Williams (William)
Rev. of Llan y- Celyn

Gloria in Excelsis:

OR

HYMNS

OF

PRAISE

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."

CARMARTHEN,

Printed for the Author, by JOHN ROSE, removed to Priory-Street, near the Church.

M,DCC,LXXII.

HYMN 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.

HYMN 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 to 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.

HYMN 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,

And

And let me wander in the Shade
  Of everlasting Love.

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

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

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

HYMN IV.

I Trace a mournful dreary Ground,
  Like the Arabian Sand,
Scorched, 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.

Th' Egyptian Stream, curs'd in our Fall,
  Now turn'd to Blood I find,
That 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'ned by thy Grace
  T' 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.

HYMN V.

THRO' Foreſts wild we travel on,
Where ſavage Beaſts devour,
Ten thouſand Perils on each Side
We 'neounter 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

And climb high Rocks impendent up
  Unto thy holy Hill.

Tho' thousand Perils meet thy Face
  Thought once unconquering Ills,
Those fearful Waters deep, are found,
  On Trial, to be Rills.

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

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

HYMN VI.

THOU, great JEHOVAH! eternal Might!
  Thy glorious Scepter sway;
And quash the Haughtiness of Foes
  That would obstruct my Way.

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

Thou hast encounter'd Death and Hell,
  In all their Strength and Might;
So purchas'd to thy chosen Race
  T' 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 [illegible] the World,
Nor sinful Fl[illegible]mbine,
To tread, or co[illegible]r, or delude,
By Purchase [illegible]t is thine.

But let me a[illegible] live in Sight
Of all thy P[illegible]gs and Woes,
In Climes celestial far above
The illusions of my Foes.

HYMN 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.

HYMN VIII.

ETERNAL Saviour, suffer me,
A Wretch, to call Thee mine;
And let each Moment of my Life
For ever more be thine.

O let my Life and all I have
Be consecrated still
Unto 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

But let each Drop of Blood divine,
Each Wound be, and each Pain,
The Contemplation of my Thoughts,
And ever so remain.

Let Loves and Joys of lower Birth,
All lost and swallow'd be,
In that full Stream of happier Love
That died upon the Tree.

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

HYMN IX.

TIR'D with the World and all it's vain
Illusive empty Boast,
I long with Martyrs there to land
On Sion's happier Coast.

Here

Here Lions roar, here Tygers rage,
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.

HYMN 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

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.

HYMN XI.

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

Its empty Joys, its golden Stores,
Its Riches on the Indian Shores,
Its 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 reign
In one combin'd triumphant Train.

HYMN 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.

HYMN 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

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 chear.

HYMN 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 diſbelieve,
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 thy Face, 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.

HYMN 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.

HYMN

HYMN XVI.

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

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

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

Secur'd from Harms beneath thy Shade,
Here Death and Hell ſhall ne'er invade,
Nor Sinah, with its thund'ring Noiſe,
Shall e'er diſturb my happier Joys.

O, unmoleſted happy Reſt!
Where inward Fears are all ſuppreſt,
Here I ſhall love, and live ſecure,
And patiently my Croſs endure.

HYMN XVII.

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

Whatever Treaſures Princes boaſt,
On Weſtern or on Eaſtern Coaſt,
Too 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.

HYMN 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

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.

HYMN 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 worldly Pleasures,
If they were 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.

HYMN

HYMN XX.

LORD, when I make my Passage thro'
My 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 fulfill:
Our Souls shall taste those Streams of Love,
That issues from the Throne above;
The Fruits of thy eternal Will.

HYMN 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 the worldly Way,
And fain steal my Soul away,
O let thy Grace much more abound.

All my Affections flee away,
As Night before the dawning Day,
When my beloved Fair draws near,
Guile 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.

HYMN 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, [illegible];
Thy Self, who [illegible] Store,
Will thou [illegible] 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

The glorious Visits of thy Grace,
Will every gloomy Darknoſs 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.

HYMN XXIII.

I Long to feel that bleſſed Reſt,
While 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

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.

Tho' thousand Objects here are found
To tempt and seize 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 Saint Order shine
With glorious Lustre [illegible];
Sweeter than [illegible] in [illegible];
My Life, [illegible], [illegible],
From the [illegible] to [illegible],
Gazing upon thy [illegible] 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

All the Attacks of Sin and Satan,
I could fearlessly 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 Diabolics,
Shake and tremble at thy Might;
And the Lightnings hush to Silence
All the roaring Waves of Night.
Lord JEHOVAH! Lord Almighty!
Is thy glorious holy Name,
O let me, unto thy Sinner,
Feel the Power of the same.

HYMN 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,
  None but 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.

HYMN XXVII.

WOnder Earth, behold the 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 th' unworthy, mournful, wretched,
  Shall be fully sav'd indeed:

The

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.

HYMN XXX.

LET me ſpend each precious Hour
Far above all worldly View;
And to all my darling Pleaſures,
Every Moment give Adieu;

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 eternal 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.

LORD, I groan under the Burden
Of my Bondage, and complain;
Thou alone, my only Saviour,
Can release me from my Pain;
O deliver me from Thraldom
Under Pharoah's heavy Wing,
So shall I, for ever happy,
Thy immortal Glory sing.

Fling the brazen Gates before me
In thy Fury open wide;
Break the Iron Chains in Pieces,
And release thy mournful 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 thy 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 Attonement,
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

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 Deſart wild conduct us,
With a glorious Pillar bright,
In the Day a cooling Comfort,
And a chearing 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

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 XXXVI.

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

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 XXXVII.

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 Idumea proud be ſcatt'red
With their numerable Hoſt;
And the Glory, &c.
IESUS only be to thee.

HYMN XXXVIII.

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

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 XXXIX.

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'

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 XL.

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.

Sinners

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

HYMN XLI.

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.

HYMN XLII.

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.

HYMN XLIII.

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.

HYMN XLIV.

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.

HYMN XLV.

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

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.

HYMN XLVI.

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.

HYMN XLVII.

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 distills,
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.

HYMN XLVIII.

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.

HYMN XLIX.

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,
While yet the Light is near;
My weary Soul, involv'd
In deep Confuſion, clear;

And

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.

HYMN L.

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;

Con-

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

HYMN LI.

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.

HYMN LII.

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

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.

HYMN LIII.

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

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

HYMN

HYMN LIV.

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.

HYMN

HYMN LV.

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.

HYMN LVI.

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.

HYMN LVII.

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.

HYMN LVIII.

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

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.

HYMN LIX.

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.

HYMN LX.

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

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, hold and free,
That eternal blessed Kingdom,
  Purchas'd and prepar'd by me.

I was in the World an 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.

HYMN LXI.

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

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.

HYMN LXII.

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

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.

HYMN LXIII.

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

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.

HYMN LXIV.

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 teaze 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.

HYMN LXV.

AWAKE, 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.

He

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.

HYMN LXVI.

ADIEU 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.

HYMN LXVII.

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 dries,
An unexhauſted Store;
In Treaſures deep, unknown,
And boundleſs I confide,
To travel on thro' all I meet
Courageous by thy Side.

Let

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.

HYMN LXVIII.

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 teaze,
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 LXIX.

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

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

HYMN LXX. *The* PASSION.

From Matt. xxvi. xxvii. Marc 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

Now enters *Gethſemane* a Throng,
With *Judas* trayterous 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 unto 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

Their Envy *Pilate* can't aſſwage,
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

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 thy Soul 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

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 dash'd [illegible]
  And Darkness the Creat[illegible]
  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

He neither doth, in th' utmoſt Pain,
Repine, or Murmut, 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 Main!
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

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,
Where 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;
  [illegible] are now grown wan:
[illegible] wholly foil'd
The Gates of Hell, which once had ſpoil'd
  The Paradiſe of [illegible]

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.

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2 O Lord of glory, Lord of
1 O Mighty R. my S. a
3 O mighty Saviour m
4 O my Beloved! haste
4 O to spend each day
8. O miserable world.
9 O Visit, Lord, my sou
6 O'er the gloomy hills of
Our weary pilgrimage
4 Saviour, look on thy b
7 Saviour, on the guilty
Sweet Jesus, bear my
1 Thro hours the sun do
27 Thro great Jehovah al
22 Thro great Jehovah, ever
4 Thro' forests wild we tra
23 I'd wish a trifling
12 I'd wish the world fall
7 To Thee, my God, to Thee
24 What pleasures shall
16 When I made my
19 When most abasd
45 While and ruddy is m
63 Why should my wand
58 Wonder, earth be amaz
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