the winds as Ezekiel describes.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 7 The Lamb's wife dons her garments,
 Bright with jewels of dazzling sheen,
 Now preparing to meet Him,
 Decked as John in the vision had seen;
 Decked in bridal investments
 She appeared, expecting her Lord,
 All her virgins attend her,
 With affectionate tender regard.
- 8 She was owned by her Lover,
 From of old in the covenant of grace,
 To the law she's no debtor –
 Jesus suffered to death in her place;
 He gave full satisfaction,
 To the law in behalf of His bride,
 The demands of stern justice,
 He in every point satisfied.
- 9 'Tis forever a marvel,
 That the fallen could justified be,
 And that justice with mercy,
 In the plan of redemption agree,
 And that we are receiving
 Gifts of love that exceed human ken,
 Through the blood of atonement,
 Reconciling the Godhead and men.

Part 11

- 1 When we lost by transgression,
 Our delightful and pleasant abode,
 Sin did blight the fair garden,
 All the world it did mar and corrode;
 Though the earth was disfigured,
 By the curse with its withering bane,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

When the curse is removed,
Then shall nature its beauty regain.

- 2 In the age that is coming,
The redeemed shall not sorrow nor sigh,
Christ shall rule o'er the nations –
He is ever a Saviour nigh;
Then the evil shall vanish,
Then shall righteousness flourish and thrive
Then instead of corruption,
Pure affection and love shall revive.
- 3 Strife and envy and hatred,
With their mischief abate and subside,
Preparations are hasting,
That the Lamb o'er the earth may preside;
With the light of the knowledge
Of His glory the world all shall be
Filled, as faithfully promised,
As the waters do cover the sea.
- 4 Trouble ceases, and Satan
Shall infatuate nations no more,
For the angel shall bind him,
And his power and pride he shall lower.
To the chain that confines him,
He shall find that resistance is vain,
The angel dooms him to prison,
In the bottomless pit to remain.
- 5 In His fold all His chosen,
And at peace with their God shall abide,
Fed and led by the Saviour,
Who to save them had suffered and died;
Living water to give them,
That is better and sweeter than wine,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

And His countenance o'er them,
With unspeakable glory shall shine.

- 6 O how blest is their portion,
Who are chosen its glory to share!
Then at rest with the Saviour,
No temptation can harass them there;
Sin forgiven them freely,
Shall not vex them or grieve as before,
They'll be blithesome and cheerful,
And their eyes shall be tearful no more.

- 7 Where the brooks were infected,
With the poison of serpents around;
Streamlets cool and refreshing,
Pure and sweet to the taste shall abound;
It is bliss to sojourners,
In the desert their murmurs to hear,
Pilgrims need not be thirsty,
Where the fountains are gushing so clear.

- 8 Where the thorn and the thistle,
Had, for ages, disfigured the ground,
Shall be fertile and fruitful,
What is needed as food shall abound;
Timely showers shall refresh it,
Ever free from infection distil,
Naught can come to devastate,
Freezing streams shall not blast it or chill.

- 9 Then the sheep unmolested,
On their quiet green pastures shall feed,
Ever fresh, sweet and tender,
Faithful watchmen attend them and lead;
Then the asp shall be harmless,
Brutal passions shall all disappear,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

Then the ox and the lion,
Feed together nor threaten nor fear.

- 10 Wolves that used to be harmful,
Shall not worry the lambs on the plain,
Every creature that liveth,
In continual peace shall remain;
War no more shall be studied,
And the swords that were bloody shall lie
In their scabbards unpolished,
And the tears of keen sorrow shall dry.
- 11 None shall hear the loud blasting,
Of the trumpet for battle array,
Or the wail of the vanquished,
Or the victor's dread clash in the fray;
Swords and spears out of practice,
Out of date and at rest shall be laid,
Till remodelled and fashioned –
Into plough-shares and pruning-hooks made.
- 12 Christ will come as expected,
At His mandate the dead shall arise,
And the blind that were groping,
At His bidding shall open their eyes;
From the tongue of the speechless
Clear expression most fitly shall flow,
And the deaf have their hearing,
And the lame shall career, as the roe.

PART 111

- 1 The good seed that were scattered,
From abroad shall be gathered again;
In all changes and places
The least grain shall its essence retain.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

In the day that's predicted,
Their dismay and affliction shall end,
For the Lord of the Harvest,
To recall them His angels shall send.

- 2 As they joy in the harvest
When their crops to their garner they bring,
So the angels them gather,
Blithe and glad to the House of their King;
None of them shall be rated,
With the bundles whose fate is so dire,
Or be left as the stubble,
To be burned with unquenchable fire.
- 3 Far from home in their exile,
No contentment of pleasure they found,
With their glory demolished
And their dignity brought to the ground;
Joy was turned into sadness,
Through the measures their captors devised
Under tyranny trampled,
Looked upon as a lamp that's despised.
- 4 Though their foes led them captive,
It was not through their valor or might –
They offended Jehovah
And were left in their dolorous plight;
They forgot that He saved them
Out of bondage and slavery's land
By the manifest prowess,
And miraculous power of His hand.
- 5 From His statutes and judgments,
They unthankfully turned aside;
They neglected His precepts,
And themselves with the heathen allied;
With the nations they mingled,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

In their orgies though dingy and base,
All their idols they worshipped,
And adopted their customs and ways.

- 6 Jeroboam of Nebat,
Laid the rueful, nefarious plan
To infatuate Ephraim,
Made him idols in Bethel and Dan;
Ephraim worshipped his idols
Holding that were faithless and dead,
Until King Shalmaneser,
The ten tribes into slavery led.
- 7 Though the daughter of Zion
Would compare with the finest of gold,
Sin her modesty blasted,
She did not to her chastity hold;
Then her Lord to correct her,
Left her low in her enemy's power,
Who did grievously crush her,
Spill her blood and her substance devour.
- 8 See proud Babylon gather,
All her armies in battle array,
Haughty rash and abusive,
As if already sure of their prey;
Unrelenting, unsparing,
Fierce and ravenous, daring and bold,
As bloodthirsty and greedy,
As the evening wolves round the fold!
- 9 See her bulwarks and ramparts
Coming down with a crash to the ground!
See her glory departing
As the groans of her slaughter resound!
See the tottering aged!

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

See the mothers with babes in their arms!
See the youths and the maidens
Put to death in the midst of alarms!

- 10 See her tearful and rueful,
As a fugitive searching her way
While the dread of pursurers
Drawing nearer renews her dismay!
As the wail of the fallen,
Loud and ominous falls on her ear,
See her failing and fainting,
And her visage so deathlike appear!
- 11 See her masonry's havoc
Done by heathen's dread battering-rams!
See her temple where loudly,
Sweetly sounded the voice of her Psalms
Now contemptibly trampled,
And its furniture carried away
To the land of dumb idols,
On that direful calamitous day!
- 12 Hear her enemies' wanton,
Loud and boisterous laughter – Ha, ha!
Into ashes consume her,
The glad day that we looked for we saw!
Raze her! raze her! down quickly!
Seize her treasures, her riches and store –
Blot her memory – end her
That she may be remembered no more!
- 13 See her sad and despondent,
Now in Babylon's bondage confined,
Far away from her lover,
Broken hearted and troubled in mind!
See the harps that were tuneful,
On the willows unused and unstrung,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- On the banks of the Chebar,
Ever hushed is the glee of their song!
- 14 See her now in confinement,
Without any her trials to share!
In her slavery toiling,
As a bird in the coils of a snare;
To recover her freedom,
Though she wearily flutters her wings,
Her attempts and endeavors,
Are in vain for the snare to her clings.
- 15 But can death be her portion
When the love of her God cannot change?
Naught can come to efface it;
Or the covenant of grace disarrange,
He her enemies punished,
But His own He released from their snare,
Haughty Babylon perished,
Given over to death and despair.
- 16 Cut asunder and broken,
Was the hammer that smote all around;
She was wounded most deeply,
For her hurt no physician was found;
Mighty spoilers invaded,
At the ends her assailants rushed through,
Her wide gates they unfastened,
And her high and broad ramparts o'erthrew.
- 17 Her defenders stood aimless –
Her destroyers did rage as the sea –
And she perished like Sodom,
But Jehovah did Judah set free;
On the daughter of Zion,
He His marvelous kindness bestowed,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

And put her in possession,
Of her rights in her present abode.

- 18 Though He thus did supply her,
Of His kindness unmindful was she —
Though the foe that defiled her,
In the heat of His ire she did see;
She neglected His precepts,
She would neither them hear nor obey,
And she swerved from His statutes,
Till in anger He cast her away.

- 19 She continued rebellious,
She was always perverse in her ways.
Until Titus Jerusalem
Did entirely undo and erase,
Since her final dispersion,
She's a fugitive, restless, forlorn,
The twelve tribes are in trouble,
Of their glory they're utterly shorn.

- 20 He that carefully readeth
Of her strange antecedents as told,
And the awful denouncements
Of the law as pronounced from of old,
See that all are fulfilling
In her awful affliction and pain,
But the glory that's promised,
Shall be surely upon her again.

- 21 Though a mother abandon,
As the ostrich, the son of her womb,
Though the mountains be raised,
And the waves o'er their bases may come;
Though afflictions unnumbered,
She may suffer while under His rod,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

She will ne'er be forsaken
Of her merciful gracious God.

- 22 Upon those that distress her,
All the woes that are threatened shall fall,
Under foot she will trample,
All the nations that do her enthrall;
Every kingdom submissive,
At her feet shall entreatingly bend,
And upon the accusant,
Threatened curses shall surely descend.
- 23 Fruitful vine brought from Egypt
Of the vines the most seeming and rare!
But thy spoilers bereft Thee
Of the branches and left Thee most bare;
They demolished Thy fence –
From Thy stem Thou wast recklessly torn;
Thou wast broken to pieces,
Thou wast left in derision and scorn.
- 24 But according to promise,
From thy root shall grow branches again,
Like the teil and the *darach*, *
In Thy stock living sap shall remain;
Thou by every blessing,
Unto matchless perfection shalt grow,
Unto Thee all Thy nations,
Seeking balm for their ailments shall flow.
- 25 Hostile blades cannot touch Thee,
Frosts and mildews can blight Thee no more;
Vital sap ever wending
And descending through every pore,
From Thy root shall revive Thee,
Till Thy fruit its full ripeness attain,

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

In Thy beauty and glory,
 Thou shalt grow and forever remain.

- 26 Showers from heaven renew Thee,
 And upon Thee dew drops distil,
 Which enhances Thy glory,
 And thy blossoms and foilage fill,
 From the sun on Thee shining,
 Loving smiles and benignity flow,
 Through Thy teeming green branches,
 Balmy breezes incessantly flow.
- 27 Thou shalt not be disfigured,
 By a barren or withering bough;
 In the age that is future,
 Thou shalt not be unfruitful as now!
 With the blood of thy berries
 Shall the vats from the presses o'erflow,
 Upon those who will drink it,
 Strength and permanent bliss will bestow.

*Terebrinth or oak.

PART IV

- 1 Ere the age shall be ushered,
 In its glorious perfection and praise,
 Great events shall have happened,
 Ere shall pass the disastrous days!
 Many woes and afflictions,
 Shall be poured on the wicked and vain,
 When the Lord comes from heaven,
 To assume His millennial reign.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 2 As in the days of Noah –
 Though the world was forewarned of the flood,
Faithful warnings were given,
 But their import was misunderstood;
When the flood was prevailing,
 Lamentations were vain and too late,
Earnest cries were unheeded,
 Young and old had to yield to their fate.
- 3 So it likewise shall happen,
 To the mockers in these later years,
Who will spurn the kind offers,
 That are faithfully brought to their ears.
At the coming of Jesus
 They shall justly receive their reward,
As His message they slighted,
 So in turn He will them disregard.
- 4 Now are sent delegations,
 Warning nations to look to their arms,
Now the trumpet is sounding,
 Long and loudly, the notes of alarms!
Now we notice before us,
 The forebodings and signs of the times,
And that Jesus is coming,
 To requite the unjust for their crimes.
- 5 Day the haughty to humble!
 Day to lift from the dunghill the poor!
Day to gather the clusters!
 Day the sheaves to collect and secure!
Day to waken His people
 Unto life from the sleep of the tomb!
Day to gather in bundles,
 All the tares to be flung to their doom!

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 6 Day of woeful disasters!
Day of anarchy darkness and gloom
And of famine and earthquakes!
Plagues their deadliest symptoms assume!
Fuming blackness, o'erspreading!
Blood and fire – smoking vapor appear!
The sea and billows are raging,
Hearts are utterly failing for fear!
- 7 Men discouraged and heartless,
Stand aghast at the prospect they see;
Of the things that are coming
For their like was not seen nor shall be!
Those who Babylon honor,
Shall their own blighted prospects bemoan,
When they see her in torments,
From her former high dignity thrown.
- 8 Ere the end of those troubles,
Active tillage shall suffer delay,
The ploughshares shall be hammered
Into swords that shall clash in the fray;
Pruning-hooks shall be tempered
Of anew and reversed into spears,
Fitly furbished and hefted,
For the desperate conflict that nears.
- 9 First Gog and then Magog,
Mesech, Tubal, in armour appear,
With their trust in their valor,
Vast in numbers each phalanx draw near!
Persia joins them in order,
Ethiopia and Lybia go forth,
Gomer then and Togarma,
Bring their hosts from the lands of the North.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 10 When they muster their forces,
 With their chariots and horsemen in train,
All the land they will darken,
 As the locust that cover the plain!
But they'll fall in the battle,
 Notwithstanding their valor and toil,
In the strife they shall perish,
 And the just shall inherit their spoil.
- 11 Then the just shall be victors,
 And exempt from affliction for aye,
They will rule o'er the nations,
 That had formerly made them their prey;
Unto those who oppressed them,
 Shall be given a recompense meet,
Those who robbed and despoiled them,
 Shall be trod as the mire of the street.
- 12 Wicked men shall not prosper,
 Nor their seed unto honor shall come,
They shall be as dry as stubble,
 Which will suddenly burn and consume;
They'll be driven with tempests,
 As the down on the heights of the moor;
From the lot of the righteous,
 They'll be swept as the chaff from the floor.
- 13 Through my course thus I wended,
 And am nearing the end of my song,
While my lyre I am slacking,
 To be left in its wrapping unstrung;
Let me earnestly counsel,
 Those who hear me to watch and to pray,
Let us ever be mindful,
 Of redeeming the time while we may.

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

- 14 Let us praise and adore Him,
While with reverence before Him we bow,
Him who raised from the dust us,
Showing mercy from first until now;
Him who guideth our goings,
Ever nigh us and showing the way,
And will bring us to heaven,
Though our house that is earthly decay.
- 15 Walking humbly and meekly,
Where the blessings of peace we can share.
Lest the world may entrap us,
And our hearts with its profers ensnare;
Striving hard with persistence,
Against all that would guilt on us bring,
With our lamps ever burning,
We await the return of the King.

THE END

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES IN VERSE

OF

SEVERAL PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE

1

Genesis i.

Let heav'n arise, let earth appear.

Said the Almighty King:

The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd,
At His creating word.

2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the
deep:

God said, 'Let there be light':

The light shone forth with smiling
ray,

And scatter'd ancient night.

3 He bade the clouds ascend on high:

The clouds ascend, and bear

A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.

4 The liquid element below

was gathered by His hand;

The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful
trees,

The new-formed globe He crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then high in heav'ns resplendent arch

He plac'd two orbs of light,

He set the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

7 Next from the deep, th' Almighty
King,

Did vital beings frame;

Fowls of the air of ev'ry wing
And fish of every name.

8 To all the various brutal tribes

He gave their wondrous birth;

At once the lion and the worm

Sprung from the teeming earth.

9 Then, chief o'er all His works below,

At last was Adam made;

His Maker's image bless'd his soul,
And glory crowned his head.

10 Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye

The whole creation stood.

He view'd the fabric He had raised:

His word pronounc'd it good.

2

Genesis xxviii. 20-22

O God of Bethel! by whose hand

Thy people still are fed;

Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now
present

Before Thy Throne of grace:

God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life

Our wandering footsteps guide;

Give us this day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy cov'ring wings around,

Till all our wand'rings cease,

And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious
hand

Our humble pray'rs implore;

And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

3

Job i. 21.

- Naked as from the earth we came,
And enter'd life at first;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.
- 2 What'e'r we fondly called our own
Belongs to heav'n's great Lord;
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restor'd.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave:
He gives; and, when He takes away,
He takes but what He gave.
- 4 Then, ever blessed be His name!
His goodness swell'd our store;
His justice but resumes its own;
'tis ours still to adore.

4

Job iii. 17-20

- How still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by heav'n's
decree
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling
cease,
Their passions rage no more,
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rests the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'rys sad abode,
No more they hear th'oppressor's
voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and
great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All, levell'd by the hand of Death,
He sleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

5

Job. v. 6-12

- Though trouble springs not from the
dust,
Nor sorrow from the ground;
Yet ills on ills, by Heav'n's decree,
In man's estate are found.
- 2 As sparks in close succession rise,
So man, a child of woe,
Is doomed to endless cares and toils
Through all his life below.
- 3 But with my God I leave my cause;
From Him I seek relief;
To Him, in confidence of pray'r,
Unbosom all my grief.
- 4 Unnumber'd are His wondrous
works.
Unsearchable His ways;
'Tis His the mourning soul to cheer,
The bowed down to raise.

6

Job.viii. 11-22

- The rush may rise where waters flow,
And flags beside the stream;
But soon their verdure fades and dies
Before the scorching beam:
- 2 So is the sinner's hope cut off;
Or, if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
From ev'ry breath that flies.
- 3 Fix'd on his house he leans; his house
And all its props decay:
He holds it fast; but, while he holds,
The tott'ring frame gives way.
- 4 Fair, in his garden, to the sun,
His boughs with verdure smile;
And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots
Unshaken stand a while.
- 5 But forth the sentence flies from
Heav'n
That sweeps him from his place;
Which then denies him for its lord,
Nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo! this the joy of wicked men,
 Who Heav'n's high laws despise:
 They quickly fall; and in their room
 As quickly others rise.

7 But, for the just, with gracious care,
 God will His power employ;
 He'll teach their lips to sing His
 praise,
 And fill their hearts with joy.

7

Job ix. 2-10.

How should the sons of Adam's race
 Be pure before their God?
 If He contends in righteousness,
 We sink beneath His rod.

2 If He should mark my words and
 thoughts
 With strict inquiring eyes,
 Could I for one of thousand faults
 The least excuse devise?

3 Strong is His arm, His heart is wise;
 Who dares with Him contend?
 Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
 Shall prosper in the end?

4 He makes the mountains feel His
 wrath,
 And their old seats forsake;
 The trembling earth deserts her place,
 And all her pillars shake.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
 Th' obedient sun forbears:
 His hand with sackcloth spreads the
 skies,
 And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the raging sea;
 Flies on the stormy wind:
 None can explore His wondrous way,
 Or His dark footsteps find.

8

Job xiv. 1-15.

Few are thy days, and full of woe,
 O man, of woman born!
 The doom is written, 'Dust thou art,
 And shalt to dust return.'

2 Behold the emblem of thy state
 In flow'rs that bloom and die,
 Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
 That mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
 Before thy Sov'reign Lord?
 Can troubled and polluted springs
 A hallow'd stream afford?

4 Determin'd are the days that fly
 Successive o'er thy head;
 The number'd hour is on the wing
 That lays thee with the dead.

5 Great God! afflict not in Thy wrath
 The short allotted span,
 That bounds the few and weary days
 Of pilgrimage to man.

6 All nature dies, and lives again:
 The flow'r that paints the field,
 The trees that crown the mountain's
 brow,
 And boughs and blossoms yield.

7 Resign the honours of their form
 At winter's stormy blast,
 And leave the naked leafless plain
 A desolate waste.

8 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
 Anew shall deck the plain;
 The woods shall hear the voice of
 Spring,
 And flourish green again.

9 But man forsakes this earthly scene,
 Ah! never to return:
 Shall any foll'wing spring revive
 The ashes of the urn?

10 The mighty flood that rolls along
 Its torrents to the main,
 Can ne'er recall its waters lost
 From that abyss again.

11 So days, and years, and ages past,
 Descending down to night,
 Can henceforth never more return
 Back to the gates of light.

12 And man, when laid in lonesome
 grave,
 Shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,

Until th'eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

- 13 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!
14 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient
mind,
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
When death shall set me free.

9

xxvi.6, to the end.

- Who can resist th' Almighty arm
That made the starry sky?
Or who elude the certain glance
Of God's all-seeing eye?
2 From Him no cov'ring veils our
crimes;
Hell opens to His sight;
And all destruction's secret snares
Lie full disclos'd in light.
3 Firm on the boundless void of space
He pois'd the steady pole.
And in the circle of His clouds
Bade secret waters roll.
4 While nature's universal frame
Its maker's power reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
An awful cloud conceals.
5 From where the rising day ascends,
To where it sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
And checks their threat'ning might.
6 The pillars that support the sky
Tremble at His rebuke;
Through all its caverns quakes the
earth,
As though its center shook.
7 He brings the waters from their beds,
Although no tempest blows,
And smites the kingdom of the proud,
Without the hand of foes.

- 8 With bright inhabitants above
He fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked serpent's breed
Dismayed before Him stand.

- 9 Few of His works can we survey;
These few our skill transcend:
But the full thunder of His pow'r
What heart can comprehend?

10

Prov. 1. 20-31

- In streets, and op'nings of the gates,
Where pours the busy crowd,
Thus heav'nly Wisdom lifts her voice,
And cries to men aloud:
2 How long, ye scorners of the truth,
Scornful will ye remain?
How long shall fools their folly love,
And hear my words in vain?
3 O turn, at last, at my reproof!
And, in that happy hour,
His bless'd effusions on your heart
My spirit down shall pour.
4 But since so long, with earnest voice,
To you in vain I call,
Since all my counsels and reproofs
Thus ineffectual fall;
5 The time will come, when humbled
low,
In sorrow's evil day,
Your voice by anguish shall be
taught,
But taught too late, to pray.
6 When, like the whirlwind, o'er the
deep
Comes Desolation's blast
Pray'rs then extorted shall be vain,
The hour of mercy past.
7 The choice you made has fix'd your
doom;
For this is Heav'n's decree,
That with the fruits of what he sow'd
The sinner fill'd shall be.

11*

Prov.iii. 13-17

- O happy is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice;
 And who celestial Wisdom makes
 His only, early choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold;
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
 A length of happy days;
 Riches, with splendid honours join'd,
 Are what her left displays
- 4 She guides the young with innocence,
 In pleasure's paths to tread,
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labours rise,
 So her rewards increase;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

12

Prov. vi. 6-12.

- Ye indolent and slothful! rise
 View the ant's labours, and be wise,
 She has no guide to point her way,
 No ruler chiding her delay:
- 2 Yet see with what incessant cares
 She for the winter's storm prepares;
 In summer she provides her meat,
 And harvest finds her store
 complete.
- 3 But when will slothful man arise?
 How long shall sleep seal up his
 eyes?
 Sloth more indulgence still demands;
 Sloth shuts the eyes, and folds the
 hands.
- 4 But mark the end; want shall assail,
 When all your strength and vigour
 fail;
 Want, like an armed man, shall rush
 The hoary head of age to crush.

13

Prov. viii,22, to the end.

- Keep silence, all ye sons of men,
 And hear with reverence due;
 Eternal Wisdom from above
 Thus lifts her voice to you:
- 2 I was th' Almighty's chief delight
 From everlasting days,
 Ere yet His arm was stretched forth
 The heav'ns and earth to raise.
- 3 Before the sea began to flow,
 And leave the solid land,
 Before the hills and mountains rose,
 I dwelt at His right hand.
- 4 When first He rear'd the arch of
 heav'n,
 And spread the clouds on air,
 When first the fountains of the deep
 He open'd, I was there.
- 5 There I was with Him, when He
 stretch'd
 His compass o'er the deep,
 And charg'd the ocean's swelling
 waves
 Within their bounds to keep.
- 6 With joy I saw th'abode prepar'd
 Which men were soon to fill:
 Happy the man that keeps my ways;
 The man that shuns them dies.
- 7 Where dubious paths perplex the
 mind,
 Direction I afford;
 Life shall be his that follows Me,
 And favor from the Lord.
- 8 But he who scorns My sacred laws,
 Shall deeply wound his heart,
 He courts destruction who contemns
 The counsel I impart.

14

Eccl. vii. 2-6

While others crowd the house of
mirth,

And haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with Wisdom
dwell,

Frequent the house of woe.

2 Better to weep with those who weep,
And share th' afflicted's smart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys
That cheat and wound the heart.

3 When virtuous sorrow clouds the face,
And tears bedim the eye,
The soul is led to solemn thought,
And wafted to the sky.

4 The wise in heart revisit oft
Grief's dark sequester'd cell;
The thoughtless still with levity
And mirth delight to dwell.

5 The noisy laughter of the fool,
Is like the crackling sound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
In ashes to the ground.

15

Eccles. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

As long as life its term extends,
Hope's blest dominion never ends;
For while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return

2 Life is the season God hath giv'n
To fly from hell, and rise to heav'n;
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay.

3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what thy thoughts design to do'
Still let thy hands with might
pursue;

Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wisdom underneath the ground.

6 In the cold grave, to which we haste,
There are no acts of pardon past;
But fix'd the doom of all remains,
And everlasting silence reigns.

16

Eccles. xii. 1

In life's gay morn, when sprightly
youth

With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
Which beauty can disclose;

2 Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd.

3 For soon the shades of grief shall
cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares, and toils, in endless
round,

Encompass all thy ways.

4 Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

17

Isaiah i. 10-19

Rulers of Sodom! hear the voice
Of Heav'n's eternal Lord;
Men of Gomorrah! bend your ear
Submissive to His word.

2 'Tis thus He speaks: To what intent
Are your oblations vain?
Why load My altars with your gifts,
Polluted and profane?

3 Burnt off rings long may blaze to
heav'n,
And incense cloud the skies;

The worship and the worshipper
Are hateful in My eyes.

4 Your rites, your fasts, your pray'rs,
I scorn,
And pomp of solemn days:
I know your hearts are full of guile,
And crooked are your ways.

5 But cleanse your hands, ye guilty race,
And cease from deeds of sin;
Learn in your actions to be just,
And pure in heart within.

6 Mock not My name with honours
vain,
But keep My holy laws;
Do justice to the friendless poor,
And plead the widow's cause.

7 Then though your guilty souls are
stain'd
With sins of crimson dye,
Yet, through My grace, with snow
itself
In whiteness they shall vie.

18

Isaiah ii. 2-6.

Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Sion hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's
tow'rs
Shall all the world command.
4 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His scepter shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To plough shares men shall beat their

swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall
And study war no more.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

19

Isaiah ix. 2-8.

The race that long in darkness pin'd
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast remov'd,
And quell'd th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons
fell
In Midian's evil day.

4 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore ador'd ,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

6 His pow'r increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

20

Isaiah xxvi. 1-7.

How glorious Sion's courts appear,
The city of our God!
His throne He hath establish'd here,

- Here fix'd His lov'd abode.
 2 Its walls, defended by His grace,
 No pow'r shall e'er o'erthrow,
 Salvation is its bulwark sure
 Against th'assailing foe.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
 The doors wide open fling;
 Enter, ye nations, who obey
 The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
 And dwell in perfect peace,
 Ye, who have known JEHOVAH's
 name,
 And trusted in His grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
 And banish all your fears;
 Strength in the Lord JEHOVAH
 dwells
 Eternal as His years.
- 6 What though the wicked dwell on
 high,
 His arm shall bring them low;
 Low as the caverns of the grave,
 Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 Along the dust shall then be spread
 Their tow'rs, that brave the skies:
 On them the needy's feet shall tread,
 And on their ruins rise.

21

Isaiah xxxiii.13-18.

- Attend, ye tribes that dwell remote,
 Ye tribes at hand, give ear;
 Th'upright in heart alone have hope
 The false in heart have fear.
- 2 The man who walks with God in truth
 And every guile disdains;
 Who hates to lift oppression's rod,
 And scorns its shameful gains;
- 3 Whose soul abhors the impious bribe
 That tempts from truth to stray,
 And from th'enticing snares of vice
 Who turns his eyes away:

- 4 His dwelling, 'midst the strength
 rocks,
 Shall ever stand secure;
 His Father will provide his bread,
 His water shall be sure.

- 5 For him the kingdom of the just
 Afar doth glorious shine;
 And he the King of kings shall see
 In majesty divine.

22

Isaiah xl. 27, to the end.

- Why pour'st thou forth thine anxious
 plaint,
 Despairing of relief,
 As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
 And did not heed thy grief?
- 2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not
 heard,
 That firm remains on high
 The everlasting throne of Him
 Who form'd the earth and sky.
- 3 Art thou afraid His pow'r shall fail
 When comes thy evil day?
 And can an all-creating arm
 Grow weary or decay?
- 4 Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r
 The Rock of ages stands;
 Though Him thou canst not see, nor
 trace
 The working of His hands.
- 5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
 Supports the fainting heart;
 And courage in the evil hour
 His heav'nly aids impart.
- 6 Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
 And youthful vigour cease;
 But they who wait upon the Lord
 In strength shall still increase.
- 7 They with unwearied feet shall tread
 The path of life divine;
 With growing ardour onward move,
 With growing brightness shine.

8 On eagles' wings they mount, they
soar,
Their wings are faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heav'n above.

23

Isaiah xlii. 1-13.

- Behold my Servant! see Him rise
Exalted in My might!
Him have I chosen, and in Him
I place supreme delight.
- 2 On Him, in rich effusion pour'd,
My Spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgments He shall
show
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be His voice,
No threats from Him proceed;
The smoking flax He shall not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
The weak will not despise;
Judgment He shall bring forth to
truth,
And make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of His zeal and pow'r
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.
- 6 He who erected heav'n's bright arch,
And bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And form'd the human soul.
- 7 Thus saith the Lord, Thee have I
raised,
My Prophet thee install;
In right I've raised thee, and in
strength
I'll succour whom I call.
- 8 I will establish with the lands
A covenant with thee,
To give the Gentile nations light,
And set the pris'ners free.

9 Asunder burst the gates of brass;
The iron fetters fall;
And gladsome light and liberty
Are straight restor'd to all.

10 I am the Lord, and by the name
Of great JEHOVAH known;
No idol shall usurp My praise,
Nor mount into My throne.

11 Lo! former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

12 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains!
Let earth His praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around!

13 O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

14 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice.

15 Till 'midst the streams of distant
lands
The Islands sound His praise;
And all combin'd, with one accord,
JEHOVAH's glories raise.

24

Isaiah xlix. 13-17

- Ye heav'ns, send forth your song of
praise!
Earth, raise your voice below!
Let hills and mountains join the
hymn,
And joy through nature flow.
- 2 Behold how gracious is our God!
Hear the consoling strains,
In which He cheers our drooping
hearts,
And mitigates our pains.

- 3 Cease ye, when days of darkness
come,
In sad dismay to mourn,
As if the Lord could leave His saints
Forsaken or forlorn.
- 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
The infant whom she bore?
And can its plaintive cries be heard,
Nor move compassion more?
- 5 She may forget: nature may fail
A Parent's heart to move;
But Sion on my heart shall dwell
In everlasting love.
- 6 Full in My sight, upon My hands
I have engrav'd her name:
My hands shall build her ruin'd walls,
And raise her broken frame.

25

Isaiah liii.

- How few receive with cordial faith
The tidings which we bring?
How few have seen the arm reveal'd
Of heav'n's eternal King?
- 2 The Saviour comes! no outward
pomp
Bespeaks His presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in Him
To draw the carnal eye.
- 3 Fair as a beauteous tender flow'r
Amidst the desert grows,
So slighted by a rebel race
The heav'nly Saviour rose.
- 4 Rejected and despis'd of men,
Behold a man of woe!
Grief was His close companion still
Through all His life below.
- 5 Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,
Ours were the woes He bore:
Pangs, not His own, His spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.
- 6 We held Him as condemn'd by
Heav'n
An outcast from His God,

While for our sins He groan'd, He
bled,
Beneath His Father's rod.

- 7 His sacred blood hath washed our
souls
From sin's polluted stain;
His stripes have heal'd us, and His
death
Reviv'd our souls again.
- 8 We all, like sheep, had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road:
On Him were our transgressions laid;
He bore the mighty load.
- 9 Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly
He
In patient silence stood!
Mute, as the peaceful harmless lamb,
When brought to shed its blood.
- 10 Who can His generation tell?
From prison see Him led!
With impious show of law
condemn'd,
And number'd with the dead.
- 11 'Midst sinners low in dust He lay;
The rich a grave supply'd:
Unspotted was His blameless life;
Unstain'd by sin he dy'd.
- 12 Yet god shall raise His head on high,
Though thus He brought Him low;
His sacred off'ring, when complete,
Shall terminate His woe.
- 13 For, saith the Lord, My pleasure
then
Shall prosper in His hand;
His shall a num'rous offspring be,
And still His honours stand.
- 14 His soul, rejoicing, shall behold
The purchase of His plan;
And all the guilty whom He sav'd
Shall bless Messiah's reign.
- 15 He with the great shall share the
spoil
And baffle all His foes;

Though rank'd with sinners, here He
fell,

A conqueror He rose.

- 16 He dy'd to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiv'n:
He lives to bless them and defend,
And plead their cause in heav'n.

26

Isaiah lv.

Ho! ye that thirst, approach the
spring

Where living waters flow:

Free to that sacred fountain all

Without a price may go.

- 2 How long to streams of false delight

Will ye in crowds repair?

How long your strength and
substance

waste

On trifles, light as air?

- 3 My stores afford those rich supplies

That health and pleasure give:

Incline your ear, and come to Me;

The soul that hears shall live.

- 4 With you a cov'nant I will make

that ever shall endure;

the hope which gladden'd David's
heart

My mercy hath made sure.

- 5 Behold He comes! your leader comes,

With might and honour crown'd;

A witness who shall spread My name
To earth's remotest bound.

- 6 See! nations hasten to His call

From ev'ry distant shore;

Isles, yet unknown, shall bow to Him,
And Isrel's God adore.

- 7 Seek ye the Lord while yet His ear

Is open to your call;

While offer'd mercy still is near,

Before His footstool fall.

- 8 Let sinners quit their evil ways,

Their evil thoughts forego;

And God, when they to Him return,
Returning grace will show.

- 9 He pardons with o'erflowing love:

For, hear His voice divine!

My nature is not like to yours,

Nor like your ways are mine:

- 10 But far as heav'n's resplendent orbs

Beyond earth's spot extend,

As far My thoughts, as far My ways,

Your ways and thoughts

transcend.

- 11 And as the rains from heav'n distil,

Nor thither mount again,

But swell the earth with fruitful

juice

And all its tribes sustain:

- 12 So not a word that flows from Me

Shall ineffectual fall;

But universal nature prove

Obedient to My call.

- 13 With joy and peace shall then be led

The glad converted lands;

The lofty mountains then shall sing,

The forests clap their hands.

- 14 Where briers grew 'midst barren

wilds,

Shall firs and myrtles spring;

And nature, through its utmost

bounds,

Eternal praises sing.

27

Isaiah lvii. 15,16.

Thus speaks the high and lofty One;

Ye tribes of earth, give ear;

the words of your Almighty King

With sacred rev'ence hear:

- 2 Amidst the majesty of heav'n

My throne is fix'd on high;

And through eternity I hear

The praises of the sky:

- 3 Yet, looking down, I visit oft

The humble hallow'd cell;

And with the penitent who mourn

'Tis My delight to dwell;

- 4 The downcast spirit to revive,

The sad in soul to cheer;

And from the bed of dust the man
Of heart contrite to rear.

- 5 With Me dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race;
The souls which I have form'd shall
find
A refuge in My grace.

28

Isaiah lviii. 5-9.

- Attend, and mark the solemn fast
Which to the Lord is dear;
Disdain the false unhallow'd mask
Which vain dissemblers wear.
- 2 Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
Saith He who reigns above;
The hanging head and rueful look,
Will they attract My love?
- 3 Let such as feel oppression's load
Thy tender pity share:
And let the helpless, homeless poor,
Be thy peculiar care.
- 4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thy abundance blest;
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.
- 5 Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warm'd and clad;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.
- 6 Then, bright as morning, shall come
forth,
In peace and joy, thy days;
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.

29

Lament. iii.37-40.

- Amidst the mighty, where is he
Who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
Is from the Lord alone.
- 2 He gives in gladsome bow'rs to dwell,
Or clothes in sorrow's shroud

His hand hath form'd the light, His
hand
Hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.

- 3 Why should a living man complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod?
Our sins afflict us; and the cross
Must bring us back to God.
- 4 O sons of men! with anxious care
Your hearts explore;
Return from paths of vice to God:
Return, and sin no more.!

30

Hosea vi. 1-4.

- Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our god is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest
forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to
smite,
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow
reign'd,
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if god we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.
- 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:
- 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

31

Micah vi. 6-9.

Thus speaks the heathen: How shall
man

The pow'r Supreme adore?
With what accepted off'rings come
His mercy to implore?

2 Shall clouds of incense to the skies
With grateful odour speed?
Or victims from a thousand hills
Upon the altar bleed?

3 Does justice nobler blood demand
To save the sinner's life?
Shall, trembling, in his offspring's
side

The father plunge the knife?

4 No: God rejects the bloody rites
Which blindfold zeal began;
His oracles of truth proclaim
The message brought to man.

5 He what is good hath clearly shown,
O favour'd race! to thee
And what doth God require of those
Who bend to Him the knee?

6 Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule;
The heart, let mercy fill;
And, walking humbly with thy God,
To Him resign thy will.

32

Habak. iii. 17.18.

What though no flow'rs the fig-tree
clothe,

Though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply?

2 Though from the fold, with sad
surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be?

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

4 He to my tardy feet shall lend
The swiftness of the roe;
Till, rais'd on high, I safely dwell
Beyond the reach of woe.

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

33

Matt. vi. 9-14.

Father of all! we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd;
But present still through all Thy
works

The universal Lord.

2 For ever hallow'd be Thy name
By all beneath the skies;
And may Thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resign'd to Thee;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still:
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in Thy will.

5 Our sins before Thee we confess;
O may they be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from heav'n.

6 Still let Thy grace our life direct;
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stay.

7 For Thine the pow'r, the kingdom
Thine;
All glory's due to Thee:
Thine from eternity they were
And Thine shall ever be.

34

Matt. xi. 25, to end.

- Thus spoke the Saviour of the world,
And raised His eyes to heav'n:
To Thee O Father! Lord of all,
Eternal praise be giv'n.
- 2 Thou to the pure and lowly heart
Hast heav'nly truth reveal'd;
Which from the self-conceited mind
Thy wisdom hath concealed.
- 3 Ev'n so! Thou, Father, hast ordain'd
Thy high decree to stand;
Nor men nor angels may presume
The reason to demand.
- 4 Thou only know'st the Son: from
Thee
My kingdom I receive;
And none the Father knows but they
Who in the Son believe.
- 5 Come then to me, all ye who groan,
With guilt and fears opprest;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.
- 6 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
The meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.
- 7 For light and gentle is My yoke;
The burden I impose
Shall ease the heart, which groaned
before
Beneath a load of woes.

35

Matt. xxvi. 26-29.

- 'Twas on that night, when doom'd to
know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which He was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took
bread:
- 2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To Him that rules in earth and
heav'n,

That symbol of His flesh He broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:

- 3 My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings My wondrous love to
view.
- 4 Then in His hands the cup He rais'd,
And God anew He thank'd and
prais'd;
While kindness in His bosom glow'd,
And from His lips salvation flow'd:
- 5 My blood I thus pour forth, He cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.
- 6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
through latest ages let it pour,
In mem'ry of My dying hour.

36

Luke i. 46-56.

- My soul and spirit, fill'd with joy,
My God and Saviour praise,
Whose goodness did from poor estate
His humble handmaid raise.
- 2 Me bless'd of God, the God of might,
All ages shall proclaim;
From age to age His mercy lasts,
And holy is His name.
- 3 Strength with His arm th' Almighty
shew'd;
The proud his looks abas'd;
He cast the mighty to the ground,
The meek to honour rais'd.
- 4 The hungry with good things were
fill'd,
The rich with hunger pin'd:
He sent His servant Isr'el help,
And call'd His love to mind;
- 5 Which to our fathers' ancient race
His promise did ensure,
To Abrah'm and his chosen seed,
For ever to endure.

37

Luke ii. 8-15.

- While humble shepherds watch'd
their flocks
In Bethleh'm's plains by night,
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
And filled the plains with light.
- 2 Fear not, said He, (for sudden dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling-
bands,
And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forth-
with
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; and thus
Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will is shown by heav'n to men
And never more shall cease.

38

Luke ii. 25-33.

- Just and devout old Simeon liv'd;
To him it was reveal'd,
That Christ, the Lord, his eyes should see
Ere death his eyelids seal'd.
- 2 For this consoling gift of Heav'n
To Isr'el's fallen state,
From year to year, with patient hope,
The aged saint did wait.
- 3 Nor did he wait in vain; for, lo!
Revolving years brought round,

- In season due, the happy day,
Which all his wishes crown'd.
- 4 When Jesus, to the temple brought
By Mary's pious care,
As Heav'n's appointed rites requir'd,
To God was offer'd there.
- 5 Simeon into those sacred courts
A heav'nly impulse drew;
He saw the Virgin hold her Son,
And straight his Lord he knew.
- 6 With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smil'd;
Then fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the promised child.
- 7 And while he held the heav'n-born
Babe,
Ordain'd to bless mankind,
Thus spoke, with earnest look, and
heart
Exulting, yet resign'd:
- 8 Now, Lord! according to Thy word,
Let me in peace depart;
Mine eyes have Thy salvation seen,
And gladness fills my heart.
- 9 At length my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace.
- 10 This great salvation, long prepar'd,
And now disclosed to view,
Hath prov'd Thy love was constant
still,
And promises were true.

- 11 That Sun I now behold, whose light
Shall heathen darkness chase,
And rays of brightest glory pour
Around Thy chosen race.

39

Luke iv. 18. 19.

- Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour
comes!
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song!

2 On Him the Spirit, largely shed,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

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

4 He comes! from dark'ning scales of
vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
T'enrich the humble poor.

6 The sacred year has now revolv'd,
Accepted of the Lord,
When Heav'n's high promise is
fulfill'd,
And Isr'el is restored.

7 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's exalted arches ring
With Thy most honour'd name.

40

Luke xv. 13-25.

The wretched prodigal behold
In mis'ry lying low,
Whom vice had sunk from high
estate,
And plung'd in want and woe.

2 While I, despis'd and scorn'd, he
cries,
Starve in a foreign land,
The meanest in my father's house
Is fed with bounteous hand:

3 I'll go, and with a mourning voice,
Fall down before his face;
Father! I've sinned 'gainst Heav'n
and thee,

Nor can deserve thy grace.
4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father sees him from afar,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son:
The grieving prodigal bewail'd
The follies he had done.

6 No more, my father, can I hope
To find paternal grace;
My utmost wish is to obtain
A servant's humble place.

7 Bring forth the fairest robe for him,
The joyful father said;
To him each mark of grace be shown,
And ev'ry honour paid.

8 A day of feasting I ordain;
Let mirth and song abound;
My son was dead, and lives again!
Was lost, and now is found!

9 Thus joy abounds in paradise
Among the hosts of heav'n,
Soon as the sinner quits his sins,
Repents, and is forgiv'n.

41

John iii. 14-19.

As when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight
were cur'd,
The people ceas'd to die:

2 So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows;
Who looks to Him with lively faith
Is saved from endless woes.

3 For god gave up His Son to death,
So gen'rous was His love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.

4 Not to condemn the sons of men
The son of God appear'd;
No weapons in His hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard:

- 5 He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore;
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
And bids us fear no more.
6 But vengeance just for ever lies
On all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
And scorn His offer'd grace.

42

John xiv. 1-7.

- Let not your hearts with anxious
thoughts
Be troubled or dismay'd;
But trust in Providence divine,
And trust My gracious aid.
2 I to My Father's house return;
There num'rous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.
3 I go your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your friend, am there.
4 Thence shall I come, when ages close,
To take you home with Me;
There we shall meet to part no more,
And still together be.
5 I am the way, the truth, the life:
No son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
Shall see My father's face.

43

John xiv. 25-28.

- You now must hear My voice no
more;
My Father calls me home;
But soon from heav'n the Holy Ghost,
Your Comforter, shall come.
2 That heav'nly Teacher, sent from
God,
Shall your whole soul inspire;

Your minds shall fill with sacred
truth,
Your hearts with sacred fire.

- 3 Peace is the gift I leave with you;
My peace to you bequeath;
Peace that shall comfort you through
life,
And cheer your souls in death.
4 I give not as the world bestows,
With promise false and vain;
Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the
heart
In which My words remain.

44

John xix. 30.

- Behold the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from His agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow;:
2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er His
cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook His closing eyes,
And life His drooping head!
3 'Tis finish'd – was His latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd His head, gave up the ghost,
And suffer'd pain no more.
4 'Tis finished – all His groans are past;
His blood, His pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crown'd Him with their spoils.
5 'Tis finished – Legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun.

45

Romans ii. 4-8.

- Ungrateful sinners! whence this scorn
Of God's long-suff'ring grace?
And whence this madness that insults
Th' Almighty to His face?
2 Is it because His patience waits,

And pitying bowels move,
You multiply transgressions more,
And scorn His offer'd love?

- 3 Dost thou not know, self-blinded man!
His goodness is design'd
To wake repentance in thy soul,
And melt thy harden'd mind?
- 4 And wilt thou rather choose to meet
Th' almighty as thy foe,
And treasure up His wrath in store
Against the day of woe?

- 5 Soon shall that fatal day approach
That must thy sentence seal,
And righteous judgments, now
unknown,
In awful pomp reveal;
- 6 While they, who full of holy deeds
To glory seek to rise,
Continuing patient to the end
Shall gain th'immortal prize.

46

Romans iii. 19-22.

- Vain are the hopes the sons of men
Upon their works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
Their actions full of guilt
- 2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
Without one vaunting word;
And, humbled low, confess their guilt,
Before heav'n's righteous Lord.
- 3 No hope can on the law be built
Of justifying grace;
The law, that shows the sinner's guilt,
Condemns him to his face.
- 4 Jesus! how glorious is Thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

47

Romans vi. 1-7.

And shall we then go on to sin,
That grace may more abound?

- Great God, forbid that such a thought
Should in our breast be found!
- 2 When to the sacred font we came,
Did not the rite proclaim,
That, wash'd from sin, and all its
stains,
New creatures we became?
- 3 With Christ the Lord we dy'd to sin;
With Him to life we rise,
To life, which now begun on earth,
Is perfect in the skies.
- 4 Too long enthrall'd to Satan's sway,
We now are slaves no more;
For Christ hath vanquish'd death
and sin,
Our freedom to restore.

48

Romans viii.31, to the end.

- Let Christian Faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove a foe?
- 2 He who His Son, most dear and lov'd.
Gave up for us to die,
Shall He not all things freely give
That goodness can supply?
- 3 Behold the best, the greatest gift,
Of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below,
And perfect bliss above!
- 4 Where is the judge who can condemn,
Since God hath justify'd?
Who shall charge those with guilt or
crime
For whom the Saviour dy'd?
- 5 The Saviour dy'd, but rose again
Triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right
hand,
Omnipotent to save.
- 6 Who then can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and His love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heav'n above?

- 7 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall;
Through Him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.
- 8 Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
Nor time's destroying way,
Can e'er efface us from His heart,
Or make His love decay.
- 9 Each future period that will bless,
As it has bless'd the past;
He lov'd us from the first of time,
He loves us to the last.

49

1 Cor. xiii.

- Though perfect eloquence adorn'd
My sweet persuading tongue,
Though I could speak in higher
strains
Than ever angel sung;
- 2 Though prophecy my soul inspir'd
And made all myst'ries plain:
Yet, were I void of Christian love
These gifts were all in vain.
- 3 Nay, though my faith with boundless
pow'r
Ev'n mountains could remove,
I still am nothing, if I'm void
Of charity and love.
- 4 Although with lib'ral hand I gave
My goods the poor to feed,
Nay, gave my body to the flames,
Still fruitless were the deed.
- 5 Love suffers long; love envies not;
But love is ever kind;
She never boasteth of herself,
Nor proudly lifts the mind.
- 6 Love harbours no suspicious thought,
Is patient to the bad;
Griev'd when she hears of sins and
crimes,
And in the truth is glad.
- 7 Love no unseemly carriage shows,
Nor selfishly confin'd;
She glows with social tenderness,

- And feels for all mankind.
- 8 Love beareth much, much she
believes,
And still she hopes the best;
Love meekly suffers many a wrong,
Though sore with hardship press'd.
- 9 Love still shall hold an endless reign
In earth and heav'n above,
When tongues shall cease, and
prophets fail,
And ev'ry gift but love.
- 10 Here all our gifts imperfect are;
But better days draw nigh,
When perfect light shall pour its rays,
And all those shadows fly.
- 11 Like children here we speak and
think,
Amus'd with childish toys;
But when our pow'rs their manhood
reach,
We'll scorn our present joys.
- 12 Now dark and dim, as through a
glass,
Are God and truth beheld;
Then shall we see as face to face,
And God shall be unvail'd.

- 13 Faith, Hope, and Love, now dwell on
earth,
And earth by them is blest;
But Faith and Hope must yield to
Love,
Of all the graces best.
- 14 Hope shall to fruition rise,
And Faith be sight above:
These are the means, but this the
end;
For saints for ever love.

50

1 Cor. xv. 52, to the end.

- When the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When op'ning graves shall yield their
charge,
And dust to life awake;

- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold what heav'nly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfill'd,
That Death should yield his ancient
reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.
- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing;
O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death, thy sting?
- 5 Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt,
'Twas this that arm'd thy dart;
The law gave sin its strength and
force
To pierce the sinner's heart;
- 6 But God, whose name be ever bless'd!
Disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conqu'rors when we
die,
Through Christ our living head.
- 7 Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
Yet more and more abound.
- 8 Assur'd that though we labour now,
we labour not in vain,
But through the grace of heav'n's
great Lord,
Th' eternal crown shall gain.

51

2 Cor. v. 1-11.

- Soon shall this earthly frame,
dissolv'd,
In death and ruins lie;
But better mansions wait the just,
Prepar'd above the sky.
- 2 An house eternal, built by God,
Shall lodge the holy mind,
When once those prison-walls have
fall'n
By which 'tis now confined.

- 3 Hence, burden'd with a weight of
clay,
We groan beneath the load,
Waiting the hour which sets us free,
And brings us home to God.
- 4 We know, that when the soul,
uncloth'd,
Shall from this body fly,
'Twill animate a purer frame
With life that cannot die.
- 5 Such are the hopes that cheer the just;
These hopes their God hath giv'n;
His Spirit is the earnest now,
And seals their souls for heav'n.
- 6 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith grounded on His word;
But while this body is our home,
We mourn an absent Lord.
- 7 What faith rejoices to believe,
We long and pant to see;
We would be absent from the flesh
And present, Lord! with Thee.
- 8 But still, or here, or going hence,
To this our labours tend,
That, in His service spent, our life
May in His favour end.
- 9 For, lo! before the Son, as judge,
Th' assembled world shall stand,
To take the punishment or prize
From His unerring hand.
- 10 Impartial retributions then
Our diff'rent lives await;
Our present actions, good or bad,
Shall fix our future fate.

52

Phil. ii. 6-12.

- Ye who the name of Jesus bear,
His sacred steps pursue;
And let that mind which was in Him
Be also found in you.
- 2 Though in the form of God He was,
His only Son declar'd,
Nor to be equally ador'd
As robb'ry did regard.

3 His greatness He for us abas'd,
 For us His glory vail'd;
 In human likeness dwelt on earth,
 His majesty conceal'd:
 4 Nor only as a man appears,
 But stoops a servant low;
 Submits to death, nay, bears the cross,
 In all its shame and woe.

5 Hence God this gen'rous love to men
 With honours just hath crown'd,
 And rais'd the name of Jesus far
 Above all names renown'd;
 6 That at this name, with sacred awe,
 Each humble knee should bow,
 Of hosts immortal in the skies,
 And nations spread below:

7 That all the prostrate pow'rs of hell
 Might tremble at His word,
 And ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
 Confess that He is Lord.

53

1 Thess. 1v, 13, to the end.

Take comfort, Christians, when your
 friends
 In Jesus fall asleep;
 Their better being never ends;
 Why then dejected weep?
 2 Why inconsolable, as those
 To whom no hope is giv'n?
 Death is the messenger of peace,
 And calls the soul to heav'n.

3 As Jesus dy'd, and rose again
 Victorious from the dead;
 So His disciples rise, and reign
 With their triumphal Head.
 4 The time draws nigh, when from the
 clouds
 Christ shall with shouts descend,
 And the last trumpet's awful voice
 The heav'ns and earth shall rend.

5 Then they who live shall changed be,
 And they who sleep shall wake;
 The graves shall yield their ancient
 charge,

And earth's foundations shake.

6 The saints of God, from death set free,
 With joy shall mount on high;
 The heav'nly hosts with praises loud
 Shall meet them in the sly.

7 Together to their Father's house
 With joyful hearts they go;
 And dwell for ever with the Lord,
 Beyond the reach of woe.
 8 A few short years of evil past,
 We reach the happy shore,
 Where death-divided friends at last
 Shall meet, to part no more.

54

2 Tim. i. 12.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend His cause,
 Maintain the glory of His cross,
 And honour all His laws.
 2 Jesus, my Lord! I know His name,
 His name is all my boast;
 Nor will He put my soul to shame
 Nor let my hope be lost.
 3 I know that safe with Him remains,
 Protected by His pow'r,
 What I've committed to His trust,
 Till the decisive hour.
 4 Then will He own His servant's name
 Before His Father's face,
 And in the New Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

55

2 Tim. iv. 6,7,8,18.

My race is run; my warfare's o'er;
 The solemn hour is nigh,
 When, offer'd up to God, my soul
 Shall wing its flight on high.
 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
 The battles of the Lord;
 Finish'd my course, and kept the
 faith,
 Depending on His word.

- 3 Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the Sov'reign Lord decreed
This prize for me alone;
But for all such as love like me
Th' appearance of His son.
- 5 From ev'ry snare and evil work
His grace shall me defend,
And to His heav'nly kingdom safe
Shall bring me in the end.

56

Tit. iii. 3-9.

- How wretched was our former state,
When, slaves to Satan's sway,
With hearts disorder'd and impure,
O'erwhelmed in sin we lay!
- 2 But O my soul! for ever praise,
Forever love His name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to the human race.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
And wash'd our souls from sin.
- 5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed
Its sacred fire imparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
Rekindles in our hearts.
- 6 Thence rais'd from death, we live
anew;
And, justify'd by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.
- 7 Let all who hold this faith and hope
In holy deeds abound;
Thus faith approves itself sincere,
By active virtue crown'd.

57

Heb. iv. 14, to the end.

- Jesus, the son of God, who once
For us His life resign'd,
Now lives in heav'n, our great High
Priest,
And never-dying friend.
- 2 Through life, through death, let us to
. Him
With constancy adhere;
Faith shall supply new strength, and
hope
Shall banish ev'ry fear.
- 3 To human weakness not severe
Is our High Priest above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 4 With sympathetic feelings touch'd
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations are,
For He has felt the same.
- 5 But though He felt temptation's
pow'r,
Unconquer'd He remained;
Nor, midst the frailty of our frame,
By sin was ever stain'd.
- 6 As, in the days of feeble flesh,
He pour'd forth cries and tears;
So, though exalted, still He feels
What ev'ry Christian bears.
- 7 Then let us, with a filial heart,
Come boldly to the throne
Of grace supreme, to tell our griefs,
And all our wants make known:
- 8 That mercy we may there obtain
For sins and errors past,
And grace to help in time of need,
While days of trial last.

58

Another Version Of The Same
Passage

- Where high the heav'nly temple
stands,
The house of God not made with
hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious
blood,
Pursues in heav'n His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame,
- 4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 6 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.
- 7 With boldness, therefore, at the
throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour

59

Heb. xii. 1-13.

- Behold what witness unseen
Encompass us around;
Men, once like us, with suff'ring
try'd,
But now with glory crown'd.
- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspire'd,
Begin the Christian race,
And, freed from each encumb'ring
weight
Their holy footsteps trace.

- 3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, at once the finisher
And author of our faith.
- 4 He for the joy before Him set,
So gen'rous was His love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the
shame,
And now He reigns above.
- 5 If He the scorn of wicked men
With patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom He dy'd
To murmur or complain?
- 6 Have ye like Him to blood, to death,
The cause of truth maintain'd?
And is your heav'nly Father's voice
Forgotten or disdain'd?
- 7 My son, saith He, with patient mind
Endure the chast'ning rod;
Believe, when by afflictions try'd,
That thou art lov'd by God.
- 8 His children thus most dear to Him
Their heav'nly Father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
Of sorrows and of pains.
- 9 We know He owns us for His sons,
When we correction share;
Nor wander as a bastard race,
Without our Father's care.
- 10 A father's voice with rev'rence we
On earth have often heard;
The Father of our spirits now
Demands the same regard.
- 11 Parents may err; but He is wise,
Nor lifts the rod in vain;
His chast'nings serve to cure the soul
By salutary pain.
- 12 Affliction, when it spreads around,
May seem a field of woe;
Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
Of righteousness shall grow.
- 13 Then let our hearts no more
despond,
Our hands be weak no more;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
His wisdom still adore.

60

Heb. xiii, 20, 21.

- Father of peace, and God of love!
 We own Thy pow'r to save,
 That pow'r by which our Shepherd
 rose
 Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st
 again,
 When, by His sacred blood,
 Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
 Th' eternal cov'nant stood.
- 3 O may Thy spirit seal our souls,
 And mould them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may
 stray,
 but keep Thy precepts still;
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
 We nearer still may rise,
 And all we think, and all we do,
 Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

61

1 Pet. i. 3-5.

- Bless'd be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord;
 Be His abounding mercy prais'd,
 His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead He rais'd His
 Son,
 And call'd Him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 That they should never die.
- 3 To an inheritance divine
 He taught our hearts to rise;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 Unfading in the skies.
- 4 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
 Till the salvation come:
 We walk by faith as strangers here;
 But Christ shall call us home.

62

2 Pet. iii. 3-14.

- Lo! in the last of days behold
 A faithless race arise;
 Their lawless lust their only rule;
 And thus the scoffer cries;
- 2 Where is the promise, deem'd so true,
 That spoke the Saviour near?
 E'er since our fathers slept in dust,
 No change has reach'd our ear.
- 3 Years roll'd on years successive glide,
 Since first the world began,
 And on the tide of time still floats,
 Secure, the bark of man.
- 4 Thus speaks the scoffer; but his
 words
 Conceal the truth he knows,
 That from the waters' dark abyss
 The earth at first arose.
- 5 But when the sons of men began
 With one consent to stray,
 At Heav'n's command a deluge swept
 The godless race away.
- 6 A diff'rent fate is now prepar'd
 For Nature's trembling frame;
 Soon shall her orbs be all enwrap't
 In one devouring flame.
- 7 Reserv'd are sinners for the hour
 When to the gulf below,
 Arm'd with the hand of sov'reign
 reign pow'r,
 The Judge consigns his foe.
- 8 Though now, ye just! the time
 appears
 Protracted, dark, unknown,
 An hour, a day, a thousand years
 To heav'n's great Lord are one.
- 9 Still all may share His Sov'reign
 grace,
 In every change secure;
 The meek, the suppliant contrite race,
 Shall find His mercy sure.
- 10 The contrite race He counts His
 friends,
 Forbids the suppliant's fall;

Condemns reluctant, but extends
The hope of grace to all.

11 Yet as the night-wrapp'd thief who
lurks

To seize th' expected prize,
Thus steals the hour when Christ
shall come,

And thunder rend the skies.

12 Then at the loud, the solemn peal,

The heav'ns shall burst away;
The elements shall melt in flame,
At Nature's final day.

13 Since all this frame of things must
end

As Heav'n has so decreed,
How wise our inmost thoughts to
guard,

And watch o'er ev'ry deed;

14 Expecting calm th' appointed hour,

When, Nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world shall rise,
Where sin is known no more.

63

1 John iii. 1-4.

Behold th' amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestow'd
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God!

2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when He came,
Ev'n God's eternal Son.

3 High is the rank we now possess;
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes:

4 Our souls, we know, when He
appears,
Shall bear His image bright;
For all His glory, full disclos'd,
Shall open to our sight.

5 A hope so great, and so divine,
^ May trials well endure;
And purge the soul from sense and

sin,
As Christ Himself is pure.

64

Rev. i. 5-9

To Him that lov'd the souls of men,
And wash'd us in His blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
And made us priests to God;

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

3 Behold, on flying clouds He comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierc'd Him sadly
mourn

In anguish and dismay.

4 I am the first, and I the Last;
Time centers all in Me;
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

65

Rev. v. 6, to the end.

Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Lo! elders worship at His feet;
The church adores around,
With vials full of odours rich,
And harps of sweetest sound.

3 These odours are the pray'rs of saints,
These sounds the hymns they raise;
God bends His ear to their requests,
He loves to hear their praise.

4 Who shall the Father's record search,
And hidden things reveal?
Behold the Son that record takes,
And opens ev'ry seal.

5 Hark how th' adoring hosts above
With songs surround the throne!
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues;

But all their hearts are one.
 6 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
 To be exalted thus;
 Worthy the Lamb, let us reply;
 For He was slain for us.

7 To Him be pow'r divine ascribed,
 And endless blessings paid;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on His head!
 8 Thou hast redeem'd us with Thy
 blood,
 And set the pris'ners free;
 Thou mad'st us kings and priests to
 God,
 And we shall reign with Thee.

9 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
 Thou brought'st Thy chosen race;
 And distant lands and isles have
 shar'd
 The riches of Thy grace.
 10 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 Or on the earth below,
 With fields, and floods, and ocean's
 shores,
 To Thee their homage show.

11 To Him who sits upon the throne,
 The God whom we adore,
 And to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be glory evermore.

66

Rev. vii. 13, to the end.

How bright these glorious spirits
 shine!
 Whence all their white array?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day?
 2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings
 great,
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have
 wash'd
 Those robes which shine so bright.
 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they
 stand

Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.
 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every mouth to sing:
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannahs ring.
 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 Nor suns with scorching ray;
 God is their sun, whose cheering
 beams
 Diffuse eternal day.
 6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the
 throne
 Shall o'er them still preside;
 Feed them with nourishment divine,
 And all their footsteps guide.
 7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His
 flock,
 Where living streams appear;
 And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
 Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

67

Rev. xxi. 1-9.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears
 To our admiring eyes!
 The former seas have pass'd away,
 The former earth and skies.
 2 From heav'n the New Jerus'lem
 comes,
 All worthy of its Lord;
 See all things now at last renew'd,
 And paradise restor'd!
 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 bless'd abode;
 He dwells with men; His people they,
 And He His people's God.
 5 His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
 From ev'ry weeping eye:
 And pains and groans, and griefs and
 fears,

- And death itself, shall die.
 6 Behold, I change all human things!
 Saith His, whose words are true;
 Lo! what was old is pass'd away,
 And all things are made new!
- 7 I am the First, and I the Last ,
 Through endless years the same;
 I AM, is My memorial still,
 And My eternal name.
- 8 Ho, ye that thirst! to you my grace
 Shall hidden streams disclose,
 And open full the sacred spring,
 Whence life for ever flows.
- 9 Bless'd is the man that overcomes;
 I'll own him for a son;
 A rich inheritance rewards
 The conquests he hath won.

- 10 But bloody hands and hearts
 unclean,
 And all the lying race,
 The faithless, and the scoffing crew,
 Who spurn at offer'd grace;
- 11 They, seiz'd by justice, shall be
 doom'd
 In dark abyss to lie,
 And in the fiery burning lake
 The second death shall die.
- 12 O may we stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled,
 And hear the Judge pronounce our
 name,
 With blessings on our head!.

1

- When all thy mercies, O my God!
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal
 warmth,
 The gratitude declare
 That glows within my ravish'd heart!
 But thou canst read it there.
- 3 The Providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had
 learn'd
 To form themselves in pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom these comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran;
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man:
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
 deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way;
 And through the pleasing snares of
 vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast
 Thou
 With health renew'd my face;
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly
 bliss
 Hath made my cup run o'er;
 And, in a kind and faithful friend,
 Hath doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious
 gifts

- Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 Resume the glorious theme.
- 11 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 12 Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For, Oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.
- 2
- The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining
 frame,
 Their great Original proclaim
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does His Creator's pow'r display;
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous
 tale,
 And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her
 burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to
 pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial
 ball?
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 'The hand that made us is divine.'

3

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

3 When Thou, O Lord! shalt stand
disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubles mind,
Who doth her sins lament,
that timely grief for errors past
Shall future woe prevent.

4 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

5 For never shall my soul despair
Of mercy at thy throne,
Who knows Thine only Son has dy'd
Thy justice to atone.

4

Blest morning! whose first dawning
rays

Beheld the Son of God
Arise in triumphant from the grave,
And leave His dark abode.

2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th'appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave combin'd their
force
To hold our Lord in vain;
Sudden the Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord!
We sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannahs shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and
seas,

With glad hosannahs ring.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

5

The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before Thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood
alone

I look for mercy at Thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

6 The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, O my God! let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace.

