

TITLE

Spiritual Songs."

By: Caleb Taylor.
(1804)

For:

Acquisitions
Dept.

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SPIRITUAL

SONGS.

BY CALEB J. TAYLOR.

LEWINGTON, (K.)

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JANUARY 1804.

SONG I.

- 1 **C**OME all you mourning pilgrims who feel your
need of Christ, [spis'd ;
Expos'd to fore temptations and by the world de-
Attend to what I tell you : my exercise I'll shew ;
And then you may inform me if it is thus with you.
- 2 Long time I walk'd in darkness, nor knew my dang'-
rous state---
And when I was awak'ned I fear'd it was too late :
A vile and helpless sinner myself I plainly saw,
Expos'd to God's displeasure, condemned by his law.
- 3 I tho't the brute creation were better far than me :
I spent my days in anguish, no comfort could I see.
Thro' deep distress and sorrow my Savior led me on,
And granted me his favor when hope was almost gone.
- 4 When first I found deliv'rance, I scarcely could be-
lieve
That such a wretched sinner a pardon could receive :
And though his solemn praises were flowing from my
tongue,
But soon my fears were banish'd and tears began to
flow,
To think one so unworthy should be beloved so :
I thought my sorrows over, and ev'ry trouble gone ;
That love and peace and pleasure would be my lot
alone.
- 5 But soon I found a warfare which often brought me
low---
The world, the flesh, and satan do since beset me so :
Can one who is a Christian have such a heart as mine ?
I fear I never yet felt the force of truth divine.
- 7 I often find I'm backward to do my master's will,
Or else I want the glory if ought I do fulfil :
In duties I am weak, and, alas ! I often find
A hard, deceitful heart and a wretched wand'ring
mind.
- 8 When I behold young converts how fast they
travel on ! [sun !
How shining their example ; their witness like the

How bold they speak for Jesus ; how dear they love
his name---

Though in them I delight, yet they fill my soul with
[shame.

9 Sure others do not feel what is often felt by me---
Such troubles and temptations perhaps they never see.
For once the Chief of sinners, I freely own with Paul,
That if I am a saint, sure I am the least of all.

10 And now I have related the trials I have seen—
Perhaps my brethren know what such sore tempta-
tions means :

I tell you of my conflicts, believe me, friends, 'tis
And now you may inform me if it is so with you.

SONG. II.

1 YE people who wonder at me and my ways,
And with much astonishment at me do gaze ;
Come lend your attention, and I will relate
My past exercises and my present state.

2 The people I follow I once did despise,
And often, like you, gaz'd on them with surprise :
I gaz'd with a mixture of pride and disdain.

But still from their meetings I could not refrain.

3 I often would jest at their cries and their groans,
Though sometimes in secret was made for to mourn.
Their singing and prailing give me much offence---
I thought 't was delusion, or nought but pretence.

4 I often determin'd to hear them no more,
But still on occasions, would go as before ;
And though persecuting, I still would return—
The sparks of conviction began for to burn.

5 The word cloth'd with power at last reach'd my heart
(I sat under preaching and there felt the dart)
I strove to conceal it, but soon found it vain—
To pray, weep and tremble it did me constrain.

6 I sunk down in sorrow, so deep my distress ;
I lay for some hours almost motionless ;
Till Jesus in mercy, his love did reveal :
A wonder, a wonder, O how did I feel !

7 My burden of sorrow removed and gone,
My spirit was peaceful, my soul was serene :

John W. ...
...

- I stood up and prais'd him without dread or fear---
 Nor did I regard though the world had been there.
- 8 Though weak and despised, by Faith now I stand,
 Prefer'd and supported by Heaven's kind hand :
 In Christ thus supported, I'll praise his dear name---
 Regardless of censure, of praise or of blame.
- 9 My friends may despise me, or foes ridicule,
 The faints of this world may esteem me a fool ;
 But all their attempts will be fruitless and vain,
 For Jesus has bless'd me, and I'll praise his name.

SONG III.

- 1 O JESUS my Savior I know thou art mine ;
 For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign :
 Of objects most pleasing I love thee the best ;
 Without thee I'm wretched but with thee I'm blest.
- 2 For thee all the pleasures of sense I'll forego,
 And wander a pilgrim despised below :
 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my love
 No longer possess'd by the Angels above.
- 3 Thy spirit first taught me to know I was blind ;
 Then taught me the way of salvation to find :
 For when I was sinking into black despair,
 My Jesus reliev'd me and bid me not fear.
- 4 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel—
 The language of mortals forever must fail :
 My Jesus is precious, my soul's all on flame,
 I'm rais'd into rapture, while praising his name.
- 5 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer ;
 In sweet meditation he always is near :
 My constant companion, O may we ne'er part !
 All glory to Jesus he dwells in my heart.
- 6 If ever I lov'd, sure I love thee my Lord—
 I love thy dear people thy ways and thy word,
 I love all Creation, I love sinners too,
 Sure Jesus has di'd to redeem them from woe.
- 7 When happy in Christ I regard not the crowd,
 Though sinners despise me for singing so loud :

For death shall soon call me and then I shall fly,
To praise my dear Jesus in mansions on high.

- 8 There Millions of ages my soul shall employ,
In praising my Jesus my hope and my joy :
Where glorify'd spirits and Angels around,
Shall all be delighted to join the glad sound.

SONG IV.

- 1 **H**ARK brethren don't you hear the sound,
The martial trumpets now are blowing ;
Men in orders listing round,
And soldiers to the standards flowing.
Bounty offer'd, joy and peace—
To every soldier this is given ;
When from toils of war they cease,
A mansion bright prepar'd in heaven.

- 2 Those who long in debt have laid,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
Their debts are freely paid,
And they endow'd with large possessions.
Those that's sick or blind or lame,
Their maladies are also healed ;
Out-law'd rebels when they come,
Receive a pardon freely sealed.

- 3 The battle is not to the strong,
The burden's on our Captain's shoulder ;
None so aged or so young,
But he may lift and be a soldier.
Those who cannot fight or fly,
Beneath his banner find protection ;
None who on his name rely,
Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.

- 4 You need not fear, the cause is good,
Come who will to the crown aspire !
In this cause the Martyrs bled,
Or shouted victory in the fire.
In this cause let's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we gain'd the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.

- 5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
Behold the army now in motion !
Some by faith, behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark ! the victors singing loud,
Emmanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling ;
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.
- 6 Hark ! ye rebels come and list,
The officers are now recruiting ;
Why will you in sin persist,
Or spend your time in vain disputing ?
All your cavils sure is vain,
For if you do not sue for favor
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
To bear the wrath of God forever.

SONG V. *Indian Creek.*

- 1 **C**OME listen while I tell the news,
A scene of war I hold to view ;
Where many sinners hold
Were forc'd to fall or take to flight.
- 2 The valiant foe in firm array
Determin'd for to win the day,
Were arm'd with weapons by their chief,
Call'd prejudice and unbelief.
- 3 But when our Gen'ral took the field,
We quickly saw the rebels yield ;
A sound of going soon was heard,
The foe in deep dismay appear'd.
- 4 They lost their weapons in the fray ;
And while they all expos'd lay,
Our Gen'ral shot a flaming dart
Of truth divine into their heart.
- 5 Some valiant soldiers swiftly fled ;
But soon they fell and lay for dead :
Both male and female all around,
Lay agonizing on the ground.
- 6 Our Gen'ral marching through the plain, ;
Began with smiles to strip the slain :

He stripp'd them of their native good,
And wash'd them in his precious blood.

7 They heard the voice of pardon found ;
Like precious balm it heal'd their wound ;
They then began the soldiers song
And join'd our army in a throng.

8 A reinforcement pleas'd us well,
Of precious souls redeem'd from hell ;
Like soldiers now they act their part —
We bid them welcome to our hearts.

SONG VI. *Cane Ridge*

1 DEAR brethren and sisters united in love,
Who long for the coming of Christ from above ;
The tidings I bring you much joy will afford,
The thousands of Israel are praising the Lord.

2 The arm of Jehovah in power made bare,
Come hail with delight the acceptable year :
The time of vengeance, the Jubilee's come
And sinners are fleeing to Zion their home.

3 The heralds dispers'd through the camp do proclaim,
The sound of Salvation in Jesus's name ;
Return fellow sinners, incessant they cry,
Return and believe or eternally die.

4 While stout-hearted rebels alarm'd at the sound,
With paleness and trembling sink down to the ground,
The saints elevated around them do sing,
And shout sweet Hosannas to Jesus our King.

5 Here parents and Children together rejoice
And sing of redemption with one heart and voice :
Then joining their leaders poor sinners they warn,
To fly to the Lord or eternally burn.

6 See precious young Converts how sweetly they join
And speak of redemption in language sublime ;
The aged, the infant, the rich, and the poor,
All join in sweet concert their God to adore.

7 How sweet yet how awful the scene doth appear,
The sound how delightful, that reaches the ear :

Praise, prayer, and exhorting all blend in one sound;
While numbers lie weeping, struck down to the
ground.

- 8 Some fly from the power yet fall as they fly;
And sometimes for hours convulsed they lie:
Till Jesus in pity revealing his grace,
Removes their distress by the smiles of his face.
- 9 Lord grant us thy presence, increase the glad sound,
And spread the sweet tidings abundantly round;
Till thousands and millions shall hear and obey,
And bow to thy sceptre in their gracious day.
- 10 Be near to thy servants, unite them as one,
And still own their labors in Jesus thy son;
Till thou shalt remove them to Canaan's bright shore,
Where labor and sorrow forever is o'er.

SONG VII.

1 **W**HILE sorrows encompass me round,
And endless distresses I see;
Astonish'd I cry! can a mortal be found,
That's surrounded with troubles like me?

- 2 Few hours of peace I enjoy,
And these are succeeded by pain:
If a moment in praising of God I employ,
I have hours and days to complain.
- 3 O when shall my sorrows subside?
O when shall my sufferings cease?
O when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed,
To the mansions of glory and bliss?
- 4 May I be prepared for that day,
When Jesus shall bid me remove:
And fill'd with his power, go shouting away
To the arms of my heavenly Love.
- 5 The spirit to glory convey'd—
My body lay low in the ground:
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed,
But let all join in praising around.
- 6 No sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus has called me home:

- But singing and praising, let each brother say,
He is gone from the evil to come.
- 7 If souls immaterial can know,
Or visit their brethren beneath,
Perhaps I may join you while singing you go,
After laying my corpse in the earth.
- 8 Immers'd in the ocean of love,
I then like an angel shall sing,
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above,
And make all creation to ring.
- 9 Our slumbering bodies obey,
And swifter than thought shall arise,
And changed in a moment going shouting away
To the mansions of love in the skies.

SONG VIII. *Widow D—n—g.*

- 1 **T**HOU Author of peace and of love, thy mercy
and grace I implore
My anguish and grief to remove, and cause me to lan-
guish no more ;
Pray give me to submit to thy will, and unto thy ple-
sure resign.
- Whist thou dost thy counsel fulfil, for what thou hast
taken was mine.
- 2 The loss I can never sustain, unless I'm supported by
Thee ;
Alas ! thou hast taken my friend, my partner and
comfort from me :
Call'd off to the cold silent tomb, nor bid me on
mouraful adieu ;
Oh while I reflect on his doom, my sorrows are
streaming anew.
- 3 Two tedious long days did he lie, the subject of tor-
turing pain ;
Nor on me did once cast an eye, who still by his side
did remain :
While toss'd between hope and despair, I anxiously
hung o'er his bed,
Still hoping that life would appear, until the dear spi-
rit had fled.

Alas! how distressing my case, how lonely my dwelling's become;

No longer I here can have peace, no longer it looks like my home,

No more I've a partner to share the blessings the Lord doth bestow;

My bed like a grave doth appear, reflection there fills me with woe.

My infants they hang on my knee, and mournfully look in my face;

My tears and my sorrows they see, and ask me from whence my distress:

Our Father say they will return, sure soon we shall see him come home;

And then on my bosom they mourn, when told that he never can come.

My dear tender babe I oft view, while smiling she hangs on my breast;

Too early she's left for to know, or be for a parent distressed,

The arms that once folded her round, lie mouldering now in the grave;

Ah! where can protection be found, a father she never can have.

Lord make me believe in thy word, that thou a kind Father wilt be,

All needful protection afford, to my helpless orphans and me:

I know that thy promise is sure, through life thou wilt still be my friend;

O! then let me sorrow no more, but trust my dear Lord to the end.

When Jesus in glory shall come, to call home his saints to the skies,

We'll gain one permanent home and praise him for ever on high;

Where sorrow and parting is o'er, and tears are all wiped away;

Where pleasures unmixed and pure, shall flow thro' one eternal day.

9 Farewell then my partner and friend, since death has
 thus rent us in twain;
 My pilgrimage here shall soon end, and we be united
 again:
 Then while you are praising above, may I be ador-
 ing below,
 Till Jesus shall bid me remove, where pleasures e-
 ternally flow.

SONG IX.

1 "BRETH'REN, see my Jesus coming,
 See him coming in yonder cloud,
 With ten thousand angels around him,
 See how they do my Jesus crowd;
 I will arise and go and meet him,
 And embrace him in my arms;
 In the arms of my dear Jesus,
 O there is ten thousand charms.

"Death shall not destroy my comfort,
 He shall guard me through the gloom,
 Down he'll take me the heavenly coast,
 To convey my spirit home.
 Jordan's stream shall ne'er o'erflow me,
 While my Savior is by my side,
 Canaan, Canaan, lies before me,
 Soon I'll cross the swelling tide."

3 See the happy spirits waiting
 On the banks beyond the stream;
 Sweet responses still repeating,
 Jesus, Jesus is their theme.
 See they whisper, hark they call me,
 Sister spirit come away!
 Lo! I come, earth can't detain,
 Hail ye realms of endless day!

4 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
 Far above yon azure sky;
 Though by faith I now explore ye,
 I'll enjoy you soon on high:
 Soon I'll gain a full possession,
 Faith and hope shall thenceforth cease;
 Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
 Lost in love's exhaustless ocean.

Grace.

Swiftly roll ye ling'ring hours,
 Seraphs lend your glitt'ring wings,
 Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
 Heavenly sounds around me rings:
 Worlds above are bright and glorious,
 All beneath are dark and void;
 Conquest gain'd, I'll shout victorious,
 In the presence of my God.

Smiling angels now surround me,
 Troops repleasent fill the skies,
 Glory shining all around me,
 While my tow'ring spirit flies.
 Jesus clad in daz'ling splendor,
 Now methinks appears in view;
 Brethren could you see my Savior,
 You would love and praise him too.

SONG X.

COME all you vallant soldiers that's bound for
 Salem's shore,

Enlist'd under Jesus, prepare your selves for war;
 The gospel trumpet sounding now calls you to the
 arms.

Behold the bloody banner now streaming in the
 air,
 And if you wish to conquer, come wield the sword of
 prayer;

The valiant soldiers of Sion shall be repel'd and
 who fight beside our Captain is sure of victory.

Come who will join our ranks for the sake of Sion's
 towers,
 He offers you the banquet of joy and peace, and
 life;
 Nor need you fear the danger if battle should
 rise,
 Our captain is a soldier, he fought and conquer'd
 too.

Behold the glorious standard, we lift it up once more,
 'Tis like our brave commander, all stain'd with
 blood and gore;

No law or tax excepted, the bounty's freely given,
 A crown when the fight is ended, a shining crown in
 heaven.

B

5 Come do not be discouraged, stand by your leader's
side,
Though many a wretched coward have dropp'd
their arms and fled,
Who fainted in the conflict, and basely turn'd away,
Alas! they'll be rewarded in the decisive day.

6 Arise my fellow soldiers, our Joshua leads on,
The priests upon their shoulders have borne the
ark along;

By faith encompass Jericho and march the solemn
round.

The trump of thankful praise blow, and see the
walls come down.

7 The chosen men of Gideon, they kept their lamps
conceal'd,

Till they came near to Midian encamped in the
field;

But when they brake their pitchers and held their
lamps to view,

and shouted for their master, the foe before them
flew.

8 We'll gain the victory, if once we take them
flee.

Then arm yourself completely with helmet, sword
and shield,

Like Sampson grasp the pillars and bow with all
your might,

For sure the Lord is with us, to put our foes to
flight.

SONG XI. *Dialogue.*

1 **G**OOD morning brother Pilgrim! what marching
to ZION?

What doubts and what dangers have you met to
day?

Have you found a blessing, are your joys increasing?

Purs forward my brother, and make no delay.

Is your heart now glowing, are your comforts flowing?

And have you an evidence now bright and clear?

Feel you that desire, that burns like a fire,

And longs for the hour when Christ shall appear?

I came out this morning and now am returning,
 Perhaps little better than when I first came,
 Such groaning and shouting it sets me to doubting,
 I fear such religion is only a dream :
 The preacher was stamping, the people were jumping
 And screaming so loud, that I neither could hear
 Either praying or preaching, for such horrid screech-
 ing,
 Was truly offensive to all that was there.

Perhaps my dear brother, while they pray'd together,
 You sat and considered, and pray'd not at all,
 Would you find a blessing, then pray without ceasing,
 Obey the command that was given by Paul.
 For if you should reason at any such season,
 No wonder if Satan should tell in your ear ;
 The people and preachers are all but deceivers,
 And this is no place for reflection or prayer.

No place for reflection, I'm fill'd with distraction,
 I wonder the people could bear for to stay ;
 The men they were bawling, the women were squall-
 ing,

~~I wonder how any could pray ;~~
 If such consternation is the way to salvation,
 Sure 'tis something new that before was ne'er seen,
 For the sacred pages which speaks of all ages,
 Does no where declare, that such ever has been.

You are too soon shaken If I'm not mistaken,
 Such things have been acted by christians of old ;
 When the ark was coming, King David came run-
 ning ;

And dancing before it, by scripture we're told.
 When the Jewish nation had laid the foundation,
 To rebuild the temple at Ezra's command ;
 Some wept, and some praised, such noise there was
 raised,
 'Twas heard afar off, perhaps all through the land.

We read of a preacher, Ezekiel that teacher,
 Was taught for to stamp and to smite with the
 hand,
 To shew the transgression of that wicked nation,
 And bid them repent and obey the command.
 And this dispensation affords revelation,

Sufficient to sanction the heavenly shout,
While a multitude praised, the Savior declared,
If these should be silent, the stones would cry out

7 These scriptures are wrested, for Paul has protested
That order is kept in the house of the Lord,
Amidst such a clatter, who knows what he's after;
Or who can attend unto what is declared,
To see them behaving, like drunkards thus raving,
Or lying and rolling prostrate on the ground;
I really feel awful and sometimes am fearful,
That I'll be the next that comes tumbling down,

8 You say you feel awful, you ought to be careful,
Lest you grieve the spirit and make it depart;
By your own expressions you've felt some impressions
The sweet melting showers have tender'd your
Heart;

You fear'd persecution, and therefore delusion,
Brought in by the devil, has turn'd you away;
Be careful my brother, for blest are no other,
But creatures who are not offended in me.

He preach'd and boldly was teach'd

by of salvation in Jesus name,

He might be need, but some were offended,
And said of these men, they are fill'd with new
wine.

Some were not yet doubted, but some of them shouted,
And others lay prostrate by power break down;
Some were weeping, some praying, while others were
laughing.

They're drunken or fools, or in falsehood about
10 See time swiftly flying, our moments are dying,
We're bid to improve them and quickly prepare
For the awful hour, when Jesus in power,
and glory shall come, and truth bid us appear:
No doubts there'll be fluctuating, and I am not doubting
But screaming and crying for mercy in vain;
Therefore my dear brother, let us pray together,
That your precious soul may be all'd with the faith.

11 Sure praying is lawful, I really feel awful
And fear that my time for repentance is past,
"I'm press'd out of measure, adieu to all pleasure
I sink to despair if these feelings should last:

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My God for thy blessing I cry without ceasing;
 My heart seems a thousand times harder than steel,
 But now it is going, I feel his love flowing;
 All glory to Jesus for what I now feel.

2 " O infinite favor, the love of a Savior,
 Through my thirsty spirit begins for to roll;
 If thousands were shouting, I cannot keep from shout-
 ing,

And telling what Jesus has done for my soul.
 On wings of desire I now do aspire,
 May I never tire in praising my God ;
 But pray for more fire to raise the flame higher,
 Till bigotry's drove to it's native abode."

SONG XII.

COME all you Zion travellers, come let us join in
 praise ;

Ye ransom'd now returning, to Christ your voices
 raise.

Now crown'd with joy and gladness, let sorrows flee
 away,

And praise the Lord that brought us to see this hap-
 py day.

2 The solemn sound of vict'ry hath reach'd our happy
 ears---

The hand that bled on Cal'ry hath wip'd away our
 tears.

Since boundless love and mercy have tun'd our hearts
 to sing,

We'll shout in loud hosannas to Jesus Christ our king.

The watchmen of Jerusalem stand on her walls
 around,

With harmony unceasing they swell the solemn sound:

So pure is their intention, while eye to eye they see,
 Of Jesus they make mention to sinners night & day.

See prejudice subsiding and vanishing around,

While discord and dissention are falling to the ground.

The humble hearted Pilgrim the sweets of union
 prove,

And Deists stand amazed to see how christians love.

5 No trifling noneffentials disjoin our loving hearts,
 We drink into one spirit, and never more will part.
 Let wicked men and devils exert their powers in
 vain,
 Since Christ hath us united no pow'r shall make us
 twain.

6 See stubborn finners falling like men in battle slain ;
 For mercy loudly calling, nor do they call in vain ;
 For soon they find redemption in the atoning blood
 And feel a free salvation flow from a pard'ning God.

7 Poor formal, dead professors stand gazing at the
 scenes ;
 Amazed and perplexed they know not what it means :
 They call it wild disorder, nor will they with us join :
 Alas ! they never yet felt the force of truth divine.

8 But let the world despise us, while Jesus is our
 friend,
 We care not who revile us, he will our cause defend :
 Nor honor, wealth or pleasure shall our affections
 share ;

9 O precious Savior, for nothing else we care

9 Come then ye sons of pleasure who take delight to
 sing,

Employ each tuneful measure in praising Christ your
 King—

Nor let a meaner object engage your heart or voice ;
 Let Jesus be your subject and make his ways your
 choice.

10 Poor souls, enthral'd by Satan, delighted in his way,
 Emerge from nature's darkness and join us now in
 praise :

Come leave your wretched master and each oppo-
 sing friend,
 And follow Christ your Savior to Canaan's happy
 land.

SONG XIII.

1 PRECIOUS soul, while Jesus calls thee,
 Rise and follow his command ;
 Rise and leave your sin and folly ;
 Flee to Christ, the sinner's friend.

Hear his heralds loudly founding
 Free falvation in his name---
 Pard'ning grace and love abounding
 Through the merits of the Lamb.

2 See the vernal bloom appearing !
 Heavenly spring is drawing near ;
 Carnal souls the tidings hearing ;
 On them fruits of grace appear !
 Some who bold in persecution,
 Once despis'd a Savior's blood,
 Now through grace obtain falvation---
 Love and praise a pard'ning God !

3 Gentle breezes fan the garden ;
 Lo ! the spices sweetly flow :
 Old professors almost harden'd
 Precious fruits of grace do show.
 Ev'ry power is in exertion
 To extol the Savior's name :
 Almost like a new conversion,
 Love has set their hearts on flame.

4 Jarring discord, disputation
 Hide their black detested face :
 Love without dissimulation
 Marks the subjects of free grace.
 Now for forms no more contending,
 Love and peace alone we see ;
 Precious souls in Jesus blending,
 Join in love and sympathy.

5 Sinners through the camp are falling,
 Deep distress their souls pervade ;
 Wond'ring why they are not rolling
 In the dark, infernal shade.
 Grace and mercy long neglected,
 Now they ardently implore :
 In an hour when least expected
 Jesus bids them weep no more.

6 Hear them then their God extolling,
 Tell the wonders he has done !
 While they rise, see others falling !
 Light into their hearts hath shone.
 Prayer, and praise and exhortation
 Blend in one perpetual sound ;

Music sweet, beyond expression,
To rejoicing saints around.

- 7 Some alas, are still despising,
Though professing Jesus' name!
Envy in their hearts is rising,
Fain they'd quench the holy flame.
Give them, Lord, a full possession;
Give them, Lord, a lot of love!
By glorious new creation,
Fit them for the realms above.

SONG XIV.

- 1 **L**ORD, my rantom'd soul adores thee,
Thou my joy and portion art;
Day and night I plead before thee---
Answer Lord—thy grace impart;
Send thy spirit---
Pierce the stubborn sinner's heart.

Ah! dear Lord, they're bound for ruin,
Hanging down to endless woe:

While their danger we are viewing,
Streams of briny sorrow flow.

Lord alarm them,
Or to ruin they must go!

- 2 See dear Lord our near connexions,
Dear companions all around;
Brothers, sisters, children, parents,
Down to desperation bound:
Jesus save them,
Let the lost again be found.

- 4 Prayers and tears, alas! we've vented;
Shall we weep and pray in vain?
Yet alas, they seem contented!
Nought but scoffs and frowns we gain.
Jesus save them;
Save them Lord from endless pain.

- 5 Death, it may be, now is near them;
Soon they'll feel his cold embrace:
Gracious heaven, shall we hear them
Mourn thy long rejected grace?

Lord constrain them
Now to seek a Savior's face.

6 Lord, we view the separation,
At thy great tremendous bar :
Mourning, weeping, lamentation,
Must be their employment there.
Must we see them
Stand their awful doom to hear ?

7 Must we there be separated,
Never, more to meet ?
Mournful scene, long contemplated !
Lord, and is there mercy yet ?
Lay them prostrate,
Precious Jesus at thy feet.

8 Lord, display thy matchless power,
Pierce their stubborn hearts of stone ;
Make them dread that awful hour—
Bow them Lord before thy throne :
Save them, Jesus ;
Save them, save them for thine own !

SONG XV.

1 **WHEN** shall I be delivered from sorrow and
from sin ?
When will my blessed Savior abide and reign within ?
When shall I cease to wander, and love my God
alone,
And feel with pleasing wonder my heart become his
throne ?

2 I wander like a stranger or pilgrim here below ;
I long to love my Savior, and nothing else to know :
But still I feel corruption abiding in my breast,
Foreboding my destruction, if it is not suppress'd.

3 When shall I gain the blessing and feel the fountain
flow,
And plunge into that ocean that washes white as
snow ;
Emerge to full salvation, cleans'd by the purple flood,
And feel the new creation, the image of my God !

The foe would fain persuade me, my labor all is vain,
That Christ will never save me while here, from sin's
remains :

And when I read the promise and almost feel it true,
He cries, a sprinkled conscience is not for such as
you.

5 Methinks I hear my Savior thus whispering within,
My friends with me must suffer, if with me they
would reign ;

And when through faith and patience thy soul shall
be refin'd,
I'll give thee then to love me with all thy heart and
mind.

6 No more shall thy corruption or sin distress thy soul
But love without obstruction shall like an ocean roll ;
And though through tribulation you still your course
must run,

Your witness of salvation shall shine like yonder sun.

Then wherefore these distresses ? Lift up your anx-
ious mind ;

Behold ! the gentle heavens with blessings o'er thee
bead :

To taste them I invite thee, arise and enter in :
Now if you can believe me, I'll save you from all sin.

7 Wherefore will you dishonor your God by unbelief ?
Come, cast your care upon me and find a quick re-
lief ;

Nor of my love be doubtful, I am no fickle friend ;
My promises are faithful, I'll love you to the end.

SONG XVI.

1 **O** JESUS, my friend, my adorable Savior,
Inspire thy servant to sing of thy love :
To sweet contemplation rouse every power,
And grant me bright prospects of comforts above.
Permit me to join with the seraphs that's praising,
Harmonious sounds to thy glory are raising ;
Who lost in sweet rapture, are constantly gazing
Upon thy perfections, celestial Dove.

2 How ardent the love, how immense the compassion,
 That mov'd thee to suffer and bleed on the tree!
 Behold it my foul—to procure thy salvation
 The sovereign of angels expired for thee:
 Behold, for thy sake on the cross he hung bleeding,
 And now with his Father is still interceding:
 O, may I by faith realife him thus pleading,
 Ah, spare and forgive them, and draw them to me!

3 How happy are they who, at rest from their labors,
 Are gently reposing in Jesus's arms;
 Temptation no more shall disturb them forever!
 From sin nor from Satan they feel no alarms.
 And now I am hast'ning to augment that number,
 And there lie in peace till awak'd from my slumber:
 By Gabriel's trump I arise, lost in wonder,
 And gaze with surprife on his dazzling charms.

4 How sweet the reflection, the day is approaching
 When Jesus in power and glory shall come!
 O, shall I be ready to meet him with shouting,
 And join the sweet concert of praise to the Lamb?
 Then with him ascend, while my glorified spirit
 A body immortal like his shall inherit;
 And this my employment to pass of his part,
 When once I arrive at my permanent home.

5 Then sunk in the ocean of full consolation,
 My trials and conflicts forever are o'er;
 Adieu to forebodings and painful reflection,
 I rest in the bosom of him I adore.
 Forever to gaze on the face of my Savior,
 And praise him aright for his mercy and favor;
 Yea, lean on his breast and enjoy him for ever,
 In regions of glory where grief is no more.

SONG XVII.

1 FROM whence this dire confusion concerning
 sects and names,
 Which makes a bold intrusion upon the sacred flame;
 Which furnish shafts for Satan, and point his fiery
 dart,
 To wound the true believer in the most tender part.

The poet and the preacher with fiery pen and tongue,
Reduce their fav'rite scripture to sermon or to song :
Tenacious of their system, they care not whom they
grieve,

But fulminate anath'mas on all who don't believe.

6 In room of true religion they substitute a form,
And then defend their notion by thunder and by storm:
Thus ranc'rous persecution our happiness invade,
And peace and vital piety must feel her pois'nous
blade.

4 But wherefore this contention when each of us agree,
That every child of Adam to think, at least, is free?
No tyrant birds the conscience.—It cannot bear a
chain?

To reason and believe are the sacred rights of man.

5 If God hath preordained whatever taketh place,
We censure and accuse and insult him to his face,
In blaming of our brethren for ought which they
believe:

They only use the power which they from God
receive.

But if they be all died contention sure is vain;

For if they all die, they will never
obtain

A crown or endless glory, a mansion in the skies;
While no elect electionists as sure forever dies.

7 If Christ hath died for all men, why should we disa-
gree;

He that for you hath suffered, hath shed his blood
for me:

And if thro' unbelief we should purchas' d life for sale,
We should not buy it, but buy it without tax or sale.

8 If once converted we cannot fall away;
While each think there's danger, if they should
go away:

But while we walk in Jesus we need not differ, sure,
For he promis'd them, blessed who to the end en-
dure.

9 Each of us have our scriptures, on which we build
our faith,

And cry to our opponents, hear what the scripture
saith:

But in sarcastic language on purpose to offend.

Alas! my friends and brethren, when will contention end?

10 Let's lay aside contention and pray for humble love,

So shall our lives and labors through grace a blessing prove,

And when our race is over we'll gain the glorious end,

And rest in the embraces of Christ, the sinner's friend.

SONG XVIII.

1 **G**OOD morning, brother pilgrim, what bound for Salem's coast?

March you toward Jarus'lem, to join the heavenly host?

Pray wherefore are you smiling, while tears run down your face?

Will you soon cease from toiling and reach the happy place?

2 To Salem's coast I'm hast'ning to join the heavenly throng.

Hark! from the banks of Jordan, how sweet the pilgrims' song:

Their Jesus they are viewing; by faith I see him too:

I smile and weep and praise him, and on my way pursue.

3 But sinners do despise you, and treat you with disdain;

Your former comrades slight you, esteem you low and mean;

No worldly joys attend you, while marching on your way:

From danger who'll defend you, in the distressing day?

4 The frowns of old companions, we're bound for to sustain;

Their case, we know, is awful, they're bound for endless pain!

But Christ, our loving savior, our comfort and our friend,
Preserves us in all danger, and will our cause defend.

5 But why not be more silent, and peaceful pass along?

Why are your joys so violent amidst the gazing throng?

Pray wherefore are you praising, while sinners do despise?

Refrain while they are gazing. Shout when you gain the prize.

6 Shall we refrain for sinners, when Jesus fills our souls;

While Jesus speaks within us, and love's sweet current rolls?

We'll praise with every power, and sing and shout aloud,

Until that happy hour, when we return to God.

But why like drunkards ranting and rolling on the

floor, or dead, or faint, lye you extended round:
Why stand upright and praise him, if you will praise him here,

'Tis to your friends distressing, while sinners mock and jeer.

8 With streams of consolation, we're drunk as with new wine;

We die to transient pleasures, and live to things divine;

We faint in holy rapture while viewing things above,
Why Glory to my savior, my soul is sick with love.

9 Beyond the streams of Jordan, behold the shining throng;

Hofannas, to their savior, are flowing from their tongue;

The spark'ling gates are open, the golden streets I view:

My happy soul would join them and praise my Jesus too.

ur 10 The gales of grace are blowing ; my soul is on the
 e- wing,
 e- Salvation's current flowing, and well may christians
 a- sing.
 g- The fiery chariots wait us, to bear us to the skies.
 lo- Hail lovely, precious Jesus, away my spirit flies.

SONG XIX

u 1 COME and taste along with me
 r- The weary pilgrim's consolation ;
 - Boundless mercy full and free,
 t- 'The earnest of complete salvation.
 e- Joy and peace in Christ I find ;
 e- My heart to him is all resigned ;
 e- The fulness of his power I prove,
 e- And all my soul dissolves in love.
 e- Jesus is the pilgrim's portion—
 e- Love is boundless like the Ocean.

2 When the world or flesh would rise,
 e- And strive to draw me from my Savior,
 e- Strange might or friends despise,
 e- I then more highly prize his favor.
 e- Friends believe me when I tell,
 e- If Christ is present all is well ;
 e- The world or flesh in vain arise,
 e- I all their efforts can despise.
 e- In this world I've tribulation,
 e- But in Christ sweet consolation.

3 When I'm in the house of prayer,
 e- I find him in the congregation,
 e- Music sweet unto my ear,
 e- Is the glad sound of free salvation.
 e- When I join to sing his praise,
 e- My heart in holy raptures raise,
 e- I view Emmanuel's land afar
 e- And shout and wish my spirit there :
 e- Glory honor and Salvation
 e- What I feel is past expression.

4 Worldlings hold me in disdain,
 e- Because I shun their carnal pleasures ;

All in this that gives me pain
Is that they slight a nobler treasure :
Still amongst them—bless the Lord !
There's some that tremble at his word,
And this does joy to me impart,
To think the Lord has reach'd their heart :
O the grace to sinners given !
Peace on earth and crowns in heaven.

5 When I hear the pleasing sound
Of weeping mourners just converted,
The dead's alive the lost is found,
The Lord has heal'd the broken hearted ;

6 ~~SI~~ My heart exults my spirits glow,
I love my God and brethren so,
Who shout and sing aloud,
And disregard the gazing croud ;
We'll sing the theme of exultation,
Alas ! Christ is my salvation.

Until I should I regard the frowns
Of those who mock, deride, or slight me,
Or tread upon the sacred ground,

Or feel the reach of those who hate
My joys, my toils, and sad'ning o'er,
Or gain the blissful, happy shore,
And then with thining host above,
Shout and sing redeeming love ;
The pleasures there beyond expression,
Ever rolls in sweet succession.

7 Mourners see your Savior stand
With arms expanded to receive you,
See he spreads his bleeding hands !
Come venture on him, he'll relieve you.
Cast your fears and doubts aside ;
The door of mercy's open wide ;
The fountain flows that saves from sin,
Come, now believe and enter in.
Don't distrust your blessed Savior ;
Now believe and live forever.

8 Sinners, you may mock and scorn :
Your moments lost will be lamented ;
Awful days are hast'ning on
When you will wish you had repented.

Death in his embraces cold
 Will soon your mortal body hold.
 Your passions then will take their flight,
 And down you'll sink to endless night.
 While you're of the guilty number,
 Your destruction does not slumber.

6 Fellow sinner, go with me,
 My heart's enlarg'd for to receive you;
 Slight mercy offer'd free,
 Become to Jesus, he'll relieve you.
 But you offer'd grace refuse,
 All will destruction ever choose—
 Unhappy soul, your guilt and blood
 Shall rest upon your wretched head.
 Diseases, torment, pain and sorrow
 Shall be yours before to-morrow.

SONG XX

1 MARK brethren dear the Lord is near—
 We hear his children's voices;
 Set streams of love flows from above

Their Saviour's come their hearts makes room
 Their souls are all on fire;
 The sacred flame removes all shame,
 While they their Lord admire.

2 The glorious sound rings all around;
 The babes in Christ are praising:
 Conviction deep makes mourners weep—
 Hark! how the shout is raising.
 What music this? 'Tis more than bliss
 To each sincere beholder.
 With holy fear we stand and hear,
 And in the cause grow bolder.

3 Like times of old, it can't be told,
 The noise of joy from weeping;
 The Lord has pass'd, a look has cast
 On sinners who were sleeping.
 Hell trembles now—her pillars bow:
 Let christians be engaged!
 For satan's near—his friends appear,
 See how they are enraged?

4 To formal souls that are dead and cold,
 This seems like a delusion :
 And thus they say, how can we pray
 Amidst this fore confusion ?
 They stand and gaze in deep amaze ;
 Unto this work they're strangers :
 The reas'ning fiend draws off their mind,
 And hides from them their danger.

5 Will you oppose and weaken those
 Who are but young professors ?
 Think on the days when you could praise,
 When first you were possessors.
 You've lost your love ; you plainly prove
 You've neither life or power ;
 Or else those cries which pierce the skies,
 Could not your peace devour.

6 But lift your mind--the Lord is kind,
 Let prayer ascend to heaven :
 May Christ in love come from above,
 And speak your sins forgiven.
 You've turn'd aside and wander'd wide.

Cease to oppose the work in those
 Whose soul with love's enflamed.
 Sinners alarm'd, lay down your arms,
 And cease from persecution :
 Watch, watch and pray, both night and day,
 And guard against delusion.
 Mourners arise, lift up your eyes,
 And struggle for the blessing :
 Backsliders, turn or you must burn
 In torments never ceasing.

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