

Pilgrim Songs .

BY

John Bodman,

(Late of Quemerford).



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PREFACE.

THE following "Pilgrim Songs" are taken, by permission of the family, from the notebook of our much beloved brother JOHN BODMAN, of Quemerford, who now sleeps in Christ. Known, as he was, to the many brethren who during his life gathered together year by year in fellowship at Quemerford, through his instrumentality, it was felt that those who loved and valued him would be glad to have a copy of some of his various musings in verse. Hence their publication.

I have been asked to write a short preface, but beyond stating the reason for their appearing in print, I feel that I have nothing to say in the way of commendation. They commend themselves as the breathings of a soul that loved the Lord Jesus Christ; of one who desired to be with Him, and who sought to serve Him while here. The value of such breathings does not lie so much in the communication of truth, as in the soul's appreciation of it, and thus others are comforted and encouraged by seeing what Christ can be to the one that knows and trusts Him.

T. H. R.

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NOTE.

Some of the words in a few of the verses which compose these "Pilgrim Songs," have been slightly altered from the original M.S., and others rearranged, in order to secure the uniformity of tense and metre, but without departing from the thought of the composer.

The headings to the hymns are, for the most part, copied from the Author's Note-book.

PILGRIM SONGS.

“ Written soon after finding peace, was expecting soon to be taken home. My joy was full.” 1836.

THE blissful day approaches fast
When I my loving Lord shall see,
When in that love my soul shall bask
Throughout a long eternity.

Lord Jesus haste that happy day,
My longing soul would mount above,
Would leave this heavy, cumbrous clay,
And through the heavenly mansions rove.

Oh happy day ! come, speed thy wings
And waft my longing spirit home ;
Emancipate my heaven-born soul,
Lord Jesus come ! Lord Jesus come !

Oh happy day ! oh blissful morn !
When Jordan's swelling waves are passed,
When by His great transforming power
The goal is reached, the prize is grasped.

PILGRIM SONGS.

“ Review of my Pilgrimage.”

HERE pause, my soul ! and hither stay
To trace the wonders of the way
Through which I here on earth have trod,
Upheld and guided by my God !

Long time I lived, a child of sin,
What was my shame I gloried in,
Lies were my refuge and my trust,
My thoughts corrupt, a slave to lust.

Quite dead to all both wise and good,
An enemy to God I stood ;
And Satan's ways I loved right well,
And blindly walked the way to hell.

So blind, so ignorant, so base,
I walked the hellward way apace,
While Satan oft his lies would tell,
And say, At last all will be well.

And when conviction fierce and strong
Would rise and tell me I was wrong ;
Think not on this, would Satan say,
But leave it till another day.

'Tis time enough when older grown,
Whilst young leave all these things alone ;
'Twill rob thee of thy peace and joy,
And all thy happiness destroy.

And oh ! so blinded were my eyes
I took for truth all Satan's lies,
And bid my conscience be at ease
And cease henceforth my soul to tease.

But oh ! when thus so far away
Infinite wisdom watched my way,
Upheld me when I stumbling fell
Well nigh the open jaws of hell.

Link'd by that chain so closely wove,
The chain of everlasting love ;
Tho' Satan tried, he tried in vain,
He ne'er could break that mighty chain.

This love mocked Satan's every scheme
By which he tried my soul to win,
Till last it entered deep my heart
And bade me Satan's ways depart.

Then what a change had taken place !
My heart was won by sovereign grace ;
With open eyes I soon perceived
By Satan's lies I'd been deceived.

Neither was this alone the change,
Another thing to me seemed strange ;
Satan, who feigned my friend before,
Began like thunder loud to roar.

Told me I'd gone so far in sin,
That Jesus would not take me in ;
The door was shut, it was too late,
Nothing but hell could be my fate.

I said, This came not from above,
I cannot doubt my Saviour's love,
He would not lead me thus to see,
Had He not mercy stored for me.

* * * * *

From every foe He gave me rest,
I sweetly nestled on His breast ;
My peace did like a river flow,
'Twas heaven on earth while here below.

Thus on I went from day to day,
No thought or wish on earth to stay,
Waiting for Him to call me home,
To sit with Him upon His throne.

Oh ! how I longed His face to see,
Who had in mercy rescued me
From wrath and tribulation's hour,
From hell and death and Satan's power.

And from that happy, blissful hour,
The things of earth had lost their power ;
Christ filled the vision of my soul,
And did my every thought control.

He was my theme, my joy, my song,
As day by day I passed along ;
And more of Him I longed to know,
And more like Him I longed to grow.

All else I'd count but dung and dross,
And glory only in the cross :
All its offence I'd willing bear,
And joyfully its shame would wear.

Henceforth my Lord shall ever be
Power and strength to helpless me ;
In Him alone I would possess
My wisdom and my righteousness.

My new-found joy could not be bound,
I spoke of Him to all around,
And longed that they might sharers be
Of that rich grace bestowed on me.

“ An evening thought.” Feb. 12th, 1842.

ANOTHER day has passed and gone,
For ever fled away,
My fleeting years, how fast they run,
Nor would I bid them stay.

Another day has passed away
And sunk in shades of night,
But faith beholds a glorious day
Of everlasting light.

Then let them speed their fleeting wings,
I would no longer roam,
But hasten on where Jesus is,
I long to be at home.

My Lord and Saviour then to see,
Him worship and adore ;
The One who gave Himself for me
I'll praise for evermore.

“Written for his Wedding Day.” July 29th, 1843.

BLEST Lamb of God whilst here below
Thy gracious presence didst bestow
To grace a marriage feast ;
Be with us, Lord, we humbly pray,
And richly bless our nuptial day ;
Be evermore our Guest.

Oh ! bless our basket and our store,
Supply our need for evermore,
And thankful hearts impart.
Give us the bread from heaven above,
And satiate our souls with love
From Jesu's loving heart.

Oh ! guide us all our journey through,
Daily with grace our strength renew,
From sin preserve us free.
Be Thou our wisdom, strength, and power,
Our refuge in each trying hour,
And keep us close to Thee.

Reign in our hearts most gracious Lord,
Mould all our actions by Thy word,
Thy glory our chief aim ;
And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
May we for ever, evermore
With Thee in glory reign.

Another for the same occasion.

BEFORE we part, dear friends,
Our hearts shall upwards rise
To Him whose listening ear attends
To all His children's cries.

We ask for hearts to pray,
We beg for grace to love,
We crave Thy presence on our way
As through the world we rove.

Thy peace to us impart,
Of all Thy gifts the best ;
Oh ! let it richly fill each heart,
And on our dwelling rest.

By Thy almighty power
Preserve us in Thy way,
Uphold, support us every hour,
Nor let us from Thee stray.

Thy blessing, Father, give,
And Jesu's mind bestow,
That like Thy children we may live,
And in Christ's image grow.

And when our race is run,
And time with us shall cease,
Lord Jesus, come, receive us home
To everlasting bliss.

“Written on the death of an old friend, and sister in the
Lord.”

THOU, dearest friend, and I no more
Shall meet this side of Canaan's shore,
But soon in yonder world of peace
Shall we behold each other's face.

Yes, we shall meet, oh blessed thought !
Where pain and sorrow enter not ;
Yes, we shall meet in that blest home
Where sin and death shall ne'er be known.

Yes, we shall meet, all sorrows o'er,
Where partings will be known no more,
Where sighs and tears are left behind,
And doubts and fears no place shall find.

Yes, we shall meet, no hunger know,
Nor thirst, as once we did below ;
The Lamb who in the midst shall stand
Will feed us with His gentle hand.

Yes, we shall meet where all is bright,
Nor needs the sun for heat or light ;
Jesus who on the throne we see
Our everlasting light shall be.

Yes, we shall meet, a crown to wear,
And reign as kings for ever there,
And washed in Jesu's precious blood,
As priests we shall draw nigh to God.

Yes, we shall meet arrayed in white,
To range through all the realms of light,
Accounted worthy through His blood,
Who is the spotless Lamb of God.

And then with all the blood-bought throng,
While endless ages roll along,
We'll sing the praise of Him who died
For His elect and chosen bride.

“Written after a walk with a friend by moonlight.”

How sweet in the evening to walk,
When the toils of day are all o'er,
How sweet of His wonders to talk,
And more of His wisdom explore.

How sweet the bright heavens to view,
Where God makes His glories to shine,
There wonders abound ever new,
And speak of a hand that's divine.

How sweet with a friend that is dear
In the shades of the evening to rove ;
While speaking our Jesus draws near
And warms up our hearts with His love.

How sweet on His mercy to dwell,
His love and His grace to explore,
That saved us when ruined from hell,
His name to extol and adore.

But sweeter by far it shall be
When Jesus this body shall change,
When Him whom we love we shall see,
Through regions of glory shall range.

“ After watching the sun rise.”

How sweet in the morn to behold
The sun as it shines o'er yon hill,
The beauties of earth to unfold,
And chase away night's gloomy chill.

But sweeter, far sweeter, to feel,
The Sun's cheering beams from on high,
Whose wings carry power to heal
Poor sinners now ready to die.

'Tis sweet when in sorrow's dark night,
When filled with foreboding and fear,
To feel the sweet rays of Thy light,
The spirit to warm and to cheer.

More sweet when life's journey is run,
And Jesus in glory appears,
No cloud shall pass over that Sun,
Nor shall we know darkness or fears.

Caught up to the glory above,
When Jesus around us shall pour
The rays of His infinite love,
The beams of His glory and power.

“ Behold a door was opened in heaven. A voice said, Come up hither.”

COME up, these wondrous scenes behold,
And gaze while Gabriel doth unfold
These dazzling glories to thy sight,
The wondrous scenes of glory bright.

Who can on heaven's bright threshold stand
And view the glories of that land ?
Where jasper walls and streets of gold
And precious stones His light unfold,

Where lamps of fire are burning bright,
And raiment purer than the light,
Where sparkling thrones and crowns are seen,
And seas of glass-like crystal gleam.

Who can the wondrous sight behold ?
Or who the glories can unfold—
That crowd around our Jesus now,
And crown the great Immanuel's brow ?

Let heaven break forth in loudest song
While endless ages roll along,
Let earth take up the happy strain—
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain.

Worthy the Lamb who shed His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God ;
Worthy the kingdom to receive,
All crowns and glories to Him give.

Let all in heaven before Him fall
And hail Him as the Lord of all :
Let heaven and earth His Lordship own,
Bow every knee before His throne.

Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
He through the ages long shall reign ;
Worthy the Lamb our song shall be
Both now and through eternity.

“ The foundation laid in Zion.” Isaiah xxviii.

WHEN man's foundations came to nought,
God in His wondrous grace has wrought,
Laid a foundation firm and strong
For men of faith to build upon.

'Tis a foundation proved and tried,
It has the powers of hell defied,
Shall stand when all else does decay
And heaven and earth have passed away.

Not all the changing scenes of time,
Not all within this heart of mine,
Not all the mighty host of hell,
Not Jordan's waves, tho' high they swell,
Shall e'er this firm foundation shake,
Or one bright stone from off it take.
All built thereon is firm and sure,
And shall to endless years endure,
Unmoved, unshaken it will be
Throughout a long eternity.
Upon this Rock I build my all,
For sure I am it ne'er can fall.

“As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.” Ps. xlii.

MORE than the thirsty, panting hart
Which thirsts for streams the brooks impart,
So longs my thirsty soul to be
Where flow the living waters free,
Beneath the smitten Rock abide
And drink from that o'erflowing tide.

More than the panting hart, I long
Thy glorious face to gaze upon,
And all the heights and depths to trace
Of boundless love and sovereign grace,
Where all Thy glories I shall see,
And evermore shall like Thee be.

Let days and years then hasten on,
I pant to join that glorious throng,
Who bow the knee and prostrate fall
And worship Thee as Lord of all,
Who cry aloud in endless strain.
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.’
Written to a girl in whom I was much interested.”

REMEMBER thy Creator now
While youth beams on thy cheek,
Before the furrows on thy brow
Declining years bespeak.

Remember Him, and on His Son
Let faith her anchor cast,
Then howling storms may rage and foam,
But nought thy hope shall blast.

Remember Him and seek each day
More of His grace to know,
Let all you do, or think, or say
Your love to Jesus show.

Remember Him when dark thy way,
He will thy steps direct,
Preserve thy feet from going astray,
And from all harm protect.

Remember Him as onward thou
Thy pilgrimage pursue,
And then when furrows mark thy brow
He will remember you.

"Rest." Matt. xi. February 1875.

I REST in Christ the Son of God,
The humble, lowly One ;
I rest where God has found His rest,
In His beloved Son.

I rest in Him who did the work,
So perfect and complete,
That nothing more is left to do
But worship at His feet.

I rest in Him, the risen One,
Who fills the throne on high,
The now exalted Son of man
Whom God did glorify.

I rest in Him who will return
To claim His chosen bride,
And clothe her in her royal robes,
And seat her by His side.

I rest in Him who soon will come
His glory to display,
And fill this earth with rest and peace
That ne'er shall pass away.

“ He brought me up out of an horrible pit.” February, 1875.

How deep was the pit ! how dark was the heart !

When sunken in nature's abyss ;
 No labour of man, no deeds of his own
 Could meet a condition like this.

No arm could deliver, no blood could make
 clean

A soul so polluted with sin,
 Save His, who was once in the glory of God,
 Who lay down His life to redeem.

No firstling of flock, nor bullock of stall
 Could reach to the root of the fall :
 The whole must be judged in the person of One
 Who could meet the demands of it all.

The Lamb foreordained ere the world began
 Our ruined condition could meet,
 His blood has been shed, which clears from
 all guilt,
 The deliverance He wrought is complete.

Now washed from all sin and cleansed from
 all stain,
 Embraced in the arms of His love,
 The remainder of days I'll spend to His praise
 And sing it more fully above.

Written February, 1875.

OH ! spotless Lamb of God,
Who hung upon the tree,
And shed Thy precious blood
To set Thy people free.
We at Thy feet again would fall
And worship Thee as Lord of all.

We praise Thee for Thy grace,
Thy wondrous love adore,
We long to see Thy face,
And praise Thee evermore.
There all Thy ways of love to own,
And worship Thee as Lord alone.

Then when to glory brought
We see Thee on Thy throne,
We'll worship as we ought
And all Thy glories own.
As King of kings, as Head o'er all,
As Lord of lords before Thee fall.

Written 1876.

AWAKE my soul ! How canst thou slumber ?

Songs of praise are due from thee,
All thy bands are snapped asunder,
Christ has died to make thee free.

Oh ! what depth of love and mercy
He has shown to worthless me !
When in nature's death and ruin
He was *bound* to make me *free*.

Oh, that wondrous cross and passion !
Oh, those groans and tears and cries !
Tell of love which none can fathom,
Love expressed in agonies.

Praise, oh praise the great Deliverer !
Every foe is overcome :
He has freed His own for ever,
He the victory has won.

Lord unloose our tongues that stammer
Endless songs to raise to Thee ;
Lamb of God once slain for sinners !
Praise to Thee and glory be.

All on earth and all in heaven
Join to swell this wondrous song,
Glory all to God be given
While the ages roll along.

“Clean every whit.” John xiii. 10.

CLEAN every whit ; but can it be
Declared of such an one as me ?
Black as an Ethiopian’s skin,
Constrained to cry, Unclean, unclean.

Clean every whit ; it must be true,
For He who said it surely knew ;
'Tis not of Adam nature said,
For that He reckons now as dead.

'Tis in Himself we are complete,
'Tis in Himself we are made meet,
Within the Father’s house to dwell
And join the Alleluia swell.

He washed us and He made us clean,
No traces of the fall are seen ;
In His own image we shall shine,
And every spot be left behind.

“How sweet the thought.” November, 1894.

How sweet the thought, I soon shall see
The One who gave Himself for me :
Who loved me, yes, when dead in sin,
And shed His blood to make me clean.

Has brought me back in peace to God,
And in my heart has shed abroad
That love, so deep, so full, so free,
Which in His grace He set on me.

He made me, too, a son and heir
That I may in His kingdom share ;
The glory He had won below
He will upon His own bestow.

While here He guides me day by day,
And keeps my feet lest I should astray,
Renews my strength as on I press
Till I the crown of life possess.

And when at length the home I gain,
I'll praise the Lamb that once was slain,
While at His feet I cast my crown
And own as worthy, Him alone.

“ Christ is all and in all.”

“ God shall be all and in all.”

LORD, Thou art now my all in all,
Who sought me wandering far away ;
Thou didst from death and darkness call,
And turned my midnight into day.

The light that did my sin reveal
And brought me at His feet to fall,
Revealed the One who came to heal,
He then became my all in all.

His life He gave that I might live,
His blood He shed to make me clean,
And now with all my heart I give
All praise and glory to His name.

And when my pilgrimage is o'er,
And I behold Him face to face,
With adoration evermore
I'll praise His wondrous love and grace.

Then with that vast unnumbered throng
Which round His throne shall prostrate fall
We shall with one untiring song
Acknowledge Him as Lord of all.

When the last foe shall cease to be
All brought His righteous rule to own—
Death swallowed up in victory,
He then gives up to God the throne.

No sin, no death, no sorrow there,
Himself will wipe all tears away ;
His love and joy we then shall share
Throughout a never-ending day.

Then God shall with His people dwell,
And will their God for ever be,
While all, His endless praise shall swell,
Throughout a vast eternity.

“ On parting with a friend.”

CHANGING are all things here below,
And full of pain and sorrow ;
Each other's face we see to-day,
Then far away to-morrow.

Meeting and parting is our lot
In this sad scene below,
But we shall meet where time is not,
And there no parting know.

Farewell's sad word is often said
To those we love the best,
But hope looks up beyond the skies
To God's eternal rest.
