



A

JUBILEE HYMN.

THE

RANTER'S SHIP.

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The Ranter's Ship along is sailing, Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore; All who wish to sail for glory, Come, and welcome, rich and poor. Glory ! Glory ! Hallelujah ! All her sailors loudly cry; See the blissful port of glory, Open to each faithful ey e.

Thousands she hath safely landed, Far beyond this mortal shore; Thousands now are sailing in her, Still there's room for thousands more. Glory ! Glory ! Hallelujah ! &c.

Waft along this noble vessel, All ye gales of Gospel grace; Carrying every faithful sailor To his heavenly landing place, Glory ! Glory ! Hallelujah ! &c.

Their sails are filled with heavenly breezes, Sweetly wafts the ship along; All her sailors are rejoicing,— Glory ! bursts from every tongue Glory ! Glory ! Hallelujah ! &c.

Come, poor sinners, get converted, Sail with us through life's rough sea; Then with us you will be happy,— Happy through eternity. Glory ! Glory ! Hallelujah ! &c. [185] ARISE, O Zion ! rise and shine, Behold thy light is come;
Thy glorious conquering king is near, To take his exiles home;
His spirit now is pouring out, To see poor captives free;
The day of wonder now is come, The year of Jubilee.

The glorious gospel of the Lord, Is spreading far and near; And those who hear the quickening word, And mov'd with godly fear ! But soon they tell to all around, That Christ has set them free ! The day of wonder now is come, The year of Jubilee.

Brave Soldiers dear pray don't you fear, Our Captain is above;
Behold him stand, at God's right hand, His bowels melt with love;
O Christians help to praise the Lamb, Who died for you and me;
The day of wonder now is come The year of Jubilee.

Methinks I hear the watchmen cry, O Zion now be bold; Ye saints now raise your voices high, And sing both young and old; The year of my redeem'd is come, To set poor sinners free; The day of wonder now is come, The year of Jubilee.

George Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham.