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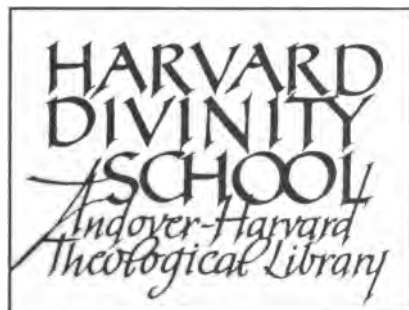
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HOSANNAH
TO THE SON OF DAVID;
OR,
HYMNS OF PRAISE TO GOD
FOR OUR GLORIOUS REDEMPTION BY CHRIST:
AND
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS;
OR,
HYMNS OF PRAISE TO GOD AND THE LAMB.

BY
WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Of Pantyccelyn, Carmarthenshire.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH
BY THE
REV. E. MORGAN, A.M.,
(Vicar of Syston, Leicestershire, Author of "Williams's Life," &c.)

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness."—PSALMS cxlv. 7.

"Then Williams came, sweet singer of God's love,
With melody, to raise our souls above.
His Hymns will live and be for ever new:
In unction rich, and full of Heavenly dew."

WILLIAMS'S LIFE.

London:
D. SEDGWICK, 81, SUN STREET, BISHOPSGATE;
AND HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

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A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. W. WILLIAMS,

Of Pantycelyn.

FOR more than two years I purposed republishing the English Hymns of the Rev. W. Williams, of Pantycelyn, but was not able to meet with his "Hosannah to the Son of David." Meanwhile Mr. Sedgwick, having seen an account of these hymns in my Life of W. Williams, endeavoured to procure the originals, and succeeded at length in obtaining a copy of the "Hosannah." On hearing of his success I relinquished my purpose, and to encourage him in his undertaking, wrote the following sketch of W. Williams's Life. May the blessing of God rest upon the undertaking!

William Williams was born in the year 1717, at a place called *Cefnycoed*, in the parish of *Llanfair-ar-y-bryn*, near Llandovery, Carmarthenshire. He was well educated, and at length entered the medical profession; but before he had finished his studies, a great change took place in his religious views and plan of future employment. Theology and the Ministry took the room of Medicine and Surgery. He was converted by hearing the celebrated Howell Harris preaching with great power in Talgarth Church-yard. He was ordained Deacon in the year 1740, to serve *Llanwrtyd* and *Llan-*

ddewi Abergwesin. He was a most consistent Christian ; his mind delighted in the service of God, for no less than three times a day did he keep family prayer. Indeed, he abounded in the service of his heavenly master. About the age of thirty-two he married Miss Mary Francis, a very worthy, sensible person, who proved a most affectionate, kind, and amiable companion all his life. He met with some trouble in his ministerial engagements, as most pious clergymen did in those days, and the Bishop refused him Priest's Orders.* He then became an itinerant Preacher in the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist connexion, and was acquainted with the eminent Rowlands ; whom it was his custom to assist, on one sabbath in every month, at Llangeitho, in administering the Lord's Supper to the immense multitude that attended there. He incessantly travelled through Wales as an evangelist, preaching the everlasting gospel to the ignorant and perishing inhabitants of the Principality. This was his noble and unceasing work for half a century ! His sermons were short and lively, his imagination strong, and his mental eye quick and penetrating, and a remarkable out-pouring of the Spirit often attended his public ministry. He was in the habit of travelling between forty and fifty miles every week for at least forty-five years ; which would in that time amount to 2,230 miles a year, and in forty-three years the number would be 95,890 miles, nearly four times the circumference of the globe ! All this for no other object than to promote the salvation of souls.

* Some good men, who are Bishops now, would, had they lived in the days of Williams, have stood a fair chance of being also turned out of the church !

There were remarkable means of grace used by these members of Christ,—one called the *Private-Society*; or Church-meeting; it commenced with reading a chapter in the Bible, and singing, then three or four of the members were examined as to their experience; afterwards they concluded with singing and prayer. This service, which is weekly, is highly valued in Wales. These religious church-meetings commenced by Rowlands and Harris, received much benefit from Williams's co-operation, and wise and pious counsels and advice. His conversation with the people, concerning the state of their souls, in these social meetings, was most instructive and profitable. It seems that he greatly excelled in this department of his pastoral care.

There is another means of grace in the Welsh Calvinistic connexion, of vast importance, namely the *Association*. It is something like the General Assembly in the church of Scotland, or the Conference amongst the Wesleyans. It is that which controls the whole connexion of the Society. It may be well imagined that a man of Williams's ability, piety, and penetration, vivacity and adroitness, must have been of incalculable benefit, both in establishing and carrying on such a noble institution. His talents, combined with those of Rowlands and Harris, were, under the divine blessing, the means of commencing that great cause. It has gone on ever since most harmoniously and prosperously. It may be termed the Ecclesiastical Parliament of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. The first Association was held at Watford, Glamorganshire, January, 1742.

It was as a *Welsh poet* that Williams shone

most illustriously. His talents in this respect were brought to light in consequence of a conversation at one of these early Associations, conducted by him, Rowlands and Harris, and a few lay-preachers. It is stated that Harris took the opportunity there of encouraging all to compose a few stanzas to be produced at the next Association, that they might discover if the Lord had bestowed the gift of poetry upon any of them. They did so; and when the time arrived, they read their several compositions. It was immediately acknowledged by all that Williams excelled, and that he had this peculiar and excellent gift. He was encouraged by the above brethren to exercise this talent for the glory of the Lord, and the benefit of his church. The perspicuity of his language, and especially the richness of his imagination, under the divine blessing, enlivened the most common subjects, and added a lustre to the most interesting points. God in his infinite mercy remembered Wales, and provided for her spiritual wants by endowing one of his servants with peculiar poetic talent, in which he was equal, if not superior to Watts, especially in pathos and evangelical sentiments. Though several good men in Wales had composed hymns and divine songs, yet Williams of Pantycelyn, far surpassed them all, at least in the judgment of the churches; his hymns are now generally used, more or less, by all denominations of Welsh Christians in the Principality.

We shall now say a little of Williams, as a *Welsh Author*, whose poetical as well as prose writings have always been eminently useful and edifying to the church. The first book he published was his *Aleluia*; and such was the call for this work, that three editions of

it rapidly succeeded each other about the year 1750. The next was his book of hymns called *Y mor o wydr*,—"The Sea of Glass," which was published in the year 1762; this work went through five editions in a short time. He published afterwards another volume of hymns, called *Ffarwell weledig, croesaw annwledig bethau*—"Visible Farewell, Welcome to Invisible Things"—a very profitable publication for a heaven-born pilgrim. In the course of time Williams published another volume of hymns, called *Aleluia again*, very excellent and experimental. All his *Welsh* hymns are now collected in one volume.

Williams, soon after his first Hallelujah, published in verse that remarkable book called *Golwy ar Deyrnias Crist*—"A View of the Kingdom of Christ," in which clear and comprehensive views of the kingdom of grace, and the great doctrines of Redemption are beautifully and clearly set forth. His translation of *Erskine*, on the assurance of faith, very precious, followed soon afterwards. His next publication was called *Pantheologia*, truly excellent. Another book, *Theomemphus*, which became very popular, soon followed. This treatise is somewhat like Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, perhaps superior upon the whole. He wrote no less than forty elegies; among these, one on each of the following ministers, namely, G. Jones, H. Harris, H. Davies, D. Rowlands, Bassett, Davies of Neath, G. Whitefield, and others.

Williams published in 1768, in prose, a book called *Tri wyr O Sodom a'r Aipht*,—"Three men from Sodom and Egypt," and another *Crocodil Afon yr Aipht*,—"The Crocodile of the River of Egypt." About this period

he published several small valuable treatises. It would be well if some friend of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists were to publish a new and complete edition of all his works, as some are become very scarce.

Having thus given a brief account of Williams, especially as a writer, we will insert a few lines respecting him, which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1791, in commendation of his piety and genius, which is very gratifying, and shews that his life deserves a place among our English memoirs :—

"At Pantycelyn, near Llandovery, Carmarthenshire, died the Rev. W. Williams, aged 74, a clergyman of distinguished talents and character. In early life a pious but amiable enthusiasm induced him to adopt the itinerant, but Apostolic, mode of Methodism ; and uniting a talent for poetry to an insinuating and captivating eloquence, he contributed greatly to its prevalence and support. He is, perhaps, the last lyric poet of South Wales, the language of the country giving way. His muse was wholly religious, yet many of his hymns have the property of the ode, true poetic fire, striking imagery, and glowing expressions, united with the plaintive muse of the country. Their effect on the people is astonishing ; and the veneration in which they were held is little short of devotion. Of this veneration the author greatly participated, and it will not be wondered at, when it is known that for fifty years he almost continually traversed the Principality in the ardent discharge of the duties of his ministry. His imagination gave variety and interest to his orations ; his piety was warm, yet candid and charitable ; his man-

ners simple, yet affectionate and obliging; and his moral conduct without blemish or imputation."

Thus did that polite and genteel periodical speak of this eminent servant of God; and if writers of that class were induced to speak so highly of him, we may conclude that he was indeed an extraordinary man.

To the living, a memorial of departed saints is pleasing, instructive, and profitable; and may the following memento of the happy dead prove useful to the reader! The hand of friendship raised a tomb over the remains of this celebrated poet, in a silent, retired spot, in the churchyard of *Llanfair-ar-y-bryn*, and on the tombstone is engraved the following inscription:—

"Sacred to the memory of the late Rev. William Williams, of Pantycelyn, in this parish, author of several works in prose and verse. He waits here the coming of the Morning Star, which shall usher in the Glories of the First Resurrection, when, at the sound of the Arch-angel's Trump, the sleeping dust shall be re-animated, and Death for ever shall be swallowed up in victory. He laboured in the service of the Gospel for near half a century, and continued incessantly to promote it both by his labours and writings: and to his inexpressible joy he beheld its influence extending, and its efficacy witnessed, in the conviction and conversion of many thousands. After languishing some time, he finished his course and life together, January 11th, 1791, aged 74."

We shall here take notice of the two small English hymn books that are now re-printed and stand before us. Williams, at the request of *Lady Huntingdon*, to whom he was well

known, composed the small book, called *Gloria in Excelsis*—"Glory in the Highest"—which was to be sent to Whitefield's Orphan House in America. He published the other called *Hosannah to the Son of David*, when he was young. It is said that Lady Huntingdon, having seen this, was induced to urge Williams to compose the *former*. Probably she judged the humble style, the evangelical sentiment, and the deeply experimental strain of the whole, as well adapted to promote religion in the Orphan House.

We may here observe that one of his hymns, in the first of these excellent poetical compositions, is well known, and frequently used: the opening stanza of it is as follows—

"O'er those gloomy Hills of Darkness,
Look my Soul, be still, and gaze,
All the Promises do travel
On a glorious Day of Grace;
Blessed Jubil, &c.,
Let thy glorious Morning dawn."

The same in Welsh commences thus,

"Dros y brynniau tywyll niwlog."

There is one feature in these hymns that is too decided and prominent to be overlooked—they display a fine missionary zeal glowing in the author's heart, long before the formation of the Bible and Missionary Societies, now so generally influencing the minds of men. Who can read the above hymn, for instance, without admiring his expanded views at that early period, and imagining how warm and glowing his spirit would have been had he seen the day that we see, and heard the things that we hear? It is no small honour to Wales that the above hymn, written by a

Welsh clergyman among his native hills a century ago, has been so frequently sung by congregated thousands, at Bible and Missionary Meetings in London, and all over the Kingdom.

These hymns are adapted not only for public worship, but also for various occasions in private life; they may edify in the closet, and comfort at the fireside of the Christian family. How useful in old age, when the limb has lost its vigour, the heart its buoyancy, and the bow no longer abides in strength, for the worn-out disciple of Jesus, when no longer able to visit the sanctuary, to peruse and be refreshed by these sacred compositions!

Williams, however, appears in his hymns, as well as in all his compositions, to have paid too little attention to correctness of diction. He seems to have felt a difficulty in confining his ideas within the restraints of language, as if his muse was too ungovernable to be kept within the ordinary rules of writing. But his effusions were consequently more edifying, it may be allowed, in this dress to the common people, especially to the inhabitants of Wales, for they would not have made such deep impressions on their minds in a more refined language.

Something should be said by way of palliation for the defects of Williams's English style. He, though an excellent Welsh writer, yet not being so familiar with English composition, was not so expert in writing that language as his own, therefore, imperfections must be expected. But these little defects will scarcely appear when the reader is delightfully engaged in perusing the hymns.

It would render this sketch too long and

laborious to enter more fully into the life of this eminent man ; it is therefore more proper to direct the reader to his Memoirs, already published, out of which a few of the above particulars have been taken, and in which appear a few hymns of Williams's translated into English by my friends, the Rev. J. Owen, the Rev. Dr. Davies, and others.

Syston Vicarage, E. MORGAN.
Nov. 17th, 1858.

* * It is not to the credit of our age that the divine breathings of our spiritual ancestors, which have inspired the songs and warmed the hearts of former generations, should be subjected to such rash and needless alterations as we have noticed in many of our modern collections. To counteract this wanton mutilation of our best hymns, and to preserve the originals, which have become very scarce, the publisher has re-printed these hymns of W. Williams.

It is the intention of the publisher (if spared) to re-print some of the choicest original hymns of the 17th and 18th centuries, *verbatim*, and uniform with this volume. The re-prints will include the Hymns of John Mason, Timothy Shepherd, Daniel Burgess, Thomas Harrison, Robert Seagrave, Thomas Qlivers, James Maxwell, John Stocker, John Dracup, Joseph Grigg, Edward Perronet, James Grant, Countess of Huntingdon, &c.

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HOSANNAH

TO THE

Son of David;

O R,

H Y M N S of Praise to G O D,

For our glorious REDEMPTION by CHRIST.

Some few translated from the *Welsh Hymn-Book*, but
mostly composed on new Subjects.

By WILLIAM WILLIAMS.



B R I S T O L :

Printed by JOHN GRABHAM, in *Narrow-
Wine-Street*, 1759.



H O S A N N A H

T O T H E

Son of David.

I. *A Passion Hymn.*

(From the Welsh, No. 223.*)

BE still, my Soul, love and behold,
The Victim on the Tree :
The GOD, the Saviour groans and dies,
For Miserable me.

His spotless Soul was melted by
The Heat of Pain and Scorn ;
And Wrath eternal but Himself
No other could have borne.

His Sweat in bloody Crimson Hue,
Drops thick unto the Ground ;
The Blood and Water issue forth
In Streams from every Wound.

* From W. Williams's "*Aleluia.*"

- 4 Earth, Hell profound, and horrid Death
 In all their raging Sway,
 Assault his harmless Soul alone ;
 But he hath won the Day.
- 5 Hath Heaven seen in all her Realms
 Some one that could sustain,
 Such Weight immense of Wrath divine
 And execrable Pain ?
- 6 Sure this the Sweat, and this the Blood
 And these the Wounds that are
 A Balsam to the bruised Hearts
 That languish in Despair.
- 7 Ye that pass by, look to the Tree,
 The Harmless crucified ;
 Behold the Victim, stand amaz'd,
 And love the GOD that dy'd.
- 8 Hark to his Sighs and doleful Groans,
 And feel his Pain and Smart,
 When every tender Muscle reach'd
 The Center of his Heart.
- 9 Have Men or Angels ever known
 Such Power and such Love ?
 Or does a more celestial Flame
 Reign in the Realms above ?
-

II. *Welcome to Jesus.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour is my only Life,
 My Treasure is his Cross ;
 And every Thing besides Himself
 Is Emptiness and Loss.

Where Treasure lies, who ever hath
 He thirsts, he wants no more ;
 And yet professes still to be
 Both indigent and poor.

He stays himself upon the Rock
 Of his Redeemer's Breast,
 Where envious Satan, Death, or Hell
 Can ne'er disturb his Rest.

Some Sinners, then in numerous Throngs,
 The Blind, the Halt, and Poor,
 To JESUS wretched as ye are,
 And ye shall fear no more.

Nor qualify, nor first compose
 Yourselves into a Frame,
 Which would you do a thousand Times,
 You would be just the same.

Come then a Sinner as thou art,
 A miserable one,
 And thou shalt find th' atoning Blood
 Thy Comfort here alone.

III. *Love Unspeakable.*

THE enormous Load of human Guilt
 Was on my Saviour laid ;
 With Woes, as with a Garment, He
 For Sinners was array'd,

And in the horrid Pangs of Death
 He wept, He pray'd for me,
 Lov'd and embrac'd my guilty Soul
 When nailed to the Tree.

- 3 O Love amazing ! Love beyond
 The Reach of Human Tongue :
 Love which shall be the Subject of
 An everlasting Song.
- 4 Eternity, tho' infinite,
 Is short enough to trace
 The Virtues of his healing Wounds,
 The Wonders of his Grace.
- 5 Ye Men rejoice in JESU's Blood,
 Ye Angels, join your Lays,
 In one harmonious endless Choir
 Sing his eternal Praise.
-

IV. *Faith in JESUS.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I have put my Trust in Thee,
 On Thee my Soul depends ;
 I know thou shalt when Foes surround,
 Be my secure Defence.
- 2 He is not Man, that's wont to fail,
 Nor as the Son of Man ;
 What e'er He promis'd He'll fulfill,
 What e'er He said He can.
- 3 Not on myself do I depend,
 Else I shall surely fall,
 But on the Rock of *Israel*, He
 Whose Might is over all.
- 4 In thund'ring Storms of gloomy Woes,
 And Terrors all around,
 My Soul rejoicing on thy Breast
 For ever shall be found.
- 5 Each Title of thy glorious Name
 In sprightly Types display,

And shew thy Promises to be
A real Yea and Nay.

My Refuge Thou, since I was call'd,
My Rock, my sure Defence ;
And in my Saviour I shall trust
Until he calls me hence.

V. MATT. xi, 28, 29.

COME heavy laden, come and rest
Your Souls from Fear and Pain ;
JESUS the GOD was crucified,
And dy'd and rose again.

2 His holy Yoke is easy and smooth,
His Burdens all are light,
In his Commandments (tho' severe)
There's infinite Delight.

3 Sweet are his Words, sweet is his Voice,
His Smiles are Heaven below ;
Of all the Pleasures in the World,
'Tis JESUS I would know.

4 O! Would He raise my feeble Soul
To a celestial Flame,
I would for JESUS either do,
Or suffer all the same.

5 Delicious are the Cordials mixt
Both in his Love and Frown ;
Sweet Comforts do attend his Cross,
And Joys attend his Crown.



VI. *The Atonement.*

- 1 **M**Y Soul thou art immerg'd in Sin,
So deep that none can trace ;
Look to the Ransom GOD decreed
To clear the guilty Race.
 - 2 The Atonement made once on the Tree
Can balance many more
Than all the Sins of *Adam's* Race,
If number'd o'er and o'er.
 - 3 He paid the mighty Sum and died
For Sinners yet unborn ;
From Men the Works of his own Hand
He suffer'd Shame and Scorn.
 - 4 Had I the Guilt of all the World,
He's able to forgive :
Why should I fear? The Debt is paid
If only I believe.
-

VII. *The Crucifixion..*

(From the Welsh, No. 198.)

- 1 **M**Y Soul, thy dear Redeemer see
Mock'd, scourg'd, and nailed to the Tree
To cruel Death then bowing down
To purchase those that were his own.
- 2 What horrid Judge could give Comma
To pierce his Feet, to pierce his Hands
What Heart so hard that could not flow
In Tears by pushing Iron thro' ?
- 3 What adamantine Breast could bear
To pierce his Side with Iron Spear ?

Could *Adam's Race* their GOD disown,
And dress his Head with thorny Crown ?

4 Or could no other Sufferings do
That Thou couldst easier undergo ?
And could no other Death but this
Set ope the Gate t'immortal Bliss ?

5 Could nothing else appease my GOD
But wearing Thorns and spilling Blood ?
And must Thou die, and die in Pain,
Or all my Sin and Guilt remain ?

3 Was thy Decree decisive so
That none assist in all thy Woe ?
He trod the Wine-press, He alone,
And all the Praise shall be his own.

He finish'd thus his bitter Pains,
And now above the Stars He reigns ;
Triumphant o'er his raging Foes,
Receives the Fruit of all his Woes.

VIII. *The Omnipotency and Mercy of GOD
the Strength of Faith.*

THOU great Omnipotent, who can
Measure the Heavens with thy Span,
Who dwellest in the Height of Gloré,
Above where human Thought can soar.
And in whose Face no Thrones can look,
Whose Voice the Earth and Heaven shook ;
Whose mighty Arms in Works abound,
Whose Awe fills the Creation round.

And yet thy Mercy, Love, and Grace
Abound to the rebellious Race,
That Sinners may draw nigh and prove
The Droppings of thy holy Love.

- 4 May I rely much more on Thee
 Than all that I can know or see.
 Men are but Dross, but Lord, Thou art
 The Consolation of my Heart.
- 5 My Refuge Thou where e'er I go,
 My secret Comfort here below ;
 My Life, my Food, my whole Delight,
 The Source of everlasting Light.
- 6 Thou art alive, I'll never die,
 'Tis in Thyself my Bliss does lie ;
 When thy Existence pure I view
 It fills my Heart with Strength anew.
- 7 I'm pleas'd and do rejoice in Thrall,
 When seen Thou art thyself in all.
 Controul the World, my GOD, and reign,
 And take the Glory all again.
-

IX. ISAIAH ii. 11.

- 1 **J**ESUS alone we will exalt,
 JESUS we will adore,
 And JESUS only be our King
 Both now and evermore.
- 2 His Righteousness our Glory and Boast,
 His Power is our Might,
 His dying Love the endless Source
 Of everlasting Light.
- 3 Both great and glorious in his Name,
 Great is his Love divine ;
 And all the Glories of a GOD,
 Do in his Person shine.
- 4 Soon as the Word goes from his Mouth
 The Proud and Lofty fall,

And Gifts and haughty Reason stoop
To JESUS all in all.

O when that happy Day shall dawn
When my Corruption must,
Submit to his Almighty Power,
And moulder in the Dust ?

That all the Hills of Pride and Sin,
Each lofty Mountain may
Melt by his Love, and by Degrees
Consume and pine away.

X. *Communion with GOD.*

MOUNT up, my Soul, and humbly seek
The Bliss of Saints above,
Communion with the GOD of Peace,
Immortal Joy and Love.

The World, its Pleasure and its Wealth
Without Him are but Dross ;
All these to gain, and Him to want
Is but the greatest Loss.

Heaven, and Peace, and endless Joy
Do in his Favour dwell ;
But in his Frowns are thousand Woes,
A miserable Hell.

A Word drop'd from his gracious Mouth
Revives our Hearts with Joy ;
He hides his Face, and instantly
Our Enemies annoy.

O! could I sit beneath the Tree
That hungry Souls doth fill,
Whose Leaves do heal, whose sacred Fruits
Immortal Life distill.

- 6 I'd suffer all contentedly,
And joyful by his Side !
How could I faint, or fruitless be
Whilst in Him I abide ?
-

XI. CHRIST *the King of Glory.*

- 1 **W**HO is the King of GLORY ? Who ?
He is our Saviour GOD ;
Who hath put on our Nature frail,
And bought us with his Blood.
- 2 'Tis He who left the glorious Throne,
And chose the Pangs of Death,
Conquered Hell and Sin at once,
When He resign'd his Breath.
- 3 'Tis He who foil'd the bloody Foe,
That glut on human Race,
And brought the mournful Captives out
By his redeeming Grace.
- 4 He is the King of Glory, who
Fills all the Heaven above,
With Admiration of his Grace,
Amazement of his Love.
- 5 Where Cherubims, Dominions bright,
And Angels always trace,
But are bewilder'd in the Theme
Of his redeeming Grace.
-

XII. *Contentment.*

- 1 **W**HY should Ambition proud and vain
Our deathless Souls invade ?
And Discontentment e'er prevail
To starve our tender Blade ?

Wealth's our Aim, the more we seek
 The greater is our Pain ;
 Ambition blind disturbs our Rest,
 Embitters all our Gain.

Thus wearied of the carnal Mind,
 I earnestly do groan,
 And nothing wish beside Thyself,
 Thou art enough alone.

Had I the World and all its Wealth,
 Its Pleasures and its Gain,
 Without Thyself the greatest Bliss,
 All other were but vain.

My heavy-laden Soul would wish
 Its Rest in Thee to find ;
 'Tis only Thou that can compose
 My ever roving Mind.

XIII. *Death.*

THE Gate of horrid Death stands open
 In an enormous Wide ;
 Tho' Millions daily enter thro',
 Death ne'er is satisfied.

And soon with Pleasure or Regret,
 There enter thro' I must,
 And hear that awful Word pronounc'd,
 Which ever is but just.

O! How could mortal Man appear
 Before that awful Throne,
 Had not Salvation been reveal'd
 In JESU'S Blood alone.

My guilty Head He can defend
 When Terrors do surround,

And all the World to *Chaos* turn'd
In Him I would be found.

- 5 Then should I tremble at the Hour,
Start at the final Stroke ?
Or fear that once victorious Dart
Which my Redeemer broke ?
- 6 O King of Terrors, where's thy Sting ?
Thy Power all is lost.
And where, O Grave, thy Victory ?
Triumphant canst thou boast ?
-

XIV. *The Cross.*

- 1 **L**OOK yonder to the cursed Tree,
See an amazing Sight,
A horrid Scene, but its Effects
Of infinite Delight.
- 2 The great Creator under Wrath,
The greatest Pain and Woes,
Encount'ring Death, and Hell, and Sin,
For his rebellious Foes.
- 3 And here the Spring and sacred Fount,
Whence endless Pleasures flow ;
And only here I shall resort,
In grappling with my Foe.
- 4 Let me in Thoughts of dying Love,
Spend all my Time away,
'Till I am summon'd to arrive
In everlasting Day.



XV. *The Second Part.*

- 1 **Y**E Sons of Men, lift up your Heads,
The greatest Wonder see,
JESUS the Saviour and the GOD
Nail'd to the cursed Tree.
- 2 He brought in Life immortal, pure,
By his redeeming Grace,
Pardon, and Holiness, and Bliss,
For the believing Race.
- 3 Grim Death here lost its poisonous Dart,
By spilling precious Blood ;
Hell swallow'd up in Victory,
Now Man enjoys his GOD.
- 4 O Mystery ! That Life should spring
From Death that mortal Foe ;
And cruel Death to JESUS should
Deliver us from Woe.
- 5 My GOD, my GOD ! how couldst Thou die
For poor and worthless me ?
I am astonish'd, and must say
That all thy Grace is free.
- 6 Shall Worms presume to understand
The Secrets of his Love ?
Reason is mute, and all the Choir
Of Cherubims above.

XVI. *GOD alone.*

- 1 **I**T is enough, I am content,
Since Thou, O LORD, art mine ;
More than the Glories of the World,
Do in thy Presence shine.

- 2 Let those who will possess its Wealth,
 Let they its Glories share ;
 Saviour, to see thy holy Face,
 Shall be my only Care.
- 3 Thy Love is all I wish, I want,
 Thy Love is all I crave ;
 Thy Love my only Food and Health,
 Yea, all that I would have.
- 4 'Tis Heaven itself there where Thou art,
 Where not a gloomy Hell ;
 And therefore in all Turns of Fate
 With JESUS I would dwell.
- 5 A faint Belief that Thou art mine,
 Reduces all my Pain ;
 When I am weak it makes me strong ;
 When bound, sets free again.

XVII. *Longing for Communion with GOD.*

- 1 **M**Y GOD, my GOD ! who art my all,
 Where art Thou to be found ?
 Thy Presence is my sole Abode,
 My Comforts there abound.
- 2 My Wishes terminate above ;
 Thou art my whole Delight ;
 Why dost Thou hide thy holy Face,
 And roll Thyself in Night ?
- 3 Let Earth and Heaven flee away,
 And all the Planets fall,
 My Bliss and Happiness depend
 Upon Thee all in all.
- 4 Nor Friends, nor Comforts shall I wish,
 Nor Pleasures want to know ;

Thou art a Source of perfect Bliss,
Thou art a Heaven below.

- 5 I cast my longing Eyes around,
Before, above, behind,
And trace the Spheres and Creatures thro',
But Thee I cannot find.
- 6 I listen for thy silent Voice,
Which burns my Heart to Flame ;
Wouldst Thou but send, I would rejoice,
A Letter of thy Name.
-

XVIII. *The Second Part.*

- 1 **W**OULD'ST Thou divide the wat'ry
And Heaven rend above, [Clouds,
Display thy Beauties to my Eyes,
Thy Glory and thy Love.
- 2 And in a World of Vanity,
And Scenes of mean Delight,
Would'st Thou afford one Moment's Taste
Of what they feel in Light.
- 3 Can Thrones, who live upon his Smiles,
And hear his constant Voice,
Direct a mournful Wanderer
To his beloved Choice ?
- 4 'Tis Thou I seek, Thou canst fulfil
My infinite Desire ;
Inflame my gloomy Heart anew
With thy celestial Fire.
- 5 Was all Delusion I enjoy'd,
And not a real Flame ?
No ! my Redeemer, Thou dost know ;
O ! why not still the same ?

- 6 More welcome would be thy Return,
 Of greater far Delight,
 Than to the Pilgrim beauteous Morn,
 Who wander'd all the Night.
- 7 Would'st Thou appear, I would adjure
 Temptations of all kind,
 Not to offend, and not to stir
 Thy Presence in my Mind.
-

XIX. *The Third Part.*

- 1 **W**HAT is the World, and what is Life
 And what are Honours vain,
 When Thou are absent from my Soul,
 But only Grief and Pain ?
- 2 I ask not those Seraphic Flames
 That ravish Thrones above,
 Nor what the perfect Spirits taste
 Of that immortal Love.
- 3 But Bliss that Thou art wont to give,
 And promis'd in thy Word ;
 Communion with Thyself alone
 Is all I want, my LORD.
- 4 O ! let me see those Beams of Light,
 Feel that celestial Spark,
 That veils the Beauties of the World
 In an eternal Dark.
- 5 One Drop of that o'erflowing Stream,
 That Angels taste above,
 One Smile from my Redeemer's Face
 Would kindle all to Love.
- 6 And make the Passage of my Life,
 Tho' rough, but smooth and bright,
 Direct my slow unconstant steps
 Unto the Realms of Light.

7 But whilst Thou hid'st thy gracious Face,
 I groan, I pine, I die ;
 Thy Absence is a Hell below,
 Thy Presence Liberty.

XX. *Jesus the greatest Treasure.*

- 1 **J**ESUS my Saviour reigns above,
 'Tis He I want, 'tis He I love ;
 Himself to Death who willing gave,
 And He alone my Soul can save.
- 2 If Worlds were offer'd to my Choice,
 Or JESUS which I would embrace,
 Him I would chuse, Him I would call
 My Happiness, and hate 'em all.
- 3 All's Vanity below the Moon,
 But that which dwells in Him alone,
 All that believe will never miss
 To find in Him both Life and Bliss.
- 4 O ! let me spend my sliding Days,
 To sing thy everlasting Praise ;
 And scan these fleeting Minutes o'er,
 To love my JESUS more and more.
-

XXI. *Isaiah ii, 16, 17, 18, 19, &c.*

- 1 **T**HE Loftiness of Man shall be
 Bow'd by my Saviour down ;
 And none below the Sun but He
 Is worthy of the Crown.
- 2 O sinful Man ! unhappy Wretch !
 Would'st thou be exalted so ?
 And by thy Exaltation fall
 To everlasting Woe ?

- 3 Stoop down, my Soul, stoop to the Dust,
 Study thyself and boast,
 That thou art worthy for thy Sins
 For ever to be lost.
- 4 Exalt, my Soul, the dying GOD,
 Who lov'd the sinful Race,
 And on the cursed Tree procur'd,
 Free Pardon and free Grace.
- 5 Here humble at his gracious Feet
 I'll sit, I'll spend away,
 In contemplation of his Love,
 An everlasting Day.
-

XXII. *The Wonders of redeeming Love.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how to sing the glorious Theme
 Of thy redeeming Love,
 Can Man attempt what Angels scarce
 Can rightly do above?
- 2 Arch-Angels bow before thy Throne,
 And silently amaze,
 And peep into the great Design,
 Adore, and love, and gaze.
- 3 LORD JESUS, yet 'tis not for them,
 But for a sinful me ;
 That Thou hast suffered and died
 Upon the cursed Tree.
- 4 O worthless me ! am I enroll'd
 In the profound Decree ?
 Of free Salvation stedfast bound
 To glorious Liberty.
- 5 Whose Plan was set before the Skies,
 Or Mountain, Vale, or Field,
 But in the Fullness of the Time
 To Sinners was reveal'd.

- 6 But why to me the filthiest Worm,
 The vilest of the Race,
 Should from the Throne exhaustless flow
 This free redeeming Grace ?
- 7 The highest Thoughts and Words are low,
 They creep, they cannot raise
 Thy Mercy infinite and Love
 Unspeakable to Praise.

XXIII. *The Second Part.*

- 1 **A**LL hail divine mysterious Plan,
 Tho' in it I am lost ;
 The Path unsearchable I trace,
 And of its Glory boast.
- 2 Within this Sphere of Mysteries
 Their Thoughts pure Spirits move,
 And fix their Contemplation here,
 And sing redeeming Love.
- 3 And whilst they sing the Mysteries,
 The Wonders of his Blood,
 They ascribe the Honour and the Praise
 To JESUS and the GOD.
- 4 "Thou on the Throne art worthy of
 "All Honour to thy Name ;
 "And worthy Thou, O Lamb, wast slain,
 "For ever of the same."
- 5 Our Praise can add none to the Height,
 Or draw Thee nothing down :
 Above what Men or Thrones can add
 Exalted is thy Crown.
- 6 Yet in thy Mercy, in thy Grace,
 From 'midst the Ethereal Throng,
 Thy Ear is open, open to
 Our Prayers and our Song.

- 7 Our feeble Notes to mingle with
 Their pure Ethereal Chord ;
 And all accepted in the Blood
 Of our redeeming LORD.
-

XXIV. *Free Grace.*

(From the Welsh, No. 80.)

- 1 **T**HOU, Who bestowest Pardon free
 On guilty Sinners such as me,
 My humble Claim to Heaven above
 Is, JESUS, in thy dying Love.
- 2 If all my Goods I would bestow
 To feed the Helpless, Poor, and Low,
 And give my Body to the Flame,
 Would that Exalt thy holy Name ?
- 3 Or should I preach thy Gospel-Word,
 Convert some Millions to my LORD,
 And o'er my Sins a Conqu'rer be
 What Gain, what Profit this to Thee ?
- 4 What I receiv'd is all thy own,
 Thy Grace, thy Glory, and thy Crown ;
 What now I am, what I have been
 Is all but Filthiness and Sin.
- 5 My Saviour freely doth bestow
 His Gift upon the Poor and Low ;
 And all is free, and all is Love,
 Both from beneath and from above.
-

XXV. *CHRIST all in all.*

(From the Same, No. 75.)

- 1 **N**O Object here of any Kind
 Is able to inflame my Mind ;
 My whole Affections and my Love
 Have fix'd on Objects far above.

- 2 Had I the World to rule alone,
And all it's Wealth and Joys in one,
To trace its empty Pleasures o'er
A Thousand rolling Years and more,
- 3 All would be but a fleeting Rest,
While Conscience burneth in my Breast,
But Mercy and Grace forgiving Sin
Create a lasting Feast within.
- 4 'Tis JESUS my redeeming GOD
That pour'd for me his Precious Blood ;
'Tis He I'll love, and Him I'll sing,
My GOD, my Captain, and my King.
- 5 He will deliver me from Woes,
All outward Snares and inward Foes ;
He will direct my Steps to trace
Unwearied thro' this wildy Maze.
-

XXVI. *The Second Part.*

(From the Same.)

- 1 **H**E is my Leader and my Guide
That ever faithful will abide,
Better in Miseries and Pain
Than Worlds of Men, and Worlds again.
- 2 Him would I love with all my Might,
My only Pleasure and Delight ;
Even He below, and He above
Shall be the Treasure of my Love.
- 3 Happy I am and ever blest,
The while it harbours in my Breast ;
Nor can the Cherubims above
Perceive the Treasures of his Love.
- 4 The Tongues of Martyrs, did they trace
The boundless Ocean of his Grace,

Cannot in endless Verse or Prose
His conq'ring Grace and Love disclose.

- 5 O may I taste ! O may I prove,
And relish Nothing but his Love !
All that his glorious Person know,
Affirm He is the All below.

XXVII. *A Prayer for Grace.*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, now descend,
And shower from above
Upon my dry and wither'd Soul
Thy everlasting Love.
- 2 Reveal thy Glories and thy Grace,
The Beauties of thy Name ;
Remove my Sin, that heavy Load
Of painful Guilt and Shame.
- 3 Allure my Soul above the World,
Where Vanities abound ;
And lull'd secure upon thy Breast,
May I be ever found.
- 4 Taught to be wise above the Wiles
Of the malicious Foe,
And trample on his secret Snares
Where ever I may go.
- 5 Thou GOD alone canst make me strong,
Thy Word can Faith convey ;
When with thy strength I am endued
I'll never more dismay.



XXVIII *The best Treasure.*

(From the Welsh, No. 234.)

- 1 **G**LOOMY Darkness now approaches,
 As a horrid Deluge, o'er
 The Creation which shall perish
 In Oblivion evermore.
 The Elements shall to their former
 Rude and massy Chaos turn,
 And the starry Hosts of Heaven
 In the Conflagration burn.
- 2 Other Worlds I must inhabit,
 There where Time imperial reigns,
 And in Streams of endless Pleasures
 Overflow the eternal Plains ;
 Ocean without Bounds or Limits,
 A Beginning or an End,
 Millions of revolving Ages
 Can't its Vastness comprehend.
- 3 In those Mansions ends my Journey,
 Where my GOD sits on the Throne,
 And my dearest Mediator
 For his Brethren does atone.
 O! what Pleasures! O! what Comforts
 Shall detain my ling'ring Flight
 From a World of Woe and Trouble
 To the Realms of purest Light.
- 4 All the Creatures in Connection
 Loudly summon, "Come away,
 "Thou thy precious Time hast loiter'd,
 "Careless on the narrow Way ;"
 Every Tongue now bids me hasten
 On the Wing whilst I have Breath,
 Lest the Shades of Night eternal
 Draw the Curtain o'er in Death.

- 5 Have the glorious Luminaries,
 From their Rising to their Set,
 In the vast extensive Heavens
 With such Object ever met ?
 Are their Treasures in the Mountains,
 Or the Bottom of the Sea,
 In the thousandth Part as precious
 As my dear Redeemer be ?

XXIX. *The Wonders of Redemption.*

(From the Same, No. 196.)

- 1 **B**EHOLD Omnipotence itself
 In Bloody Sweat and Gore,
 A Wonder this below the Sun
 That shall be seen no more.
- 2 O ! How could He, that great I AM,
 Thus suffer Pangs and Throes ?
 And willing to the Grave descend
 For his rebellious Foes ?
- 3 How could the Voice that call'd the Earth
 From nothing thus to be,
 Sweat, groan, and cry (nail'd to the Cross)
Lama Sabacthani ?
- 4 That He, Who held the Heaven and Earth
 In Order and due Grace,
 Should thus be scourged, bound, and
 And Blood besmear his Face ! [mock'd,
- 5 Angels amaze ! love and amaze,
 Submissively adore,
 And when they see all done for Men
 They wonder still the more.
- 6 And as they contemplate his Pains,
 Study his bitter Wounds, [inflames,
 Their Knowledge grows, their Love
 Their Fervour more abounds.

- 7 The Cross their Wonder and their Gain,
 'Tis by the Cross they stand ;
 The Doctrine of the Cross their Song,
 Their Duty and Command.
- 8 Have other Shepherds e'er been known,
 That harbour'd Love so deep,
 As to resign their only Breath
 For their lost wand'ring Sheep ?
- 9 Ye Men of Reason, Wit, or Fame,
 That always Nature trace,
 Tell, how could the Creator die ?
 Tell me the Depth of Grace !
-

XXX. *JESUS dying and conquering.*

(From the Same, No. 197.)

- 1 **A** MAZE, my Soul, and yonder see
 My JESUS nailed to the Tree,
 Beneath such Weight of Pain and Scorn
 As all the Martyrs ne'er have borne.
- 2 His holy Soul has felt within
 The Weight of others' Guilt and Sin,
 And patiently endur'd such Woes
 As Earth and Hell could ne'er impose.
- 3 O cruel Death ! What canst thou more ?
 No farther reaches out thy Power :
 The Shepherd thou hast smote, but now
 The weakest Lamb escapes thy Blow.
- 4 But He hath risen by his Might,
 And mounted to the Realms of Light,
 Where He shall lead his Glorious Train
 Above the Reach of Death again.

5 Why fear we Death or Satan more,
Since JESUS all their Fury bore ?
Our Way is pav'd to mount above
To sing his Conquest and his Love.

XXXI. *The Second Part.*

(From the Same.)

- 1 **M**ORE sad or glorious is't to see
My Saviour nailed to the Tree ?
O ! would his bitter Pain and Shame
With Love supreme my Heart inflame !
- 2 Those Hands that felt the cruel Pain
Thro' every Tendon, every Vein,
Shall open soon in glorious Wide
The Gates of Glory to his Bride.
- 3 Methinks I see the Rivers meet
Both from his Hands and from his Feet ?
Then gushes out a Crimson Tide
Of Blood and Water from his Side.
- 4 My Heart, why canst not break to see
Such gloomy Train of Woes for thee ?
The least of his tormenting Pain
Is more than Worlds, and Worlds again.
- 5 But all his Sufferings and Love
Are written in the Heaven above ;
His Friends shall reap their Fruit direct,
His Foes shall feel their dire Effect.



XXXII. 1 PET. iv. 7. *The End of all Things
is at Hand.*

(From the Welsh, No. 236.)

- 1 **T**HE Moon and all her Train surrounding
 With the lofty dazzling Sun,
 Now are wearied in the Heavens
 Their laborious Course to run.
 Earth and Sea in mighty Travail
 With their Creatures never cease,
 Groaning for the Revelation,
 Glorious of the Sons of Peace.
- 2 Ev'ry Hour doth call, "Be ready,
 Haste to *Zoar*, there to remain ;
 Fire and Brimstone hover over
 All the Cities of the Plain."
 Snatch me from the Conflagration,
 JESUS, draw me by the Hand,
 Lest I love my antient Dwelling,
 And transgress thy great Command.
- 3 Death is fond in Expectation,
 Creeping forward unaware ;
 All my frail and feeble Members
 Under his Dominion are ;
 Every Artery and Muscle
 His approaching Conquest beat,
 Here he aims a Blow decisive
 Which he never needs repeat.
- 4 Strike, O Death, but first consider
 Who is He that's on my Side ;
 Alpha, Omega, the Creator,
 Cloath'd in human Flesh and dy'd ;
 Whilst thou level'st at my Structure,
 To his bleeding Wounds I'll flee ;
 I shall live and be exalted
 When Confusion shatters thee.

- 5 Ye my foes are bold and daring,
 And are many, I but one,
 But the mighty glorious JESUS
 Conquest over all hath won.
 Fear is banish'd, Death is nothing,
 And the Grave an easy Bed
 To Believers, since our Nature
 To the Godhead hath been wed.
- 6 Sing, my Soul, at the approaching
 From the Prison to depart,
 Where abundance of Distempers
 Death hath sow'd in every Part.
 Soul, mount to thy holy Mansion,
 Body, slumber in the Ground ;
 In the Morning every Atom
 Of thy Ashes will be found.
-

XXXIII. Cant. iv. 8.

- 1 **H**OW long shall I not bid adieu
 To Earth's delusive Clime ;
 And eat and drink Realities
 Beyond the Sphere of Time ?
- 2 Here Dreams and Phantoms proudly
 O'er the deluded Soul,
 Assault our Passions at their Will,
 And Faculties controul.
- 3 Lord, break my Chains, I pant, I wait
 Thy glorious Liberty !
 The utmost Limits of the Earth
 Too narrow are for me.
- 4 Tho' here confin'd I see my Rest
 Beyond the Bounds of Clay ;
 Be ready, Soul, practise thy Wings,
 Soon thou shalt soar away.

Why such Delay in this vast Wild?
 Where savage Beasts do prey,
 'Mongst Strangers, Tyrants, bloody Foes,
 Arise and come away.

A Glance of Bliss, and sigh again,
 One Moment's scarce Delight ;
 New Clouds hang o'er, new Storms approach,
 And threaten endless Night.

7 I waste my precious Time away
 In Groans, Complaint, and Sighs ;
 But I would sing, I would rejoice
 Were I above the Skies.

8 Here Satan, Sin, and horrid Guilt
 In close Connection reign ;
 And lead Destruction and the Grave
 As their enormous Train.

9 Afflictions black invade our Souls
 Within this gloomy Vale,
 Subdue our Thoughts, and silent bring
 Our Passions to a Thrall.

10 Each mortal Foe smiles to delude
 Our Souls, serpentine wise ;
 Stand on thy Guard, thou art each Hour
 In Danger of Surprize.

XXXIV. *Rejoicing in Hopes of Victory.*

(From the Welsh, No. 128.)

1 **L**OOK my Soul, unto the Mountain
 Where the greatest Wonders meet,
 He our great Creator dying,
 Satan vanquish'd at his Feet.

Methinks I see the Gates of Glory
 Now melodious open flee :
 Rise, my Soul, and cease thy Trembling
 Heaven now is bought for thee.

- 2 Hasten to the Land of Promise,
 Where no Enemies annoy ;
 Wine and Honey in Abundance
 Wait thy Coming to enjoy ;
 Thou hast trac'd the Hills of Darkness,
 And the Wilderness among
 Beasts of Prey and fiery Serpents,
 Forty rolling Years along.
- 3 War proclaim, put on thy Armour,
 Be courageous, ne'er delay,
 Thy Guide by Night shall be a Pillar
 Of Fire, and then a Cloud by Day.
 Horrid Darkness shall thee cover
 Harmless from the mortal Foe,
 He shall sink in mighty Waters,
 Whilst thou walkest fearless thro'.
- 4 Neither *Amalek* nor *Moab*,
 Nor the whole infernal Train,
 Shall annoy me while secure
 Near thy Dwelling I remain ;
 And the radiant Cloud of Glory
 Shall for ever be my Rest,
 'Till I reach the Land of Promise,
 There to mingle with the Bless'd.
- 5 Gloomy *Egypt* I abandon'd,
 And the raging Tribe disown,
 Where they crucify'd my Saviour,
 And his Glory trample down ;
 But his mighty great Appearance,
 Glides in Silent Moments near,
 Where the Firmament of Glory
 Shall before Him disappear.

6 Good and pleasant are the Places,
 Fair unfeigned is the Spot,
 In the Plan of Grace abounding
 That hath fallen to my Lot.
 Now my Treasures are exhaustless,
 Full my Cup and running o'er,
 And my Blessings are in Number
 As the Sand upon the Shore.

XXXV. *A Prayer for Grace.*

- 1 **T**HOU great Redeemer of Mankind,
 Whose Blood in living Streams hath
 For the Rebellious and the Vile, [flow'd
 To make their Hearts thy own Abode.
- 2 O let me feel the full Effects,
 And Virtues of thy cruel Death!
 And let thy Glory be my Aim,
 My only Aim whilst I have Breath.
- 3 Think on the execrable Pain,
 The Bloody Sweat, the Agony,
 And Wrath Divine pour'd to the full,
 And then bestow thy Peace on me.
- 4 Do, for the Sake of all thy Woes,
 Deliver me from Guilt and Sin.
 'Tis by thy Merits, LORD, I crave
 All Good without and Good within.
- 5 Pardon and Peace are all thy own,
 Wisdom and Righteousness, and Love;
 On whom Thou wilt Thou canst bestow
 Grace on the Earth, Glory above.



XXXVI. *Heaven.*

- 1 **W**HEN once I pass the Gulph of Dea
The Message from above,
New Scenes abundantly shall flow,
And drown my Soul in Love.
- 2 Soon as this fickle Fabrick falls
My Spirit takes the Flight,
And leaves the Region dark beneath,
Mounts to the Realms of Light.
- 3 Rivers of Bliss and constant Joy
Shall there resistless flow ;
And on the glorious Tree of Life
Shall Peace and Concord grow.
- 4 My Hopes, My Wishes of all Kind
Their Objects shall enjoy ;
My Passions, tho' of large Extent,
Shall have their full Employ.
- 5 Faith, that encounter'd Guilt and Sin,
Shall finish there it's Race ;
And Love reign, conquer, and abound
In an eternal Chace.
- 6 No Hopes, no Expectation more,
No groan, no Sigh, nor Wish,
Unbounded Satisfaction will
Enthroned my Soul in Bliss.
- 7 Raptures and Extasies of Love,
No Sorrows to annoy ;
New Scenes of Beauty and Delight
Feed everlasting Joy.



XXXVII. *The World a Desert.*

- 1 **T**HE World, wherein we dwell,
 Hath lost it's antient Fame,
 It's former Glory turn'd
 To Filthiness and Shame ;
 We gaze around, and cannot see
 But Misery and Sin abound.
- 2 Where Dreams and Shadows do
 Lead simple Souls away
 To Labyrinths of Woe,
 And Wilds of black Dismay ;
 There wander thro' in hard Distress,
 Nor Happiness more want to know.
- 3 And there the Lion lurks
 In Ambush for his Prey,
 And gluts upon the Blood
 Of such as go astray ;
 Does every Hour incessant aim
 The Soul to claim, tear, and devour.
- 4 Reserved in the Pit,
 And chain'd by darkest Night,
 Nor suffer'd once to peep
 Into the Realms of Light ;
 Tho' nothing sees, yet does rejoice,
 Nor likes the Voice of Liberty.
- 5 All this endears our Thoughts
 To the redeeming Blood,
 Pour'd from the pierced Side
 Of our Creator God ;
 That Surety of mine Who fully paid,
 And hath allay'd the Wrath divine.
- 6 Under his Sacred Wings
 I'll take my sweet Repose,
 Whilst Storms and Tempest beat
 On my enormous Foes ;
 There I may stand when Worlds dismay
 And fly away at his Command.

XXXVIII. *The Sinner's Petition.*

- 1 **T**HOU Arbiter of Life and Death,
And all the Good below,
One of thy Mercies, but the least,
On wretched me bestow.
 - 2 Inferior to the Worm I am,
Below the Dust I tread,
And vile Affections have throughout
My Soul immortal spread.
 - 3 But Thou JEHOVAH hast ordain'd,
In thy eternal Grace,
Tho' vile, yet the relenting Soul
To shelter and embrace.
 - 4 The heavy Load of Guilt and Sin,
Doth crush me to the Grave ;
No Peace, no Comfort, no Relief
Except thyself will save.
 - 5 O be my Saviour and my God
Till I return to Dust,
And in thy Strength I shall rejoice,
And know in whom I trust.
-

XXXIX. *The Turns of Fate call for
redeeming Comforts.*

- 1 **H**OW shocking is the Scene ?
How dreadful 'tis to see
Such Numbers plung'd of Men
In endless Misery ?
Who only groan for Life and Health,
Honour and Wealth below the Moon.

- 2 Sometimes the Guiltless do
 And Righteous suffer Ill,
 When haughty Sinners are
 Deliver'd at their Will ;
 'Tis often found that Pain and Thrall
 Do heavy fall where Grace abound.
- 3 In all the Turns of Fate,
 In every Misery
 No Refuge, no Relief,
 One only Remedy,
 The Saviour dy'd, and with his Blood
 The Wrath of GOD he satisfy'd.
- 4 There's nought that can allay
 All Tumults from abroad,
 Nor bear the heavy Cross,
 But the redeeming Blood,
 And quench the Smart of Guilt and Sin
 That burns within the trembling Heart.
- 5 Faith in his dying Wounds
 The Fear of Death abates,
 And pure Contentedness
 Immediately creates,
 And entertains our Hearts with Peace,
 Such as will ease all inward Pains.
- 6 Lord, to thy bounteous Grace
 May I delight to peep,
 And gaze away my Time
 To search that boundless Deep,
 And steer above the Woes of Fate,
 Or mortal Hate or mortal Love.



XL. *Breathing after GOD.*

- 1 **L**ORD, do descend and visit me,
 I cannot bear the Loss ;
 All the Creation does afford
 But Vanity and Dross.
- 2 My Spirit follows after Thee,
 Renew'd by special Grace,
 And cannot, will not, thus inclin'd,
 Renew it's former Chace.
- 3 Lord, why hast Thou created me ;
 My Mind to what employ ?
 Why Passions planted in my Soul,
 But Thee I might enjoy ?
- 4 O holy, holy, holy LORD,
 Be my Companion still ;
 That so each Corner of my Heart,
 May have it's plenteous Fill.
- 5 Then all I leave, I all resign
 That Flesh and Blood approve,
 All earthly Objects of Delight,
 And only for thy Love.
-

XLI. *Against Fear.* PSALM xxvii, 3.

- 1 **J**ESUS the Saviour reigns
 Both here and above,
 And every Providence
 Endears his dying Love ;
 To raise his Name so all shall turn,
 And sweetly burn our Hearts to Flame.

- 2 If Hell was in Uproar,
 His Strength can enter thro',
 Encounter and subdue
 All that the World can do,
 And elevate our Souls above
 Or Mortal Love, or mortal Hate.
- 3 When Sin assaults our Souls
 With Thousand Arrows keen,
 He can resist each Dart,
 Then is his Wisdom seen ;
 He will relieve and keep from Harm
 In each Alarm such as believe.
- 4 The Lions loudly roar,
 And rage the haughty Men ;
 Tho' Earth and Mountains shake,
 And Deluge come again,
 JESUS, my All, shall be my GOD,
 And in his Blood shall never fall.

. XLII. *JESUS All in All.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, is enough
 When all is gone and spent ;
 He fills and over-fills my Soul,
 Thus I am pure content.
- 2 My Covenant with Flesh and Blood,
 And every sinful Thing,
 Is broken, and is stedfast made
 With JESUS CHRIST, my King.
- 3 Let the ambitious World, and vain,
 Its Misery divide,
 Its Honours, Pleasures, and its Wealth,
 Its Glory, and its Pride.

- 4 My only Bliss is of thy Love
Sincerely still to taste ;
I'll envy none, I shall not wish
To share of their Repast.
- 5 The Glories of the dying God,
Reveal'd within my Breast,
Still entertain my Spirit with
Unutterable Feast.
- 6 Vanish from me, ye Objects vain,
All Scenes of lower Kind ;
A Pleasure equal to my Wish
In GOD alone I find.
-

XLIII. *The Mysteries of Divine Love.*

- 1 **T**HOU great Redeemer of Mankind,
Who pity'd the forsaken Race,
Nor put'st th' angelic Nature on,
But Flesh and Blood Thou didst embra
- 2 O Grace immense ! beyond the Reach
Of all the purer Minds above ;
Eternity can never find
In all its Ages such a Love.
- 3 Archangels peep with holy Awe
Into thy glorious Ark, and prove
The Depth of Wisdom pure, divine,
In Myst'ries of redeeming Love.
- 4 O ! let the antient Plan of Grace,
Which far beyond our Knowledge is,
Inflame our Breast with Love and Joy,
Till we arrive in perfect Bliss.

5 There we shall know, there we shall see
The Myst'ries deep of Love and Grace ;
And there adore, and there admire
Our dear Redeemer Face to Face.

XLIV. *Faith, from Psalm xlv. 1, 2, 3, &c.*

- 1 IF the Creation were defac'd,
And Worlds to Chaos turn'd,
And all the Elements were in
A Conflagration burn'd.
- 2 The GOD of Nature, GOD of Grace,
Still reigns, is still alive ;
I'd trust in Him, in Him would live,
Rejoice, and love, and thrive.
- 3 When that superior Lamp of Day
Shall yield to endless Night,
And these the Stars their Faces veil,
Then I shall dwell in Light.
- 4 My GOD shall totally supply
The Want of all below,
And Rivers of eternal Bliss
Shall from his Presence flow.
- 5 The eternal one shall then reveal
His Glories and his Might,
Unto my Soul extended wide
To bear the glorious Sight.
-

XLV. *Hope against Hope.*

- 1 MY Soul, and dost Thou fear to die ?
What Trembling else within ?
Art thou so loth to leave behind
A World of Woe and Sin ?

- 2 Few rolling Years since I receiv'd
 This sluggish Load of Clay ;
 Few single Minutes more perhaps
 And it will wear away.
- 3 Or art thou fainted thus because
 Death is a potent King ?
 Our dear Redeemer spoil'd the Foe,
 He fights without a Sting.
- 4 My Fellow-Pilgrims there exist
 Where nothing shall annoy ;
 My GOD and Saviour there reside,
 The Object of my Joy.
- 5 Fly there, my Soul, where JESUS reigns,
 Amidst the holy Throng
 Of Angels, Seraphims, and Thrones,
 That Praise him with a Song.
-

XLVI. *A Prayer for Strength.*

- 1 JESUS the GOD who reigns above
 Those glorious Luminaries bright,
 Let me poor Sinner taste that Love
 Which overflows the Realms of Light.
- 2 One Drop of that celestial Chear
 Pour on me in this World of Woe,
 That I the scorching Heat may bear,
 And trace the fiery Desert thro'.
- 3 Who can abide in barren Land ?
 Surrounded with ten thousand Foes,
 Weak and unable to withstand,
 Much less to conquer one of those.

- 4 No, dear Redeemer, let thy Might
 Invincible be poured down ;
 And Thou our bloody Battles fight,
 Confess and challenge us thy own.
- 5 Direct our feeble Feet to stand
 Firm and unshaken by thy Side ;
 Let us admire thy mighty Hand,
 And in thy bleeding Wounds abide.
- 6 Then We shall sing and humbly tune
 Our Harps in a melodious Strain,
 Admire thy Glories and repeat
 Thy Love, thy Sufferings, and Pain.
-

XLVII. *The Fear of Death.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how shall I a filthy Wretch
 Launch to a World unknown,
 Unless Thou great immortal King
 Confess me for thy own ?
- 2 I fear the Agonies of Death,
 I fear it's final Stroke,
 I fear that awful Majesty
 Whom daily I provoke.
- 3 My Heart does tremble at the Sound,
 The Summons of his Throne ;
 My guilty Soul shall never stand,
 Or answer there alone.
- 4 I want a Saviour, want a GOD,
 An Advocate for me,
 To apply that Blood once spilled for
 My glorious Liberty.
- 5 Apply thy Blood, O gracious GOD,
 Cleanse me from every Stain ;
 I'll mount on Wings of Faith above,
 And never fear again.

XLVIII. *Communion with GOD.*

- 1 **L**ET the Remainder of my Days
In holy Contemplation be,
And all my Pleasures silent run
In sweet Communion, LORD, with Thee.
 - 2 Let Peace immortal down descend,
As gentle Showers from above,
And overflow my thirsty Soul
Which now does languish for thy Love.
 - 3 LORD, many Times I did repose
My Soul in Dangers on thy Breast,
Continue and renew thy Love
"Till Death shall call me hence to rest.
 - 4 Love me when Enemies surround.
And crush their furious raging Lust ;
Love me when I depart this Life,
And love me mould'ring in the Dust.
 - 5 Let Sin with it's alluring Charms
Never my wounded Spirit move,
Nor Fears of Death nor Hell prevail,
To quench my Little Spark of Love.
-

XLIX. *How long wilt Thou hide thy Face
from me ? Psalm xiii, 1.*

- 1 **L**ORD JESUS, whose unfathom'd Love
Fills all the ethereal Realms above,
Favour me with one simple Ray
To chase this gloomy Dark away
- 2 I waited long thy glorious Light,
And yet but feel a gloomy Night ;

Thy Face as welcomed would be
As thousand Worlds and more to me.

Nor can the World and all it's Modes,
It's various Honours and Abodes,
Amuse me in the least Degree
When I deprived am of Thee.

To none but Thee I make my Moan,
Thy Presence is my Life alone ;
Upon thy Countenance does dwell
Or highest Heav'n or deepest Hell.

When Thou dost smile in darkest Night
It kindles Darkness into Light ;
When Thou dost hide thy gracious Face
A gloomy Night o'ershades our Grace.

L. Blood cleansing.

THOU great JEHOVAH, eternal Mind,
Who knowest all my Thoughts within,
O pity me, deluded Soul,
Polluted over all with Sin.

My inward Man is quite defil'd,
Each Part, each noble Faculty ;
Nought but the Blood can make me clean,
And set my Soul at Liberty.

Thy Blood each Minute, nothing less,
Must purge and sprinkle every Stain,
Else after Thou hast wash'd me o'er,
Next Moment I'll be foul again.

Therefore I want to sit and rest
Myself beneath the cursed Tree,
Where Blood flows out in Crimson Streams
For guilty Sinners such as me.

- 5 There, only there I shall be whole,
And there securely I shall hide
My guilty Soul, void of all Fear,
For ever in thy pierced Side.
-

LI. *A Prayer for Communion.*

- 1 **N**OT on the World, it's Wealth, or Friends,
My lasting Happiness depends,
JESUS, on Thee in Loss and Gain,
Without Thee Heaven were but Pain.
- 2 O happy they who cannot miss
To find these Extasies of Bliss ;
Give me to drink those Streams that flow
Above the Spheres of Night and Woe.
- 3 Favour my LORD, here with thy Love
Before I shall arrive above ;
And often see Thee, gracious King,
And drink thy Peace, and drink and sing.
- 4 Above the World then I'll attain,
And feel it tempts me all in vain,
And still make Friendship with thy Throne,
And live to Thee and Thee alone.

FINIS.

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Gloria in Excelsis :
OR
H Y M N S
OF
P R A I S E
TO
God and the Lamb.

By W. WILLIAMS.

Rev. vii. 9, 10.

“After this I beheld, and lo, a great Multitude,
“which no Man could number, of all Nations,
“and Kindreds, and People, and Tongues, stood
“before the Throne, and before the Lamb, clothed
“with white Robes, and Palms in their Hands ;
“and cried with a loud Voice, saying, Salvation
“to our God which sitteth upon the Throne, and
“unto the Lamb.”

C A R M A R T H E N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, by JOHN ROSS, removed
to Priory Street, near the Church.

M,DCC,LXXII.



Gloria in Excelsis, &c.

H Y M N I.

EACH Letter of thy holy Name,
Sweet JESUS, sounds of Life;
Thy Love and Favour can expel
All Tumults, Fears and Strife.

Under thy gracious Wings repos'd
I'd always wish to be,
Renounce all Pleasures for that one
Of ever loving Thee.

The Earth and Seas, with all their rich
And unexhausted Store,
Are comprehended in thy Self
Ten thousand Times and more.

Salvation is my happy Rest,
Salvation is my Home;
And let Salvation be engrav'd
Upon my silent Tomb.

From Guilt and Sin, from Death and Hell,
And every Misery,
Most freely ransom'd, now I taste
The glorious Liberty.

H Y M N II.

O Mighty SAVIOUR! me assist,
Thy Power can destroy
The strong and subtle Foes that wou'd
My feeble Soul annoy.

Within, without, a num'rous Throng
 Combine to quench that Flame,
 Which thou hast kindled in my Soul
 Unto thy holy Name.

The roaring Wave, tho' none can rule,
 Do thou but speak shall stand,
 And the tumult'ous Ocean cleave
 In twain at thy Command.

The everlasting Hills shall rend ;
 Hard Rocks shall then obey,
 And spout pure Rivers from their Womb
 In Streams without delay.

Why then, O God, dost thou not bid
 My wanton Foes at rest ?
 So that my inward Peace and Joy
 They never may molest.

O speak the Word and all is done,
 My Sins shall flee away,
 Just like the Curtain of the Night
 Before the rising Day.

Then I shall rest in Bliss secure,
 Peace, and Tranquility,
 Until that Jubil when I'm call'd
 To glorious Liberty.

H Y M N III.

LORD let me gain that happy Rest,
 The Rest I long to see,
 And taste the immortal Love divine
 That wholly springs from thee.

Let Cares and Troubles, Fears, and Strife,
 Far from my Thoughts remove,

nd let me wander in the Shade
Of everlasting Love.

ed me with that delicious Feast,
That inward Peace and Joy,
Which all my Troubles, Pain, and Woes,
Shall instantly destroy.

ithin the Bounds of dying Love
Securely let me stray
In endless Mazes, till the Dawn
Of everlasting Day.

ose Scenes my happy Thoughts shall fill,
And keep me from the Noise,
The Tumults of the lower Sphere,
Or its terrestrial Joys.

H Y M N IV.

Trace a mournful dreary Ground,
Like the Arabian Sand,
Sorrowful, and weary, I long to see
The happy promis'd Land.

No living Streams of Peace and Joy,
No fruitful Tree of Life,
But Thorns and Briars here breed
Immortal Hate and Strife.

The Egyptian Stream, curs'd in our Fall,
Now turn'd to Blood I find,
Which raise our Passions to a Flame
And fluctuate the Mind.

And here we travel Day by Day,
Yet with unwearied Feet,
Refresh'd and strength'n'd by thy Grace
I'll encounter all we meet.

JESUS stand by, thy mighty Arm
 Can break each Passage thro',
 And level each triumphant Arch
 Erected by the Foe.

Stand in the Front, thou glorious King ;
 When savage beasts do roam,
 Guide us thro' every winding Maze,
 To thy eternal Home.

Lighten our Path in darkest Night
 With that illustrious Ray,
 The fiery Pillar in the Dark,
 The glorious Cloud by Day.

Strengthen my Faith and languid Hope,
 And chace my Fears away ;
 Give me a Glimpse, in dreary Wilds,
 Of everlasting Day.

H Y M N V.

THRO' Forests wild we travel on,
 Where savage Beasts devour,
 Ten Thousand Perils on each Side
 We 'ncounter every Hour.

Here Dungeons deep, or dark Retreats
 Of rav'ning Wolves, we meet,
 Their subtle Snares, contriv'd by Hell,
 Endanger still our Feet.

Lord, keep us from the broader Path,
 To tread the narrow Road,
 That leads strait on, o'er raging Seas,
 Unto our blest Abode.

Yield not, my Soul, to earthly Toys,
 But travel onward still,

And climb high Rocks impendent up
Unto thy holy Hill.

Of thousand Perils meet thy Face
Thought once unconquering Ills,
These fearful Waters deep, are found,
In Trial, to be Rills.

When flowing Torrents in the Night
Over Rocks impendent fall,
O, fearful Pilgrims, dread our Fate,
And tremble over all.

When the dawning of the Day,
And glimmering Light draws near,
Celestial Ardour warms our Faith,
And mitigates our Fear.

H Y M N VI.

THOU, great JEHOVAH! eternal Might!

Thy glorious Scepter sway;
Thou quash the Haughtiness of Foes
That would obstruct my Way.

Thou on the Cross hast publicly,
Made them an open Shame;
And to thy glorious Self procur'd
An everlasting Name.

Thou hast encounter'd Death and Hell,
And all their Strength and Might;
Thou purchas'd to thy chosen Race
Eternal Bliss a Right.

Thou hast paid the Ransom to the full,
Upon the cursed Tree;
And I, a Pris'ner, daily wait
My glorious Liberty.

O let not Satan and the World,
 Nor sinful Flesh combine,
 To tread, or conquer, or delude,
 By Purchase what is thine.

But let me always live in Sight
 Of all thy Pangs and Woes,
 In Climes celestial far above
 The illusions of my Foes.

H Y M N VII.

WHY should my wand'ring Feet find Rest
 In any thing below?
 The whole Creation in its Pomp
 Can only Trifles show.

Ten thousand Scenes of worldly Joys
 Was I by Turns to trace,
 One Smile, one Glimpse would far excel,
 Of thy reviving Face.

I long to see that blessed Hour
 When I shall settle there,
 Where dark'ning Clouds thy holy Face,
 Shall never interfere.

But when I'm left unto my Will,
 As soon I turn aside,
 Adore those Idols I have made,
 Of Vanity and Pride.

Lord, be my Refuge and my All,
 I'll to thy Glory sing;
 My Shepherd, Prophet, and my Priest,
 Physician, and my King.

H Y M N VIII.

ET E R N A L Saviour, suffer me,
 A Wretch, to call Thee mine ;
 And let each Moment of my Life
 For ever-more be thine.

Let my Life and all I have
 Be consecrated still
 Into thy Pleasures and Commands,
 With a resigned Will.

Let not the vain and trifling World,
 Nor all its Charms below,
 Ever divert me from the Joys
 That from my Saviour flow.

Let not let each Drop of Blood divine,
 Each Wound be, and each Pain,
 The Contemplation of my Thoughts,
 And ever so remain.

Let not Loves and Joys of lower Birth,
 All lost and swallow'd be,
 But that full Stream of happier Love
 That died upon the Tree.

Let our Fears, like Mist before the Wind,
 Shall vanish far away,
 As soon as opens to our View
 The least redeeming Ray.

H Y M N IX.

FI R ' D with the World and all it's vain
 Illusive empty Boast,
 Along with Martyrs there to land
 On Sion's happier Coast.

Here Lions roar, here Tygers sway,
And cruel Foes destroy ;
But in those purer Realms above
Nothing shall e'er annoy.

O happy they that now have reach'd
Their long'd-for joyful Home,
Whose unmolested Dust remains
Within a hollow Tomb.

Satan with all his subtle Wiles
Shall never more molest,
Nor all th' impetuous Force of Sin
Disturb their silent Rest.

Beyond those Seas of Guilt and Woes,
With Golden Harps they stand,
Praising for ever-more thy Name
Within that holy Land.

JESUS is all the Anthem there,
Amidst the glorious Throng ;
His Grace, his Love, and Agony,
In a repeated Song.

H Y M N X.

TO thee, my GOD, to thee alone,
To thee I sigh, to thee I groan ;
Not for the World, with all its gay
Delusions, which evade away.

Had I its Pleasures, empty Boast,
Its Riches on the eastern Coast,
Its Honours to the last Degree,
I would resign the Whole for Thee.

From thy dear Face one glorious Ray
 Will chace my Troubles more away,
 Than all the innumerable Springs
 Of Nature, or of earthly Things.

Thy blissful Smiles my Soul renew,
 And all my Passions strong subdue,
 Chace all the Darkness of the Night,
 And put my Doubts to total Flight.

These Blessings on my Soul bestow,
 And I'll resign the Things below,
 Myself, and all, shall ever be
 Devoted, sacred, Lord, to thee.

H Y M N XI.

WHAT Pleasures shall the World bestow
 Of all its various Kinds below,
 Into whose Arms I may resign
 His longing, gaping Soul of mine ?

As empty Joys, its golden Stores,
 As Riches on the Indian Shores,
 As Glories in the highest Kind,
 Are only Trifles to my Mind.

In vain they tempt, in vain they try,
 My drooping Soul to satisfy,
 They allure in vain to their Embrace,
 While JESUS hides his lovely Face.

O visit me, eternal Dove !
 And from my Soul all Doubts remove ;
 Rise Morning Star, illustrious, bright,
 And dissipate the Shades of Night.

I long to see that happy Day,
 When all my Fears are gone away ;

When Peace, and Joy, and Love shall r
In one combin'd triumphant Train.

H Y M N XII.

O Lord of Glory, Lord of Grace !
I long to see thy lovely Face !
When every Vail that stands between
Are rent, and never more are seen.

The Shades of Night, in lower Skies,
Do vanish when the Sun doth rise ;
So shall my Terrors flee away,
Before the least immortal Ray.

How shall I live and wander thro'
A World of Misery and Woe ?
Where Sin and Satan do combine,
Tempt me to err in Things divine,

Except, O Saviour, thou dost stand
Faithful and firm at my right Hand,
Resist and conquer every Foe,
And guide my Steps where e'er I go.

Reveal thy Secrets in my Heart,
And from my Spirit never part,
Shine on my Soul, thou God of Love !
Which shall my Darkness all remove.

H Y M N XIII.

LORD let the World's unworthy Love
Far from my weary Thoughts remove
And let my Passions all incline
To Objects that are pure, divine.

Let Fears and Cares of every Kind,
Dissolve and vanish from my Mind ;
And let Thyself, thou brightest One,
Be the Object of my Love alone.

Let each Desire, each Passion find
Some Comforts of celestial Kind,
And let my flying Moments be
All consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

I'll envy ne'er the worldly Crowd,
The Rich, the Valiant, and the Proud,
I'll never at their State repine,
But only boast that Thou art mine.

Within thy Arms I'd ever rest,
And lean my Head upon thy Breast,
Then whisper silent in my Ear
Such Comforts as my Heart will cheer.

H Y M N XIV.

DEAR Saviour, all my Doubts remove,
And clear thy own eternal Love,
Assure me, for with Grief I pine,
Lest after all Thou art not mine.

Why should I doubt, and disbelievè,
And thy most holy Spirit grieve ;
Thy Blood hath seal'd upon the Tree
A Pardon for such Poor as me.

My Fears dissolve, fly Doubts away,
Dawn on my Soul immortal Day ;
Reveal thyself, and let me see
The Depths of Love repos'd in thee.

O Love immense! can Angels trace
The eternal Mazes of thy Grace ?

Thro' Death and Hell, which broke its Way
And snatch'd my Soul from thence away.

I do believe—I'll not resign
Any Portion in the Blood divine ;
Nor will I e'er exchange his Love
For all in Earth or Heaven above.

H Y M N XV.

JESUS, thou art the Source of all,
Or Great, or Good, or Dear we call ;
To Thee my fainting Soul aspires,
Thou art the Whole of my Desires.

The heavenly Host rejoice above,
And sing the Depths of dying Love,
They stoop; admire, and love to see
The Wonders thou hast done for me.

But all confess, tho' e'er they peep,
'Tis Love unfathomable deep ;
An Ocean wide of living Grace,
To wash the guilty chosen Race.

Awake, my Soul, and mourn to see,
Thy Saviour groaning on a Tree ;
For guilty me he suffered pain,
For me, not Angels, he was slain.

Let me, a Sinner, evermore,
His sov'reign Grace and Love adore,
And sing with Angels round the Throne
The Glories of his Name alone.

H Y M N XVI.

BENEATH thy Cross I lay me down,
 And mourn to see thy bloody Crown ;
 We drops in Blood from every Vein,
 We is the Spring of all his Pain,

Here, JESUS, I shall ever stay,
 And spend my longing Hours away,
 Sink on thy bleeding Wounds and Pain,
 And contemplate thy Woes again.

The Rage of Satan and of Sin,
 Foes without, and Fears within,
 Shall ne'er my conqu'ring Soul remove,
 From thy Cross, or from thy Love.

Secure from Harms beneath thy Shade,
 Where Death and Hell shall ne'er invade,
 Or Sinah, with its thund'ring Noise,
 Shall e'er disturb my happier Joys.

Unmolested happy Rest !
 Where inward Fears are all suppress'd,
 Here I shall love, and live secure,
 And patiently my Cross endure.

H Y M N XVII.

MY Soul forsakes each tempting Show,
 Each vain and pleasing Dream below ;
 Says that allure the Mind to stray
 Out of the safe, the narrow Way.

Whatever Treasures Princes boast,
 On Western or on Eastern Coast,
 Can mean to love, too weak t' impart
 True Satisfaction to my Heart.

That Happiness would I attain,
Which in all Tempests doth remain ;
The sweetest Fruit of sov'reign Love,
Which shall my Cares and Fears remove.

My Thoughts releas'd would mount above,
And Soar to Regions warm of Love ;
There rove thro' Fields of Bliss divine,
And all my nobler Powers refine.

Here Joys in living Torrents flow,
Refin'd from all their Dross below ;
Here Streams of Peace glide in a Maze,
O'er verdant Vales of saving Grace.

H Y M N XVIII.

LORD, thy Love is overcoming,
Strong and clear consuming Fire ;
That effectually burneth
Every base and low Desire ;
My Corruption, &c.,
By thy Love shall waste away.

Far beyond the Reach of Reason,
Most refined is thy Love ;
Nature never, never tasted
What descended from above ;
Heaven of Heavens, &c.,
Knows not a sublimer Flame.

I'll admire and gaze with Pleasure,
At the deep mysterious Plan ;
Cherubims unfold thy eternal
Love to Sinners never can ;
Sweeter Knowledge, &c.
Is to render Love for Love.

On that other side of Jordan,
 With ten thousand Saints in one,
 I shall know my God and Saviour,
 And his Love, as I am known ;
 Winds eternal, &c.
 Blow this gloomy Night away.

There I'll spend ten thousand Ages,
 In pure Contemplation free,
 Look into those Depths eternal
 Of redeeming *Calvary* ;
 Ever praising, &c.
 Him that loved, Him that dy'd.

There shall I repeat my Troubles,
 My Temptations and my Woe ;
 How I climb'd high rocks impendent,
 How I launched Rivers thro' ;
 All the Glory, &c.
 To my Saviour shall redound.

There will be no End of Praising,
 Never finishing the Song ;
 Nor forgetting of our Journey,
 All Eternity along ;
 Never ceasing, &c.
 Shall I praise my God above.

Love and Praise, and Joys beginning,
 In the GLORIED shall be found,
 When ten thousand, thousand Ages
 Silently revolve around ;
 All will vanish, &c.
 But the glorious golden Lyre.

H Y M N XIX.

WHITE and ruddy is my Beloved,
 All his heavenly Beauties shine ;
 Nature can't produce an Object,
 Nor so glorious, so divine ;
 He hath wholly, &c.

Won my Soul to Realms above.

Farewell all ye meaner Creatures,
 For in Him is every Store ;
 Wealth, or Friends, or darling Beauty,
 Shall not draw me any more ;
 In my Saviour, &c.

I have found a glorious Whole.

Such as found Thee found such Sweetness,
 Deep, mysterious, and unknown ;
 Far above all wordly Pleasures,
 If they werè to meet in one ;
 My Beloved, &c.

O'er the Mountains haste away.

JESUS, leave me not to wander
 In these howling Wilds alone,
 All my inward Fears and Weakness,
 Every where to Thee are known ;
 Keep me stedfast, &c.

Lo ! the Enemy at Hand.

All Temptations, in thy Presence,
 Vanish instantly away ;
 And my Foes, when thou art near,
 Feel their Doom with wild Dismay ;
 Lord, a visit, &c.

From thyself shall make me strong.

H Y M N XX.

LORD, when I make my Passage thro'
 Great Jordan, that doth overflow
 Its Banks eternal, deep and wide,
 Stretch forth thy Hand without Delay,
 Give not my Soul to Death a Prey—
 In deepest Stream stand by my Side.

There by my Side when Thee I have,
 I do not fear the strongest Wave ;
 Tho' I am weak, great is thy Might :
 Thy Strength can hold me on my Way,
 When thousand Perils do dismay,
 And thousand Enemies affright.

Blessed are all that trust in Thee,
 And thy Salvation long to see ;
 Thy Promises thou wilt fulfil :
 Our Souls shall taste those Streams of Love,
 That issues from the Throne above ;
 The Fruits of thy eternal Will.

H Y M N XXI.

O My Beloved ! haste away,
 Thy gracious Coming don't delay,
 Leap o'er the Hills like a young Roe ;
 O meet a Soul in mournful Pain,
 My Peace, my Joys, let me regain,
 And be my God where e'er I go.

A dark delusive Scene of Woe,
 Is every Thing I meet below ;
 Snares and Temptations all around ;
 Objects of Sense here boldly sway,
 And silent steal my Soul away,
 O let thy Grace much more abound.

All my Afflictions flee away,
 As Night before the dawning Day,
 When my beloved Fair draws near,
 Guilt and Despair, the Train of Fate,
 As Morning Clouds shall dissipate,
 And Love shall wholly conquer Fear.

I sigh, and groan, and faint away,
 Lest I am left like Sheep astray,
 My Enemies are fierce and strong ;
 On Thee, O SAVIOUR ! I rely,
 Or let me live, or let me die,
 Be thy Salvation all my Song.

H Y M N XXII.

MY God, my Portion, and my Love !
 My All on Earth, my All above,
 My All when in the Tomb ;
 The Treasures of this World below,
 Are but a vain delusive Show,
 Thy Bosom is my Home.

Or Friends, or Wealth, Relations near,
 And every Thing the World calls dear,
 Are Vanity and Night ;
 Thy Self, who fillest every Space,
 Will thoroughly supply their Place,
 Thy Self my whole Delight.

Let others grasp the golden Store,
 The Treasures of the Indian Shore,
 Embrace this earthly Ball ;
 But my Desires, in Channels free
 Shall gently flow, and flow to thee,
 And thou shalt be my All.

The glorious Visits of thy Grace,
 Will every gloomy Darkness chace,
 And drive my Fears away ;
 Thy only sweeter Beams can show
 The blessed Path I am to go,
 And turn my Night to Day.

H Y M N XXIII.

I Long to feel that blessed Rest,
 When I shall lean upon thy Breast,
 Above the World in sweet Delight ;
 Above its Pleasures and its Pain,
 Above its Loss, above its Gain,
 Far from the gloomy Shades of Night.

Here I wander to and fro,
 Fearful and weak, where e'er I go,
 A Pilgrim like, in Wilds unknown ;
 Haste, my Beloved, haste away,
 Destroy the savage Beasts of Prey,
 And me then challenge for thy own.

O chace my fearful Thoughts away,
 Reduce my gloomy Nights to Day,
 And all my inward Fear controul ;
 JESUS, drop down thy heavenly Dew
 In gentle Showers, and renew
 Thy gracious Image on my Soul.

Let all the wicked World revile,
 If JESUS, thou wilt only smile
 I'm pleas'd, I'll never more repine ;
 A Glimpse of Thee will instant rise
 My feeble Soul above the Skies,
 In Pleasures real and divine.

HYMN XXIV.

COME, JESUS, haste, make no Delay,
 Conduct me in the narrow Way,
 That leads unto the promis'd Land ;
 Be my Conductor and my Guide,
 I'm weak, and prone to turn aside
 From thy most holy pure Command.

Ten thousand Objects here are found
 To tempt and tease me all around,
 To steal my Thoughts combin'd in one ;
 Lord, shew thyself ; a Glimpse of thee
 Excels all Objects fair to me,
 Thyself most beautiful alone.

How sweet are all Things that are thine,
 Thy Comforts are delicious Wine ;
 Thou art the only God and Friend :
 Thy Absence is a horrid Night,
 Thy Presence is a pure Delight,
 A blessed Feast without an End.

Thy Beauties in sweet Order shine
 With glorious Lustre, all divine ;
 Sweeter thy Love than can be known ;
 My Life, O SAVIOUR, let me spend,
 From the Beginning to the End,
 Gazing upon thyself alone.

HYMN XXV.

LORD, I long to be in thy Presence,
 'Tis my Joy and whole Delight ;
 Sweeter than delicious Honey,
 Fairer than the Morning Light ;

All the Assaults of Sin and Satan,
 I could stedfastly withstand,
 And would stem all Woes and Perils,
 Having Thee at my right Hand.

I can suffer every Affliction,
 And encounter every Foe,
 And the Depths of flowing Jordan
 Venture also fearless thro',
 Only let thy gracious Presence
 Then my feeble Soul assist,
 'Tis thy Strength eternal only,
 That can conquer and resist.

Death and Hell, and all Destruction,
 Shake and tremble at thy Might ;
 And thy Presence hush to Silence
 All the roaring Wolves of Night.
 Lord JEHOVAH ! Lord Almighty !
 Is thy gracious holy Name,
 O let me, unworthy Sinner,
 Feel the Power of the same.

H Y M N XXVI.

JESUS, whose Almighty Scepter
 Rules the Creation all around,
 In whose Bowels, Love and Mercy,
 Grace and Pity, full are found ;
 In my Spirit rule and conquer,
 There set up thy eternal Throne ;
 Win my Heart from every Creature,
 Thee to love, and Thee alone.

In thy Strength I'd only conquer,
 In thy Righteousness confide ;
 Wise and simple in thy Wisdom,
 Strong and dauntless by thy Side ;

In thy bleeding Wounds most happy,
 Nought will do for wretched me,
 But a Saviour full of Mercy,
 Dying, innocent, and free.

Climb, my Soul, unto the Mountain,
 Ever-blessed Calvary,
 See the wounded Victim bleeding,
 Nailed to a cursed Tree :
 Love to miserable Sinners,
 Love unfathom'd, Love to Death,
 Was the only End and Motive,
 To resign his gracious Breath.

H Y M N XXVII.

Wonder Earth, be amaz'd ye Heavens !
 There the God, the Saviour dies !
 All ye Creatures give Attention——
 How he groans, hark how he cries !
 See the Nails with which he's pierced !
 See his bloody thorny Crown !
 And admire divine Compassion,
 Him the God and Saviour own.

Nothing could resist his Coming
 To this World of Sin and Woe ;
 Love and Mercy pure, prevailed
 O'er all Perils here below :
 Tho' the Weight of Guilt and Justice,
 Tho' the Strength of Wrath divine,
 Lo, he comes with pure Compassion
 To redeem this Soul of mine !

Tremble Hell, with all thy Malice,
 Guilty Sinners shall be freed,
 And the unworthy, mournful, wretched,
 Shall be fully sav'd indeed :

The weak, the feeble, and the fearful,
 Drawn by Cords of Love divine,
 Shall thro' all their Guilt and Sinning,
 In the Midst of Glory shine.

HYMN XXVIII.

JESUS, thou canst make us happy,
 Thou alone art All in All ;
 Other Things, in Competition
 With Heav'n, we nothing call ;
 Joy and Peace, and Life and Pleasure,
 In a blissful Order stand,
 Void of Pain, and Fear, and Envy,
 Evermore at thy right Hand.

I can live, when thou art near,
 Strong and fearless all the Day ;
 Tho' most grievously tormented
 By all savage Beasts of Prey ;
 None shall rob me of my Portion,
 JESUS, whilst thyself art mine ;
 Treasures bound in Love eternal,
 And in Faithfulness divine.

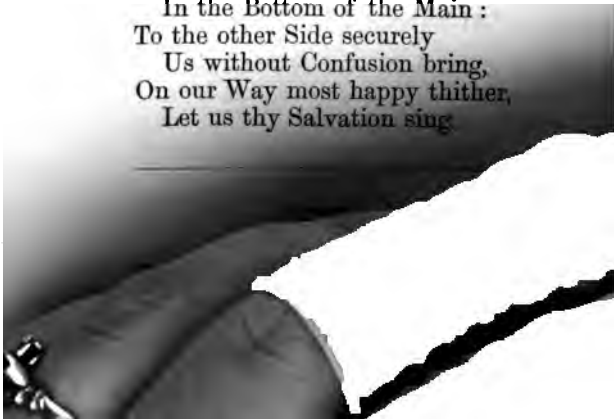
If I wander from thy presence
 Towards the forbidden Tree,
 Any Object, any Pleasure,
 That unlawful is for me ;
 Snatch me from the fiery Furnace,
 And my Passions rude restrain,
 Let my Soul return and ever
 Stedfast in thy Arms remain.

HYMN XXIX.

GOD of Mercy, only Saviour,
 Help with an outstretched Hand,
 Weary and fainting us that travel
 To the blessed promis'd Land ;
 Give us Strength, and give us Courage,
 Faith and Patience, Truth and Light,
 To resist our daring Tempters,
 And their Number put to flight.

And except thyself will guide us,
 Guide us forward Night and Day,
 Heedless on to endless Dangers
 We will surely go astray ;
 Therefore in the Heat of Trial,
 Blessed JESUS, by us stand,
 And we shall, without Confusion,
 Fight and act at thy Command.

When the roaring Wave affrights us,
 Cleave the raging Flood in twain ;
 Pave a road to thy Beloved
 In the Bottom of the Main :
 To the other Side securely
 Us without Confusion bring,
 On our Way most happy thither,
 Let us thy Salvation sing.



Let that Love which reigns in Heav'n,
 Wholly reign within my Breast,
 And compose my rudest Passions.
 To a pure immortal Rest.

When Afflictions black assault me
 Never let me then complain,
 Let thy Love, in flowing Rivers,
 In my weary Spirit reign ;
 Shew me the happy Land of Gilead
 Where true Pleasures do abound,
 And where Saints releas'd from Bondage,
 Are with 'ternal Glory crown'd.

Be it my Study, be it my Pleasure,
 Thee to love, Thee to adore ;
 Be thy full and free Salvation
 All my Glory evermore ;
 From thy Word and Holy Spirit
 Let me never go astray ;
 Safely, Lord, conduct my Goings
 To the blissful Realms of Day.

HYMN XXXI.

groan under the Burden
 bondage, and complain ;
 only Saviour,
 from my Pain ;
 Thralldom
 heavy wing,
 y,
 ing.
 fore me
 ;
 Pieces,
 nful Bride ;

Lead me from the Egyptian Darkness,
 Strong and fearless in thy Hand,
 That I may thro' thousand Perils
 Soon possess the promis'd Land.

Thy Salvation is my Refuge,
 Thy Salvation is my Joy ;
 And there lyeth all my portion,
 Which no Creature can destroy ;
 Now I know my Lot hath fallen
 On that happy Land of Love,
 And my Treasures are reserved
 By my Saviour all above.

HYMN XXXII.

GOD of Mercy, whose Compassion
 Over all thy Creatures reign ;
 Hear a mournful broken Spirit,
 Prostrate at thy Feet, complain ;
 My Foes are subtle, strong, and cruel,
 Bent on Malice, all in one,
 Nothing can direct my Going,
 But thy holy Self alone.

In thy Righteousness I'll triumph,
 In thy Wisdom I'll be wise,
 In thy Robes I'm perfect Beauty,
 In thy Power I'll arise :
 In thy glorious free Salvation
 Only shall my Soul rejoice,
 And beyond all other Pleasures,
 Is thy sweet melodious Voice.

Speak the Word, O Lord, I hear,
 And my Spirits leap for Joy,
 All the Tumult of the Creature
 Can't thy blessed Voice destroy ;

Sweet and awful are thy Whisp'rings,
 Hush'd are all, with one Accord,
 To a deep and profound Silence,
 When thou utterest forth thy Word.

HYMN XXXIII.

SAVIOUR, look on thy Beloved ;
 Triumph over all my Foes ;
 Turn to happy Joy my Mourning ;
 Turn to Gladness all my Woes ;
 Live or die, or work, or suffer,
 Let my weary Soul abide,
 In all Changes whatsoever,
 Sure and stedfast by thy Side.

With Thee, Lord, I'll travel forward,
 Thro' the horrid Realms of Night ;
 And my Enemies encounter,
 Tho' their Number, tho' their Might ;
 Hell and Death yield to thy Power,
 Satan trembles at thy Name ;
 Be my Friend, and only Refuge,
 I shall conquer all the same.

When Temptations fierce assault me,
 When my Enemies I find,
 Sin, and Guilt, and Death, and Satan,
 All against my Soul combin'd ;
 Hold me up in mighty Waters,
 Keep my Eyes on Things above,
 Righteousness, divine Atonement,
 Peace, and everlasting Love.

HYMN XXXIV.

SAVIOUR of the guilty Sinner,
 Sunk and burden'd, how I cry,
 All my Foes are bold and daring,
 Still my feeble Soul defy ;
 Thee I want for Strength and Wisdom,
 Thee I want for Truth and Light,
 And by Thee I'll triumph over
 All their Subtilty and Might.

Thou hast conquer'd Hell and Satan,
 Once upon a cursed Tree ;
 Thou hast purchas'd Peace and Pardon
 Freely, for unworthy me ;
 Do not leave my Soul to wander
 Where the roaring Lions stray,
 Lurk, and watch the weary Pilgrim,
 For to snatch his Life away.

Here, Satan, with his Armies,
 To attack us ready stands ;
 There the World, with Pomp and Pleasures
 All our simple Hearts demands ;
 And within are thousand Passions
 Ready all to catch the Flame—
 JESUS, let my Soul take Refuge
 Only in thy holy Name.

Nothing will preserve my Goings,
 But Salvation full and free ;
 Nothing will my Feet dishearten
 But my Absence, Lord, from Thee.
 Nothing can delay my Progress,
 Nothing can disturb my Rest,
 If I shall, where e'er I wander,
 Lean my Spirit on thy Breast.

HYMN XXXV.

JESUS, lead us with thy Power
Safe unto the promis'd Rest,
Hide our Souls within thy Bosom,
Let us slumber on thy Breast ;
Feed us with the heav'nly Manna,
Bread that Angels eat above,
Let's drink from the holy Fountain,
Draughts of everlasting Love.

Throughout the Desert wild conduct us,
With a glorious Pillar bright,
In the Day a cooling Comfort,
And a cheering Fire by Night ;
Be our Guide in every Peril,
Watch us hourly Night and Day,
Otherwise we'll err and wander
From thy Spirit far away.

In thy Presence we are happy,
In thy Presence we're secure ;
In thy Presence all Afflictions
We will easily endure ;
In thy Presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Far from Thee we faint and languish,
Lord, our Saviour, keep us nigh.

HYMN XXXVI.

LORD, accept a wretched Sinner,
That himself can ne'er amend ;
Be my God, and be my Saviour,
Be my Father and my Friend ;
Always near thee, &c.
Always happy, always wise.

I am faint and prone to wander,
 Quite unable to withstand
 Such a fierce and cruel Number,
 E'er without thy helping Hand ;
 Lord appear, &c.
 All do fear thy glorious Name.

'Tis thy precious Blood and Passion
 That can make the feeble strong ;
 'Tis thy Blood alone that conquers
 All the fierce infernal Throng ;
 Let me quickly, &c.
 Drink that pure immortal Stream.

Let those Gales from blest *Calvaria*,
 Breathe their Influence divine,
 All their pure and milder Comforts
 On this mournful Soul of mine ;
 In such Pleasures, &c.
 I would spend my Life away.

HYMN XXXVII.

ALL the wide immense Creation,
 And its Creatures of all Kind,
 Cannot, with their Wealth and Beauty,
 Fill my longing gaping Mind ;
 Things eternal, &c.
 Only can my Soul employ.

Let thy precious Blood and Passion
 Fill my Soul from Day to Day ;
 Let thy eternal Love and Mercy
 Drive my grumbling Thoughts away ;
 Peace and Concord, &c.
 Be my Feast for evermore.

O that I could see that blessed
 Time, when all my Thoughts in one,
 Should be wholly fix'd on Pleasures
 Gushing from beneath the Throne ;
 Things terrestrial, &c.
 And my Soul shall join no more.

On the Wings of Faith unfeigned
 To a pure empyreal Sky,
 Thro' the thick and darkest Regions,
 Now my Soul mysterious pry ;
 Love and Mercy, &c.
 Streams eternal there I find.

HYMN XXXVIII.

O'ER those gloomy Hills of Darkness
 Look my Soul, be still and gaze,
 All the Promises do travel
 On a glorious Day of Grace,
 Blessed Jubil, &c.
 Let thy glorious Morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see
 That divine and glorious Conquest
 Once obtain'd on *Calvary* ;
 Let the Gospel, &c.
 Word resound from Pole to Pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in Darkness,
 Let them have the glorious Light,
 And from Eastern Coast to Western
 May the Morning chace the Night,
 And Redemption, &c.
 Freely purchas'd win the Day.

May the glorious Days approaching,
 From eternal Darkness dawn,
 And the everlasting Gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy Name.
 Thousand Years, &c.
 Soon appear, make no Delay.

Lord, I long to see that Morning,
 When thy Gospel shall abound,
 And thy Grace get full possession
 Of the happy promis'd Ground ;
 All the Borders, &c.
 Of the great Immanuel's Land.

Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy eternal wide Dominions
 Multiply, and still increase ;
 May thy Scepter, &c.
 Sway th' enlight'ned World around.

O let Moab yield and tremble,
 Let Philistia never boast,
 And let India proud be scattered
 With their numerable Host ;
 And the Glory, &c.
 JESUS only be to thee.

HYMN XXXIX.

LORD, thou art my whole Salvation,
 Thou the Rock of my Defence ;
 All my sweeter Comforts issue
 In a living Stream from thence ;
 In all Troubles, &c.
 Only there I am secure.

In the Midst of Tribulation,
 To the Throne I will apply ;
 And before thy Seat of Mercy
 I will ever groan and sigh ;
 Hear my Prayers, &c.
 Hear a wounded Spirit's cry.

God of Grace, and God of Mercy,
 E'er thou hast proclaim'd thy Name,
 And ten thousand Saints in Troubles
 Had their Refuge in the same ;
 Worthy SAVIOUR, &c.
 Thou canst conquer and redeem.

Thou hast heard my groaning Prayer,
 Fast entangled in the Chain,
 And thou hast my Soul deliver'd,
 Freely from my grievous Pain ;
 All the Glory, &c.
 To thy self be evermore.

HYMN XL.

WHEN I made my God my Refuge,
 All my Night was turn'd to Day ;
 Nothing but Almighty Power
 Could my Enemies dismay ;
 Wall of Fire, &c.
 Is my God on every Side.

On the Left he kept my Goings,
 And he kept me on the Right,
 He surrounded me in Dangers,
 In the thickest darkest Night ;
 From the Egyptian, &c.
 Bondage he hath led me Home.

Thro' the rough and stormy Tempest,
 Thro' innumerable Foes,
 And Thro' Rivers wide of Troubles,
 Over Hills of Pain and Woes ;
 Thou hast help'd me, &c.
 Nothing can resist thy Hand.

Let me therefore, without Murmur,
 Spend my weary Hours away,
 Hidden in the Rock of Ages
 In the greatest Heat of Day ;
 Where in Silence, &c.
 I may contemplate thy Grace.

HYMN XLI.

COME, return thou mournful Sinner,
 Haste unto thy blessed Home ;
 All is ready, all is welcome,
 JESUS and his Bride, say Come,
 Taste the Dainties, &c.
 Feast of everlasting Life.

Free Salvation hath appeared,
 And the Vail is rent in twain ;
 Nothing but to love the Saviour,
 For Believers now remain :
 Taste the Dainties, &c.
 Feast of everlasting Love.

See the glorious Temple open'd
 In the Heavens, high above ;
 See the Ark, divine Utensil,
 Full of Mercy, full of Love ;
 Taste the Dainties, &c.
 Feast of everlasting Life.

nners, here is Abundance,
 Streams of pure delicious Wine,
 reams that heals the wounded Spirit,
 And allays the Wrath divine :
 Eat the Dainties, &c.
 Feast of everlasting Life.

H Y M N XLII.

NOW the Shadows flee and vanish,
 And the blessed Morning came,
 When ten Thousand Silver Trumpets
 Free Salvation shall proclaim ;
 All the Islands, &c.
 Thro' the World shall hear the Sound.

Now the living Branch of Jesse
 Shall with glorious Beauty shine,
 And the Negro, and the Indian,
 Look unto the Man divine ;
 And with Rapture, &c.
 Sing the glorious Theme of Love.

Now shall cease and wholly vanish
 Every meaner base Delight ;
 Jesus, the Desire and Object
 Of the Black and of the White ;
 To the chiefest, &c.
 Sinners, Grace shall more abound.

Come unto the living Fountain,
 Sinners therefore haste away ;
 Hear the Call, and do not squander
 Precious Moments thus away ;
 Eat and welcome, &c.
 Drink the pure delicious Wine.

H Y M N XLIII.

NOW the glorious Gospel hastens,
 And the charming Days draw near,
 When Redemption, fully purchas'd,
 Shall in mighty Pomp appear ;
 Grace abounding, &c.
 Sweet beyond the Thoughts of Man.

Come and see how guilty Sinners
 Here are washed clean and white ;
 See the Poor, Unworthy, Wretched,
 Now cloath'd in Garments bright ;
 Come and wonder, &c.
 Explore the Depths of sov'reign Grace.

Come the Blind, the Lame, and Maimed,
 Here wash thy Filth away ;
 Living Waters, Streams eternal
 Flow abundant every Day ;
 Glorious Fountain, &c.
 Millions wash yet never foul.

Unbelief, and base Relapses,
 Sins of deepest, darkest dye ;
 All are whiten'd in the Fountain,
 Blood and Water sprung on high ;
 Full Redemption, &c.
 Never ceasing to be sweet.

H Y M N XLIV.

HARK ! the Voice of my Beloved,
 Lo, he comes in greatest Need,
 Leaping on the lofty Mountains,
 Skipping over Hills with Speed,
 To deliver, &c.
 Me unworthy from all Woe.

In a Dungeon deep he found me,
Without Water, without Light,
Bound in Chains of horrid Darkness,
Gloomy thick Egyptian Night ;
He recover'd, &c.
Thence my Soul with Price immense.

And for this let Men and Angels,
All the heavenly Host above,
Choirs of Seraphims elected,
With their golden Harps of Love,
Praise and worship, &c.
My Redeemer without End.

Let Believers raise their Anthems,
All Degrees in one Accord,
Mixt with Angels and Archangels,
To their dear redeeming Lord ;
Love eternal, &c.
Unconceivable, unknown.

H Y M N XLV.

SWEET Jesus, bear my Soul away
To a sublimer purer Ray,
Above these cloudy Skies ;
I stretch, and sigh, and long to go,
I'm weary of this World below,
Where thousand Foes entice.

Beyond the deep and foaming Main,
Of Guilt, and Woes, and grievous Pain,
To see that happy Shore,
Where Trees of Life immortal grow,
And Bliss in silent Murmurs flow,
In Streams for evermore.

Immanuel's Land, where Guilt and Sin,
 And Satan, ne'er will enter in,
 And nothing vile can pry ;
 But Peace, and Love, and Joy shall reign
 As happy Guests there, and remain
 To vast Eternity.

And there I shall, amidst the Blest,
 Enjoy an everlasting Feast
 Of pure immortal Wine ;
 There I shall honour and adore
 My God and Saviour evermore,
 And sing the Theme divine.

H Y M N XLVI.

DEAR Jesus come, my Spirits groan
 For nought but for Thyself alone,
 Thou art the Pearl of Price ;
 For Thee, I'd part with all below,
 And every Hardship undergo,
 Beneath the vaulted Skies.

Thy Presence can, without Delay,
 Drive all my num'rous Cares away,
 As Chaff before the Wind ;
 Compose my Thoughts to adore and love
 Thee, as an Object far above,
 To Thee alone inclin'd.

Release me from my heavy Chain,
 Guilt, Sin and Shame, which still remain
 To bind me Hand and Foot ;
 O, glorious Conqueror, enter in,
 Cast out my Foes, destroy my Sin,
 Both Branch and spreading Root.

Give me that Knowledge pure, divine,
To know and feel that Thou art mine,
And Thee my Portion call ;
That Doubts and Fears may flee away,
And Faith unfeigned win the Day,
And triumph over all.

H Y M N XLVII.

OUR weary Pilgrimage below,
Is thro' a World of Sin and Woe,
A gloomy Forest wide,
Where Lions roar, and Tygers sway,
And dreadful Serpents cross our Way ;
We'll faint without a Guide.

O, mighty SAVIOUR ! give thy Hand,
And help us to that blessed Land,
In Spight of all our Foes ;
Where we shall live, and thrive, and grow,
On Milk and Honey there that flow,
Void of terrestrial Woes.

In threat'ning Storms thy sacred Breast
Shall be our consecrated Rest,
Whilst Hours slide away ;
There we'll repose, and there confound
Ten thousand Enemies around,
And wait eternal Day.

H Y M N XLVIII.

TIR'D with a trifling World,
And every Charm below ;
Tis Vanity and Guilt
They only can bestow ;

My God, my All, I will adore,
My best Beloved, evermore.

Stronger than Death his Love,
His Mercies e'er remain ;
Most happy are their Lot
His Friendship who obtain ;
Or Death, or Hell, with all their Sway,
Can never take their Part away.

My Happiness distils,
My clearer Waters flow,
From a celestial Fount,
Which Nature does not know.
My filthy Rags shall glorious shine
Before the Throne, in Rays divine.

Tho' Enemies assault
By Thousands, in Array,
And then triumphant boast
Their Power and their Sway ;
Thy only Name can put to Flight
My daring Foes with all their Might.

H Y M N XLIX.

JESUS is all my Hope,
His Death is all my Boast,
But for his sov'reign Grace
I should be ever lost ;
Redeeming Blood, and dying Love,
Shall be my Theme here and above.

All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,
Admire and adore
My Saviour, God, and King ;

Each Stripe, each Bruise, each gaping Wound,
Shall ring the World in Praise around.

O happy, sweeter Name
Than e'er the World did know,
More of thy smiling Grace
Freely on me bestow ;
And let me taste that ardent Love
That Saints and Martyrs taste above.

So all my Doubts and Fears
Shall wholly flee away,
And every mournful Night
Be turn'd to a joyful Day ;
And all the World shall plainly see
Thou art a faithful Friend to me.

H Y M N L.

LORD, let my Spirit dwell
(Whilst I reside below)
Above the flattering World
I here wander thro' ;
So that its Woes may ne'er dismay,
Nor Charms delude my Heart away.

I take my happy Rest
In Thee, my God, alone,
And all my Misery
I set before thy Throne ;
I groan, and sigh, and long to see
My happy Morn of Liberty.

O Mercy ! Mercy ! Lord,
Whilst yet the Light is near ;
My weary Soul, involv'd
In deep Confusion, cheer ;

And raise me up, I long to be
Within a blessed View of Thee.

My Lord, thyself alone
Can take me by the Hand,
And lead me safely on
Unto the promis'd Land,
Thy Power can subdue my Foes,
Allay and sweeten all my Woes.

H Y M N LI.

ABOVE all worldly Views,
I seek thy Favour, Lord,
Thou worthy art alone
Ever to be ador'd ;
Thou art enough, when all this gay
And tempting World shall flee away.

And thou shalt be thyself
My Tower strong below,
Whatever Desarts wild
I wander here thro' ;
Thy Word alone shall be my Guide,
From Errors foul on every Side.

Conduct me safely Home,
My Saviour, and my God ;
'Tis Mercy alone I crave,
The Merits of thy Blood ;
Redemption full I only see,
Out of myself, alone in Thee.

My Hours glide away,
Like to the ebbing Tide ;
My Years are wholly spent
In Vanity and Pride ;

Come, JESUS, come, raise me above,
To taste the Sweetness of thy Love.

H Y M N LII.

I AM daunted all the Day
By innumerable Foes,
My Enemy in Strength
And Arrogancy grows ;
O Man divine ! pour down thy Grace,
They all dissolve before thy Face.

I groan under the Weight
Of Burdens vast, unknown ;
I'll faint away, and die,
If here left alone ;
My days are spent, O Saviour, speed !
And help a Wretch in Time of Need.

'O let me hear that Voice
That sets the Captive free ;
And give a true Release
From wretched Misery ;
That my Delight may be to adore,
And praise thy Name for evermore,

H Y M N LIII.

O Could I but abide
Within a happy View
Of everlasting Love,
And give the World adieu,
There where my Foes could ne'er intrude,
Or Sin, or Satan, e'er delude.

I would resign my All,
 However dear below,
 To taste those Streams of Love,
 Which from thy Presence flow ;
 Thus martyr'd Saints, in Feasts of Love,
 Spend their Eternity above.

I'm in the World unknown,
 So is the World to me ;
 My heavy laden Soul
 Seeks for her Liberty ;
 O may each Sigh, each Pray'r, each Groan,
 Be heard and answered at the Throne.

Were all the World my own,
 The Earth should I controll,
 This nothing would avail,
 Thee absent from my Soul ;—
 By far exceeds the Glory, and Grace,
 That shines illustrious in thy Face.

How happy all are they
 That have arriv'd above,
 And feast continually
 On everlasting Love ;
 I long to feel their sacred Joys,
 Where odious Sin no more annoys.

H Y M N LIV.

LORD, let thy Mercy shine,
 With an immortal Ray,
 And dawn upon my Soul
 A blissful happy Day,
 So that my Doubts and Fears may pine
 Beneath the Beams of Love divine.

Thy precious Blood alone,
Thy innumerable Woes,
The Victory shall gain
Over my daring Foes ;
Thy Presence can, without Delay,
Reduce my Nights to blooming Day.

Before thy Throne I wait,
The Throne of sov'reign Grace,
Impatient there I long
To see thy lovely Face ;
A Glimpse of Thee, my Soul will rise
Above these lower cloudy Skies.

O let no darling Sin
Be hid within my Breast,
Or any secret Lust
My inward Peace molest ;
But let thy Strength raise me above,
To taste thy sweet delicious Love.

Wherever, Lord, I turn,
Or on the Left or Right,
Direct my wandering Feet
In each dark gloomy Night ;
O lead me on—I faint, I die,
If thou, my Saviour, art not nigh.

All Pleasures here compose
But only a Scene of Woe,
A deadly Poison runs
Thro' all our Joys below ;
My hope is of a nobler Strain,
My Joys are such as shall remain.

H Y M N L V.

O Miserable World,
 Where Vanities reside ;
 And Folly wanders thro'
 Without a Rule or Guide ;
 Fatigu'd and faint—my Soul arise
 And view the Things above the Skies.

And there my Saviour stands
 Before the immortal Throne ;
 Where none but He himself
 Dares ever to atone ;
 He pleads his Blood, his Woes and Pain—
 His merits all we want obtain.

The Name of Blood divine
 There carries all before ;
 And Heav'n can't deny
 Whate'er his Wounds implore ;
 A single Drop will fully atone
 For all my Guilt, before the Throne.

The horrid Cries of Guilt,
 Of tyrannizing Sin ;
 Of thousand Faults without,
 And Thousands more within,
 Never prevail before the Throne,
 Whilst he's my Advocate alone.

And therefore I defy
 My Foes of every Kind,
 Whilst on his precious Blood
 I only fix my Mind ;
 Satan and Sin must wholly fall—
 The atoning Blood will conquer all.

H Y M N LVI.

O Mighty Redeemer ! my Saviour and God !
 Who purchas'd our Pardon and Peace
 with thy Blood,
 My Song shall for ever illustrate thy Fame,
 And each of my Passions endear thy Name.

Thy Love is eternal, thy Grace is all free,
 My glorious Salvation springs wholly from
 thee ;
 All Works, all Endowments, all Merits, are
 Dross,
 They vanish as Vapours in Sight of thy Cross.

Behold the sharp Dagger once pierced his Side
 Until a fresh Fountain was open'd full wide ;
 From which gush'd out Water and Blood in a
 Stream,
 The reprobate Sinner to wash and redeem.

The Fountain was opened for Filth and for Sin,
 Such as are polluted without and within ;
 Ye Wretched come here and wash yourselves
 white,
 So that you'll appear all glorious and bright.

Bathe here the Cripple, the Maimed shall find,
 The Deaf and the Leprous, Relief to their Mind ;
 Their Sores shall be healed, their Spirits revive,
 As if a dead Body was risen alive.

Come here, ye Sinners, and wash in this Fount,
 That sprang from his Bowels on *Calvary* Mount,
 Where Merits eternal, like Crystal, do flow,
 And whiten the Negro as bright as the Snow.

O blessed Salvation thy Trumpet around,
 From India to India, with Power, resound ;
 In ev'ry Climate, and Mountain and Vale,
 Wherever thy Arrows triumphant shall fall.

H Y M N LVII.

ETERNAL JEHOVAH, my Saviour ! my All !
 Before thee with Sorrow lamenting I fall ;
 My Guilt and Transgressions do daily abound,
 And Enemies plotting encompass me round.

Thy Strength and thy Mercy, and Wisdom I
 see

The only Protection and Refuge for me ;
 Thy Blood and thy Merits, thy Anguish and
 Pain

Shall only my Burden enormous sustain.

All Comforts terrestrial, whatever their Kind
 Appease not my Conscience, nor fill up my
 Mind ;

My Spirit impatient doth wander above,
 And longs to be feasted on Flaggons of Love.

I count myself happy, most happy indeed,
 That Jesus hath promised, I should be freed
 From Guilt and Damnation, and Power of Sin,
 And all its Pollution, without and within.

In Hope and in Patience I wait and I strive :
 The Promise is certain, the Hour will arrive ;
 My Spirit most chearful shall visit the Day,
 When all my Corruption shall vanish away.

H Y M N LVIII.

HEAV'N be amaz'd ! see thy Maker,
 Thy only Creator, and thy God,
 Cloath'd in human Flesh, and welt'ring
 (Pierc'd and wounded) in his Blood ;
 Pity drew him down from Heaven,
 Mercy, Grace, and ardent Love,
 Made him part with all his Glory
 In the blissful Realms above.

Lo, he comes with utmost Pleasure,
 Leaves his Glory all behind ;
 And resolves to 'ncounter Hardships,
 Pain and Anguish of all Kind ;
 With Reproach, as with a Garment,
 In the World he was array'd,
 And his Life, for the condemned
 Guilty Sinner, down he laid.

Here perfect Love transcendent,
 Far above what Mortals feign,
 Rides triumphant o'er Destruction,
 With her glorious beauteous Train ;
 Here Mercy fully conquers
 Pain, and all terrestrial Woes,
 And insults with holy Triumph
 O'er innumerable Foes.

See the Depth and Height of Mercy,
 Sovereign Grace, and Love divine,
 On Mount *Calvary*, in one Moment
 With what glorious Pomp they shine ;
 See the mournful Sinner pardoned
 There, that nail'd him to the Tree ;
 Hark his Prayer—*Father forgive them*
 All their Sins, they know not me.

O let Sinners e'er remember
 This amazing glorious Day !
 When our Guilt, with all its Horrors,
 Fully was eras'd away ;
 When our Saviour cry'd, '*Tis finish'd*,
 All their Woes on me were laid ;
 Pardon now is fully purchas'd,
 And the mighty Sum is paid.

Here Death and Hell are conquered,
 In their utmost Rage and Sway ;
 Sin and Satan here are baffled,
 And their Power taken away ;

Principalities and Powers
 Spoil'd of all their Arms below,
 And the Whole of Satan's Kingdom
 Now is shatter'd with a Blow.

Here now are hid my Treasures,
 Only in his holy Side ;
 He my God, my Friend and Saviour ;
 I his Sister, and his Bride.
 Mount, my Soul, above all Objects,
 And in higher Regions rove,
 Where I may, in Retaliation,
 Strive to render Love for Love.

H Y M N LIX.

OH! to spend each Day important
 In pure Contemplation free ;
 Not on Scenes of Joys terrestrial,
 JESUS only—but on Thee ;
 Thou hast purchas'd all my Pardon,
 Thou thyself hast won my Heart ;
 And to thee, in Sighs and Groanings,
 Every Secret I'll impart.

In deep Waters, strong and dreadful,
 Thou dost upward hold my Head ;
 Thou dost chain the Rage and Fury
 Of such Enemies I dread ;
 JESUS, only thou my Saviour,
 JESUS, only thou my Friend ;
 All I have I do surrender,
 And unto thy Hands commend.

When I fear, I haste impatient,
 And before thy Gate I lie,
 There, with thousand Doubts surrounding,
 Faint I groan, and weep, and cry ;

Thou deliverest me from Bondage,
 There I felt that Thou wast near,
 And my Doubts were hush'd to Silence,
 Vanish'd also was my Fear.

H Y M N LX.

JESUS, let not Satan trample
 A Believer under Feet ;
 Give me Faith, and Strength, and Wisdom,
 To encounter all I meet ;
 Give me not a Scoff and Scorning
 To the World's malicious Race,
 Hold me up, to their Confusion,
 With thy free and sovereign Grace.

Thousands would be glad and joyful,
 If my Sins would once prevail ;
 Scorners would rejoice and triumph
 If my feeble Faith would fail ;
 To the Throne of Grace eternal,
 Faint and fearful yet I cry,
 'Till the Scorner's ardent Wishes
 Disappoint him, fall and die.

Under thy divine Protection,
 And within thy Bosom fair,
 In all lower Scenes of Troubles
 To thee, JESUS, I'll repair ;
 When all Miseries encompass,
 And Afflictions press around,
 Strength and Wisdom, Love and Mercy,
 Only in Thyself are found.

Those I count my happier Moments,
 When my Sins consume away
 Root and Branch, Guilt and Pollution
 Wholly wither and decay ;

Grant my Soul may hear that Musick
 Whispering in the Word divine,
 And the Beams of real Comfort
 Always on my Soul may shine.

There I'd ever dwell in Safety,
 Sing my Hours and rejoice,
 List'ning, with an Ear attentive
 On thy sweet harmonious Voice,
 In this Paradise of Pleasure,
 Thee my only Partner, Lord,
 So that all my Thoughts and Actions
 May be guided by thy Word.

H Y M N LXI.

LIFT your Heads, ye mourning Sinners,
 See your Saviour now on high !
 All the Host of Heaven adore him,
 And to his Redemption pry ;
 All the Choir of blessed Angels,
 Seraphs bright and Cherubim,
 Raise their Notes, in sweetest Concord
 Of pure Love around, to Him.

Men on Earth lift up your Voices,
 Full of Fire, full of Love,
 In sweet Harmony and Union,
 With the first born Sons above ;
 Heaven and Earth, in pure Conjunction,
 Your eternal Anthems raise,
 For a full compleat Salvation,
 To the Saviour's only Praise.

He on the Olive Mount ascended,
 Soon he shall descend again,
 With far more transcendent Glory
 To the fallen Sons of Men ;

He shall judge all Tribes and Nations,
Tongues and People, Quick and Dead,
And his glorious midnight Coming
All the wicked World shall dread.

Now behold him come in Glory !
Hark ! the dreadful Trumpet's Sound !
See ten thousand Saints and Angels
There attend his Person round !
Lo, he comes in full Compassion,
Love shines splendid in his Face ;
From all Miseries terrestrial
To redeem his chosen Race.

This, the Day of Consolation,
Mourning Sinners shall rejoice
With an Ardour full of Glory,
At their Saviour's blessed Voice ;
Henceforth they shall ever triumph
Over every daring Foe,
And receive eternal Freedom
From all Miseries below.

Now the World, that often tempted
Us before, shall tempt in vain,
Satan, and his furious Legions,
Bound in an eternal Chain ;
Sin destroy'd with its Attendants,
In that Day of Liberty,
Cruel Death, with all its Horrors,
Swallow'd up in Victory.

Then among ten thousand Angels
We triumphantly shall sing
Sweet, celestial, endless Anthems
To our glorious Saviour King ;
We shall challenge old Destruction,
Hell, where is thy Victory ?
Where thy Sting, O Death resistless ?
From thy Power we are free.

Hark, my Soul, that charming Sentence,
 Which he utters to his Bride,
 Who as harmless Sheep are placed,
 On his right illustrious Side ;
Come, ye blessed of my Father,
And inherit, bold and Free,
That eternal blessed Kingdom,
Purchas'd and prepar'd by me.

I was in the World hung'red,
 And ye fed me chearfully ;
 And ye gave me drink with Pleasure
 When I was extremely dry ;
 I was naked and ye cloath'd me,
 When a Stranger I was far'd,
 When in prison you came to me,
 Now receive thy full Reward.

H Y M N LXII.

MOUNT, my Soul, above these Triffles,
 Every Charm of lower Kind ;
 And with Thoughts on nobler Objects
 Fill thy busy roving Mind ;
 Leave the Stars below thy Thinking,
 Fix on thy eternal Rest,
 As a Pleasure always worthy
 To possess thy thoughtful Breast.

There my Saviour reigns in Glory,
 With ten thousand Saints around,
 Mixt with Cherubims and Angels,
 Their eternal Anthems sound ;
 Be the Might, the Pow'r and Glory,
 Wisdom, Blessing, all in one,
 To the Lamb, our God, Jehovah,
 Now that sits upon the Throne.

I shall reach my happy Country,
 And those blessed Regions soon,
 Where the Pilgrims are refreshed
 After a long and scorching Noon ;
 Here we shall dwell with JESUS,
 See him, love him, and adore,
 And he shall remain our Darling
 And Beloved evermore.

God shall dwell with his Redeemed,
 In their Presence he'll abide ;
 As a King of Peace and Glory
 With his faithful Royal Bride ;
 All their former Tears and Sorrows
 He shall wholly wipe away,
 And their Nights will be reduced
 To an everlasting Day.

Death shall ne'er appear in Glory,
 With its frightful horrid Train,
 (That have griev'd our feeble Spirits)
 Sin and Folly, Guilt and Pain ;
 All the former Things of Sorrow,
 As a Cloud shall flee away,
 And a Morn of Peace shall trumpet
 Out an everlasting Day.

H Y M N LXIII.

LO, a River pure of Water,
 Like a crystal Stream doth flow
 From the immortal Throne of Mercy,
 To us sinful Worms below ;
 Here sinners wash by Thousands,
 And in washing become white,
 Leave behind their Guilt and Trembling,
 And appear glorious, bright.

In the Middle of its Channel,
 And on either blessed Side
 Grow the Trees of Life immortal,
 With a glorious stately Pride ;
 Inconceivable their Virtues,
 Various are the Fruits divine,
 Sweet the Taste, the Smell delicious,
 And their Beauties glorious shine.

Twelve Kinds of Fruit each Month grow here,
 Heavenly Comfort still renews ;
 All are happy, all are healed,
 That the blessed Fruit pursues ;
 The Leaves shall heal the guilty Nations,
 For the Gospel Trump shall sound
 Free Salvation to the Indian,
 On the West and Eastern Ground.

Curse shall cease and Sorrow vanish,
 Guilt and Sin shall pass away,
 And Salvation, with her thousand
 Comforts, hath proclaim'd the Day :
 On a Throne of Grace and Mercy,
 God the Lamb doth still reside,
 There we shall enjoy his Presence,
 And be ever call'd his Bride.

H Y M N LXIV.

MY God and my Saviour, my Comfort and
 all,
 Thy Throne is my Refuge, in Anguish and
 Thrall,
 When Troubles assault me 'tis hither I fly,
 And Troubles do vanish when thou dost draw
 nigh.

My fears and my Doubtings, a numerous Host,
 When thou art but absent do rally and boast;
 But when thou dost hearken to our Groans
 and our Cries,
 Faith conquers and triumphs, assures and
 defies.

My humble Petition is always to be,
 My God, and my Saviour, so near to thee.
 That every Assailant that would me dismay,
 Be all disappointed, and vanish away.

My wand'ring Motions thy Spirit can cure,
 Thy Spirit can keep me in Dangers secure,
 Direct all my Goings, and set me to rest,
 Where Satan and Pleasure can never molest.

H Y M N LXV.

O Visit, Lord, my Soul,
 The World I do resign;
 Erect a Temple holy and pure
 Within this Soul of mine;
 Reign here, trample on
 My execrable Foes,
 Those Idols that create my Fears,
 My sorrows, and my Woes.

Thy mighty Power can,
 Lord, instantly controul
 Those subtle and malicious Foes,
 That tease my feeble Soul;
 The Word which thou hast said
 Thou never wilt recal,
 Until the Thrones of Death and Sin
 To utter Ruin fall.

Thy Word is all my Strength,
 Thy Promise is my Rest ;
 I'm happy here, and here alone,
 In all Conditions blest :
 O let it soon bring forth
 Its Thousands Blessings free,
 That I may feel and repossess
 My glorious Liberty.

I wait, and long to enjoy,
 What thou hast made my own,
 That Peace and Love, and inward joy,
 Thy Purchase all in one ;
 These Gifts shall soon create
 A Heaven within my Breast,
 A Jubil of triumphant joy,
 An everlasting Feast.

H Y M N LXVI.

A WAKE, my Soul, and rise
 Amaz'd, and yonder see,
 How hangs the mighty Saviour God,
 Upon a cursed Tree !
 Now gloriously fulfill'd
 Is that most ancient Plan,
 Contriv'd in the eternal Mind
 Before the World began.

Here Depths of Wisdom shine,
 Which Angels cannot trace ;
 The highest Rank of Cherubim
 Still lost in wonder gaze ;
 Here Love extends her Wings,
 Justice and Mercy ran,
 And all the Attributes divine
 Bejoin'd the Thoughts of Man.

Here free Salvation reigns,
 And carries all before ;
 And this shall, for the guilty Race,
 Be a Refuge evermore ;
 Now Hell, in all her Strength,
 Her rage, and boasted Sway,
 Can never snatch a wand'ring Sheep
 From JESUS' Arms away.

And here I shall rest
 In Storms of darkest Kind ;
 His Suff'rings only shall compose
 My sick and fearful Mind ;
 In gloomy lonesome Nights
 I'll turn to *Calvary*,
 And from that Fountain I'll expect
 My glorious Liberty.

H Y M N LXVII.

A DIEU all mortal Things,
 Ye Phantoms of all Kind ;
 A nobler Object now presents
 Itself unto my Mind ;
 All Pleasures I resign,
 Which carnal Men adore,
 And welcome JESUS for my Friend,
 My Friend for evermore.

'Tis only Shades and Dreams
 That here divert our Time ;
 Which haunt us in our Ev'ning Stage,
 And haunt us in our Prime ;
 Mount up, my Soul, lay hold
 On real Things divine,
 A Portion, that when Stars recede
 Shall certainly be mine.

I happily rejoice,
 And part with all below,
 And now receive immortal Gain,
 Substantial for a Show ;
 Such Treasures will translate
 My Soul to Realms above,
 Where I shall feast on Truths divine,
 And everlasting Love.

Why should I murmur more ?
 Why should I e'er complain ?
 My Peace, and Joy, and Happiness
 For ever shall remain ;
 Soon I shall mount above
 The Insult of my Foe,
 Where Rivers of perpetual Bliss,
 In soothing Murmurs flow.

H Y M N LXVIII.

MY God, my Life, my All,
 My Shepherd and my King ;
 Myself, implung'd in Misery,
 Before thy Throne I bring ;
 Array'd in Guilt and Woe,
 Prostrate here I lie,
 Except thyself alone will save,
 I faint away and die.

Where horrid Sin abounds,
 Thy Grace abounds the more ;
 A crystal Fount that never dies,
 An unexhausted Store ;
 In Treasures deep, unknown,
 And boundless I confide,
 To travel on thro' all I meet
 Courageous by thy Side.

Let Satan, and the World,
 Now rage, or now allure,
 The Promises are wholly made
 Immoveable and sure ;
 And in thy Word divine,
 Infallible, I trust,
 For he that promised is true,
 Is faithful, and is just.

He'll bring me on my Way,
 Unto my Journey's End ;
 He'll be my Father, and my God,
 My Saviour, and my Friend ;
 He'll draw me to Himself
 With Cords of sovereign Love,
 Until at last I shall arrive
 In blissful Realms above.

H Y M N LXIX.

THOU great JEHOVAH, eternal Name,
 Saviour of human Race,
 Forgive and pity a wretched one,
 Unworthy of thy Grace.

I groan under the enormous Load
 Of each rebellious Sin,
 Ten thousand Objects tempt and tease,
 And my Affections win.

Thy Blood can only cleanse my Guilt,
 And wash each stain away ;
 And this for evermore shall be
 My glorious bright Array.

Thy mighty Power only can
Release me from my Pain,
And the destructive Force of Sin
Impetuous restrain.

The Powers of Darkness, tho' their Might,
Do tremble at thy Name ;
For thou hast spoil'd and put them all
Once to an open Shame.

Reign, JESUS, in this Heart of mine,
And here thy Scepter sway ;
Ride on and conquer, and fulfill
Thy Word without delay.

HYMN LXX.

JESUS pour down thy heavenly Grace,
And make a Sinner free,
That longs impatient for to feel
His glorious Liberty.

Raise me above all worldly Dreams,
Unto thy Will resign'd ;
Above those idol Pleasures vain,
Which captivate the Mind.

In sweet perpetual Repose,
Which Sin cannot destroy ;
Where true Delight runs in a Stream
Of perfect Love and Joy.

There I could spend my Hours away,
My Saviour to adore,
Repeat his Mercy and his Love
In Anthems evermore.

O happy Day ! when 'tis fulfill'd
God shall to us descend,
And rest within our Temple here,
And be our constant Friend.

HYMN LXXI. *The PASSION.*

*From Matt. xxvi. xxvii. Mark xxiv. xxv.
 Luke xxii. xxiii. John xviii. xix.*

MOUNT up, my Soul to *Calvary*,
 And look upon that cursed Tree,
 Wonder, and love, and gaze ;
 No less than God was crucify'd,
 No less than God was he that dy'd
 To save a fallen Race.

O come, and contemplate his Pain !
 Search what his doleful Woes contain !
 And find it if you can ;
 In all his Tribulation see
 How deep involv'd in Misery
 And Guilt is fallen Man !

Now to *Gethsemane* I will go,
 And trace his Footsteps thro' and thro'
 From Pilate to the Tomb ;
 There I'll divert my Time away,
 Nor from the sacred Subject stray,
 But make the Cross my Home.

On the holy Mount he turns aside,
 Bids his Apostles there abide ;
 Three with him shall remain ;
 See him heavy there, and sore amaz'd,
 Whilst human Guilt he deeply trac'd,
 And Depth of Wrath divine.

And from the Three a little Space,
 Heavy and sad, he again withdraws ;
 "Tarry here, watch and pray ;
 " My Soul is sorrowful to Death,
 " Too heavy a Weight for mortal Breath,
 " I fear, I faint away."

There prostrate on the Ground he prays,
 With deepest Groans and strongest Cries,
 " O Father, spare thy Son ;
 " Let pass the bitter mortal Cup,
 " Find Means that I mayn't drink it up,
 " But yet thy Will be done."

I took this Body to fulfill
 Thy wise and deep mysterious Will,
 And now resign to Thee
 Myself in All, for thou art mine,
 One God, one Nature, one Design,
 O therefore stand with me.

PART II.

BEHOLD the loving Father sends
 A flaming Angel, who descends,
 And exhibits with Speed
 Cordials unto the human Frame,
 The Godhead wanted not the same,
 His Pray'rs are heard in Need.

Thrice he returns unto the Three,
 O do not sleep but watch with me.
 He goes and prays again ;
 More vehement his Prayers are found,
 His Sweat, like Blood, drops to the Ground—
 Whoever felt such Pain !

Now enters *Gethsemane* a Throng,
 With *Judas* traitorous among,
 A strong malicious Band,
 With Lanterns, Torches, in the Night,
 And warlike Weapons, fearful Sight !
 Who could, but God, withstand.

Here Power immense, and Love divine,
 Beyond the Reach of Knowledge shine,
 When, lowly as the Lamb,
 Bold he demands, yet mild and meek,
 What are ye about ? whom do you seek ?
 'Tis JESUS—Here I am !

PART III.

WHEN most abas'd his Power is found,
 They frighten'd fall upon the Ground,
 His Words with Power go :
 If me you seek, make no Delay,
 Let my Disciples go away,
 For it is written so.

For thirty Pieces he was sold
 Of silver, not of shining Gold,
 His great Abasement see !
 The Almighty, Righteous, and the Wise,
 Was valued at so low a Price,
 To purchase Peace for me.

Hark to the great tumultuous Noise,
 All of one Heart, all of one Voice,
 In deep Confusion cry'd,
His Blood be on us, let him die,
 And on all our Posterity,
 Let him be crucify'd.

Their Envy *Pilate* can't assuage,
 The more he pleads, the more they rage,
 Nought but to crucify ;
 Decrees eternal must have Place,
 And one must suffer for the Race
 Of fallen Man, and die.

A Murderer must be set free,
 And JESUS the only Victim be
 Poor Sinners to redeem ;
 No Wounds, no Pain, no common Blood,
 But that of an eternal God
 Will gain divine Esteem.

PART IV.

BEHOLD his Sides with Scourges torn,
 His Temples with the pricking Thorn,
 The Veins in Numbers flow ;
 His numerous Wounds of every Hue,
 Some black, or livid, red, or blue.
 His deeper Passion show.

They strip him in the common Hall,
 A Band of Soldiers 'bout him fall,
 A purple Robe they bring ;
 And in his Hand they put a Reed,
 Which for a Scepter serv'd instead,
 And mock him for their King.

Behold him dumb before the Throne
 Of *Pilate*, where he stood alone ;
 Their Questions he answers not ;
 They accuse him, but he doth confound
 Their Accusations all around,
 And turns their Guile to nought.

They mock, and scoff, and bow the Knee,
 From *Pilate's* Hall to *Calvary* ;
 Ten Thousand join in one
 To crucify the God of Love,
 Whose Praises all the Heavens above
 Resound before the Throne.

Before they nail'd him to the Tree
 They gave the bitter Cup, but he
 Once tasted, and no more ;
 'Twas Vinegar and bitter Gall
 They offered to the God of All
 Whom Cherubim's adore.

PART V.

NOW to *Golgotha*, come and see
 Our Saviour nailed to a Tree !
 Hark to the doleful Sound ;
 They knock, the piercing Nails goes thro',
 And cut the Sinews as they go,
 And rend a fatal Wound.

Between two Theives, as writ, he dy'd,
 On either Hand one crucify'd,
 Revil'd him even they ;
 One prays and cries, Remember me,
 He pardons—With me thou shalt be
 In Paradise this Day.

No sooner was he crucify'd,
 But all his Garments they divide,
 By common Lot they fall ;
 His Coat one Piece, no Seam contains,
 His Church in Spirit one remains,
 And he the Head of all.

And those revile that pass the Way,
 Wagging their Heads, and scoffing say,
 Why should you there remain ;
 Since to destroy, a Power you claim,
 The Temple, and rebuild the same,
 Deliver thyself from Pain.

High Priests and Nobles, all agree
 To mock our Saviour on the Tree ;
 Describe his Woes who can !
 The Scribes and Elders, all in one,
 Revile and scoff my God alone,
 Who dies for wretched Man.

Tell us, how could thou others save,
 Who for thyself no Power have ? .
 All thy Pretence is vain ;
 Descend, dismount the cursed Tree,
 And we shall then believe in Thee,
 As Israel's King again.

Where's now his Boast, and strong Belief,
 That God's his Strength and sole Relief,
 Who call'd himself his Son :
 Let him unto his Son descend,
 And be in utter Need his Friend ;
 If he owns him all is done.

PART VI.

THREE Hours the Sun doth hide her Face,
 And Darkness the Creation trace ;
 And then my Saviour cry'd,
Eli lama sabachthani,
My God why hast thou forsaken me ?
I'm faithful now I'm try'd.

He neither doth, in th' utmost Pain,
 Repine, or Murmur, or complain,
 I thirst, he only cries ;
 To fill their horrible Design,
 They dip a Sponge in sour Wine—
 Which offer'd, he denies.

With a loud Voice he cries again,
 In the Extremity of Pain,
 The Guilt of Adam's Race,
 Then yielded up the Ghost and dies,
 The Earth and Seas, and starry Skies
 Groan, shudder, and amaze.

Behold, he bows his dying Head,
 Which pricking Thorns had torn and bled,
 And then he silent cries,
 'Tis finished—my Woes and Pain
 They are past, none ever shall remain,
 And then my Saviour dies.

PART VII.

BEHOLD how trembles Earth and Mai
 The Temple Veil is rent in twain ;
 Now, with an open Face,
 A poor Believer full may see
 The glorious Mysteries that be
 Within that holy Place.

The Graves are open'd, Bodies rise,
 And Souls return from Paradise,
 And join the former Tye ;
 The holy City round they trace,
 Appear'd to some who knew their Face,
 Then mounted up on high.

Another Wonder here we see,
 When dead and breathless on the Tree
 A Soldier, with a Spear,
 Pierces a deep, enormous, wide
 Incision, in his sacred Side,
 And looks upon him there.

And from the Wound runs out a Stream
 Of Blood and Water, to redeem
 A sinful World from Woe ;
 A Fountain this of Grace divine,
 Where Sinners wash their Filth, and shine
 In Robes as white as snow.

Our Lord then mounted up on high,
 And captive led Captivity,
 And sits upon the Throne!
 There turns eternal Wrath aside ;
 And intercedes now for his Bride,
 He intercedes alone.

Here Death and Hell, in all their Sway,
 And Sin, are conquer'd in Array ;
 Their Force are now grown wan :
 On *Calvary*, was wholly foil'd,
 The Gates of Hell, which once had spoil'd
 The Paradise of Man.

Now Thrones and Powers high are foil'd,
 And Principalities are spoil'd,
 And ruin'd to the Ground ;
 MESSIAH shall the World control,
 And sweetly reign from Pole to Pole,
 And be forever crown'd.

FINIS.

HYMN LXXII.*

GUIDE me, O Thou Great JEHOVAH,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren Land ;
 I am weak, but Thou art MIGHTY,
 Hold me with thy POWERFUL HAND :
 Bread of Heaven ! Bread of Heaven !
 Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal Fountain
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my Journey through :
 Strong DELIV'ERER ! Strong DELIV'ERER !
 Be Thou still my *Strength* and *Shield*.

When I tread the verge of *Jordan*,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on CANAAN'S Side.
 Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.

Musing on my Habitation,
 Musing on my heav'nly Home,
 Fills my Soul with Holy Longing,
 Come, my Jesus, quickly come.
 Vanity is all I see,
 Lord, I long to be with Thee !

* This Hymn taken from the *Welsh* of W. Williams, appeared in Mr. WHITEFIELD'S *Collection*, 1774, two years after the publication of *Gloria in Excelsis* ; but whether translated by the Author, or W. Evans, the translator of PRICHARD'S *Divine Poems*, is not quite certain.

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