



THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

I am a sinner quite undone,
I have a soul to save,
I doubt my glass is nearly run,
My mind is on the grave.
Long time I have been wrestling here,
Which makes me very ill,
Now death is come I must away,
I bid you all farewell.

If you have got a large estate,
When death comes you must go,
Repent before it is too late,
Death is an awful blow.
My heart is full of misery,
My sorrows none can tell,

Now death, &c.

Repent, now your are in your bloom,
Remember you must die,
For every sinner there is room,
That earnestly will cry.
Lord! I have long offended thee,
I am ashamed to tell,

Now death, &c.

Alas! the time will surely come,
When we shall be no more,
If we can land in peace at home;
Our troubles will be o'er:—
O lamb of God! who died for all,
No love can thine excel,

Now death, &c.

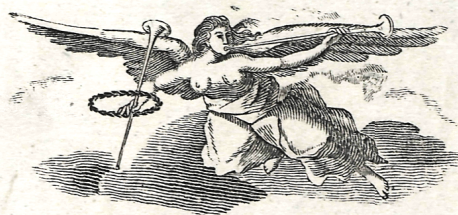
Help me, O Lord to win the prize,
And dwell with thee above,
I pray to rise and lift mine eyes,
Rejoicing in thy love.—

Now give me grace that I may feel,
The works of God to tell,

Now death, &c.

Saints and angels they are blest,
In heaven with their dues,
Death or everlasting rest,
You may have which you choose:
Methinks I hear the angels,
With notes that's clear and shrill,

Now death, &c.



THE CHRISTIAN'S CONSOLATION.

Come on ye valiant soldiers,
The promised land's in view,
And Christ your conq'ring captain,
Will safely bring you through,
The conflict's almost over,
The battle's nearly won,
You'll soon behold your Saviour,
Upon his dazzling throne.

CHORUS.

Then that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
Then that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.
Meet to part no more,
On Canaan's peaceful shore,
We then shall meet at Jesus' feet,
Shall meet to part no more.

Though here we are but strangers,
And wanderers to and fro,
Expos'd to numerous dangers,
And conflicts not a few,
The masters soon will call us,
And takes his exiles home,
At his right hand he'll seat us,
For still he'll say there's room.

Shout! shout! O shout his praises,
Ye ransom'd sons of men,
Until the distant breezes,
Respond his praise again,
Till every distant nation,
Shall teach the heavenly sound,
And fill the wide creation,
With blessings all around.

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