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

SELECTED BY S. RIGDON.

PITTSBURGH:

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1845.

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PREFACE.

The following little volume of psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, have been selected, in view of furnishing the saints of latter days, with a volume of such sacred poetry, as they could sing with the spirit and with the understanding.

No saint can engage in this department of the worship of God, and enjoy the spirit of true devotion, unless the composition he sings is true, and such as the Lord approves.

To obtain this object for the saints, the compiler presents the following collection. Many of the hymns are original, and were never before published, and those which have been selected, are materially altered so as to render them more acceptable to the intelligent saint. Some are inserted without any alteration.

It has been one principal object with the compiler, to select such compositions as contained subjects of praise. He has been careful to insert compositions which are rather subjects of praise than of prayer or of exhortation. If saints pray let them do it without singing their prayers: and if they exhort let them do so; for the subject matter of prayer and exhortation is never the subject of praise, at the same time. A subject cannot be a subject of praise until it ceases to be a subject of prayer or of exhortation. If we pray for any thing, the thing for which we pray cannot be a subject of praise until the prayers are answered; neither can the subject matter of an exhortation, be a subject of praise until the end is obtained for which the exhortation was delivered.

The compiler never having attended much to poetical compositions, he has little doubt but those of a refined practical

taste may find many objections, to the various composition. The object of the compiler was to have the subject matter true, and proper subjects of praise, if the poetry should be defective.

Such as it is he submits it to the public. If the compiler has, in this little volume, contributed in any good degree to assist the saints in this most delightful part of worship, he shall be rewarded for his trouble.

THE COMPILER.



SACRED HYMNS.

HYMN 1. C. M.

1 Our God his kingdom to prepare,
His works on earth began;
The earth in order first he put—
Then form'd his creature man.

2 Before the world, his scheme was laid
In wisdom and in truth;
His firm decree in righteousness,
To us is now sent forth.

3 Jesus the Savior was prepared,
Before the world began;
Or ever had the power of God
Form'd Adam into man.

4 He viewed our race in depths of sin,
In ruin and in death,
Before creation form'd us men,
Or nature gave us breath.

5 That man might know his maker, God,
 The scheme of heaven was laid;
 That we through sin and death might be
 Exalted to our head.

6 Through suffering, sorrow, pain and wo
 Our course to glory run;
 Still Christ our head, made plain the road
 And courage gave to man.

7 The blood of Christ atonement made,
 And triumphed o'er the grave;
 That creature man, though doom'd to sin,
 Might through this means be saved.

8 The gospel unto man was sent,
 With pardon and with grace;
 To sanctify our sin and wo,
 And then their reign must cease.

9 That man might know what Jesus
 knew,
 Came evil and came good;
 The evil first, man's heart must feel,
 And then the blessing could.

10 Under the law of sin and death,
 In Adam all were bound;
 But now in Christ our second head,
 The law of life is found

11 Deliv'rance now to all in Christ,
 By him is freely given;
 And all that sin and hell can do,
 Will fit us more for heaven.

12 Rejoice ye saints, rejoice in hope,
 No fears have you to dread;
 For Christ will conquer sin and death,
 And raise you with your head.

HYMN 2. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 3. L. M.

1 The time is nigh, that happy time,
That great, expected, blessed day,
When countless thousands of our race,
Shall dwell with Christ, and him obey.

2 The prophecies must be fulfill'd
Though earth and hell should dare op-
pose;
The stone out of the mountain cut,
Though unobserv'd, a kingdom grows.

3 Soon shall the blended image fall,
Brass, silver, iron, gold and clay;
And superstition's dreadful reign,
To light and liberty give way.

4 In one sweet symphony of praise,
The Jews and Gentiles will unite;
And infidelity o'ercome,
Return again to endless night.

5 From east to west, from north to south,
The Savior's kingdom shall extend,
And ev'ry man in ev'ry place,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

HYMN 4. P. M.

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

2 On the Rock of Enoch founded;
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

3 Bless'd inhabitants of Zion,
Purchas'd with the Savior's blood!
Jesus whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

4 While in love his people raises,
With himself to reign as kings;

All, as priests, his solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Savior, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Though the world despise and pity,
I will glory in thy name.

6 Fading are all worldly treasures,
With their boasted pomp and show!
Heav'nly joys and lasting pleasures
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 5. C. M.

1 Sing, ye children of the Lord,
Your great deliverer sing;
Saints for Zion's conquest bound,
Be joyful in your king.

2 See the road his hand has raised,
And make the pathway plain,
Nor need the trav'lers ever err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Protect you on the road;
Till on the sacred mount you see,
The glory of your God.

- 4 Then crowns of everlasting joy,
 Shall be on every head;
 And all your enemies shall be
 Like shadows that are fled.
- 5 Jesus your leader's gone before,
 Pursue his council still,
 And let the prospect cheer your heart
 While trav'ling to the hill.

HYMN 6. C. M.

- 1 Since I can read my title clear,
 To union with the skies,
 I cast away all sinful fear
 And dry my weeping eyes.
- 2 Though earth against my crown en-
 gage,
 And all her wrath be hurl'd,
 Yet, I can smile amidst the rage
 And overcome the world.
- 3 If cares like a wild deluge come
 And storms of wrath shall fall,
 Yet, I can safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 Within the world redeemed from wo,
 I'll find a peaceful rest,

Nor shall a wave of trouble roll
Across my joyful breast.

HYMN 7. C. M.

- 1 The prophet says in latter days,
The work of God again,
It shall come forth, from south to north,
A wonder unto man.
- 2 The world that lays in darkest maze,
A stranger to its God;
On it shall shine a light divine,
And lamp the heav'nly road.
- 3 In darkness deep where mortals sleep,
The truth again appear,
To point the road that leads to God,
And hasten on the year.
- 4 When Jesus shall the world appal;
His holy arm make bare;
His truth sustain, his pow'r make known,
And fill the world with fear.
- 5 Exalt his name and send his fame,
To earth's remotest bound;
That nations all may learn his will,
And tremble at his word.

6 As Zion's king his praise we sing,
 In raptures of delight;
 We hail the day when all shall say,
 He has done all things right.

7 Thy children, Lord, trust in thy word,
 And wait the glorious day;
 When we are bless'd, our fathers rest,
 For vast eternity.

HYMN 8. S. M.

1 In heart and hand we join,
 To praise our God and king:
 Prepare our soul with sweetest song,
 And loud his praises sing.

2 He has prepared for us,
 A fount of endless joy;
 His goodness we will ne'r distrust,
 His power, none can destroy.

3 His love and mercy now,
 To us he has renewed;
 And grace in much abundance flow,
 Through his abounding word.

4 We'll sing redeeming love,
 We'll joy in mercy given;
 Till Christ descending from above,
 Unites us all with heaven.

HYMN 9. C. M.

1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak
 Thou sov'reign Lord of all,
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak
 And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
 When virtue lies distress'd;
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown
 Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants
 feel,
 Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
 And their best wishes to fulfil
 Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere:
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
 Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
 And spread thy fame abroad;
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honors of their God.

HYMN 10. C. M.

- 1 All ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your song be new:
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her king.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, that lie despis'd in dust
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Then his high praise shall fill their
tongues,
Their hand shall wield their sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.
- 5 Saints should be joyful in their king,
E'en on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing;
For God shall raise the dead.
- 6 When Christ the judgment seat ascends
And bids the world appear,

Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

HYMN 11. L. M.

- 1 The praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.
- 2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies
To save thy humble saints who pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.
- 3 Bless'd is the man whom thou shalt
choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.
- 4 Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
Babel, prepare for long distress,
When Zion's God himself arrays
In terror, and in righteousness.
- 5 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

6 Then shall the flocking nations run
 To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
 The rising and the setting sun
 Shall see the Savior's name ador'd.

HYMN 12. C. M.

1 The gospel comes with truth and grace,
 To all the sons of men;
 Salvation brings to Adam's race,
 And peace restores again.

2 All hail, the voice of angels cries,
 The Savior comes to earth;
 An infant weak in Bethl'em lies,
 With joy around his birth.

3 Glory to God in highest strains;
 On earth good will and peace.
 Let mortal men, their voices raise,
 And sing redeeming grace.

4 Vailed in flesh, Messiah comes
 To conquer hell and death,
 The Father's first and only son
 For us resigns his breath.

5 With him the Father freely gives
 All blessing to enjoy;

That in his presence saints may live,
And praise their tongues employ.

6 In him shall truth, and light, descend,
Upon the sons of men;
Through faith they shall the heaven rend,
And grace and power obtain.

7 Communion with their God they'll hold
His will to them revealed :
His righteousness and truth behold,
And by his blood be sealed.

HYMN 13. L. M.

1 Hosanna! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising king;
Recount his victories, and tell
How Jesus triumph'd when he fell.

2 Soon as the morning's earliest ray
Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise!

3 With strength immortal forth he comes,
And pow'r and life from God resumes;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall for ever last.

4 Ye tribes of Adam, raise the song,
 And bid angelic harps prolong
 The triumphs of that day of grace,
 Which seal'd salvation to our race.

5 Salvation! joy-inspiring theme!
 Best gift of him who reigns supreme;
 Sweet balm of ev'ry human woe,
 And source of boundless joy below.

6 Salvation! sons of men, record
 The glories of your rising Lord;
 The triumphs of the Savior tell,
 Who died, and conquer'd when he fell.

HYMN 14. C. M.

1 We come, O God, thy praise to sing,
 Thy goodness to admire;
 Thy great salvation to proclaim;
 Thy majesty adore.

2 For light and truth, and life divine,
 And hopes of endless rest.
 We tell thy wond'rous grace to men
 Who, hearing, may be bless'd.

3 The gospe sound again, is heard;
 Brought forth by thine own word;

Thy pow'r return'd to earth again,
That all may know their Lord.

4 The promise by thy servant told,
In ages past and gone ;
To men on earth is now fulfilled,
And we in praises join.

5 The promis'd angel has come down ;
Through heaven's midst has flown,
And brought the gospel to the earth,
And tidings glad has borne.

6 The day's announc'd that all may know
The hour will hasten on ;
When judgments shall the world destroy,
And Babylon come down.

7 The way of rest will be prepared ;
The day in swiftness come,
When all the saints in glory dress'd,
Shall sure be gathered home.

8 With songs and honors sounding loud,
To Zion they'll return,
Joy and gladness will obtain,
And cease to bleed and mourn.

HYMN 15. C. M.

Awake, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve;
 And press with vigor on:
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey:
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast, [gems
 When victors' wreaths and monarch's
 Shall blend in common dust.

HYMN 16. C. M.

1 Behold the sure foundation stone;
 Which God in Zion lays.
 To build our heavenly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise.

2 The foolish builders, scribes and priests
 Reject it with disdain,

Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

3 What though the gates of hell withstood
Yet must the building rise;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

4 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The place where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

5 In the assembly of thy saints,
Our thankful voice we raise;
Thou hast heard our sad complaints,
And here we speak thy praise.

HYMN 17. L. M.

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

2 When I enjoy my holy place
Within thine house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Can tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun; he makes our day:
 God is our shield; he guards our way
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
 From foes without, and foes within.

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

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

HYMN 18. S. M.

1 Let ev'ry creature join
 To praise the eternal God:
 Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays;
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
 And fix'd their wond'rous frame;

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

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs, or snow ;
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies
His pow'r and glory show.

5 Winds, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honors be express'd ;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

HYMN 19. C. M.

1 To God I lift my waiting eyes
Where all my hopes are laid :
The Lord that built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs
With his almighty arm ;
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
 Thy keeper is the Lord;
 His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
 For thine eternal guard.

4 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have his leave to smite;
 He shields thy head from burning noon
 From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come:
 Go and return, secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

HYMN 20. P. M.

1 Ye subjects of the Lord, proclaim
 The royal honors of his name;
 "Jehovah reigns," be all your song.
 'Tis he thy God, O Zion, reigns.
 Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
 Glad hallelujahs to proclaim.

2 Ye princes, boast no more your crown,
 But lay the glittering trifle down
 In lowly honor at his feet;
 A span your narrow empire bounds;
 He reigns beyond created rounds,
 In self-sufficient glory great.

3 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
 Form'd, like your slaves, of brittle clay;
 Down to the dust your sceptres bend;
 To everlasting years he reigns,
 And undiminish'd pomp maintains,
 When kings, and suns, and time
 shall end.

4 So shall his favor'd Sion live;
 In vain confed'rate nations strive
 Her sacred turrets to destroy;
 Her Sov'reign sits enthron'd above,
 And endless pow'r, and endless love,
 Insure her safety and her joy.

HYMN 21. C. M.

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

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

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;

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

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

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

HYMN 22: P. M.

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

2 With joy we remember,
The dawn of that day,
When cold as December,
In darkness we lay:
The sweet invitation
We heard with surprise,

And witnessed salvation
To flow from the skies.

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

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

HYMN 23. C. M.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;

His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be !
What can withstand his will ?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil !

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above :
Thy goodness thankfully adores:
And sure I taste thy love.

6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height :
To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

HYMN 24. L. M.

1 Look up, ye saints ! direct your eye
To him who dwells above the skies ;
With your glad notes his praise rehearses ;
Who form'd the mighty universe.

2 He spake, and from the womb of night,
 At once sprang up the cheering light :—
 Him discord heard ; and at his nod,
 Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.

3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
 Began his glorious race to run ;
 Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
 To glide along th' ethereal way.

4 Teeming with life—air, earth, and sea,
 Obey th' Almighty's high decree !
 To every tribe he gives their food,
 Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5 But, to complete the wondrous plan,
 From earth and dust he fashions man,
 In man the last, in him the best,
 The Maker's image stands confest.

6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
 Form thou my heart and soul anew ;
 Here bid thy purest light to shine,
 And beauty glow with charms divine !

HYMN 25. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
 Does his successive journeys run ;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

HYMN 26. L. M.

1 Th' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky:
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name!
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of vice defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the just in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes:

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
 The sacred honors of the Lord;
 None but the men who feel his grace
 Can triumph in his holiness.

HYMN 27. L. M.

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

2 The Spirit's power has seal'd my peace
 And fill'd my soul with heav'nly grace;
 Transported, I with peace and love,
 Am waiting for the throngs above.

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

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

HYMN 28. P. M.

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

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

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

4 "When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'er-
 flow;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy path-
 way shall lie,
 My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
 refine.

6 "E'en down to old age all my people
 shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And then, when gray hairs shall their
 temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom
 be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for
 repose,
 I will not I cannot desert to his foes:
 That soul, though all hell should endea-
 vor to shake,
 I'll never—no, never, no never forsake!"

HYMN 29. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains:
Thrice happy who his guests retains!

He owns, and shall forever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and Heav'n are one.

HYMN 30. L. M.

1 Ere long the veil will rend in twain,
 The King descend with all his train;
 The earth shall shake with awful fright,
 And all creation feel his might.

2 The trump of God, it long shall sound,
 And raise the nations under ground:
 Throughout the vast domains of heav'n
 The voice echoes, the sound is given.

3 Lift up your heads, ye saints, in peace,
 The Savior comes for your release;
 The day of the redeem'd has come,
 The saints shall all be welcom'd home.

4 Behold the church, it soars on high,
 To meet the saints amid the sky;
 To hail the King in clouds of fire,
 And strike and tune th' immortal lyre,

5 Hosanna now the trump shall sound,
 Proclaim the joys of heav'n around,

When all the saints together join,
In songs of love, and all divine.

6 With Enoch here we all shall meet,
And worship at Messiah's feet,
Unite our hands and hearts in love,
And reign on thrones with Christ above.

7 The city that was seen of old
Whose walls were jasper, and streets
gold,
We'll now inherit, thron'd in might:
The Father and the Son's delight.

8 Celestial crowns we shall receive,
And glories great our God shall give,
While loud hosannas we'll proclaim,
And sound aloud our Savior's name.

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

HYMN 31. C. M.

1 Mistaken souls that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast

Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living faith unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r:
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.]

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

[7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
 And seals our peace with God:
 Jesus and his salvation came
 By water and by blood.]

HYMN 32. L. M.

1 How oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from thee, my God!
 But everlasting is thy love,
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,
 And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies:
 Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
 While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation of my hope
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN 33. C. M.

- 1 Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;
 If I am found in Jesus' hands
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engag'd to save
 The meanest of his sheep;
 All that his heav'nly Father gave
 His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove,
 His fav'rites from his breast;
 In the dear bosom of his love
 They must for ever rest.

HYMN 34. C. M.

- 1 Gentiles by nature, we belong
 To the wild olive wood;
 Grace takes us from the barren tree,
 And grafts us in the good.
- 2 With the same blessings grace endows
 The Gentile and the Jew:
 If pure and holy be the root,
 Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God:

Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come;

And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

HYMN 35. C. M.

1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm, and his seed!

"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;

The Angel of the cov'nant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers giv'n;

He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;

Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

HYMN 36. L. M.

1 Jehovah speaks; let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's anointed Son proclaims
His sov'reign honors and his names.

2 "I am the Last, and I the First,
[The Savior God, and God the Just;]
'There's none beside pretends to show
Such justice and salvation too.

3 ["Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to me from distant lands,
Light, life, and heav'n, are in my hands.

4 "I by my holy name have sworn,
Nor shall the word in vain return;
To me shall all things bend the knee,
And every tongue shall swear to me.]

5 "In me alone shall men confess
Lies all their strength and righteousness;
But such as dare dispise my name,
I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 "In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
Of Israel from their sins be freed;
And by their shining graces prove
Their interest in my pard'ning love."

HYMN 37. L. M.

1 Join all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But, O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes, with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears to me.

3 The Angel of the cov'nant stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make his great salvation known.

4 Great Prophet! let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 My bright example, and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side;

O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!

6 I love my shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul among his sheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 My Surety undertakes my cause.
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

8 Jesus, my great High Priest, has died,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

9 My Advocate appears on high;
The Father lays his anger by:
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

10 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my
King;
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing,
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

11 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
 The Captain of Salvation leads:
 March on, nor fear to win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.

12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs un-
 know,
 Put all their forms of mischief on,
 I shall be safe; for Christ displays
 Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

HYMN 38. P. M.

1 Join all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore;
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set my Savior forth.

2 But, O what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Does our Redeemer use
 To teach his heav'nly grace!
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
 He like an angel stands;

And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands;
 Commission'd from his Father's throne
 To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless thy name;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came;
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 I love my Shepherd's voice;
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wand'ring soul among
 The thousands of his sheep,
 He feeds his flocks, he calls their
 names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs:

6 To this dear Surety's hand
 Will I commit my cause;
 He answers and fulfils
 His Father's broken laws:
 Behold my soul at freedom set!
 My surety paid the dreadful debt.

7 Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offer'd his blood, and died;

My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.

His pow'rful blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

8 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:

Thine is the pow'r; behold I sit
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

9 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,

I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Superior pow'r and guardian grace.

HYMN 39. C. M.

Hosannah, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snare attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word;

And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our wearied head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 40. C. M.

Jesus, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak:
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
 Nor boast your native pow'rs ;
 But to his sov'reign grace submit,
 And glory shall be yours.

5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
 He'll form your souls anew:
 His gospel and his heart have room,
 For rebels such as you.

6 His doctrine is almighty love ;
 There's virtue in his name
 To turn the raven to a dove,
 The lion to a lamb.

HYMN 41. P. M.

1 Let Zion in her beauty rise ;
 Her light begins to shine,
 Ere long her King will rend the skies,
 Majestic and divine.
 The gospel's spreading through the land,
 A people to prepare,
 To meet the Lord and Enoch's band,
 Triumphant in the air.

2 Ye heralds sound the gospel trump,
 To earth's remotest bound ;

Go spread the news from pole to pole,
In all the nations round,
That Jesus in the clouds above,
With hosts of angels too,
Will soon appear his saints to save,
His enemies subdue.

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

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

5 Alas! the day will then arrive,
When rebels to God's grace,
Will call for rocks to fall on them,
And hide them from his face;

Not so with those who keep his law,
 They joy to meet their Lord
 In clouds above, with them that slept
 In Christ, their sure reward.

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

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

HYMN 42. L. M.

1 When earth in bondage long had lain,
 And darkness o'er the nations reigned

And all men's precepts proved in vain,
A perfect system to obtain :

2 A voice commissioned from on high,
Hark, hark, it is the angel's cry,
Descended from the throne of light,
His garments shining clear and white.

3 He comes the gospel to reveal
In fullness, to the sons of men ;
Lo! from Cumorah's lonely hill,
There comes a record of God's will !

4 Translated by the power of God,
His voice bears record to his word ;
Again an angel did appear,
As witnesses do record bear.

5 Restored the priesthood, long since
lost,
In truth and power, as at the first ;
Thus men commissioned from on high,
Came forth and did repentance cry.

6 Baptizing those who did believe,
That they the spirit might receive
In fullness as in days of old,
And have one shepherd and one fold.

7 Ye Gentile nations, cease your strife
 And listen to the words of life;
 Turn from your sins with one accord,
 Prepare to meet your coming Lord.

8 Let Judah's remnants far and near
 The glorious proclamation hear,
 For Israel and the Gentiles too,
 The way to Zion shall pursue.

9 Their voices and their tongues employ
 In songs of everlasting joy;
 The mountains and the hills rejoice,
 Let all creation hear his voice.

10 From north to south from east to west,
 In thee all nations shall be blessed.
 When Abram and his seed shall stand
 Unnumber'd on the promised land;

HYMN 43. P. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 44. L. M.

1 We read that faith the assurance is
Of things the Lord is pleased to give,
If saints will ask in Jesus' name,
The blessings ask'd they may obtain.

2 By faith Jehovah fram'd the world,
And many wonders yet untold,
In ancient days, by faith were wrought,
By men who sought the law of God.

3 By faith an Enoch sought the Lord;
By faith obtain'd a just reward;
By faith beheld his maker's face,
And triumph'd o'er the powers of death.

4 By faith Elijah raised the dead;
And for three years the prophet said
It should not rain in all the land;
'Twas done by Jesus' great command.

5 By faith a Joshua could say,
Stand still thou glorious king of day,
Thou splendid orb of night be still
'Till I Jehovah's word fulfil.

6 By faith the walls of Jericho
Met with a dreadful overthrow;
For Israel trusted in the Lord,
Believed he would fulfil his word.

7 But time would fail, the scripture saith,
To mention all who liv'd by faith.
Some quench'd the violence of fire,
And others waxed strong in war.

8 While some were mocked, scourg'd
and ston'd,
Some for the gospel lost their homes;
Others were in the prison shut;
They kept the faith, denied it not.

9 And many wandered too and fro
As pilgrims on the earth below,
Knowing that they their Lord would see
On Zion's mount from bondage free.

10 By faith proud Jordan's wave was
stay'd;
In years to come the Lord hath said,
He will roll back the mighty flood,
Israel pass through the sea dry shod.

11 Remember, saints, the scripture saith
The Lord doth work only by faith

Among the sons of men below,
By faith he doth his wonders show.

12 O then, ye saints of latter days,
Come, let us study wisdom's ways,
Shake off the power of carnal sloth,
Obtain this glorious living faith.

13 Help us, O Lord, to fear thy name,
Help us this mighty faith to gain,
That we with ancient saints may stand,
When Christ shall reign on Zion's land.

14 Then let our faith and works agree,
Until from all our sins we're free;
O, may we practice peace and truth,
That we may dwell with Christ on earth.

HYMN 45. L. M.

1 Embalmed records, plates of gold,
Glorious things to us unfold:
Though sealed up they long have been,
To give us light they now begin.

2 Long since to Daniel God did say,
Seal up the book and go thy way,
For many shall be purified,
By sacrifice they shall be tried.

3 A noble man of ancient birth,
Beheld the truth spring from the earth,
And many more in visions saw
The books which now contain the law.

4 Judah's writing, and Joseph's too,
Each testifies the other's true.
They teach the same when searched
through,
Believe them both we're bound to do.

5 The Lord has said, I'll make them one,
As I command, let it be done,
For a short work I now will make,
And Israel from the heathen take.

6 To their own lands on mountains high,
I'll bring them with a watchful eye:
To them the kingdom I'll restore,
And be their King forever more.

7 Revelations now coming forth,
Are sublime, are eternal truth;
In them Jehovah's voice proclaims,
This is my church, enroll your names.

8 Word of wisdom is a sure guide
To all who do the same abide,

its promises are very great,
Though I the same need not relate.

9 Those things are true we testify,
And all who do with them comply ;
Will in eternity rejoice,
That they have made so wise a choice.

HYMN 46. C. M.

1 Lo! what an interesting sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bonds of piety!

2 What streams of love, from Christ the
spring,
Descend to every soul;
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill;

Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

HYMN 47. L. M.

- 1 Lord, I will bless thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue:
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come let us all exalt his name.
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief;
My secret groaning reached his ears:
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine:
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord:
O fear and love him all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word!

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with
 pain
 And hunger, roar thro' all the wood;
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
 Nor want supplies of real good.

HYMN 48. C. M.

- 1 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
 This work belongs to you:
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
 How holy, just, and true!
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
 Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
 His works of nature and of grace
 Reveal his wond'rous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word
 The heav'nly arches spread;
 And by the Spirit of the Lord
 Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bids the liquid waters flow
 To their appointed deep;
 The flowing seas their limits know,
 And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
 With fear before him stand ;
 He spake, and nature took its birth,
 And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
 And breaks their vain designs ;
 His counsel stands thro' ev'ry age,
 And in full glory shines.

HYMN .49 P. M.

1 Glory to our heav'nly King!
 Bounteous Parent! thee we sing:
 Gratitude the strain inspires,
 Humble hopes, sincere desires.
 Thee we sing, with loud acclaim,
 Praising thy all-glorious name.

2 God of glory! God of love!
 Lord of all the worlds above!
 Thee we bless for daily food,
 Thee we bless for ev'ry good.
 Thee we sing, &c.

3 More than all, we praise thee, Lord!
 For the blessings of thy word,
 For the tidings Jesus brought,
 For the precepts Jesus taught,
 Thee we sing, &c.

4 Gracious Father! heav'nly King!
 Feeble lips presume to sing;
 Infant voices humbly raise
 Grateful, fervent songs of praise.
 Thee we sing, &c.

HYMN 50. C. M.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near
 To feast his saints to-day;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
 Where Jesus is within,
 Is better than ten thousand days
 Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 Till it was called to soar away
 To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 51. C. M.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can
reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Savior died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 52. S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet their tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Savior, King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which king and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Zion will break forth in songs,
And nations learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad !
And every nation shall behold
Their Savior and their God.

HYMN 53. P. M.

- 1 Let all the saints their hearts prepare:
Behold the day is near,
When Zion's King shall hasten there,
And banish all their fear;
Fill all with peace and love,
And blessings from above,
His church with honors to adorn,
The church of the first born.
- 2 Behold, he comes on flying clouds,
And speeds his way to earth,
With acclamations sounding loud,
With songs of heav'nly birth.
The saints on earth will sing,
And hail their heav'nly King;
All the redeem'd of Adam's race
In peace behold his face.
- 3 Before his face devouring flames,
In awful grandeur rise:
The suff'ring saints he boldly claim,
And bears them to the skies:
While earth is purified,
In peace they all abide,
And then descend to earth again,
Rejoicing in his reign.
- 4 A thousand years in peace to dwell;
The earth with joys abound,

Made free from all the pow'rs of hell,
 No curse infect the ground.
 From sin and pain releas'd
 The saints abide in peace:
 And all creation here below
 Their King and Savior know.

HYMN 54. S. M.

- 1 O happy souls who pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy saints who pay
 Their constant service there!
 We praise him still;
 And happy we;
 We love the way
 To Zion's hill.
- 2 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
 Shall take our health away,
 If God be with us there:
 He is our sun,
 And he our shade,
 To guard the head
 By night or noon.
- 3 God is the only Lord,
 Our shield and our defence;

With gifts his hand is stor'd:
 We draw our blessings thence.
 He will bestow
 On Jacob's race,
 Peculiar grace,
 And glory too.

HYMN 55. L. M.

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days;
 Bount'ous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ;
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the gen'rous olive's use;
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
 Clouds that drop their fat'ning dews,
 Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;
- 4 All that spring with bount'ous hand
 Scatters o'er the smiling land;
 All that lib'ral autumn pours
 From her rich o'rflowing stores;
- 5 Thanks to thee our God we owe;
 Source from whence all blessings flow;

And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 56. P. M.

1 To him that made the world,
The sun the moon and stars,
And all that in them is,
With days, and months and years:
To him that died
That we might live,
Our thanks and songs
We freely give.

2 Our hope in things to come,
The Spirit's quick'ning power,
Should turn our hearts to him,
Where heav'nly blessings are:
That we may sing
Of things above;
And always know,
That God is love.

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

God is with us
And we with him.

HYMN 57. C. M.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 58. C. M.

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

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

3 For in its own primeval bloom,
 Will nature smile again;

And blossoms streaming with perfume,
Adorn the verdant plain.

4 The saints will then, with pure delight,
Possess the holy land;
And walk with Jesus Christ in white,
And in his presence stand.

5 What glorious prospects! can we claim
These hopes, and call them our's?
Yes, if through faith in Jesus' name,
We conquer satan's pow'rs.

6 If we, like Jesus bear the cross—
Like him despise the shame;
And count all earthly things but dross,
For his most holy name.

7 Then while the pow'rs of darkness rage,
With glory in our view,
In Jesus' strength let us engage,
To press to Zion too.

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

HYMN 59. C. M.

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

Good will and peace are now complete
 Jesus was born to die!"

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

HYMN 60. P. M.

2 How pleas'd and blest was I,
 To hear the people cry,
 "Come let us seek our God to-day!"
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We'll haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorn'd with wond'rous grace;
 And walls of strength embrace thee round
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
 Has fix'd his royal throne;
 He sits for grace and judgement there:
 He bids the saints be glad,

He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

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

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

HYMN 61. P. M.

1 Let earth and heav'n agree.
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Savior of mankind!
T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heav'n;

No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have;
 But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious name!
 It charms the hosts above;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love;
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze;
 'Tis heav'n to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free:
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory:
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

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

6 O unexamled love!
 O all-redeeming grace!

How swiftly didst thou move
 To save a fallen race!
 What shall I do to make it known
 What thou for all mankind hast done?

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

HYMN 62. L. M.

1 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Lo! Zion's standard is unfurl'd!
 The dawning of a brighter day
 Majestic rises on the world.

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

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

4 Angels from heav'n and truth from
earth

Have met, and both have record borne:
Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,
To bring her ransom'd children home.

HYMN 63. 7's

1 Who are those array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their master stood;
Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
Follow'rs of the dying God.

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

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;

They have all their suff'rings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more :
 No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's director ray ;
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day.

4 He who on the throne doth reign,
 Them the Lamb shall always feed,
 With the tree of life sustain,
 To the living fountains lead ;
 He shall all their sorrows chase,
 All their wants at once remove,
 Wipe the tears from every face,
 Fill up every soul with love.

HYMN 64. L. M.

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

2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly
 flames :
 He counts their numbers, calls their
 names ;

His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are
drown'd.

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

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

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

HYMN 65. L. M.

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

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;

Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore

Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 66. S. M.

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

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

3 Sing, till we feel the heart
Ascending with the tongue;
Let every meaner joy depart,
And grace inspire the song.

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

HYMN 67. L. M.

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

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

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

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 68. S. M.

1 Come sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;

Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own ;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

HYMN 69. L. M.

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

2 He shakes the heav'ns with loud
alarms ;
How terrible is God in arms !

In Isr'el are his mercies known,
Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

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

HYMN 70. C. M.

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

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

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

HYMN 71. C. M.

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

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

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

4 Ho! you that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,

Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

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

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

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

HYMN 72. L. M.

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

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

3 Thy Spirit shall our hearts prepare;
 Thine ear shall listen to our prayer:
 Thou righteous Judge! thou Power di-
 vine!
 On thee the fatherless recline.

4 The Lord shall save th' afflicted breast,
 His arm shall vindicate th' oppressed;
 Earth's mightiest tyrant feel his power,
 Nor sin, nor Satan grieve them more.

HYMN 73. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 74. L. M.

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

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

3 The day by prophets long foretold;
 The day which Abra'm did behold;

The day that saints desired long,
 When God his strange work would perform.

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

HYMN 75. C. M.

1 Oh for a shout of sacred joy
 To God, the sovereign king!
 Let every land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
 His heav'nly guards around
 Attend him rising through the sky,
 With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their
 king,
 Let mortals learn their strains;
 Let all the earth his honors sing;
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Speak of his praise with awe profound,
 Let knowledge guide the song;

Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 Loud be the shouts of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign king!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

HYMN 76. L. M.

1 God in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heav'nly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where saints do meet to praise and pray

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

HYMN 77. L. M.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,

To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 78. C. M.

1 How are thy servants blest! O Lord,
How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass un-
 hurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.

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

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

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

HYMN 79. P. M.

1 The time is now coming, the day is at
 hand,

When Zion in strength and in beauty
shall stand;
Awake from her slumbers, in glory arise,
And send her loud anthems to God in the
skies.

2 Her beautiful garments, as brilliant as
gold;
The splendor of which has never been
told;
Though held up to view in prophetic re-
nown,
The head of all nature with glory to
crown.

3 In strength, her foundations in firm-
ness are laid,
And God in her midst, her glory and head,
With light, and with truth and with right-
eousness, shine,
And wisdom, and grace, and with mercy
divine.

4 From time immemorial, in prophetic
lore,
She's been mark'd as the object of heav'n's
kind care,
Her triumph and victory, the prophet's
reward,
And Jesus her head, her king, and her
Lord.

5 Her strength shall increase, with each
rolling year:

Her power and influence, in glory appear:
Her walls in great strength, exalted on
high:

Her watchmen in wisdom, shall see eye
to eye.

6 Her great ones in darkness no longer
shall lay;

The light of their truth, shall blaze as the
day:

To glory and rest they will point us the
road;

For all of her children are taught of their
God.

7 O Zion the glory, and praise of the earth;
Thy conquest is certain, from time of thy
birth;

Though kingdoms and nations, in ruin
are cast;

Thy strength and thy power, increase to
the last.

8 Thy travail and sufferings shall not be
in vain;

Thy children, in multitudes, lengthen thy
train,

In numbers, like sand that's spread on the
shore,

Thousands and thousands of millions,
and more.

9 Thy peace like a river, in righteous-
ness flow,
Thy streams of salvation—all nations
shall know;
The prince, and the peasant, the noble
and mean;
Find salvation in thee forever, amen.

HYMN 80. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 81. P. M.

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

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

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
 To join the thunders of the skies,

Praise him, who bids you roll;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

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

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

HYMN 82. C. M.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

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

HYMN 83. C. M.

- 1 Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,

Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day!

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

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

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

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

HYMN 84. P. M.

1 Hark, hark, the notes of joy,
Roll o'er the heav'nly plains!
And seraphs find employ,

For their sublimest strains.
Some new delight in heaven is known.
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Hark, hark, the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend,
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear—bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show.
Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole!

4 Strike—strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim.
Angels and men, wake ev'ry string,
'Tis God the Savior's praise we sing!

HYMN 85. C. M.

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;

His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his soul in tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In each distressing hour.

HYMN 86. L. M.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 87. L. M.

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

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

3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
 Where Israel's God delights to dwell!
 He fixes there his lofty throne,
 And calls the sacred place his own."

4 The north gives up, the south no more
 Keeps back her consecrated store:

From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

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

HYMN 83. C. M.

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

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

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

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

4 He comes from thickest shades of
night
To clear the inward sight,

And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And from the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 89. C. M.

1 Beyond the glitt'ring starry sky,
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.

2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine,
At his right hand, with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.

3 Hail, Prince! they cry, for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms
And royalties above!

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

HYMN 90. L. M.

- 1 Great was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met:

Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous
words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords

3 Thus arm'd he sent the champions
forth,
From east to west, from south to north:
"Go, and assert your Savior's cause;
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 The Greeks and Jews, the learn'd and
rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

HYMN 74. C. M.

- 1 To him that lov'd the sons of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honors rais'd our heads,
And made us priests to God.
- 2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love!
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above!
- 3 Behold on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn;
In anguish and dismay.
- 4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
Time centres all in thee:
Th' Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And ever more shall be.

HYMN 92. L. M.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 93. L. M.

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

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

3 Live, live forever, glorious Lord,
 To crush thy foes and guard thy friends,
 While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
 That thy dominion never ends.

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

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

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

HYMN 91. L. M.

1 Jesus! we hail thee, Israel's King,
 And now to thee our tribute bring;
 Nor do we fear to bow to thee:
 They worship God, who worship thee.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 95. C. M.

1 Salvation; O, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

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

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

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

HYMN 96. S. M.

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

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

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
 In him unite their rays ;

You that have seen his lovely face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate our strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

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

HYMN 97. P. M.

1 When the King of Kings comes,
When the Lord of Lords comes:
We shall have a joyful day
When the King of Kings come:
To see the nations broken down,
And kingdoms once of great renown,
And saints, now suff'ring, wear the
crown,
When the King of Kings comes.

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

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

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

5 When the Lord from heav'n comes,
 When the host of heav'n comes:

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

6 When our God in clouds comes,
 When he with great pow'r comes,
 We shall have a joyful day
 When the King of Kings comes:
 To see all things by him restor'd,
 And God himself alone ador'd
 By all the saints with one accord,
 When the King of Kings comes.

HYMN 98. P. M.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solem sound;
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotes bound,
 The year of jubilee will come;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb:
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim:

The year of jubilee will come,
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

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

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

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

6 You who have sold for nought
The heretage above,
Shall have it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee will come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

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

HYMN 99. L. M.

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

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

3 Though in the paths of death I tread
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
 Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

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

HYMN 100. S. M.

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

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

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

4 Because they dwell at ease,
 And no sad changes feel,
 They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
 Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I—with all my cares,
 Will lean upon the Lord;
 I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
 And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love;
 The ground on which their safety stands,
 No earthly power can move.

HYMN 101. S. M.

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

2 What troubles have we seen,
 What conflicts have we past,
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Since we assembled last?
 But out of all the Lord
 Hath brought us by his love;
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hides our life above.

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

HYMN 102. C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 103. L. M.

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

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

3 In songs declare the works and ways
 Of our Eternal God,
 Whose kingdom in these latter days
 Is spreading far abroap.

4 In Zion, let His name be praised,
 Who hath a feast prepar'd,

The glorious gospel standard rais'd
The ancient faith restor'd.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 104. L. M.

1 With all my powers of heart and ton-
gue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song:

Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

3 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand:
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

'HYMN 105. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 106. C. M.

1 Begin, my tongue, the heav'nly theme,
 Awake, my heart, and sing

The word, unchangeably the same,
Of our eternal King.

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

3 Proclaim, "Salvation from the Lord,
To wretched, dying men:"
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eterual brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

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

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

HYMN 107. 8's

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

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust for all that's to come.

HYMN 108. L. M.

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

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

HYMN 109. P. M.

1 My God, I am thine, what a comfort
 divine,

What a blessing to know that my Jesus
is mine ?

In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound
of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the raptur-
ous sound ;

And whoever hath found it hath paradise
found ;

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

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly
feast

That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I re-
move

To the heaven of heavens in Jesus' love.

HYMN 110. P. M.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,

Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,

Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,

Sung by flaming tongues above :

Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—

Mount of thy redeeming love !

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

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

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

HYMN 111. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 112. C. M.

1 When the great Judge, supreme and
 just,
 Shall once inquire for blood,
 The humble souls, that mourn in dust,
 Shall find a faithful God.

2 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
 And put their hearts to pain,
 Make them confess that thou art God,
 And they but feeble men.

3 Though saints to sore distress are
 brought,
 And wait, and long complain:
 Their cries shall never be forgot,
 Nor shall their hopes be vain.

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

HYMN 113. C. M.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 114. S. M.

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

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

3 Forever bless the Lord,
 His great salvation tell:
 His marv'lous loving kindness keeps
 The places where we dwell.

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

HYMN 115. L. M.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 116. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 117. C. M.

1 What though no flowers the fig-tree
clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,

The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply;

2 Though from the fold, with sad sur-
prise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be:

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

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

HYMN 118. P. M.

1 How happy are they,
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul wrapt in Jesus' love.

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

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

4 Jesus all the day long
 Is my joy and my song:
 Oh, that all to this refuge may fly.
 He has loved me I cried,
 He has suffer'd and died
 To redeem such a rebel as I!

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

6 Now my remnant of days
 Would I spend to his praise,
 Who has died my poor soul to redeem;
 Whether many or few,
 All my years are his due;
 May they all be devoted to him.

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

HYMN 119. P. M.

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

2 Why should I fear to speak,
 And own my Savior's name?
 Or bow before his feet?
 Or sing aloud his fame

In prayer and praise,
 My voice I'll raise,
 And God adore,
 For evermore.

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

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

HYMN 120. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 121. C. M.

- 1 How will the saints rejoice to tell,
And count their sufferings o'er,
When they upon Mount Zion dwell,
And view the landscape o'er.

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

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

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

HYMN 122. P. M.

- 1 Hear what God the Lord has spoken,
"Oh my people, faint and few;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;

Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways:
 You shall name your walls salvation
 And your gates shall all be praise.

2 " There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow;
 For the Lord your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow:
 Still in undisturb'd possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

3 " Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;
 But your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me.
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light."

HYMN 123. 8 & 7s

1 Call Jehovah thy salvation;
 Rest my soul, beneath his shade;

In his secret habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be dismayed :
 There no tumult can alarm thee ;
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,
 In eternal safeguard there.

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

HYMN 124. C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 125. P. M.

1 Redeemer of Israel,
 Our only delight,
 On whom for a blessing we call ;
 Our shadow by day,

And our pillar by night,
Our king, our companion, our all-

2 We know he is coming
To gather his sheep,
And plant them in Zion, in love,
For why in the valley
Of death should they weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

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

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

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

HYMN 126. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 127. P. M.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole
 Till o'er our ranson'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

HYME 128. P. M.

- 1 How often in sweet meditation, my
 mind,
 Where solitude reign'd and aside from
 mankind,
 Has dwelt on the hour, when the Savior
 did deign,
 To call me his servant to publish his
 name.
- 2 To lift up my voice and proclaim the
 glad news,
 First unto the gentiles and then to the
 Jews;
 That Jesus Messiah in clouds will de-
 scend,
 Destroy the ungodly, the righteous defend.
- 3 How rich is the treasure, ye servants
 of God,

Entrusted to us as made known by his
word;

The plan of salvation, the gospel of grace
To publish abroad unto Adam's lost race.

4 O gladly we'll go to the isles and pro-
claim;

And nations unknown then shall hear of
his fame;

Yea, kingdoms, and countries, both Gen-
tiles and Jews

Shall see us, and hear us proclaim the
glad news.

5 And millions shall turn to the Lord and
rejoice,

That they have made Jesus the Savior
their choice;

From north, and the south, from the east
and the west,

We'll bring home our thousands in Zion
to rest.

6 As clouds see them fly to their glorious
home—

As doves to their windows in flocks see
them come,

While empires shall tremble and king-
doms shall rend,

And thrones be cast down as wise Daniel
proclaim'd.

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

HYMN 129. 8—7—4.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed Jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light:
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night;
 Chase the darkness
 From their long benighted eyes.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 So Immanuel's fair dominions
 Shall extend, and still increase,
 Till the kingdoms
 Of the world are all his own.

HYMN 130. P. M.

1 Go, ye messengers of glory,
 Run ye legates of the skies,
 Go and tell the pleasing story,
 That a glorious angel flies,
 Great and mighty,
 With a message from the skies.

2 Go to every tribe and nation,
 Visit every land and clime,
 Sound to all, the proclamation.
 Tell to all the truth sublime,
 That the gospel,
 Does in ancient glory shine.

3 Go, to all the gospel carry,
 Let the joyful news abound,
 Go, till every nation hear ye,
 Jew and Gentile hear the sound,
 Let the gospel,
 Echo all the earth around.

4 Bearing seed of heav'nly virtue,
 Scatter it o'er all the earth,
 Go, Jehovah will support you,
 Gather all the sheaves of worth,
 Then with Jesus,
 Reign in glory on the earth.

HYMN 131. L. M.

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

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

3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
 Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,

In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

HYMN 132. 7's.

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

2 Go to island, sea, and mountain,
To fulfil the great command;
Gather out the sons of Jacob,
To possess the promis'd land

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

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

HYMN 133. 11's.

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

2 Things unseen in darkness begin to
unfold,
As view'd by the ancients in visions of old
That stone from the mountain cut out
without hands,
Becoming a kingdom to fill all the lands.

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

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

5 The call is from heaven, and hear it
we must,

“The first will be last and the last will
be first;”
Go forth to the nations, and then to the
Jews,
Who soon will obey it when Gentiles re-
fuse

6 The Jews will go forth, and the ten
Tribes shall come
From a land in the north, to inherit their
home,
And kings shall protect them, and queens
shall sustain
Their national rights till Messiah's blest
reign.

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

HYMN 134. C. M.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord will come!
And earth receive her king;

Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And saints and angels sing.

2. Rejoice, rejoice, when Jesus reigns,
And saints their songs employ:
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

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

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

HYMN 135. P. M.

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

2 What a joy will be there,
 At the great resurrection,
 As the saints meet in air,
 In the robes of perfection,
 Then the Lamb—then the Lamb,
 With a God's mandatory,
 As I AM THAT I AM,
 Fills the world with his glory.

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

HYMN 136. L. M.

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

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

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

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

5 He comes to tread the wicked down,
 He comes the martyrs all to crown,
 He comes to dry the mourner's tears,
 He comes to reign a thousand years.

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

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

HYMN 137. L. M.

1 Behold the mount of Olives rend!
 And on its top Messiah stand,

His chosen Israel to defend,
And save them with a mighty hand.

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

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

4 Whence then these wounds? ah who
has pierc'd
Our great Deliverer's heart and hands?
These are the wounds I once received,
Amid my kindred and my friends.

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

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

HYMN 138. 7s.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 139. P. M.

1 Ye ransom'd of the Lord,
 To Zion now return,
 And seek a safe abode
 Before the wicked burn:

The year of jubilee draws near,
 Jesus in clouds will soon appear.

2 Let Israel now return
 Unto their ancient home,
 Possess the Holy Land,
 And build Jerusalem,
 And there await the jubilee,
 They shall the King of Glory see.

3 Let Gentiles throng the way
 To Zion's happy land,
 Those who the truth obey
 Shall in his presence stand,
 Shall shine with the celestial light,
 And walk with Jesus Christ in white.

4 Let Joseph's remnants come
 To the celestial hill,
 And throng the house of God,
 And learn to do his will,
 That Zion may arise and shine
 With light celestial and divine.

5 Let saints in every clime
 Their waiting hearts prepare;
 From every tribe and tongue,
 To Zion's mount repair.
 The marriage of the Lamb is near,
 The great Bridegroom will soon appear.

HYMN 140. 8. 7. & 4.

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

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

HYMN 141. P. M.

1 Now let us rejoice in the day of salva-
 tion,
 No longer as strangers on earth need we
 roam;
 Good tidings are sounding to us and each
 nation,
 And shortly the day of redemption will
 come:

2 When all that was promis'd the saints
 will be given,
 And none will molest them from morn
 until even,
 And earth will appear as the garden of
 Eden,
 For Jesus has said to all Israel; Come
 home!

3 We'll love one another and never dis-
 semble

But cease to do evil and ever be one,
 And while the ungodly are fearing and
 tremble,
 We'll watch for the day when the Savior
 shall come:

4 When all that was promis'd the saints
 will be given,
 And none will molest them from morn
 until even,
 And earth will appear as the garden of
 Eden,
 For Jesus has said to all Israel; Come
 home!

5 In faith we'll rely on the arm of Jeho-
 vah,
 To guide through these last days of trou-
 ble and gloom;
 And after the scourges and harvest are
 over,
 We'll meet with the just, when the Savior
 doth come:

6 Then all that was promis'd the saints
 will be given,
 And they will be crown'd by the Savior
 from heaven;

And earth will appear as the garden of
Eden,
And Christ and his people will ever be one.

HYMN 142. L. M.

1 The tow'rs of Zion soon shall rise,
In glorious majesty arise;
Attract the gaze and wond'ring eyes
Of all that worship, gloriously.

2 The saints shall see the city stand
Upon their consecrated land,
And Israel numerous as the sand,
Inherit it eternally.

3 There shall the vail of heaven rend,
And the Son of Man will descend,
One thousand years with them to spend
In perfect peace and righteousness.

4 O that, that day would hasten on,
When wickedness shall all be gone,
And saints and angels join in one,
To praise the Man of Holiness.

5 Exalt the name of Zion's God!
Praise ye his name in songs aloud!

Proclaim his majesty abroad,
Ye banner-bearing messengers:

6 Cry to the nations far and near,
To come and in the glories share,
That on mount Zion will appear,
When earth shall rest from wickedness.

HYMN 143. C. M.

1 The glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come.
She shall arise and shine on high,
Clear as the morning sun.
The north and south the saints resign,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
Adorn'd as a bride, Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

2 The King who bears the golden crown
The azure flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down,
To bless his saints below.
When Zion's risen conqu'ring King,
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

3 The holy bright musician band,
Shall tune their harps of gold,

With palms of vict'ry they shall stand,
 Fair Salem to behold,
 Descending with such melting strains,
 Jehovah's name adore:
 Such notes thro' earth's extensive plains,
 Were never heard before!

4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
 Ye fiends of darkness fly;
 Tho' saints are feeble, weak and poor,
 Their great Redeemer's nigh;
 He is their shield—their hiding place,
 A covert from the wind—
 A shady rock of boundless grace,
 Throughout this weary land.

5 The crystal streams run down from
 heav'n,
 They issue from the throne,
 The floods of strife away are driv'n,
 The church becomes but one.
 That peaceful union she shall know,
 And live upon his love;
 And shout and sing of grace below,
 As angels do above!

HYMN 144. P. M.

1 Farewell all earthly honors, I bid you
 all adieu;

Farewell, all earthly pleasures, I want
no more of you;

I want my union grounded in the eternal
soil,

Beyond the pow'rs of satan, where sin
can ne'er defile.

2 I want my name engraven amongst the
righteous ones,

Crying Holy, holy Father—and wear a
righteous crown.

For the sake of so pure riches I am will-
ing to pass through

All earthly tribulation, and count it my
just due.

3 I am willing to be chastened, and bear
my daily cross;

I am willing to be cleansed from every
kind of dross.

I see the fiery furnace, I feel its piercing
flame;—

The fruit of it is holy,—the gold will still
remain.

4 All earthly tribulation is but a moment
here,

And then if we prove faithful, a righte-
ous crown will wear;

We shall be called holy, and feed on an-
 gel's food,
 Rejoicing in bright glory, before the
 throne of God.

5 There Christ himself has promised, a
 mansion to prepare,
 For all who serve him faithful—the cross
 the crown shall wear;
 Bright palms shall there be giv'n to all
 the ransm'd throng.
 And Glory, glory, glory, shall be the
 conqueror's song.

HYMN 145. P. M.

1 An angel came down from the man-
 sions of glory,
 And told that a record was hid in Cu-
 morah,
 Containing the fulness of Jesus's gospel;
 And also the cov'nant to gather his peo-
 ple,
 O Israel! O Israel!
 In all your abidings,
 Prepare for your Lord
 When you hear these glad tidings.

2 A heavenly treasure; a book full of
 merit:

It speaks from the dust by the power of
the spirit;

A voice from the Savior that saints can
rely on,

To watch for the day when he brings
again Zion.

O Israel! O Israel!

In all your abidings,

Prepare for your Lord .

When you hear these glad tidings.

3 Listen O isles, and give ear ev'ry na-
tion,

For great things await you in this gener-
ation:

The kingdom of Jesus, in Zion shall
flourish;

The righteous will gather; the wicked
must perish.

O Israel! O Israel!

In all your abidings,

Prepare for your Lord

When you hear these glad tidings.

HYMN 146. P. M.

1 The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;
The latter day glory begins to come
forth;

The visions and blessings of old are re-
turning;

The angels are coming to visit the earth.
We'll sing and we'll shout with the ar-
mies of heaven :

Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!
Let glory to them in the highest be given,
Henceforth and forever: amen and amen.

2 The Lord is extending the saints' un-
derstanding—

Restoring their judges and all as at first;
The knowledge and power of God are
expanding

The veil o'er the earth is beginning to-
burst.

We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

3 We call in our solemn assemblies, in
spirit,

To spread forth the kingdom of heav-
en abroad,

That we through our faith may begin to
inherit

The visions, and blessings, and glories
of God.

We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

4 Old Israel that fled from the world for
his freedom,

Must come with the cloud and the pillar, again.

A Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua lead him
And feed him on manna from heaven
again.

We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

5 How blessed the day when the lamb
and the lion

Shall lie down together without any ire;
And Ephraim be crown'd with his blessings
in Zion,

As Jesus descends with his chariots of
fire!

We'll sing and we'll shout with his armies
of heaven; &c.

HYMN 147. P. M.

1 What fair one is this from the wilderness
travelling, [heart?

Looking for Christ, the belov'd of her
O, this is the church, the fair bride of
the Savior,

Which with every idol is willing to part.

While men in contention, are constantly
howling, [ling,

And Babylon's bells are continually tolling,
As though all the craft of her merchants

was failing, [earth.
 And Jesus was coming to reign on the

2 There is a sweet sound in the gospel
 of heaven, [stand,
 And people are joyful when they under-
 The saints on their way home to glory
 are even [blest land,
 Determin'd by goodness, to reach the
 Old formal professors are crying "delu-
 sion," [confusion,"
 And high-minded hypocrites say "'tis
 While grace is pour'd out in a blessed
 effusion, [craft fall.
 And saints are rejoicing to see priest-

3 A blessing, a blessing, the Savior is
 coming, [declar'd;
 As prophets and pilgrims of old have
 And Israel, the favor'd of God, is begin-
 ning [prepar'd
 To come to the feast for the righteous
 In the desert are fountains continually
 springing,
 The heavenly music of Zion is ringing,
 The saints all their tithes and their off-
 'rings are bringing;
 They thus prove the Lord and his bles-
 sings receive,

4 The name of Jehovah is worthy of
 praising,
 And so is the Savior an excellent theme;
 The elders of Israel a standard are rais-
 ing, [same
 And call on all nations to come to the
 These elders go forth and the gospel are
 preaching [are teaching
 And all that will hear them, they freely
 And thus is the vision of Daniel fulfilling:
 The stone of the mountain will soon fill
 the earth.

HYMN 148. P. M.

1 From the regions of glory an angel de-
 scended, [was attended:
 And told the strange news how the babe
 Go sheperds and visit this heavenly
 stranger; [Lord in a manger!
 Beneath that bright star there's your
 Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Whom our souls may rely on;
 We shall see him on earth,
 When he brings again Zion.

2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each
 nation; [salvation;
 Glad tidings of joy, now behold your

Arise all ye pilgrims and lift up your
 voices, [ven rejoices.
 And shout—The Redeemer! while hea-
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 Let glory to God in the highest be given
 And glory to God be re-echo'd in heaven;
 Around the whole world let us tell the
 glad story, [glory.
 And sing of his love, his salvation and
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 The kingdom is ours by the will of
 the Father, [will gather,
 Whose uplifted hand all the righteous
 Before all the wicked will pass as by
 fire, [ing Messiah.
 The heavens shall shine with the com-
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

HYMN 149. P. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

8 Behold, his servant waiting stands,
 With willing heart and ready hands
 To wait upon the Bride:
 Ye candidates your hearts prepare,
 And let us join in solemn prayer,
 Down by the water side.

HYMN 150. P. M.

1 Arise, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears;
 Before the throne my sur'ty stands,
 My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead;
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace;

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me;
 Forgive him, O forgive they cry,
 Nor let the ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear annointed One:
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me that I'm born of God.

5 To God I'm reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear,
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba Father, cry.

HYMN 151. P. M.

- 1 The time is soon coming by the prophets foretold,
When Zion in purity the saints shall behold;
For Jesus's pure testimony will gain the day,
Denomination's selfishness will vanish away.
- 2 It will then be discovered who for Jesus will be,
And who are in Babylon the saints then will see;
The time of division then will fully be known,
Between the pure Kingdom and defiled Babylon.
- 3 Led on by the comforter, what sweets will be found,
What peace and what harmony, in love will abound,
Losing time things for Jesus, will be counted all joy,
And helping each other, a delightful employ.

4 What beauty will the churches then
 put on in his sight,
 Being govern'd by Jesus Christ who al-
 ways does right,
 No spots on her countenance, in that
 glorious day
 Unnecessary ceremonies vanish away.

5 The watchmen will then lift up their
 voices as one,
 East, West, North and South, to and fro
 they will run;
 In the Spirit's pure testimony preach up
 the cross,
 The mysteries of Babylon, will suffer the
 loss.

6 But truth cuts its way, and love will
 melt down its foes,
 The pure word of God will conquer all
 who oppose;
 The church stands in purity, in peace
 and in love,
 In sight of her enemies she rises above.

7 Let all who would wish to see Millen-
 ium begin,
 Come out and be cleansed from sinners
 and sin,

As soon as the gospel to all nations has
 been,
 The day of Millenium will surely set in.

HYMN 152. P. M.

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

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

3 Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel!
 And let your joys abound;
 The voice of God shall reach you,
 Wherever you are found;

And call you back from bondage,
 That you may sing his praise
 In Zion and Jerusalem
 In these the latter days.

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

HYMN 153. P. M.

1 The gallant ship is under way,
 To bear me off to sea,
 And yonder float the streamers gay,
 That say she waits for me.
 The seamen dip their ready oar,
 As ebbing waves oft tell—
 They bear me swiftly from the shore:
 My native land, farewell.

2 I go but not to plough the main
 To ease a restless mind,
 Nor do I toil on battle's plain
 The victor's wreath to twine.

'Tis not for treasures that are hid
In mountain or in dell!

'Tis not for joys like these I bid
My native land farewell.

3 I go to break the fowler's snare,
To gather Israel home:

I go the name of Christ to bear
In lands and isles unknown.

And when my pilgrim feet shall tread
On land where darkness dwells, [fled,
Where light and truth have long since
My native land farewell.

4 I go an erring child of dust,
Ten thousand foes, among;

Yet on His mighty arm I trust
That makes the feeble strong—

My sun my shield, for ever nigh,
He will my fears dispel:

This hope supports me when I sigh—
My native land farewell.

5 I go devoted to his cause,
And to his will resign'd;

His presence will supply the loss
Of all I leave behind.

His promise cheers the sinking heart,
And lights the darkest cell,

To exil'd pilgrims grace imparts—
My native land farewell.

6 I go because my master calls;
He's made my duty plain—
No danger can the heart appal
When Jesus stoops to reign!
And now the vessel's side we've made;
The sails their bosom swell:
Thy beauties in the distance fade—
My native land farewell.

HYMN 154. P. M.

1 This earth was once a garden place,
With all her glories common;
And men did live a holy race,
And worship Jesus face to face,
In Adam-ondi-Ahman.

2 We read that Enoch walk'd with God,
Above the pow'r of Mammon:
While Zion spread herself abroad,
And saints and angles sung aloud
In Adam-ondi-Ahman.

3 Her land was good and greatly belst,
Beyond old Israel's Canaan:
Her fame was known from east to west;

Her peace was great and pure the rest
Of Adam-ondi-Ahman.

4 Hosanna to such days to come—
The Savior's second coming—
When all this earth in glorious bloom,
Affords the saints a holy home
Like Adam-ondi-Ahman.

HYMN 155. L. M.

1 In ancient days men fear'd the Lord,
And by their faith receiv'd his word,
Then God bestow'd upon the meek,
The Priesthood of Melchizedeck.

2 By help of this their faith increas'd,
Till they with God spoke face to face:
An Enoch he would walk with God;
A Noah ride safe o'er the flood.

3 Abraham obtain'd great promises,
And Isaac he was also blest,
A Jacob could prevail with God;
The sea divide at Moses' rod.

4 The lions mouth a Daniel close'd,
The fire near scorch'd his brethren's
clothes,

But time would fail to mention all
The men of faith, I'll just name Paul.

5 Who did to the third heav'ns arise,
And view the wonders of the skies;
He saw and heard, mysterious things,
Yet all by faith, and not by wings.

6 Such blessings to the human race,
Once more are tender'd by God's grace;
The Priesthood is again restor'd,
For this let God be long ador'd.

7 Now we by faith, like Paul and John,
May see the Father and the Son,
And view eternal things above,
And taste the sweets of boundless love.

8 And if, like them, we hated be,
Depriv'd sometimes of liberty,
We will like them, this defend,
What'er our fate unto the end.

9 O Lord assist thy feeble worms,
This resolution to perform,
And we thy sacred name will praise,
Throughout the remnant of our days.

HYMN 156. L. M.

1 For ever shall my song record
 The truth and mercy of the Lord,
 Mercy and truth for ever stand,
 Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
 " With thee my cov'nant first is made:
 In thee shall dying sinners live,
 Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my priest;
 Thy children shall be ever bless'd;
 Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
 Shall stand eternal, like my own.

4 " There's none of all my sons above
 So much my image or my love;
 Celestial powers thy subject are:
 Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 " David, my servant, whom I chose
 To guard my flock and crush my foes,
 And raise him to the Jewish throne,
 Was but a shadow of my Son."

6 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
 Jesus, her Savior, and her King

Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
 And saints declare his works below.

HYMN 157. P. M.

1 There's a feast of fat things for the
 righteous preparing,

That the good of this world all the saints
 may be sharing;

For the harvest is ripe, and the reapers
 have learn'd

To gather the wheat that the tares may
 be burn'd.

Come to the supper—come to the supper—

Come to the supper of the great Bride-
 groom.

2 Go forth all ye servants unto every
 nation,

And lift up your voices and make pro-
 clamations,

For to cease from all evil, and leave off
 all mirth,

For the Savior is coming to reign on the
 earth.

3 Go set forth the judgments to come,
 and the sorrow,

For after to-day, O there cometh to-
 morrow,

When the wicked, ungodly, rebellious,
 and proud,
 Shall be burnt up as stubble—O cry it
 aloud!

4 Go pass throughout Europe, and Asia's
 dark regions,
 To China's far shores, and to Afric's
 black legions,
 And proclaim to all people, as you're
 passing by,
 The fig trees are leaving—the summer is
 nigh,

5 Go call on the great men of fame and
 of power,
 The king on his throne, and the brave in
 his tower,
 And inform them all kingdoms must fail
 but the one,
 As clear as the moon and as fair as the sun.

6 Go cry to all quartes, and then to the
 islands,
 To gentiles and Jews, and proclaim to
 the heathens,
 And exclaim to old Israel in every land,
 Repent ye—the kingdom of heaven's at
 hand.

7 Go carry glad tidings, that none need
doubt whether

The lamb and the lion shall lie down to-
gether:

For the venom will cease, when the devil
is bound,

And peace like a river, extend the world
round.

8 Go publish the gospel, the truth of the
Savior,

That the poor and the meek may] begin
to find favor,

And rejoice in their coming Redeemer
and friend;

And lo! he is with you henceforth to the
end.

9 O go and invite them, regardless of
trouble,

The rich and the learned, the wise and
the noble,

That the guests may be ready, (when Je-
sus shall come,)

To welcome forever, the holy Bridegroom

10 Go gather the willing, and push them
together,

Yes, push them to Zion (the saints' rest
forever,)

Where the best that the heavens and
earth can afford,

Will grace the great marriage and feast
of the Lord.

11 Go welcome his people, let nothing
preclude you,

Come Joseph, and Simeon, and Reuben,
and Judah.

Come Naphtali, Issachar, Levi and Dan,
Gad, Zebulon, Asher, and come Benja-
min.

12 Be faithful and just to the end of
your calling,

Till Babylon the great—she is fallen, is
fallen!

Then return and receive the just serv-
ant's reward,

And sit down to the feast of the house of
the Lord.

Come to the supper—come to the supper—
Come to the supper WITH the great
Bridegroom.

HYME 153. P. M.

1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are—

Traveler! o're yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star!—
 Watchman! does its beautiful ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
 Traveler! yes; it brings the day—
 Promis'd day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet the star ascends.—
 Traveler! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth!
 Traveler! ages are its own:
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn—
 Traveler! darkness takes it flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveler! lo! the prince of peace,
 Lo! the Son of God will come!

HYMN 159. C. M.

1 Here at thy table, Lord we meet,
 To feed on food divine:

Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He, who prepares this rich repast;
Himself comes down and dies:
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
Oh what delightful food!
We eat the bread—and drink the wine—
But think on nobler good.

4 Deep was the suff'ring he endured
Upon the accursed tree—
For me—each welcome guest may say,
Twas all endured for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Savior—so divine!
Well thou mayest claim that heart of me
Which owes so much to thine.

HYMN 160. L. M.

1 He dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!

A solem darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men.
But, lo! what sudden joys we see.
Jesus the dead revives again.

3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb;
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
(Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

5 Say "live for ever wond'rous King;
"Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, "Where's your
sting
" And where your vic'try, boasting grave

HYMN 161. P. M.

1 O God the eternal Father,
Who dwells amid the sky,

In Jesus's name we ask thee
 To bless and sanctify,
 [If we are pure before thee,]
 This bread and cup of wine,
 That we may all remember
 That off'ring so divine.

2 That sacred holy off'ring,
 By man least understood
 To have our sins remitted,
 And take his flesh and blood.
 That we may ever witness,
 The suff'ings of thy son,
 And always have his spirit,
 To make our hearts as one.

3 When Jesus, the anointed,
 Descended from above,
 And gave himself a ransom
 To win our souls with love;
 With no apparent beauty,
 That men should him desire—
 He was the promis'd Savior,
 To purify with fire.

4 How infinite that wisdom,
 The plan of holiness,
 That made salvation perfect,
 And veil'd the Lord in flesh,

To walk upon his footstool,
 And be like man, (almost,)
 In his exalted station,
 And die—or all was lost.

5 'Twas done—all nature trembled!
 Yet, by the pow'r of faith,
 He rose as God triumphant,
 And broke the bands of death:
 And, rising conq'rer, "captive"
 He led captivity,"
 And sat down with the Father
 To fill eternity.

6 He is the true Messiah,
 That died and lives again;
 We look not for another,
 He is the lamb 'twas slain;
 He is the Stone and Shepherd
 Of Israe'!—scatter'd far;
 The glorious branch of Jesse;
 The bright and Morning Star.

7 Again, he is that Prophet
 That Moses said should come,
 Being raised among his brethren,
 To call the righteous home,
 And all that will not hear him,
 Shall feel his chast'ning rod,

Till wickedness is ended,
As saith the Lord our God.

8 He comes, he comes in glory,
(The vail has vanish'd too,)
With angels, yea our fathers,
To drink this cup anew—
And sing the songs of zion
And shout—'Tis done! 'tis done!
While every son and daughter
Rejoices—we are one.

HYMN 162. C. M.

1 Come let us join in cheerful lays,
To sing aloud our Savior's praise;
He has redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

2 His word which was from days of old
By prophets to the world foretold,
In latter days he has renewed,
By those inspired by his word.

3 The promise to the ancients made,
On us their children has been sealed,
And does our hearts with hope inspire
And swells our souls with great desire,

- 4 Our hearts are to our fathers turned,
With fervent zeal our spirits burn,
For they are waiting for the rest,
And through our triumph to be blest
- 5 In faith of these the latter days,
They tuned their notes in hymns of praise
Resigned themselves to pain, and death,
And triumph'd with their latest breath.
- 6 Their hopes, their joys and all their
themes,
In prospect lay in future times;
Till revolutions dire shall roll,
And shake the world from pole to pole.
- 7 Till kingdoms rise and kingdoms fall,
And kindreds, tongues, and nations' all,
By Jesus arm in ruin laid,
And Sion rear her beautiful head.
- 8 The kingdom Daniel did declare,
In the last day does now appear,
God has confirmed the promise made,
And has fulfilled the prophets word.
- 9 The little stone from mountain top,
And without hands, is now cut out,

And shall roll on from shore to shore,
Till wars shall cease, and rage no more.

HYMN 163. C. M.

- 1 My God's the spring of all my joys,
The source of all delight.
His shield will guard me all my days,
And safe protect at night.
- 2 In darkest shades he has appeared,
My glory has begun,
To me he is the morning star,
To me the rising sun:
- 3 The glorious day begins to dawn,
With hopes of endless bliss;
For Jesus shews the victory's mine:
He tells me I am his.
- 4 My heart rejoices to hear him say,
Inspired by his word,
That soon he would his power display,
And I should hail my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of earth, or hell, or death,
I'll conquer every foe;
The power of love, and strength of faith,
Shall bear me safely through.

HYMN 164. 12's. & 11's.

1 Thou art gone to the grave, but we
will not deplore thee;

Though sorrows and darkness compass
the tomb:

The Savior has passed through its por-
tals before thee,

And the lamp of his love, is thy guide
through the gloom.——

2 Thou art gone to the grave, we no
longer behold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by
thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,

And sinners may hope, since the Sav-
ior hath died.——

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its
mansions forsaken,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger-
ed long;

But the sunshine of heaven beamed
bright on thy waking,

And the song that thou heardst, was the
seraphim's song,——

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere
 wrong to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian
 and guide,
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon
 will restore thee,
 Where death hath no sting, since the Sa-
 vior hath died.—

HYMN 165. C. M.

1 I love to steal awhile away,
 From ev'ry cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day,
 In humble grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed,
 The penitential tear,
 And all his promises to plead,
 When none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore:
 And all my cares and sorrows cast,
 On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven;

The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray,
Be calm, as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

HYMN 166. L. M.

1 How pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around his sacred board,
As members of one common Lord.

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss—
Here we behold the Savior's grace—
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

3 While here we sit we would implore
That love may spread from shore to
shore
Till all the saints, like us combine,
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

4 To all we freely give our hand'
Who love the Lord in ev'ry land;

For all are one in Christ, our Head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

5 Here, by the bread and wine, we view
What boundless curses were our due;
But through th' atonement of our Lord,
More than was lost is now restor'd.

6 Let wrath and strife, those seeds of
hell,
No more in Christian bosom dwell;
But love and union, by his blood,
Prove us the chosen heirs of God.

HYMN 167. C. M.

1 Once more my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes;
And let my heart its tribute pay,
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
And day renews the sound.
Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he support my mortal frame;
My tongue shall sing his praise;

And I will glory in his name
While he extends my days.

4 And when my mortal course is done,
And I must yield my breath;
O may my soul, bright as the sun,
Shine o'er the night of death.

HYMN 168. L. M.

1 Father of mercies! in thy house
We pay our homage and our vows;
Whilst with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Savior's care.

2 The Savior when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprang the Apostle's honour'd
name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the Prophetic sage,
And hence the Evangelic page.

4 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and Teachers rise;

Who, though with feebler rays they shine
Still mark a long extended line.

5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilst, garded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.

6 So shall the bright succession run,
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst Christ's true church shall by their
care
Extend and flourish large and fair.

7 And all the saints of God shall know,
The source from whence these blessings
flow;
And prophets, priests and kings shall
raise,
Their anthems of eternal praise.

HYMN 169. L. M.

1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in heaven and earth ador'd,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;

Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,
But to know and love thee more;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed our joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wonderous love display'd;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart,
Life, hope and joy to every heart.

HYMN 170. P. M.

1 Glorious things are sung of Zion,
Enoch's city seen of old,
Where the righteous being perfect
Walked with God in streets of gold:

Love and virtue, faith and wisdom,
 Grace and gifts, were all combin'd;
 As himself each lov'd his neighbor,
 All were of one heart and mind.

2 There they shun'd the pow'r of Satan
 And observ'd celestial law
 For in Adam-ondi-Ahman,
 Zion rose where Eden was;—
 When beyond the power of evil,
 So that none did covet wealth;
 One continual feast of blessings,
 Crown'd their days with peace and health

3 Then the tow'rs of Zion glitter'd.
 Like the sun in yonder skies,
 And the wicked, stood and trembled,
 Fill'd with wonder and surprise;
 Then their faith and works were perfect,
 Lo, they follow'd their great head;
 So the city went to heav'n,
 And the world said ZION'S FLED.

4 When the Lord returns with Zion
 And we hear the watchmen cry,
 Then we'll surely be united,
 And we'll all see eye to eye,
 Then we'll mingle with the angels,
 And the Lord will bless his own;

Then the earth will be as Eden,
And we'll know as we are known.

HYMN 171, 6l & 7s.

1 When shall we all meet again?
When shall we our rest obtain?
When our pilgrimage be o'er—
Parting sighs be known no more!
When mount Zion we regain,
There may we all meet again.

2 We to foreign climes repair.
Truth the message which we bear,
Truth, which angels oft have born,
Truth to comfort those who mourn,
Truth eternal will remain;
On its rock we'll all meet again.

3 Now the bright and Morning star
Spreads its glorious light afar,—
Kindles up the rising dawn
Of that bright Millennial morn,
When the saints shall rise and reign,
In the clouds we'll meet again.

4 When the sons of Israel come,
When they build Jerusalem,
When the house of God is rear'd,
And Messiah's way prepar'd;

When from heaven he comes to reign
There may we all meet again.

5 When the earth is cleans'd by fire,
When the wicked's hopes expire;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Proud oppressors all are laid,
Long will Zion, s mount remain;
There may we all meet again.

HYMN 172. P. M.

1 Yes, my native land I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well,
Friends, connexions, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in distant lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no strager-heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I leave thee!
Can I—can I—say Farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in distant lands to dwell?

3 Holy scenes of joy and gladness,
Ev'ry fond emotion swell,

Can I banish heart-felt sadness^r
 While I bid my home farewell?
 Can I leave thee—
 Far in distant lands to dwell?

4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I love so well!
 Far away ye billows, bear me:
 Lovely native land farewell!
 Pleas'd I leave thee—
 Far in distant lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
 On the mountains let me tell,
 How he died—the blessed Savior—
 To redeem a world from hell!
 Let me hasten—
 Far in distant lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on thou restless ocean;
 Let the winds my canvass swell—
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell,
 Glad I bid thee—
 Native land—FAREWELL—FAREWELL.

HYMN 173. P. M.

1 Hail the day so long expected,
 Hail the year of full release,

Zion's walls are now erected,
 And the Watchmen live in peace
 From the distant courts of Zion,
 The shrill trumpet loudly roars.

CHORUS

Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
 Babylon, is fallen, to rise no more.

2 Hark, and hear the people crying,
 See the city disappear;
 Trade and traffic all are dying,
 Lo! they sink to rise no more,
 Merchants who have bought her traffic,
 Crying from a distant shore.

3 All her merchants cry with wonder,
 What is this that comes to pass!
 Murmuring like some distant thunder;
 Crying, O! alas, alas!
 Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
 Priests and people, rich and poor—

4 Lo, the captives are returning,
 Up to Zion see them fly;
 While the heavenly hosts rejoices,
 Shout them welcome through the sky
 See the ancients of the city,
 Terrified at the uproar—

5 Tune your harps ye heavenly, choir,
 Shout, ye followers of the Lamb :
 See the city all on fire,
 Clap your hands, and blow the flame,
 Now's the day of compension,
 Hope of mercy now is o'er.

HYMN 174. P. M.

1 Triumphant Sion! lift thy head
 From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
 Though humbled long—awake at length,
 And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

2 Put all thy beautiful garments on,
 And let thy excellence be known:
 Deck'd in thy robes of righteousness,
 Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
 And fill thy hallow'd halls with dread;
 No more shall hell's insulting host
 Their victory and thy sorrows boast,

4 God from on high, has heard thy prayer;
 His hand thy ruin shall repair;
 Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
 To guard thee in eternal peace.

HYMN 175. C. M.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heaven rejoice—let earth be glad,
 And praise surround his throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son;
 Help us, O Lord—descend and bring !
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord—who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes, in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
 The church on earth can rise,
 The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns
 Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN. 176. P. M.

- I Come let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till our master ap-
 pear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talants improve
 By the patience of hope and the labor of
 love.

2 Our life as a dream our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown, the moments are
 gone;
 The millennium year
 Presses on to our view, and eternity's
 here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming
 may say,
 I fought my way through,
 I have finished the work thou didst give
 me to do.
 O that each from his Lord may receive
 the glad word,
 Well and faithfull done,
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne.

HYMN. 177. 7s.

1 Now the truth once more appears;
 Hark! the gospel trump is heard;

Honest souls dry up your tears,
You with knowledge may be fed.

2 Let the earth, its treasures yield!
Treasures it has long enclos'd,
To the world they are reveal'd,
Through the earth the message goes.

3 On a mission so divine,
See the saints of the Most High,
To accomplish his design,
Over hill and dale they fly.

4 Through Columbia's happy land,
They the glorions standard raise;
Shout the time is near at hand,
—Wonders of the latter days.

5 Soon Britania hears the sound,
And a thousand voices cry,
In the regoins all around,
Glory be to God Most High.

6 Through the earth the tidings spread,
Distant nations catch the sound,
Where'er human feet doth tread,
There they bow with awe profound.

HYMN 278. C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carri'd to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas.
Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God.
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eyes.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine

HYMN 179. 6-8s. & 2-6s.

1 How happy are the little flock,
 Who, safe beneath their guardian rock,
 In all commotions rest!
 When war's and tumult's waves run high
 Unmov'd above the storm thy lie,
 They lodge in Jesus breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
 By mercy gather'd into thee,
 Before the floods decend:
 And while the bursting cloud comes
 down,
 We mark the vengeful day begun,
 And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war
 Our Savior's swift approach declare,
 And bid our hearts arise:
 Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
 Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
 To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess:
 The war proclames the prince of peace;
 The earthquake speaks thy power;
 The famine all thy fulness brings;
 The plague presents thy healing wings
 And nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ill the world befall,
 A pledge of endless good we call;
 A sign of Jesus near:
 His chariôt will not long delay;
 We bear the rumbling wheels and pray,
 'Triumphant, Lord, appear!

6 Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,
 The word and mystery to fulfill,
 Thy confessors to approve,
 Thy members on thy throne to place,
 And stamp thy name on every face,
 In glorious, heavenly love!

HYMN 180. 7s, 8s, & 4s.

1 Yes! we trust the day is breaking!
 Joyful times are near at hand;
 God—the mighty God is speaking
 By his word, in ev'ry land:
 When he chooses,
 Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the savior, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad:
 Every language
 Soon shalt tell the love of God.

3 Oh! 'tis pleasant—'tis reviving
 To our hearts to hear, each day,
 Joyful news from far arriving,
 How the gospel winds its way:
 These enlightening,
 Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand;
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world—in every land:
 Then shall idols
 Perish, Lord—at thy command.

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 181. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
 Praise him all creatures here below:
 Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts,
 Praise him Father, Son, Holy Ghost.

HYMN 182. C. M.

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

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