

Hymns of the Saints

of the Church of Jesus Christ in Christian Fellowship

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Hymns of the Saints of the Church of Jesus Christ in Christian Fellowship
The Church of Jesus Christ in Christian Fellowship
Emma Smith, David Ferriman, compilers

The Church of Jesus Christ in Christian Fellowship
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Original Preface

In order to sing by the Spirit, and with the understanding, it is necessary that the Church of the Latter Day Saints should have a collection of “Sacred Hymns,” adapted to their faith and belief in the Gospel, and, as far as can be, holding forth the promises made to the fathers who died in the precious faith of a glorious resurrection, and a thousand years’ reign on earth with the Son of Man in His glory.

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

2021 Preface

A collection of sacred hymns, for the Church of the Latter Day Saints originally selected by Emma Smith, Kirtland, Ohio 1835 with edits and additions. The authors are made known under the hymn titles. If there is one date next to the author’s or authors’ name(s), this indicated the date of publication. If there are two dates separated by a hyphen, this indicates the birth and death of the individual.

This collection of hymns is a modern collection of the Psalms of the Latter Day Saints. There is no music as Saints may sing these hymns as they please to whatever music they feel so inspired. They may also read them as a collection of inspiring poems, to fill their souls with joy and to connect, one to another, with the Holy Spirit.

All of the hymns in this collection are from the Public Domain and remain as such regardless of the licensing attached to this body of work.

Hymns of the Saints

A selection of psalms and hymns

HYMN 1. L. M.
Know then that Ev'ry Soul is Free
Unknown

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

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

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

4 May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose;
Our God is pleas'd when we improve
His grace, and seek his perfect love.

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

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

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

HYMN 2. C. M.
Let Ev'ry Mortal Ear Attend
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

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 ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 The blessed Savior hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bid your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye 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 The gates of glorious gospel grace,
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 3. P. M.

What Fair One is This, From the Wilderness Trav'ling

William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 What fair one is this, from the wilderness trav'ling,
Looking for Christ, the belov'd of her heart?
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.
And Babylon's bells are continually tolling,
As though all the craft of her merchants was failing,
And Jesus was coming to reign on the earth.

2 There is a sweet sound in the gospel of heaven,
And people are joyful when they understand
The Saints on their way home to glory, are even
Determin'd by goodness, to reach the blest land.
Old formal professors are crying "delusion,"
And high-minded hypocrites say "'tis confusion,'
While grace is poured out in a blessed effusion,
And Saints are rejoicing to see priest-craft fall.

3 A blessing, a blessing, the Savior is coming,
As prophets and pilgrims of old have declar'd;
And Israel, the favor'd of God, is beginning
To come to the feast for the righteous prepar'd.
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 blessing receive.

4 The name of Jehovah is worthy of praising,
And so is the Savior an excellent theme;
The elders of Israel a standard are raising,
And call on all nations to come to the same:
These elders go forth and the gospel are preaching,
And all that will hear them, they freely are teaching,
And thus is the vision of Daniel fulfilling:
The stone of the mountain will soon fill the earth.

HYMN 4. P. M.
Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken
John Newton 1779

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

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

3 See the stream of living waters,
Springing from celestial love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove:

4 Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

5 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:

6 Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Sweetly they enjoy the Spirit,
Which he gives them when they pray.

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

8 While in love his people raises,
With himself to reign as kings;
All, as priests, his solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.

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

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

HYMN 5. L. M.
The Time is Nigh that Happy Time

Parley P. Pratt 1807–1857

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

2 The prophecies must be fulfil'd
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone out of the mountain cut,
Though unobserved, 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 every man in every place,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

HYMN 6. P. M.
Redeemer of Israel

William W. Phelps 1792–1872, adapted from Joseph Swain 1761–1796

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 7. S. M.
See All Creation Join
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 See all creation join
To praise the eternal God;
The heavenly hosts begin the song,
And sound his name abroad.

2 The sun with golden beams,
And moon with silver rays;
The starry lights, and twinkling flames;
Shine to their Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And always speak his name.

4 The fleecy clouds that rise,
Or falling showers or snow;
The thunders rolling round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 The broad expanse on high,
With all the heavens afford;
The crackling fire that streaks the sky,
Unite to praise the Lord.

Chorus. By all that shines above
His glory is express'd;
But Saints that know his endless love,
Should sing his praises best.

HYMN 8. P. M.

O Happy Souls Who Pray

William W. Phelps 1792–1872, adapted from Isaac Watts 1674–1748

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 evening 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 9. P. M.
From the Regions of Glory an Angel Descended
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 From the regions of glory an angel descended,
And told the strange news how the babe was attended:
Go, shepherds, and visit this heavenly stranger;
Beneath that bright star, there's your Lord in a manger!
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;
Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salvation:
Arise all ye pilgrims and lift up your voices,
And shout—The Redeemer! while heaven rejoices.
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,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 The kingdom is yours by the will of the Father,
Whose uplifted hand just the righteous will gather,
Before all the wicked will pass as by fire,
The heavens shall shine with the coming Messiah.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

HYMN 10. L. M.
He Died! The Great Redeemer Died!
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 He died! the great Redeemer died!
And Israel's daughters wept around;
A solemn darkness veil'd the sky;
A sudden trembling shook the ground!

2 Come Saints and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory died for men!
But lo! what sudden joys were heard,
Jesus though dead's reviv'd again!

4 The rising Lord forsook the tomb,
(In vain the tomb forbid his rise,)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Wipe off your tears, ye Saints and tell
How high your great deliv'rer reigns:
Sing how he triumph'd over hell,
And how he'll bind your foe in chains.

6 Say, "Live forever wond'rous King!
Born to redeem and strong to save!
Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

HYMN 11. P. M.
Earth with Her Ten Thousand Flowers

Thomas R. Taylor 1807-1835

1 Earth with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Heaven's infinite expanse;
Ocean's resplendent countenance—
All around, and all above,
Hath this record—God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stir'd—
Sacred songs, beneath, above,
Have one Chorus—God is love.

3 All the hopes that sweetly start,
From the fountain of the heart;
All the bliss that ever comes,
To our earthly—human homes—
All the voices from above,
Sweetly whisper—God is love.

HYMN 12. P. M.
Praise to God, Immortal Praise
Anna Barbauld 1772

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fat'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

5 Thanks to thee our God we owe;
Source from whence all blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 13. P. M.
Guide Us, O Thou Great Jehovah
William Williams 1717–1791

1 Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,
Saints upon the promis'd land;
We are weak but thou art able,
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Holy Spirit,
Feed us till the Savior comes.

2 Open, Jesus, Zion's fountains:
Let her richest blessings come;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Guard us in this holy home:
Great Redeemer,
Bring, O bring the welcome day!

3 When the earth begins to tremble,
Bid our fearful thoughts be still;
When thy judgments spread destruction,
Keep us safe on Zion's hill,
Singing praises,
Songs of glory, unto thee.

HYMN 14. C. M.
We're Not Ashamed to Own Our Lord
William W. Phelps 1792-1872

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 15. C. M.

Joy to the World! The Lord Will Come!

William W. Phelps 1792–1872, adapted from Isaac Watts 1674–1748

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 blessing 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 16. P. M.
An Angel Came Down from the Mansions of Glory
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 An angel came down from the mansions of glory,
And told that a record was hid in Cumorah,
Containing the fulness of Jesus's gospel;
And also the cov'nant to gather his people.
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 pow'r 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 nation,
For great things await you in this generation:
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 17. P. M.
To Him that Made the World
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

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 heavenly 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 18. P. M.
Now Let Us Rejoice in the Day of Salvation
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation,
No longer as strangers on earth need we roam;
Good tidings are sounding to us and each nation,
And shortly the hour 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,
And Jesus will say to all Israel: Come home!

3 We'll love one another and never dissemble,
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,
And Jesus will say to all Israel: Come home!

5 In faith we'll rely on the arm of Jehovah,
To guide through these last days of trouble and gloom;
And after the scourges and harvest are over,
We'll rise 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 as the angel of heaven:
And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
And Christ and his people will ever be one.

HYMN 19. L. M.
Ere Long the Veil Will Rend in Twain
Parley P. Pratt 1807-1857

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 underground;
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 20. L. M. Z
My Soul is Full of Peace and Love

Frederick G. Williams 1787-1842

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

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

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

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

HYMN 21. L. M.
The Happy Day has Rolled On
Frederick G. Williams 1787-1842

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

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

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

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

HYMN 22. L. M.
The Great and Glorious Gospel Light
Frederick G. Williams 1787–1842

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 23. P. M.
This Earth was Once a Garden Place
(Adam-ondi-Ahman)

William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 This earth was once a garden place,
With all her glories common;
And men did live a holy race,
And worship Jesus face to face,
In Adam-ondi-Ahman.

2 We read that Enoch walk'd with God,
Above the pow'r of Mammon:
While Zion spread herself abroad,
And Saints and angels sung aloud
In Adam-ondi-Ahman.

3 Her land was good and greatly blest,
Beyond old Israel's Canaan:
Her fame was known from east to west;
Her peace was great, and pure the rest
Of Adam-ondi-Ahman.

4 Hosanna to such days to come—
The Savior's second comin'—
When all the earth in glorious bloom,
Affords the Saints a holy home
Like Adam-ondi-Ahman.

HYMN 24. P. M.
Gently Raise the Sacred Strain
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 Gently raise the sacred strain,
For the Sabbath 's come again,
That man may rest,
And return his thanks to God,
For his blessings to the blest.

2 Holy day, devoid of strife,
For to seek eternal life,
That great reward,
And partake the sacrament,
In remembrance of the Lord.

3 Sweetly swell the solemn sound,
While we bring our gifts around,
Of broken hearts,
As a willing sacrifice,
Showing what his grace imparts.

4 Happy type of things to come,
When the Saints are gather'd home,
To praise the Lord,
In eternity of bliss,
All as one with one accord.

5 Holy, holy is the Lord,
Precious, precious is his word,
Repent and live;
Though your sins are crimson red,
O repent and he'll forgive.

6 Softly sing the joyful lay
For the Saints to fast and pray,
As God ordains,
For his goodness and his love
While the Sabbath day remains.

HYMN 25. P. M.
When Joseph His Brethren Beheld
John Newton, 1779

1 When Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear.

2 Awhile his behavior was rough,
To bring their past sins to their mind;
But when they were humbled enough
He hasten'd to show himself kind.

3 How little they thought it was he
Whom they had ill-treated and sold!
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told!

4 "I am Joseph, your brother," he said,
"And still to my heart you are dear;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here."

5 Though greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.

6 "Can Joseph, whom we would have slain
Forgive us the evil we did?
And, will he our households maintain?
O, this is a brother indeed!"

7 Thus dragged by my conscience, I came,
All laden with guilt, to the Lord;
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.

8 At first He looked stern and severe,
What anguish then piercèd my heart!
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, Thou cursèd, depart!

9 But O! what surprise when He spoke,
While tenderness beamed in His face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelmed and confounded by grace:

10 "Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain;
I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.

11 "I am Jesus, whom thou hast blasphemed,
And crucified often afresh;
But let Me henceforth be esteemed,
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh:

12 My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will fully supply;
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.

13 Go, publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come,
The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them that yet there is room.

14 O, sinners, the message obey!
No more vain excuses pretend;
But come, without further delay,
To Jesus, our brother and friend.

Note:

Only verses 1-6 were available in the Church of Latter Day Saints hymnal.

HYMN 26. P. M.
Now We'll Sing with One Accord
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 Now we'll sing with one accord,
For a prophet of the Lord,
Bringing forth his precious word,
Cheers the Saints as anciently.

2 When the world in darkness lay,
Lo, he sought the better way,
And he heard the Savior say,
“Go and prune my vineyard, son!”

3 And an angel surely, then,
For a blessing unto men,
Brought the priesthood back again,
In its ancient purity.

4 Even Joseph he inspires:
Yea, his heart he truly fires,
With the light that he desires
For the work of righteousness.

5 And the book of Mormon, true,
With its cov'nant ever new,
For the Gentile and the Jew,
He translated sacredly.

6 The commandments to the church,
Which the Saints will always search,
(Where the joys of heaven perch,)
Came through him from Jesus Christ.

7 Precious are his years to come,
While the righteous gather home,
For the great Millenium,
Where he'll rest in blessedness.

8 Prudent in this world of woes,
He will triumph o'er his foes,
While the realm of Zion grows
Purer for eternity.

HYMN 27. P. M.
Through All the World Below
Unknown

1 Through all the world below,
God we see all around:
Search hills and valleys through,
There he's found;
The growing of the corn,
The lilly and the thorn,
The pleasant and forlorn,
All declare, God is there,
In meadows dress'd in green,
There he's seen.

2 See springing waters rise,
Fountains flow, rivers run;
The mist beclouds the skies;
Hides the sun;
Then down the rain doth pour,
The ocean it doth roar,
And beat upon the shore,
All to praise in their lays;
A God that ne'er declines—
His designs.

3 The sun with all his rays,
Speaks of God as he flies;
The comet with her blaze,
God, she cries;
The shining of the stars,
The moon when it appears,
His glorious name declares,
As they fly through the sky;
While shades of silent sound—
Join the round.

4 Then let my station be—
Here in life where I see,
The sacred One in three;
All agree,
In all the works he's made:
The forest and the globe;

Nor let one be afraid;
Though I dwell on a hill,
While nature's works declare—
God is there.

5 When God to Moses shew,
Glories more than Peru;
His face alone withdrew,
From his view;
Mount Sinai is the place,
For God to show his grace,
While Moses sang his praise;
See him rise through the skies,
And view old Canaan's ground,
All around.

6 Elijah's servant hears,
From the hill and declares;
A little cloud appears:
Dry your tears;
Our Lord transfigur'd is,
With the two Saints of his,
As saith the witnesses;
See him shine all divine:
While Olive's Mount is blest,
With the rest.

7 Not India full of gold,
With the wonders we are told;
Nor seraphs strong and bold:
Can uphold,
The mountain Calvary,
Where Christ our Lord did die:
Hark! hear the God-man cry:
Mountains quake, heavens shake,
While God their author's Ghost,
Left the coast.

8 And now from Calvary,
We may stand here and spy;
Beyond this lower sky,
Far on high,
Mount Zion's shining hill,

Where Saints and angels dwell,
And hear them sing and tell,
Of our Lord, with accord,
And join in Moses' song—
Heart and tongue.

9 Since hills are honor'd thus,
By our Lord in his course,
Let them not be by us,
Call'd accurs'd:
Forbid it mighty king,
But rather let us sing,
Since hills and mountains ring;
Echo fly through the sky,
And heaven hear the sound—
From the ground.

HYMN 28. P. M.
The Sun that Declines in the Far Western Sky

Thomas B. Marsh 1800–1866

1 The sun that declines in the far western sky,
Has roll'd o'er our heads till the summer's gone by;
And hush'd are the notes of the warblers of spring
That in the green bow'r did exultingly sing.

2 The changes for autumn already appear:
A harvest of plenty has crown'd the glad year;
While soft smiling zephyrs, our fancies to please,
Bring odors of joy from the laden fruit trees.

3 As the summer of youth passes swiftly along,
And silvery locks soon our temples adorn:
So the fair smiling landscape and flowery lawn,
Though lost is their beauty—their glory has come:

4 O when the sweet summer of life shall have fled,
Her joys and her sorrows entomb'd with the dead,
Then may we by faith like good Enoch arise,
And be crown'd with the just in the midst of the skies.

5 Descend with the Savior in glory profound,
And reign in perfection when satan is bound;
While love and sweet union together shall blend,
And peace, gentle peace, like a river extend.

HYMN 29 L. M.
The Towers of Zion Soon Shall Rise

William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 The towers of Zion soon shall rise
Above the clouds, and reach the skies;
Attract the gaze and wond'ring eyes
Of all that worship, gloriously.

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

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

4 Then shall the veil of heaven rend,
And the Son of Man will descend,
A vast eternity to spend
In perfect peace and righteousness.

5 Exalt the name of Zion's God!
Praise ye his name in songs aloud:
Proclaim his majesty abroad,
Ye banner-bearing messengers:

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

HYMN 30 P. M.
Let All the Saints Their Hearts Prepare
Unknown

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 claims,
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 31. P. M.
Let Us Pray, Gladly Pray
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

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

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

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

HYMN 32. P. M.
Awake, O Ye People! The Savior is Coming
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 Awake, O ye people! the Savior is coming;
He'll suddenly come to his temple, we hear;
Repentance is needed of all that are living,
To gain them a lot of inheritance near.
To-day will soon pass, and that unknown tomorrow,
May leave many souls in a more dreadful sorrow,
Than came by the flood, or that fell on Gomorrah—
Yea, weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

2 Be ready, O islands, the Savior is coming;
He'll bring again Zion the prophets declare;
Repent of your sins, and have faith in redemption.
To gain you a lot of inheritance there.
A voice to the nations in season is given,
To show the return of the glories of Eden,
And call the elect from the four winds of heaven,
For Jesus is coming to reign on the earth.

HYMN 33 L. M.
What Wond'rous Things We Now Behold
Unknown

1 What wond'rous things we now behold,
Which were declar'd from days of old,
By prophets, who, in vision clear,
Beheld those glories from afar.

2 The visions which Almighty God,
Confirm'd by his unchanging word,
That to the ages then unborn,
His greatest work he would perform.

3 The second time he'd set his hand
To gather Israel to their land,
Fulfil the cov'nants he had made,
And pour his blessings on their head.

4 When Moab's remnant, long oppress'd,
Should gather'd be and greatly blest:
And Ammon's children, scatter'd wide,
Return with joy, in peace abide.

5 While Elam's race a feeble band,
Receive a share in the blest land;
And Gentiles, all their power display
To hasten on the glorious day.

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 34 C. M.
There is a Land the Lord will Bless
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 There is a land the Lord will bless,
Where all the Saints shall come;
There is a day for righteousness,
When Israel gathers home.

2 Before the word goes forth— Destroy!
And all the wicked burn,
With songs of everlasting joy,
The pure-in-heart return.

3 Their fields along Missouri's flood,
Are in perspective seen,
As unto Israel "Canaan stood,
While Jordan flow'd between."

4 Though wicked men and Satan strive,
To keep them from that land,
And from their homes the Saints they drive,
To try the Lord's command:

5 There all the springs of God will be;
And there an end of strife;
And there the righteous rising free,
Shall have eternal life.

6 There shall the will of God be done,
And Saints and angels greet;
And there, when all in Christ is one,
The best from worlds shall meet.

7 There in the resurrection morn',
The living live again,
And all the children will be born
Without the sting of sin.

8 How long, our Father, O how long
Shall that pure time delay?
Come on, come on, ye holy throng,
And bring the glorious day.

HYMN 35. P. M.

There's a Feast of Fat Things for the Righteous Preparing

William W. Phelps 1792–1872

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 Bridegroom.

2 Go forth all ye servants unto every nation,
And lift up your voices and make proclamation,
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 tomorrow,
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 quarters, 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 together:
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 Jesus shall come,)
To welcome forever, the holy Bridegroom.

10 Go gather the willing, and push them together,
Yea, 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 Napthali, Issachar, Levi and Dan,
Gad, Zebulon, Asher, and come Benjamin.

12 Be faithful and just to the end of your calling,
Till Bab'lon the great—she is fallen! is fallen!
Then return and receive the just servants' 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.

HYMN 36. P. M.
There's a Power in the Sun
Unknown

1 There's a power in the sun,
And a majesty on high,
Ever showing unto man—
O behold the Lord is nigh!

2 There's a brilliance in the moon,
And a beauty in the sky,
Always telling to the world—
O behold the Lord is nigh!

3 There's a glory in the stars,
And the planets rolling by,
Shining nightly to the earth—
O behold the Lord is nigh!

4 There's a grandeur in the clouds,
And the lightning streaking by,
Thund'ring loudly in our ears—
O behold the Lord is nigh!

5 There's an image in the winds,
Singing sweetly as they fly,
To the end all flesh may know—
O behold the Lord is nigh!

6 There's a spirit, too, in man,
For to turn his hopes on high,
Whisp'ring softly to the heart—
O behold the Lord is nigh!

Morning Hymns

HYMN 37. C. M.
Lord in the Morning Thou Shalt Hear
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 Lord in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the heav'ns where Christ has gone,
To plead for all his Saints,
Presenting at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand:
The righteous shall be thy delight
And dwell at thy right hand.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

5 O do thou give my daily bread,—
And be my sins forgiven;
And let me in thy temple tread,
And learn from thee of heav'n.

HYMN 38. C. M.
Once More, My Soul, The Rising Day
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

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 heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall sing his praise;
And I will glory in his name
While he extends my days.

4 And when my mortal course is done,
And I must yield my breath;
O may my soul, bright as the sun,
Shine o'er the night of death.

HYMN 39. S. M.
See how the Morning Sun
Elizabeth Scott 1708–1776

1 See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Then would my rising soul
Of heaven's parent sing;
And spread the truth from pole to pole,
Of Jesus my great King.

3 In faith I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept and I awoke and found,
That he was just as near.

4 O Lord I want to live
So humble unto thee,
That in my presence I may spend
A blest eternity.

5 Give me thy Spirit, then,
To guide me through this day,
That I may be upright and just,
And always watch and pray.

HYMN 40. L. M.
My God, How Endless Is Thy Love
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 My God, how endless is thy love,
Descending like the morning dew;
Thy glorious gifts come from above,
And all thy mercies too.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night;
Thine angels guard my sleeping hours;
The rising sun returns his light,
And thou awakens all my pow'rs.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days;
Such cheering blessings from thy hand,
Demand my grateful songs of praise:

4 Demand my pray'r, demand my heart,
From hour to hour; from day to day:
Hosanna! God will do his part,
For he will hear, when I do pray.

HYMN 41. P. M.
Awake! for the Morning is Come
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 Awake! for the morning is come:
Rejoice in the Lord, and trust in his mercy,
And pray unto him, in meekness and love,
For knowledge and health, and all his good blessings,
To comfort and happify home.

2 O Lord, thou good Shepherd and King—
We want, through the day, to feed in thy pastures,
And feast on thy bounteous goodness and grace:
O lead us along the banks of still waters,
To gladden our hearts and to sing.

3 Lord turn all our hearts unto thee,
To walk in the paths of virtue and wisdom,
To live in the bonds of union and peace,
And glorify thee on earth as in heaven:
O keep us unspotted and free!

4 O thou art the staff and the rod,
On which we can lean in ev'ry condition;
In youth and in age, or valley of death,
For raiment and food, for joy and for comfort:
So praise ye the Lord, who is God.

HYMN 42. L. M.
Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun
Thomas Ken 1695

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last;
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform like you my Maker's will;
O! may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do or say,
That all my powers, with all their mite,
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father Son, and Holy Ghost.

Evening Hymns

HYMN 43. C. M.
Come Let Us Sing an Evening Hymn
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 Come let us sing an evening hymn
To calm our minds for rest,
And each one try, with single eye,
To praise the Savior best.

2 Yea, let us sing a sacred song
To close the passing day:
With one accord, call on the Lord,
And ever watch and pray.

3 O thank the Lord for grace and gifts,
Renew'd in latter days;
For truth and light, to guide us right,
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

4 For ev'ry line we have receiv'd,
To turn our hearts above:
For ev'ry word, and ev'ry good,
That's fill'd our souls with love.

5 O let us raise a holier strain,
For blessings great as ours,
And be prepar'd while angels guard
Us through our slumb'ring hours.

6 O may we sleep and wake in joy,
While life with us remains:
And then go home beyond the tomb,
Where peace forever reigns.

HYMN 44. C. M.
Lord Thou Wilt Hear Me When I Pray
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
O may I never sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep:
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

HYMN 45. L M.
Glory to Thee, My God, this Night
Thomas Ken 1709

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The sins that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

7 May he celestial joys rehearse,
And thought in thought with me converse,
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

8 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, to sing thy love.

9 O when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King!

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 46. L. M.
Great God! to Thee My Evening Song

Anne Steele, 1716–1778

1 Great God! to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wonderous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 47. L. M.
When Restless on My Bed I Lie
Baptist W. Noel 1799–1873

1 When restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power,
Illumine the lone and midnight hour.

2 If hush'd the breeze, and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of mem'ry glide,
And all the past, a gentle train,
Wak'd by remembrance, live again.

3 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky.
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

4 Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,
O mark my trembling soul, and save!
Give to my view that harbor near,
Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear!

HYMN 48. S. M.

The Day is Past and Gone

Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen 1670–1739 (Translated by Frances Bevan 1827–1909)

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
While we retire to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night
Secure from all our fears:
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy kingdom rest,
Where all is peace and love.

Farewell Hymns

HYMN 49. P. M.
The Gallant Ship is Under Way
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

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 visitor's wreath to twine.
'Tis not for trasurers that are hid
In mountain or in dell!
'Tis not for joys like these I bid
My native land farewell.

3 I go to break the fowler's snare,
To gather Israel home:
I go the name of Christ to bear
In lands and isles unknown.
And when my pilgrim feet shall tread
On land where darkness dwells,
Where light and truth have long since fled
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, forever nigh,
He will my fears dispel:
This hope supports me when I sigh—
My native land farewell.

5 I go devoted to his cause,
And to his will resign'd;
His presence will supply the loss

Of all I leave behind.
His promise cheers the sinking heart,
And lights the darkest cell,
To exil'd pilgrims grace imparts—
My native land farewell.

6 I go because my master calls;
He's made my duty plain—
No danger can the heart appal
When Jesus stoops to reign!
And now the vessel's side we've made;
The sails their bosoms swell:
Thy beauties in the distance fade—
My native land farewell.

HYMN 50. P. M.
Farewell, Our Friends and Brethren!
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 Farewell, our friends and brethren!
Here take the parting hand—
We go to preach the gospel
To ev'ry foreign land.

2 Farewell our wives and children,
Who render life so sweet—
Dry up your tears—be faithful
Till we again do meet.

3 Farewell ye scenes of childhood,
And fancies of our youth;
We go to combat error
With everlasting truth.

4 Farewell all carnal pleasure,
Which gilds the scenes of mirth,
Your days are surely number'd
To trouble man on earth.

5 Farewell, farewell our country—
Our home is now abroad
To labor in the vineyard,
In righteousness for God.

6 The gallant ships are ready
To waft us o'er the sea,
To gather up the blessed,
That Zion may be free.

HYMN 51. P. M.
Yes, My Native Land, I Love Thee
Samuel Francis Smith 1808–1895

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well,
Friends, connexions, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in distant lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I—say Farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in distant lands to dwell?

3 Holy scenes of joy and gladness,
Ev'ry fond emotion swell,
Can I banish heart-felt sadness
While I bid my home farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in distant lands to dwell?

4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well!
Faraway, 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 52. P. M.
Adieu, My Dear Brethren Adieu
Seth Mattison 1835

1 Adieu, my dear brethren adieu,
Reluctant we give you the hand,
No more to assemble with you,
Till we on mount Zion shall stand.

2 Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle compassionate love,
Henceforth in our mem'ry shall last,
Though far from your sight we remove.

3 Our hearts swell with tender regret,
And sigh at each parting embrace,
While heaven our course must direct,
And others succeed in our place.

4 When journeying the gospel to preach,
Our course among strangers we steer,
Repentance and faith we will teach,
To all that are willing to hear.

5 O Shepherd of Israel draw near!
Thy glorious presence display,
Our parting reflections to cheer,
And help us thy voice to obey.

6 Help us to refrain from each ill,
Press forward for glory and peace,
Our sacred engagements fulfil,
Till thou shalt command our release.

7 Then may we to Zion repair,
And wait our blest Master to see,
To spend the Millenium there,
From sin and from sorrow set free.

8 How cheerful the thoughts of that rest,
With Jesus our Savior to reign,
Till we shall be chang'd with the blest,
And glory celestial obtain.

On Baptism

HYMN 53. P. M.
Come Ye Children of the Kingdom
Thomas R. Taylor 1807–1835

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

2 There's a line contained in Matthew
What the Savior said to John,
And the sacred words from heaven,
This is my beloved Son.

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

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

HYMN 54. P. M.
Jesus, Mighty King of Zion
John Fellows 1783

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

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

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

HYMN 55 P. M.
In Jordan's Tide the Prophet Stands

John Rippon 1751–1836

1 In Jordan's tide the prophet stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the right demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye men behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But, lo! from yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of dazling glory spread!
Dove-like the Eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they see the power divine
Around the Savior's temples shine.

4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song!
"This is my well-beloved Son;
"I see, well pleas'd, what he hath done."

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

HYMN 56. P. M.
Salem's Bright King, Jesus by Name
Unknown

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 opening heaven now complies,
The Holy Ghost like lightning flies,
Down from the courts above:
And on the holy heavenly 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.

On Sacrament

HYMN 57. P. M.
O God th' Eternal Father
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 O God th' eternal Father,
Who dwells amid the sky,
In Jesus' 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'rings of thy Son
And always have his Spirit
To make our hearts as one.

3 When Jesus, the anointed,
Descended from above,
And gave himself a ransom
To win our souls with love;
With no apparent beauty,
That men should him desire—
He was the promis'd Savior,
To purify with fire.

4 How infinite that wisdom,
The plan of holiness,
That made salvation perfect,
And vail'd the Lord in flesh,
To walk upon his footstool,
And be like man, (almost,)
In his exalted station,
And die—or all was lost!

5 'Twas done—all nature trembled!
Yet, by the pow'r of faith,
He rose as God triumphant,

And broke the bands of death:
And, rising conq'rer, "captive
He led captivity,"
And sat down with the Father
To fill eternity.

6 He is the true Messiah,
That died and lives again;
We look not for another,
He is the Lamb 'twas slain;
He is the Stone and Shepherd
Of Israel—scatter'd far;
The glorious Branch from Jesse:
The bright and Morning Star.

7 Again, he is that Prophet
That Moses said should come,
Being raised among his brethren,
To call the righteous home,
And all that will not hear him,
Shall feel his chast'ning rod,
Till wickedness is ended,
As saith the Lord our God.

8 He comes, he comes in glory,
(The vail has vanish'd too,)
With angels, yea our fathers,
To drink this cup anew—
And sing the songs of Zion
And shout—'Tis done, 'tis done!
While every son and daughter
Rejoices—we are one.

HYMN 58. L. M.
'Twas on that Dark, that solemn Night
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 'Twas on that dark, that solemn night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose,
Against the Son, e'en God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bles'd, and brake—
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin;
"Receive and eat the living food."
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine,
"Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

5 For us his precious blood was spilt,
To purchase pardon for our guilt:
When for our sins, he suff'ring dies
And gave his life a sacrifice.

6 "Do this", he cried, "till time shall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying friend;
"Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed Lord."

7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 59. P. M.
Arise, My Soul, Arise
Charles Wesley 1742

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 that ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear annointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

HYMN 60. C. M.
Behold the Savior of Mankind
Samuel Wesley 1662–1735

1 Behold the Savior of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 61. C. M.
Alas! and did My Savior Bleed!
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed!
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

On Marriage

HYMN 62. P. M.
When Earth was Dress'd in Beauty
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 When earth was dress'd in beauty,
And join'd with heav'n above.
The Lord took Eve to Adam,
And taught them how to love.

2 On such a grand occasion,
As union had begun,
They held a sweet communion,
And join'd the twain as one.

3 And bless'd them as an altar,
For chaste and pure desire,
That no unhallow'd being
Might offer there "strange fire."

4 Beware of all temptation;
Be good, be just, be wise,
Be even as the angels,
That dwell in Paradise.

5 Go multiply,—replenish,
And fill the earth with men,
That all your vast creation,
May come to God again:—

6 And dwell amid perfection,
In Zion's wide domains,
Where union is eternal,
And Jesus ever reigns.

Miscellaneous

HYMN 63. P. M.
Amazing Grace
John Newton 1779

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

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

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

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, 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 called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

7 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

Note:

Originally "O stop and tell me, Red Man" in the Church of Latter Day Saints hymnal.

1 O stop and tell me, Red Man,
Who are ye? why you roam?
And how you get your living?
Have you no God;—no home?
2 With stature straight and portly,
And deck'd in native pride,
With feathers, paints and broaches,
He willingly replied:—
3 "I once was pleasant Ephraim,
"When Jacob for me pray'd;
"But oh! how blessings vanish,
"When man from God has stray'd!
4 "Before your nation knew us,
"Some thousand moons ago,
"Our fathers fell in darkness,
"And wander'd to and fro,
5 "And long they've liv'd by hunting,
"Instead of work and arts,
"And so our race has dwindled
"To idle Indian hearts.
6 "Yet hope within us lingers,
"As if the Spirit spoke:—
"He'll come for your redemption,
"And break your Gentile yoke:
7 "And all your captive brothers,
"From every clime shall come,
"And quit their savage customs,
"To live with God at home.
8 "Then joy will fill our bosoms,
"And blessings crown our days,
"To live in pure religion,
"And sing our maker's praise."

This hymn was replaced due to the cultural bias of the nature of the poem and preserved here as a reminder of our past errors.

HYMN 64. P. M.
And did My Savior Die
Unknown

1 And did my Savior die,
And shed his blood for me?
O! what's the reason why,
Ungrateful I should be?

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

3 O, may I courage have,
From time to time to tell,
My progress while I live,
On this terrestrial ball.

4 Help me O Lord to live,
And thy commandments keep,
Thy Spirit freely give,
Until in thee I sleep.

HYMN 65. P. M.
Come All Ye Sons of Zion

Thomas Davenport 1815–1888

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 66. P. M.
Let Zion in Her Beauty Rise
Edward Partridge 1793–1840

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 blackness will be cloth'd,
All nature look affright!
While men, rebellious wicked men,
Gaze heedless on the sight.

4 The earth shall reel, the 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 valley 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 67. C. M.

Jesus, the Name that Charms Our Fears
(O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing)

Charles Wesley 1739

1 Glory to God, and praise and love,
Be ever, ever given;
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

2 On this glad day the glorious Sun
Of righteousness arose,
On my benighted soul he shone,
And filled it with repose.

3 Sudden expired the legal strife;
'Twas then I ceased to grieve.
My second, real, living life,
I then began to live.

4 Then with my heart I first believed,
Believed with faith divine;
Power with the Holy Ghost received
To call the Savior mine.

5 I felt my Lord's atoning blood
Close to my soul applied;
Me, me he loved - the Son of God
For me, for me he died!

6 I found and owned his promise true,
Ascertained of my part,
My pardon passed in heaven I know,
When written on my heart.

7 O For a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

8 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the world abroad

The honors of Thy name.

9 Jesus the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the Christian's ear;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

10 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

11 He speaks—and list'ning to his voice,
Sinners new life receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

12 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

13 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

14 See all your sins on Jesus laid;
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

15 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,
In holy triumph join!
Saved is the sinner that believes,
From crimes as great as mine.

16 Murderers, and all ye hellish crew,
Ye sons of lust and pride,
Believe the Savior died for you;
For me the Saviour died.

17 Awake from fallen nature's sleep,

And Christ will give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white:

18 With me your chief ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Note:

Originally in the Church of Latter Day Saints hymnal Emma selected the following verses only, in the following order:

9, 11, 17, 18, 7, 10, 12:

*1 Jesus the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the Christian's ear;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.*

*2 He speaks—and list'ning to his voice,
Sinners new life receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.*

*3 Awake from fallen nature's sleep,
And Christ will give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white:*

*4 With me your chief ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.*

*5 O for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.*

*6 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin;
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.*

*7 Hear him ye deaf, his praise ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind behold your Savior come,
And leap ye lame for joy.*

HYMN 68. C. M.
Come all Ye Saints, Who Dwell on Earth
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 Come all ye Saints, who dwell on earth,
Your cheerful voices raise,
Our great Redeemer's love to sing,
And celebrate his praise.

2 His love is great, he died for us,
Shall we ungrateful be?
Since he has mark'd a road to bliss,
And said, Come follow me.

3 The strait and narrow way we've found,
Then let us travel on,
Till we in the celestial world,
Shall meet where Christ is gone.

4 And there we'll join the heav'nly choir,
And sing his praise above;
While endless ages roll around,
Perfected by his love.

HYMN 69. L. M.
God Spake the Word, and Time Began

William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 God spake the word, and time began;
He spake and gave his law to man;
His presence oft did Adam cheer,
Who lov'd the voice of God to hear.

2 But, by and by the scene was chang'd,
Our parents broke the Lords command;
They lost their innocence, and fled
Among the trees, and strove to hide.

3 From God their Father; but in vain,
For soon the Lord appear'd again,
And call'd to Adam in the wood,
Who felt condemn'd and trembling stood.

4 So wicked men, in every age,
Far from the God of heav'n have stray'd,
Till near six thousand years have fled,
And left the world with faith that's dead.

5 By faith, the ancients sought the Lord,
From time to time obtain'd his word,
Not only they but so may we,
When faith and works do both agree.

6 From Adam to the present day,
Many have sought a righteous way;
And some have found the narrow road,
And Enoch-like, have walk'd with God.

7 In every age, God is the same,
But men, they change from time to time.
While sinners take the counter road,
The man of faith approaches God.

8 Experience and the word agree,
Draw nigh says God; I'll draw nigh thee.
Then are they wise who do deny,
The works of faith beneath the sky?

HYMN 70. C. M.
Great is the Lord: 'Tis Good to Praise
Eliza R. Snow 1804–1887

1 Great is the Lord: 'tis good to praise
His high and holy name:
Well may the Saints in latter days
His wondrous 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 favored land;
Where truth, and righteousness 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 71. C. M.
The Glorious Day is Rolling On

Eliza R. Snow 1804–1887

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 72. L. M.
Before this Earth from Chaos Sprung
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

1 Before this earth from chaos sprung,
Or morning stars together sung,
Jehovah saw what would take place
In all the vast extent of space.

2 He spoke; this world to order came,
And men he made lord of the same,
Great things to them he did make known,
Which should take place in days to come.

3 Those holy men minutely told,
What future ages would unfold,
Scenes God had purpos'd should take place,
Down to the last of Adam's race.

4 But we will pass those ancients by,
Who spoke and wrote by prophecy,
Until we come to him of old,
E'en Joseph whom his breth'ren sold.

5 He prophesied of this our day,
That God would unto Israel say,
The gospel light you now shall see,
And from your bondage be set free.

6 He said God would raise up a seer,
The hearts of Jacob's sons to cheer,
And gather them again in bands,
In latter days upon their lands.

7 He likewise did foretell the name,
That should be given to the same,
His and his father's should agree,
And both like his should Joseph be.

8 This seer like Moses should obtain,
The word of God for man again;
A spokesman God would him prepare,
His word when written to declare.

9 According to his holy plan,
The Lord has now rais'd up the man,
His latter day work to begin,
To gather scatter'd Israel in.

10 This seer shall be esteemed high,
By Joseph's remnants by and by,
He is the man who's call'd to raise,
And lead Christ's church in these last days.

11 The keys which Peter did receive,
To rear a kingdom God to please.
Have once more been confer'd on man,
To bring about Jehovah's plan.

12 The key of knowledge long since lost,
Has virtue still as at the first,
To bring to light things of great worth,
And thus with knowledge fill the earth.

13 Then none need to his neighbor say,
Know thou the Lord, this is the way,
For all shall know him who shall stand,
Both old and young in all the land.

14 Now let the Saints both far and near,
And scatter'd Israel, when they hear
This news, rejoice in Israel's God,
And sing, and praise his name aloud.

HYMN 73. P. M
Thy Mercy, My God, is the Theme of My Song
John Stocker 1776

1 Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But, through thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolv'd by the goodness I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy to me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine,
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

HYMN 74. P. M.
From Greenland's Icy Mountains
Reginald Heber 1819

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 ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 75. P. M.
O Jesus! the Giver

William W. Phelps 1792–1872, adapted from Unknown

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

2 With joy we remember
The dawn of that day,
When, cold as December,
In darkness we lay;
The sweet invitation
We heard with surprise,
And witness'd salvation
To flow from the skies.

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

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

HYMN 76. L. M.
In Ancient Days Men Fear'd the Lord

Parley P. Pratt 1807–1857

1 In ancient days men fear'd the Lord,
And by their faith receiv'd his word,
Then God bestow'd upon the meek,
The Priesthood of Melchizedek.

2 By help of this their faith increas'd,
Till they with God spoke face to face:
An Enoch, he would walk with God;
A Noah ride safe o'er the flood.

3 Abr'ham obtain'ed great promises,
And Isaac he was also blest,
A Jacob could prevail with God;
The sea divide at Moses' rod.

4 The lions' mouth a Daniel clos'd,
The fire near scorch'd his brethren's clothes,
But time would fail to mention all
The men of faith, I'll just name Paul.

5 Who did, to the third heav'ns, arise,
And view the wonders of the skies;
He saw and heard, mysterious things,
Yet all by faith, and not by wings.

6 Such blessings to the human race,
Once more are tender'd by God's grace;
The Priesthood is again restor'd,
For this let God be long ador'd.

7 Now we by faith, like Paul and John,
May see the Father and the Son,
And view eternal things above,
And taste the sweets of boundless love.

8 And if, like them, we hated be,
Depriv'd sometimes of liberty,
We will like them, this faith defend,
What'er our fate, unto the end.

9 O Lord assist thy feeble worms,
This resolution to perform,
And we thy sacred name will praise,
Throughout the remnant of our days.

HYMN 77. C. M.
Mortals, Awake! with Angels Join
Samuel Medley 1738–1799

1 Mortals, awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.

3 The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue;
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song,
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the hev'nly throng,

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

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

HYMN 78. P. M.
The Lord into His Garden Comes
Unknown

1 The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes;
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 This makes the dry and barren ground,
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me;
Who comes to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior pitiful and kind,
Who will them all relieve:
None are too late if they repent;
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him receive.

5 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our trouble and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes like floods, we can't contain,

We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8 There we shall reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the Saints get home,
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there
For Jesus bids us come.

HYMN 79. L. M.
I Know that My Redeemer Lives
Samuel Medley 1738–1799

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head!

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need:

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint:

4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart:

5 He lives my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King:

6 He lives and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there:

7 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same:
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

HYMN 80. P. M.
How Often in Sweet Meditation, My Mind

Parley P. Pratt 1807–1857

1 How often in sweet meditation, my mind,
(Where solitude reigned 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 descend,
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 proclaim;
And nations unknown then shall hear of his
fame;
Yea, kingdoms, and countries, both Gentiles 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 Saviour 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 kingdoms 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 81. P. M.
Let Thy Kingdom, Blessed Savior

John A. Granade 1763–1807

1 Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior,
Come and bid our troubles cease;
Come, O come! and reign forever,
God of love and prince of peace;
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree:
Jesus let us hear thee call us;
Help us, Lord to follow thee;
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over evry hindrance leap;
Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come good shepherd feed thy sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Savior,
O! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here—
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good shepherd feeds his sheep.

5 Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, "Fear not, little flock;
I, myself, am your foundation,

You are built upon this Rock:
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep;
Look to me and be ye holy;
I delight to feed my sheep.”

6 Christ alone, who merit saves us,
Taught by him we'll own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
How it doth our souls inflame!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN 82. P. M.

How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord

Robert Keen 1787

1 How firm a foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said?
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'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

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

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

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

HYMN 83. P. M.
How Pleasant 'tis to See
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree;
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

HYMN 84. P. M.
How Pleased and Blest was I

Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
“Come, let us seek our God today!”
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 wondrous 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 judgment there:
He bids the Saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every 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 85. P. M.

Though in the Outward Church Below

John Newton, 1779

1 Though in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?

3 No! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise,

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends:
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7 O! awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

HYMN 86. C. M.
O God! Our Help in Ages Past
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under shadow of thy throne;
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
"From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

7 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

HYMN 87. C. M.
Hark! from the Tombs a Doleful Sound

Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry:
“Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow’rs;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Shall lie as low as ours.”

3 Great God! is this our certain doom!
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepar’d no more!

4 Grant us the pow’r of quick’ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We’ll rise above the sky.

HYMN 88. C. M.
Why Do We Mourn for Dying Friends
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 Why do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey,
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his Saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations underground;
Ye Saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 89. L. M.
Why Should We Start and Fear to Die!
Isaac Watts 1674–1748

1 Why should we start and fear to die!
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 90. P. M.
The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning
William W. Phelps 1792–1872

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 returning;
The angels are coming to visit the earth.
We'll sing & we'll shout with the armies 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' understanding—
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 heaven 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 We'll wash, and be wash'd, and with oil be anointed
Withal not omitting the washing of feet:
For he that receiveth his penny appointed,
Must surely be clean at the harvest of wheat.
We'll sing and we'll shout &c.

5 Old Israel that fled from the world for his freedom,
Must come with the cloud and the pillar, amain:
A Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua lead him,
And feed him on manna from heaven again.
We'll sing and we'll shout &c.

6 How blessed the day when the lamb and the lion
Shall lie down together without any ire;
And Ephraim be crown'd with his blessing in Zion,
As Jesus descends with his chariots of fire!
We'll sing & we'll shout with His armies of heaven:
Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!

Let glory to them in the highest be given,
Henceforth and forever: amen and amen.

Other Hymns

HYMN 91
Abide with Me

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

1 Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see—
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

HYMN 92
Ere Long the Vail Will Rend in Twain

Frederick G. Williams 1787–1842

1 Ere long the vail will rend in twain
The king descend with all his train
The earth shall shake with awful fright
And all creation feel his might

2 The trump of of God it long shall sound
And raise the nations under ground
Throughout the vast domains of heaven
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 the 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 joined in love
A loud hosanna to proclaim
While all the heavens shall shout again
And all creation say, Amen

HYMN 93
Age After Age has Rolled Away
Frederick G. Williams 1787–1842

1 Age after age has rolled away
Since man first dwell in mortal clay
And countless millions slept in death
That once supplied a place on earth

2 According to the fate of man
Which God had fixed in his own plan
So age must come and age must go
Till work complete is here below

3 Which had been seen by saints of old
And by the prophets were foretold
Which wondrous things are drawing near
That Enoch saw and saints did cheer

4 Enoch who did convers with God
Stood on the mount and stretchd abroad
His soul wide as eternity
He rent the vail and wonders see

5 With mighty faith he did expand
O'er earth and heaven o'er sea and land
Till things above and things below
He did behold yea did them know

6 His heart he turn'd to notes above
His soul o'erwhelm'd with boundless love
He sang a song in heav'nly lays
While angels tongues join'd him in praise

7 With finger end God touch'd his eyes
That he might gaze within the skies
His voice he raised to God on high
Who heard his groans and drew him nigh

8 With joy and wonder all amaz'd
Amid the heavenly throng he gaz'd
While heavenly music charmed his ear
And angels notes remov'd all fear

9 Hosanna he aloud did cry
To God who dwells above the sky
Again, Hosanna did resound
Among the heavenly hosts around

10 His voice he rais'd in higher strain

Echo'd and re-echo'd again
Till heaven and earth his voice did hear
Eternity did record bare

11 The trump of God around the throne
Proclaim'd the power of God anon
And sounded loud what should take place
From age to age from race to race

12 Among the heavenly hosts he sang
God's scheme of life for sinful man
And for the gospel's saving grace
He prais'd the Father face to face

13 The end of all his labors here
Were all unfolded to him there
His city raised to dwell on high
With all the saints above the sky

14 He saw before him all things past
From end to end from first to last
Yea things before the world began
Or dust was fashioned into man

15 The place of Adams first abode
While in the presence of his God
Before the mountains rais'd their heads
Or the small dust of balance weigh'd

16 With God he saw his race began
And from him emanated man
And with him did in glory dwell
Before there was an earth or hell

17 From age to age whate'er took place
was present then before his face
And to the latest years of man
Was plain before him heav'ns plan

18 His eyes with wonder did behold
Eternal glories yet untold
And glorious things of latter time
Which angels have to tell to men

19 He then did hear in days of old
The message that to John was told
The angel which the news did bring
He herd him talk and herd him sing

20 And knew before the days of John

What glories were on him to dawn
The message which he did receive
He heard and saw and did believe

21 He knew full well what John should hear
Concerning times and latter years
When God again should set his hand
To gather Israel to their lands

22 The gospel then from darkest shades
Should rise and go with rapid strides
Till nations distant far and near
The glorious proclamation hear

23 The angel that this news proclaims
Should come and visit earth again
Commit the gospel long since lost
To man with power as at the first

HYMN 94
Again We Meet around the Board

Eliza R. Snow 1804–1887

1 Again we meet around the board
Of Jesus, our redeeming Lord,
With faith in his atoning blood,
Our only access unto God.

2 He left his Father's courts on high,
With man to live, for man to die,
A world to purchase and to save
And seal a triumph o'er the grave.

3 Help us, O God, to realize
The great atoning sacrifice,
The gift of thy beloved Son,
The Prince of Life, the Holy One.

4 O, bless us, Lord, for Jesus' sake,
That we may worthily partake
These emblems of the flesh and blood
Of our Redeemer, Savior, God.

HYMN 94
How Great the Wisdom and the Love

Eliza R. Snow 1804–1887

1 How great the wisdom and the love
That filled the courts on high
And sent the Savior from above
To suffer, bleed, and die!

2 His precious blood he freely spilt;
His life he freely gave,
A sinless sacrifice for guilt,
A dying world to save.

3 By strict obedience Jesus won
The prize with glory rife:
“Thy will, O God, not mine be done,”
Adorned his mortal life.

4 He marked the path and led the way,
And ev’ry point defines
To light and life and endless day
Where God’s full presence shines.

5 In mem’ry of the broken flesh
We eat the broken bread
And witness with the cup, afresh,
Our faith in Christ, our Head.

6 How great, how glorious, how complete
Redemption’s grand design,
Where justice, love, and mercy meet
In harmony divine!

HYMN 95
O My Father
Eliza R. Snow 1804–1887

1 O my Father, thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place,
When shall I regain thy presence
And again behold thy face?
In thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first primeval childhood
Was I nurtured near thy side?

2 For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth;
Yet oftentimes a secret something
Whispered, "You're a stranger here,"
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

3 I had learned to call thee Father,
Thru thy Spirit from on high,
But, until the key of knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heav'ns are parents single?
No, the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there.

4 When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal courts on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

HYMN 96
Truth Reflects upon Our Senses

Eliza R. Snow 1804–1887

1 Truth reflects upon our senses;
Gospel light reveals to some.
If there still should be offenses,
Woe to them by whom they come!
Judge not, that ye be not judged,
Was the counsel Jesus gave;
Measure given, large or grudged,
Just the same you must receive.

Blessed Savior, thou wilt guide us,
Till we reach that blissful shore
Where the angels wait to join us
In thy praise forevermore.

2 Jesus said, “Be meek and lowly,”
For ’tis high to be a judge;
If I would be pure and holy,
I must love without a grudge.
It requires a constant labor
All his precepts to obey.
If I truly love my neighbor,
I am in the narrow way.

Blessed Savior, thou wilt guide us,
Till we reach that blissful shore
Where the angels wait to join us
In thy praise forevermore.

3 Once I said unto another,
“In thine eye there is a mote;
If thou art a friend, a brother,
Hold, and let me pull it out.”
But I could not see it fairly,
For my sight was very dim.
When I came to search more clearly,
In mine eye there was a beam.

Blessed Savior, thou wilt guide us,
Till we reach that blissful shore

Where the angels wait to join us
In thy praise forevermore.

4 If I love my brother dearer,
And his mote I would erase,
Then the light should shine the clearer,
For the eye's a tender place.
Others I have oft reproved
For an object like a mote;
Now I wish this beam removed;
O, that tears would wash it out!

Blessed Savior, thou wilt guide us,
Till we reach that blissful shore
Where the angels wait to join us
In thy praise forevermore.

5 Charity and love are healing;
These will give the clearest sight;
When I saw my brother's failing,
I was not exactly right.
Now I'll take no further trouble;
Jesus' love is all my theme;
Little motes are but a bubble
When I think upon the beam.

Blessed Savior, thou wilt guide us,
Till we reach that blissful shore
Where the angels wait to join us
In thy praise forevermore.

HYMN 97
Behold the Great Redeemer Die
Eliza R. Snow 1804–1887

1 Behold the great Redeemer die,
A broken law to satisfy.
He dies a sacrifice for sin,
He dies a sacrifice for sin,
That man may live and glory win.

2 While guilty men his pains deride,
They pierce his hands and feet and side;
And with insulting scoffs and scorns,
And with insulting scoffs and scorns,
They crown his head with plaited thorns.

3 Although in agony he hung,
No murm'ring word escaped his tongue.
His high commission to fulfill,
His high commission to fulfill,
He magnified his Father's will.

4 "Father, from me remove this cup.
Yet, if thou wilt, I'll drink it up.
I've done the work thou gavest me,
I've done the work thou gavest me;
Receive my spirit unto thee."

5 He died, and at the awful sight
The sun in shame withdrew its light!
Earth trembled, and all nature sighed,
Earth trembled, and all nature sighed
In dread response, "A God has died!"

6 He lives—he lives. We humbly now
Around these sacred symbols bow
And seek, as Saints of latter days,
And seek, as Saints of latter days,
To do his will and live his praise.

HYMN 98
Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams 1041

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear, steps unto Heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me, in mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

5 Or, if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I'll fly,
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

6 There in my Father's home, safe and at rest,
There in my Savior's love, perfectly blest;
Age after age to be nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

HYMN 99
As One in Fellowship
David Ferriman

1 Come to God's temples, ye Saints of the Lord,
Join as one together and study God's Word.
No philosophy, nor creed, nor any worldly blight,
Will divide us from God's impenetrable light.

As One in Fellowship, As One in Fellowship!
As One in Fellowship, As One in Fellowship!

2 Here we will listen to prophets ages past,
We'll follow the Spirit to wisdom most vast.
All God's children in all theology,
Listening to Jesus sing: Come and follow me!

As One in Fellowship, As One in Fellowship!
As One in Fellowship, As One in Fellowship!

3 The cross shall stand witness of all that is true,
As prophets and apostles remind of what we knew.
Our hearts are the temples where God's love is found,
Thus where e're we stand shall be holy ground.

As One in Fellowship, As One in Fellowship!
As One in Fellowship, As One in Fellowship!

4 As one we claim faith in Jesus the Christ,
Dying for our sins, he paid the ultimate price!
His blood is the priesthood, his body are we,
By paying the ransom Jesus set us free!

As One in Fellowship, As One in Fellowship!
As One in Fellowship, As One in Fellowship!

5 Let us build a house where God's love shall abound,
Where peace and justice meet and hatred be confound.
And all are welcome in this place of unity,
Our place at the table comes from God's impunity.

As One in Fellowship, As One in Fellowship!
As One in Fellowship, As One in Fellowship!

HYMN 100
When the Saints Go Marching In

Sarah F. Adams 1041

1 O, when the saints go marching in
O, when the saints go marching in
O Lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.

2 O, when the drums begin to bang
O, when the drums begin to bang
O Lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.

3 O, when the stars fall from the sky
O, when the stars fall from the sky
O Lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.

4 O, when the moon turns red with blood
O, when the moon turns red with blood
O Lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.

5 O, when the trumpet sounds its call
O, when the trumpet sounds its call
O Lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.

6 O, when the horsemen begin to ride
O, when the horsemen begin to ride
O Lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.

7 O, brother Charles you are my friend
O, brother Charles you are my friend
Yea, you gonna be in that number
When the saints go marching in.

8 O, when the saints go marching in
Oh, when the saints go marching in
Oh Lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.

